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The Boy and His Teacher.

BY "LYNNE WOOD."

His teacher lay dead, lay in state within the college walls. The darkened hall, silent, bare, echoing to half-heard sounds, was itself a funereal surrounding. A few sable bands draped the Doric columns that supported the centre of the great room and swung from capital to capital. From canvases on the wall, faces of the college's dead past, presidents, benefactors, and teachers, looked forth, some abstractedly, some furtively, upon the hushed scene. The passing feet upon the granolithic walks without sounded forth monotonously; the distant city roared ceaselessly; the shrill whistle of some factory pierced the air far away. The Boy was left alone with his dead teacher, lying in state.

He pushed aside the sliding panel of the coffin, and gazed into the face already changing, save the white brow. The world faded from the Boy's consciousness as he gazed.

The banker trustee of the college in a moment's leisure glanced at the day's paper. "Humph! professor dead!" said he; "too bad he died in middle of session. Plenty of 'em, though, hanging 'round, to take his place. The president will get somebody. Pretty cheap, you know; don't see how they live anyway. Ha! V.-C. went up two points yesterday. Good! Good!"

The society fashion-plate and gallant, in morning jacket, waiting for his valet to bring coffee and rolls, sleepily opened
the paper placed for him, and glanced over the head-lines:

"Professor Dane, Well-Known Teacher, Died Yesterday—Burial from College Hall To-Day."

"Newspapers," he ruminated, "make a beastly lot of noise about a nobody. Rarely see those fellows in society—not in my set. Dress absurdly, too; never in fashion. What does their boasted learning amount to? Learning! Fiddlesticks! They are as awkward in society as the bull in the crockery store. Let's see, I am due at the Country Club for luncheon with Madam French and others at one. Think if I had to teach I'd rather be dead too."

* * * * * * * * * *

Two club women met on the street. Said one, "You remember that professor who lectured at our club last spring; black hair, you know, and blue eyes—beautiful expression in them, so soft, you know; lectured on Dante—beautiful lecture. Did you see he died yesterday? Strange he never married, wasn't it? Oh, I am so, so sorry. Are you going to tea this afternoon at Mrs. Old Name's? She does have such lovely old china, doesn't she?"

* * * * * * * * * *

A lawyer, before he sat down at his desk, cast his eyes along the rows of heavy leather-back volumes, at the two stenographers, already busily employed at the day's task, and then slowly turned his gaze out of the window, toward the falls of the river above the city. Here was success. Ambition and determination shone in those keen eyes; grey hairs already were sprinkled on his head. He was one of the city's best known attorneys and richest.

It was no usual thing for him to pause before beginning a day's work, and the nearest stenographer looked up in surprise. "And so, old George Dane is dead," he said to himself at last, as his eyes fell upon the open country far beyond the river. "Poor fellow! I always thought him a fool. Fine mind—led our class at college. He would have
made a better lawyer than I, and I would have taken him for a partner any day. But he threw away his brilliant chance, went to Germany to some university, and came back to spend his life on starvation salary among a lot of stupid boys. He had some delusion about its being a noble work, doing a lot of good, and such things. But who thanks him for his sacrifice? Nobody. The trustees will pass a resolution of regret, and next day would praise his successor; his colleagues will bestow a sigh only, for those fellows are all jealous of each other. The students—ah, possibly some boy saw his real worth, his great sacrifice, and will pay a real tribute to his memory. And, come to think of it, I wouldn’t have even that if I were to pass off.” And his gaze wandered to the hills, farther yet beyond the open field, as he sat in reverie.

* * * * * * * * *

But the Boy, while slowly the meaning of it all came into his consciousness, still gazed into the white face.

Nearly four years had gone by since he came to this place. Reared on a large farm, he had known the labor of the long hot day, and, though young, he knew somewhat the management of men, and looked upon life with something of the air of a superior. Still he was green and provincial enough. Oh, how well he remembered the strangeness of his feeling when he entered his new surroundings—new faces, new duties, his own awkwardness. An unyielding spirit had nearly brought him into conflict with hazers, when a word from this man had thrown a flood of light on the deep-lying principle of comradeship. Yet far off, in those days, seemed the teachers. Except in the class, the professors, he thought, remained aloof. The members of the faculty were to him like the gods of the Epicureans he had read about, reclining at their ease, on some distant height of heaven, careless of the fate and act of man. Still he cared little. The daily food, the field for his physical energy, the hours for study,
the instruction of the class room, filled the present needs of
the growing youth.

Slowly, as time fled by, out of the chrysalis of the healthy
animal grew the conscious spiritual youth. Out of depths
somewhere, during the first two years, came a code of honor.
Taught by his fellow students? Yes. But more came from
other sources. From them he learned that certain things
were "dirty," were "short," that unfairness in examinations
was dishonorable, and that fealty to the college was the
supreme test of college character. But whence came the
conviction, slowly formed, that no casuistry can excuse a
wrong act, that doing right was its own reward, that no true
man can stoop to avenge an advantage wrongfully taken by
another? He did not get it from the provincial atmosphere
of his home community, for there the code of action was
the traditional one of fighting the devil with fire; it was the
hard and stern "eye for an eye" of the material mind; only a
weak man there would be outwitted by another without a
return in kind; an injury was met with revenge and interest.

This man, now lying so white before him, had often surprised
his materialistic though youthful soul with other sentiments.
By conversation, by daily hints in the class room, by a
suggestion to groups of students on occasion, before bands of
men in the fraternity halls, this man had subtly dropped the
principles of a higher law of conduct—to be true to one's
self regardless of what another may do.

Skeptic by nature was the Boy; he was trained in the cold
school of materialism. At first he had found, he thought,
only another preacher, who delivered sermonettes on life and
morals, but was weak in practice.

But an act here of self-effacement, another there of self-
restraint, which the Boy was able to see, slowly convinced him
that this might be a feasible line of conduct, after all.

Ever seeking new tests, he entered one night this man's
study. How well he remembered it! He still recalled the
plain severity of the walls, the sparse furniture, the only luxury evident being books, some pictures suggesting travel, everything showing toil. At once the Boy had launched into the dismal prospects of the team to win the cup in foott-ball by a deciding game, two days later. How the Teacher's eyes glowed as he bespoke his interest and sympathy, declaring the necessity of winning. Then the Boy, producing a small piece of paper, stated that there were the signals of the opponents' team, which had been that day given him alone, and that by this the game was theirs. The light faded from the Teacher's eyes; pain came upon the face. Slowly he lifted the paper and placed it upon the burning embers. Silently the two joined hands and separated. Two days later the team went down in glorious defeat. But the Boy's heart was light; he had found a man by his test, and he knew now that the higher law of life was a thing real, and not a preachment. The Teacher had given nothing to the Boy; he had merely brought into activity the God-given, dormant moral forces and set them into the current of the Boy's life.

Swiftly passed the weeks and months. College life is a hot-house for the young spirit. Here the youth passes, as it were, through the history of man in the space of four years, the physical, the intellectual, the psychic, the religious, crude though some of the results may be. So the Boy. It was inevitable that he should pass through the critical phase of re-adjusting religious beliefs. With intellectual awakening had come intellectual curiosity and the expanding mind had explored all fields of thought. But the shock to old beliefs swept many of them away. The teaching of his mother, the simple faith, was rudely jostled in the conflict brought by new knowledge of science and tongues, knowledge which but lately had swum into his ken. Too honest to blind himself to facts, too deeply religious to surrender, he was plunged into despair. Again the Teacher threw him the line, as he floundered in the water; he knew what sympathy
to bestow, for such had been his own struggle. In evenings by the fire of the study, in walks in the crisp air of the fall afternoon, the Teacher unfolded to the Boy the story of his own soul's hurt and its healing. He told how he had "lifted lame hands of prayer," had struggled until he had learned to believe "when we cannot prove." He laid bare the foundations of faith, which enables man to lay hold upon the feet of God. The Boy now, as he stood by the coffin, recalled those hours of vague groping from the darkness into the light, struggling until his soul in weariness threw itself back upon faith and belief and found peace.

He was nearing graduation when his guide, his friend, was suddenly stricken. There was no farewell, no parting words. When the cold form was placed in the hall the Boy had asked for the privilege of guarding him in this last vigil. And now he stood with the dead. The distant stroke of the city clock reminded him that the end of the vigil was drawing nigh.

What did this life, these labors of love uncompensated, this sacrifice, mean? The Boy knew not, but he knew that he had touched with a great unselfish soul. He threw himself upon his knees and vowed that here was his work, that for such a place as that left vacant now he would fit himself and try to fill it not unworthily.

As he arose coming footsteps echoed along the darkened halls, a door opened, admitting a flood of light and those coming to make the last preparation. The vigil was ended and the Boy made his way out alone.
I dreamily sat in the firelight glow,  
   And without was the daylight waning;  
The moan of the wind was as sad and low  
   As the sound of the constant raining.  
   And out of the past  
      The mem’ries came fast,  
   Not caring whether pleasing or paining.

'Twas then there came one with a soothing art,  
   All the gloom of my thoughts dispelling;  
And with joy I felt in my inmost heart  
   The pain of the past moments quelling.  
   For without a word  
      She had touched a chord  
   With the happiest memories swelling.

