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"No, I decline to meet him," said Grace; "you know I detest those ugly mops boys call foot-ball hair; and, besides, I know he must be the brute he looks, because he plays foot-ball."

"I hardly expected to hear those words from you, Miss Shackleton," exclaimed Parsons, surprised. "I thought you were a devotee to the game, and counted you one of the staunchest supporters Andover has. Surely you do not mean that, and 'Buck' Lawrence is the most popular man on the campus, the greatest foot-ball captain and player we have had.
in years, and I may say” (with a hurt expression) “my greatest chum in college. He is a man, every inch of his six feet, and one of the cleanest, jolliest fellows I ever met.”

“Well, I must confess, perhaps I have been a little too hasty in my judgment of him,” Grace admitted, somewhat abashed by Ted’s tone; “but I stick to it, I don’t like him, and don’t care to meet him, and he is ugly, so there!”

“Oh, all right,” said Ted, lightly turning the subject, “I simply like for all my friends to be friends. You are going to the Theta Kappa dance to-morrow night, I suppose. I expect to claim several bids, so don’t give them all away.” And thus the conversation turned into other more agreeable channels.

It was just after Andover’s first championship game, and the college boys were feeling flushed with victory, because their doughty, but luckless antagonist, Crowden, had just been beaten by the decisive score of 18 to 0. Songs and mirth filled the air everywhere, and the maroon and white of Andover was waved in triumph on all sides. Bright faces of pretty girls, chatting, enlivened the scene where some young girl rushed gaily up to her particular hero, who with the others, tired, sore, and battered, begrimed with dirt, still with beaming eye and hearty laugh could greet these lovely incentives to victory.

* * * * * * * * * *

“Oh, cut off your mop, Buck,” urged Ted on the evening of the Theta Kappa dance, as they were making ready for that brilliant occasion, “you can use head-gear in the game Thanksgiving, and it is only your mop that she objects to.”

Buck was just tipping off his tie, and was courtly in his dress suit, for the Theta Kappa dance was the brilliant event of the season at Andover, and everybody that was socially anybody went to it. It was by invitation only, and the gathering was select.
“No,” exclaimed Buck, finally and decisively, “attractive and lovely as she is, if the worm is too ugly for the butterfly the moth will luckily escape the flame.”

Meredith Hall was brilliantly gay with myriad lights and colored decorations, and the happy hum of youthful voices filled the air as Buck entered alone, for he had determined to stag it on this occasion. Ted had left early to call for Miss Grace Shackleton, who, Buck knew, would be the belle of the occasion, with all the pretty prestige that social position could give a beautiful, vivacious girl of eighteen. It was a peculiar fact that of all the radiant circle Miss Shackleton attracted about her, although Buck had been four years at college and had ever worshiped Miss Shackleton from a distance, no one but his chum knew that he had never met her, for of course, every one knew and liked good old Buck Lawrence. At least, so Andover boys thought.

Buck soon strolled into a laughing, chatting group of young people, and would soon have forgotten his feeling of depression if the cause of it all had not appeared on the scene a moment later. But there in the doorway she paused for a moment, with the grace and dignity of a queen, as if to survey her subjects. Her evening dress was a shimmering, lacy thing, with a pinkish tint under the net, that added an air of changeableness to the charm, and from under its folds, from time to time, her dainty, slippered feet peeped welcome to the gay scene about. For a moment only she paused, and then passed, dimpling and smiling, among the throng, bowing gaily with her pretty head, in the folds of whose redundant hair a velvet red rose nestled coyly.

Ted led her to the happy group which our young friend Buck, had just joined, and while speaking to those about, he slapped Buck on the shoulder and said, “Ho, old fellow! Just in time for an introduction of you two obstinates. Miss Shackleton,” (touching her arm,) “let me introduce my friend
and room-mate, our worthy foot-ball captain, Buck Lawrence. Miss Shackleton, Mr. Lawrence!" Then Ted drew himself up as if he had done a brave deed.

Buck reddened to the roots of his hair, but Miss Shackleton, not to be outwitted, replied gaily, "So this is the ugly beast Ted must introduce to his beauty, is it? Well, if he will not devour me, we will shake hands, and I might even pat his head, if he is real good. Good evening, Mr. Lawrence," and, amid the general laughter, she extended her hand.

"Nay, Miss Shackleton, my friend has ruthlessly dragged the unwilling beast from his lair and thrust his presence upon you, nor does any fairy prince repose enchanted in this ungainly form. If you permit, the beast will now retire, and—glad to have met you!"

This time Grace flushed deeply, and the light in her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Oh, this will never do. Beauty must give the beast at least one bid to-night, and how jolly for them to lead the german—hero and heroine. Say one? So say we all of us. Lend me your card, Miss Shackleton; to-night is strangers' night, you know." Then, before the astonished two could protest, Ted had written Buck up for one bid and the leadership of the german. The red light flashed for a moment in Buck's eyes, but the gay coquetry of Miss Shackleton's banter quite took him off his feet, and just at that moment the bell tapped.

Never before had the german such successful and accomplished leadership as round and round they marched in the most fantastic circles the little French dancing master could improvise. The eyes of all involuntarily sought the brilliant leading couple as the tall, manly form of Buck, with ease and grace, danced and swayed beside the lithe and lightly-moving figure of Grace. "Ah, here, indeed, was a couple who could dance tastefully and well"—so thought the dancing master
at least, and he fairly swelled with pride at the success of this, his great social feature of the season.

Later in the evening Buck came to claim his bid, and there was something of a thrill of pleasure as they floated away dreamily in the entrancing measures of the waltz. Even Grace felt something of protection in that strong arm on which she leaned, and the fragrant warmth of his breath on her lovely bare neck and shoulders. And yet, with maiden perversity, there was something so distant and chilling in her “Good night” as to discourage the most ardent lover, and Buck, as he moved away, gritted his teeth and muttered something to the effect “None of her for me.” Yet he paused to pick up a velvet-red rose that fell at his feet.

The day of the National Thanksgiving dawned cold and clear, and the air had just that tinge of frostiness in it that makes the thoroughbred, keen for his wind, impatiently pull the bit; that transforms the maple’s green to crimson and gold; that brings the bloom of health to the maiden’s cheek, and makes the hardy athlete eager for the contest. Thanksgiving dinners were hastily stored away, and old and young, with fresh, enthusiastic faces, began to appear, and to clamber up the banked rows of seats three-quarters of an hour before the game. Merry laughter came from the feminine figures, neatly clad in tailor-made cloaks, their fur boas and streaming colors flying brightly to the wind. On the left bank the Marden rooters, arriving early, were occasionally venting their yells and songs, but evidently saving their voices for the game. Theirs was the best team in years, their record being without a defeat, while Andover, who started the year badly, had steadily worked her way to the top. Confidence was written in their faces, but they admitted Andover a dangerous and uncertain quantity.

