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# The Messenger, RICHMOND COLLEGE,

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MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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VOL. XXXI.

OCTOBER, 1904.

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXXI.

OCTOBER, 1904.

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A Poem of '59.

“Philos.”

To thee my thoughts doth kindly move.  
Henceforth I could most fondly love.  
Oh! will thou give thy hand to me;  
Already mine belongs to thee.

And must I thus declare to own  
Such ardent love for thee alone.  
Devoted and entirely true,  
And am despised, perhaps, by you.

But, oh! the influential thought  
Which hope for me has sweetly wrought,  
Since thou to me didst give one smile,  
That seemed to charm and to beguile.

Dear maid, I have my every care  
With you, and only wish to share  
The lot in life that's given,  
And then to fly with thee to Heaven.

The foregoing is taken from the *Mu Sigma Rho Star* of February 4, 1859. The *Star* was a weekly established in 1850 by the *Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society*. It was written by hand, and consisted of from six to eight foolscap pages. The *Star* was discontinued in 1877, when both societies combined in publishing a monthly. This paper was *Monthly Musings*, but in 1878 it became known as the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER, with which we are all familiar.

F. M. SAYRE.

## The American and English Systems of Government— A Comparison.

BY WILLIAM E. ROSS.

**W**E have a Federal Congress, elected by the people; a Senate, elected by the States; and an Executive, elected for a term by electors chosen by the people. England has a House of Commons, elected by the people; a House of Lords, hereditary, except as to Ireland and Scotland; also, a hereditary sovereign.

Ours is a representative democracy. England is a constitutional monarchy, with Parliamentary government—that is, a ministry is chosen from the House of Commons by the party in control, who take the initiative in legislation and carry out the administrative functions of the Government, the House doing little more than voting the measures submitted by the ministry.

If the ministry fail to control such majority, they are by custom, but not by law, expected to either resign or dissolve the House, and call for a new election, which determines whether the old ministry stands or falls.

The Commons are elected for seven years, but a new election may be had as often as there is friction between the House and ministry. This causes constant change and instability of government, because the momentary passions of the people find ready response, which may work great damage or some popular disfavor seriously embarrass or overturn the Government, to say nothing of the tyranny of the majority who may have absolute control of the very organic as well as the ordinary law of the realm.

England has also an upper legislative branch—the House of Lords—not elective, but hereditary, representing no constituency, with power of the sovereign to create peers at will.

There are four hundred and ninety-six hereditary peers, sixteen Scottish representative peers, elected for a term, and

twenty-eight Irish peers, elected for life—the number of Scottish and Irish peers being limited, the English being unlimited. Note the inequitableness of this.

The House of Lords is, in legal theory, co-equal in all respects with the Commons, its consent being necessary to every measure. However, it has too little character of its own to take much interest in legislation, except to prevent some blow Commons may aim at England's aristocracy. It is rather an impotent appendage. The sovereign, too, may veto legislation, as the President in America, but never dares use this prerogative.

Note the contrast between the legislative departments of the two Governments. With us every member represents a given constituency, and is responsible to that constituency for his acts. No man with us is born into an office, but he goes to Congress, Senate, or the President's chair because the people he represents want him there—Congress representing, on the one hand, the popular will, and the Senate representing, on the other, the several States as governmental units. Neither can be arbitrarily increased, as may the House of Lords. The Senate gives the smallest State as much power in that body as the largest, for the reason that it represents a unit of government, and even little Rhode Island can say to the mightiest State, "Although you are more powerful than we, nevertheless, under our wise system of government, you shall not dominate over us as England does over Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, or as Prussia does in Germany." We combine State representation with the popular will.

The English Government is centralized. America has local self-government. The autonomy of the States keeps local issues from becoming national issues. Our Constitution prescribes certain bounds beyond which Congress cannot go, and all powers not delegated to the Federal Government or prohibited by the States are reserved to them, thus giving every

section local self-government, which is the best of all the guarantees of civil freedom.

In England, Parliament is supreme, and local issues must become national. Of the twelve greatest issues which have agitated the English mind for the last century, only two would have been national issues in America.

Our Constitution recognizes certain organic laws necessary to bind us together and give nationality, and, further than this, it does not go, but gives to every State power to make and execute its own laws, and when a certain locality wants to change a law, because it works a peculiar hardship on that locality, it may do so, without having to get the consent of a majority of the whole nation, as it would in England. If one State wants to disfranchise its ignorant voters, it may do so; if it wants the whites and blacks to ride in separate cars, it may so legislate; if it wants compulsory education, it may have it.

We give the fullest local self-government of any country in the world, and do this without impairing national strength. Not only do our States have local self-government, but the States in turn have created self-governing administrative units, as counties and townships, small enough to enlist personal interest, so that the ordinary farmer or shop-keeper bears a part in the local affairs of his community. Contrast this with England's centralized government.

Ireland has been fighting for Home Rule for a hundred years. She has been oppressed by extortionate laws, and was for more than a century forced to support and maintain a Church she did not want. This would be unthinkable with us.

England has no written Constitution. All laws are changed alike. The most fundamental are likely to be swept away at any time by Parliament, because Parliament is supreme. No law sets bounds to its acts. In America we have a stable Constitution. We say there are laws of greater dignity than others; there are certain limits beyond which Congress,

Senate, and the Executive may not go. We say you shall go so far, and no farther—you shall do certain things, and no more. There are certain inalienable rights and guarantees which no functionary may scorn with impunity. This is a safeguard which prevents democracy from degenerating into license, and schools the mind to flow in constitutional channels.

