Which one flirted? the novelist earnestly cried;
Neither one of them, the reader laughingly replied.
To squeeze and spoon of a flirt is no sign,
Or the name of a flirt is yours and mine.
It was a sweet innocent love affair,
For such cases are by no means so rare;
And it probably lasted them a week or two,
For such was the one between me and you.
A Literary Farce.

Our Bourgeois, Amatoorish, In'urbane, American Literatoor.

BY JOHN MONCURE, '05.

So they wouldn't let Edgar in, wouldn't they? Now that was too bad. His poetry didn't quite reach up to the notch which their criticships had set for the gauging of genius.

Picture to yourselves the slighted bard, standing outside of the "Hall of Fame," pitifully seeking admittance.

"Please let me in. Oh, I don't want my name to go down into oblivion after all the trouble I took to immortalize it. If you'll only let me in, I'll creep back in a corner and won't say a word. I know I don't deserve it, but I won't do so any more, indeed I won't—I can't, because I'm dead."

"Why, my dear sir," says his criticship, "what are you talking about? You won't do so any more! That has nothing in the world to do with it. It is solely on the merits of your poetry that you have been excluded."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought it was on its demerits. But can't you try again? Can't you reconsider? Can't you take the vote over? Suppose you just read a little of my poetry."

"No, I couldn't do that, because I don't read any but first-class poetry like Whittier's and Whitman's, don't-cher-know?"

"And is there no way for me to get in? Couldn't you take a popular vote? Oh, please, please, please."

Quoth the raven, "NEVER MORE."

Thus is America's greatest literary genius debarred from a pedestal in New York's dime museum.

The absurd thing about it is, not that Poe was excluded—not a bit of it—but that there is any "Poets' Corner" at all. What conceivable use, "top side the dirt," (to borrow the
A LITERARY FARCE.

elegant and dignified phrase of a certain learned Doctor,) have we Americans for a "Poets' Corner"? Ha! ha!! ha!! It's funny—a "Poets' Corner." A small-sized crack in the wall would afford ample quarters for the bestowal of all our poetry—and our poets, too.

"Surely," you say, "you would not relegate Walt Whitman to a crack, would you?"

No, of course not. I'd put him in the stable. I was speaking of poets.

"And was not Walt Whitman a poet?"

What! Walt Whitman a poet! Ha! ha!! ha!!! My friend, you exhibit as great ignorance as the writer in The Outlook who refers to Goldsmith as the author of "The School for Scandal."

Some one, paragraphing the father and prince of paragraphers, said, "If all flesh is grass, as the preachers say, Prentice must be a ton of hay."

"Yes, it looks so," retorted the famous editor, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

Whitman was an ass, but, lest you be misled, I hasten to assure you that I have not arrived at my conviction of his asinity from observation of his fondness for grass.

In substantiation of my claims, let me quote just a few of his sublime and ecstatic productions. As I write from memory, I will omit quotation marks, lest I misquote:

Grass, grass, grass.
Beans, potatoes, cucumbers, horse-radish.
The barn, the pig-pen, the chicken-house.
I invited my soul; I loafed with my soul, because I said, a half loaf is better than no loaf at all.
Grass, grass, grass.
GRASS.
And echo answers ......................... .... "—ass."
"But Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant and Lowell and—?"
That's enough. They are all bourgeois; they are mediocre. They are amateurish, and immaturish too. They failed because they tried too hard to be geniuses, to be great men of letters. Their works smell of it; it crops out and bobs up everywhere. Like Joseph and Azarias, they "affected the glory" of being great men.

They said, "We will go out and get a name," and they but magnified their smallness. Not that there was not some very good material among them—some good lumber, but the conscious power of genius was not there. Only a substitute of irrepressible self-importance and insufferable conceit. Mr. Longfellow, as a professor who occasionally dropped into verse, will do very well; or Mr. Lowell, who pursued letters as an avocation; or Dr. Holmes, who rhymed a little sometimes, by way of fun. But to talk and write of them as poets and men of letters, to hoist their bourgeois figures on pedestals in halls of fame, is taking them altogether too seriously—which is the very mistake they made in regard to themselves.

A great literary man is truly the product of evolution, whether a great physical man is or not. Shakespeare does not spring full grown from the head of Father Zeus, nor of old Mother Mnemosyne either; nor is he created *bereshith bara* and set down in Eden. No, there must be the *primordial germ*, the *protoplasmic*, the *amphioxic*, and other intermediate stages, before there is even the ape. Then comes the man. Is he a monster, a prodigy, a something-new-under-the-sun? By no means. He is a composite, *protoplasm-o-amphioxo* + n + (n + 1) + *simiadean homo*, soul and body, head, arms and legs, vermiform appendix, and rudimentary caudal appendage. (Could Mr. Herbert Spencer beat that?)

Shakespeare was the final product, not the creator, of the Shakespearean school. He would have been impossible without the Anglo-Saxon *protoplasm*, the *Euphuistic amphioxus*,

and the Jonson, Marlow, *et cetera apes*. But when he did come he was a man—yea, he was super-man, George Bernard Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding.

He was once plain Bill Shakespeare, who didn’t know how to spell his own name. He recast plays, just as others had done before him. He tried to do it right, the conventional way, the way the people and his employers wanted. But somehow he didn’t succeed. There was a great, fermenting, expanding power within him, that swelled out and overflowed and overwhelmed all bounds of convention and all established rules of unities and style.

And yet his work was the development, the evolutionary product of his filthy, immature, rattle-brained literary forebears. In its pre-natal state it passed through all the stages of its ancestral development, and in its perfection it contains all the ancestral organs and parts, in rudimentary or marvelously developed form; and the soul of his genius beams in its eye.

But we go about it in a different way—in Mr. Barnum’s way. We dress up an ape and call him a man. We have a dancing horse (that’s a euphemism) and a prophesying rooster. Or we are like the little boy with his father’s boots on. We say, “I’m a man, I am.”

One fine morning Mistress Bradstreet wakes up and says, “Say, you know what I’m a-goin’ to do? I’m a-goin’ to be a literary woman.” Then Mr. Joel Barlow sez, sez he, “B’lieve I’ll be a great litteratooor.”

Well, we laugh at them now. Yes. And we can do a little better. Yes, but we work on the same principle. It’s there in all of them. In some to a less, in some to a greater degree. Some call it amateurish; some call it bourgeois; I call it inability and incapacity, with a considerable plus of asininity. It is a strained, unnatural effort to supply the place of native wit with artificial originality. It is wearing the mental bangs long. It is gall, gall, gall.
It is less perceptible in Irving, who was an American-born Englishman; there is a good deal of it in Cooper, and a superabundance of it in our greatest novelist, Hawthorne, a man whose undeniable talent is sadly marred by the very thing that has given his work its popularity—to-wit, its pseudo-originality.

Any literature that depends for its chief claim to permanency on its author's idiosyncracies of style is doomed to an early grave. Remember Lot's wife in the form of Euphuism.

This amateurishness is still more offensively perceptible in Southern writers. Read the files of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. There is a painful absence of easy conventionality, and a corresponding abundance of *naïveté*, and that frequently combined with slavish imitation. I venture to entertain the opinion that no American novel evinces more native ability than the single production of that strange and unfortunate man, Virginius Dabney; and yet "Don Miff" is dead and buried, shrouded in its own inurbanity. I hazard again the humble sentiment that Dr. Bagby is the truest humorist that we have had, but "Blue Eyes and Battlewick" is intolerable.

In Simms, in Hayne, and in Lanier we taste it strongly; and it is this that makes our Northern friends give themselves such airs toward us. But what do we care? We laugh up our sleeve at them, because they are all *bourgeois* anyhow.