A hush seizes the crowd as down the street a distance is
heard the strains of a band and the singing of the on-coming Andover host, followed by the 'busses containing the players of the opposing teams. A thrill of intense excitement, that seems to shake every one to the very marrow, pervades the crowd in that solemn hush. But, as the procession draws nearer and nearer, the gates are thrown open, and the rooters turn loose a terrific yell:

"Rah! Rah! Hullablah!
Rah! Rah! Who're we for?
Rah! Rah! Re Rover!
Maroon and White! All over!
Andover! Andover!"

A hush of expectancy settles over the assembled multitude in the interim before the game, as the players take their places. See, yonder is Johnson, the famous Marden tackle, on whom they rely for his huge, bull-like strength to pull them out of the hard places; there is Captain Hunter at the half, speedy as the wind. Andover is clearly outweighed, but the clean, quiet strength, the endurance and speed of her men is seen at a glance. That is where her strength lies. But the tall, well-built, and brawny form of Captain Lawrence towers above his men, adding cheer and courage with every word.

The referee's whistle is blown. Andover kicks deep to the half-back. The game is on. What a melee! Now they are up and at it in earnest. Ah, Johnson goes through left for ten yards. Yells to the line to hold are heard. But again Marden sends Johnson through, and again Andover is clearly disconcerted; and now, while they are strengthening the line, Hunter shoots far out beyond the right end in a beautiful circle, and the field is clear except for the quarterback before him. Ye gods! Milton has missed his tackle. The field is clear. Nay! From no one knows where, a towering form, speeding the field like mad, is seen bearing
THE GAME.

down on the runner. Shrieks from the crowd rend the sky, but the pursuer is relentless. Five, ten yards—it must be an awful tackle from behind. A desperate lunge—he dives through the air, and clasps his foe by the ankle. Down they go—but no, Hunter is up. Marden yells with delight. It is too late, for the Andover men are upon him, and he is downed. They line up; and again and again the huge Johnson plows through the line for downs, until at last—over the line he goes. Marden has scored. The goal fails.

The whistle blows. Andover has caught her nerve at last, and the beautiful fake through tackle works like a charm. "Babe" Ryan with the ball carries it clear of the field, and plants it between the goal-posts. The score is in Andover's favor.

In the next rush Marden relies on her big tackle again, and, by steady rushes and perfect team work, Johnson bucks his way, by steady gains, toward the Andover goal. With the ease of a giant he sweeps the Andover line before him. But the shrewd ones notice that the gains are getting shorter. Johnson is getting tired; not, however, until with a breathless rush he scores again, and the half ends—Marden 11, Andover 6.

When the whistle blows for the second half Marden's confidence is high. The score is in their favor, and their heavier team will soon crush the lighter Andover men. With steady gains by Johnson, and bucks through centre, they again approached Andover's goal.

In the grand-stand is standing a girl whose beauty attracts attention on all sides; but Miss Shackleton's eyes are moist with a tear of disappointment to-day. "Oh, why don't Buck make one of his beautiful dashes around the end to-day," she thought. And then she crimsoned, as she bethought herself that she had called him Buck, even in her own mind.

What is that? A fumble on the 15-yard line, and some one
has caught the ball and is running—it is an Andover man—it is Captain Lawrence! On he speeds, three Marden backs and ends in his wake. Fifty yards he covers before he is downed. The Andover rooters roar, and the band starts up a new tune. They line up right under the box which Parsons and Grace occupy, and Buck, as he gets up, sees a pretty hand that clasps Andover ribbons wave to him—a sight which puts new fire in his frame as he gives the signal for the end play. The interference runs steadily, and Buck, seeing the end, now that he is far out beyond the bunch, and knowing the end's low tackle, instead of running in, leaps high in the air over and above the plunging form. His toe catches, but, rolling over and over, he regains his feet, and goes racing down the field toward the goal. A face, not the goal, seems to be before him, and he feels that he must run—oh, so hard—for her; his breath comes hard, but still, though his legs are weary with running and his brain aching with the strain, he must run. A dark form looms up; a shock comes, as if the earth had fallen on him (when, in fact, he had fallen hard on the earth, receiving a bad gash on his head as the quarter-back tackled him); but he rises, and in a blind fury rushes on. Ah, there between the goals he sees a vision. He gives a cry, puts out his hand, and falls unconscious across the goal. It is a vision of her.

As they bear the unconscious and bleeding form from across the field a beautiful girl is seen rushing across the lines toward the group. Pushing her way through the crowd surrounding the prostrate form, she quickly took his head in her arms, and held him tenderly as the doctor cleaned and bandaged the wound. Then they moved him to a quiet place under the stand, where Parsons, Grace, and the doctor still endeavored to bring him back to consciousness. With the intuition born in woman, Grace tenderly laved his ghastly, pale face, little caring that the blood and water ran mingled
down, ruining the splendid gown she wore. The crowd had decently withdrawn to watch the more exciting contest.

"What, you!" Buck exclaimed, when at last his eyes flew open; "then you did come to me."

"Yes," said Grace, laughingly, through her rushing tears, little understanding his meaning. (Parsons and the doctor withdrew, now the danger was past.)

"Why are you crying, Grace?" he protested.

"Because you are safe," she murmured.

"For me?" he questioned in amazement, a new sensation tingling every fibre of his body.

"You are shivering; you must—"

"With joy, yes. Is it a wonder that a man plays foot-ball and rushes headlong to death, when a divine goddess stands between the goal-posts and, like a siren, lures and beckons him on? Oh, Grace, this is heaven, and you—"

"Yes," she murmured; and, blushing in pretty confusion, she lovingly put her hand over his mouth, as though to hush the word that described that wondrous, new, and joyous feeling that was possessing her.

Why describe the glorious victory of that more glorious Thanksgiving day? How that Andover, regaining her strength, swept the field before her, and beat Marden 17 to 11. How the Andover "roost party" celebrated at the town academy, and marooned old man Hicks's buggy and pig-sty, painting the pigs maroon, and giving them a ride down Gamble's Hill in a horseless carriage.

Buck, still bandaged, was ushered into Miss Shackleton's parlor the following Sunday. As she came forward with a glad new light in her eyes and shook hands with him, he said, "I ought not to have brought this hospital up here, but you would not be denied."

"But scars and bandages grace a hero. Congratulations, Mr. Lawrence!"
Then, as they sat down to talk it all over, Grace, at the end of the hour's pleasant chat, said, "And to think Dr. Reynolds said that this shock of hair"—trickling it lovingly between her fingers—"saved you from concussion of the brain."

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A Comparative Study of Satan.

BY OSCAR B. RYDER.

The presence of evil in the world, no one doubts. Its power is undeniable. Is there a personal devil, the incarnation of evil, or does there merely exist an evil principle, a tendency to sin? If there be such a spirit, what brought him into being, why is his existence allowed, of what nature is he, what are his powers and limitations? Such are the questions which wise men of all ages, philosophers, theologians, and poets, have wrestled with.

