Kitty.

She was pretty, was my Kittie;
She was pretty, she was nice.
This wee subject of my ditty
Loves me. Cunningly entice
From me, my Kitty; 'tis a pity
She's so much more fond of mice.

Historic Homes of Richmond—“Columbia.”

BY ALICE BROADUS MITCHELL.

MORE than a hundred years ago one of the fine old country homes in Virginia was “Kingston,” near Petersburg. Here lived Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker, whose home was a
centre of culture and hospitality. Mr. Walker long presided over the bench of magistrates, an honor in that day bestowed only upon a man of education, established integrity, and wealth, that he might be above temptation. Mrs. Walker was a Miss Starke, a sister of Bolling Starke, an influential member of the House of Burgesses. "Kingston" was a large plantation, with many slaves, and formed an active little community of its own, all the woolen and cotton cloth worn by the slaves being grown and woven on the place, and indigo raised to dye the goods. A family of ten sons and daughters made a resident tutor necessary, and the girls shared in the thorough education of their brothers. Two of the sons became physicians, educated for their profession in Paris, and returning to practice in Virginia. There were two daughters, Clara and Mary. It was the elder sister, Clara, who left "Kingston" as a bride and came with her husband, Mr. Philip Haxall, to Richmond, where they built this home and called it "Columbia." Mr. Haxall was from Exning, England, and, with a number of his family, had settled in Petersburg. He and his brother William established here the well-known Haxall Flour Mills, on James river, at the foot of Twelfth street.

I have not been able to find why this house was called "Columbia." Perhaps Mr. Haxall gave the name in compliment to his adopted country. "Columbia" was half a mile from Richmond's western limits, and was a country home, with a garden and farm about it. Mrs. Haxall was an enthusiastic gardener, and the most notable feature of the place soon became the beautiful trees and flowers by which it was surrounded. The laburnum, mimosa, and magnolia are remembered among the trees, and Mrs. Haxall took pleasure in having on her table five kinds of home-grown nuts—the walnut, hickory, pecan, chestnut, and filbert. An English walnut tree still grows by the side entrance of the house.

The lawn was laid out with white graveled walks and
box borders. There were roses innumerable, and an unusual
variety of other flowers. Mr. Haxall, being a shipping mer­
chant, procured for his wife bulbs and seedlings from foreign
countries with which he did business. A Scotch gardener
was imported, and was highly efficient in spite of his name
of Blight. Strawberry plants were brought here from
England, and grew to a perfection which Mr. Haxall reluct­
tantly confessed that the milder sun's rays of his old home
could not equal. Not far from "Columbia" lived a Doctor
Norton, who was a sort of companion Burbank to Mrs.
Haxall, and often consulted her about his experiments in
developing our common wild grape. A grand-daughter of
Mrs. Haxall recalls the day when Doctor Norton crossed the
lawn of "Columbia," bearing an open-work Canton fruit­
bowl heaped with clusters of beautiful grapes. He had
brought his first perfected bunches for Mrs. Haxall to give
the grape a name. She bestowed the name "Norton's
Seedling," which it retains to this day.

All the milk and butter, vegetables, bacon, and poultry
used were furnished by the place. A sea captain once asked
Mrs. Haxall what he could bring her from China, and she
commissioned him to select her a set of Canton china with
eight vegetable dishes, as those she could find here had
only six.

Eleven children were born and brought up at "Columbia,"
and all kept the tenderest recollection of their happy child­
hood spent here, and especially of the wisdom and goodness
of their dear mother. One of the sons, Robert, went to
Harvard College, and there formed a close friendship with
young Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes used to say that
this was the first Southerner he had ever known. After grad­
uating together at Harvard, the two went to Philadelphia
to study medicine. Robert Haxall then announced his inten­
tion of continuing his medical studies in Paris, as his two
uncles had done, and young Holmes concluded to go with
him.
Here Dr. Holmes developed a special taste for anatomy, made it his specialty, and, as we know, became Professor of Anatomy at Harvard. Dr. Haxall returned to Virginia, but the two friends kept up a frequent correspondence, and Dr. Holmes sent in two of the letters pencil copies of "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf," before they were published. When Dr. Haxall was in his last illness, Dr. Holmes was notified, and a letter from him came a few hours after Dr. Haxall's death. The wife did not open it, but laid the letter upon her husband's breast and it was buried with him.

One of the daughters of the house, Mary Bell, married Mr. Moncure, and the wedding was at "Columbia." A daughter of this marriage, Mrs. Perkins, now lives in Richmond. So far as I can ascertain, Miss Mary Bell Haxall's marriage is the only one in the family which took place at "Columbia." Mr. Philip Haxall was senior warden of Monumental Church, and any other weddings were doubtless solemnized there.

Mrs. Haxall was an intimate friend of Chief-Justice Marshall and his wife, and they were often at "Columbia." Mrs. Marshall's frail health only redoubled her husband's devotion, and Mrs. Haxall used to say that it was like the continual reading of a poem to see the two together. Mrs. Marshall often got into her little carriage and came out to spend the day at "Columbia," and Mrs. Haxall would usher her into her guest-chamber with loving solicitude, for an hour's rest before appearing among the busy household. Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Haxall, Mrs. Governor Wood, Mrs. Carrington, and a few other ladies, united in founding the first orphanage established in Richmond. It is still carrying on its work under the name given by these ladies, the Female Humane Association, and has always been absolutely unsectarian. Mrs. Marshall was one of the early presidents of the Association, and her grand-daughter, Miss Harvey, now occupies
this post of public service. Through Mrs. Haxall's influence, an Irish gentleman, Mr. Wall, who was inspector of flour at the Haxall Mills, gave a substantial sum to build the home of the institution, which is on Leigh street near Seventh.

