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The Messenger,

RICHMOND COLLEGE,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—

MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 1.

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My Love for Thee.

BY B. D. GAW.

As boundless as the realm of thought, my love,
As deep as the well of tears,
Is the love that my soul hath now for thee,
And *will* have all the years.

For as the stars in the heaven so constant are,
As their brightness illumines the sky,
So my love would be to thine own life, dear—
For my love could never die.

And as the sun which shines in heaven by day
Is to us the joy of light,
My love, then, dear, a brighter orb will be
Illumining thy blackest night.

The Ole Grey ; or, Irvin' Bilkins's First Horse.

BY SUTHERLAND.

“**I**'VE knowed Irvin' Bilkins since he was a little baby,” said Uncle Josh, who was the patriarch of our neighborhood, and seemed to be fully acquainted with its history, past, present, and future, “and he al'ays was the greatest youngster for a tradin' o' things that you ever seen.”

Now, Uncle Josh's education had been somewhat neglected. In spite of this, however, he was one of the most interesting of story-tellers. Though he was not versed in Latin and Greek, he had made a deep study of that most subtle theme, human nature, and Uncle Josh knew his fellow-man a great deal better than the average scholar knows his specialty. As he used to say, “I ain't nothin' much on book larnin', but I got a powerful lot o' instinc'.” Anything you wished to know about the folks in our neighborhood Uncle Josh could tell you, and he seemed to remember to the very hour the time of entrance into this vale of tears of every little red-faced, peak-nosed, bald-headed imp that had made night hideous in our town for four decades.

Whenever he started on this strain the young folks knew that they might expect a story, so all joined in the exclamation, “Tell us about him, Uncle Josh ; do tell us about him !”

“Well,” replied Uncle Josh, “if ennybody can beat 'im a tradin' it must be one o' these air folks who sometimes hang out three brass balls in front o' their stores for signs. I ain't never heard tell of Irvin' gittin' beat in a trade but once in 'is life. That was when he was 'bout sixteen years ole and as slick a boy as I ever set eyes on. Law ! how well I rec'lect, when he was a little bit of a fellow, how 'is pa—you all remember 'is pa, Mr. Will Bilkins—kept a liv'ry stable. My ! wan't he a good, kind man, and didn't he love

to tease folks! Well, one day 'is pa told 'im how as he was a-goin' to set 'im up in the chick'n bisness. So he give Irvin' 'bout six or seven hens and a ole rooster, and promised to buy all the eggs what the hens laid. You know it didn't cost Irvin' much to feed 'is chick'ns, 'cause he got all the loose corn and stuff like that 'round 'is pa's stable. In them days all the folks in the neighborhood had chick'ns, and very of'en the neighbors' hens used to come over in the Bilkins's yard a visitin'. Well, suh! that little fellow thought he seen a way to increase bisness, so he made 'im some nice straw nests—real comfortable and invitin' lookin'. He put 'em all 'round the yard in little boxes, where the visitin' hens could see 'em the fust thing. Besides, he didn't like to be unneighborly, and, as corn didn't cost 'im nothin', he used to feed 'em purtty regular. Soon the neighbors' hens begin to stay over at the Bilkins's purtty much all the time. They lived at the Bilkins's, they ate at the Bilkins's, and, seeing as how they was better provided for in every way at the Bilkins's, mighty of'en they used to take a notion into their heads to lay at the Bilkins's.

“A'ter things had been runnin' 'long for three or four months, bisness got so brisk that Irvin's pa said, ‘Look here, boy, the way you are sellin' me eggs them hens must be layin' 'bout three times a day and the ole rooster on Sundays!’

“But, gracious me! I done clear forgot. I started out to tell you all 'bout one time when Irvin' got beat in a trade. Maybe you all what know 'im real well now won't b'lieve he ever got beat; but he did git beat once, and I'm goin' tell you 'bout it.

“As I said, 'is pa he kept a liv'ry stable, so I 'spose Irvin' come natu'ly by 'is love for horses. He loved better 'an ennything else to go down to a place on Franklin street where ole Mr. Saul used to sell horses. He sold all sorts of horses, from the very finest to the very wust. When Irvin' used to watch 'im selling horses, he of'en thought it would be

the proudest hour in 'is life when he could buy one. He al'ays was a great boy for savin' money. Why, when he was a little fellow 'bout four years ole you never could get 'im to put enny money in Sunday-school. His pa'd give 'im some pennies to put in the basket, but he'd al'ays bring 'em home for 'is bank. Once I remember he took Sallie to a play—you know Sallie was Irvin's sweetheart. Them two been sweethearts ever since they went bar'footed. Well, when the play was over Irvin' said, 'Sallie, which do you want to do, ride home on the car or git some soda-water? They both *cost* the same, you know.'

"But, there! I done got off the track again. Let's see, where was I at? Oh, yes, 'bout the horse sale. Well, one day Irvin' went down with three dollars and sixty-five cents in 'is pocket. Whether he had enny intentions or hopes of buyin' of a horse when he went down, I've never heard 'im tell. However, 'mong the horses for sale that day there was a ole grey, which had, from all appearances, seen a purtty hard time of it in life. You know how a grey horse, when he begins to git ole, will git them brown spots on 'im. Well, suh, this ole nag was just as full of 'em as a turkey egg. Goodness! But he was sho'ly a speckled bird, and he mus'n't o' had much to eat in a long, long time, for you could easily 've studied all 'bout the skeleton of a horse by examinin' this ole grey. You could hang your hat on 'is hip-bones, and the hair on 'is legs was 'bout four or five inches long. His front legs was swelled clean up to the knee-jints, and, as a special ornament, he had a bob-tail not more 'an a foot long, with 'bout as much hair left on it as a new-born baby's head.

"Irvin' looked 'im over, and, though the ole horse could hardly git 'long for limpin', he thought maybe he could buy 'im cheap, and keep 'im up to 'is pa's stable. He was sure by feedin' 'im good and rubbin' 'is swelled legs with liniment he could make somethin' out o' 'im.

“Purtty soon the ole grey was put up for sale. At fust didn't nobody bid on 'im—didn't just seem like ennybody wanted the ole nag—and Irvin's heart was a bumpin' all kinds o' tunes inside o' 'is breast at the thought o' buyin' a horse. At last somebody—the soap-fact'ry man, I b'lieve—offered Saul three dollars. Irvin' couldn't stand the strain no longer, and piped out, ‘Three dollars and twenty-five cents!’ The soap man raised it to three dollars and fifty cents. Irvin' only had three dollars and sixty-five cents, but he was 'terminated to ris' 'is last cent, so he bid ‘Three dollars and sixty-five cents, Mr. Saul.’

“'Bout this time the ole horse got so weak that he begin to wobble from side to side like ole Uncle Ez when he been 'dulgin' too freely. While Irvin' 'zamed the ole horse on one side, the auctioneer held 'im up on the other. Irvin' moved 'round to git a better view, and Saul give a wink to one o' the stable boys, and he propped 'im on the side what Irvin' d just left.

“‘Three dollars and sixty-five cents I'm bid for the horse, gentlemen,’ cried the auctioneer. ‘Think of it, gentlemen, a real live horse, what'll stand without hitchin', for three dollars and sixty-five cents. Are you a-l-l done? Once—twice—t-h-r-e-e times——and sold to the young man here at three dollars and sixty-five cents; and, sonny, you'll have to travel a long ways 'fore you git a better bargain.’

“With a happy heart Irvin' paid Mr. Saul 'is last cent, and led the ole grey out o' the stable. A'ter a slow march, something like what a man would use a-goin' to 'is own funeral—and the ole grey *was* goin' to 'is funeral, though I don't know as whether he knowed it or not—Irvin' got to 'is pa's stable. When 'is pa and ol'er brothers seen Irvin' a leadin' that ole horse down Eighth street they begin to laugh and shout, and yelled to 'im, ‘Where'd you git that pack o' bones? Are you goin' to make soap out o' 'im? If you are, you'd better begin feedin' 'im on lard.’

“ ‘ Boy, you can’t put *that* horse in my stable,’ said ’is pa.

“ But, law bless your soul, they didn’t skeer Irvin’ wuth a cent. There was a ole empty stable back of his pa’s, so Irvin’ took ’is ole horse in it, and tied ’im, though I’m purtty sho he couldn’t have run away if ’is life had depended on it. The only way to git ’im to run, I egspect, would ha’ been to put one of them ’lectric bat’ries in ’im, and it would had to ha’ been durn good ’lectric’ty at that.

“ Goodness me ! ” said Uncle Josh, laughing heartily, “ how hard that boy did work for the next four days. He got all o’ the hay and grain he wanted from ’is pa’s stable. The old nag was so hungry that from mornin’ till night he didn’t do nothin’ but eat and drink, eat and drink, till he looked like one o’ them air blowed up balloons. Irvin’ trimmed the hair off ’is legs, and rubbed and rubbed ’is swelled jintt till the hair was all off o’ the horse’s jintt and the skin all off o’ Irvin’s hands from the strong liniment. Two or three times ’is pa called ’im, and, with a wink at one o’ Irvin’s brothers, said, ‘ Look here, boy, I’ve got a call for a kind, gentle, drivin’ horse, one that a lady can handle. Now, I like the looks o’ your new grey. I know he’s a lit’l young and frisky, but if you think he’s perfectly safe and won’t run away, why, I’ll hire ’im from you.’

“ The ole horse ate more and more every day, and the more he’d eat the wuss off he got. It did just seem that what he eat set kinder heavy like on ’is stommick and pulled ’im down. On the fourth day the ole horse couldn’t git up, and when Irvin’ went to the stable on the fifth mornin’ he was dead.