My soul seemed to catch, as the strains came forth,  
   The enchantment of youthful feeling,  
When life pulses strong and fair hope is worth  
   The future that it makes so appealing.  
   I saw one nearest,  
      And to me dearest—  
   The vision for heart wounds was healing.

And so, playing on with a magic hand,  
   Many moods this loved one was bringing;  
Her touch seemed that of a fairy-like wand  
   That through ether sends melody ringing.  
   Nor was I now sad;  
      Nay, the joy I had  
   Was like the swift bird in its winging.

And then the air grew tender and sweet,  
   And my thoughts, through the years advancing,  
In mem’ry revived a scene more complete
Than the one in youth so entrancing.
    The joy of love proved,
When youth is removed,
To conjugal bliss is enhancing.

For what cared I that the years had flown,
    And upon us their traces were leaving!
To me my love was as the morn
When plans for our life we were weaving.
    Time may bring changes—
True love ne'er estranges;
So why should my heart be a-grieving?

———

Present Tendencies in the South.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER.

At the close of the war between the States the outlook for the South was so gloomy and crushing that it seemed as if she would never recover from the conditions in which she then found herself. The labor element was completely paralyzed. With the return of peace, however, the basic industries were set in force. The farmer returned to the field; the workman to his shop; the professional man to his office. But, despite the innumerable disadvantages under which Southern agriculture has labored; notwithstanding the grave conditions existing during the dark days of reconstruction; regardless of the fact that impediments have deliberately been put in the way of Southern progress, the South to-day gives fair promise of standing soon on the very pinnacle of fame. She has increased her productions to an incredible degree. In 1795 Eli Whitney, a native of Massachusetts, then residing in Georgia, invented the cotton-gin, which immediately gave an added impetus to Southern industries. This invention so revolutionized the cotton development that cotton has become, and deservedly so, one of the leading interests of the
South to-day. In the cultivation of rice, sugar-cane, mint, broom-corn, grain, and tobacco the South takes her stand in the foremost ranks. Her minerals are of the first importance. The marvelous development of the coal and iron interests of the South is unprecedented. Statistics show that the coal resources of the South are greater than those of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain combined. A great American has truly said that the South is a section upon which the All-Bountiful has, with richest and most lavish hand, showered His choicest gifts. The advantages of the South in climate, the saving in fuel, and food are self-evident.

As to what the South is doing for education to-day, we need but to look at the universities, the colleges, and schools of the State, the higher institutions for both men and women. The religious parties of the South have established and supported at their own expense a great number of colleges for the training of the American youth, and, as a firm, underlying foundation, we have a commendable system of graded and common schools. Here, on the soil where floated the stars and bars, are gathered fond hopes; here are nourished high ideals; here, in a section flowing with milk and honey, we are fortunate in having brilliant educators and ambitious students. Local taxation for education has made great headway. Hundreds of thousands of old school-houses, crowded, unsanitary, and lacking in equipment, have given way to new and commodious buildings, which can adequately keep pace with the onward march of events, and for this the South is to be congratulated. Higher education is no longer separated from popular instruction by intellectual exclusiveness. From the alliance thus created have issued those social ties which have enriched lives, established broader sympathies, and ennobled sentiment.

I believe I can with perfect truth assert that conditions now exist in the South which render education in the principles and practice of agriculture essential. A far greater num-
ber of needs, which were unknown to the former generations, must now be met with to satisfy the farmer of the present. The reckoning with new industrial forces compel him to arm himself for a livelier and more active industrial warfare. Throughout the length and breadth of the South we hear complaints of the increasing scarcity of efficient farm help. Agriculture is enlarging in two ways. Our farming is becoming specialized and intensive or diversified. The tiller of the field must be alert enough to meet the demands of the hour.

The South is rapidly becoming a centre for European emigrants. From many parts of the South there comes the call for workers in the cotton fields, on the sugar and rice plantations, in the mines, the mills, the shops, the factories, the ware-rooms, and the work-houses. Many regard the negro as incapable and unfitted, while the skilled immigrant from Northern Europe finds a good opening in the South. Owing to her successful and encouraging experience with foreigners, the South is in favor of an increased immigration. She has so far reaped only benefits from alien labor. Everywhere throughout the South attempts are being set on foot to plant colonies of immigrants. The negro himself is, perhaps, the most potent factor in this movement. The major portion of the white population have no more patience with him. He is accused of inefficiency and unfitness for his work. A somewhat radical view taken by the people is that the influx of foreign whites will result in the eflux of the negro element. It would be of great advantage to the South to have these skilled North European farmers to settle among us.

The problem which the South has to face, from which there is no possible evasion, is threefold. The industrial, educational, and political elements appear as essential phases in the movement toward a real, democratic order. The South's three tasks are economic expansion, racial adjustment, and national integration, all of which are to be worked out through education. The problem of the South, then, resolves itself into a
sociological purpose. The enormous waste which the Civil War carried in its pale rendered it extremely difficult to establish firmly the active endeavors and productive energies of a section which had suffered such gross destruction. Since that terrible and bloody epoch, however, a little over a generation has elapsed, and it is only within the present decade that the South has concentrated her every energy to rise to a plane loftier and more commanding than that on which she stood at the close of the fraternal struggle. Her first step was to get on the basis of free labor. The two causes which stood in the way of her advancement, and exerted the most profound influence to retard her industrial progress, were the negro—the slave within her gates—and her practical monopoly of the two great staples, cotton and tobacco. The negro was alien in race and inferior in capacity. In striking contrast with the liberal, national, and industrial tendencies which marked the nineteenth century, the South, instead of embracing and sharing in these great movements, clung tenaciously to slavery, States' rights, and agriculture. Her present policy is one of liberation from ignorance, thriftlessness, indolence, and impotence, to nationalize in politics, and to industrialize in production.

It seems that there is no end of uses to which cotton-seed may be put. Formerly its sole claim to worth lay in its value for manure. Now one of the finest oils in the world is produced from cotton-seed. We send great quantities to Southern Europe, where it is refined and returned to us as olive oil. It usurps the place of both lard and butter. Its variety of uses is too numerous to mention. And here I may say, in passing, that the greatest negative characteristic of the South, the one to which the greatest attention should be paid, is her inability—or, better, her lack of initiative—to convert her raw materials into the more finished product, and to put a finer polish on them. There is—at least, there should be—no reason why the South should send her raw cotton to New
England to be manufactured into cloths, or her cotton-seed to France and Italy to be made into olive oil, when she has, right here in her own province, the means for doing these things herself.

Cattle breeding and stock raising enter largely into Southern industries. The inhabitants of the other hemisphere cannot produce enough food to satisfy their own needs, and, as a relief, consume the surplus of the South's products, for which we receive millions of dollars.

Perhaps the most interesting problem in the South to-day, and the most perplexing and difficult of solution, is the negro. It is, as never before, the issue of the day. Emancipation decided that the fate of the negro rested upon the republic, but the result of the war left the black man in the South, and the South, groaning under the weight of the burden which the struggle had entailed upon her, was expected to educate two races out of the destitution of one. We have ample cause, however, to be thankful that slavery is one of the "has beens." It was one of the two causes which prevented the South from keeping pace with the more progressive industries of the North. The other cause, as I have already stated, was the South's steadfast devotion to cotton raising and agriculture. The South has just begun to recover from its effects; she is, really, but on the threshold of her industrial era. The question which confronts the South is—what shall we do with the negro? Undoubtedly, he needs, primarily, an education by industrial methods. It is, however, only fair to the race that the negro of exceptional ability and extraordinary capacity should be given a broader advantage than his inferior. The South has never denied the negro's right, in any turn of honest endeavor, to earn his daily bread. To the present negro the chance to win, by honest toil, his means of subsistence is far more vital than his opportunity to vote.

The task of the South is a statesmanship of educational, religious, political, and economic insight. The freest educa.
tion of the masses is universally recognized in the South as the highest interest of society and the State. Public education of both races is presenting itself as the primary policy of the South.

Democracy has thus far been accomplished. The rich and the poor have united to build a common school for the education of the children of the South. Manhood is the essential, the primary, the fundamental basis of a democracy. There is no privileged class. The old South was an aristocracy. It had a superb culture, but it was limited to a few—the wealthy, the leisure class. In a genuine democracy the distinctions of wealth, of trade, property, family, and class are lost sight of. Democracy does not mean, however, that individuality in the man is ignored. As a recognition of this principle, thousands of negroes are to-day registered voters in the South. The United States education reports show that over a million and a half negro children are being instructed in public schools supported by the South. In her public schools, maintained at the public charge, every child, black or white, rich or poor, is gladly received.

One of the greatest drawbacks in the Southern factory system is child labor and long hours. Campaigns for the mitigation of these evils are daily being waged, as they are detrimental both to the child and to democracy.