A close friend of the Haxall family, and frequent visitor at "Columbia," was General Winfield Scott, whose elder brother had married Mrs. Haxall's aunt, Miss Starke. Mrs. Haxall had a skill in medicine almost as marked as her love for gardening, and was often called on to advise and help in times of illness. One night General Scott rode hastily up and called under Mrs. Haxall's window, "Clara! Clara!" His only son, a little fellow, was taken with croup, and the doctor could not relieve him. Mrs. Haxall hurried with General Scott to his home, but the child was past all help and died in her arms.

The life at "Columbia" was abundantly comfortable and home-like, but with an utter absence of ostentation. One who was brought up there said to me, "We never heard any talk of the distinction of classes. My grand-mother impressed me as a child with her boundless charity and interest in mankind as such, and her anxiety for us to value what is best in life. Indeed, it was not till one of the grand-children wished to present her credentials for joining the Colonial Dames that we took any special notice that a number of our ancestors had been what is called distinguished men."

Mrs. Haxall closed her long and well-spent life in Richmond, at the home of her daughter, and is buried in Hollywood. "Her children rise up and call her blessed," and even the stranger who comes to her old home finds in her example a cherished heritage.

In 1832 Richmond College had made its beginning, at "Spring Farm," five miles from Richmond. The spot is now Bloomingdale Stock Farm, at the head of the Hermitage road. The first year there were fourteen students, and the next year twenty-six. In 1834 the trustees bought from
Mrs. Haxall the property of "Columbia," and the whole institution was housed under this roof, using the upper floor as dormitories, the next for lecture-rooms and library, and the basement for dining-room, chapel, and so on. A small room was cut off from the great front hall, and here the library was kept. Wooden out-buildings answered for some of the dormitories and as kitchen and servants' quarters. The first President of the College was Dr. Robert Ryland, who for thirty-four years held that office, and watched over the infancy and youth of the institution as devotedly as a father. It needs only a glance at Dr. Ryland's portrait to see that he was a man of conviction, sincerity, wisdom, and energy, and freely were his powers exerted in the creative work before him.

"Columbia" was still in the country when the College moved in. From this point to Henry street stretched the common, over which roamed herds of cows, and across which beaten paths led to different parts of the city. The walk in to Richmond at night was not without danger. "Screamerville," with its saloons, fierce dogs, and highwaymen, must be passed. The corner of Foushee and Grace was then a large pond, a favorite skating place in winter. The Richmond gas company declined to extend its pipes so far out in the country, and the College built its own works and for awhile made excellent gas out of pine wood; but, finding the expense too great, this had to be given up.

The whole regime of those days at "Columbia" was one of plain living, in preparation for high thinking. The furniture and equipment were as simple as possible. Many of the students were men of straitened means; the sum fixed for board was low, and the fare correspondingly plain. Dr. Ryland quietly observed for himself and his family the same regimen with the students. At the meals it was the custom to propose questions that would turn the conversation into useful channels, and on occasion words were given out
to be spelled and passed around until all had mastered them.

The sportiveness of the boys led to many amusing incidents. Dr. Ryland recalled that “at the beginning of each session they had a so-called ‘Secret Club,’ into which the ‘green-horns’ were inducted with great solemnity every Saturday night. After grave preliminaries and a sacred pledge of secrecy, they invited the novitiate to occupy the chair of honor, between the president and vice-president, and he sat down with much complacency, on a richly-draped chair, to find himself in a tub of cold water.” Mrs. Knight, Dr. Ryland’s daughter, remembers a Portuguese gardener named Francisco, who was in love with the house-keeper, Susan Basket. The boys teased Francisco so much over his love affair that he was afraid to run the gauntlet of being married in their presence, and asked Dr. Ryland if he “couldn’t marry Susan by herself and me by myself.” When the Prince of Wales was in Richmond, one of the College boys, as a hoax, announced in chapel one morning that the Prince would come out to visit the College that day, at a certain hour. All flew to preparations. Three or four boys at a time pushed the heavy roller over the graveled walks, every stick and leaf was picked off the lawn, extra servants were brought in to get the house in apple-pie order—and it was all for naught.

The two first alumni of the College were Mr. Josiah Ryland and Dr. P. S. Henson. Mr. Ryland, in some reminiscences written a few years ago, says: “On one occasion when the bread ran low, and the mischievous students began to sing out, ‘Bread, bread, bread,’ in measured cadence, Professor Holmes rapped on the table, and, with the most profound solemnity, exclaimed, ‘Gentlemen may cry ‘bread, bread, bread,’ but there is no bread.’” Mr. Ryland recalled a colored boy, “Tom, the cup-bearer, who, with more speed than grace, flew up and down the table, trying to serve fifty
hungry men at once. Tom enjoyed keenly the honors of his position, and regarded himself as one of the early graduates. Picking up little snatches of Latin, he would say, with gravity, 'Mr. Culpepper Brown, will you take your coffee cum lacte or sine lacte?'

Dr. Charles Cocke was one of the early students, and had special charge of the lawn about the building. He records that Dr. Jeter one day rode by and complimented him on the neatness of his work, and that his heart swelled with gratification at being kindly noticed by this great man. Some years later Dr. Cocke became a tutor in the College, and took charge of the boarding department for several years. He and Mrs. Cocke lived at "Columbia," and two of his children were born here. Mrs. Booten Hill also lived in this house for a brief space in her childhood. Her father, Mr. Albert Hudgins, had a post of trust in the College, but died at the end of one year.