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**Pines.**

*By Samuel Gladstone Harwood, '06.*

Towering heavenward in the forest,
Lifting high their sighing branches,
How they savor of the mystic,
Murm'ring pines.
THE ELEMENTS OF POPULATION IN VIRGINIA.

Rocked by this breeze and the other,
This one bending and his fellow
Likewise yielding to the ether,
Waving pines.

Stately waving as to music,
Back and forth their bodies ever,
Now in sunshine, now in shadow,
Rocking pines.

Walk with me into the forest,
And you'll see this sign of Nature,
See and hear it in the woodland,
Peaceful pines.

Think not that the sight is dreary,
Rather take it as suggesting
Grander thoughts of Nature's rhythm,
Noble pines.

Think not that the sound is mournful,
Rather take it as reflecting
Thine own mood in deeper measure,
Whisp'ring pines.

Thus the pine-trees and the breezes
Make conjointly sylvan music,
Freely wafting it to us-ward,
Happy pines.

The Elements of Population in Virginia.

BY JAMES BENJAMIN WEBSTER, '06.

THE elements of the population of Virginia can be studied profitably only when they are studied as distinct or organized immigrations—for instance, the Scotch-Irish settlements in northwestern Virginia. The classification of these elements may be racial, religious, political, or social.
The classification on the basis of nationality, or racial classification, produces the most satisfactory results. Naturally, the English element must be considered first, and is found all over the State. Even the settlements that were, strictly speaking, of some other nationality contained an infusion of English blood. Tidewater Virginia was almost entirely English, save for a sprinkling of Protestant Frenchmen, Walloon, and Dutch. The centre of English settlement was the James River valley. The first settlement was at Jamestown, followed by others scattered from that point up and down the James River valley. The whole coast from Norfolk to the Potomac was more or less thinly settled by the close of the seventeenth century. The population spread westward, and the extension was so general that it does not here seem necessary to specify the places of settlement.

In the estimation of Fiske, the element next in order of influence on the history of the State is the Scotch-Irish element. He says: "The Scotch-Irish element was more numerous and far more important than all the others." And when we think of the influence of Breckenridge, Pickens, Stuart, Daniel Boone, George Rogers, Clark, Andrew Jackson, J. C. Calhoun, and Stonewall Jackson, and know that they belong to this stock, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Fiske's statement.

The Scotch-Irish came from Ulster county, Ireland, to Pennsylvania, and went from there to the Shenandoah Valley. The first settlement was made at Woodstock, in 1734. In 1735, Lewis, an Irishman, settled Middle river, near Staunton, and Mackay settled Buffalo Gap. Burden, agent for Lord Fairfax, settled one hundred families in Rockbridge county. This settlement was composed of Irish, Scotch, and border English. In 1738 another Scotch-Irish settlement was made at Winchester. In 1743 the whole of Augusta and Frederick counties were laid off for settlement.
This immigration, which was caused by the Strafford and Laud persecution, was the largest America experienced prior to the invention of the steam-boat. The immigrants were both political and religious, non-conformists. In 1775 this element was predominant in the Allegheny region. These settlers were stern, upright, religious, and aristocratic. Such characteristics were sure to make an impression on the development of the State. Fiske says: "The Scotch-Irish troops won the pivotal battle at King's Mountain, crushed the Indians of Alabama, and overthrew Wellington's veterans of the Spanish peninsula in that brief, but acute agony at New Orleans. In the Civil War these men were a great power on both sides, but the influence of the chief mass of them was exerted on the side of the Union."

Next to the Irish and Scotch-Irish stands the German element. Mr. Herman Schuricht, in his "German Element in Virginia," has treated the subject carefully, with some bias, and to him we are indebted for our information as to this element.

There was a strong German element even in the Jamestown colony, strong enough to be a source of discord, due to national differences of the settlers. Up to the eighteenth century immigration was individual. The London Company encouraged the Dutch, German, Swiss, and French to settle in the colony; consequently, they were found wherever there were English settlements. In 1714 Spottswood settled a German colony on the Rapidan, at Germanna, in Spotsylvania county. It was only a temporary settlement and after a few years moved on into Fauquier and Madison counties. At about the same time the Graffenruck settlements were made in Wythe, Pulaski, Montgomery, and Craig counties. There were German communities at New Market, Strasburg, Winchester, and Woodstock. By the middle of the eighteenth century there were German settlements in Orange, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Fauquier, Loudoun, Prince William,
Page, Greene, Albemarle, Louisa, Norfolk, Isle of Wight, Rockbridge, Botetourt, and Roanoke counties. From 1735 to 1740 German-Swiss emigrants settled in Pittsylvania, Halifax, and Mecklenburg counties. The Hites settlement was made on the Opequon river in 1732, and the following year settlements were made in Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Warren counties.

There was a strong German-Hebrew element in Richmond prior to 1791. From that year till 1840 the number increased continually; and from 1835 to 1840 "Richmond was the nucleus of German life in Virginia."

The presence of the German element in America, and consequently in Virginia, was due at first to oppression and suffering in the Fatherland, particularly the Palatinate, to religious tyranny, French ravages in 1673-'76, Jesuitic persecutions, and Anne's influence. German emigration received a fresh impulse with the reaction of 1848 in Austria under Metternich. These were chiefly political fugitives and were from the best classes. Some German Catholics came to Richmond in 1849, but for the most part the greater part of the German population was Protestant. There were Calvinists, Mennonites, Lutherans, and Dunkards. There were also adherents of the German Reformed Church.

The influence of the German element can only be touched upon. They were sober, industrious, and honest—qualities needed for the development of the new country. They founded the tobacco trade of Virginia in 1629. They were loyal to American independence, and, although opposed to slavery from the first, when the crisis came the German element stood almost solidly with the State in the secession movement.

Major Lewis Ginter's wise and philanthropic works in Richmond bear eloquent testimony to the German influence in that city, and furnish some basis on which to estimate the German influence in the whole State.
The Huguenot element at first was introduced by the immigration of individuals, who settled among the English, and by inter-marriage soon lost their nationality and were absorbed. The first movement was made in 1629 by Antoine Ridouet, but it failed, after a trial of ten years, and no further attempts were made until the movement started by King William in 1690. Between 300 and 500 French Protestants were settled at Manakintown, on the James river, about twenty miles above Richmond. They received a grant of 10,000 acres from the territory of an extinct Indian tribe. This colony received small additions through the following years to 1700, when Oliver de la Muce led a party of between 600 and 700 from the French quarter of London. This Manakintown settlement prospered for a while, until a quarrel arose which resulted in the removal of part of the colony to the Trent river in North Carolina. The schism did not prove fatal, and as their numbers increased these immigrants found homes in Goochland, Fluvanna, Louisa, Albemarle, Buckingham, Powhatan, Chesterfield, Prince Edward, Cumberland, Charlotte, Appomattox, Campbell, Pittsylvania, Halifax, and Mecklenburg counties.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1695, and the persecution which followed this, increased and organized immigration. So bitter was the persecution that the fugitives barely escaped with their lives, and landed in England absolutely destitute. Collections were raised by the English people, and this fund, together with the royal bounty of King William, was dispensed by a relief committee. Much of the money was used to pay the expenses of the passage to this country. It was necessary to take up subscriptions in the Jamestown colony to relieve their suffering after their arrival. These immigrants represented the sanest class in the French people at that time, and, although extremely poor, no doubt Mr. W. H. Foote does not exaggerate when he says that "in the formation and preservation of the character of the
State their influence has unostentatiously and widely extended.” It is probable, as claimed by Foote, that the number who allowed themselves to become amalgamated with the English in the settlements along the navigable rivers exceeds that of the organized settlements.