The press of the South has been of inestimable value in passing upon the vital issues of her existence. No newspapers of our country have been more typically representative of law and order. In the recent race riots in Atlanta, which were distinguished by great ferocity and mercilessness on the part of the whites, the Southern newspapers were prompt and emphatic in denouncing the disgraceful episode, and in expressing their disgust and contempt. The editorials of Southern journals abound in knowledge, interest, and expressive vigor. In the solution of her own problems, the South will see to it that they are solved by the clearest, freest, and best thinking of which the South is capable.
The Mystery.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

The days of December in the year — were the clearest and coldest known in a decade, when, at the Christmas-tide, Jack Hamilton, with his sister Rheba, invited mutually a coterie of their respective college friends out to the old blue-grass plantation for the holidays. A house party in the spacious old mansion, with the yule-log burning brightly on the huge dog-irons, the polished floors of the drawing-room newly waxed, the hunting season at its height, and every thoroughbred in the stables keen for the hunt, an even dozen sprightly maidens and sportive youths — these were enough to bring gaiety to any occasion.

On the morning of the day before Christmas we all gathered at dawn in the park, each of the six of us with shot-guns, to start off the sport by trying our luck at quail shooting. I was, perhaps, Jack’s most intimate friend in the party, having roomed with him two years at State, and both of us graduating in law together at Harvard; we were more like brothers than friends. As the morning progressed Jack and I held pretty well together, but I seemed to get the jump on him, having shot nearly twice for his once, and at last my shells gave out. Jack had just gone off in a little brake with the dogs, leaving me the cartridge box to refill my belt.

Now this box was Jack’s own pride, being an old heirloom of the family, inlaid with pearl and ornamented with brass clasps. It was an old powder box, which he had turned into use for his shells. As I knelt down on the green sod I gave the brass ring the secret twist, which Jack and I alone knew, and the lid flew open. As I started to remove the shells my attention was caught by the buck-skin pouch attached to the lid. This pouch attracted great curiosity on my part, because
it contained the one mystery that stood between me and Jack. He often told me that they were kept together for security, as the two greatest treasures he possessed, his box and the picture of his girl. But he had never offered to show it to me, and I shame to relate it, but a burning desire to open it and see what she was like possessed me. I unclasped the pouch and took out the pictures.

Never did the lightsome feet of Proserpine, veiled in sunlight, caress the grass and flowers more sweetly than did this vision to my greedy eyes. It was but a small snap-shot of a statue of this happy goddess herself, a perfect, but lightly draped figure, dimpling and smiling like sunshine—a goddess still, but, oh! so human, so dainty. The second was a little water-color—just a head miniature, but exquisite in conception, and evidently the face of the lovely form of the statue. That face was as the morning in its first blush, and the golden curls clustered about it like the glory clouds at Aurora’s awakening.

I confess that I was startled; then abashed at the shamelessness of what I had done; then held by a devouring curiosity to know the subject of that picture. Hastily thrusting it back into its receptacle, I took out the cartridges, and closed the tempting lid. Soon after Jack came out with an exultant countenance, holding up a new brace of quail, and we left the covey. But all day the mystery of that box troubled me and my conscience.

The afternoon was spent riding out with the ladies, and so sweetly charming was the company of Helen Landers, who was my partner for the ride, that I quite forgot my morning adventure in the enjoyment. We did not keep to the pike, as did the others, but, with a more venturesome spirit, took off into the lanes and by-paths of the woods, emerging once in a while upon some delightful copse of blue-grass, or jumping the brooks that trickled through the dells between the rolling knobs. At last we alighted where the spring
gurgled up from under a rock, and laughed its way down the glen; here, under a chestnut, we gathered and unburied the nuts, and, chatting happily, ate them to our hearts' content. As we were seated on the rock, _tete-a-tete_ fashion, the morning's mystery returned to me, so I remarked, "Miss Landers, do you know anything of Jack's affairs—who is his girl, I mean? He was always open-hearted to me on everything, but singularly reticent on that subject alone. His acting so strangely has excited my curiosity."

"No," she replied, "and Rheba often tells me she is mystified, because Jack is apparently so indifferent to women. She thinks he is diffident, but I don't believe it, although, I admit, it is a mystery to me."

"Ah, a mystery!" I remarked; "so it is." Then I dropped the subject for another dearer to me.

"But do you know, Miss Landers—Helen—there is a mystery I wish much to be solved, that you could make clear to me"—her eyes opened in violet wonder—"that is the stake of your heart. Oh, Helen, I have always loved you. Tell me, is that most sacred treasure in life for me?"

She blushed, and her eyes were downcast, as she breathed, rather than replied, "Oh, Dick, I know not what to say; it has so confused me. But I do, Dick; I love you, and life would not be life without you."

The horses champing the bit did not prance more capriciously than did my heart on that homeward journey, in which the silence was edged by that sweet sense of mutual understanding. The dusk was just deepening into chilly sharpness as we drew up at the veranda; but all within was cheery, warm, and cozy, like two warming hearts that parted at the steps.

Brilliant were the lights, merry the times, and fickle the mistletoe bough that Christmas eve as we trimmed the gorgeous fir with a wreath of tinsel and bon-bons, until it became a glittering fairy-land of white and gilt. Our
love's labors over, we finished up the teeming hours of pleasure with the old-fashioned rills, sugar-my-loos, the lanciers, and a waltz. I never saw Helen so lively as that night, nor ever felt so queer as I climbed the steps after Jack, sharp on the stroke of twelve, to our room. For I determined to confess my wrongful act to him, and face the mystery of Persephone and the Aurora-haloed subject of the miniature.

Jack was sprawling idly on the bed, critically eyeing one boot, which he had just pulled off. I went up to him, and, straddling the foot-board, put my hands on his shoulders, and, looking into his eyes, said: "Jack, I have a confession to make. I did the meanest thing of my life to-day, and against my dearest friend. When I opened the box for shells this morning I also opened something else. I saw the pictures, Jack. Now be as angry as you please—"

"Oh, you did—ha! ha! Oh! you did—ho! ho! ha! ha! ho! ho!" And he laughed as if he would break his neck laughing. "So you found me out, did you? And isn't she glorious? To think that till your impudent, spying eyes looked on her to-day, the secret was mine alone. But, never mind, the revelation is but a few hours previous."

"But Jack—" I said, astounded.

"Oh, the story, eh? Well, that's easy, old lady! Perk up now, look more chic and not too penitent. The rest is a cinch.

"You remember the summer I graduated from Harvard Jim Stiles and I made a trip abroad to France, where we did gay Paris for some months. Well, while there I met in with Chris Langdon—you remember Chris, don't you (I nodded)—who was there studying art, and shortly afterward acquired fame with his 'Persephone and the Flowers.' At that time he was just putting the finishing touches to the marble statue, then still veiled; but when he took us to his studio, being old chums, he showed us the statue in its wondrous beauty, as yet unrevealed to the world. Having a tourist's camera
along, I snapped it on the spot, and afterwards developed
the plate which you saw."

"But—" I interrupted.

"Yes, the end is not yet," he went on, upraising his hand
to stop my volley of words. "He told me that the best was
yet to see, id est, his charmer of a model, whom I must meet
with him at tea next day; and then he showed me the little
medallion which you saw. Ye starry heavens! But I had
never seen such a wonder, before or since. A divine goddess,
a ripened and womanly Proserpine, but—by the holy shrine—
the same spindle-shanked, harum-scarum tom-boy who used
to climb apple trees with me when I was a boy, grown to
womanhood. Hinda Lee—grown, beautified, sweetened,
glorified—but, with it all, the merry, larking, outrageous
Hinda of old. Oh, my heart! Dick, old boy! I met her.
My fate was sealed."

He now put his hand on my shoulder, and whispered
intensely to me, "I have never told it to the folks. She was
abroad, doing art with her aunt, became fascinated with the
work of young Langdon, and consented to be the model of
his masterpiece and work of love. Their only bond was
their art; but Hinda—oriental, the name, hey?—and I soon
found other bonds."

"But, Jack, is she educated?" I exclaimed. "Is she
socially—"

"Yes, by Zeus!" he thundered, bringing his fist down
upon the bedstead like that ambrosial mighty's thunderbolt,
"she is the fairest of women, the Diana of virtue and good-
ness, educated at Vassar; she is refined and queenly, lovely
and gracious, a goddess among her sex, the paragon of queens.
And further, old bird; to-morrow, like lightning from
the unexpected, we—you and I—are going to the station to
greet her on the early train, before anybody awakes. And
my Christmas gift from old St. Nick will be this precious
doll and idol of my heart upon the Christmas tree. We
have planned this novel stunt to announce our engagement, for we are to be married in the Easter-tide.”

“And I,” said I, dramatically, “will announce my engagement to Helen Landers at the same time. Maybe there’ll be a double wedding!”

“What!” exclaimed Jack, excitedly; “you and Helen! Glory be! Congratulations, old bird! Put it there!”

“And you there, for you and Hinda,” I exclaimed, as we heartily clasped hands and began dancing around like school-boys from the very effervescence of joy.

“Won’t they wake up for a surety to-morrow, though!” at last I remarked.

“That they will,” he replied, “and a merry Christmas it will be, with two newly-engaged couples in the house to get love-sick.”

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At Rest.

BY A. J. CHEWNING, JR.

’Tis sweet, when daily toils are o’er,
And twilight chases the west,
To know that in thy fond embrace
This weary soul shall rest.

Thy velvet hand, thy classic form,
In gorgeous trimmings dressed,
Would comfort bring to any heart
By earthly cares oppressed.

Within thy fragrant folds, my soul
In harmony reposes;
Nor could there be a sweeter rest
Were it a bed of roses.