The chief source of mediæval and modern conceptions of Satan is, of course, the Bible, but much of it comes from older heathen legends, which were greatly augmented by the superstitious imagination of the Dark Ages. On the basis of the wierd stories of this period, many poems have been constructed. Among the first of these was Cædmon's "Genesis," written in the seventeenth century. The story of this poem bears such a marked resemblance to Milton's that many have thought it forms the basis of "Paradise Lost"—that Milton simply amplified and ennobled it with the sublime grandeur of his own language and his wonderful fund of classical lore. However, as we have no proof that Milton ever so much as read this work, it is a matter of pure speculation. Others have, likewise, attempted to trace Milton's Satan back to the Lucifer of Vondel, the Dutch poet, but with little success.

We now come to Dante, a poet who undoubtedly influenced
Milton. In the last canto of the "Inferno" this genius, in one of his terribly vivid pictures, describes Satan in the lowest round of hell—a place of ice. He is a hideous monster of superhuman size. One of his arms is larger than the huge giants of mythology. On his mammoth shoulders are three heads, and in each of his three mouths he is crunching a traitorous sinner.

"At six eyes he wept; the tears Adown three faces rolled in bloody foam."

Such is the grotesque figure which Dante ascribes to Satan. Of his power, nature, and character he says nothing.

Probably the most widespread mediæval story in which Satan, or Mephistopheles as he was called, figured was that of Dr. Faust or Faustus. This learned Doctor, unsatisfied with human limitations, and filled with an over-mastering desire for superhuman knowledge and sensual pleasure, sold himself to the evil one on condition that he serve him for a specified number of years, at the end of which time he was to claim his soul, to do whatsoever he pleased with it. This story forms the basis of Goethe's great dramatic poem, "The Faust."

Mephistopheles, the evil spirit of this poem, is pre-eminently a scoffer. He sees nothing good in the world, and takes a fiendish delight in dragging the human soul down to his own level. There is not a single trace of conscience, nor a spark of humanity or kindly feeling in his character—he is wholly bad. He is a cynic, who gaily perverts and damn a human mind, without any compunctions whatever. Worst of all, his mind is low and cunning—the cunning of a beast. His arguments are mere sophistries. He seeks to prove that evil is good, and that to be pure is to be a fool. He cannot reach the human mind. It is too far above him in intellectual grasp. Then, too, his utter lack of moral force makes him powerless, as he himself confesses, to harm an innocent soul.
There is no grandeur or sublimity about him—no lofty defiance of heaven, but, instead, vulgarity and mocking insolence. His power is limited, and he is bound down by incantations and spells. At one time, following Faust in the shape of a dog, Mephistopheles, unnoticing, jumps through the door into the Doctor's study, but, alas! finds that he cannot get out again, because there is a crucifix on the door, and he dare not pass it. Now, according to the laws by which evil spirits are governed, he must go out the way he came in. So, calling to his aid his friends, the rats, they gnaw the obstructing crucifix away, and the Prince of Darkness walks out.

How little, as we shall see, is this conception of Satan in comparison with Milton's. Indeed, his power in most things is not equal to man's, and he feels this inferiority, yet in spite of it he is as proud a boaster as in the grand description in the first two books of "Paradise Lost."

Thus Goethe gives us a low, mean, cunning, impudent, and hypocritical fiend, utterly devoid of good, and unable to see good in anything. A more despicable character could not be imagined. Even the sight of his face created distrust.

On the other hand, Milton gives a noble and sympathetic picture of Satan. He is just a little below the Messiah in place and power, and is jealous of all intrenchments on what he considers his rights. Indeed, he arises and defies the Almighty in open battle. He differs, too, from Goethe's Mephistopheles in that he is not wholly bad—the good in him is not entirely obliterated. There is a certain grandeur and sublimity in his defiance of God—in the bold independence of his spirit. We cannot but admire and sympathize with the indomitable courage which, defeated and in pain, makes him say:

"What though the field be lost? All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF SATAN.

And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else to be overcome."

His very pride, which finally drags him down, is partly good, and is one of the causes of his power. It gives him eternal hope, and inspires him to high attempts, but it also keeps him from repentance, and degenerates into self-esteem. He would seek pardon from heaven, but his pride will not allow the attendant humiliation in the eyes of his followers; yet his pride was not alone for himself, but for his class, and sorrow that he has led his friends to ruin is not absent. He willingly goes to find the new creation—a journey so perilous that no one else would attempt it. Indeed, he is not, as Mephistopheles, utterly devoid of conscience and humanity. More than once the good in him struggles to predominate. Especially is this true when on Mount Niphates, looking down upon Eden, he almost decides to desist from his cruel design. He recognizes his ingratitude to God, and the justice of his fall—that pride and ambition caused it, but he feels the hell within him, and his musings only bring him to despair. His pride, his restless ambition, and "study of revenge" rally themselves, and soon shut out all good.

Again, his mind, originally majestic and clear, over-mastering his allies by sheer force of intellect, gradually becomes one of mere cunning, so that he fears the mental superiority of Adam. His destruction of innocent creatures wrought this resolution. A similar transformation takes place in his physical appearance, and he is finally changed into a serpent.

Milton, thus, differs from Goethe and other poets in making Satan partly good, in giving him human qualities. He describes him, not when he had reached the lowest depth of degradation, but in the first days of his rebellion, when some of his former angelic glory might be thought to cling to him. Indeed, a large part of the interest of "Paradise Lost" is in
tracing the physical, mental, and moral descent of Satan, whereby the good became hopelessly lost. In this manner, our interest is aroused in him, and we are made to sympathize with the great conflict going on within his breast.

Between the Satan of "Faust" and of "Paradise Lost" there comes the Satan of Job. Here we find none of the grandeur of Milton's description; nor is he as low and cunning as Mephistopheles, though he is presumptuous, and looks upon all good as coming from self-interest. He afflicts Job outwardly, through the permission of God, in order to test him; but he does not, as in the "Faust," have power to put him in a position to sin, and then to poison his mind by cunning and evil suggestions.

While differing widely in many respects, as we have seen, yet all these conceptions of Satan have much in common. The chief and underlying elements in his character are the same in all of them—boundless ambition, undying hate, and overweening pride. It is worthy of note that these three vices are the ones more often ascribed to him in the Bible than any others. And it is not in this alone that our poets were influenced by this book, for almost all the attributes ascribed to and the names given the evil spirit are derived, either directly or by tradition and implication, from the Bible, which has ever been the source of much that is great and good in our literature.

The Washington Monument in Capitol Square.

BY R. E. ANKERS.