Under these circumstances these Huguenots must have influenced greatly the social customs of the early settlers. They were devoutly religious, and, having been influenced by Calvin, naturally leaned toward Presbyterianism, where their influence is perhaps most evident.

To those who are familiar with the history of the State, some names, taken from an old register of births and deaths in Manakintown in 1744, will indicate more tentatively the part the Huguenots have played in its development.

Among the names found are the following: Legrand, Morrisey, Dupree, Monford, Moncure, Dupuy, Martain, Lesueur, Rapins, Faure, Fourqueran, Elson, Chandler, Pemberton, Fontaine.

Sephardic and Portuguese Jews, about the middle of the eighteenth century, settled in large numbers in Loudoun, Fairfax, Prince William, Stafford, Fauquier, Rappahannock, and Culpeper counties.

This analysis is not complete without mention of the negro element. As is generally known, the negro was introduced as a slave into the colony in 1619. The increase was slow at first. The increased cultivation of cotton in the States to the south of Virginia increased the demand for slaves, and Virginia became a breeding ground. Since 1865 the negro has sustained a vastly different relation to the development of the State.

The population of Virginia to-day naturally includes all these elements, and more besides. A few figures from the Twelfth Census will show the facts most clearly and briefly. The total population in 1900 was 1,854,184. The foreign population numbered 32,574, of which 19,461 were foreign born. Almost every nation, great or small, is represented in
this 19,461. The aggregate colored population was 661,329, of which 660,722 were negroes, 354 Indians, 243 Chinese, and 10 Japanese.

The classification of the population according to religious sects is more difficult and less accurate than the racial classification. In the Colonial period the Church of England was the Church of Virginia. There were some Puritans introduced by Sir Thomas Dale in 1611. In 1638 there were about one thousand, as variously estimated from seven to ten per cent. of the population. They had settled in Isle of Wight and Nansemond counties. In 1649, on account of persecutions, almost the entire Puritan population emigrated to Maryland.

The Quakers settled on the Opequon in 1733. Lynchburg was founded by the Quakers in 1786, though the country had been settled much earlier.

The German element contained the various denominations above mentioned, and the Scotch-Irish brought in Presbyterianism.

The Catholic element was very weak. That fact is explained by the attitude of Virginia toward Lord Baltimore and his settlement. Virginia was no harbor of safety for the persecuted English Catholics. This classification indicates the various sects that have made up the population of Virginia, but does not give a clear statement of the present elements.

In the Colonial period the chief political elements were the Cavalier and Roundhead parties. Even at that time the democratic spirit was so strong that such a classification is of no practical value. The political evolution of the country has been so complete that it became a revolution, and political parties have been continually changing, and evolution cannot well be divided and noted by exact periods.

The social classification in the Colonial period was comparatively simple. The population consisted of the aristocratic planters, artisans, indentured servants, and slaves.
Carolus.

BY CHARLES DENNIS WADE, '06.

The queen's in her throne-room,
Sceptre in hand,
Her bright eyes beaming
Love o'er the land.

The time's early morning—
Mocking-birds sing,
Dew-drops sparkle,
Lark's on the wing.

But list to the song that the queen-mother sings,
As out through the palace windows it rings,
And up with purpling smoke-wreath springs
To Heaven above, to God we love:
“My country, 'tis of thee.”

America's song from a queen, you say,
Sung in her palace at dawn of day,
Borne with bird-song away! Aye, aye.

She's America's queen, the queen of the home,
Its hearth-stone's the altar, its hearts are her throne.
She rules not by power nor by might, but by love,
And a sweet, willing service, accepted above.

A Happy Accident.

BY S. F. P.

"We could not have selected a more delightful day for our trip, for the weather is superb," said Miriam Sheldon, turning, with a smile, to her friend, Winton Briggs. "We have the good fortune, you know, of living in the
Elysium of America. But I fear that we do not appreciate it,” replied Winton.

“I am thoroughly satisfied with America, and especially with our own river scenery. There was nothing in Europe last summer,” said Miriam, “that to my mind compared with it.”

They were on the Albany Day Line, on their way to New York City, simply for the pleasure of the trip, expecting to return on the first boat in the afternoon.

Winton and Miriam had known each other from childhood, as their homes were only a few blocks apart in Albany. To take such an outing was nothing unusual for them; but it was an unusual trip on this occasion, for Winton’s visits had become more frequent during the past year, and he had really proposed just the week before. She had not refused, but still she had not accepted. The matter had been left in such a condition that a decision would have been as much of a surprise one way as the other. She knew him quite well, and understood his disposition, and was thoroughly convinced that he would never repeat the all-important question. So it was agreed that she should be allowed to wait until the first of August before rendering a decision.

In her womanly power of assuming a cheerful countenance when some problem still remained unsolved, she appeared to others, no doubt, to be the very embodiment of contentment, and one from whose mind every care had been banished. But one who had known her several years would have perceived that there was something which her mind still had under advisement.

“It would be silly to mar the enjoyment of so pleasant a trip by continually thinking of the matter,” she said to herself. “I will just forget it for the present.”

The boat was one of the fastest on the line, and had left Albany at 6 o’clock, passing through some of the most picturesque mountain scenery in America. The breath of fresh
ness, fragrance, and song seemed to fill every valley and linger along the peaceful and legendary river on that typical July morning. Owing to the early hour, but few passengers were on board, so these two had almost complete possession of the deck. This fact had a tendency, notwithstanding the grandeur of the scenery and the exhilarating breeze, to recall the very thing that Miriam had decided to forget.

"But it will be possible to forget it as soon as the people begin to crowd on board at the towns down the river," said Miriam in her soliloquy.

"Can you not imagine," said Winton, "that the long ravine sunken between those lofty ranges is where old Rip Van Winkle enjoyed his peaceful repose, amid the quietude and shades of that uninhabited clime? Is it not possible to fancy that the dark recess on the left is the entrance to the hollow where the odd-looking personages engaged in the game of nine-pins, during which Rip took the fatal drink?"

"Really it is!" said Miriam. "And you could hardly detect the famous Sleepy Hollow, for they all look sleepy this morning."

"The art of story-telling would come to almost any one amid such surroundings," said Winton.

"If Washington Irving had not possessed much of the imaginative he would have been able to have told some kind of a story by lingering in those mountains, even if it had been only a bear story."

The conversation, and also the passengers from a few towns recently passed, served to divert Miriam's mind until the boat stopped at Esopus, where, after looking up at the summer home of Judge Parker, Winton turned to her and said, "I wonder how it feels to be utterly defeated and completely snowed under in any important enterprise."

To Miriam there was something quite suggestive in his look. For her to be sarcastic in replying would be really cruel, for she knew how easily he was offended. To show
sympathy would be unwise. So, in her usual indefinite and
eutral way, she said, “I really don’t know.”

Now Miriam was enjoying the day, but the thought that
her indecision was, no doubt, the source of some anxiety to
Winton did trouble her. She was of that disposition that
it was her highest delight to make those about her perfectly
comfortable and happy. Of course, no direct reference had
been made to the impending decision, but she felt quite
certain that he was thinking of it whenever somewhat
pensive.

For reasons best known to herself, it would not be wise to
tell him before the appointed time; simply to satisfy him, even
if she should be able to settle the matter positively and
unmistakeably in her own mind.

“So the only thing for a sensible person to do is to make
the best of circumstances, and just postpone for the day even
the thought of the whole affair,” mused Miriam.