Some of the earliest students of the College were Joseph Walthall, Richard Herndon, father of Mrs. A. L. Stratford, of Richmond, J. R. Garlick, Elias Dodson, A. E. Dickinson, and J. L. Shuck. Dr. Garlick made the beginning of his Christian life by professing conversion at a chapel service held at "Columbia," while he was living here. The earliest students now living are Mr. John Newton Ryland, of King and Queen county, who entered in 1833, and is now ninety-one years old, and Mr. A. P. Fox, of Albemarle county. Dr. C. H. Toy, now Professor at Harvard, was one of the early teachers; so also were Professor George Frederic Holmes, afterwards of the University of Virginia, and Dr. J. O. Long, late of Crozer Seminary. Professor C. H. Winston tells me that his first recollection of "Columbia" is of coming to this College as a student from Hampden-Sidney, and attending an entertainment which the boys got up at "Columbia," where he tried to play the agreeable to one of Mr. James Thomas's daughters.
Mrs. Haxall’s beautiful flower-garden continued for many years to be a delight to those who lived at “Columbia.” Mrs. Knight recalls, “We had all the flowers we wanted, and plenty to give away. How well I remember, as a child, my mother sitting on the porch and my twining her with roses and wreathing them in her hair.” A stately visitor of those days used to be Mrs. Mayo, who lived at “Bellville,” very near by. This handsome home had been built by Mr. Bell, who married Mrs. Haxall’s sister, but was later bought by Colonel John Mayo, the founder of Mayo’s Bridge. “Bellville” stood near where the present main building of the College is, but Mrs. Mayo would get into her carriage to make the call, driving around from her picturesque Broad-street entrance. Her carriage had Venetian blinds, steps that let down, and straps behind, by which the footman held. Mrs. Mayo liked to argue, and I fancy that Dr. Ryland could give her a treat in that direction. It was one of the interesting affinities, such as we sometimes see, between the gay lady and this “father in Israel.” When “Bellville” burned down, in 1842, Mrs. Mayo refused to leave the mansion, and Dr. Ryland and one of his students lifted her, chair and all, and carried her from the burning building. I have heard that Mrs. Mayo then sat, with the greatest fortitude, in front of the burning ruins, not making a single lamentation or murmur. One of her daughters had married General Winfield Scott, and another daughter was Mrs. Cabell, with whom Mrs. Mayo afterwards made her home, on the corner of Sixth and Grace streets, in Richmond.

When the war broke over the South in ’61, Richmond College had 160 students and six professors. Nearly all of these went to the front, and the College buildings were used as a hospital by the Confederates. Many of the poor fellows died at “Columbia,” and blood-stains were long visible on the floors. Mr. Josiah Ryland was once sitting with me in the little room that is now Professor Metcalf’s study, and said,
with a tender smile, "In that corner I lay on a cot, after I
was wounded in the war. My wife was sent for, and she
came in at that door. She looked like an angel."

From April, 1865, the College buildings were used as bar­
racks by Federal troops, for eight months. When they left,
the library and apparatus were carted off, floors broken
through, doors wrenched from their hinges, and general havoc
wrought to the buildings and grounds. Much of the endow­
ment had been in Confederate bonds, and these, of course,
"represented nothing on God's earth now." Mr. James
Thomas, and other friends, came nobly to the rescue, and the
work of rehabilitation was begun. Dr. Ryland, however, felt
that younger hands than his must undertake this task, and
retired from the Presidency. He spent most of the rest of
his life in Kentucky, and lived till the age of ninety-four
years. His grandson, Dr. Ryland Knight, is pastor of the
Calvary Baptist Church, in Richmond. I recall hearing Dr.
Robert Ryland address the students here, only a few months
before his death, and their presenting him with a large bou­
quet of flowers.

In 1866 Dr. Tiberius Gracchus Jones became President of
the College, and took up his residence at "Columbia." Other
buildings were now available for lecture-rooms and dormi­
tories. Dr. Jones had been pastor of the Freemason-Street
Church, in Norfolk, (this church and its parsonage having
been built for him,) and also pastor in Baltimore. He was
one of the most eloquent preachers we ever had in Virginia,
some passages in his sermons being often and again quoted.
His father had been a friend and admirer of Andrew Jack­
son—and must also have been an admirer of the classics
and of Roman history, as he named his four sons Tiberius
Gracchus, Cincinnatus, Telemachus, and Ulysses. Dr. Jones
was notably gentle and tender in his home life, and especially
towards his wife, who died in the second year of their resi­
dence here. The College boys called Dr. Jones's children
"the little Gracchi," and one of these, her father's walking companion, is Mrs. T. B. Jeffress, of Richmond. After three years, Dr. Jones resigned the Presidency, and spent his later years in Norfolk and Nashville. He died in 1895, while on a visit to Richmond, at Mrs. Jeffress's home.

From this point until 1895, when Mr. Boatwright was elected President, the College was managed by a Chairman of the Faculty, and the position was held alternately by Professors Harris and Puryear.

In 1869 Professors H. H. Harris and Edmund Harrison, with their families, came to live at "Columbia," dividing the house between them. After three years, the Harrisons took a house down town, but Professor Harris's family made "Columbia" their home for fifteen years longer. When the two families were separating, Dr. J. L. M. Curry came in, and said: "Well, well! here are two women who live in the same house for three years, and then cry at parting!" Dr. Harrison had the Chair of Latin, and was so courteous in his bearing toward the students that they called him "the noblest Roman of them all." He was pastor of the Sydney Church, out of which grew Grove-Avenue Church. He was especially interested in State Missions, and a most useful member of that Board. Mrs. Harrison was a sister of Mrs. C. H. Winston, and had much of Mrs. Winston's unforgettable charm. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison went from Richmond to Hopkinsville, Ky., where Dr. Harrison and his sons conduct a prosperous school for young women.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Harris, with their children, were now the sole occupants of "Columbia," which had served manifold purposes for so many years. All would agree that while Dr. Harris lived he was the bright particular star of this College. His seat is vacant, for there is none like him, equally profound and clear, able and unassuming, magnetic and inspiring. Mrs. Harris was a Miss Bibb, of Charlottesville, and Dr. Harris once showed a friend the site of her old
home, and said: "There I found my best Bibb and tuck her." In Mrs. Harris "Columbia" found another mistress whose example is an inspiration that "goes with the house." Always active, cordial, and cheery, with sound judgment and the kindest of hearts, in her home-life "she's one o' them things as looks brightest on a rainy day, and love you the most when you're most in need of it."