Ah! Psyche, thou art constant, dear,
In thy bosom e’er to keep
Those secrets whispered in thy ear
As I have fallen asleep.
Golden visions rise and fall,
And castles in the air,
When held within thy loving arms,
My easy Morris Chair!

ROMANCE IN MUSIC.

BY ELsie FELLHEIMER.

No clearer idea can be gotten of the movement of romanticism in the nineteenth century than by looking close into the music of the age, for music cleanses the understanding, inspires and lifts it into a realm which would not be reached if left to itself. Whether men are skeptical, resigned, or mystical, they have all caught a glimpse of or imagined the infinite, into whose limitless realms music gives us a moment's gaze; they have risen towards it in order to stir up the whole swarm of their grand dreams. Then, when all words end, music begins; when they suggest, it realizes; and hence the secret of its strange, ineffable power.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, in Italy, music began to feel its great powers as an emotional medium. The great musical works were then nearly all of sacred character. The art was still firmly held in the trammels of strict figure and severe counterpoint; the solemn and startling process of musical discovery was, nevertheless, in rapid progress. After the decline of the Papal power, which caused the degradation of Italian music, the high culture of the art passed from Italy to Germany, which was destined to see the rise of symphony and modern oratorio.

With the fall of the Roman Empire, the unity of thought born of the Roman's idea of universality was broken, and music gradually took the form of individualism, which gave birth to the sonata.

Italy is gifted with sweet and enchanting melody, which is
vividly shown in Rossini. But why isn't Rossini as good as Beethoven? Because Beethoven is of the German school, which is higher than the Italian, since it is a truer and more disciplined expression of the emotions. In Beethoven all is restrained, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected, nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery. And these emotions thus roused are not the false inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist, but the true gradations in natural succession, and temporal withal, that go to make up the truth of life.

It has been said that "discovery is seldom made singly—when time is ripe for revelations several observers have coincidently witnessed its existence." Then we may say that Wordsworth and Beethoven, the great representatives of their respective arts, were inevitably related. Wordsworth's maturity grew step by step from the mere animal joy of scent to the beautiful spiritualism of the soul. Beethoven from 1800 was under the influence of his predecessors, though progressing in rapid strides towards independence of thought and artistic power. In 1814 he reached the climax of formal perfection, the highest effort of which music as an independent art is capable—viz., poetic music; a distinct poetic idea becoming the moving principle, before which the forms of absolute music have to yield. This ushered in a new phase of music, that can be heard in Beethoven's grand symphony, when some unexpected soft minor chord or passage will steal on the ear, heard amid the magnificent crash of harmony, making the blood pause and filling the eyes with sudden unbid tears.

It is formally established that the Italian makes us sentimentalize and the German makes us feel. The German is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives.
So thoroughly, indeed, had the spirit of the new music begun to revolutionize the public mind that popular Italian composers engaged Mozart to write arias for them, in order to insure the success of their operas.

Mozart was, as I think, the greatest musical genius the world had yet seen. The circumstances of his birth and early training were the best fitted to develop that genius which could possibly be conceived. He was early appreciated by his father, who was an admirable musician.

The years of 1778-79, which he spent in Paris, were probably the most uncongenial of his life. He found the people coarse and intriguing, the musicians stupid and intractable—in fact, the whole tone of the French mind displeased him. In 1779 he came back to Germany, resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of a real German opera school, which in time did away with the fixed style, and encouraged individualism. He also developed the modern sonata, invented by his predecessor, Haydn, wherein we find the music womanly, wild, soft, and sweet.

This to me seems a great phenomenon, for Mozart's life was so hampered by poverty that if he, like Beethoven, had given vent to his troubles by loud and stormy tones, it would have been nothing more than the natural outcome; but Mozart soared higher than his life and lived among the clouds, and it is to this fact, together with his optimistic nature and inspiration for writing, that we understand the beautiful meaning of his composition.

The person of Beethoven, like his music, seems to have left its vivid and colossal impression upon the age, and the secret of Beethoven's success lies in his deep feeling. Many the day he would wander about among the hills, and scribble a great deal. Often he told others that "No man on earth can love her better than I do." Utterly powerless to hear, he depended on the higher feeling, and, like Wordsworth, spiritualized what he saw.
Never, among all his suffering, did he lose reverence for God. His deep and tender devotion to all that was highest in man, his patient forbearance with the weak and selfish, and a certain indomitable courage, which raised him to one of the solitary pinnacles of fame. To him art was no mere recreation or luxury, but the expression of all that was conceivable and most worthy of being expressed in things divine and human; and the ear so early closed to the discords of earth seemed all the more intently open to the voice of the informing spirit.

Mendelssohn, the man between the classical and the romantic, was brought into contact with every department of human knowledge; nevertheless, he retained throughout his life the simplicity and impulsiveness of a child. Yet he is full of manly energy, enlightened enthusiasm, and the severest devotion to the highest forms of art. He is weak, but loveable. Mendelssohn has not the genius of Beethoven, but there is never more than one Shakespeare to an art; he is more like Mozart with the soft, sweet melody. He evinced all the fervor of the Romanticist, but, like Ben Jonson, kept strictly to the form of the ancient; hence the failure of his dramatic music.

The cause of freedom in music, as elsewhere, is now very nearly triumphant. We can hardly imagine the sacred bridge of liberty kept by a more stalwart trio than Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

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The Master's Crowning Touch.

BY S. K. P.

In a far-off country, shut in by mountains and deserts, there once lived a young artist, whose whole soul burned with the desire to become famous. All the days of his boy-
hood had been spent in dreaming of a time when he should startle the world with the work of a great master. But there seemed to be very little chance for him, so cut off from the influence of the art of his time, and with such little inspiration from its masters.

Filled with such thoughts as these, one afternoon he strolled aimlessly out toward the foot of a high peak, and, for some reason, a desire to climb it seized him. As he gradually made his way up its steep side, he came face to face with a great, thick, dripping cloud, slowly coming down the mountain. He pushed ahead, however, and finally came out of its wet blanket into the beautiful, clear sunshine. Tired from his climb, he turned and stood gazing out over the valley beneath him.

The sun's last rays were adding beauty and grandeur to the scene before him. So close that he could almost moisten his hands in its damp mass was the black cloud through which he had just passed, slowly floating out over the valley, and looking like the age-darkened wall of some ancient citadel. Through a breach in its crumbling surface, he seemed to be looking into that city.

Away in the distance a massive bank of golden clouds formed the dome of some cathedral. How its wonderful lustre shone and sparkled as the sunbeams played upon its surface! To the right there seemed to be a vast lake, formed by dark layers of clouds. So perfect was the picture that the gentle lapping of its lucid waters, broken now and then into tiny waves, seemed dimly audible, or the triumphant cry of some gull as, with a sweep of white wings, some over-daring fish was made its prey.

Enraptured by the beauty before him, he stood with folded arms, and gazed into the distance till his wall had floated away and lake and shore were mingled in one mass of clouds. The golden dome stood last of all, but it, too, soon faded away in the dying rays of a setting sun; and as gloom
gradually settled over nature, the whole scene was gone, never to repeat itself.

"Ah," thought he, "could I but put that picture, with all its wealth and delicacy of color, upon my canvas, my name would be immortal." He turned, and, with determination in every step, made his way homeward. The world should have as nearly as possible the beauty he had just seen. He knew how it had thrilled his own soul, and others, too, should know the keenness of that thrill, if time and skill could make it so.

With brush and paints he set to work. Long days and nights he toiled, barely snatching food and rest sufficient to keep his tired body alive. Even when sleep came to claim his weary limbs, he dreamt of the time when his work would be finished. Thus, from day to day the work progressed, and each touch of the brush added new beauty, till at length it was complete.

There it stood upon its easel, the wonder and admiration of the world. How much it meant to him who had made it! To him it meant wealth, and fame, and honor—yea, more than that. It meant the realization of all his boyish hopes and dreams, the accomplishment of an ideal. In all its delicate lines and shading the world could read the expression of genius and high artistic achievement. No man could any longer doubt but that its maker possessed a master hand.

But somewhere, at some time in its growth, that picture would have seemed perfect to the untrained eye. It took the searching eye of the artist to see the stroke of the brush that was to be the crowning touch of all. Before that touch all was truly beautiful; yet perfect beauty required that last bit of paint. Then, and then only, could the worker sit and rest his tired eyes upon it, and feel satisfaction come into his soul.

When God began to paint the greatest picture that ever dropped from artist's brush, just such a touch He, too, found
necessary. Who would not have pronounced His great painting, the world, complete? What mortal eye could have seen that yet another touch remained to make that work perfect? Was not the scene beautiful enough? What a wealth of contrast existed between ocean and snow-capped mountain peak!

On yonder mountain, lifting its head, covered white by the delicate work of the ice king, high up into the blue of heaven, rises a little brook. Pushing its way from the great earth in crystal drops, and forming a beautiful spring, in whose cold waters the thirsty climber may find fresh strength, it begins. Rolling and tumbling down hill, here rushing madly along in swirling, foaming rapids, there collecting in still, transparent pools, where the mountain trout delights to jump and sport; ever singing, singing, singing, with its pulses beating time to the great heart of the ocean, it runs its merry course. All its life it sings of its great Master. And many more examples of such contrast and beauty are to be found in this wonderful painting.