Several miles below Esopus there is a narrow bend in the
river, at which a range of the mountains ends abruptly at
the water’s edge. The river above for a mile is almost
straight, so that this strikingly picturesque view is for that
distance before the eye of the lover of the charming scenery
of the famous river. The mountain, covered with an emerald
carpet of the richest hue, forms a marked contrast to the
rugged peaks of the Rockies. So pleasing a prospect was
of intense interest to Winton, and held his enraptured gaze
and undivided attention as the approach of the boat made
more distinct the depressions along the mountain side.

The partial view of West Point, just before turning in at
the landing, occasioned an expression from him.

“My cousin, Andrew Reynolds, graduated from the Academy at the recent commencement, and is now with the army in the West.”

“And you were down to the finals, I believe?” replied
Miriam.
“Yes,” said Winton. “Andrew’s record there was quite enviable. We feel very proud of his success, and are expecting great things of him.”

The long steel bridge across the river at Poughkeepsie, the Palisades, on the Jersey side, and the gradually increasing crowd on board furnished a diversion for them both.

There did not seem to be an unhappy person on the boat, for even the crew was in the highest of spirits. Amid music and smiles, the floating white palace glided gracefully down the placid Hudson into the great metropolis. Everything bid fair for a safe landing; and but one mile remained of what had been a most successful trip.

By a mistaken signal, a heavily-laden freight boat, crossing the river, crashed into the crowded steamer. Confusion reigned; men, women, and children rushed for life-boats and life-preservers. Winton was calm and deliberate. Seeing the throng around the life-boats, and knowing that in the excitement these light skiffs would be over-crowded, he led Miriam down the steps, near which they happened to be standing, to the lower deck. She was greatly excited, and no doubt would have followed the example of others and leaped overboard, as the captain, realizing the futile effort to save the boat, had warned the passengers to leave her as quickly as possible.

When Winton reached the lower deck his one thought was to secure something large enough upon which to escape. With a voice of authority he ordered two deck hands to push the gang-plank into the water and hold to the ropes. He then stepped to the plank and reached out his hands for Miriam. There was nothing else to do, so she obeyed, and the ropes were thrown off into the stream.

In a few moments the current carried them farther down the river, at a sufficient distance to be out of danger when the ill-fated steamer went down.

Being so near the city, it was not long before rescuing
parties were on the scene, so Winton and Miriam were picked up by a yacht which soon arrived.

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It was necessary for Miriam to remain in the city until the following day, with her sister. That evening it was quite natural, after such experiences, that Winton should have called. Just before he left the parlor, Miriam, smiling, said, "When notes are paid before they are due they are, in business parlance, said to be discounted, are they not?"

Winton, not knowing why she should ask such a question, replied in the affirmative, with a surprised expression.

"Well," said Miriam, "you have already discounted the note, so it is due you not to wait until August 1st for a decision, and—I shall say to-night—yes."

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Joseph II. of Austria.

BY LELAND WATTS SMITH, '05.

Joseph II., known as the "Philosopher King," came to the throne of Austria in 1780. Fifteen years earlier than this, at the death of his father, he was made Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. During this time, being closely allied with his mother, Maria Theresa, in the government of the Austrian dominions, he took part in the first partitioning of Poland and in the war against Turkey.

Joseph was one of the sixteen children born to Francis I. and Maria Theresa, and through this large family became allied with most of the reigning families of Europe. The most noted was the marriage of Maria Antonia to the Dauphin of France.

While he was a man of considerable talent, his education was very faulty, being too theoretical and not practical enough. He had little or no taste for the literary and the
artistic, yet he established universities and schools and encouraged art.

In spite of the fact that he had many excellent qualities, and always making a favorable impression by his genial courtesy, and no doubt had the good of his subjects at heart, he was impetuous, ambitious, and covetous. He undertaken the impossible task of ruling the nation according to his own philosophical ideas, and thought that he could render his people happy and enlighten them, in spite of their lack of interest and cooperation. He tried to make philosophy the "lawmaker of his empire," and sought the destruction of everything contrary to his philosophical opinions. Prince de Ligne said of him, "He will be a man of feeble desires, which he will never be able to satisfy; his whole reign will be one constant desire to sneeze."

He undertook many changes and reforms. Some one has said that nearly every one of the changes made by the French Constituent Assembly were first tried by Joseph II. Only a few of these reforms were successful. At the close of his life he realized this, and framed his own epitaph, which was: "Here lies a sovereign who, with the best intentions, never carried a single project into execution." Frederick the Great, of Prussia, with whom he was intimate, was taken as his model.

His reform schemes have been designated as "Josephism." In order to understand the significance of this term, and also to get a clearer insight of the man's character, it is necessary to outline these reforms.

I.—ECCLESIASTICAL REFORMS.

Joseph was bitterly opposed to the Holy See and all religious orders. In a letter to his Minister at Rome, he said, "I despise superstition, and I want to free my people from it." He considered monks the most dangerous and useless subjects that a country could possess.
In 1781 marriage dispensations were taken from the Holy See and given to the Austrian bishops.

Religious orders were forbidden to recognize foreign authority. Papal bulls were to receive imperial sanction before published. No one was to go to Rome to study at the **Collegium Germanicum**, and no financial support granted thereto.

An Edict of Toleration, granting freedom of worship to Protestant and Greek churches, was published.

In 1782 he attacked the monasteries, closing six hundred at one time. The number of monks was reduced from 63,000 to 20,000, and these were forbidden to have any connection with foreign countries. He also interfered with public worship, forbidding ex-veto offerings, the reading of more than one mass, and the use of metal candlesticks. He also decreased the number of indulgences and restrained pilgrimages.

It was, indeed, such a blow to Catholicism that Pope Pius VI. visited Austria in an attempt to change Joseph's policy, but the effort was futile.

In 1783 marriage was made a civil contract, and divorce was permissible. However, so many complaints from the Holy See reached him that Joseph was compelled to visit Rome, after which his cruelty to the Catholic Church was less severe.

The sect of Deists, found in Bohemia, was strongly opposed by him. He said, "A Deist must receive twenty-four blows from a stick, not because he is a Deist, but because he pretends to be something concerning which he knows not what it is."

Being a utilitarian, he was quite active in furthering projects of philanthropy. Austria owes to him the establishment of hospitals and the founding of a school of medical surgery.

The condition of the Jews was greatly improved through his efforts.
II.—ADMINISTRATIVE, JUDICIAL, AND ECONOMIC REFORMS.

Joseph was an enemy to feudalism. He took away the power of the feudal Lords, and increased that of the governmental officials in the circles. Serfdom was abolished in Bohemia, Moravia, Galatia, and Hungary. Efforts were made to reduce Bohemia and Hungary to provinces, and to establish the German language throughout the kingdom. The different nationalities which composed Austria were divided into thirteen administrative districts, and each district was sub-divided into circles, and at the head of each circle was a captain. Diets were no longer convoked, and the privileges of the royal towns were abolished. Taxation was arranged according to the peculiar ideas of the Emperor. Thirty per cent. of the net produce of the land was set apart for the State. Neither nobles nor priests were exempt from taxation.

Commerce shared largely in the reforms and governmental changes. An attempt was made to obtain a free navigation of the Scheldt, but failed on account of the interference of France and Holland. He succeeded in opening the Danube to the Black Sea, which was a great advantage to the development of Hungary. Ports on the Adriatic were much improved.

Joseph was a great protectionist, and wished to develop home industries and discourage importations. Manufacturers received imperial support, but monopolies were not permitted to exist. A new civil code was published, which formed the basis of the code now in use. Cruel punishments were abolished and criminal courts re-organized. Two modes of punishment were invented by Joseph. These were that criminals should be chained in pairs and compelled to sweep the streets of Vienna, and to fill the place of beasts of burden in drawing boats on the Danube river.