In the language of James Bryce, an eminent English author, "The rigid Constitution of the United States has rendered, and renders now, inestimable services. It opposes obstacles to rash and hasty change. It secures time for deliberation. It forces the people to think seriously before they alter or pardon a transgression of it. \* \* \* It forms the mind and temper of the people. It trains them to the habit of legality. It strengthens their stability and permanence in political arrangement. It makes them feel that to comprehend their supreme instrument of government is a personal duty incumbent on each one of them. It familiarizes them with, it attaches them by ties of pride and reverence to, those fundamental truths on which the Constitution is based."

No less a statesman than William E. Gladstone said: "The American Constitution was the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Nor was he unmindful of the immortal Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, and the Bill of Rights of his own loved land when he made this assertion. Our Constitution places the most fundamental laws upon a firm basis, so that they can only be changed by a two-thirds vote of both Houses and upon the ratification of three-fourths of the States, and herein lies the strength of our system.

Our Constitution has gone far to correct the faults of democracy, for democracy has its faults. The eminent English author already quoted has outlined the chief faults which have cursed nearly every democratic system. I give them below, showing that we have forestalled them:

1. "*Weakness and want of promptitude.*" This doctrine is without support in America.

2. "*Fickleness and instability.*" The indictment utterly fails on this count.

3. "*Insubordination and contempt for authority.*" In no nation is civil order more stable or more respected.

4. "*Jealousy of greatness and a desire to level down.*" This desire does not exist further than is wholesome.

5. "*Tyranny of the majority.*" There cannot be such tyranny of the majority as in Parliamentary governments.

6. "*Love of novelty; passion for destroying old institutions.*" Our organic law has stood almost intact, with less change than any free government on earth. We abide our customs because we admire them.

7. "*Liability to be misled; influence of demagogues.*" This is less abundant in America, says Bryce, than in England or France, because our Constitution provides certain safeguards which those countries do not possess.

The founders of our National Government anticipated the usual faults of democracy, and gave us a system, not of popular impulse or momentary passion, but representing the popular will in the best way, making it, by checks and balances, the result of mature and lasting opinion, which protects us against demagogism.

There is no country where public opinion is stronger or more active than in the United States—none where it has the field so completely to itself—because public opinion elects both Houses and the Executive. There is not a functionary which it may not ultimately control.

Our institutions are second to none. They unite the advantage of English institutions with greater individual freedom. Our Constitution contains all the guarantees of England's great documents, and then goes three most important steps farther—to-wit, religious equality, the guarantee of local



self-government, and that no title of nobility or hereditary office shall be created.

While England tolerates all Churches and religions, one Church is supported by the State, and looks down even socially upon the others, and to-day Wales has to support the Anglican Church, while her people are Protestant Dissenters. I am proud of the fact that our democratic society has effected complete separation of Church and State—a reform no other people has ever accomplished. In the language of a learned Virginia judge: “Putting all religions on a footing of perfect equality; protecting all; imposing neither burdens nor civil incapacities upon any; conferring privileges upon none. \* \* \* Proclaiming to all of our citizens that henceforth their religious thoughts and conversations shall be as free as the air they breathe; that the law is of no sect in religion, has no high priest but justice; and (leaving reason free to combat error) securing purity of faith and practice far more effectually than by clothing” the Church with temporal privileges. This one fact of itself is enough to demonstrate the incomparable advantage of our system to any liberty-loving people; or the guarantee of local self-government is also of itself sufficient to outweigh all the advantages of the English system, not to mention the fact that we have no hereditary legislative body or sovereign, with which England is encumbered. Emerson aptly said:

“We will never have a noble,  
No lineage counted great;  
Fishers and choppers and plowmen  
Shall constitute a State.”

A voter in England must have a certain amount of property, regardless of his education; must either own land that will rent for £5 a year, or occupy a tenement worth £10, and a man may vote in as many districts as he has holdings to this extent therein—the elections not being all on the same

day enables him to do this. This favors the wealthy landlords and disfranchises some of the most worthy. Then, too, the candidate for Commons must pay all expenses for election, which are heavy, and then serve without pay, which a man without private fortune cannot do. The ambitious man without means finds it impossible to serve his country.

While the Lords rarely take any interest in legislation, on a few occasions they have asserted themselves. In 1832 they opposed the Commons until the sovereign threatened to create new peers enough to change the majority. Three times did the Lords reject the Irish Disturbance bill; they entirely blocked Mr. Gladstone's policy during his last ministry, from 1892 to 1895, rejecting the Irish Home Rule bill by a vote of 419 to 41, and made it impossible to get any of his reforms through, such as the Employer's Liability bill, the reduction of working hours, the "One Man, One Vote" bill, salary for poor members of Commons, and the like, which called forth from Mr. Gladstone the expression that "the Lords should be mended or ended."

England has a democratic society, but she has not a democratic system. She has only one legislative body elective. In theory her system is unworkable. She has a twentieth-century society with a fifteenth-century system, and the only way she can work her system is for a portion of it to submit to a conscious impotence—that is, for the King and the Lords to continue a retreating shadow, and for this they use the misnomer of "system."