“ When Irvin’s pa and brothers found out the ole horse was dead, they thought they’d put up a job on Irvin’, and skeer ’im sho ’nough. As a matter o’ fact the soap-fact’ry folks ’ll move a dead horse or cow if you’ll give ’em the carcass. But Irvin’ didn’t know that, and so he was easily fooled. He’d done spent ’is last cent for the horse, and had gone in debt seventy-five cents for liniment, so he was dead broke.

THE OLE GREY; OR, IRVIN' BILKINS'S FIRST HORSE.

“ 'Bout 12 o'clock that day he got a notice (made up by 'is brothers) from the Chief o' Police of Richmond. It said if he didn't have the dead horse moved by 3 o'clock he'd be fined twenty-five dollars. Irvin' was completely done up. He couldn't have the horse moved for less 'an two dollars and fifty cents. He didn't have a cent. He owed seventy-five cents for the liniment, and if he didn't git the ole horse moved at once he thought he'd be fined twenty-five dollars.

“ Irvin' was sick o' horses, spec'ly dead horses. He'd worried and fumed 'round all the mornin', and at last he come to 'is pa, and asked 'im to len' 'im two dollars and fifty cents. His pa'd already sent word to the soap people, and their wagon drove up just 'bout this time for the dead horse. So 'is pa told Irvin' how things was, and sent the men back to the ole stable a'ter the carcass.

“ Irvin' 'd worried and fretted so much all the mornin' that he was all fagged out, and when he found out that he wouldn't have to pay to have the ole grey moved he was so relieved and felt so good that he set down in the office to rest. Purtty soon the men come drivin' out o' the alley, the dead horse in the wagon, with 'is feet stickin' out o' the side. As they turned up Eighth street Irvin' suddenly jumped up, and yelled, ‘ Stop there a minute! Hey, you, mister, won't you *please*, sir, wait a minute?’ The entreaty was put in such pleadin' tones that the men waited, while Irvin' rushed to a ole tool-chest, and then come runnin' up to the wagon with a hammer and cold-chisel in his hands. ‘ Say, mister, won't you *please*, sir, let me git the shoes off the ole horse? Them's all what's left.’ The men couldn't help from laughin', but, as the shoes wan't no good to 'em to make soap, they waited till Irvin' got 'em off. There was a junk-shop 'bout two blocks from the stable, so Irvin' took the shoes there, and sold 'em for eight cents.

“ The ole grey cost Irvin' three dollars and sixty-five cents, five days' hard work and worry, a pair o' blistered hands,

seventy-five cents' wuth o' liniment, and 'bout five dollars' wuth o' 'is pa's feed. All he got back was eight cents.

"But, law! I tell you what, folks, Irvin' must 've larned 'is lesson mighty well, for I can truthfully say that's the only time I ever knowed 'im to git the wust end of a bargain."

Goethe as a Lyric Poet.

BY FRED. G. POLLARD, '05.

PAUST alone would have won for Goethe the title, "A great poet." This one work is sufficient to make him an illustrious figure in German literature, but it is his lyrics which have given him, in the popular estimation, his high place—if it were not for Shelley and Heine, I would say his pre-eminent place—in this, the most popular, though not the highest, department of literature. Before his day a truly national lyric poetry might have seemed well-nigh moribund. The poetic schools connected with the cities of Halle, Berlin, and Leipsic were essentially and even professedly artificial, and Clopstock's Odes could not hide their emptiness beneath their mock solemnity. The popular lyric existed unnoticed, a flower that had blushed unseen for generations, till Herder discovered it. Goethe made Herder's discovery completely his own, and in this spirit his best lyrics were conceived and executed. The question may be asked, "What is the chief charm in these songs of Goethe?" I should answer, their spontaneity. They seem to have their origin in events and experiences of the poet's life, though it is difficult to discover the cause of some of them. Still, it is the chief episodes in his life that evoke the deepest lyrical tones, and the songs that refer to Friederike, to Lili, and to Frau von Steine embrace the greater part of the gems of this early period. One of his much-admired poems was one he wrote in honor of Lili on the simple subject of her menagerie. He himself describes

this poem as being "designed to change his surrender of her into despair, by drolly-fretful images." It starts out :

"There's no menagerie, I vow,
 Excels my Lili's at this minute ;
 She keeps the strangest creatures in it,
 And catches them, she knows not how.
 Oh ! how they hop, and run, and rave,
 And their clipped pinions wildly wave.
 Poor princes, who must all endure
 The pangs of love that naught can cure.
 What is the fairy's name ? Is it Lili ? Ask not me ;
 Give thanks to Heaven if she's unknown to thee."

What could be lighter and more simple than that ?

The themes of nearly all the rest of his lyrics which have earned general popularity have been furnished by his friendship with Karl August, his Swiss journey, and a few ballads founded on tradition or on the events of the day.

In his chief book of lyrics, the "West-Ostliche Divan," the inspiration comes from a certain charmer, Marianne Willemer. The "West-Ostliche Divan" brings together the genius of the Orient and that of the Western world, and sheds over *both* the spiritual illumination of the wisdom of his elder years. Gradually his creating power waned, but he was still interested in all—except, perhaps, politics—that can concern the mind. He was still the greatest of critics, entering with his intelligence into everything and understanding everything, as nearly universal as a human mind can be. Goethe's lyric poems are in reality the most invulnerable of his writings. Against the best of these criticism can allege nothing. They need no interpreter. Notice how very clear is the following :

"Oh, thou sweet maiden fair,
 Thou with the raven hair,
 Why to the window go ?
 While gazing down below,

Art standing vainly there?
 Oh, if thou stood'st for me,
 And let'st the latch but fly,
 How happy should I be?
 How soon would I leap high!"

What sweeter petition could be?

A critic says this: "The reader who studies Gœthe's lyrics in chronological order will observe that as time went on the lyric which is a spontaneous jet of feeling is replaced by the lyric in which there is constructive art and considerate evolution." Now, in the poems of the "West-Ostliche Divan" Gœthe returns to the lyrics of spontaneity, but this inspiration is rather that of a gracious wisdom, at once serious and playful, than that of passion. His period of romance and sentiment is best represented by "The Sorrows of Werther." His adult wisdom of life is found abundantly in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."

I consider that there is a great deal of the subjective in Gœthe's lyrics. We can see Gœthe between the lines everywhere as we read. For example, we discern his picture so plain in the following:

"O, wherefore shouldst thou try
 The tears of love to dry?
 Nay, let them flow?
 For didst thou only know
 How barren and how dead
 Seems everything below,
 To those who have not tears enough to shed,
 Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek their
 comfort so."

Gœthe's many love affairs naturally inspired a great many of his poems. He ventures to link the most sublime conception directly with matters of love, with the sadness of parting and the joy of meeting again. Love is linked with the highest religious and moral thoughts. We have scenes from

the life of love, memory of the past ; now a picture of the present ; observation of nature and emotions of the heart are marvelously blended.

Says a critic : " In later years Goethe produced numerous aphorisms like those with which the ' Divan ' is so richly stored. These sayings were the last results of Goethe's thinking, and are full of deep wisdom, constituting the final outcome of his poetry, just as the maxims and reflections do his prose."

So, in summing up, I repeat that, in spite of the fact that if Goethe is to be represented by a single work, it shall be " Faust," still it is as a lyric poet that he is greatest.

Echoes from the Asheville Student Conference.

BY J. B. WEBSTER.

AS the echo is softer and even sweeter than the sound that produced it, so the memory of that meeting among the mountains of North Carolina becomes sweeter and more tender as the days come and go. There is so much to be got from such a meeting that it is difficult to decide which should have first place. It is a matter of course that one should enjoy the beautiful scenery, the fresh air, the pleasant associations, and the rest and quiet after the siege of the " finals." The whole week's work was an inspiration spiritually, morally, intellectually, and physically. The physical inspiration came from the exhilarating exercise of long walks through the woods, climbing mountains, swimming, and playing outdoor games. Strict observance of the hours for sleep brought new strength to the over-wrought nerves. The whole system was built up, and, since body and spirit are so closely interwoven in this life, a re-invigorated body means a re-invigorated soul and mind. The mind worked with renewed vigor ; the routine of work was changed ; the brain received new matter

to feed upon ; new passages of thought opened up that had been stopped by the rubbish of dry classics, or had been forbidden by the demands of college life. A new view of the world opened before the man who entered into the spirit of the meetings. He saw the world from a new standpoint. He found new problems to solve. He got hold of facts that helped him to solve some problems that had been troubling him for months, the most important being the facts that help a young man to decide, calmly and intelligently, what his purpose and work in life shall be. Addresses by strong men, who have faced the problems of life and have solved at least those that come at the beginning, pointed out the different foundations upon which a young man may build, and showed what material is necessary to build with. The very lives of these men are an inspiration along these four lines.

If a healthy physical condition is essential to intellectual vigor, how much more surely are both of these essential to moral and spiritual life. The sense of moral perception was quickened by the discussions of definite moral problems that arise in college life, such as drinking, gambling, cheating on examinations, unclean athletics, social impurity. It was surprising to see how the discussions of these conditions made one feel that his moral sense along these lines had been very blunt. The discussions not only brought out the needs, but gave practical schemes for quickening the moral sense of the student body.

It is to be regretted that all college men cannot be brought to these conferences, where they can see their own condition reflected in the life of other institutions. There was not a delegate from Richmond College who did not earnestly wish that the entire student body were there.