The censorship of books was transferred from the clergy to
laymen of liberal sympathies, and a complete freedom was granted to journalism.

The most of these ideas of the Emperor would have proved beneficial if they could have been executed, but they were beyond the conception of the people. They did not wish for reform as much as they did a voice in the government. There was a great deal of discontent among the masses and the rebellious predominated. The people objected to a reign of tyranny, regardless of how liberal or how beneficial it might be to the empire.

Joseph followed the example of Frederick the Great in an attempt to compact his kingdom. He labored hard for a strong centralized government.

A close alliance existed between the Emperor and Catherine of Russia, but little was accomplished by it.

He died February 20, 1790, having failed in most of his undertakings.

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Reminiscence.

BY ARTHUR DERIEUX DAVIDSON, '07.

Don’t you remember, sweet Louise,
One balmy summer night,
When strolled along a country road
Two buoyant hearts and light.
The moonbeams gently kissed the earth,
The stars shone bright above;
He told her by the old side-gate
The first sweet words of love.

Embalmed in memory is that hour,
The first faint dawn of love;
When all below transfigured seemed
Into the realms above.
To-night I pause, though prest with cares—
Let all life's labors wait,
And think of the night, the moon and the stars,
The road, and the old side-gate,
And the girl in whose eyes all my happiness lies,
Who stood with me there by the gate.

A Sister's Confidences.

Dear Old Tom,—I just must tell somebody about our latest stunt here at College, and, though you are a Senior at — C., you won't disapprove, like our proper little "mater" would. Now screw all your patience to the reading point, and hear me out.

Well, of course it was the doings of wild and woolly Freshmen, but it even made our English Prof. say we certainly were an original class. (The said gentleman must be described as a tall man with a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance, who rolls his r's, sings tenor in chapel, and delights in frightening little Freshmen.) You know, I wrote you that the conceited Sophs. thought that they had hazed us some, so we decided to show them a few. We knew that they were to have their banquet on Saturday night, November 4th, so decided to make that date immortal to them, at least.

The '09 class officers met in our room (for you know my room-mate is in for all kinds of mischief), and we planned our fun. The dormitory dining-room, in which the banquet was to be "celebrated," in two senses of the word, was a semi-basement, with large windows reaching nearly to the ground outside. Each Freshman was to have a large horn or unearthly-sounding rattle and lots of torpedoes, and meet at the dining-room windows at 9 o'clock. Such times as we did have buying those horns, rattles, and torpedoes, and getting
them to the girls without awakening suspicion! We were afraid to have a class meeting, because the Sophs. would know something was up, so we had to work hard among the girls individually; but we surely proved that girls can keep a secret. Everything seemed to favor our plan, for at supper I was just wondering how I was going to raise several of the windows (so that the Sophs. could hear our noise, ha! ha!) when two rats—real ones—got into the dining-room during prayers. Well, even if we were learned and studious collegians, we were true women, and straightway went wild. The girls jumped up in their chairs, and stayed there, too, screaming and squealing, and in the midst of such a commotion I managed to raise the windows we needed. Then, after supper, when it was time for the Sophs. to commence coming down in their glad rags, we went over to the main building (for there are just two buildings, and the majority of the girls in the dormitory are Freshmen) and sat on the trunks in the hall around the stairs, clapping as they went down, and singing a suitable version of "Shame on You." That afternoon, too, we had gotten the master-key from the matron, and when the banquet was really on we locked all the doors, even the kitchen. (I forgot to tell you that I was expecting a friend that night from V. P. I., as Saturday night is our receiving night, though there are seldom any to receive. But I didn't care. I managed to forget he was coming, and joined in the fun. My Freshman fraternity mates afterwards sprung the joke that they saw my man running for dear life away from the dormitory, surrounded by 150 girls in gym. suits; but it was a story, for he never came after all.)

Well, at the appointed time—as Cæsar would say—we met at the dining-room windows, and when we saw that the toasts were the next thing on the programme inside, we put our horns in the open windows and all blew and swung those ear-splitting rattles. Then, mixed in with the horn-blasts, was the sound of hundreds of torpedoes being thrown against the
brick walls. You might think that 150 girls cannot make a noise, but ————. Well, then we gave Freshman yells, and if you have a little curiosity, being a man, to know what our yells are like, I'll give you one that goes awfully fast:

Yum! Yum!!
Fiddle diddle bum!
Hump! Stump!!
Flamma diddle,
Arra bubble,
Rig-dum-jig-dum,
Bota, mota, Cairo.
Dilco, dairo,
Freshman, Freshman!

'Rah!!!!!

They had several of the lady instructors and the President's wife at the banquet, but that didn't faze us. The funniest thing was to see our President's wife, who is very stout and dignified, climb a step-ladder, and ask us meekly, over the transom, if we wouldn't unlock the door a minute and let in a girl from town to take their pictures!

Then, while the body of Freshmen "remained outside the walls," committees of picked girls were sent to raid the Sophs' rooms—and raid they did with H₂S., tearing up beds, turning upside down those dear top bureau drawers, etc. Very often the doors were locked and our girls had to enter through the transoms, but they soon became adepts in this.

Once, though, some Sophs. that didn't go to the banquet caught our girl in a room and wouldn't let her out. That didn't cut any ice with Bill Davis, for she was one of those breezy Texans, who never remembered that she wasn't on a ranch; so we weren't surprised to hear that Bill had jumped out of the second-story window and sprained her ankle. (She hadn't really jumped, you know, but the sheet that she was swinging down on slipped, and she fell most of
the way.) That was the only unpleasant thing for us in the whole affair, because Bill's ankle didn't get right for a month, and those Sophs. would smile whenever they saw her limping. Well, I am most through, and will close, with just reminding you how we laughed when we finally let the Sophs. out through the kitchen, and saw them daintily lifting their party frocks from the dirty-looking floor, knowing, as we did, that their ten witty and highly-interesting toasts had gone unheard, if not unsung, and that they would have a little more trouble yet before they could close their eyes in gentle slumber.

Your devoted little sister, Kittens, '09.

P. S.—When you have any more fun at ---- C. than we did November 4th you might write me. K.

'Rastus, the Politician.

BY STEPHEN DUVAL MARTIN, '08.

WHAT his real baptismal name was, I never knew. To those who inquired, 'Rastus would answer, "Yas, I goes by the cull'ed name ob 'Rastus. Mah folks was de Randolphs ob Vaginny, an' great quality dey was befo' de wah; yas sah, dat dey was."

Although 'Rastus had never gone through the actual stages of nomination and election, he was by profession an office-seeker, and never allowed an election to pass without announcing himself a candidate for some office. He was a genial, willing soul, and the party to which he belonged found him valuable when it came to posting bills.

But his days of glory were when the committee "requested" him—he never said hired—to drive the voters to the polls. Then he borrowed Parson Smith's ancient silk tile,
donned a pair of cotton gloves, and drove with almost as much dignity as his father used to do for the Randolphs.

One fall, when asked what office he was running for, 'Ras­tus responded: "Me? Oh, I'se gwine run foh mayah ob dis here town." When a by­stander informed the old negro that his campaign assessment would be forty dollars, 'Rastus gasped: "Fo’ty dollahs! Fo’ty dollahs! I nevah reckoned it'd be mo'n five. No, sah, I isn’t no candidate fo’ mayah; you kin take mah name out ob de canvass. Fo’ty dollahs! Dar ain’t no town in de wo’ld where it’s wuth fo’ty dollahs to be mayah. It’s mighty 'spensive runnin’ fo’ office. I reckon I bettah retire."