In conclusion, I hold up to you the American system as the fore-runner of representative democracy against England's semi-democratic Government; local self-government of the States in America against centralized government in England; the Senate, elective by the States and representing a given constituency, to which they are responsible, in America—the upper House, hereditary and representing no constituency, in England; a President, elected for a term, in America, the

sovereign of England, hereditary; an opportunity for any man to reach the highest post of honor, for there is nothing to which one of her sons may not aspire in America, while in England if a man goes to Commons he must have private fortune enough to pay the cost of election and live after he reaches Parliament; religious equality in America, a Church supported by the State in England; every legislative function active in America, one House and the sovereign impotent in England; a safeguard against demagogism in the strong Constitution of America, the tyranny of the majority in England; public opinion given power to control every functionary in America, two hereditary bodies it cannot reach in England; a twentieth-century people with a twentieth-century government in America, a twentieth-century people with much of a fifteenth-century government in England; all the advantages of English institutions united with greater individual freedom in America, and without its disadvantages.

[Corroborative of Mr. Ross's position, the statements of two distinguished Englishmen are worthy of note. Just a few nights ago Mr. James Bryce, in New York, and Mr. John Morley, in Chicago, had opportunity to see the workings of an American election at first-hand. "It is wonderful," said Mr. Morley, "how you people vote. I shall never be content until I have seen your voting system introduced in England." When the fearful Republican land-slide came, Mr. Bryce met the philosophical minority. "The grace with which the minority yields is a great lesson in itself. I had no idea an election would pass off so quietly." Indeed, noble tribute from worthy men.—Ed.]

### It's Golden in the West.

---

When the sun in sadness sets,  
 When it's golden in the west,  
 Come a thousand vague regrets  
 For the wasted morning-tide  
 When the road was smooth and wide.  
 Now in darkness must we grope  
 For that Land of Fondest Hope ;  
 But—it's golden in the West.

When the sun in sadness sets,  
 When it's golden in the West,  
 Come the things which one forgets  
 And the dreams long cast aside,  
 In the journey's rapid stride.  
 Hard the things with which we cope,  
 And the Land may never ope ;  
 Still—it's golden in the West.

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### Rats.

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BY "HERMIPPUS REDIVIVUS."

---

**A** VERY celebrated poet has written a very celebrated poem on the most noble subject of "Rats." Add to this the hosts of authors, both ancient and modern, who have not thought it below their dignity to treat of this august theme, and the present writer is justified in heading his article with the four-lettered word "Rats." From the pagan Plautus to the devout and very learned Hieronymus ; from the persecuted Vesal to the writer of the latest biological article on the "Rodentia," all discuss for our enlightenment the very noble subject of "Rats." And, though they disguise it in such terms as *mus*, *mures*, *rattus*, or in their other technical sesquipedalia verba, yet, when stripped of these

ornamental vestments, there remains only our simple but expressive "rats." So, then, in treating such a vast subject, we do but follow the example of many far wiser than we in the ways of the various orders of the rat family; and as time has justified them in their selection of a subject, so do they justify us in our selection of a title for our dissertation. Having eased our conscience on this score, and with a grateful acknowledgment of our indebtedness to the sages of Greece and Rome, we will open up our discussion.

What reams of parchment have been wasted in dissensions concerning the identity of these rats of antiquity! What oceans of ink have been spilled to blacken the character of "Mus's"—father, son, and grandson—renowned in song and fable! And to what conclusion have these multitudes of tomes brought these dissenting *block-heads*? Alas! (the quill trembles in our hand) to this—that the gray rat originally throve in Europe, and that the barbarous *black* rat from Asia, surreptitiously entering by way of the *Black* Sea, did basely then and there commence a bloody "survival of the fittest," that great war so justly famous in the ponderous volumes of the Darwinian school of historical research. Ye shades of departed Scaligers and sealliwags, what a subterfuge! Willing to blacken the object of their aversion in any way they can, yet too polite (or too parsimonious, or simply because it was unknown to them) to use Stafford's ink, these maligners must needs call in the aid of the dusky Orientals, imagining that, with a single wave of the quill and a potent "presto," they have most conclusively clinched their argument. *O vanitas vanitatum!* Now happens by the world-renowned Hertovicus, with his convincing *argumentum basilinum*, and, just as Hercules of old wielded his club over the caput of earth-born Antæus, so does he brain his mediæval opponents in this Battle of the Books, and with a single flourish most socratically shuts off further dispute. In seven hundred and four pages of closely-written matter he informs

us that the Oriental visitors were not black, but gray, and thus foils the base attempt at blackmail of our continental friends.

Though our champion has felled this Goliath to the earth, yet he has failed to light upon the "Open Sesame" which will open up this mystery of the ancient order of rats. Like his predecessors—the Scholiasts, Tully, Pomponatius, Paracelsus, Geradius, *et cetera ad infinitum*—he persists in the time-honored, though fallacious, syllogism that a rat is what it is, but a rat is a rat, and therefore the rats of antiquity were rats, and nothing but rats. But, alas, for this house erected on sand! The whirlwind ariseth to unroof it, and the flood lappeth already beneath its foundations! For we shall show that not only were these beings formed in the image of man, but that they, moreover, attended the colleges of antiquity—the Akademia, the Stoa, the Mare Sonans (a school of eloquence under Demosthenes), Athens (a university founded by Socrates), and the other places of instruction of antiquity. We shall show that the reptilia with which the babe Hercules struggled were only reptiles figuratively—in other words, were "rats," bent on executing vengeance for the open-air stunts which the bully had been made to perform the night before. We shall show that the rustic and urban rats of Horace (II. Sat., 6-80) were students spending their vacation at the home of the former, who here planned to avenge the cold-water baths taken at the hour when witches and ghosts and the sheeted dead hooted and danced about them.