Many a preacher from down town used to journey up here to consult Dr. Harris about his sermons. A number of them, too, formed the habit of coming up to play croquet, in particular Drs. J. L. Burrows, Henry McDonald, and Dr. Jeter. They would play till it grew so dark that they had to tie their handkerchiefs on the wickets. One mysterious circumstance I must mention. While the Harrises lived here it was well known that their house was one of those places of entertainment where no stranger who went in ever came out again—the explanation being that they came out friends. At commencement times, and when the Trustees were meeting, it was a matter of friendly interest to the neighbors to note the stream of people who poured out of this house in the mornings, after breakfast. I like to remember that my father was often a visitor here, and once a guest for some days. He had been Mrs. Harris's pastor in Charlottesville, and had baptized her, and had also the warmest attachment to Dr. Harris. At the close of the session, the "Greek Teas," given here to Dr. Harris's classes, became a distinct factor in the life of the College, and students scattered far and wide delight to recall them.

Professor Puryear and his family lived at "Columbia" for about five years, and preferred this house to any other on the campus. Professor Puryear had the Chair of Chemistry, and was a man of fine presence and strong characteristics. I had never seen him until one "Field Day" at the College, a few years ago, and then my immediate impression was, "I don't know who you are, but you are somebody." Like Mrs.
Haxall; Professor Puryear was a notable gardener, and was fond of extolling the man who made two blades of grass grow where there had been but one. He had a flourishing vegetable garden over on Franklin street, where Mr. Campbell’s house now stands, and his delicious strawberries are especially remembered. Professor Puryear contributed to the press valuable articles upon agriculture and educational matters, and still continues to do so from his country estate, near Madison Mills, in Virginia.

In 1865 we came to the College, and have been for ten years the latest occupants of “Columbia.” We seem to have made no history here. One summer we rented the house to Mr. and Mrs. Coulling, of Richmond. Their little girl, five years old, spoke French very nicely. The amusing thing was to hear the colored nurse, who slipped bits of French into her English, and upon whom the language seemed to have had a refining effect. “Now,” she would say to the child, “come in Maman chérie’s room. Put on le chapeau; les gants. Tell the lady adieu.”

One word more. I know two little brown-eyed lads, who, if their biographies are ever written, must have it recorded that they were born at “Columbia.” May a benediction from the old home rest upon them as they go out to do their work in the world.

Saying “Good-Bye.”

BY P.

Ah, love, last night as with you I sat And talked ’neath your magic spell, And gazed into your eyes so true, That said, “Here love doth dwell.”

There came a thought into my brain, Which tapped, and tapped, and tapped, Like the tiny little drops of rain That fall in great Earth’s lap.
RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

That thought, sweetheart, I scarce can breathe,
   It makes the heart-beats cease,
It makes the hot blood fairly seethe,
   It strives to root out peace.

Four words it says, and them you know,
   For our hearts beat in tune,
And those words are, "Love, I must go,
   And you are left, so soon.

Good-bye—ah, love, you can't but see
   My happy heart I'm leaving,
And lest your own should die of grieving,
   I take it here with me.

College Bores.

By James Benjamin Webster, '06.

THE world is full of bores. There are bores in business life, in religious life, in educational life, in social life. The college bores, though they may be classified under the head of educational bores, are unique, and they are as numerous and varied as they are unique.

It is difficult to decide which should come first in the order of magnitude, for they make nearly equal contributions to the disagreeable elements of college life. The best way to describe these bores, perhaps, is to try to give a picture of the bore.

Three men are gathered in the hall, engaged in earnest conversation. The matter under discussion is evidently not intended for ears other than their own. Presently a man comes strolling along past the group, with an air of absolute unconcern and the utmost leisure. His pace may be slow, but when he nears the group his gait decreases perceptibly. If there happens to be a window within ear-shot, he suddenly finds something of absorbing interest, which can be seen only
COLLEGE BORES.

from that window. The men look at him, and wink at each other knowingly, and move a little farther away. He then strolls leisurely past again, apparently unconscious that any one is near him, yet with ear strained to find out, at least, what those men are talking about. That same man may be seen repeating these manoeuvres a dozen times a day, whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Two young men are sitting in a room in one of the dormitories. One of them is listening with a half-credulous, half-angry expression on his face. The talker we recognize as our old friend, the eaves-dropper.

His persistent curiosity has been rewarded by hearing some remark made by one of his listener's friends, and, like a bird of ill omen, he flies directly to inject the venomous words into the man's heart. This gossip puts a wrong interpretation on many a thing he hears, in order to change it into a startling piece of news, which causes many a heart needless pain. He sympathizes with the listener in his sorrow and anger, and if he drops a hot word the gossip, at the earliest opportunity, carries it back to the other man.