A school that is devoid of moral sense is sure to be lacking in spirituality, in the broad sense of the word—that is, the earnest seeking after what is highest and best in life. The contact with deeply spiritual men, like Robert E. Speer,

Elliott, and Mott, filled the whole assembly with a yearning for purer and better thinking and nobler living. The inspiration did not come alone from the leaders, but the noble fellows who represented various Southern colleges and universities, as they told of their struggles with temptations, their defeats and their victories, their hopes and their purposes, lent a spirit to the gathering that even the leaders could not have imparted.

One of the most impressive features was the fact that the gathering was composed chiefly of men who were expecting to enter on a business career or some profession other than the ministry. They were strong, live Christian men, many of them men who are leaders in athletics in their institutions. Others were talented speakers and leading spirits in college life. They were men who were truly ideal college men.

Since we cannot all go to these annual conferences of the Student Y. M. C. A., let us strive to send a larger number of delegates to the next one, that there may be more to help inspire Richmond College men, new and old, to better endeavors, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

The Spider.

[An Oration Delivered by Ben. C. Jones at the Reunion of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

WHEN the name "Spider," in connection with Richmond College, first struck my ear I did not understand its meaning. Nor did I get its full significance till I saw a copy of our last Annual. On the cover of our last Annual the spider has woven for himself a web from the centre of the College tower. When I saw this I caught the real meaning, and felt a lively appreciation of this symbol. For is not a Richmond College spider one who is spinning for himself the fabric of life from the centre of this institution?

Let us look to see in what other respects the spider is the

counterpart of the college man. By his castle of silken threads we see that he is scientific. He is the only creature below man who gets a livelihood by the use of an apparatus of his own manufacture. The spider spreads his web as the fisherman does his net, and seats himself back in his silken-lined parlor until some unthinking insect stumbles into his net. Then he leaps forth and has it bound hand and foot in an instant. Where is the fisherman who has shown such a mastery of his craft? Where is the man who has shown more science in the use of any machine than has this little creature with his intricate structure of silken threads, which are cables woven from microscopic strands?

Furthermore, the spider is a campus politician. He spreads a web over a corner convenient for his purpose. A little innocent fly passing that way sees it, and is dazed by its manifold complexity and marvelous beauty. Like a rural lad before a circus poster, it stands aghast, trying to take in the sights with both eyes and mouth. The spider, with the courtesy of a prince, steps down, and says, "Won't you walk into my parlor, Mr. Fly?" And a moment later we see the little fly tied up in one of the apartments of this parlor. And this prince of courtesy is the prince of politicians.

Distinctly the spider is a lawyer. The lawyer, in simplest metaphor, is the master of a net. Our American codes of laws are ever broadening nets of endless complications. Net is the proper word, for, if a common citizen fall into it, he can no more rescue himself from its meshes than can the little fly escape the entanglements of the web. So men are trained to be masters of this net-work of precedents and principles, and are called lawyers. Likewise a little creature is given the lordship over a little web, and him we call spider.

The spider is an athlete. The instant the insect strikes his net he has him bound! With what alertness he moves! With what exactness he strikes! Did you ever see him swing down on his silken line and, dangling in the air, perform athletic

feats for his own amusement? He is an athlete, and a member of the G. A. A.

Yet what a mystery is this little creature! How we had to search to find him out! And when we thought our investigation complete we discovered a fact that upset all our theory. The spider is a co-ed.! We went out and read the great book nature and found the spider to be a co-ed., because all spiders are spinsters.

There is one good thing about the spider that has as yet been unmentioned. He is a member of the Literary Society. He suspends in mid-air structures built of the filmiest, the finest, the richest substance that can be produced. So fragile are they, so perfect, so beautiful, that we may well call them castles in the air. And when we saw them under the morning sun, glistening with radiant splendor, and when we saw running through them the strong lines of argument with which he ties down the noxious insect, we were convinced that he is a man of eloquence and of incontrovertible logic.

But let us go deeper into the striking analogies that exist between the spider and the college man. We find that they are both very positively independent. As soon as the school boy can read the Declaration of Independence he begins to take on its spirit, and by the time he gets into college he is its embodiment. Some time ago I saw a spider in hot pursuit of a fly. He was unsuccessful in the chase, but showed such sportsmanship that I caught a fly, and, with all the courtesy I could command, presented it to him. Mr. Spider raised his mandibles and walked off, apparently in disgust, as if it were an insult to offer him a caught fly. And Mr. Spider was higher in my esteem after that act than before. And we find that this spirit of independence pervades his every habit. In the building of his house he spins his own silk, stretches his own lines, and makes his own angles, with a solitary self-dependence that is impressive. A batch of silk put on to his web by another spider would not only be use

less, but would be an impediment. He is the architect, the building foreman, and the workman of his house. So it is with the student. He is the architect—the one who lays in ethereal space the plans of his life, who amid the clouds of dream-land rears ideals that pierce the blue vault of heaven like spires of a cathedral, and shine like burnished gold on polished marble. And the student is the building foreman of his fabric—the will—the strong directing power which sees that every stone is lifted to its proper place, and every brick pressed into line, in accordance with the dreamland plan. And, most of all, he is the workman. It is only by the foundation building, the stone cutting, the tedious brick laying, that those ethereal dreams are put into full reality. The work of any one else would be as much an impediment to the student's progress as the batch of silk attached by one spider to another's web. That man is the arbiter of his own destiny, is one of the truisms of life. If possible, it is yet more true that the student himself weaves the fabric that he shall wear away from this institution.

The spider is a child of solitude. Unlike the ant or the bee, that flock together into communities, the spider strikes out for himself and lives in a quietness that is almost desolate. How unbroken is the stillness of his web! His spinning is so quiet, so calm, so tranquil, that it is profound. Just so it is with the student. How unknown to the world is his working! How noiselessly he pursues his course! Buddha sat long in solitude, absorbed in deep thought and listening to the voice of meditation; and he produced a code of moral precepts which his millions of people follow till this day. Abraham Lincoln spent years in the quietude of the Western forests, thinking on the profound truths of the Bible and the complex principles of the civil law, and came forth with a soul strong enough to steer the ship of state through her most perilous waters. Solitude, where breathes the voice of God, is the atmosphere

for the student. Only in this atmosphere can he acquire the concentration of mental faculties and the strength of soul required to unlock the problems of our times.

It was one of those early autumn mornings, when the morning dew makes the morning air as pure and fresh as after a summer shower. The breeze that blew from over the meadow came like a breath from the gardens of Paradise. Over the eastern hill-tops the gates of the morning were opening, and through them long crimson banners heralded the approach of the King of Day. In the gray dawn we stood in silence, spell-bound by the grandeur of this transformation from darkness to light. Presently the great Crimson King himself stood forth to survey the earth, and see what the forces of the night had produced. And seemingly we caught his spirit, for we walked down by the old rail fence, across the meadow, and down by the babbling brook, as if we were in search of some marvelous new work. And we found it. On every hand were seen miracles of splendid beauty. The spiders had been at work while we slept, and the glory of their work was revealed. Under the morning sun their wheel-shaped nets glistened like lace-work of rainbows. They had caught the dew and held it in irregular shapes, from threads of spray to full round beads which were sparkling diamonds. At every step a new one was revealed, hung between the old rustic rails of the fence, in the fence corners, and on the round surface of haystacks; out over the meadow, stretched between sprigs of grass and flower-stems, and spread on the bushes by the brook. Oh, what a fairy-land of ethereal architecture lay round us! As far as the meadow extended these lustrous nets were spread. The King of Day seemed delighted, for he rose higher and higher to look down upon them. Soon he compassionately wiped away their tears, which seemed to us to rob them of their beauty. But not so. The fault is with our eyes. If we could see them as they

were, we would see clusters of rainbows laced into symmetrical systems. In all nature there is no creature whose work is so beautiful, so perfect, so ideal, as the spider's, with one exception—the student's. His work is more beautiful, more perfect, more ideal, than that which we have just seen.

The spider's web is so beautiful, because it is made of silk as brilliantly colored as a spectrum. These colors delight the eye. But the student's web is far more beautiful, because it is enlivened by colors of life, and the soul is the optics which receives them. Such are the vicissitudes of crimson love, the royal purple of fraternal fellowship, the golden yellow of associated interest, the long stretches of the heavenly blue of aspiration studded with the stars of hope, and transcending all is the soul joy, which is the after-glow of achievement—too rich to be typified by any single color. It is more like the autumn sunset—splendidly glorious, because it follows the heat of a long, hard day. With these colors of life, insensible to the eye, but sensitive to the soul, the student's web surpasses in splendid beauty the nets of lustre we saw glistening in the morning sun.

The spider's web is mathematically perfect, because it is made of the most minute substance visible. But the web spun by the student is made of threads so minute, so delicate, so fine in quality, that they are invisible. The fibres that knit together the life of a boy to form manly character are so sensitive that influences too subtle to be discerned will affect them. How imperceptible are the threads of character. At first how mobile, and then at length how stable they become. Whoever saw the line with which a man holds in check a violent passion? It is like a wild broncho on the Western prairie lassoed by the cow-boy. He kicks up a fog of dust in his bucking, but with an unbreakable line the ranger subdues him. Whoever saw the thread in a boy's life, that gradually grows into the strong line, by the holding of which he relinquishes

a deeply-cherished pleasures for truth, principle, or duty? These cords are so minute, so fine, that they are invisible. And when formed into the web of manly character, how potent, how unbreakable they are!