Standing in the northwest corner of the Capitol Square one can hardly fail to be impressed by the massive monument erected to the memory of Virginia's noblest son, honored throughout the American nation. The artist of
this magnificent piece of work was Thomas Crawford, who was born in New York in 1813 and died in London in 1857, leaving this colossal bronze as his crowning achievement. Crawford had the work done at the Munich foundry, where, it is said, he had Franconi exercise a horse privately for his benefit in modeling the design. Singularly enough, the news of Crawford’s death reached this country at the very time when his masterpiece was being unloaded. Previous to his death Crawford had completed the effigies of Henry and Jefferson, and had made models of Mason and Marshall, but did not live to see them cast in bronze. Randolph Rogers, another New Yorker, who died in 1892, completed Crawford’s unfinished work, casting the Mason and Marshall figures from the models already made, and making the effigies of Nelson and Lewis in their entirety. So much for the structural phase of the work.

In 1816 the General Assembly of Virginia authorized the Governor to endeavor to have Washington’s remains removed to Richmond, and also to see if Mrs. Washington’s ashes could not be removed here at the same time. These attempts were unsuccessful, but the tribute of his native State found expression in the beautiful monument which now adorns the Capitol Square. The corner-stone of the monument was laid February 22, 1850, President Taylor, ex-President Tyler, and other distinguished men participating in the ceremonies. The equestrian statue reached the wharf in Richmond in November, 1857, and was drawn by hand to its present location November 24, 1857. The monument was unveiled and dedicated February 22, 1858, on which occasion Governor Henry A. Wise presided, and recited some verses to the memory of Crawford, whose widow had been invited to be present. The total height of the monument from the ground to the top of Washington’s hat is sixty feet and three inches. The entire cost of the structure when completed was $260,000.
As we look back to-day, after the lapse of more than a century, the greatness of Washington's work becomes more apparent than it was at the time of his greatest activity. Probably Washington's greatest achievement, when viewed from the standpoint of his contemporaries, was his long and successful struggle for the independence of the American colonies. Great as this service undoubtedly was, the flight of the intervening years has tended to cast his military achievements into the background, in the light of his greater services as the brilliant statesman, shaping the policies of the infant nation. While severely criticised for many of his actions at the time, a calmer judgment pronounces his policy and statesmanship as the culmination of many valuable efforts for the young and struggling republic. Viewed from this standpoint, and the still greater enhancement his work will probably receive in coming years, Washington's influence was never more potent and vital than it is to-day.

Such is the case with Jefferson, a man who at the close of his second term as President was an object of almost universal dislike. To-day we are proud to give him a foremost place in the list of our heroic dead. An age is hardly ever aware of the nearness of genius, but succeeding years must set a character in its true historic relation. Perhaps Jefferson would have named the Declaration of Independence as his greatest legacy to coming generations, but the verdict of the present day pays tribute to him as the incarnation of the spirit of democracy. For this cause, his star must continue in the ascendancy until modern civilization has evolved an ideal far beyond the spirit in which he lived and moved.

Another familiar figure in that memorable group that has come to its true significance in recent years is John Marshall. He is known for one thing, and that is his long career as Chief Justice of the United States. In this capacity his achievements were phenomenal, and must endure long after
his monument has crumbled into dust, if our national existence is vouchsafed to us for so long a time. Before Marshall’s day the Supreme Court existed, but had not attained to any prominence. Marshall, as it were, clothed it with strength and power, enabling it to stand upon its feet as a strong man to run a race. His great constitutional decisions were vital and far-reaching in their scope. Because of the expansion of the nation and the dignity with which the Supreme Court is now regarded, we are enabled to appreciate Marshall’s work in his judicial sphere far more than those among whom he went in and out.

Mason and Henry are two characters whose sun has by no means set, yet it is to be doubted whether the intervening years have added greatly to their reputation. Mason is remembered chiefly for his Bill of Rights, and his opposition to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and his espousal of the doctrine of State’s rights. In Revolutionary times both Mason and Henry were conspicuous in their advocacy of separation from the mother country, and in their resistance to so-called British oppression. Both these men, upon the formation of the Union, took the narrower view, and hedged themselves about with the idea of State sovereignty. In consequence of the almost complete change of thought we have experienced since that time, much of their work is forgotten.

Yet it is probably true that there are only two men in that illustrious group whose influence is on the decline. Nelson is still mentioned as the vigorous war Governor of Virginia during a part of the Revolutionary period, and for his heroic efforts at the siege of Yorktown. Just before this time he had raised, or guaranteed, the greater part of $2,000,000 to enable the French fleet to carry on its operations in America. It’s a sad fact that in his old age most of Nelson’s estate was seized to redeem these notes. Just why Lewis’s name has
been consigned to a subordinate position would be hard to say, for he was certainly one of the most active of his day. He took a prominent part in the French and Indian war, defeated the Indians at Point Pleasant, and later was in command of the force that drove Lord Dunmore away from Gwinee’s Island. His military abilities were highly prized by Washington, but his career was cut short by fever, contracted in the swamps of southeastern Virginia, in 1780.

Goldenrod.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

Standing in beauty, wondrously fair,
Fabric of earth, sun-kissed in the air,
Waving in luxury everywhere—
   O spendthrift Goldenrod!

Not for silver, nor yet for gold,
But free for the young and free for the old,
Thou mantlest the earth—joyously bold—
   Beautiful Goldenrod!

Gracing the fields the autumn through;
Nodding gaily in the morning dew;
Freely blooming for me and for you—
   Glorious Goldenrod!

Long mayst thou blow in this sunny land,
Lavishly scattered from Nature’s free hand,
From mountain-top to seashore’s strand—
   American Goldenrod.
The old hermit, who lived on the side of Eagle mountain, had been found by two hunters, happening to pass near his dilapidated shanty, with a strange looking dagger thrust through his heart.

The coroner's verdict, "The deceased came to his death from a dagger wound inflicted by some unknown party," had just been learned by the inhabitants of Eagleville. They congregated in little groups about the post-office and store, to discuss in low, awe-stricken tones the unprecedented murder. Never before, in the memory of the oldest citizen, had an event occurred which so shocked the moral sense of the community or marred the peaceful serenity of their quiet little village that clustered about the foot of the mountain. No one could offer a satisfactory explanation of why, or by whom, the hermit had been killed, or from where he came, or anything of his past life. Even his name was unknown, for, although many had seen him on his occasional visits to the store for provisions, none had undertaken to engage him in conversation. His long gray hair, falling across his forehead almost to his shabby eye-brows, and his white beard, which reached to his waist, seemed to add a wildness to his haunted expression that forbade even an attempt at conversation.

Sam Hinson, post-master and store-keeper, recalled that the only time he had heard the old hermit remark upon anything, except the goods he desired to purchase, was about six months previous, when the hermit asked him where a preacher lived, and, upon being told, started in the direction of Parson Owen's house.
The next day after performing the burial ceremony of the old hermit, Parson Owen called the group of citizens together at the store, and stated that several months before his death the hermit called upon him, late one evening, and, declining an invitation to come in, had given him a sealed envelope, requesting that it remain unopened until he called for it. The hermit had departed immediately, and never returned for his envelope. The parson then took from his pocket a large envelope, and, having opened it, read:

“Eagle Mountain, N. C.,
June 6, 1906.