Then let us watch another man. He comes into the classroom with a self-conscious, superior air. He walks so heavily that it interferes with the speaker, whether he be teacher or pupil. He may not recite very well himself, but if any one else blunders he breaks out in a giggle or a loud guffaw. After class adjourns he meets some of his class-mates and proceeds to explain why he failed, usually attributing the failure to anything but the true cause—namely, lack of mental ability on his own part. No matter what subject comes up for discussion, his opinion he never fails to express, whether it is desired or not, and when expressed it is final. No one else has an opinion worthy of consideration. It is of no use to argue with such a man. In his relation to his fellow-men he generally maintains an attitude of condescension or utter disregard.
Closely akin to this specimen bore is the man who has a similar opinion of himself, but is a little more genial and sociable. He inflicts himself upon the poor suffering student body in a different manner. A man is sitting in his room, hard at work, trying to finish some very important task. Some one raps. The student hesitates to reply. The knock comes again. He recognizes the rap this time, and still hesitates; but at a third knock he rises half-angrily, and unlocks the door and invites the caller in. Regardless of the fact that he knows the man is very busy, or he would have let him in at first, the visitor picks out a comfortable chair at the polite, if not sincere, invitation to have a seat. Topics of general interest are discussed for fifteen minutes, and the remainder of his two or three hour call the visitor occupies by telling some of the many wonderful things he or some of his relatives and friends have done. The time is thrown away for both.

Perhaps the greatest bore is the man called a “fresh rat.” He is a first-year man, and usually, on account of his brightness, has taken a leading part in life at some little academy. He may be at college on a scholarship won in an academy. He is sure that there is no limit to the capacity of his intellect, either in the class-room or on the campus. He, like the conceited man, does not wait to be consulted on a subject, but immediately volunteers abundant information, whether it fits the occasion or not.

These are not all the elements in college life that make us regret the day we turned our steps in pursuit of higher learning; yet, numerous as they are, they can never overshadow the joys of college days.
ABOUT twenty students of Clairmont College were gathered about the porch leading to one of the eating clubs, from which the students had come, discussing the coming Indoor Track Meet. A news-boy had just brought the evening papers, in which were the entries of the different colleges.

Clairmont College was to run against Vernon College in a relay race, and of course the Clairmont men were anxious to know whom they were going to have as their opponents. After looking over the list, Van Clant, who was one of the runners on the Clairmont team, read this:

"The strong team of Clairmont College has entered the following men to run in a relay race against Vernon College: Van Clant, Lee, Cook, Brookins, and Melton.

"The men from Vernon are: Temple, Trowbridge, Strong, Hart, and Mathews.

"A very fast race is expected, as a strong feeling of rivalry exists between the two colleges."

After Van Clant had finished reading the list, one of the students said: "Did you read Mathews as one of the men on the Vernon team?"

"Yes," replied Van Clant.

"I wonder what Brookins will say when he hears of that," remarked the student. "You know he and Mathews are both paying attention to Miss Cooper, over at Fenton. Brookins drives over there almost every Sunday while Mathews is down at college."

"I wonder whom Miss Cooper will cheer for at the race," spoke up another of the students. "That ought to help Brookins to find out whom she cares for the more."

Their conversation drifted to different entries in the event—
which college they thought would win the shot-put, which
the mile run, and so on. Presently Tindall, Brookins' chum,
left the group and went over to the dormitory in which
Brookins roomed. Without knocking on the door, he walked
in and found his chum studying so as to be able to get out
for practice with the team.

"Say! chum," said Tindall, before his chum had a chance
to speak; "what do you think! Mathews is going to run
with the Vernon relay team against us."

"Well, what about that?" smilingly remarked Brookins,
trying not to show his surprise.

"Come, come, old man," said Tindall. "I know how you
feel. I know Miss Cooper will come to the race, and I'll bet
you run with Mathews."

"Oh, yes; I did tell you all about it, didn't I? Well, if
Miss Cooper cheers for us, why, what's the use of caring?"
calmly replied Brookins. "I'm going over to see her
to-morrow afternoon, and I'll try to find out what she intends
to do."

The next day Brookins drove over to Fenton and took
Miss Cooper out for a drive. During the ride he spoke of
the race, and mentioned something about her friend going to
run; but he was unable to find out which college she wanted
to win.

About 9 o'clock he came back to the college, and went
up to Tindall's room. Tindall being out, he sat down and
began to look over some magazines which lay on the table.

In a few minutes Tindall came in, and, seeing his chum
seated there, said, "Well, Brookins, how did you make out?"

"I didn't find out much," replied Brookins. "I know
Mathews sent Miss Cooper a Vernon pennant, to which was
pinned a note, reading 'Root for Vernon,' but she said she
did not know whom she would 'root' for. Nevertheless, I
imagine she will cheer for Vernon."
The next five days passed quickly, the Clairmont team developing wonderful speed. They felt sure of victory.

Tindall had told some of his chums about the affair of Brookins and Miss Cooper, so they determined to help Brookins, if possible.

Saturday came at last. Clairmont had the greatest confidence in her team. Everybody on the campus was talking about the meet.

About 3 o'clock the Clairmont students got into a group, and, headed by the college band, marched around the gymnasium, and then down the street to the armory, where the event was to be held. After giving some yells in front of the building, they went in and took seats on the south side. Presently the men from the different colleges began to arrive. As each group came in it would give its college yell, which, mingled with the band playing, made a considerable noise. But the town in which Clairmont was located was a town of great college spirit. It was proud of its college, and the more noise its students made, while in town, the better they liked it.

Tindall, after singing and yelling with the other students, left the group and began to look around to find the place where Miss Cooper sat. Fortunately, he knew her by sight, but she did not know him. Seeing where she sat, he went to his chums and told them to come with him. They went over to the north side of the building and found the bench behind Miss Cooper to be empty. She was sitting with her mother and two girl friends. The three students sat down directly behind them, and heard Miss Cooper say: "I really think Vernon will win, but I do not want to see either college lose."

After awhile the students heard one of Miss Cooper's chums remark: "I think you will be just horrible if you do not cheer for Mr. Brookins's college, since he has been so kind to you."