It will come out in the course of our paper that the *exiguus* rat of whom Virgil speaks (*Georgics*) has reference to the hungry look that Cassius hath—no doubt a body lean and meagre from forced fasting. Similarly we shall show that Plautus, when he says, *Quasi mures semper edimus alienum cibum*, had in mind that class of students who, the gentle Elia writes, were called "gag-eaters" at Christ's Hospi-

tal, and of whom is it not written, "'Tis said they eat strange flesh"?

Just as with us, the rats, forced to refrain from eating at "Bouis'" by the Seniors and Sophs., creep forth from their lairs at night for a midnight lunch at Francione's, or, if they can afford it, at Rueger's.

Hieronymus speaks of the odorous rats (*mures odorati*). To whom could this apply but to our Freshmen, who indulge copiously in cocktails, bay rum, eau de Cologne, and other *liqueurs*? Or it may be that the writer of the commentaries had just witnessed a game of foot-ball *a la gladiateur*, and had just perceived what Horace calls *Gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in ALIS*, and *hinc illa verba*.

But we have in Petronius the Profane (58) a more positive proof that "rats" were human beings. This immoral satirist calls one a "rat," and says he will "see him on the public dung-hill first." Now, plainly, this was addressed to his college chum, who had just requested a loan of a hundred *sestertii*, or else permission to "quill" P.'s best girl. If it be not this, what else could it be?

There is another reference which serves as a weather-vane tipped with arrow-heads at both ends. It clears up a point which has often puzzled us (and which those interested in co-education may profit by), and, moreover, adds another to a long list of convincing proofs as to the identity of the rats of the time. Martial calls his best girl "sweet mouse." This shows us at once that co-education was in vogue among the ancients (thus giving it the honor of being *classic*), and that the customary word for co-eds. in Martial's day was "mouse." (Long live our mice!)

(To be continued.)

## What and How to Read.

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BY ALICE WHITING TAYLOR.

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“**W**HAT shall I read, and how shall I read?” are everyday questions one hears. The all-important thing in reading is not so much the book itself, but the mind that reads the book.

The person who makes reading a mere pastime commits a serious error. He had better not read at all. The mind, instead of growing stronger, becomes gradually weaker.

Since books are in this day to be purchased for such trifles in money, everybody ought to have in his possession at least a few good books. Books contain the accumulated achievements of thousands of generations.

Whatever you read, seek for the highest quality in literature—truth. Search for the knowledge of facts which will suggest new ideas and thoughts, and those that arouse the brain to new activities. In reading, your own thinking plays the most important part. By reading in the right direction, your own thoughts are developed, your vocabulary increased, your phraseology beautified, your expression broadened, and your character uplifted.

Read only books that possess true worth.

In order to develop a literary talent, much thorough reading is necessary. Shakespeare had to read not a little to give his mind a start.

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## After All.

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BY EDWARD CRASHAW.

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The slanting sunbeams kissed the stream,  
 The willows nodded as it passed,  
 It flowed as gently as a dream,  
 Nor danced the gleam the sunbeam cast.



All seemed to breathe of perfect rest,  
 The lazy oar scarce ripple made,  
 As it were loath the river's breast  
 To ruffle with its shining blade.

But as we breathed in soft delight  
 The calm and beauty of it all,  
 There fell the chill of coming night,  
 And far we heard the cataract's call.

So are life's pleasures marred—half-made,  
 So all our joy must turn to pain;  
 The brightest day must end in shade,  
 And we can only hope—in vain.

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## Textile Education and Its Needs in the South.

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

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**T**HE people of America have long believed in the education of her citizens. Sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed a school was founded, which was, two years later, called "Harvard College." Here were taught the classics. In later years other educational tendencies began to show themselves, which have been worked out in the establishment of such schools as the Boston School of Technology.

Again the times have changed, and there has been a demand not only for technical education in general, but a demand for special instruction in the textile arts. We see examples of such schools in the Textile Schools of Lowell, Fall River, and Philadelphia. In studying any phase of industrial education we are studying one of the wide-awake subjects of the day. Is this "new education" only a "freak of fashion," or is it another permanent stride that we have made in the educational world? Our industrial schools have grown continuously since their institution, and we believe

that this will be but another confirmation of the law of "the survival of the fittest." We should not consider education as an end in itself, but as a means of developing body, mind, and character, so that we can best adapt ourselves to existing conditions, and thus more fully appreciate and enjoy the real bounty that is thrown around us. How long were the people of this country ignorant before they found that they could manufacture their own cotton, instead of sending it abroad! This was through lack of skill or technical training.

There has been a great change in the South in the last decade. We have just discovered our natural resources, and now we are discovering means by which to develop them. This development will be wrought largely through industrial education. The world's growth in manufacture has been wonderful in the last century, and this is a result of a more widely diffused knowledge of the sciences and their application. In 1800 the value of the manufactured products in the United States was \$1,000,000,000, and in 1900 the value of these products was \$13,000,000,000.

Technical chemists have improved manufacturing conditions, both by lowering the cost of production and by producing better and more varied materials. The chemists have shown us how to economize waste products; what was once a nuisance now brings us large profit. The cotton-seed industry, which has grown up in recent years, gives us a striking example of this. In 1857 cotton seed was a great nuisance throughout the cotton sections, and in Mississippi laws were passed compelling the cotton-growers to burn or destroy the seed after it had been taken from the cotton. However, in 1900 a great change had taken place, and the value of this raw product was \$42,411,835. The seed was crushed and the oil was collected, and the remaining cake was found to be valuable as a fertilizer and stock feed. I recall a little incident that was related by my professor in lecturing on "Industrial Chemistry," which aptly illustrates

this point. He showed how the stock-yards were utilizing every part of the hog they killed—not even the blood, the hair, or the feet were lost, but they were all used. The only thing that was lost at all was the *squeal*. We will all grant that industrial chemistry brought this about, but let us not stop till we have attained perfection and we have finally utilized the squeal. The real glory of chemistry is not in its theory, but in its application to the useful arts that bring comfort, profit, and happiness to the human race.