“Sixty years ago I was accounted one of the handsomest men in all Paris; the best blood of France flowed in my veins, and my fortune was larger than I knew how to spend. It was no wonder, then, that I won the much-sought-for hand of Marie Sieyes, the belle of Versailles. I brought my young bride to live with me in Paris, where I had gained quite a reputation, at the wine and card tables, for recklessness. In those days I was young, and feared neither God nor man.

“For two years I was contented to enjoy my wife’s society. I was never happy unless she was with me. Even a day’s absence found me longing for the time when I could again hear my wife’s silvery voice as it floated out to me, welcoming my return home, and see her face all aglow with pleasure, and her soft brown eyes sparkle, until she seemed almost an angel. But gradually my desire to drink and gamble grew stronger and stronger, until it finally became a mania. I could stand it no longer, and once more I began to visit the wine shops and gaming dens.

“Three years I drank and gambled, until I had become almost wild. When the cards were in my favor I celebrated with a drunken debauch; when against me I drowned my misfortune in drink. For days at a time I would stay away from my wife and home; yet never once did she chide or
scold me. Her kind and loving treatment was in such con­
trast to what I really deserved that sometimes, degraded as
I was, I could scarcely stand the shame I felt.

"Late one evening my wife met me at the door, as I returned
from a two weeks' absence. I was scarcely sober, and,
although I had not seen her welcoming smile for over two
years, yet somehow I expected it that evening. When I
looked into her eyes I saw, instead of the radiant sparkle of
pleasure, a care-worn look, a hidden anguish, that was sapping
her very life; her eyes seemed to speak and plead that I give
up my wild life. As I looked, remorse filled my entire being;
my conscience, which had so long been dead, awoke to a new
life and vigor that my shattered nerves could not stand.
Crazed as I was, and imagining that she was to blame,
although not a word had she spoken, all my old love turned
into hate. With a fiendish cry I sprang upon her, and bore
her down. My fingers clutched her soft white throat.
Deeper and deeper they sank, until she had ceased to struggle.
Not content, I still grasped her throat. Her breathing
stopped. Her body relaxed and lay limp. She was dead.

"I staggered to my feet, and, gazing upon the corpse of my
wife, it slowly dawned upon me that something had happened.
Gradually my mind cleared. I saw the red prints of my
fingers on her throat, and the full horror of the crime I had
committed flashed upon me. I crouched back in terror. My
eyes seemed to strain from their sockets as I looked upon the
victim of my rage. The veins in my neck and head stood
out like great cords, and felt as if they were bursting. Great
streams of cold sweat poured across my forehead. I tried to
cry out, but my voice failed; an inarticulate gurgling was the
only result of my effort. I knew not what to do; I was
powerless, speechless, and trembling from head to foot.

"My utter helplessness no doubt caused me to act as I did.
I fled from the house, and as I ran the thought that no one
would know who had killed my wife seemed to add wings to my heels. Onward I sped, until I could run no more; even then I did not stop, but trudged on. I knew not whither I was going, nor cared. My only desire was to escape, to get away from my horrible crime. For weeks I tramped about the country as one dazed, begging a morsel, whenever I was hungry, from the big-hearted wife of some farmer. I came to a sea-port town, and saw a merchant vessel preparing to leave; I went aboard, and engaged myself to work for a passage to America, whither she was bound.

"When we arrived in America I went West, and attempted to drown my past in a new life among strangers. But I could not blot out the memory of my heinous crime. The picture of my wife lying upon the floor, with the red marks my fingers made upon her throat, was before me at all times. I grew despondent, and courted death in many kinds of reck­lessness. My dare-deviltry won me the title of "Hell-cat Frenchy" among the cow-boys. Yet even the boon of death was denied me; a living hell was my lot.

"Thirty-odd years I lived in the West before I grew tired, and was seized with a desire to rove. I had accumulated several thousand dollars during many years of Western life, for I neither drank nor gambled, though both vices were universal among my fellow cow-punchers. By judiciously spending my money, I was enabled to rove for years over the country.

"At last I grew too old to lead a wandering life, and, as my remorse deepened, I desired to be alone. I wanted no companionship. Solitude was what I craved. I had wandered near Eagle Mountain, and, as no place seemed better suited for my purpose, I built my shanty there. For four years have I lived here, suffering an almost unbearable anguish as I brooded over my crime. My conscience refuses to be stifled. I cannot forget, for my wife is continually before
me. Sometimes I hear the music of her voice, calling out a welcome, and see the sparkle of her deep pool-like eyes, as she runs to meet me. But now I remember the look of fear that filled her eyes, as I sprang upon her that fateful evening, and feel my fingers clutch her throat and sink into the tender skin. I see her slowly strangle as my grasp tightens—O, God! I can’t stand it. ’Tis but a bad dream. No! no! there she lies on the floor. See the finger-prints on her throat.

“I fear my death will not be natural; many times have I raised my dagger to plunge through my heart and forget, but my nerve failed me, and I could not. I have dreaded to die with my secret locked within my own breast, and have written this to prevent my robbing the world of what it has a right to know.

“JEROME LECLERC.”

* * * * * * * * *

The silence was oppressive as Parson Owen folded the letter and placed it back in the envelope. Without a word the group gathered about the store dispersed. With bowed heads they went, pondering over the hermit’s letter.

Peace.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

The freshness of the morn hath given place
Unto the stillness of the summer noon;
And yet again, with never-wearying pace,
The flaming Sun his sinking course hath run.
And thus the measure of a day is done,
And Twilight, mild attendant of the Night,
Encroaches slowly on the waning light.
And there is peace.
The happy carol of the child is past,  
The sturdy plans of youth forever gone;  
And even manhood’s song was not to last,  
No matter howsoever brave the tone.  
Heaven’s noblest work—a life—is nearly done.  
And as the shadows lengthen, what is best—  
The soul is drawing nigh its life-long quest,  
And there is peace.

Imperialism.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BY W. J. YOUNG.

WHEN the student of history ponders the pages of the past, he does not seek there a mere knowledge of the achievements of military heroes, nor yet a summary of facts and figures about men. Rather, he searches for the elements of truth concerning the progress of mankind, the social aspect in the rise and fall of nations. History is the sum of human experience, the fountain source of truth, resting on whose sure foundation men press onward to higher flights of attainment, to more exalted planes of development.  

We seek, therefore, in history the spirit of the age, the parallelisms between each succeeding epoch, and the philosophy of cause and effect. When we study the life of the active and imaginative Greek, we cannot solve the intangible complexities of their history, but we choose, rather, a man, the singular genius of his age, in whose person is embodied the essential characteristics and ideals of that people. Therefore we centre our attention upon Alexander. In the history of Rome, we study Julius Cæsar; in the Reformation, the immortal Luther.  