"Well, he didn't send me any pennant, and I don't believe he cares," responded Miss Cooper.
It was not long before the events opened. The shot-put came first, the pole-vault second, and then the races. After the fifty-yard dash came the relay races. The one between Clairmont and Vernon was third on the list. The two before this were exciting, but neither seemed to attract much attention from Miss Cooper and the three students.

Next came the announcement of the Clairmont and Vernon race. Tindall and his chums watched Miss Cooper. They looked at each other and smiled. Miss Cooper had the Vernon pennant.

The four men from Vernon came out, got down on the mark, and took a little jog up and down the track, amid the cheering of the Vernon students. In the meantime Miss Cooper sat perfectly quiet. Next came the Clairmont men, amid tremendous applause. They were evidently the favorites. After they had taken a jog up and down the track, the starter blew the whistle for each team to get ready. Lee, from Clairmont, and Hart, from Vernon, started. Miss Cooper and the three students were thoroughly aroused by this time. Hart had the better of the race, coming in about a yard ahead of Lee. Trowbridge was ready for Hart, and Van Clant for Lee. Trowbridge managed to keep the lead given him by Hart. Next Melton and Temple ran, Melton slipping and enabling Temple to gain a yard more. Luck seemed to be against Clairmont, but the Clairmont students and towns-people kept yelling and urging their men onward. The excitement was intense. Miss Cooper had unfurled her pennant and placed it alongside her seat, still hesitating as to which college to cheer for. Every one, except the three students, was eagerly watching the runners.

"Now is your chance," softly whispered one of Tindall's chums. Tindall, glancing around to see if any one was looking at him, slowly slid his hand across the back of Miss Cooper's seat, and, taking the Vernon pennant, put in its place one of the Clairmont pennants. By this time, as Tin-
dall had thought, Mathews and Brookins were running, Mathews having a lead of about three yards. Miss Cooper picked up the pennant and began to wave it furiously. As the runners passed the place where Miss Cooper sat, they both glanced up and saw her waving the Clairmont pennant. It had an indescribable effect upon each of the runners. Brookins, upon seeing it, gritted his teeth and, lowering his head like a charging bull, sped past Mathews, who also, upon seeing it, gritted his teeth, but not with the determination to win. A sudden feeling of hatred came over him and he rushed after his opponent. Around the track they raced. Never was such a fast race seen in that building before. It was a moment of the greatest excitement. The Clairmont men seemed to have gone mad. The crowd had lost all self-control. They were simply frantic. Brookins, closely followed by his opponent, crossed the mark, and both the runners fell exhausted.

It was fully five minutes before the cheering ceased. As soon as Clairmont won, Miss Cooper stopped cheering and put the pennant in her lap. Her head was turned as she laid it down, but, upon turning and seeing that she held a Clairmont pennant in place of the one she had brought, she started back as if it were a serpent, and, uttering a low scream, fell fainting in her mother's arms. Tindall picked her up and carried her out to one of the side rooms, where he, with the aid of her mother, soon restored her. In a few minutes she was back at her seat, watching the rest of the programme.

"What was the trouble, dear," asked her mother.

"Oh, it was nothing. I cannot tell you now, mother," replied Miss Cooper.

As Tindall did not go to his seat, his chums soon joined him with the rest of the students.

The next afternoon Brookins drove over to see Miss Cooper. Upon arriving at her home, he was told by her mother that she was ill and did not wish to be seen. Brookins could not
imagine what was the trouble. He hardly thought she was too ill to be seen—surely it must be something else. Had he known of the trick his chums had played, he would probably have thought differently. Driving back to the college, he reached his room about 9 o'clock.

He did not have time on Monday to think of the affair, so busy was he kept receiving congratulations from his fellow-students.

On Tuesday he received a letter bearing the post-mark of Fenton, which read:

My Dear Mr. Brookins,—It was all a mistake, I assure you. I am very sorry for the way I treated you Sunday.

Last Saturday I went to the race with a Vernon pennant, and almost hoped that Vernon would win; but during the race some one took my pennant and put in its place a Clairmont pennant. There were three young men sitting behind me during the race, but I do not think they would have done anything like that, because they were so kind to me when I was taken ill.

In my excitement I picked up the Clairmont pennant and waved it, but now I am glad I did. You were so noble. You deserved to win, and I am very glad you did.

If you can drive over any afternoon this week I shall be glad to have you call.

Yours sincerely,

Pauline C. Cooper.

Several weeks later he showed the letter to Tindall, who told him all that he and his chums had done.

Seven years afterwards, at a re-union, Tindall told, to the amusement of the other college men, how Brookins had gotten his wife through the little trick which had been played on him by his three chums.
A highly appreciative audience of students, members of the Faculty, and others, assembled in the chapel on Friday, April 6th, at 12:30 o'clock, for the annual Arbor Day exercises of the Senior Class. Representatives of the Class of 1906, in cap and gown, occupied the platform. The exercises opened with the singing of the national hymn, after which Rev. W. L. Ball, of the West-View Baptist Church, offered prayer. Miss Julia Peachy Harrison, representing the women of the class, then read very delightfully Piatt's beautiful poem, "The Spirit of the Leaves."

Mr. P. S. Flippin, president of the class, next introduced, in a few happy words, Colonel Eugene C. Massie, of Richmond, the chief orator of the day, "who, while not an alumnus of Richmond College, is the next best thing to it, a graduate of the University of Virginia," said Mr. Flippin.

Colonel Massie delivered a carefully-prepared address on "Forestry," a subject on which he is a recognized authority. Beginning with a poetic reference to the Forest of Arden and the inspiration which trees had furnished in literature, Colonel Massie warned his hearers that if he grew tiresome they could expect nothing else from such arboreal remarks. He confessed to a love for every stately grove. Trees deserve protection as much as individuals. All civilized nations, excepting heathen Chinee, have long had forestry laws.

