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CONTENTS.

Reimbued with Life ............................................ A. H. Straus 229
Reflections ......................................................... R. N. D. 234
The Ministry of Books ............................................ W. O. Beazley 235
A Wonderful Dream ............................................... W. S. Brooke 242
Changes ............................................................. S. G. Harwood 247
A Southern Program of Purposes .............................. Walter J. Young 248
Despondency ....................................................... H. M. B. 250
William Godwin ..................................................... M. D. S. 251
To Her Brown Eyes ................................................ W. J. Young 253
The Virginia Plan of Union ..................................... C. D. Miller 253
S-a on Ol Mades and Thare Katz ............................. Fii O Sofer 257
A Feast of Names .................................................. Billy Mac. 259
Editorial Comment ................................................. S. D. Martin 260
Campus Notes ..................................................... C. B. Arendall 264
Alumni Notes ....................................................... B. C. Jones 269
Exchange Department ............................................. W. G. Payne 273

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Reimbued With Life.

BY A. H. STRAUS.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson.

The night was dark, but clear. Overhead the "milky way" could be seen extending clearly and uninterruptedly across the heavens. The ocean was unusually calm, and as the waves rolled in they appeared more like the small waves of the bay than like those of the Atlantic Ocean. The one detraction from the beauty of the night was the oppressive heat. For two days there had been no semblance of an ocean breeze, and the atmosphere had become almost unbearable.

In spite of the heat and the lateness of the hour, there was to be seen the solitary figure of a man walking restlessly up and down the beach. He had been walking thus for hours, his arms folded behind him, his head dropped forward, and his gaze fastened upon the ground. He scarcely appeared to notice his surroundings, so intent was he upon his own thoughts; only occasionally he would raise his eyes and look longingly at the ocean. He would endeavor to enjoy the beauty of the scene, but in vain. He would then strive to imagine all sorts of impossible things, but, try as he would, his thoughts would continually revert to the same channel. He thought only of the girl he had loved and lost. It was hard enough to have lost her, but to have her marry his most intimate, and, really, his only
friend, was unbearable. He felt alone, entirely alone; there was no one even to console him.

Bravely had he kept up until the wedding, and then only had he realized that all hope was lost. There was nothing left for him but to strive to forget. This had brought him to his favorite resort, the sea-shore.

As he walked his gait became slower, and he looked more and more frequently and for longer periods at the ocean. It seemed to draw him to it. He had stood by Niagara unmoved, but to-night the calm ocean seemed, with an inexplicable magnetism, to draw him towards itself.

Finally, becoming weary of walking, he seated himself upon an old wreck by the beach and wiped the perspiration from his face. The heat being very oppressive, he thought how refreshing the ocean would be. How delightful it would be just to plunge in, to swim and swim out upon its smooth surface, and, when exhausted, quietly sink, thus losing his unhappy existence beneath its depths. Then his thoughts again changed; he thought of his first meeting with her; he recalled one by one all the pleasant hours he had spent in her company; numbers of past conversations came back to him; he was surprised that he remembered so much. He thought of the time when he first realized that he was losing ground, and then, with a sudden shock, came down to the present. This was too much for his already over-taxed mind. The rising tide, now for the first time noticed by him, seemed to call to him as it splashed against the wreck, and, hastily throwing aside his superfluous clothing, he plunged into the waves.

He rapidly swam outward. Never had his "over-hand" stroke seemed stronger, but gradually the cool freshness of the water seemed to calm him, and he lapsed into his steady "sailor stroke." Becoming tired of this, he turned over on his back, his favorite attitude in the water, and swam slowly along. While he lay thus, gazing upward at the heavens, he began to think and to marvel at the wonderful complexity and infinitude of this
vast universe. He thought how small a part of it all this world was, and of how small a part of the world he was. He would scarcely be missed from it, for what good had he ever done? He had never really accomplished anything. Here he was voluntarily preparing to put an end to himself and burying with him an almost unknown name. This thought was not pleasing. He had no fear for the hereafter, as he put no faith in that state; but this idea of leaving an unknown name behind began to worry him more and more. It soon took complete hold of him; every incident suggestive of a wasted opportunity seemed to flock to his brain. His past life was certainly nothing to be proud of; true, he had done the world no harm, but neither had he benefited it. He realized at last that his life had been a selfish and useless one. A desire to begin life anew, a passion to do something, took hold of him. Intending to start at once, he straightened up, and, treading water, looked about him.

As he gazed across that expanse of water there flashed through his mind, with the rapidity of a dream, thoughts of the countries which lay beyond, and his old passion for travel was re-awakened. More than ever anxious to begin anew, he peered around him, but there was no shore to be seen. There were lights, but in two opposite directions, and he knew not which came from shore, for he had been drifting about aimlessly. The wind, which had been gradually increasing, had ruffled the smooth surface of the ocean, and he could see all about him the small, familiar "white caps." Small, it was true, but yet sufficient to dull the sound of the breakers. Despair began to lay hold of him; where, but a short while ago, he courted death, he now dreaded the very name. What could he do? Suddenly things seemed to grow brighter; ahead of him he could dimly see the outline of the shore; behind him the moon was just coming above the horizon. How glorious looked its bright, red lobe! How near it seemed! For the first time in years he uttered a prayer.
Shore was now clearly in sight. It appeared miles away, but he was swimmer enough to know that distances always seem greater when one is in the water. True it was far, but he felt that he could gain it.