But he never did. The high tide of election had hardly subsided before he was once more a candidate. This time he had discovered a new route to position, that by way of appointment by the Governor. So, armed with a weighty document, 'Rastus sallied forth to get signatures to his petition. Most men signed with merriment, and those who refused found something in his face and bearing that forbade them to tell him, point­blank, that he was an idiot.

When he decided that his petition had enough signatures, 'Rastus, after arraying himself in a blue broadcloth coat, which had belonged to "ole Mars," Parson Smith’s hat, and his own white cotton gloves, began his stately march on the Capitol.

Those were troublesome days at the State-House, although 'Rastus knew it not, nor cared. The election of the new Governor was being contested, and, pending the action of the Legislature, the old Executive still held the reins of govern­ment. The air buzzed with rumors of plots and counter­plots. The House and Senate were packed with eager, excited men. The State offices were bombarded day and night by throngs seeking information.

The swarming of ants over a ruined ant­hill is nothing compared with the confusion which 'Rastus found in the
Capitol; but, calm and unmoved, he passed on his way to the Governor's office. Before the door the private secretary was turning back a swarm of people. In a momentary lull, 'Rastus presented himself and asked for admission. The secretary flatly refused. He knew the negro, and told him to mind his own business.

"Dat's what I'se gwine do; jes' you gimme a chance," politely asked 'Rastus.

The secretary grinned. A suspicion of the truth flashed through his mind, and he asked quickly, "Did you wish to see the Governor about that famous petition of yours?"

"Yes, sah," answered 'Rastus, with dignity. "You kin present mah name to his Excellency." He ended with a grave bow.

"Blessed if I don't. The Governor needs something cheerful," said the secretary, half to himself. He then flung open the door, pushed 'Rastus inside, and as suddenly closed it again. But when 'Rastus failed to make his re-appearance in a few moments, the secretary opened the door and slipped in himself to see the fun. The room was very quiet when the secretary entered. 'Rastus was finishing another stately bow. Evidently he had been making a few remarks.

The old colleagues were watching the Governor with curious eyes, but he did not see them. Out from his white and worn face, his kind eyes looked beyond 'Rastus to something invisible. Perhaps that queer figure of the black man in the master's coat reminded the old Governor of the past pride and glory of the South.

"I am sorry I cannot help you," he said at last. "You see I am powerless, and, no matter how they decide, the new Governor will not be of our party. You and I can expect no more favors till—the Lord knows when." He smiled pleasantly at the negro.

"Dat neber occurred to me befo'," answered 'Rastus, thoughtfully. "Ob course ye kayn't suppoht me when ye
ain’t got no support foh ye’se’f. I’se pow’ful sorry for ye, gubenor—mo’ so as I knows how ’tis. I nevah had no support w’en I was runnin’ foh mayah.”

“Oh,” exclaimed his Excellency, with a laugh that was good to hear; “so you are ’Rastus, are you? Yes, I heard of your canvass for that office, and I must say that you might have made quite a—quite a mayor.”

“But about this petition,” continued the Governor. “As I told you, I am powerless.” He glanced mechanically at the list of well-known names, and became curious.

“What position did you want, anyhow?” he asked suddenly.

“Matron, yo’ Excellency.”

“What?”

“Matron ob de refo’m school, yer honah.”

The Governor looked helplessly at the secretary. Something gave way. A sound of mingled laughter astonished those outside the door.

When ’Rastus could be heard, he expostulated feebly, “I don’ see what’(! funny.”

“You don’t?” demanded his Excellency, with a gurgle.

“Why—why, you see, we’ve passed a law that is a little against you.”

“Yas, sah?” inquired ’Rastus; and the others paused to listen. “What law, sah?”

“Why, only women are allowed to fill that position now. Just think of the disappointed voters! It is a great joke—on the other parties.”

In the laughter that followed ’Rastus’ voice was heard longest and loudest. When quiet was finally restored, one of the State officers leaned over and snatched the Governor’s gold-headed cane. Before the Executive understood the manoeuvre the officer was bowing profoundly to ’Rastus.

“Sir,” he said, “we most heartily regret our inability to help so good a servant. We have heard of your faithfulness
to the party. The Governor requests me, sir, to present you this cane as a slight token of his esteem."

The Governor made a frantic grab, but when he saw the old negro's radiant face he paused. After all, it was no great matter to him—but to 'Rastus!

"Keep it always," he answered, softly.

The smiling, courteous old Governor bid him "good day" with a profound bow, which 'Rastus elaborately returned with a dazed expression of thanks.

Elections may come and elections may go after this. It is all one to 'Rastus, so long as he may sometimes go in state with the old Randolph coat and the Governor's gold-headed cane. Life has nothing more to offer him, and all the petty struggles of the political past are to be remembered only because they led to this greater glory.

"The Value of Air Castles."

BY SAMUEL KNOX PHILLIPS, '07.

ONE day a young man started on a climb up one of the mountains of our old North State. As he gradually made his way up its steep side he came face to face with a great, thick, dripping cloud slowly coming down the mountain. He pushed on, however, and finally came out of its wet blanket into the beautiful, clear sunshine. Tired from the climb, he turned and stood looking out over the valley beneath him. The sun's last rays were adding beauty and grandeur to the scene before him.

There in front of him, floating slowly out over the valley, was the black cloud he had just passed through, looking like the age-darkened wall of some ancient citadel. Through a breach in the wall he seemed to be looking into that city. Away in the distance was a massive bank of golden clouds,
looking like the dome of some vast cathedral. How its won­derful golden lustre shone and sparkled in the clear sun­beams! Away to the right there seemed to be a vast lake, formed by dark layers of clouds. So perfect was the picture that the gentle lapping of its waters upon the shore seemed dimly audible, or the triumphant cry of some gull as with a sweep of white wings some daring fish was made its prey.

"Ah!" thought he, "could some artist put yonder scene upon canvas, with all its wealth and delicacy of color, his name would be immortal." Thus he stood, thinking and gazing upon the beautiful scene, till his wall had floated away over the valley, and lake and shore were mingled in one mass of clouds. The golden dome stood last of all, but it, too, soon faded away in the dying rays of a setting sun; and as gloom gradually settled over nature, his whole beautiful scene was gone, never to repeat itself.

Had he not seen an air castle, and one of God's most beau­tiful? The trouble was that it had been all in the air. Its ethereal foundations could not stand, and the delicate lines of its architecture were soon swept away by the breezes of that summer day,

Still, into his soul had come higher aspirations for having gazed upon that scene. His thoughts had been taken away from the troubles of earth, and fixed upon higher and purer things that made the world seem brighter and life one happy song of joy.

This is the mission of the castles we build in the air. If they are built upon high and noble thoughts, they uplift and ennoble character; while, on the other hand, they may draw us down to the level of mere brutes. They are, then, powerful agencies in the life of men and women. Not always do we find them made entirely in the air. So real do they become that, like a guiding star, they lead men on to success or failure.

Did not the thoughts of Julius Caesar when a young man,
those air castles of power and influence which he built, lead him on to attain the position of one of the world's greatest commanders? Did not the idea of worlds connected by unseen wires, of a power in the waves of the ether which now makes wireless telegraphy possible, inspire Marconi to his wonderful discovery, and give him courage and strength to push ahead in the face of an incredulous world? What was it that gave the impulse and determination which finally placed Roosevelt in the highest office of our land? Was it not the dreams of his youth and young manhood, the desire to administer the national affairs wisely and justly? To a great extent, his splendid personality and character are due to those first manly dreams of youth.