But in the consideration of modern life during the past hundred years—the hurly-burly life of the teeming cities,
the enormous growth of commerce, the czardom of money growing alongside political liberty, the complex social problems, and the intangible maze of the East—who shall we say is this man in whose personality is exemplified the standards of modern life, about whom revolves the wheel of time and activity? Who is this man of the hour who shall discern the signs of the times? With one acclaim, we say, Theodore Roosevelt! Must he be active? He is both strenuous and energetic. Must he be strong? He has an iron will and an indomitable courage. Must he be judicious? He is both far-seeing and diplomatic. Must he be honest? He is frank and of tried integrity. Must he be a born leader? He is a captain and ruler of men. Must he be wise? He has Yankee shrewdness and sagacity. Must he be decisive? Here is a man who will dare and do. Our President is a man, every inch of him, and withal a gentleman. No wonder that North and South, East and West recognize him as the leader of the people, whom they can trust. Virginia people voiced the sentiments of Governor Montague last November when he said of him, "And so, my fellow citizens, I present to you to-day, the man, Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest citizen of all this world." When we would discover the trend of American history, we will study the character and life of Theodore Roosevelt.

It was the dead of winter in 1776. The Delaware was congested with floating blocks of ice when a little band of insurgents, under the redoubtable Washington, stole across to Trenton, and captured the "red coats" during their celebrations on Christmas eve. Five years later Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and America secured her liberty. There was a day when brother fought against brother and father against son; when the battle-fields of Gettysburg and Shiloh ran red with blood. But at Appomattox, as said Robert E. Lee, "Brother shook hand with brother, father
with son, and the famous war steeds were turned homeward to the plow." Thus America accomplished her national unity.

One May morning in 1898 the first rosy tinge of dawn was just paling the haze of the eastern sky, when low across the horizon of Manila Bay Dewey's fleet stole into the Spanish harbor, and in three hours the Spanish fleet was at the bottom of the sea and Manila practically a captured town. Dewey had "remembered the Maine." A month later a man, sword in hand, is rushing up the desperate slope of San Juan hill, shouting courage to his men, who are falling around him in the storm of bullets like bearded grain before the hail and sleet. On they rush, invincible, to the crest of the hill. The block-house is taken. Soon after the "stars and stripes" floated triumphant to the balmy southern breeze at Santiago, the war ended in a blaze of glory, and America became a world power. The poet Horace never sang more truly than when he said, "To die for one's country is a sweet and noble thing"; but to live for one's country seems to me far more grand and valorous. The wise Socrates says, "Valor is every part of virtue." Roosevelt, then, we shall say, did the valorous thing in adopting the imperialistic policy, and bringing the United States from seclusion to become a world power.

When the United States acquired the Philippines the political demagogue began to rave, the calamity howler to howl, and the pessimist to forbode evil. They were islands lying in the tropical east, inhabited by ten millions of savages and Chinese, with a desperate band of insurgents, under an unscrupulous leader, in revolt. They had never known any but the hand of tyranny, and anarchy reigned supreme. Should we leave these islands to the merciless Spaniard, to the anarchy of the natives, or the rapacity of the European vultures? Every sanely thinking man in America said emphatically, "No!" Yet there rose in Congress and else-
where men who frantically exclaimed about liberty, justice, tyranny, and taxation without representation, our forefathers, and the constitution. They raved and tore their hair all to no purpose, as if our country, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," were considering the government of the Philippines with any end in view other than the future welfare of the islands. Honorable senators, our country's lawmakers, doubted the constitutionality of acquiring territory, when John Marshall, our great law-giver, expressly states, "The Government has the power to acquire territory, either by conquest or treaty. The Congress shall have power to make all needful laws and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." A colonial government is constitutional, therefore, and necessary.

Neither do I say, nor has any one else said, that we should hold them permanently in subjection; but this we do contend, that it is to our interest, and to their welfare, that we give them a good, honest government, such as we are already accomplishing. By what do we justify our course? Cæsar conquered Gaul by might, not by right, and was not Gaul the gainer? To bring it closer home, the conquest of Texas was by no moral right, and yet what citizen of Texas to-day desires to return to Mexican rule? The general cause of humanity, the law that justifies the white man's occupation of the American continent to-day, is the law by which we justify our course.

Let us now turn to look at the subject from our own vantage ground. Pessimists point out that the conquest of the Philippines cost money and the expending of good American blood; but where in all history was there obtained anything worth the having without paying the cost? We have been thrown into the maelstrom of the Eastern contention, and the open door of China is on our frontier. In the
possession of the Philippines we hold the strategic key to that vast empire; England and France are hands down in the south across the impassable Thibet; Japan and Russia are at logger-heads in the north; while Germany has a desperate foot-hold on the China Sea. When the time comes for the complete opening up of China, and it will come, Uncle Sam will be there in power to see justice done.

Our growing commerce and the future opening of the Panama Canal demand that we control the waters of the Pacific, and have a firm foot-hold in the Orient. It means an oriental outlet for our surplus, a world market for American goods, and prosperity at home.

The alarmists point out the dangers of giving citizenship to these hordes of savages and Chinese. Nor do we here propose to advocate letting down the bars, but, as we have ruled Alaska and the Indians, so also shall we rule the Filipinos. The troublesome economic problems of tariff and administration arise, but I am not the first one to believe that the American people are capable of working out the true solution of the arising contingencies.

But, if the glamor of the poppy-scented Orient, like the infatuation of a beautiful woman, (somehow we always associate a woman's presence with a breath of perfume,) is upon us, the American people have never yet failed to temper her policy with justice and the paternal heritage of the Monroe doctrine. We have learned the lesson of freedom, and rejoice in its exercise. More nations than one have learned their lessons at the school of Uncle Sam. Upon us, who are the heirs of the institutions, and liberties, and religion of our forefathers, is laid the responsibility of advancing enlightenment to the darkest lands of the earth. Japan, France, and all South America are recipients of our institutions and civilization. Education, science, and commerce are lighting up the darkest corners of the world; ignorance,
superstition, and heathenism are doomed. These enlightening forces have paved the way for the modern missionary movements, and now in every clime and every tongue the gospel of Jesus Christ is being preached. Men, with noble self-sacrifice, are giving themselves to the work. No weaklings are they; but the trained intellect of young Anglo-Saxon manhood is engaged in this glorious work, laying the foundations strong and deep for world-wide evangelization. On the roster are Carey, Judson, Livingstone, and Yates, men whom the world delights to honor, who have hitched their wagons to stars and written their names immortal in the heavens.