To our eyes the spider's web is ideal. It is so fine, so perfect, so ethereal, that we place it as the last thing real on the border line between the realms of the material and the ideal. But there is a being of reality closer yet to this invisible border line. This anomalous being is the student. Its relationship to these two worlds is a mystery. It is so connected with both that, standing on the side of the real, it is gradually being built up by sustenance drawn from the ideal. The spider's web is ideal, but the student's web is the masterpiece of the Great Genius of whose hands the spider is a creature. The spider's work, so complete, so perfect, is only for a season. The late autumn winds blow and it is carried with the falling leaves. But in the fabric of the student those sensitive, invisible lines, drawn on an ideal plan, gradually knit themselves into a personality that shall endure with immortal youth.

Then, fellow students, it is sublimely true that we are great spiders. We have come to college because it is the most suitable place, the place most conducive to our building the strongest fabrics.

Of all the voices that resound to us from the thought and works of the men of the century just closed, one note sounds out clearer than any other. And that is the emphasis given to the principles of growth that underlie and are common to all things that live. There are laws of growth which are in truth magic ways of enhancing life and power. They are the inexorable laws that make the acorn into the oak, the mustard into the largest herb, and the little babe, helpless on its mother's arms, into a Gladstone, a Lincoln, or a Lee. Yet there is an idea in the minds of men that great personalities are not produced by natural laws of

gradual development that rule most men's lives, but rather are marvelous freaks, no less miraculous than that a giant oak should spring suddenly out of the earth.

This is a superstition blacker and more baneful than that which put to death old innocent women for witchcraft, for it keeps men from laying hold of the inexorable laws of development. It is by a gradual process of law, natural and spiritual, that the helpless babe becomes the man of power. Can there be to American youth a sublimer truth than this? Yet there is one sublimer. Rather, it is the capstone of this first truth. The acorn becomes the oak because of the laws that work within and around it. The boy becomes a man by the same rule of laws. But in him there is something in addition. There is in man a power to determine the direction and extent of his growth—a will. An acorn must become an oak—and that of a certain kind. It cannot be a chestnut nor a hickory. But a boy, by the exercise of his will, can make himself a man of oak or a man of willow, a man of soft pine or a man of locust.

Why is Roosevelt the man he is to-day—probably the greatest executive in American history? I dare say his dreams were no more sanguine than ours, nor his aspirations keener than ours. How, then, has he so out-stripped his class-mates? It is because he first assured himself that his plan was in harmony with his Maker's purpose, and then by sheer will power put into reality his ideals. Into two sentences he has almost put his formula of a successful life: "The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim courage and resolute endeavor, that we move on to better things." Theodore Roosevelt was a weak, unhealthy boy. But he chose to will, and he built up a physique strong enough to carry the burdens of this great nation. By thirty years of incessant willing he

has placed himself on one of the supreme pinnacles of modern achievement. To-day he stands peerless as an executive among the nations of the world. This is the extent to which he has followed the natural laws of development. Now let us look for the direction that he chose. The same soliciting phantoms that beckon to us were in his path—namely, wealth, fame, character. Theodore Roosevelt chose character, and see how closely the other dreams followed.

There is an old chronicle that tells how one day King Nimrod summoned into his presence his three sons, and ordered set before them three urns under seal—one of gold, one of amber, and one of clay. The golden vase was a triumph of the goldsmith's art. Its burnished finish and gorgeous engravings made it an ornament of rare and radiant beauty. Across its front was written in glowing letters "Empire." The amber vase was no less beautiful. The splendor of the two was the boast of the kingdom. They stood together, well mated in richness and beauty. Only taste could decide between them. On the amber vase, in letters handsomely cut, was the word "Glory." The third vase, the vase of clay, was a pronounced contrast to the other two. It came from the potter's hands rough, plain, with no word of lustre, no line of decoration. The King bade the princes choose each the vase he would possess, and, turning to the court, ordered the leading men of his kingdom to observe the decision of each son. The young men had decided. The eldest stepped up and with eager hands took the vase of gold. Ah! how it glowed! A splendid beauty! That inscription—"Empire"—how every letter satisfied his soul! He broke the seal to find his hidden treasure. But, alas! it was filled with human blood.

The second son, having chosen the amber urn, because of its inscription, took it readily. How pleased was he! The word—"Glory"—that it bore was sweeter to his heart than the sight of the splendid vase to his eye. He tore off the

seal and found the vase was filled with the ashes of dead men's bones.

The youngest son took the vessel of clay. The court, in intense expectancy, tip-toed to see him break the seal. He did so, and behold the vase was empty. He did not look disappointed, for deeply cut, in the bottom of the vase, was the one word that was his aim and ambition. This word was "Character."

Which prince was the wisest? This was the question propounded to the court.

Repeatedly every spider will be brought before King Nimrod's vases. Which will he take? Let every one choose beforehand, lest his wisest judgment be perverted by the lustre of the gold and amber as contrasted with the clay.

It is said of the ancient Egyptians that they adopted as a symbol, to teach them a life lesson, the form of a beetle. As the beetle would moult and leave behind him his old shell, and go on into a new life, so they desired constantly to renew their lives. So the beetle bore to them this profound lesson. And they made it a permanent symbol, engraving it on their monuments and in their temples.

So let it be with the spider and his web. Let Richmond College make it a permanent life symbol to her sons. Let it be cut deep into the adamant of her traditions. Let it be enshrined in the eternal affection of those who go and those who come. Let it resound in yell and song. Let it be engraved high on her monuments and her towers, that it may teach each noble son the great lessons of life which it embodies. And as the spider spins his silken web, let him silently sing:

"Build thou more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
 While the swift seasons roll.
 Leave thy low vaulted past,
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 'Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

A Miracle.

BY L. W. L. JENNINGS.

How blackly the night hung
 Till, leaping free,
 Red flashed the day, young:
 Bird sang in tree!

Heavily the storm lay,
 But from the east
 Back rolled the clouds by day:
 Blue, lo!—the Priest?

Sodden the meadow swept,
 Grayer than dawn;
 Sudden a smile crept:
 Flow'rs brighter than morn!

Life, oh, I cared naught—
 Empty to me.
 Lo! 'tis with all fraught:
 Love, mine, and thee!

The Resurrection.

THE day was done. The red-gold ball of fire, slowly couching behind the western hills, drew its lingering, mellowed rays from the tall spires, steeples, and monuments; and blue tinted night came creeping softly o'er the hushed city. There was the quiet, balmy breath of the warm summer's eve bathing all with the cooling breeze of coming night. The lover tarried over his toilet; the maid smiled with coy glances at the bright mirror; the workman rested from the day's tasks; and all was peace and quietude.

Down in the heart of the city, where the poor and miserable lived—down in the whirlpool, as it were—where the houses overlapped, the blinds were broken, windows smashed,

and dirt tainted all; here had business ceased and the people were closing. Fruit stands, meat stands, and clothing were taken in; shutters were closed and doors barred. Slowly and drearily did old David Hertzberg close the windows of his little clothing store, bar the door, pass through the rows of piled clothing, and betake himself to the little back room, where he ate, slept, and prayed; and with a low, inaudible moan sank into a large old arm-chair. Tired, weary, worn out with life, naught to live for but God. "Ah! would that Sabbath of Sabbaths, when our souls soar upward to the realms where perpetual Sabbath reigneth, would come!" Such was the old man's thoughts—old, bent, and saddened. Sitting in his chair, this sorrow-laden, toiling, solitary Hebrew murmured, through the profound silence of the deep dust of eventide, "Praised be the Lord, unto whom all praise belongeth, now and for evermore." His tired head sank in dreamy meditation upon thoughts of the future—the future world! Time crept on. Night deepened. The moon, rising in its course, shot its silvered radiance through the little window of the poor hovel, and shone full upon the visage of the dreaming one, disclosing a face furrowed and creased with cares, an old white head, a large strong nose, deep dreamy eyes. Sitting thus in the moonlight, his face wore a halo of glory, and resembled a prophet of old.

Thus he sat, with head bowed down, thinking, dreaming of the future, but, as he dreamed, thoughts so sweetly sad, of days gone by, came back with untold vividness. Years and years ago it was when he first came to this country, a young man of twenty, with sufficient means to establish himself in a small way. He was blessed with a strong and sturdy body, a good will, but not good looks. God had supplied him with something better—a true heart and good mind. How lucid became those old scenes! When he first met Charley Jacobson, tall, handsome, clever, at the first sight he was taken with him, so charming and engaging was he. They planned

to go in business together, and how they worked and toiled. At last success began to shine upon them. Then they met the Reinheimer sisters. Charley fell in love with the eldest, Nita, a black-haired beauty; and he fell in love with Sarah, the youngest, fair-haired, with blue eyes. How dearly he loved her—that sweet smile, that loving tenderness and simple grace! Never was the sunshine brighter than her eyes, no roses prettier tinted than her cheeks. Soon both couples stood at the altar. Blissful days they were. She was with him always; unclouded were the skies; at night, when work was finished, he would fall upon his knees to kiss that divine hand. She was his mirror of truth, light, and love. But, alas! no joy cometh unmixed with sorrow. Upon him fell a black cloud; his whole being was rent asunder; the sunshine went out of his life. That day—that terrible day the memory of which even now sends a shiver through his brain! 'Twas but a dream with a horrible awakening—a walk through flowery fields and, while breathing the mellifluous essence of flowers, to fall into a deep, black, hidden abyss.

One morning he awoke to find his partner, Charley Jacobson, had absconded, leaving his wife Nita behind (who, broken-hearted, went back to her parents); but, worst of all, his own dear wife Sarah had been allured by his magnetic personality, and had departed with him. What calamity could be more cruel? What shadow more black? What sorrow more deep? Mysterious heaven! Strange complexity of nature! Indescribable workings of the human will! If such baseness was to be found in a friend, then what upon earth was firm? Ah! but God moves with a mysterious tread! If there is night, is there not day? If there is black, is there not white? If there is baseness, does it signify that there is not virtue? This loving, adoring husband, with wife gone, money gone, what does he do? In that firm large heart he still retains the one dear memory of his wife, and, with a

prayer on his lips, murmurs to the Eternal Father, "If she is happier with him than with me, then bless her, and let her be happy."