Speaking of education, Mr. F. F. Ayer, of New York, says: "Education which shapes the brain only is one-sided; head and hand need more attention. Man is many-sided and must be many ways trained to get the full man." He does not depreciate classical education, but claims that the first part of education is to enable men to exist. The struggle for existence increases with the population, but technical education gets behind this and lessens the struggle by teaching a higher skilled handicraft which enables men to get a living without being able to read Virgil or other classics at sight. We should emphasize the importance of training and skill as well as of study and knowledge.

Where knowledge and skill are combined we get the best results. Says D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C.: "There have been absolutely no cases where knowledge and skill have been combined where easy success has not followed." In developing these two together we develop the ingenuity of a man. In the present age we see all around us what has been accomplished by the combined effort of body and mind. When we recall such structures as the Brooklyn Bridge, the new East River bridge, the Hudson river tunnel, and many others which could be mentioned, we can in some degree comprehend what industrial training has done and is doing for us. Our great need in the South is the development of textile schools, for from our textiles we receive our greatest wealth. We are the world's greatest producers of cotton, but still we

do not manufacture our own goods. The South produces more than 10,000,000 bales of cotton (of 500 pounds each), and we manufacture less than one-half of this, although we are growing rapidly in this industry.

It is worthy of note that Massachusetts has three textile schools, besides other schools of technology, and she is our leading State in the textile manufactures. Our natural resources far surpass those of Massachusetts. We have the cotton-fields all around us, and we are nearer the coal-fields. Still they surpass us in the manufacturing arts. It is because they have acquired more skill by means of their industrial schools.

In re-organizing the factories in the South we are not introducing a new feature, but rather re-instating an old one. The statistics of 1810 show that we were in advance of the North in manufactures at that date. At that time the manufactured products of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia exceeded in value and variety those of the entire New England States and New York combined. But the institution of slavery destroyed it, and when the final crash of the Civil War came we were left far behind the North. It is also interesting to note that up until 1860 the South was in advance of the North in educational advantages. Dr. J. L. M. Curry gathered the following statistics: "In 1860 the North had 19,000,000 population; the South, 8,000,000. The North had 205 colleges; the South, 262, besides numerous other denominational schools. The North had 1,407 professors; the South, 1,488. The North had 29,044 students; the South, 27,055. The North spent for colleges per annum, \$1,514,688; the South spent \$1,662,419. The North spent for academies, \$4,663,749; the South spent \$4,328,127. In those days our people spent two and a half or three times as much money *per capita* as the people in the North." Dr. Curry went further to show that in 1899 the Northern colleges had in productive funds \$102,721,451; Southern colleges had \$15,741,000.

The South is just recovering from the effects of the Civil War. We are beginning to demonstrate also that cotton goods may be made here to advantage and profit. Just a glance at the cotton industry will show what a vast amount of additional wealth would be brought to our Southland if we should manufacture our own cotton. We raise annually 10,000,000 bales of cotton. If this were sold in the raw state it would bring about six cents per pound, which would be \$300,000,000. Now, if this were manufactured in the plainest kind of plaids, which would require the least skill, it would bring eighteen cents per pound, or \$9,000,000,000 would be the value of our cotton, and, by acquiring higher skill and making more delicate fabrics, the value of the product might increase from eighteen cents per pound to \$24.00.

Most of the finer fabrics are made in Germany and France. We send our cotton to textile experts over there at six or seven cents per pound, and they send it back to us as knit goods at a dollar or upwards a pound. We simply pay them these vast amounts for their skill, which we have not.

The greatest good that we would get from establishing textile schools in the South is that it would enable us to develop our manufactures, and in establishing these factories we derive a two-fold profit: First, the profit that we would get from our manufactured products, and, secondly, we would get home markets for our food-stuffs, perishable goods, &c.

We have seen articles written on "American Factories for American Cotton." There is no reason why we can't change this to "Southern Factories for Southern Cotton." What we need is a highly-endowed textile school in the cotton belt, so that this knowledge may become thoroughly diffused, and then our factories will rise. Heretofore we have planted our crops with Northern machinery, worked them with Northern machinery, harvested them with Northern machinery, sent them to the North on Northern rails, and, finally, let the people in the North govern the price of our product; but we

are breaking away from this. Mr. Henry W. Grady, whilom editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, was an ardent advocate for the development of manufactures. In an argument on the subject, he recited a story of what he had observed at the funeral of a statesman in North Georgia. "The grave was dug through solid marble, which abounds in North Georgia, but the little marble slab left standing to mark the spot came from Vermont. The surrounding slopes were fine grazing lands, yet the woolen shroud came from Boston and the shoes from Lynn. In the immediate neighborhood iron ore abounded, but the pick and shovel came from Pittsburg. The shirt came from New York, the coffin from Cincinnati, the hearse from Chicago, while the only thing that Georgia furnished for the funeral was the corpse and the hole in the ground." Since that time a change has come over the South, and to-day some of the largest quarries in the world are found in North Georgia, and factories in other industries have grown enormously. The data given below, from the Twelfth Census Report, shows how the South is growing in cotton manufacture :

	1890.	1900.
Number of active cotton spindles in the United States.....	14,384,180	19,472,232
Number of active cotton spindles in New England States .....	10,934,297	13,171,377
Number of active cotton spindles in Middle States.....	1,716,019	1,721,347
Number of active cotton spindles in Southern States.....	1,563,598	4,354,034
Number of active cotton spindles in Western States .....	170,266	225,474

Wrote Bacon : "There are three things which make a nation great—a prosperous and fertile soil, busy work-shops, and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place." But we see now the power of education lies back of these.