In 1832 Congress passed the first act designed to protect our forests. In 1881 a Bureau of Forestry was established, and in 1891 the Forestry Act became a law. In 1905 the national Forest Reserves passed under the control of the Department of Agriculture.

The first attempt at scientific forest-planting in the South was at Biltmore, N. C., in 1892.
In 1901 the Virginia Legislature appointed a Commission on the Preservation of the Appalachian Forests, and in 1902 the same body passed an act for the annual celebration of Arbor Day. The Congress of the United States has of late taken an interest in the preservation of the Appalachian Forest Reserves, though no definite action has yet been taken.

There are many reasons why these extensive forests should be preserved, and the State of Virginia should feel a deep interest in the matter. Colonel Massie went on to show how forests protect the soil, prevent destruction by floods, and contribute to climatic, commercial, and other benefits. Wanton destruction of our forests means ultimate impoverishment.

Forest fires have caused wide destruction yearly in our own State. During the last two years, in eight counties in Virginia, 145,150 acres of forest were burned. Over 11,000,000 acres of forests are yearly consumed in various industrial pursuits in the United States. Newspapers are large consumers of wood in paper manufacture. *The Times-Dispatch*, for instance, uses up seventy-two acres of forests a year.

The true value of our forests has not been appreciated, and real missionary work is needed to prevent the sale or wanton waste of our forest reserves.

Colonel Massie closed his informing address with an eloquent account of certain historic trees in Richmond, notably the old tulip tree in the Capitol Square, which had seen history made and many wars since the days of John Smith—venerable witness of famous men and deeds.

Following this address Miss Madge Bowie sang most charmingly to piano and violin accompaniment.

The audience then adjourned to the campus north of Ryland Hall, where brief speeches were made by representatives of the several sections of the class.

The "B. A." tree was planted by William Henry Yancey, after a felicitous oration, reminiscent and prophetic; the "M. A." tree by David June Carver after some humorous remarks.
by way of introduction and conclusion to a bodyless speech denomi- 
ating the tree a Charles Thomas Darwin-Jefferson 
evolutionary-nationalistic growth (see M. A. theses, 1906); 
the "B. S." tree by Frederick Morris Sayre, after an interest­ 
ing account of tree virtues general and local; and the "B. L." tree by Robert Randolph Parker, after earnest words of 
retrospect and hope.
We desire to call attention to the fact that "The Messenger" is composed of such matter as is submitted; and its readers must bear in mind that this issue comes out under serious difficulties, as the time of those who are accustomed to write has been given to preparing and taking the winter examinations.

The interest shown in the recent joint debate between the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies, and the enthusiasm shown during the oratorical contest, expresses to a great degree the valuable work done by the societies, in behalf of which we express our most heart-felt approval.

Messrs. Ankers and Binford, who represented the Philologian Literary Society, were successful in the joint debate, while Mr. W. J. Young, of the Mu Sigma Rho, was awarded the Joint Orators' Medal.
Welcome!—to the spring term welcome. It is with great pleasure we see this number of The Messenger, since it means so many things to all. The intermediate examinations are over, and that means, as Solomon of old said, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Everyone seems to have put on renewed energy since the examinations and the coming of spring. It is to be hoped that bright prospects will not be cut off by the usual epidemic of spring fever, but so long as we have History, Math., Latin, etc., there will scarcely be time for such indulgence.

Miss Isabel Harris was at home informally to the Zeta Tau Alpha Society on Saturday, March 31st. Those present were Misses Alice Welsh, Josephine McLevel, Virginia Binford, Lorena Mason, Bertha Knapp, Marie Bristow, Peachy Harrison, Mattie Brown, Mary Tyler, Helen Baker, Julia Barnes, and Isabel Walker. Refreshments were served after an interesting guessing contest, and a delightful afternoon was spent.

We are all delighted over the score that the Richmond College base-ball nine piled up against William and Mary. We are more and more convinced that nothing can down the "crimson and blue," and we are anxious to see the Richmond College boys prove this to the Randolph-Macon "Yellow Jackets."

Most of the Co-eds. intend to go to Williamsburg on the 14th of April to see the championship game with William and Mary. Several of us witnessed William and Mary's great defeat of 1904, and we want to see this repeated.
We are glad to welcome Miss Isabel Harris to the College again. She comes to us now as one of the graduating class, and we wish for her success as brilliant as has been hers in the past.

We regret to see Miss Marie Bristow return home. It would be a pleasure to have her with us during the spring term. However, we are glad to know she expects to attend commencement.

Miss Leila Willis has been ill at her home for several days, but will soon be able to be out again.

Miss Mattie Brown will spend the Easter holidays in Gwathmey with Miss Mary Hawes Tyler.
Two interesting and instructive addresses were delivered before the student body on March 25th and 28th. The first was on "Journalism as a Profession," by Hon. Joseph Bryan; the other on "Banking as a Profession," by President W. M. Habliston, of the National Bank of Virginia.

The series of religious services held during the last week of March was well attended. Several of these services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Riley, of Minneapolis, and the remainder by members of the Faculty.

Although the weather had continued unfavorable for practice, our team made a satisfactory showing against the University of Virginia. On account of bad weather, several games had to be cancelled.

The course of Faculty Lectures ended Thursday, April 8th, with a lecture by Dr. W. L. Foushee, Professor of Latin. His subject, "Virgil in the Middle Ages," was received with appreciation by the audience.

Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, of Baltimore, while delivering his course of lectures on European Tours, under the auspices of the West View Baraca Bible Class, gave a very interesting address at the chapel.

The delegates who attended the Student Volunteer Movement Convention, at Nashville, returned with very inspiring accounts of the meetings.

The intermediate examinations were completed on Saturday, March 24th, and, as we are now on the home-stretch, the goal seems almost at hand.