Years rolled on, and this old man, toiling day by day, with his heart torn, yet filled with a pure faith and love, has lived till now, sitting in that black close room, waiting for the spiritual touch. He murmurs this psalm :

"Adoring, stand I here,
O sacred joy, O sacred thrill!
As when a host of angels, still
And soft, to me draw near."

Thus sat he bowed in prayer. The door behind softly opened ; in glided a figure dressed in black. The old man felt a thrill of something indescribably sweet and tender—such a thrill as when he beheld Sarah. Unconscious as to any one being in the room, he called softly, "Sarah ! Sarah !" With a stifled sob, the figure groped to where the old man sat, falling to the floor, sobbing, "David ! My good David." The dreamy figure in the chair burned with the renewed fire of life, trembled in the very intensity of his joy ; brilliant flames were darting through those old veins, within him again burned life pure and bright. In a suppressed undertone, he could only gasp, "Sarah ! Sarah !" The sobbing creature on the floor raised her head, saying only, "David ! My good David !"

Slowly he saw it was not a dream, but here at his feet lay Sarah, his Sarah now, come back to him. Love still remained in her bosom ; when affliction fell upon her, she came to him. And still he loved her—yes, now and always he had loved her, and would live to love her. "Rise, Sarah," he said tenderly ; "come to my arms—the arms of your husband."

Still she lay weeping at his feet.

"I forgive you, Sarah. Come, let us pray to God that I have seen you once before I die."

“Die?” She sprang up like a pained, startled doe. “Die? No—no; you shall live. Such goodness as yours cannot die. Had I but known how good you were—could I but have realized it! You used to love me so much—when you should have whipped me. He seemed to know my nature; he attracted me—drew me—we ran away. Then all went wrong—soon the money went. He was so brilliant—could do anything—only got a position to lose it again. Cruel fate pursued us—always. At last he took to drink—drink was all he could do; he cursed me—abused me; one day, in a drunken frenzy, he cut me with a knife—a long gash is across my face, and I’m so ugly—ugly—oh! He died last year—died a drunkard’s death. ’Twas horrible how he raved and tore; he could only shriek, “David, David, save me!”

The poor woman, exhausted, fell prostrate upon the floor. The remembrance of that terrible scene had overcome her. David bent over, and with superhuman strength—strength of love—lifted and placed her in the chair. Soon she recovered, and on opening her eyes beheld David, as of old, kneeling at her feet, holding her hand, and with eyes full of tenderness and love. Blissful days of past years crowded together in variously-hued colors, all tinged with the light of the old love which never dies.

The azure robe of Night was pierced with shafts of pearly rays; slowly the darkness vanished, brighter and brighter shone the day, and on the horizon of the east appeared the gilded chariot of Aurora, speeding on its golden course, streaking the earth with light and life.

The United States Senate—Its Future.

TO the student of the political institutions of the United States there is probably no question so all-absorbing in its interest as the future of the United States Senate. But

to forecast its future with any degree of accuracy it is essential to study carefully its past and present, and, in connection with its past, the circumstances which led to its formation.

Never in the history of the world had there been seen a struggle such as was witnessed when the thirteen American colonies threw off the British yoke, and waged a successful war for independence against the greatest nation of the world; nor had there been seen at that time such an unique government as was formed for those thirteen colonies by that immortal group of Revolutionary heroes, who, laying aside the sword of destructive warfare, took up so effectively the pen of constructive statesmanship.

Theirs was indeed an unique problem. During the continuance of the war the necessity of union had been keenly felt; but with the advent of peace this feeling had practically subsided. As a result, the government of the "Continental Congress" became merely nominal; and the plan of union under the "Articles of Confederation" proved likewise a failure—at least, so far as practical results were concerned. Thereupon, a convention of representatives of several States met in Philadelphia, in May, 1787, "to amend the Articles of Confederation." On the 17th of September the Convention adjourned, and on the 28th Congress submitted the Constitution to the people of the several States, through their respective Legislatures. One State after another ratified it, and the "Constitution of the United States" became, in 1788, the organic law of this republic.

It is an interesting fact that the idea of the formation of the Senate, which stands forth pre-eminently among the institutions of our government as an unique and original political device, was hit upon entirely by accident. So great were the dissensions between the larger and the smaller States, and so little had the idea of unity possessed them, that the "Federal Convention of 1787" threatened to come

to naught. The larger States wished to settle the question of representation entirely by population—a thing which, of course, the smaller States were unwilling to do. At this critical juncture Roger Sherman and Benjamin Franklin effected a compromise by which equal representation in the Senate and proportional representation in the House of Representatives was given each State. Thus it was that the creation of the Senate was in the nature of a compromise.

It is true that the framers of our Constitution may have gotten the idea of the Senate from the British House of Lords, or from our own colonial Upper Houses, but it is more probable that the Senate was, in all strictness, merely a compromise, hit upon because of the peculiar units of which our national Government had to be formed. Again, it was one of that elaborate system of “checks and balances” which the founders of our Government so carefully worked out. Not only was it formed as a check upon the less conservative House, but it was also designed to check any impulsive or despotic acts on the part of the President. And to that end it was given certain powers, executive in their nature, such as the ratification of all treaties; and it is interesting to note that, from present indications, if there is one thing more than another destined to destroy the future efficiency of the Senate, it is the abuse of its powers in regard to making treaties.

The scope of this paper forbids my going too much into detail, so I shall content myself, as a conclusion of the discussion of its past, with an enumeration of Alexander Hamilton's, in *The Federalist*, of the “aims with which the Senate was created, the purposes it was to fulfill.” They are as follows:

“To conciliate the spirit of independence in the several States, by giving each, however small, equal representation with every other, however large, in one branch of the national government.

“ To create a council qualified, by its moderate size and the experience of its members, to advise and check the President in the exercise of his appointing to office and concluding treaties.

“ To restrain the impetuosity and fickleness of the popular House, and so guard against the effects of gusts of passion or sudden changes of opinion in the people.

“ To provide a body of men whose greater experience, longer term of membership, and comparative independence of popular election, would make them an element of stability in the government of the nation, enabling it to maintain its character in the eyes of foreign States, and to preserve a continuity of policy at home and abroad.

“ To establish a court proper for the trial of impeachments, a remedy deemed necessary to prevent abuse of power by the Executive.”

The Senate, as it is at present, may be most effectively studied by taking in turn each of the above-mentioned “ purposes,” and observing how they have worked themselves out :

Firstly. There is no longer any need “ to conciliate the spirit of independence in the several States. I feel that I am well within bounds when I say that, whereas at the time of the formation of our government, a device which would guarantee equal power to each State was absolutely necessary, it is by no means necessary now, and especially since our attainment of complete nationality, in 1865.

Secondly. It is interesting to note that the reason which commended the Senate so strongly to the people at the time of its formation, and which has ever since caused the American people to feel a peculiar pride in it—viz., that it “ was a council qualified, by its moderate size and the experience of its members, to advise and check the President in the exercise of his appointing to office and concluding treaties,” seems destined to be the main contributing cause, if not to its future aboli-

tion, at least to a curtailment of its powers. But of that more presently.

Thirdly. The pendulum of public opinion seems in this instance to have swung to the other side; for, whereas the third object of the creation of the Senate, "to restrain the impetuosity and fickleness of the popular House, and so guard against the effects of gusts of passion or sudden changes of opinion in the people," was originally regarded with much favor, it has come to be now felt that it has, on the contrary, proven an impediment to much wise legislation.

Fourthly. It has likewise been seen that it is not an unmixed benefit to have "a body of men, whose greater experience, longer term of membership, and comparative independence of popular election, would make them an element of stability in the government of the nation." This "comparative independence of popular election" has proven another contributory cause of the backward swing of the pendulum of public opinion.

Fifthly. Upon its duties as a court of impeachment I need not touch.

* * * * *

I shall not attempt, further, to separate the past from the future, but since they are so closely intertwined, shall attempt to treat them together.

It is a singular fact that Upper Houses, the world over, seem slowly, but surely, declining in power; and is not this in most instances to be regarded as a sign of progress? In England the House of Lords, at least since the Reform Bill of 1832, has been merely an interesting relic of by-gone days; in France, the Senate has come to be merely a statutory body; in Germany, the Bundesrath, which, more than any other European Upper House, presents a parallel to our Senate, is daily losing power; and the United States Senate, it seems to me, is destined to follow their example.

The last gun fired at Appomattox was the signal of deca-

dence of the United States Senate; for it was the sign to future generations that the God of Battle had forever settled the constitutional question of "States' rights"; that after four years of bloodshed the American nation had finally attained its nationality, and had decided, once for all, that the national idea should prevail. And with the acceptance on the part of the States of that decision, one of the chief reasons for the formation of the Senate—equal representation for each State—had ceased to exist.

Granting this to be the case, however, there were still many reasons for the continued existence of the Senate—such, for instance, as serving as a check upon the House and the President. But here, again, conditions have greatly changed since the foundation of the Government. It was then very naturally thought expedient to put upon the President every check, and doubtless, at that time of absolute monarchs, it was essential; but now conditions are such that those elaborate checks are unnecessary. On the contrary, the Senate has proven rather a check on legislation, and on an aggressive foreign policy, than upon any despotic acts of the Executive.