What more shall we say than that the political prestige we gained in the affairs of the world has more than counterbalanced the price we paid for these islands? Our neutral position and fair name caused both Japan and Russia to repose in us that confidence which enabled President Roosevelt to consummate the peace conference of Portsmouth-Paris, the brilliant centre of diplomacy and diplomats, has fallen before the brusque honesty of Roosevelt. Roosevelt's diplomatic victory in ending the dreadful carnage of the Manchurian battle-fields has not only gained the United States an exalted position among the nations, but by it Europe breathes easier once more, and the mothers of thousands of sons may rise up and call him blessed because their boys were spared.

Once we were proud that we stood alone, powerful rulers of the western hemisphere, and separate from the nations in government, geography, and nationality. Rome grew up a nation which worked out her own civilization and government separate from the rest of the world. But even she at last was lost in the greater mission by which she was to serve mankind. We likewise grew up ennobled by the best blood of Europe and the highest ideals of those who braved the wilderness in search of liberty and freedom to worship God
as they pleased. Our Puritan and Huguenot forefathers, and even the gallant adventurers of Virginia, were they who planted firm and deep the foundations of our nation. Upon the blood of patriots who fought and died for their rights is builded our national freedom. But the time has come, in the course of human events, when the United States must come down from her lonely pedestal and take her place among the nations, and attain that mission for which Providence has called and fostered and guided her. The pinnacle of power has been reached, but whether the goal is in sight is only for the far-sighted statesman to foresee. May we truly parody the lines of Tennyson in saying:

“Nations may come, and nations may go,
But the United States shall go on forever.”

The future of China in the world is positive, but whether the “open sesame” to the treasures of her vast store-houses will come by America through the Philippines or by her relationship to Japan, none can prophesy. But the barriers between the East and the West are down. Japan has warded off the first attack of land-grabbing wolves and startled the world with her victory. Giant whispers have come that Uncle Sam will dispose of his interests in the Orient to his slant-eyed friend across the Pacific. No such foolish notion as that, however, can now possess the mind of the American people. They see, in the true light of the past seven years, the destiny of the Philippines in the solution of the world problems, and the “yellow peril” is but a fantasy—a bogey that scares no one.

The administration of Roosevelt marks a new epoch in American history, and places him among the foremost statesmen our country has known. His countrymen idolize him because he is a world man, the exponent of Americanism in its highest and truest sense. He has put a heavy hand upon the Government, because he has a strong grip upon the heart.
of the people. He is a man who has dared to rise above party and do that which he thought was right. He has grappled with problems and affairs no other man durst handle, and settled disputes before resorting to arms.

Rumors were abroad this past session that there would be a senatorial revolt against Rooseveltism. That is where they need to have a care, for he would as soon become a senatorial "rough rider," and charge over them rough-shod, as ever, with cool daring, he charged in the teeth of the bullets of San Juan hill seven years ago. Thus it was that when the Republican leaders bolted his pet railroad rate bill, with the sublime confidence of a statesman he calmly handed it over to Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, and the Democrats had won the greatest victory in the Senate for twenty years.

This is the man with whom they must deal—a man of faults and errors, surely, but a fearless man withal. This is the man who settled the miners' strike, conciliated the South, tackled the railroad rates, and grappled the trusts, rooted out the civil service scandals, settled our Philippine policy, and brought the peace conference to Portsmouth. He it is who is doing what Clay and Webster fought thirty long years to accomplish, and I can almost see the shades of the martyred Lincoln as he rises up to nod his approval of this, the greatest American statesman since the Civil War. A steady hand is at the helm of the ship of state, and smoothly and serenely she glides over the world's political sea. William Pitt enhanced England's power beyond the realization of his times, but Roosevelt is the man "to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, and read his history in a nation's eyes."
College Athletics—Some Uses and Abuses.

BY S. K. PHILLIPS.

If we turn over the pages of our Century Dictionary until we come to the word “athletics,” this is what we will read: “Athletics is a system of principles or methods for the training and developing of the body.” From this definition we readily perceive that to speak of foot-ball, and base-ball, and the track as athletics would be wrong; but our definition includes more, its scope is broader. The gymnasium also has its place in athletics, as does swimming, skating, wrestling, boxing, and gymnastic dancing, for all are systems of exercise, whereby man obtains grace, and form, and strength.

Even the lowest of animals appreciates the value of systematic exercise. The little old tad-pole in the pool does not allow his body to shrink up and go to waste, but all day long he is exercising himself, slowly to be sure, but nevertheless keeping his muscles in condition. The birds do not sit, day in and day out, in some hollow log or on some limb, until brain and body become dead to all movement. They take long flights in the air, practicing various balancing feats with each other in the sky above, but never do they allow a lack of exercise to so weaken them that they are unable to fly or hop. And all along the line of development, and in most men, we find this principle asserting itself, “if the body lives it must have proper exercise for its development.” Once in a while, however, and especially among college men, is this great axiom found lacking in meaning, and the results are sad and sickening beyond description.

The body is man’s great machine, more wonderfully made than any human machine he has ever contrived. Its functions are many and very closely related—so closely, in fact, that for one part to become crippled means injury to the
whole system. It may be the head, or the lungs, or the digestive tract, but when anything goes wrong action becomes clogged, and the effect is noticed—the man is sick. How often does he suffer great pain, and anxiety, and sometimes lack of care means the loss of this great God-given machine.

No class of men need to realize the importance of keeping strong bodies more than does the college man of the twentieth century. He relies upon his brain to do his work for him, and when its seat is wrecked and ruined by disease his machine for work is crippled. Many a man has completed his college career with honor to himself, and gone out to have every hope dashed ruthlessly to the earth by the life he has lived. He is merely reaping what he has sown. The body, strained to its utmost to supply the food and blood to his brain for those four long years, has refused to work further, and, alas! all is lost, and the bitter cry goes up, "Oh, why didn't I take care of my body?" Can anything be more pitiful than this, to see a big brain crippled and held back by a weak body, simply because its master willed it so? Yet we see men thus abuse themselves and their opportunities by not properly using their college athletics.

How often do we see the name of athletics slandered and blackened by the very faculties and trustees of our colleges. Is it just to class a small, dirty, poorly-equipped, badly-directed gymnasium under the noble name "athletics"? Many a newly-arrived freshman, already nervous and overworked from preparation for college, has turned from the gymnasium door, as from a pig-pen, sick at heart and body. He has consoled himself with the fact that in that gymnasium, conducted at his new home, he would build up himself, and recover his lost energy, but alas for hopes! Do abuses like these tend to make a man have love for his alma mater, or her athletics? This point may be substantiated by a statement of Harvard's great President. He has said, "The large
majority of students entering the colleges of our country are undeveloped men, have a bad carriage and an impaired digestion, without skill in out-door games, and unable to ride, row, swim, or shoot!” This statement comes from one of America’s foremost educators. Is there not a danger that we let this great use of our college athletics become an abuse? Do not let us say, “We want athletics,” and then turn around and kill all athletics by specializing, by leaving out the weak man who needs the help of the gymnasium.