We must have the proper education to get the best out of a fertile soil. The work-shops are more effective when they use educated labor, and education is required before we can construct our railroads and steamships. The Southern people have the natural resources to be great, but we are deficient in industrial training. In 1864 Congress passed an act called the Agricultural Act, by which cities of a certain population could receive funds from the Government on condition that the people would provide so much in addition to this. The people of Massachusetts have taken advantage of this act. Why can't we in the South do the same? If we can't build textile schools, we should add a textile department to our technical schools. Why should we eliminate from our curriculum those things which so vitally pertain to our economic progress? When we shall have established our technical schools throughout the South, and when the waters of the two great oceans shall have joined hands through the Panama canal, then we will hear the song of prosperity, and our factories will weave a diadem of peace and happiness to our beloved Southland.

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### On the River.

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At the noontide, when together  
To the bank we'd go,  
Bright and fair was e'er the weather,  
Light the river's flow.

In the evening, on the river,  
Where we used to row,  
On the strand the beeches shiver,  
There the lilies grow.

In the gloaming and the twilight,  
As we glide along,  
Mellowed sweetly for the dim night  
Comes the evening song.

In the moonlight and the glisten  
 Of the waves, so pale,  
 Now we stop and hark and listen  
 To the nightingale.

In the morning, there I'd find thee,  
 With thy cheek ablush ;  
 Greetings tender from o'er the lea  
 Ever sang the thrush.

By the river, on the morrow,  
 I'll find you no more.  
 Comes no call in all my sorrow  
 From the Other Shore.

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### "Outside Reading" in a College Course.

BY J. EDWIN LODGE.

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**F**INDING time for much outside of regular college studies is sometimes a problem. A certain amount of "drudgery" must necessarily attend the acquirement of any higher education ; it cannot be escaped, for "there is no royal road to learning." But to conceive of a liberal college training as if it comprised no more in scope than the accomplishment of a stated amount of "hack work" is a grievous mistake, to say the least. For, notwithstanding the fact that prescribed studies are of primal importance, and should always be regarded as such, there are some things outside the daily routine which play no mean part in the broadening process.

An especially valuable discipline in connection with any college training is the systematic reading of wisely-chosen literature. There is perhaps no other time when such outside information may be so easily and advantageously acquired. The general information of the widely-read student is of constant service to him ; the lack of just such general informa-



tion to the unread student is the more keenly appreciated the farther he advances. The former has an ever-ready *repertoire* from which he may draw; the latter feels the narrowness of his range at every turn.

The average college man is surrounded by ample opportunities for the acquirement of just such helpful knowledge. The splendidly-equipped libraries and reading-rooms of modern institutions afford ready access to the best there is in science, literature, and art. The intrinsic worth of such advantages is often overlooked by the student. Who but would deem it a privilege to listen every day to the discourse of learned men? Do we not enjoy the same privilege in reading good books? Can we not, through them, come in living contact with the master minds of all ages? Books are living things—not dead; in the formation of character they are not less powerful than the world around us.

Choice of what we shall read comes first in importance. Thoroughness in reading comes next. Mere mechanical perusal of a varied list of authors, simply for the sake of saying one has read "so and so," is worse than folly. Such reading is a waste of time—butchering the works of many, and entering into the thought of none. Certainly no lasting benefit can be derived from contact with any writer unless we spend sufficient time in his company to appreciate some of the excellencies of his style and to gain an insight into his manner of thinking. What is worth while reading at all deserves to be read intelligently. The question is not how much, but how well.

Method in this, as in everything else, is essential to the best results. A good plan is to allot a specified time each day for this one purpose. The odd half-hours seem trifling as we go along; but in a four-years' course they assume gigantic proportions. There are a great many ways in which they might be profitably employed, and outside reading is one.

## The Restless March.

BY L. L. E.

Our baby feet are never still,  
 Even before we walk ;  
 As recruits we begin the drill  
 Ere we learn how to talk.

Our childhood feet soon haste away  
 From school unto our toys,  
 For we must have our share of play  
 While yet we're girls and boys.

Our manhood feet, with quickened pace,  
 Ever amid the din,  
 March to love's conflict for a pretty face,  
 Nor rest until we win.

Our aged feet are restless too,  
 There's something still we crave,  
 Life's conflict never is quite through  
 From cradle to the grave.

But there's a rest for weary feet,  
 When we lay life's armor down—  
 So calm, so peaceful, and so sweet,  
 If e'er we win a crown.

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## A Vacation Experience.

BY LORENA BOYD MASON.

**A**LTHOUGH it has been scarcely four weeks since my return to the city, vacation seems like a dream of long ago. As I look back on the happy days, they appear to be merged into one gloriously-colored haze, in which no special tint stands pre-eminent above the harmony of the whole.