Yet the work was incomplete. The sun, king though he was, was only king by day, and how could the modest moon hold sway over all this wonderful scene? Another stroke of the brush was needed, the stroke that would bring forth an earthly king, competent to be the ruler over all of this glory. And God, the Great Artist, made that stroke.

Man was the king He made, and to mortal eye nothing more was needed; all was perfect. The might and power of man seemed sufficient; but the Artist saw one more touch yet was needed. There could be no real beauty where only a king held power, where strength and force alone held sway. A queen was needed to make the scene perfect, and so the touch was made, and woman had become the crowning work in all God’s wonderful creation. In her the picture was complete. Her name was the symbol of all that the scene
had lacked. She was the embodiment of gentleness and purity and loveliness.

What a queen she made! True to the Great Artist’s conception, she reigned with queenly dignity and grace. Ever since man first beheld her has she been the real ruler, guarded and protected by him with all the chivalry of his nature. And so together man and woman became the completion of God’s work.

Is not this something to think about? Our bodies and the soul they contain constitute God’s masterpiece. The great art galleries of the world are filled with the masterpieces of mortal artists. They are not mistreated. No dust is allowed to cloud their surfaces and mar their beauty. And yet the masterpiece of the Immortal Artist is left to be racked and ruined by the dust of sin and dissipation. Is this right? Ah, no; and the shame of it all is of the lowest type. Give God’s crowning work all the tender, watchful care that human mind can conceive, and thus pay highest tribute to the Master Painter of the universe.

Without You.

* * *, ’08.

In the mind of the artist a vision,
Transporting his soul with delight;
A landscape of exquisite beauty,
The sun just descending from sight.

Before him a painting, still lacking
Those strokes with which genius and skill
Awaken to life a dead picture,
Transforming a canvas at will.
So the landscape is lifeless and dreary,
   And dingy the gold and the blue,
A dismal, disheartening failure,
   And such is my life without you.

Through the soul of the dreaming composer
   Is floating a symphony rare;
The harpers celestial seem playing
   This melody thrilling the air.

But awkward his touch on the keyboard,
   And dirge-like the answer he brings;
A rattling, a crashing, a moaning,
   A twanging of turbulent strings.

The clangor is harsh and uproarous,
   And vexes the soul with its hue,
A wearisome, soul-tiring discord;
   Ah! such is my life without you.

A life from which all that is sweetest
   And all that is joyful's been ta'en,
From which all the pleasure's departed,
   And left only sadness and pain.

A life whose ideal's departed,
   Whose hopes and ambitions have fled,
Bereft of its guardian angel,
   A life that while living is dead.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BY R. N. DANIEL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was the son of a Unitarian clergyman. He was born in Boston May 25th, 1803. His death occurred April 27th, 1882. He was graduated
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

from Harvard in 1821, and taught school for five years. He had been educated for the ministry of the Unitarian Church, and took up his duties as a regular pastor. He soon tired of this, however, and in 1832 gave up his charge. He preached irregularly down to 1847. After giving up the pastorate he went to Europe, and in England formed the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Coleridge. On his return to this country he took up lecturing, and for thirty years barely made a simple living at this vocation.

He made his home at Concord, where he settled in 1834. He was married twice. His first wife left him at her death an income of twelve hundred dollars a year, enough to relieve him of embarrassment, but not sufficient to render personal efforts for the support of his family unnecessary.

Among Emerson’s productions are to be mentioned his “Miscellaneous Addresses,” published in England in 1844; his “Representative Men,” works on Plato, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Swedenborg, Napoleon, and Goethe; “English Traits,” “The Conduct of Life,” and a “Natural History of Intellect and Others Papers.” Emerson’s influence on his own time and on the present cannot be too strongly emphasized. In the three great fields of education, social organization, and religion his influence is pre-eminently great.

Emerson saw that the surest way to a progressive civilization is through the school. To reform men he thought required the education of the children. His words, “We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root and branch reforms of slavery, war, gambling, temperance is only medicating the symptoms. We must begin higher up—namely, in education,” are pregnant with truth. Emerson taught that education ought not to be a mere memorizing process, but that it should also include achievement. He believed that every man possesses a faculty which is individualistic—a faculty peculiarly his own, and the cultivation of which he owes to society.
In social organization Emerson’s mind was remarkably prophetic. Living before our age of luxury, selfishness, and the mad rush for gain, he foresaw it all. In a lecture read before a society in Boston in the year 1841, he indicated how strife would come between employer and employees, between labor and capital, the endless last of our modern social organization, and prescribed the sentiment of love as the only solution.

In religion Emerson was the fore-runner of much of modern thought. He departed from the accepted paths in religious matters, and, while his views are by no means universally received to-day, it is nevertheless true that his influence is present to a large extent in modern religious conceptions. He believed the universe to be religious by nature, and all things to be sacred. The practice of churches in establishing hospitals, giving entertainments, maintaining tenement missions, etc., is in large measure an outgrowth from such teachings as those of Emerson. In religious matters, and in all others, Emerson practiced and encouraged absolute freedom of thought. He was in no sense a bigot. He did not believe in just the same way that people generally believe, but, withal, his religion was one of lofty sentiment, with much that tends to elevate the human soul.

Once Upon a Time.

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

My antique friend, the Post-Graduate, from the confusion of his knowledge, has lost count of terms, and seasons, and years, all of which he used to be up on, as he informed me the other day. He has stayed here. He has become a Pillar now, and on him rests memories laden with the dust of musty volumes that were read, laid aside, and forgotten.
ONCE UPON A TIME.

Tales, ancient and murky, some dismal and some plaintive, live in his eyes, his sallow cheeks, and drooping vesture.

But he is not my theme this time. I'm going to tell you about a memory of his that immediately concerns some of us.

He was sitting on a little stool when he told it to me, a book on his knees, and his big knotty hands fumbled its pages nervously, as he crouched over it, setting off his great, gaunt, angular figure clearly against the bare white wall of his attic room.

"You know," he began, "I don't suppose I ever told you this—there didn't use to be anything but sophomores, and seniors, and 'old men' here." He said it calmly, and no fire was in his eyes, so I suppose it must have been true.

"Students," he went on, "passed their days silently and reverently among the now long-forgotten treasures of the library. Three bean soups a day, six lectures, and the library for the evening sufficed to make up college life. But now! Oh, me! me! me!" And he began to pull his long black hair between his fingers despairingly.

"How did it happen?" I asked, as sympathetically as I could.

"Sumptuous living was the cause of the downfall of this ancient institution from the higher plane of its former refinement. There came a day when the sound of unknown feet disturbed the dust in the President's office. The janitor came flying, without his apron. He arrived just in time to see a round, meek, little man seat himself in about two inches of dust.

"'Hi dar, sar!' the janitor exclaimed, catching him by the arm, and snatching him up from his seat before the dust could strike in. 'How dis dust do kerlect, fer a fac. Let ole Johnson bresh you off wif his turkey wing.' Which he proceeded to do, and raised such a cloud that the meek little man coughed till he shook like jelly.

"Then there was a shuffling of feet in the other room, and
the President, aroused by the noise, opened the door, and poked his long neck around the corner, and gazed long and suspiciously through the murk which the dust had created.

"'A gennerman to see yo', sar,' exclaimed the ever watchful John, turning quickly; and then, bowing, he left the room.

"At the sight of the little man he collected his scattered thoughts, and the President marched across the room as high and mighty as possible.

"'Who has the college the honor of receiving?' he asked, as he thrust forward his hand for a mighty shake.

"'My name is Mr.—is—is Brown, sir, and—er—my wife sent me to you about our boy, Tommy.'

"That's as much as John Johnson heard, because a draught made the door creak slowly open, and—(exit janitor).

"It was during chapel, some weeks later, that 'It' arrived. After the morning discourse the President branched off as follows:

"'Young men, to-day we start on a new course, a course which shall make our college famous in the annals of time.' And then he went on and went on. He told how, through the appeals of a father, he had discovered whole towns and States without a single college, only dancing-schools and Academies of Music encumbered the ground. There a young man's education consisted of growing a moustache and staying out nights. We all shuddered at the thought. He said it now became our duty to receive some of these unfortunate, and that we must bear with them as much as possible until they had bettered their ways.

"At length he, with a bow towards the row of professors, stated that he took great pleasure in introducing Mr. Thomas Brown as a successful candidate for entrance.

"We all turned to follow the direction of his bow, and a murmur of surprise sprang from us. There—wedged in between the professors—sat a small, white, sandy-haired, big-
eyed manikin. His hair was parted and slicked back; a nose, abrupt and freckled, was above a mouth that was wide and wondrously vast, though, at times, he could shut it. A cute little jacket and trousers completed the object of our gaze.

"After chapel he disappeared, but some of us saw him lurking in the dark corners of the library; and at dinner we all noticed him eat up his bean and call for more. That little kid eating more than us men had ever eaten at one time! Think of it! Yet he would have done so, and he looked around rather hollow-eyed when he heard he couldn't have more than one whole bean. He took another hard-tack and disappeared.