No act, or series of acts, shows more clearly the change in the Senate, and the change of attitude on the part of the people toward the Senate, than does its recent conduct in regard to ratifying the arbitration treaties. The facts of the case are these:

The United States was, together with Great Britain, the primary force working for a permanent "court of arbitration," to which certain classes of disputes between nations might be referred for final settlement by arbitration. Upon the organization of this court—the Hague Tribunal—the United States entered into a treaty, which was duly ratified by the Senate, in which it declared its approval of the principle of international arbitration, and pledged itself to do all in its power to insure the peaceful adjustment of international differences, declaring specifically that "in questions

of a judicial character, and especially in questions of the interpretation or application of treaties, arbitration is acknowledged by the signatory Powers as the most efficacious, and at the same time the most just, method of deciding controversies which have not been determined by diplomacy.”

In accordance with this pledge, it appears that several treaties were negotiated by our State Department with Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and Denmark, by which it was agreed to leave all questions of a certain class to the Hague Tribunal for final settlement.

Before these treaties were finally negotiated they were submitted to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and were approved by all the members of the Committee except one. They provided for the submission of a certain class of differences to the Hague Tribunal for settlement, and provided tests by which it could be conclusively decided whether or not a given case came within the scope of the agreement.

Desirable as they seem to us, the Senate refused to ratify them, not directly, however, but by adopting the less straightforward course of “amending them to death,” and thus putting the Government of the United States in a rather doubtful position before the other Powers.

The reason given for such amending was that the Senate had no constitutional power to adopt general treaties of arbitration with foreign Powers, through the Executive or the State Departments. This position, however, can be shown untenable by reason of several decisions of our Supreme Court bearing on that very point. I had not intended to go so much into detail, but cannot refrain from quoting the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of *Field vs. Clark*, which is as follows:

“The legislature cannot delegate its power to make a law, but it can make a law to delegate a power to determine some fact or state of things upon which the law makes, or intends

to make, its own action depend. To deny this would be to stop the wheels of government. There are many things upon which wise and useful legislation must depend, which cannot be known to the law-making power, and must, therefore, be a subject of inquiry and determination outside of the halls of legislation."

In the case of the arbitration treaties the Senate was asked to ratify a treaty and delegate to the President power to determine the facts or circumstances upon the occurrence of which the terms of the treaty were to become effective. By its refusal so to do, the Senate has not only put the Government of the United States in a compromising position before the other Powers, especially since, only a few months previously, similar treaties had been ratified with the South American Republics, but it has also acted in direct opposition to the wishes of the people.

These facts, together with its action upon the "Hay-Bond Newfoundland Treaty," and its adjournment without taking action one way or another in regard to the Santo Domingo treaty, have served to arouse the minds of the people, and have shown them conclusively that there is, indeed, "something rotten in the State of Denmark."

What, then, is the remedy? What are the people going to do about it? Or, in other words, what is the future of the United States Senate? There are some pessimistic enough to believe that the result will be its abolition; but I do not think such an opinion at all well founded. We must bear in mind that just as the Constitution of 1787 has bent itself to meet the changed conditions of 1905, just so must the Senate of 1787 bend itself to meet ever-changing conditions. For, whereas, in 1787, the country needed just such a body as the Senate to serve as a check upon the President and to regulate the foreign policy of the Government, that time has now passed, and in 1905 conditions have so changed that the country stands ready to resent any too great checks upon the acts of

a President, whom it has elected by a popular plurality of two millions of votes. Again, our foreign policy as a world power must necessarily differ greatly from what it was as an infant republic. These facts, which seem so patent to us, seem entirely beyond the grasp of the Senate.

Some one has well said that "the Senate is a body of gentlemen whose chief concern is to enlarge their individual prerogatives and privileges."

However, we can ill afford to do without just such a conservative body as the Senate was designed to be, and I would not be understood for a moment as advocating its abolition. But I do advocate some sweeping changes in its constitution and powers. It is no longer a *check upon* legislation, but has become, positively, *an obstruction to* legislation, and an obstruction which there is no getting around. The Senate at present is, to a great extent, the creature of special interests, and, because of its peculiar rules, one or two men can effectually obstruct any legislation which would be likely to injure those interests.

What, then, is the remedy for these evils (which I have barely had space to more than mention)? I think the answer is, "Popular election of United States Senators." The Senate must be made directly responsible to the people. Of course, this might be considered unconstitutional, but several States have already solved the problem and adopted the primary plan as an indirect method of election of senators by popular vote. In Wisconsin, Illinois, South Dakota, Minnesota, and several Southern States, various plans are being tried to secure a popular election of senators, and this year Virginia is also, for the first time, trying the primary plan.

I feel that this widespread movement for popular election will indeed prove the edge of the wedge of American political genius which, forcing its way through years of tradition, will serve to make the Senate of the future an aid, rather than an obstruction, to a broad, honorable, and vigorous American foreign policy.

Child Labor in The South.

“ALL the world’s a stage and all the men and women merely players,” says the immortal Shakespeare. In the tremendous drama of this modern world, that stage is the commercial marts, and Labor and Capital are the leading players. The plot is the “labor problem,” in which the labor unions bitterly fight the great corporations, and thus trust locks trust in a monstrous struggle. The labor side is one of vast importance, because it involves the masses; but clearly defined, above all the contentions and strikes over wages, hours, and other conditions, stand out two causes which are admitted to be just, the low wages paid female employees and child labor. This latter evil especially concerns the South, and Southern people are waking up to this fact. In the shops and factories of Bristol, Birmingham, and Liverpool, the conditions of the English laboring classes in that vast island work-shop is a notorious blot on the modern social system; the situation in the South is claiming the attention of statesmen on account of the alarming growth of similar conditions. The gigantic textile mills of the South have sprung up like mushrooms in the past decade, and the increase of home industry has demanded child labor. Our infant industries are waxing fat on infant toil.

The factory conditions of the South are deplorable. In the great shoe factories of the North they have awakened to the fact that light, airy factories and cleanly conditions pay. Around the factory are athletic grounds and flower gardens, for the pleasure of men and women at the dinner hour. In the South we know no such agreeable circumstances, but, instead, often find unsanitary or condemned buildings, or placed in localities surrounded by the smoky atmosphere of other factories. Children are stuffed bodily into these foul, dark factories, reeking with oil and dirt, and spend their tender years, that ought to be given to play, in this

unwholesome atmosphere twelve hours a day—yes, sometimes even fourteen hours.

In the great textile mills, lost in a veritable forest of machinery, the girls inhale the flying particles of lint; in the soap and glass factories the dust or heat is so intense that the boys are forced to wear a rag over the mouth and nostrils for protection, and their very eyelids become inflamed from flying atoms of soap-dust or glass. It is a notable fact that forty per cent. of factory children are continually sick with some form of acute illness.

In a certain mill, a fourteen-year-old girl was stationed at a stamping machine, where she stood on one leg all day and pressed a lever up and down with the other. From this terrible strain she became one-sided, and began to limp, and was finally compelled to remain home several weeks on account of severe pain. During her absence a large boy was employed, at double her wages, to run the machine, but at her return he was dismissed and she was put back at the same stand. She pleaded with the superintendent for work at the bench, but he would not hear of it. Finally, at the petition of all the girl employees and a threatened strike, the change was made. Thus, the heartless officials disregard the welfare of their employees.

In the great department stores the sizes and ages of the little cash girls and bundle boys mock the law. In the stagnant atmosphere of these ill-ventilated stores, those children remain all day, without ever a breath of relief from the ceaseless call of "Cash!" "Cash!" "Cash!" or "Bundle!" "Bundle!" "Bundle!" The nerve-racking bustle and confusion of the holiday periods grates on the clerks, and yet the customer is so selfish as never to be considerate of the clerks, but, at an impatient gesture, is fired with indignation.

The twelve-hour day is almost universal in the South. Thus these children rarely see the light of day, and when they work over-time do not get home until 9 o'clock at

night, or after. What right have children out on the street at such an hour? Night work, more than any other factor, undermines a child's health. It becomes restless, does not sleep well, and rapidly grows sickly. And yet, there are one hundred and thirty-eight thousand children in the South, between ten and fourteen years of age, at work in factory, mill, or mine.

These children are not set to work to support poor widowed mothers. The cry goes up that the fathers of large families are not able to support them, so they set their young children to work. Such a statement is false. In many instances, they are set to work to support drunken fathers or lewd mothers. They are sunk into depths of misery all day; and at night return to foul holes, called home, to have a lazy father and perverse mother snatch frenziedly or fight fiercely over their meagre pittance of wages. They are paid pitiful wages, and thus their childhood is frittered away, sold at a rate of from fifty cents to two dollars per week. The Bureau of Labor reports one establishment that paid as low as fifty-four cents per week and any number of them as low as sixty cents. A ten or twelve year old child works twelve hours a day for fifty-four cents per week. These are bald facts of existing conditions. Men are thrown out of work, the wage standard is lowered, and tens of thousands suffer. Some may call such conditions "child labor," but it is child slavery.

In the coal-mining counties of our States there are to be seen, astride the long coal troughs in the collieries of any mining town, hundreds of little fellows, with grimy faces and hands, separating slate from the coal. In this uneasy position, all day long, those boys sit at their never-changing task. Some one may ask why machinery is not introduced. Because the boys upon the coal breakers are cheaper. Because those boys, born and bred in ignorance, will never be worth much more, and the operators do not care a whit for their lives.