I took my first trip into the "Great Unknown" of the North this summer. Though to many my tale is an oft-repeated story, to me the outing was the novelty of novelties. The trip to New Jersey shore I made by rail, and all alone, though I found my aunts at the journey's end, waiting to welcome me. Then followed long days of lazy delight, which I spent in rowing, bathing, and the other joys of beach-life. The crowd was good-natured and pleasant. No one seemed in a hurry, and every face was shining with happiness and good-will. Of course, one of the chief features was the so-called "summer girl" and her faithful swain. She seemed to have cast dull care to the winds, while he lived only to do her bidding. They were a familiar spectacle as they strolled along the board-walk or joined their screams of laughter to those of the bathers. The ocean, to be sure, was the great and real attraction for us all. We spent as much time as possible on the beach, trying to learn its various moods. We saw it in sunshine and mist; and though no great storm whipped it into fury, the surf was at times so high as to strike awe into our hearts. I remember one morning, when a strong sea-breeze was blowing and I reached the shore early, the sea presented a most awful spectacle. "Old Sol" was hidden behind a bank of dense clouds, which matched the gray of the sea so nearly that one could hardly distinguish where the water and sky line met. A thin mist seemed to rest over all, and the waves were large and gray and sullen. I spent hours in viewing the ocean from different points, and never have I witnessed a scene of greater majesty.

But one morning we looked out over a sea bathed in the early sunlight. This time there was a land breeze, and the beauty of the scene was indescribable. As each wave broke the wind lifted the foam from the crest and drove it out to sea in fine white flakes, so that it really seemed as if each wave carried a miniature snow-storm of its own. As far as

eye could reach there were long, low rollers, all tipped with this same feathery foam.

But why try to tell of the sea, when words elude one as slyly as that fabled "Old Man of the Sea," who could change his form at will. Have not poets of all ages exhausted the English language in the attempt, and still failed to do justice to old Ocean's many changing forms? We can only say, with Byron :

"Roll on! thou deep and dark-blue Ocean, roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin;  
His control stops with the shore."

The Jersey shore is picturesquely diversified by many salt lakes. Deal Lake is very large, and on it one may row or canoe to his heart's content. A "Carnival de Venice" was held on this lake during the latter part of August. "Lovely" fails totally to describe the scene. The houses along both shores were hung with myriads of Chinese lanterns, and on the water itself were many launches, also decorated. Floats, arranged to represent some well-known subject, glided about under the mystic half-light. One showed "Uncle Sam" and "Miss Columbia" standing hand in hand; another bore the familiar legend, "Let the Gold Dust Twins do Your Work," while two comical darkies labored industriously over their tubs. But the one that was, perhaps, most appreciated and applauded represented, to Northern eyes at least, a negro's log cabin, while from the darkies sitting in front there floated across the water the familiar strains of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Suwanee River," and the like. This won the first prize.

Before I returned to the South I visited the metropolis, where I saw many strange and interesting sights, but, as the novelist says, "that is another story."

# Editorial Comment.

## The Messenger Staff:

DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN, Editor.

D. J. CARVER, Business Manager.

FRED. G. POLLARD, Ass't Editor.

W. D. BREMNER, Ass't Bus. Mgr.

**AFTER COLLEGE,  
THEN WHAT!** There is something pathetic, infinitely pathetic, in the Napoleon the night before the grim Waterloo. We can but feel pity for Luther at the University of Wittenburg, not knowing of his future fate. We can but think how much more stupendous would have been the Reformation, how much less bloody Waterloo, had the two but known. True, Luther's massive mind had been planning a change those many months. True, likewise, that, with arms locked on his breast, the Little Corporal had thought out a mighty struggle. True, all this; but how much we miss when we have no angel to lift the veil and show us the future?

In the average college man, wading blindly towards a degree, there is correspondingly something sad! Not to say that there is before us a Diet of Worms or a St. Helena—not that there is some glorious future before us—only that we might see the *What!*

Some there are who enter college with an end in view. Some, likewise, can be counted, now and again, whose place in life is fixed long ere they enroll. But the most of us look only to that graduating night. We can picture only the black gowns, the music, the speeches, the honors. We never go beyond.

And therein is the woe! The world is every day advancing more. Gone are those old days when a man would have a "general" education and no more. The world this morning is crying for men—men with a specialty, men who *know* and *can*. And what we need is to prepare for that *can*. Go

through college to-day, and ask man after man what he thinks to do in after life. Some will say they are certain, others *think* they will do thus and so. But the most of us don't know. In this day and time the ladder to Fame is long and difficult. Would you climb the rounds, both learn and labor early. It's like a long day's journey—we must up and about early. Decide what you will do; then do it.

And if we have no end in view, then what benefit is there in college education? Oh, they tell us, a man can even plow better for a college education. Perhaps he can describe the Latin methods of agriculture. He may be able to give the references to the plow in Homer, but a college education will not keep your mule from kicking. Your plow will jerk at every tough root just the same. If you are going back on the farm, study the farm life; know chemistry, know biology. Latin never hitched a horse; calculus can't kill potato-bugs! Not that we would infer that many men who come to college are going to pursue Pomona and the kindred deities—we only take this by way of illustration. If you intend to succeed in life, then know that particular field of life in which you hope to work. And the world has never yet seen the man who could *do* unless he knew. Choose your work; then do your work.

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**COLLEGE RELIGION.** There used to be an old Latin proverb about "*non postulas aquam a pumice,*" which we have taken into our proverbial language as "you can't get blood out of a turnip." Maybe there are some who will likewise claim that you can't talk about a college man's religion, when he has none. But such is not the case—at least, not altogether the case. Not that college religion is always to be seen in full blossom, not that every man goes about with an "I am holy" sign on his back—in fact, you

have to know college and college men before you can perceive this most occult part of his nature.