Probably the greatest danger of serious abuse to our college athletics lies along the lines of professionalism. How often does there come to our ears the sly whisper, “Be still about that fellow; he’s a ringer.” How many of our colleges shut their eyes to such things, and pretend not to see them? ‘Tis thus that this crafty evil will slip among us and kill our true spirit and our athletics. Southern manhood, if it stands for anything in the world, stands for honesty, squarely and firmly, and our Southern young men have got to face squarely this great problem. Shall we allow professionalism to creep among us, and with all its dirt and crookedness, blasting our lives and the wholesome life of every college activity? Never should there be a question raised as to any man’s eligibility for this or that meet or game. Whenever such questions arise our athletics receive a blow that hits deep, and only one or two such blows will ruin our college name forever. What we want is broad-minded, level-headed men, capable of coping with our great questions, and no one thing can so kill this aim of our colleges, or so strengthen it, as the question of absolute cleanliness in athletics. Let the echo ring, as Tennyson would have it, far over our broad Southland and greater America:

“Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds, that might endure.”
The College Song of Richmond College.

SUGGESTED.

(Tune: "Old Eli's Sons."

There is a dear old college hall,
In a sunny Southern clime,
Whose towers, walls endeared to all,
Though grayed by age and time.
We love her hallowed memories,
Her college lore and song,
Her victories upon the field,
We’ll sing her triumph long.

Cho.—Though through the world we may far roam,
From Richmond’s halls and campus green,
Our hearts will ever turn to thee
Our alma mater home.

We’ll sing and wave her banners high,
Our hearts are warm and true;
We, loyal sons, her heroes cheer,
We wave the Red and Blue.
In life we’ll fight her battles o’er,
We’ll her traditions keep,
From earth to sky, like stars on high,
Her grand old name shall sweep.

SAVING MONEY
is steadily putting aside a part of one’s income, no matter how small,
The First National Bank, Richmond, Va.,
will pay you interest on your savings.
The old college bell has tolled the beginning of another session at Richmond. Lecture rooms, dormitories, and campus have been rudely awakened from the pleasures of a three months' sleep. The "hoo-li-le-a" has again rung forth, and the battle is on. Faculty and students, forgetting the bores of college life, enter the arena with a renewed energy born of refreshed health, and are filled with pleasant memories and happy expectations. To all—the faculty, old students, and freshmen—The Messenger extends a hearty welcome.

A college magazine does not belong to the editors, but to the whole student body. Unfortunately, they do not always realize their personal responsibility in the matter, and, as a result, we see many college publications of inferior quality, due entirely to the fact that the student body does not interest itself enough to write for their magazine.

Full well do we know the answers produced by asking students to write for their magazine. A few will promise faithfully to submit some article—about half of these do. At least ninety-five per cent. say they do not know how to write, don't know how to begin, never tried to write, et cetera. You may not be able to string your lyre and sing Æneas' fame as Virgil did, or to shake the forum with the thunder of a Cicero's eloquence; probably history will fail to class your writing with that of Shakespeare, or even Milton; you may not surpass Scott as a novelist, Poe as a poet, or Macaulay as an essayist; but you can try to write a story, poem, essay—at least something—for your college magazine. Just try; don't worry over whether it is good enough to publish; leave
that to your editors, and spend your worry in making an article your best.

You may think your time is too precious to "throw away" in writing for the college monthly, yet if you would spend one-tenth of the idle moments (minutes, hours, and days) you generally consume in loafing, your editors would have material enough for several good magazines. If we were inclined to prophesy, we would say that you would leave college a much better educated man from "throwing away" your time in writing than you will otherwise.

It is never too early or too late to try. Don't hang back because you have never before attempted to write an article for your monthly, or be bashful because you are a freshman. It is your magazine; make it one to be proud of.

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**THE LIBRARY.**

The Messenger does not care to go on record as a "kicker," for it is far from our intention to kick at anything or anybody. But when we have an opinion that is born from conviction, and nourished by self-evident facts, we do not hesitate to express ourselves, regardless of the radical difference between what exists and what we advocate. In the present case we believe we express the view held by a vast majority of the student body, when we say that the College library should be kept open continuously from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M.

It has been customary to have the College library opened at 9 A. M., closed at 2 P. M. for dinner, re-opened at about 3:30 P. M., and closed for the day between 5 and 6 P. M. In other words, the library is open 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., while we are in our classes (we have a few vacant periods during this time, however); closed 2 to 3:30, when we would enjoy reading half an hour or more after dinner; open 3:30 to 6, when we are engaged in athletics and recreation, and closed
at night, when we really need to consult the library in preparing our studies for the next day, and have both time and occasion to use it extensively.

The cost to the College in keeping the library open five or six hours longer than it does would be nothing in comparison to the benefit the longer hours would confer upon the students.

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF RICHMOND, VA.,

is the place to deposit your money. They will take care of it for you, and return the principal on demand with interest by agreement, if it stays ninety days.
The "fall" of the year is certainly the most interesting period of college life to the college student. At this time friends meet again, after the summer vacation, and renew and strengthen those ties which were formed in the school-room and on the campus during the months before.

Then we are not in college long before the foot-ball season is on us. At this time college enthusiasm runs high, and even the sleepiest student awakes to the fact that he must seize his horn and colors and cheer the crimson and blue on to victory.

Even the December examinations do not inspire us with so much fear and dread as the others do, for our minds are apt to dwell on pleasant rather than unpleasant things, and thus the thoughts of Christmas, with its holidays, keep our minds and hearts too light to be over-burdened by such insignificant (!) things as examinations.

With the coming of September we find the campus and class-rooms filled with both new and familiar faces. Some of those whom we are accustomed to see are absent, and they are indeed missed. Of the "old" co-eds. there have returned Misses Julia Barnes, Mary Tyler, Isabel Walker, Mattie Brown, Bertha Knapp, and Rachel Lovenstein.

Miss Gay Broaddus, who was a student at the College during the sessions of 1904 and 1905, returns to take her B. A. this year. Misses Tyler and Lovenstein also expect to take their B. A.'s this year, while Miss Barnes returns for her Master's degree.

Misses Mina Thalhimer, Elizabeth Willingham, Peachy Harrison, and Leila Willis expect to remain at home during the winter.
Miss Sadie Engleburg has accepted a position as pupil-teacher in one of the public schools of the city.

Miss Helen Baker will return to College in January.

The Chi Epsilon Literary Society will hold its first meeting of the session on the first Friday in October, at 3 o'clock. This should prove an interesting meeting, as officers for the half year will be elected and a thorough and systematic course of work and study will be outlined.

Immediately after the Literary Society adjourns the Tennis Club will hold a short meeting to elect the President of the club. Let us keep up the interest that was shown in the game last year. A full attendance at this meeting will start the enthusiasm.

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