The following incidents are drawn from personal observa-

tion and experience in the employment of a certain firm in a Southern city. Boys, from ten years of age up, were hired—little dwarfed fellows, with faces prematurely old—and the wages paid varied from one to three dollars per week. That firm employed one hundred and fifteen hands, and some seventy-five of these were under sixteen years of age, of whom fully thirty were about twelve or under. Those boys are used as polishers on metal work, dallying in and out all day among the poisonous acid tanks in the plating shops. Some were helpers on the machines, and sad was the experience when some unwary little fellow was carried to the hospital with maimed hands or feet, caught in the machinery. From the men they learn all the deceits and indecencies of shop life, and are hardened to lying and obscenity. Imagine how nauseating it must feel to a boy, reared in a pure home, when he sits ten hours a day in a circle of boys whose mouths are full of lies and indecent language. New boys come in to learn a trade and shrink with disgust from that circle, until finally, by dint of sneers and torments, the perhaps too weak will of the boy gives way and he becomes one, heart and soul, of that circle. Do those young profligates learn such vices from one another? No! Their vileness is encouraged and laughed at by the men about them, from whom they learn it. I have seen those boys sent into the yard to labor with the men, blacksmiths, and iron-workers. They are put to work in the lye tanks until their finger-nails begin to drop off; or in enamel rooms, where, besmirched with paint and oil, they become puny and dwarfed; in the foundry, they are scorched by the molten iron from the blast, and overcome with heat and fatigue; in the machine-shop, now and then, some little fellow, with a weary look, would straighten up and put his hand on his tired, aching back. But the president of that company is superintendent of a down-town Sunday-school, teacher of a large Bible class, and lives on the Boulevard.

There is another sad truth connected with this evil, which is wide-spread throughout the South—that is, the low state of the moral and educational side. Fully one-fourth of factory children are illiterate. Worse, they have no opportunity for education. In localities where unionism is strong, their chief education is an undying hatred for the operators and a training in the junior union. It is pathetic to attend the secret meetings of these youthful organizations, at which they rehearse their wrongs and some twelve-year-old orator makes a ringing appeal to his fellows. In the North, there is opportunity to attend night schools, but in the South such opportunities are rare. The factory slaves grow up in ignorance of the best of life, and only know its darker side. The education and enlightenment of the common people is the foundation on which rests the integrity of our nation; yet the wretched condition of these children is surely, if slowly, sapping the vitality of our middle and laboring classes. If our lower class is degraded, what will become of society? The Humane Societies of our cities are condemning this piracy. The cry against gambling and liquor traffic is raised, and these are legislated upon; but when the children cry for light no answering sympathy is heard. Clergy and Christian people deplore the immorality of young men and seek to uplift them. If the sunny hours of childhood are thus cut short in misery and made vicious under these deplorable conditions, what sort of manhood and womanhood shall result? Their growing constitutions demand light, sunshine, and play, and instead—dark breeders of anarchy—they grow up sullen and dissipated. In this enlightened age of free education, they grow up in stupidity and ignorance. In such degrading physical conditions, the spirit is starved and the soul shrinks. The result is that they become insatiable human brutes, or pitiable wretches, with large, sad eyes, bespeaking the misery of their hearts.

The potency of these young lives is a terrible danger—

breeding peril to us, peril to generations unborn. If you wish to ruin the human race, strike the blow upon childhood. Childhood must be protected at any cost. Mrs. Browning caught the plaintive note in her "Cry of the Children":

" 'For oh,' say the children, ' we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.'

"They look up with pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With their eyes turned on Diety.

" 'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a nailed heel its palpitation,
And press onward to your throne amid the mart!'

" 'Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper,
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.' "

When these conditions are brought before our Legislatures, they are either discredited, or some inefficient law is passed that was never intended to be enforced. Weak-kneed laws will never effect the needed reform. In the North there are laws to regulate these abuses. No child under fourteen, or sixteen, as the case may be, may be employed; they have compulsory education and truant officers, while certificates of the age and literacy of every child are on file in the factory office.

The South needs these laws, and more. Her growing industries, year by year, increase the demand for child labor. There should be laws to prevent these abuses, and strict enforcement thereof. Corporations should be compelled to erect commodious factories, proper quarters, and suitable

conveniences for the comfort of their employees. The age limit should be placed at sixteen, when the change of life which affects the health of children a few years earlier, is past; and the wage scale should equal that of the unskilled workman. This change will not work hardship, for the work done by older and more intelligent hands will be more efficiently accomplished, and the danger of injury from the machinery lessened. These are just demands that affect our whole social system, and not merely ideals.

To Rosabelle.

There's a thought makes my heart with deep tenderness swell,
 'Tis the thought of thy loveliness, sweet Rosabelle.
 To the light wind of summer the pine-top swings free,
 But lighter thy footstep, thy laughter, to me.

Oh! round thee the sunshine casts brighter its glow,
 And the breeze sighs more blandly when kissing thy brow,
 The robin chants sweet its melodious glee,
 But the sound of thy voice is far sweeter to me.

Thou hast linked thy bright chain, thou hast woven thy spell,
 For aye round my spirit, O fair Rosabelle.
 The star of the evening is lovely to see,
 But the glance of thy eye is more lovely to me.

In sunshine, in darkness, through life and in death,
 Thy name still shall hallow my last ebbing breath.
 Heaven's bliss shall be deepened and brightened by thee,
 Thy step, voice, and eye—they make heaven to me.

College Spirit.

BY SAMUEL K. PHILLIPS.

WHAT is the picture that most delights the eye of the college graduate as he struggles with the problems

of a cruel and relentless world? Is it the unreal picture of success, with every ease and comfort, after a hard-fought battle? No; 'tis not an unreal picture, but one that stands out clear and strong before his tired vision.

He can see the old campus, fresh and green in the spring-time, with its splendid shade trees, so inviting to the man of college ways. Standing out in perfect contrast to this scene is the old building, where, in class-rooms never to be forgotten, the knowledge that he knew nothing after all first dawned upon him. Yonder, in the dormitory, he was first a "rat," and enjoyed the privileges of that state; and there, too, he was not a "rat," and many were the times he helped to catch one, and administered a gentle shaking.

That building, way in the background—what is it? Ah; now he remembers. 'Tis the dear old refectory, where, day after day, he partook of the staff of life, and slowly, but laboriously, chewed upon a piece of well-developed beef. Many are the sleepless nights he spent answering advertisements, in the vain hope that some recipe-book might be found, telling of ham and eggs in styles heretofore unknown.

These are glorious thoughts, to be sure; but the picture that sends his blood coursing through his veins with renewed energy is that of the foot-ball field and a crowded grand-stand, where he yelled himself hoarse as that splendid team went on and on to victory. And when defeat came, as it often does, that self-same spirit made him jump the fence, and, rushing upon the field, bear off upon his shoulders some dirt-begrimed warrior. 'Tis such pictures as these that gladden the hearts of college men, as they look back upon the years gone by.

It is not the dim, faded picture of a dead college, where no life is known, where no pride is shone; but 'tis that of one where true spirit reigns and ever holds its colors to the breeze.

The old college we all should love must speak to the world, and her message must come from the men she produces. She must let the world know that her mission is producing men,

and this can only be done by the men themselves. In the class-room, on the campus, in the gymnasium, and on the athletic field, her sons must speak to the world.

An ancient magician once had a wonderful clock, that was the marvel of all men. Upon the platform stood the great dial, and opposite the dial was a great gong with a heavy club near by. All around upon the platform lay a heap of dried bones, just enough to complete twelve human skeletons. As the hour hand pointed to 1 o'clock, there was a movement among the dried bones, and a bony figure arose and, walking to the gong, struck one blow upon it, and then fell to pieces. At 2 o'clock two bony figures arose, and, each striking his blow upon the gong, fell to pieces. And so on, till at 12 o'clock there was a mighty movement among the dried bones, and twelve bony figures marched with stately dignity up to the gong and struck each his blow and fell back to pieces.

This represents the condition of spirit in some of our colleges. Let Richmond College be very careful and take a lesson from this story. Occasionally one man will arise and strike his blow upon the gong of college enthusiasm, and then fall to pieces, and all will be a dead silence. It may be, at some moment of supreme importance, that a mighty movement will take place upon the dried bones, and the whole student body will strike upon the gong, and then—fall to pieces.

'Tis not this kind of spirit that our College wants. Be always ready to strike that gong, and let's keep it forever ringing, in clear tones, not to be forgotten, so that men will say, "Richmond College is not a heap of dried bones, but a live mass of men, ever moving onward to victories, morally, physically, and spiritually."

Broken.

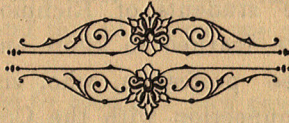
BY B. C. J.

A golden chord is broken;
Its note is hushed and gone.
The harp in silence is the token
Of a hand that was rashly wrong.

Can the strings be ever united?
Will the harp ever repeat its song?
Can the hope that in it was blighted
Be ever again made as strong?

Yes, the skill of the welder repairs it.
Its parts he unites—but by flame,
And again it will vibrate its music,
And its melody be almost the same.

But a living chord is broken—
A promise that was solemnly said.
Can the bleeding fibers ever be mended?
And can the riven spirits be re-wed?



Editorial Comment.

This is the first issue of **THE MESSENGER** since the appearance of the "'05 *Spider*."

1906 ANNUAL. We are glad of this opportunity of expressing our congratulations to those upon whom fell the arduous work of "getting out" this most creditable publication.

We would congratulate the able and versatile editor-in-chief, the art editor, for his neat and graceful touch; the far-sighted and "level-headed" business manager, and the corps of efficient students composing the Annual Board.