Is it not the dream of a little home all his own, and a sweet little woman to crown its beauty, that keeps many a young man in the right path? Are not, in fact, the happiest hours of youth those spent in building air castles, which, who knows, may not become permanent fortresses of character and success?

We should not under-estimate these manly thoughts of youth. They should be disciplined, however, and turned into high and noble channels. Then will our young men be strong, and our young women all that women can be. Then will our literature tower above that of ancient Greece, and attain its highest form of perfection. If our air castles are built upon high ideals, the results will never be low. Our character will become the paragon of all nations, and one of our greatest undeveloped powers will play its proper part in human affairs.
Editorial Comment.

It is a source of real pleasure to know that the publishing of an annual for the session of 1906 is unquestionably assured. We feel confident that the recent action of the Annual Board will be sustained by the student body, and that the officers upon whom devolves the responsibility of “getting out” The Spider may depend upon the support of every student.

We should be intensely interested in the Annual, because of its representative character. It is the most artistic and the most representative publication of the College, to which the Faculty and the whole student body sustain a vital relation. In view of this fact, we should all gladly render any service within our power to those who have charge of this publication.

There will be printed only a limited number of Annuals, so it becomes necessary to assure the business manager immediately as to the number of them that each student desires. Now is the time to attend to this matter, so that no one shall fail to secure an Annual at the close of the session.

We are very glad to know that Richmond College is, as usual, on the side of progress. Notwithstanding the opinion of some, that the raising of the standard of the class work might decrease the enrollment, still we welcome this concerted action in Virginia to give to the word “college” its true significance.

It is thought to be more advantageous to have a higher institution of learning with a small student body than to have a college with a course of study a part of which belongs to an academy.
We are of the opinion that the raising of the standard will attract men, rather than repel them. We hope that the entrance examinations will be rigidly insisted upon, not that we wish to see any one deprived of the privilege of matriculating, but that both the institution and the student himself may be thereby greatly benefited.

FOOT-BALL

REFORM.

It is gratifying to learn that there is an effort being made to so revise the rules of foot-ball as to obliterate the brutality which for the past few years has characterized the game.

We hope that the action taken by the leading colleges and universities of the land, and the efforts put forth by the President of the United States, will not result in mere suggestions, but that some definite plans will be adopted by which the game will be retained, but without its brutality and its serious consequences.

We believe there is that in the game which appeals to the brave and courageous in men, and that which, when one escapes uninjured, develops him as few other systems of training could do.

It is our opinion that Richmond College would gladly endorse any effort in this direction, but would not be in favor of dispensing with the game.
Any one in close touch with college life could have felt the sigh of relief that penetrated the whole atmosphere on the last day of examinations. Relief was certainly the dominant feeling of the co-eds. But even the prospect of dances, teas, and endless Christmas gaiety could not quite shake off the awful thought, to many of the girls, that Junior Math. was to be taken up on the return to College.

This class has been fortunate enough to have escaped co-ed. students until the present time, and this fact may have added to the feeling of hesitancy with which six of the girls descended to the Math. room.

Miss Tyler was the hostess of a house party during the holidays, at her home in Gwathmey. Misses Baker, Brown, and Harrison were among the invited guests. Miss Knapp was prevented from going on account of sickness, and the same cause kept her from taking the "exams.,” but we hope that she may fare even better than the "innumerable caravan” of us that did take them.

Miss Hubbard enjoyed a visit to her home during the holidays. Misses Willingham, Engelburg, Thalhimer, Barnes, Smith, Walker, and Willis had a happy Christmas, which was spent in Richmond. Some were quiet and some gay, but all restful and pleasant.

The co-ed. division of Biology was pleased to see, on returning to the lecture-room, that the skeleton had at least found a resting-place for his bones—on a rack especially adapted to his peculiar needs.

We were glad to welcome Miss Virginia Einford, Miss Ame Urner, and Miss Lelia Betty on the campus shortly after
the holidays. The latter two young ladies are students at Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The holidays seem to have been universally enjoyed on our part. Like all good things, the lamentable fact about them was their extreme briefness; but, at least, we have left the doubtful joys of memory.

We are pleased, indeed, to hear of the probability of Miss Isabel Harris's return to College this term for her degree.
I wonder how many of us really know how prosperous the closing year has been for our nation. The World's Work for December has a very good article on this subject, called "A Glance at the Ending Year." We have tried to show here just one or two points very briefly.

Not only has the general economic progress of our nation been wonderful, but along special lines have we progressed greatly. An earnest awakening has occurred in education. Better schools are being built and better equipment supplied them. Our people are building better homes, and making more beautiful the cities and parks.

There are three strong influences that have been at work in the upbuilding of our people during the past year:

1. The great movements for financial honesty.
2. The development of the South, Southwest, and Northwest.
3. The influence on national character and policy of President Roosevelt's personality and administration.

What we want now is a new man in the trusts and insurance companies. A man honest, frank, and fearless. By his own influence and force of character, our President has turned our thoughts from mere party wrangles to a serious attention of our pressing economic problems. He has shown that the best man for an office has to win his way by his own merits, not in a clear field, but with the direct opposition of the very organizations we have made for electing a man. These are all questions for every college man. They will have to be met sooner or later, and the more we prepare for them the more strength will our nation have in its men of to-morrow.

We wish to call attention again to some things that Presi-
dent Elliot, of Harvard, said in his address to the undergraduates on October 3, 1905. A reprint of this address is to be found in McClure's for January, 1906.

Words spoken by so noble and wise an educator as President Elliot should not be carelessly read by us who are working for an education. He calls attention to three things that compose what he calls "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." At the head of the list he puts health. Without health we are crippled for life. "A young man must be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal," says he.

But health is not all. He must have a strong mental grip, the capacity for grasping and handling great problems. "You ought to obtain here and now," said he, "before your professional career is settled, a trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained."

Last, and making the truly happy man, comes his honor. Shakespeare says, "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." What is a man without his honor? He is without one of the greatest things in this world, and one that, in a large measure, makes him differ from the mere brute. In closing, President Elliot said: "Live as though you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. Live to-day and every day like a man of honor."

The following "New Year's Thought," from an article in The Outlook for December 30th, is very forcibly and well expressed, and we desire to place it before our readers for consideration.

In speaking of the great and all-wise God, and of all He means to a sin-cursed world, the article says:

"To the miserable rich and the wretched poor, to the cynical learned and the vicious ignorant, to the respectable impure and the branded outcast, He opens the only gate to peace. In Him alone are the springs which purify the body and the soul, renew the sinking vitality, bring back the lost
hope, and make men and women strong not only for toil, but for joy."

*The Atlantic Monthly* for December contains a splendid article, well worth reading, entitled "Is the Theatre Worth While?" The writer shows how the theatre has reached its present state of uselessness and evil, by being forced to live on its success as a commercial undertaking. This, of course, sanctions bad as well as good plays, and lowers its character by so much. It is like a spoiled child with too many relatives. They do not care for the child's good especially, so long as they get their few moments of pleasure. The theatre needs discipline to become useful. Its multitude of patrons only use it as a plaything, and care nothing for its good. Just as long as these wrongs exist the theatre will not be of much use as an educator or upbuilder.
Campus Notes.

FRANK LEWIS HARDY, Editor.

The Faculty course of lectures at Richmond College, open to the public, will begin on Thursday evening, January 25th. There will be in all six lectures. They are as follows:

January 25th—"The Place of Fine Arts in a College Course," President F. W. Boatwright.

February 1st—"The Manufacture of Glass," Professor J. M. Whitfield, of the Chair of Chemistry.

February 8th—"Thomas Jefferson, the Nationalist," Professor S. C. Mitchell, of the Chair of History.