The joint literary programme, on March 29th, was full of
interest. The debate was won by the representatives of the Philologian Society.

We hope to see those students who recently left College on account of sickness again in their places at the opening of next session.

We are glad to report that those students who have been sick are nearly all out again. Few cases were serious.

After the examinations several students went home for short visits to relatives and friends.
Our desk this month is fairly laden with a great variety of literature of all kinds—good, bad, and indifferent. There is a marked tendency among college magazines to fall into a certain habit, and remain without change from year to year. This is particularly true in respect to the arrangement of material. It is the almost unbroken custom to begin the magazine with some bit of light poetry, followed by an article usually heavy, and the lengthiest of all. This is followed by a story, and so on to the end. Now, we appreciate the fact that it is no easy matter for the editors to decide just what is the best arrangement for their material, but we believe that they should not be willing to follow a fixed order always, simply because it is the custom. They can study the art of arrangement from the high-class magazines of good literature, and get many helpful suggestions in this way. There is also a marked tendency in many of our exchanges to subordinate the literary part of their paper to the merely local concerns. In some of them more than half of the pages are taken up with “Athletics,” while in others the “Locals,” “Alumnae Notes,” “Campus Talks,” etc., is the more prominent part. Now this may be so from choice, but one is inevitably led to believe that it is due to a lack of something better to print. At any rate, this should not be the case. The literary productions must determine the standard of the magazine, and the local items should be merely incidental.

We are highly pleased with The Randolph-Macon Monthly, especially the March number. We note great improvements in every way, and wish to congratulate the board of editors on getting out a publication of such splendid proportions. It opens with a sweet little poem, “The Passing,” that has truly an artistic value. This is followed by a rather heavy, but
highly instructive, article on “Race Antipathy.” The author manifests a clear understanding of the conditions that confront the Southern people. He takes the wide and national view of the subject, and says that we must deal with the negro in the kindliest spirit, and not be swayed by the narrow sectionalism that prevails in the South to-day. “The Rose of Bay Street,” “Platonics,” “College Training,” “Wakefield,” and “General Nathan Bedford Forrest” are among the various other articles of literary worth, deserving a place in any high-class college magazine.

“The Influence of Ideals,” in The Davidson College Magazine, is an article of high literary merit. The sentiments are noble and inspiring, and the thought is clear and admirably expressed. It is a crying appeal against the spirit of greed and commercialism that seems to threaten the truest principles of our institutions. “A Duel and An Adventure” is an ingeniously wrought tale. The plot is well laid and developed. The weirdness holds the reader to the end, and he might imagine that he was reading Poe. “Arbitration” is a philosophical essay exhibiting deep thought and a familiarity with the signs of the times. “The Mortal Coil” is a pathetic story, but clearly told, and full of interest. These, with other selections of good stories and bits of poetry, go to make this magazine one of the very best of our exchanges.

The Gray Jacket (December-January) is a decided disappointment. The literary articles are few and very short, being more of the high-school type than we should expect. “Nature’s Testimony to Nature’s God” is one of the best, and is worthy of note. The poetry is of a higher order than the prose selections, the best pieces being “Fall,” “Flotsam and Jetsam,” and “Farewell.”

The Niagara Index is always good. “Napoleon as a Soldier and General” is an article that manifests originality and research.

Clippings.

Billy Jones wrote on the black-board, in big white letters: "Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in this school."

The teacher, seeing it, said: "William, did you write that?"
"Yes, ma'am," said Billy.
"Well, you may stay after school."

The children waited for Billy to come out and began to guy him.
"Got a lickin', didn't you?"
"Nope," said Billy.
"Get jawed?"
"What did she do?" they asked.
"Shan't tell," said Billy. "But it pays to advertise."—Ex.

She: "Mr. Brown, did you ever win a literary medal?"
Brown: "No, but I once got $25 for writing a short story."
She: "What was it?"
Brown: "Dear pop, please send me $25 at once; am broke."
Proverbs for College Conduct.

'Tis better to dig and bust than never to dig at all.

Hitch your wagon to a pony.

Don't burn your Analyt. behind you; you may have to pass that way again.

What's worth a 6 is worth digging for.

There's but one royal road to Latin—"that's by the pony path."

All work, no play,
Bum plan—don't pay.

You can bluff all of the teachers some of the time; you can bluff some of the teachers all the time, but you can't bluff all the teachers all the time.—Ex.

"My boy," said the father, "here is a musical cigarette case."

"Musical?"

"Yes, every time you take out a cigarette it plays 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

Senior (studying Botany): "What is a parasite?"
Junior (with deepest scorn): "A person that lives in Paris, of course."—Ex.

Professor Spahr: "Mr. Sanders, please translate 'Der Sonne schien hell' (the sun shone brightly)."
Sanders: "The sun shone like ——."
"After a Proposal."

At last 'tis over; my poor head
Is in an awful swirl.
Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained,
And Maud's the dearest girl!

All dressed in white—oh, she was fair;
My heart began to beat.
She wore a slipper in her hair,
And roses on her feet.

The moon below us lay so calm,
The waves shone bright above;
I put my waist around her arm,
And told her of my love.

She answered me with tender sighs,
And as I drew her near
I saw a smile in her blue eyes
And on her lips a tear.

"Sweetheart!" I cried, "turn not away;
Of love give me some sign."
Then on my breast her dear hand lay,
Her head was placed in mine.

The One Girl.

When the clouds are overhanging
And the birds have ceased their song,
When the solemn, distant moaning
Of the storm-cloud floats along;

In the nights of deepest winter,
When the fire is failing fast,
And the chilly air of midnight
Penetrates my room at last;

Then I lay aside my studies,
And I fain would seek some rest,
But my mind, full willing, thinks of
The one girl I love the best,