"That was the last quiet day this college has ever had. Deep in the unknown night a loud cry rang through our ears and startled us into consciousness. We listened—nothing more. Cautiously we searched until, in a corner by the lower stairway, we found—'It'! Crouched in its night clothes, sullenly waiting, it eyed us sleepily. Instantly there flashed through our minds the injunction of the President to bear with them until—? So we approached him kindly.

"'Aw, I was only walking in my sleep,' he growled.

"We put him to bed.

"This was the beginning. In the evening of the next day the librarian yelled out suddenly and pounced upon the 'young one.' He had been staring out of the library window while he satisfied his mouth by chewing a venerable book. The next morning Bouis' crying for his hard-tacks was heard in the land. Sympathy boiled over. There in his pantry lay the box which once held those hard-tacks. Just outside a large rock was found, covered with crumbs, whereon the thief must have been cracking them with a gavel stolen from the table in the chapel. Aghast, we looked at one another, and then at the trail of crumbs that led to 'Its' door.

"He could deprive us of peace at night, he could disturb
our quiet in the day, but to steal our food, there he touched something which concerns every man—the camel's back broke!

"Then a great cry broke out through the land. A rending of boards signalized preparations painful. But the 'little one' seemed to be used to that kind of treatment.

"Again that night a dull thud was heard. Again we rushed forth. But—'Ouch! Oh! Arrh!'-every step we took came down on tacks and tacks—not hard-tacks, but sharp tacks. Poor boy, he didn't know any better; poor boy, we must bear with him. Aye, and we bore with him—not only paddles, and belts, and straps, and buggy whips, but on the way around the campus we added a little water cure, et cetera.

"We know how to treat them now. When a whine or a bump or a scratching troubles us in the night, we only turn over on our good ear, waiting for the morrow to come, when all won't be so well for that 'Rat.'"

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**Lethe.**

**BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG.**

Silent from the rolling hills of cloud
The flaky drifts of snow come down,
Huddling there, the heavens dark with gloom,
Like shivering sheep o' their coating shorn.

Calm the driven snow's celestial white
Covers with a fleecy down
Every vale, and rock, and grassy leaf,
And autumn's old unsightly brown.

Like the loamy soil on the aged grave,
'Mid many a sob and tear piled high,
The dead Old Year in a snow mound lay,
'Mid the soughing wind's dole dismal sigh.
ONE of the hardest battles ever fought on American soil was that of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as the field is best known by the two contending armies. The contest was between veterans, and on one side was the grim determination to check the advance of a victorious army, on the other the desire to inflict a still more crushing defeat than had befallen the enemy on the field of Bull Run. All through that September day the deadly conflict lasted, with a temporary advantage now in favor of one party, only to be counterbalanced by a reverse at some other point. At last darkness put an end to the contest, and, as the broken lines fell back, the rows of the dead and dying showed all too plainly where their ranks had stood. It was here that, in the thick of the fight, a division commander ordered (as he thought) a column of soldiers to repulse a sudden onslaught of the enemy, only to find that no response was made—they were dead Georgia soldiers. And so it happened that the sun had never gone down on a more ghastly sight than was to be found on old Antietam field. But not forever was such a scene to mar the face of a country torn by dissensions and rent by civil strife. Within a few years the war-cloud vanished, and once more peace, blessed peace, hovered over the country, never more, let us hope, to be disturbed by the alarum of war. Antietam has no harsh memories of those who fought so nobly there, and the boys in blue, as well as those who wore the gray, rest peacefully beneath her sod.

Hard by this battle-field, in the early 80's, there lived the Burbach family, consisting of father, mother, and their son Albert, a bright-faced lad of several summers. As a child, Albert romped over the battle-scarred hills, climbing
over the rocks to gather the fragments of shells and the pieces of broken bayonets, old muskets, and such other relics as he might chance to find there. Imagine the glow of pride he felt when he would come across the hilt of a sword or scabbard blade, for then he could be a real soldier. Or, again, he would wander about the field in high glee at the prospect of adding more trinkets to his supply of curios. His joy knew no bounds one day when he discovered high up in the thicket a broken drum, in which a swarm of bees had begun to store their honey, gathered from the flowers growing in the soil so rich with Union and Confederate blood. Little did he know, in his childish romps, of the meaning of those furrows on the hill-side, and the little mounds that met his gaze at every turn. Later, when Pennsylvania unveiled a massive monument to the memory of her heroic dead, he was scarcely conscious of the magnificence of the occasion.

Albert’s happy days, when he was utterly without care and could live in his own little world, were comparatively few. The logic of circumstances had rendered it necessary for him to contribute to the support of the family. Already he had entered the log school, some two miles away, where, under the pains-taking care of Philip Argyle, a kind and good man, he had given promise of a bright future. His parents were desirous of giving him every advantage within their power, but a serious accident to Mr. Burback rendered it necessary for Albert to withdraw from school and become a breadwinner. Mr. Argyle was sorry to have one so promising deprived of such advantages as even the log school afforded, and kindly offered to teach Albert at night. For a time Albert kept up his studies, until at length Mr. Argyle moved away, and every ray of hope seemed extinguished.

Albert’s life was now a hard one in the extreme. From early morning till nightfall he was forced to work with all his might to keep the wolf from the door. With only old Nell to rely upon, he could hardly wrest a living from the
little plot of ground which his father had succeeded in paying for by dint of hard effort. Added to this, Mr. Burback's recovery was slow, and a considerable bill for medicine had accumulated. No matter how hard Albert might work, there was never a day when he could go off and enjoy himself as other young people did, and he fancied that his life was an enforced hardship. He did not begrudge his most untiring efforts in behalf of his parents, but he reasoned that, as his father regained his strength, he was entitled to a holiday now and then. Mr. Burback was not averse to this, but poverty still knocked at the door. At last, in March, 1897, the clash came. Mr. Burback allowed some angry words to pass, and Albert determined to carve out his future alone and unaided. He was deeply grieved to leave his mother, and it was a sad party that old Nell pulled to the station one day in the latter part of March. Tears flowed freely as Albert gave his mother the parting kiss and turned his face to a new world.

After a ride of several hours, Albert Burback alighted from the train a stranger in a strange city, on the banks of the Ohio. He had the address of an old friend of his mother's family, and thither he made his way, after many difficulties amid the windings of unfamiliar streets. Through the kindness of this friend, he had soon found comfortable lodgings and started out to look for work. In a short while he had secured a place in a wholesale dry goods house, at a small salary, but with some prospect of advancement. At first letters went regularly to his mother, and even on two or three occasions a small amount of money from his hard-earned savings, but as the home ties weakened his letters became less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. His associates in the city were mostly young men of about his own age, somewhat given to cards and theatre-going. The new life was fascinating for Albert, yet he so far controlled himself as not to be wholly upset by these amuse-
ments, and managed to apply himself to his business with untiring zeal. Advancement had come quite rapidly, and Albert looked forward to the day when he would be a member of the firm.

Meanwhile, in the little home at the foot of the mountains, affairs had gone from bad to worse. Mrs. Burback, never very strong, had passed through a long spell of sickness, and was still quite feeble. Old Nell, the mainstay of the household, had died, and with the loss Mr. Burback's spirits seemed broken. In spite of these misfortunes, the good woman rallied her husband to one final effort, in the hope of warding off the impending blow. All efforts were unavailing and soon it became necessary to mortgage the place for the bare necessities of life—a frightful blow to the pride of both husband and wife. For the first time, both seemed to realize that their home was doomed.

Albert Burback had risen rapidly in the great city, and was well thought of by many of the most substantial business men in the city of his adoption. Strange as it may seem, he had almost ceased to think of those who loved him back there in the home of his boyhood days until at last, his cruel neglect was brought suddenly home to him. It happened on this wise: One day, in the fall of 1902, Albert, who had been indisposed for some little time, was invited by a member of the firm to go with him in quest of game—an invitation which he readily accepted. Starting from the city at an early hour, they made their way to the hunting ground and entered heartily into the sport. The air was brisk and invigorating, and game was abundant. After a lively tramp of several hours in the morning, during which a goodly number of birds were bagged, they came to the bank of a winding creek, where they prepared to enjoy the lunch they had brought along. Kindling a fire by the side of the stream, they paused to rest for a few minutes after eating, and Albert, half carelessly glancing over the paper in which
their lunch had been wrapped, was surprised to find some news items from the vicinity of his old home. A deep flush passed over Albert Burbank's face, for, though no mention of his people was made, he began to realize his gross neglect of filial duty.

Two weeks later a finely-dressed gentleman got off the train at the little town of Berlin. The town had so changed in appearance that it hardly seemed to be the same place where a few years previously a youth had given a parting kiss to a fond mother. Albert Burbank walked rapidly down the platform, vainly hoping that he would catch sight of some familiar face. Passing into the depot, he suddenly stood face to face with one whom he had known years ago. It was Eli Hawkins, an old neighbor of the Burbank family. Eli grasped Albert's hand lightly, and his first words were a stinging rebuke to the young man. "Yes, Mr. Albert, you there in the city wearing your fine clothes, and your poor father and mother have scarcely enough to eat and to wear."