Nor is it safe to say that a college man's religion is based on an elaborate system of doctrine and dogma. Who knows the essential difference between Episcopalian and Presbyterian—who cares? But religion, manliness—the two are brothers—is based on something deeper than dogma. They go back to the fundamental man—to man's better man—and there is where the college man's religion comes in.

Then, too, there are certain licenses, or, should we say, faults, to which college men will ever be prone. Healthy, happy, and hearty at eighteen—who expects the sanctity of seventy. Care free, contented, and confident—away with your pious promises. A college man *will* swear—sometimes. There are other commandments, perhaps, that he may not keep to the letter, but, for “a’ that,” when you take off the scum, when you look deep, it's all there—every particle of man!

And, after all, religion is based on no elaborate rules; it was made for man, not for gods. Religion calls for heart, not form; for belief, not cant. The great law of religion—of all religions—is unselfishness, and unselfishness is the ideal of every true man's heart. Two men died not many months ago. In a great church a great organ moaned out the “Dead March,” a gifted choir poured out the sweetest of melodies, while the scent of many flowers filled the air with fragrance of another world. And how the eloquent pastor preached. What a noble eulogy, all thought. How appropriate to such an honored dead. He, the deceased, had been State Senator, congressman; he was famous, honored, wealthy. The best of burials should be given him. The other funeral was different—a pine coffin, a chilling wind, a dreary spot; only a few wept when the clods struck the lid. They turned away silently, to walk back to their humble homes. “He was a good fellow,” said a rough man; “he helped me when I was down.” We need not take space to draw the simile. The

college man isn't pious, isn't sanctified, but "he's a good fellow," and honesty is worth more than honors; manliness is better than manner; belief is blessed.

And the college man believes—in his heart. 'Tis for men who believe that the world is calling to-day. Science can go so far, psychology has a limit, metaphysics has to stop. They all go back to belief. Not to forms, mind you; not to a pious face in the market-place and a fervent proclamation from the house-top, but the manly belief. A hundred years will see a crisis—belief pitted against blasphemy, spirit against skepticism. Oh, for men who believe, and are not ashamed of their belief!

**WE BEG  
YOUR PARDON.**

In our last issue, if we remember correctly, there appeared a poem, "The Light Unfading," and another parody under the title "The Village Blacksmith." The former of these, through ignorance, was published without a name. We did not know at the time that all articles published unsigned were attributed to the editor. We beg your pardon, and disclaim such honor. The poem—really excellent, by the way—was from the versatile pen of a certain foot-ball hero, whose "valor is only exceeded by his modesty." As for "The Village Blacksmith," it was signed *Scot-Leigh*, an error for *Scot-eigh*—otherwise Scotchy Bremner! Beg pardon, Scotchy.

**ENGLAND AND  
DUTY.**

When Nelson ran up that signal at Trafalgar it was seen around the world—"England expects every man to do his duty." We aren't England; we have no French fleet to overcome, but we are in as close a place as was ever good Lord Nelson. You have read, let us hope, the articles in this issue. Stand abashed when we tell you that we have printed every available contribution. And here's where your duty comes in.



We don't ask you to set up nights trying to find a new rhyme for *love*. All of us can't equal George Buck Fogg, of glorious memory, but we can all do our duty by THE MESSENGER. You know something that would read well, some experience of yours. Then put it in form, and give it to Pol-lard. Do your duty, if you don't want to see the college boat sink beneath the wave!

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**AND AGAIN  
LIKEWISE.**

And, speaking of duty, what have you done for the foot-ball team? We need good, round support for every game before us now. Show your college blood. You haven't the money? Sell your shirt, pawn your books, do anything honest, just so you "root" for the boys. And the time? Cut out that hour of loafing, cut off a little bit of your prayer-meeting time. Root for that team!

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**A DELICATE  
MATTER.**

Every now and then, somehow, delicate matters come before the editors—matters aggravating as well as vexing. We have one of these in mind—one that has long troubled us. At first we thought to publish an editorial strongly condemning plagiarism, and planned to publish the borrowed article under the name of its real author. Calmer judgment prevailed, however, and we almost decided to pass the matter by in silence. But this would not be fair toward the *bona-fide* contributors to THE MESSENGER. We therefore note the fact, and ask the pardon of our exchange editors and of the College in particular for the publication of a plagiarized contribution. The article in question appeared before the present staff was elected. We did not discover the plagiarism—in fact, a graduate of the College pointed it out to us. Our only comfort in the matter is that none of our exchanges, and only a few of our readers,

discovered it—taken, as it was, from one of the best known of Southern novels. “Have a care, gentlemen.”

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**LEND YOUR  
ENCOURAGEMENT.**

And there is actually strong hope that we can get out an Annual this year. Better work than this could not be done for the College. By its Annual every college is judged, and woe to the college found wanting. Lend your aid. Take up pencil, brush, and pen; pull out your dollars and rally to it. We have a flourishing weekly, an opulent monthly—why not a cheerful Annual?

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**AND LAST  
OF ALL.**

To our great regret, removal from College makes further service on **THE MESSENGER** of course impracticable. That we have been benefited by the work goes without the saying; that we have enjoyed it is likewise true. Let us thank you all for your kindness to us and for the consideration shown at all times. Fred. G. Pollard now takes the helm—a man much better suited for the work than the present editor. To him and to you all, our best wishes and continued support! Long live **THE MESSENGER**.