February 15th—"The Relation of Public Authority to Extra-Territorial Trade," Dr. W. S. McNeill, associate in Law.

February 22d—"William Shakespeare, Song Maker; a Study of the Lyrics in the Plays," Professor J. C. Metcalf, of the Chair of English.

March 1st—"The Roman and His Religion," Professor W. L. Foushee, of the Chair of Latin.

We are sure that all of our readers will be glad to learn of the success of our coach of three years ago, Mr. Vail.

For the past two years he has been coaching the Gettysburg College team.

In 1904 his team scored on the University of Pennsylvania team, 12 to 6. In 1905 his team lost but one game. Below we give the scores of our team under the coaching of Mr. Vail, season of 1903:

Richmond College, 0; Washington and Lee University, 10. Richmond College, 23; Hampden-Sidney College, 0. Richmond College, 22; George Washington College, 5. Richmond College, 24; William and Mary College, 0. Richmond College, 16; Randolph-Macon College, 0. Richmond College, 5; T. University, 18.
The new officers of the Mu Sigma Rho Society are: J. S. Kahle, President; B. C. Jones, Vice-President; W. R. D. Moncure, Secretary; H. T. Kidd, Treasurer; J. B. Woodward, Jr., Critic; S. K. Phillips, Censor; G. E. Massie, Chaplain; F. M. Sayre, Sergeant-at-Arms.

S. D. Martin was elected Editor-in-Chief of The Messenger, and will enter upon his duties April 1st. Associate Editors of The Messenger: T. L. Kerse, B. C. Jones, W. J. Young.

The following were elected officers of the Philologian Literary Society on January 5th: W. O. Beazley, President; W. M. Black, Vice-President; R. N. Daniel, Secretary; E. M. Ramsey, Treasurer; C. W. Owen, Critic; P. B. Watlington, Censor; L. C. Quarles, Chaplain; J. D. Crain, Sergeant-at-Arms. Associate Editors of The Messenger: T. W. Ozlin, T. H. Binford, and E. M. Louthan.

The following students were recently elected by the Annual Board to have the supervision of the publishing of The Spider: York Coleman, President of Annual Board; W. H. Brown, Editor-in-Chief; K. L. Burton, Business Manager; A. W. Robertson, Secretary; J. B. Woodward, Jr., Art Editor; L. C. Wood, L. E. Cutchins, P. B. Watlington, and C. W. Owen, Associate Editors.

Governor A. J. Montague has been offered one of the chairs in the Law Department of Richmond College. We hope that the rumor of his acceptance is true, for we should welcome him as a member of the Faculty and Dean of the Law School.

It is gratifying to know that the Co-Operative Education Commission of Virginia has again honored Richmond College. Dr. S. C. Mitchell has been elected to succeed himself as President of that organization.
It was a pleasure to have with us during the Christmas holidays Mr. S. H. Templeman, a former student at Richmond College, now of Colgate University, and Messrs. R. F. Hicks and C. W. McElroy, of Crozer Theological Seminary.

We are glad to see several new students on the campus.
December brought a flood of magazines to our exchange table, giving us great pleasure to see such interest and activity taken in college publications, especially throughout this State. Several high school monthlies have found their way to our table recently. While we do not feel at liberty to review and criticise these, yet we wish to encourage this work in every way possible, for we feel that nothing will be of greater benefit to future college magazines than editors and business managers who have received early training in our high schools. We feel constrained to offer our congratulations to the Lynchburg High School upon the attractive appearance and worthy contents of The Critic. The High School Student, of Newport News, and The Virginian, of Hampton, do their respective schools much credit.

The Tattler: "A Frontier Celebration" presents us with a very vivid picture of one phase of frontier life—in fact, this story is a remarkably good description of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. "The Conquest of India," although dealing with well-known facts, shows study, and is made interesting by the emphatic style of the writer. "The Cherub," as a work of fiction, is superior to the majority of college stories. The plot is well conceived and presented with good color and movement. The selection of Princeton as the scene could be improved, since there is no hazing at Princeton. "The Dramatic Club, Pros and Cons," demonstrates the writer's ability in argument, and is no doubt of local interest. We are surprised to find that the magazine from a college with the standing and size of Randolph-Macon Woman's College contains no exchange department.

William and Mary Magazine: "Christmas Eve" carries us beyond the natural into the depths of the improbable,
almost impossible. Yet the story, though somewhat scattering, will hold the reader’s attention. “In the Good Old Summer Time” shows great imagination, but can scarcely be called literature. “Shakespeare and His Henry V.” is a lengthy treatise on what the critics think of the world’s greatest author. The incongruity of the writer in referring to himself through both pronouns, “I” and “we,” detracts greatly. “Why is Byron Great?” while a good essay, fails to tell us why Byron is great. “Twice a Widow” is a well-written story, containing a touch of true humor.

The Hollins Quarterly is up to its usual high standard, and still maintains the happy medium of a well-balanced college magazine. “Hamlet and Peer Gynt” deserves especial mention, being an able article, from a broad point of view, clearly showing deep study and careful preparation. “The Civilization of the Cavaliers” is presented in a clear and forcible manner not usually found in historical essays.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly: Roosevelt seems to be a very popular subject with this issue. Although it is a good subject, we must remember that the best of things can be overdone. “Development of Cartoon Country and Its People” is far superior to anything else contained in the magazine, and may indeed be considered the work of a master.


We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following publications:

University of Virginia Magazine, Niagara Index,

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**Clippings.**

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**Rejected.**

Unto the charnel Hall of Fame  
The dead alone should go;  
Then write not there the living name  
Of Edgar Allan Poe.  

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A lassie who always chewed gum  
Was asked to let up on it some.  
She said, "It's my duty  
To chew tutti-frutti;  
So get out, you son-of-a-gun."

---

Don't be ashamed to play the hog whenever you can.  
That will spare people the trouble of looking at your face.

---

Senators rush in and steal where robbers fear to graft.

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Went to college,  
Joined the 'leven;  
Played one game—  
Went to Heaven.

---

To be, or not to be—a graduate.
Here's to woman, and may she never be worse than she's painted.

Sad.

I like to see the little lambs,
I watch them every day;
But it is terrible to see
Them gambol at their play!

Man wants but little here below—and generally keeps on wanting,

Brevity is the soul of wit—but devilishly uncomfortable in trousers.

Reflections of a College Boy.

The best way to find out who are not your friends is to lend them money.

Riding beats walking any day (especially along a classical "via.")

Let him that thinketh he standeth (well with the Faculty) take heed lest he "bust."

Cold feet are of two kinds—those warmed by a fire and those warmed by the coach.

A dollar in the pocket is (sometimes) worth two in the bank. Borrow from others before they borrow from you.

Notice! If You Want the Best

Plumbing, Tinning, Gas-Fitting,
Culverting, Furnaces, Ranges, Fire-Place Heaters,
Gas Stoves, and Gas Radiators in the City, see
16 Governor Street.

F. S. DALTON & CO.
is published monthly by the two Literary Societies of Richmond College. Its aim is to encourage literary work in the College. Contributions are earnestly solicited from all students and alumni, and should be handed in by the first of the month.

The Subscription price is $1.00 per year; extra single copies to subscribers, 10 cents; single copies to non-subscribers, 15 cents.

Advertising Rates for the entire season: $25.00 per page; $15.00 per half-page; $5.00 per inch. One insertion, $1.00 per inch.

As it is mainly through the kindness of advertisers that THE MESSENGER is published, THE MESSENGER management kindly requests students and friends of the College to patronize those who patronize us. The advertisements have been procured with great care, and are most cheerfully recommended.

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Editor-in-Chief.

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J. B. WEBSTER,
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