Albert's countenance fell, and he turned away without saying a word. Recovering his self-possession, he telegraphed for $500, and in a little while set out for the mountain home. The scenes enacted there were too sacred for alien eye to behold, but the following account was given to a party of Albert's friends after he had returned to the city:

"Yes, I had the greatest time of my life while at home. Before reaching the house, I could see that things were not in the best condition. I got in before father had returned from the day's work, and mother was overjoyed to see me. That night, while she was in the kitchen preparing supper and father was at the stable, I stole to the cupboard, took out the old brown sugar bowl, poured out the sugar, put in the roll of bills, and then replaced the sugar. When we sat down to supper mother had prepared a cup of tea for me, and, in trying to get out the sugar, gouged into the greenbacks. 'Oh, yes, Albert; up to your old tricks, are you?'"
Then she saw it was money, and fell back in her chair with tears of joy. I just wish you could have seen father straining his neck to get a peep at the money. The meal consisted mainly of spare-ribs and corn bread, with a few fried potatoes, but really it was the best supper I ever ate in my life. After supper mother told me of the misfortunes that had befallen them during my absence. The mortgage was due within a week, and they were expecting to be turned out of house and home. Well, I stayed around home for quite a while, paid off the mortgage, and fixed up things a bit. The place had gone almost to rack, with the fences all gone, the roof leaking in several quarters, and the house sadly in need of general repairs. Hereafter, I’m going home once in every two months. It’s a fine thing. I’ve concluded to have a place to which one can go once in a while.”

It was a group of sober-faced young men that stood around Albert at the conclusion of this story. Finally John Hill, one of the number, broke the long silence with these words:

“What you have said, Albert, touches me deeply. It makes me think of my poor old mother, way down in Georgia, whom I have not seen in ten years. I’m going home to-night.”

Longing.

BY A. D. DAVIDSON.

I.

Let me go home; I am tired
Of the tumult and the strife,
Weary of toiling and weeping,
Of the burdens that end with life.
I faint in these realms of darkness;
My home is a land of light.
O, sever these cruel fetters,
And let me go home to-night.
II.
Let me go home; I have labored
Through many a weary year;
I know Whom I have believed;
There's nothing to doubt or fear.
This Egypt's a land of bondage;
My home is a place of rest.
Lord, carry me over this Jordan,
And let me go home, 'tis best.

III.
Let me go home; I am waiting,
I dread not this darkness, this gloom;
I think I hear now the sweet message,
"'Tis done, weary child, now come home."
Hark, those are His footsteps approaching,
And O, what a glorious light;
I sink, O I sink; but He saves me,
I'm gone to my home to-night.

Johann Goethe.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GÖETHE, the only son
and eldest child of his parents, was born at Frankfort
in 1749. His father was an imperial councillor, a man of
stern and unyielding disposition, but who, nevertheless, was
high-principled and true. His mother, Catherine Textor, was
by nature quick and lively, and, being only eighteen years
older than Wolfgang, she very naturally fell into the place of
a companion rather than elder. Their delight in each other's
company was beautiful to see, and they never drifted apart.
Goethe's early education was irregular. His father directed
his studies in a general way, stimulating rather than tutoring.
Later in life he studied in Leipsic; Herr Oeser influenced him
in art. But the place where his mind was freed from conventional trammels was Strasburg. Art and philosophy were his chief studies.

During his life Goethe traveled through his own land and Italy. He was fond of making visits to the cities of the Rhine valley, and a great desire of his life was not realized until he had seen Rome. These travels extended through his prime.

Goethe was a literary star in Weimar. He was the friend and minister of the sovereign there, and no doubt this happy prosperity helped largely to make his life a success. Add to his position, his "Werther," "Iphigenie," etc., and you readily see that his fame was secure.

In the course of his life Goethe had shown a fondness for the maidens; his nature inevitably sought theirs. As a result we read of numerous love cases. He finally married Christiane Vulpius, who proved a blessing to him. Harmony characterized the union.

In 1779, at Stuttgart, Goethe met Schiller. From this time they were friends, and Schiller's premature death was a great shock to Goethe.

The war of liberation, in 1812, did not receive Goethe's support. He evidently thought that nationality in politics was hopeless, and, therefore, the war useless.

His old age was peaceful; good health, fame, friends—all were his. He died quietly in 1832.

Goethe's influence upon his age was remarkable. In science, his discovery of the intermaxillary bone, and the method by which he discovered it, introduced the science of comparative anatomy. Also his essay on the "Morphology of Plants" made him the "father of a new-born science." Then in literature he changed classical plays so that "deus ex machina" was no longer necessary, but motives could be assigned from a psychological standpoint. Thus the natural explanation of seemingly mysterious objects and occurrences
was encouraged. He gave serious attention to natural objects as types of the inner man. He was always in touch with life and fact; no nonsense in him.

This common sense, this naturalness and reasonableness pervading his artistic ability, backed by his important station in life, made him influential. And men struggling to rid themselves of conventionalisms, and seeking nature, welcomed him as a champion.

Heine said: "Nature wanted to see how she looked, and so she created Goethe." In this spirit, from 1830 to 1870 men lauded Goethe to the skies; and in science, art, and literature his influence was sweeping in its reach. He was really overestimated. His lasting fame will be more moderate than the judgments of that period would indicate.

References: DeQuincy, Biographical Essays; Saintsbury, History of Criticism; Scherer, History of German Literature; Wells, Modern German Literature; Encyclopaedia Britannica.
The editors of The Messenger are highly pleased with the warm reception accorded the Athletic Number, the issue of last month. The copies were snatched up like the oft-mentioned “hot cakes.” The College authorities had five hundred copies printed for distribution among the alumni. Great pressure was brought, without success, to divert these into other directions. The usual issue in the manager’s hands was quickly exhausted, and copies were sold about the College for twenty-five cents a piece, and, in fact, often could not be secured for love nor money. The reason was, of course, that the number reflected a popular and successful phase of college life. Moreover, there was abundant material at hand, in the great activity of our foot-ball team, and in appreciative accounts of our team’s work given in the various newspapers. But the point is, after all, that here was an interpretation of college life. And herein future editors of The Messenger may find the secret of arousing interest in this publication when they find interest flagging.
Muckerism Must Go.

In an article which appeared in our Athletic Number, by W. S. McNeill, Ph. D., we had muckerism in college athletics clearly defined and pointed out. Now, but few, if any, colleges are free from this muckerism, yet many are striving to rid themselves of this undesirable element in their athletics. We are no exception, and will eventually rise up in a body and completely stamp out all semblances of the mucker in our College. It is simply a question of time, for muckerism is bound to go. Why not today?

Our Library.

We notice that our library is not yet open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Will somebody please tell us why it is the College persists in giving us only partial use of our library, when, for a little additional expense, the service of the library would be doubled and the students receive full use? It seems to us a severe reproach to our College that the State of Virginia should take care to accommodate and benefit its citizens by keeping its library open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., while our College (primarily a place for intellectual development) does not care enough for the welfare of its students to do likewise.

Now we are not talking for fun, but are in earnest. To accomplish the reading of the great masses of "parallel" assigned us in our classes, particularly English and History, satisfactorily, we really must have longer library hours. What's the good of a light hid under a bushel anyway? If part of the light is beneficial, how much more beneficial would the whole light be?

In Passing.

This year, more than ever, have we felt the need of an athletic field. The professional ball players are using the only
athletic park in the city, while the College track and base-ball teams are "on the outside looking in"; and there doesn't seem to be any probability of our securing free use of a field until the plan for the University of Richmond is materialized. But, from the present outlook, with the great enthusiasm existing, and our friend Mr. Rockefeller making gifts by the tens and thirty millions for educational purposes, we will have the University and athletic park in short order.

By the way, did it ever occur to you that Richmond College had all to gain and nothing to lose by the University plan. We could sell our present site of thirteen acres and buildings for something like one million, invest, say, half a million in commodious and up-to-date buildings on the plot of twenty-five acres given by the University, and increase our endowment with the remaining half million. We would also receive the benefit of a great library, which would probably keep open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M., too, and an athletic field; at the same time we retain all of our present individuality, charter, status as a denominational school, and management.

We are growing steadily, and our present grounds and buildings are already becoming cramped; in a few years we must enlarge from necessity. Why not get on the bandwagon and take a free ride to something good?
On the morning of January 19th a Lee memorial service was held in the chapel. President Boatwright presided. Short addresses were made by Drs. Whitsitt, Mitchell, Ryland, and Boatwright, on various aspects of General Lee's life and character. The day was observed as a holiday at the College, most of the students hearing Thomas Nelson Page at the Second Baptist Church, or Bishop Randolph at St. Paul's, on General Lee.

A series of "object lesson tours" have been started by the Faculty for the benefit of the students. These tours are for the purpose of acquainting the students more directly with many objects of interest in the city, as a part of a liberal education. Professor Foushee is general manager of the itineraries, which have been divided up among the various members of the Faculty, in accordance with their specialties.

Interesting addresses were delivered here a short time ago by Dr. McDaniel, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Dr. A. L. Phillips, superintendent of the Southern Presbyterian Sunday-School Work. These services were under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A.

The "wise guys" have all puzzled their brains (?) recently in trying to interpret what the writer (masculine or feminine ?) intended by the following notice, which was found posted a few days ago: "Lost—a heart of gold. Finder will please return it to Room No. — ."