The '05 Spider is a "thing of beauty," and will remain a "joy forever." It will ever cheer our hearts and help to recall the brief, eventful college days. Whenever it has fallen into the hands of those not familiar with our noble institution, the invariable expression has been one of commendation and praise for the Annual itself, and also for the magnificent work being done by that College for which it is, in a sense, a worthy harbinger.

We would earnestly suggest that the advisability of securing another *Spider* equally as red, for another Annual, equally as good, if not better than the one published last year, be discussed at an early date.

NEW PROFESSORS.

The students of Richmond College who have learned to know and appreciate the three professors, who, since last session, have severed their connection with the College, join us in a sincere expression of regret at their withdrawal. Dr. Hunter, Dr. Woodward, and Prof. Minor, in their several schools, have made deep impressions upon their students. We desire to express our high esteem for them, and our best wishes for continued success in their new fields of activity.

The entire student body seems to be highly pleased with their successors. Since the formal opening of the College, at which time the newly-elected Professor of Chemistry made a brief address, many who had never thought of studying chemistry, have matriculated in that school.

Dr. Whitfield has made a deep impression on the students.

Dr. Metcalf, the Professor of English Language and Literature, has completely captivated the entire student body. As a teacher, he has measured up to our highest expectations, and as a man he has impressed us with his strong personality.

Dr. McNeil, a young and distinguished alumnus of the Richmond College, has returned as an associate professor of the Law School. His identification with athletics in former years has already won him many friends among the students, and we shall hope to receive his co-operation and support on the athletic field.

We congratulate the Board of Trustees on securing the services of these excellent teachers.

**UNAVOIDABLE
DELAY**

We deplore the fact that the first issue of **THE MESSENGER** has been so much delayed. Owing to the printers' strike prevailing in Richmond, as well as elsewhere, the publishing of our monthly was necessarily retarded. But we have the assurance to the effect that provision has been made to meet this emergency, and that in future we may expect the issues regularly.

It is our purpose to secure a new cover for the magazine, and to have it ready for the next number. We are very anxious to make a special effort on the November issue, and earnestly solicit the co-operation of the entire student body.

Exchange Department.

All things in this mundane sphere, however pleasant or however tedious, come to an end. Our service in the Exchange Department, which has afforded us many pleasant, and not a few tedious experiences, being no exception to the universal law, approaches its termination, and it is with mingled feelings of regret and relief that we lay aside the duties and prerogatives of our office.

We are somewhat undecided whether our retiring bow shall be accompanied by a general review and recapitulation of the multifarious literature that has passed under our scrutiny during the term of our office; whether we shall pursue the even tenor of our accustomed way, and review the magazines that during the sultry summer days have straggled in to us since our last issue; or whether our exit shall be greased with a few desultory remarks on things in general and nothing in particular. As the first is the most difficult, and the last the easiest, perhaps we shall adopt the second plan.

The Southern Collegian, toward which we always turn with eager expectancy, repays well the time we spend in reading it. Two articles, "Does Reason Alone Prove the Immortality of Man?" and "The Mathematics of Poetry" especially appeal to us as worthy of mention. In addition to their excellences of style and treatment, they are to be commended for the nature of their subjects.

"Mars Tom's 'Nitials" is, on the whole, a well-plotted and well-written story—possessing no strongly-marked originality, but sufficiently entertaining to do without it. The negro dialect is about as good as is usual in magazine stories; but there are several expressions put into the mouth of the "old negro" that never originated there. It is hardly credible that, after forty years, he should have remembered that "Mars Tom" quoted "Shakespur." It appears to us, indeed,

that the old man possessed marvelously keen powers of perception, and an unusually accurate memory for details.

“The Crimson Taint,” although a story of even more ability, as regards both its diction and its substance, is decidedly less pleasant reading. While it has—unlike the tales of Poe, which it somewhat resembles—a moral, it is rather two blood-and-thunder to be unreservedly recommended for indiscriminate distribution as Sunday-school literature. The story exhibits considerable narrative and descriptive power.

The Buff and Blue, from Gallaudet, is very attractive. It is adorned with handsome cuts of its editorial staff, and of its base-ball and relay teams. “The Martyrs of Science,” “What’s In a Name?” and “The Eighth Wonder of the World” are all admirable short articles.

The writer of “What’s In a Name?” takes issue with the negative assertion implied in the familiar rhetorical question that serves as his title, and vigorously defends his thesis with citations showing a wide familiarity with history and literature. “Names,” he says “make fame, reputation, influence, character, history.” “Names affect the bearers as truly as do temperament, training, health, and surroundings. In a measure, a man’s christening determines his future success or failure; smooths or roughens his paths; and often realizes or shatters his hopes.” “Of two persons of equal character and skill, the one who bears the simpler yet more striking name, is the more likely to succeed. Most great men bore short or simple names. The vocal organs of Fame appear to be limited,” which is strikingly borne out by facts, though we are inclined to attribute it to heredity, since the burdening of innocent babes with outlandish Christian names—or rather, *un-Christian* names—or stringing half the alphabet on as initials, certainly indicates something approaching stupidity in the parents.

We quote again: “Dickens was a master at fitting names

to character. Pecksniff never could have been anything but a miserly old rascal as long as he bore that name, and Uriah Heep is forever a disgusting hypocrite. Whackford, Smike, Peggotty, and Susan Nipper also picture to the reader's mind characters so distinct and unalterable that the author's descriptions are hardly necessary." The origin and significance of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon names is also set forth in a most interesting manner.

The Gray Jacket presents the phenomenon, very unusual in college publications, of a literary department strongest in its poetry.

"Poe's Errors in the 'Gold Bug,'" and "Dupin," as the prototype of Sherlock Holmes, are perhaps the best prose articles. We give several of the poems in our "Clippings."

We acknowledge the receipt of the following, which limitations of time and space forbid our reviewing: *Lesbian Herald, Pharos, Yankton Student, High School Student, Georgetown College Journal, Phœnix, Monroe College Monthly, Davidson College Magazine, Niagara Index.*

Clippings.

At Cupid's Altar.

Of all the gods that ever had
 An altar or a shrine,
 None ever claimed the homage that
 Mankind doth give to thine.
 'Tis to thy altar there doth come
 A mingling, motley throng—
 The high and low, the rich and poor,
 The weakling and the strong.

And there to kneel in equal grace
 The prince and pauper come,
 The master and the slave forget
 The places they are from,
 And purple there with rags will touch
 As they together bide,
 And Homeliness will bend the knee
 With Beauty by his side.

The young are there, in haste to be,
 Their love-lit eyes aglow ;
 The old come too—their hearts beat fast
 E'en though their steps are slow.
 For Cupid's shaft hits whom it will
 And none escape the dart,
 And worship of the little god
 Means sacrifice of the heart.

And all who seek thine altar-rail
 Bring each his love tale there,
 And some are full of joy and hope,
 And some have griefs to bear.
 For neither wealth nor age nor time
 Can alter love's behest,
 So each must take the god's decree
 And follow with the rest.

—*J. S. L., '89, in Buff and Blue.*

Verna : “ Nell, couldn't you lend me a quarter ? ”

Nell : “ Yes, I could, but I won't. ”

Verna : “ Then do you think that I wouldn't pay it back ? ”

Nell : “ Yes, you would, but you couldn't. ”

Mollie Geise : “ Miss Center, I think that the ghost is insane, that Hamlet is entirely subjective, and Ophelia is perfectly normal. ”

The Eagle.

I saw the flash of an eagle's wing,
 His eye was fixed on the sun,
 And I marked the track of his pinions fleet,
 Till the dazzling height was won.

Below him the mighty surges rolled,
 The winds swept wild around,
 And the frightened sea-gulls, screaming, flew
 At the billow's foaming bound.

But safe in the sun-light, calm and free,
 The bird of the upper air
 Stood, pluming his wings for another flight
 To skies more divinely fair.

— *Gray Jacket.*

At Arlington.

Midnight rang from a distant tower,
 And a hollow, murmurous sound was heard ;
 For with the striking of the hour
 Ten thousand tomb-stones stirred.

Spoke one : " I guard a soldier ; see
 The wreaths his countrymen have placed
 Over his heart. My granite tells
 The dangers that he faced ! "

Another : " Never sailor-man
 Maintained in peril's hour his part
 Like him I guard ; find if you can
 A more courageous heart ! "

And then spoke a nameless grave :
 " My man knew neither praise nor fame.
 All that he had, and more, he gave—
 His life—even his name. "

— *John A. Foote, '06, M., in Georgetown College Journal.*

The Vision.

I saw the spirits of the clouds
Stand, white as a drifted snow,
Above the blue embattlements
Of mountain towers below.

A host of spotless warriors,
An army undefiled,
Spirits of rain and frost and snow
And summer breezes mild.

But while I gazed an engine passed,
When up from the sooty stack
With a shriek of pain a spirit sprang,
Like a martyr's from the rack.

It cannot join that host, I said,
All grimy and dark with smoke,
But it floated pure and fair o'erhead,
The spirit of Earth and Work.

— *Gray Jacket.*

Maud Muller, on an April day,
Wielded the rake in her usual way.
Shading her eyes, with a sun-browned hand,
For errant judges the road she scanned ;
And she spied a youth on a winged steed,
Threading the lane with considerable speed.
She noted the length of the horseman's hair,
With a quivering lip and a wrathful glare.
Her sweet brown cheek turned an angry red—
I'll not repeat all the things she said.
But she dropped her rake, and a gun she drew.
Her hand was steady—her aim was true.
"I'll give you three minutes to run," quoth she ;
"You shall write no parody, sir, on me !"
With a baffled shriek the poet fled—
But he made it an "Ode to Spring" instead.

— *B. Rand, in Gray Jacket.*

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Richmond College Messenger

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