It is reported that the "Cook" has given up his position, to accept a more lucrative one at a down-town clothing store as hat model. The "Brother(s)" will serve as head dresser. Both go highly endorsed by the Faculty.—Associated Press from Junior Phil.
We have heard it suggested that the students (and they are quite a "bunch") who frequent the State Library go rather to see than to seek. We need not explain that a complementary "bunch" arrives early from the Woman's College.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the following were elected officers: E. M. Louthan, president; R. N. Daniel, vice-president; J. H. Terry, treasurer; and J. F. Cropp, secretary.

One of our co-eds., though quite a connoisseur, refuses to taste any more products of the Bingham Laboratory. We all wonder why?

Dr. Mitchell, in Senior History, upon observing the usual tardiness of a certain gentleman: "Gentlemen, the late Mr. M—— has arrived."

N. B.—It will interest all old men to recall John Johnson and his characteristic humor, by this little anecdote, which appeared in the old Collegian:

"His Choice.—John Johnson, our popular janitor, is always so willing to do any little favor we ask of him that I felt like making him a little present last Christmas. I called at his room on the night before Christmas, and told him I would give him either a quart of whiskey or a ton of coal, and asked that he take his choice between them. A broad grin began to play over his features as he said: 'Look here, Mr. Man, you knows dat I burns wood.'"
Dr. Thomas Hume, B. A. '55, has recently been elected Professor Emeritus of English at the University of North Carolina, and retires with an annuity from the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching.

The Raleigh News and Observer says of Dr. Hume, in part, as follows: “For twenty-one years Dr. Hume has performed not only a high order of useful work in his department at the University, but has, possibly, as extensively as any man in the State not in political life, impressed his personality upon the people of the State at large. During this time Dr. Hume has consistently and unselfishly labored towards inspiring in the people generally a love of the English language, and the ambition for a more intimate acquaintance with the masters of English literature and their work. To his endeavors he has brought a deep and ever-ripening learning, combined with an ever-young enthusiasm, and it would be impossible to estimate the circle in which his influence has been felt. When, after worthy labors, the time has come when further activity should be a pleasure instead of a necessity, the Carnegie Endowment finds in his case its ideal operation.”

The General Alumni Association is arranging for a special celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of our alma mater. The President of the Association, A. W. Patterson, '76, is at work on the programme. It is to occupy an entire day of the week of the next commencement.

The Kentucky Alumni Chapter held their annual banquet at the New Seelback Hotel, in Louisville, on February 13th. The President of the College was one of the speakers on this happy occasion, and Carter Helm Jones, '82, was toast-master.
John Sharp Eubank, '81, has the honor of having in his name a scholarship at his alma mater. His father bequeathed to the College the basis of this fund, and it was accepted by the Trustees at their last meeting on February 6th.

Dr. Garnett Ryland, M. A. '92, who is now Professor of Chemistry and Physics at Georgetown College, Kentucky, has been lately offered professorships in Converse College, South Carolina, and Howard College, Alabama.

Robert N. Pollard, B. L. '02, has been elected Alumnus Manager of all athletic teams of the College. An Alumni Advisory Board was chosen of the following: W. S. McNiell, '99; R. B. Cardoza, '04, and T. B. McAdams, '98, for Richmond; Allan D. Jones, '99, for Norfolk and Newport News; Armistead R. Long, '78, for Lynchburg, and Robert Gilliam, '03, for Petersburg. The Messenger wishes to congratulate the Executive Board of the Athletic Association on the choice of these loyal men. And we feel sure that this action will greatly strengthen us for inter-collegiate meets.
Exchange Department.

BY A. H. STRAUS.

In reviewing our exchanges for this month, we have included in our criticisms several of the magazines published by female colleges. We have noticed that for the most part exchange editors do not criticise these magazines—it is a ticklish task. We almost fear that it is a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." We have, however, read these magazines with pleasure, and have found much more deserving favorable than we have unfavorable comment. It causes us sorrow, after seeing such good work from the feminine pen, to think that our "co-eds." have never contributed any stories, poems, or even essays, to The Messenger until this issue.

We have noticed this month almost an epidemic, among the fiction writers, of slaying heroes and heroines galore. These heartless finishes often come without the slightest forewarning, and we find ourselves stumbling over a dead body before we realize what has happened. Strange to relate, this bloodthirsty tendency to kill off exists almost to as great an extent among the ladies as among the men. There are some stories in which the pathos is good, and others in which, though intended, there really is none at all. These would-be pathetic stories are to be avoided, for when pathos is poorly done it becomes ridiculous.

The Winthrop College Journal for December is an attractively made up magazine. The first story, "The May Queen," (if we may be pardoned for using the language of the ladies,) is a real sweet little story.

"Billy's Way" is, to say the least, a highly unnatural way. We believe that most men when "jilted" think about going to South America, Australia, or some other far off region, but somehow they don't go—except in books. We
should like to suggest that Billy, with his remarkable ability for acting, would have done better to have run off and gone on the stage. We feel, too, that Billy deserves sympathy for coming back and marrying “Beth,” instead of staying in South America.

“The Franco-Austrian Occupation of Mexico” is a good essay. “A Little Act of Kindness” is a fairly good story, but its details are not well arranged. In the first place, there is too much detail. Then, in the beginning “Jinny’s” father is a St. Louis banker, whereas in the last part she returns to her home in Florida, which is hardly consistent. We noted also an entirely superfluous character in the story, one Miriam Raider. We believe that superfluous characters do more harm than good in a story.

The Guidon well fulfilled the expectations which we had before reading it. It contains a nice selection of fiction, as well as of essays. The first article, “The Holy Grail,” we found to be well written and interesting. The other essay in the issue, entitled “The First American Humorist,” we liked even better, as its theme is more unusual.

In fiction we preferred “Mr. Brown’s Second Sight,” though the others deserve some praise. We read with interest the article entitled “The Children of Silence.” We think, however, that in a magazine of this size a little more space ought to be devoted to literary work and a little less to local matters.

The Davidson College Magazine opens with a fairly good story, entitled “Driftwood,” but is followed by another, “Phil Harbin,” which more than goes to the other extreme, being, indeed, very poor. At first, we say with the hero, “How beautiful!” but after he has said this some five or six times we suddenly realize that we are saying “How sickening!” Phil has Pharaoh of the Bible “skinned to death” (please pardon slang) on dreaming dreams, and, better still, he was a Joseph,
too. After two years of love, he gets up sufficient nerve to pro­
pose, and, when accepted, bravely kisses Lavinia's hand. We
cannot help but think "how slow." We read on through the
shipwreck. We read how "His rage boiled within his breast." At last the end is reached, we sink back exhausted, strive in vain to suppress a yawn, and sigh "How tiresome!"

The story, "Nap, a Hero," we found quite pleasing, being out
of the usual run. "A Winning One Won" is a fairly
good story, and the essay on "Plutarch's Lives" shows good work. In "The School-Breaking" we noted that the hero
had a fault common to so many in debating, that of digress­
ing from his subject. "He exhausted the annals of Greece, Rome, and Assyria," instead of sticking to his subject. Incidentally, he must have been a learned historian to do all this.

The Exchange Department in this magazine is particularly
well worked.

In The Emory and Henry Era we notice that the first
twelve pages are devoted to debates. We have seen this
magazine so often criticised for its continued publishing of
debates and orations that we deem it useless to say anything
further on the subject.

The next in order is a little dramatic(?) scene entitled
"What Havoc 'Miz Dudty' Wrought." The scene is
supposed to be in Japan and the heroine a Japanese maiden. Unfortunately the illusion is spoiled by the Japanese maiden
talking like a German-American. The following will serve
as a fair sample: Tia: "Wadt! Busy! W'en I come
zhooost specially do dell you sometding nice." We cannot
criticise the plot, as we have not yet found it. At the
conclusion we notice "Quick Curtain," but again we must
disagree, for had that curtain been anyways quick it would
have gone down before it ever went up.

"Lindy, Love, and 'Ligion" is the best attempt in the
issue. We think, however, that it is unnatural for negroes
to have a duel with pistols; razors would have been more appropriate.

The Exchange editor, happily, has his bright as well as his dark moments. Of the issues which we had the pleasure of reviewing this month, we found *The Hollins Quarterly* to be decidedly the brightest. It contains entertaining stories, interesting articles, and several good poems. The first story is hardly up to the others. The plot is not altogether original, and the ending is very abrupt. Without any preparation for it, we suddenly find our hero dead. The jolt is far too sudden. The essay, "The Present Need of Past Ideals," also lacks originality, being very similar to numerous newspaper and magazine editorials we daily see. "The Disguised Heroines," which follows, however, is good and merits praise. The writer shows familiarity with her subject and expresses it well. "Esto Fidelis" is decidedly the best story in the issue, and one of the best we have seen in this month's exchanges. It was thoroughly enjoyable, and, besides, being consistent and well expressed. "The Civilization of the Cavaliers" is an entertaining article, as is the little sketch entitled "The Sunbeam." It seems to us that a school capable of as good an issue as this ought to get out a monthly magazine instead of a quarterly.

We are pleased to notice the improvement in the fiction of *The Red and White*. "The Judge's White Elephant" is good. "Even Unto the End," though poor, is decidedly better than a certain story which we recall in the October issue.

EXCHANGES.

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