His mind filled with plans for the future, he swam with a steady stroke towards the shore. When he had covered, as he judged, about half the distance, he was suddenly aware that there was no sign of a house in view, and with a shock he realized that the shore he was approaching was not the shore he had left. The rising sand hills told him that he was nearing the capes. Even while he looked he saw that for every yard he approached land he was washed ten yards down the coast.

"The tide is running strong," he thought, "and this wind makes it worse."

He knew what to do, though, for he had been caught in this current before. To struggle against it would be folly, but, by drifting with it, he recalled that at one point it would carry him nearly to shore and a few strong strokes would do the rest. Quietly he drifted along. Day was beginning to break, and he calculated that he had been four hours in the water. It flashed upon him that the tide would turn soon and begin to go out. He must act quickly, or it would be too late.

He looked. Was the shore really receding, or was it only his imagination? He started vigorously for it, but the resistance he met with assured him it was true,—the tide had turned. In despair he looked about him. He was now in the channel leading from the capes. How deep it was he knew not. He shuddered to think of it. Slowly, but steadily, he could see himself being carried outward, and he had no strength left to resist. He prayed fervently for help; he was not ready to die yet. He longed for another chance, but saw no hope. Then he remembered that he was in the channel. Numbers of boats passed here, and, if he were able to hold his own for an hour more, might he not be picked up? Yes, even now he could see
a large six-masted schooner coming in his direction through the capes. It was his last chance; he waited and prayed.

He looked at his hands; the skin on them was drawn into deep furrows from the exposure. How thirsty he felt! A feeling of nausea was coming over him. Would that ship never come! What an interminable time it seemed! Would they see him anyway!

At last it reached him. It was passing, but there was no one on deck and the pilot had not seen him. Despair came over him; there was no more hope. But, no; there in the stern he could see the figure of a man. Gathering together all of his remaining strength, he yelled, "Help!" and waved his hand aloft. He was seen! With a sailor's presence of mind, the man stooped and, grabbing the life-buoy which lay in the stern, threw it to him. His aim was true, and eagerly the swimmer seized it. He raised himself in the water and slipped into it. Nor was he any too soon, for hardly had he done so when the slack of the rope was drawn tight with a jerk, and he felt himself dragged with great speed through the water. He knew no more.

A few hours later, when he awoke, he found himself lying in a ship's bunk, with two men attending him—one rubbing him, while the other poured something down his throat. He heard one say to the other, "He's coming around all right." At first he was puzzled, but gradually his thoughts returned. They had gotten him on board somehow, but how he knew not, nor did he care.

"Where are we bound for?" he asked.

"South America," answered one of the men.

"Good!" he muttered; "a new country." And he lapsed again into unconsciousness.
Reflections.

BY R. N. D.

The night draws on her hood of gray,
The sky is overcast,
The wind roars loud, prepared for fray,
The storm is gathering fast.

Thus, too, my spirit's sometimes tossed
With many a doubt and care,
The roaring of the storm's loud blast
Is like its surging fear.

For life is not what once it seemed,
The path is hard to tread,
And what my youthful fancy dreamed
Is now forever dead.

And yet I trust I've learned to know,
Whatever else betide,
That He who marks the sparrow's fall
Is ever at my side.

And so I bid my spirit rest,
And throw off worldly care,
Knowing full well that by Him blest,
There's nothing I need fear.
The invention of letters and the art of writing and printing were epochal in the development of the human race. God gave man an object lesson in writing when He delivered to Moses the stone tablets on which "the writing was the writing of God." The recording of man's thoughts for preservation, dissemination, and transmission to future generations means the endowment of man's personality on earth with practical immortality. Men, being dead, yet speak. "There is no past so long as books shall live." All that is valuable, whether of Divine inspiration or human production, is treasured up and becomes a legacy to coming generations. We, to-day, are the happy inheritors of the best thought and the noblest achievements of all past ages, and the agencies by which these are brought to us are the pen and the press. Says one, "The invention of printing marked the climax power in the progress of immortalizing thought. Books are embalmed minds." This is a mistake. They are the "incarnation of immortal minds."

At no previous time in the world's history has the book and the periodic literature equaled that of to-day, either in quantity or quality. Truly "of the making of books there is no end." About three thousand annually are now put upon the world's market, and it has been estimated that during four and a half centuries three thousand million volumes have been produced. Mighty printing presses are clattering and thundering, day and night, to see that every man may have, not simply one book to read, but many.

One of the modern dynamic forces moving and impelling men to greater and nobler action is the splendid thought gained in books and periodic literature. The potency of a book is
unmeasureable. A century ago Voltaire declared, "All the people of the known world, excepting only savages, are governed by books." Very often a single book has touched a state, a country, a continent, the whole world. "Robinson Crusoe" incited scores and hundreds of boys to run away from home, and did more to replenish the navy and merchant marine service of England with sailors than did press gang or bounties. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" struck the key-note for human liberty and sounded the death-knell of human slavery, not only in the United States, but in every clime and country.

Almost every man who has made a name, and stands out as a mountain peak in the world's history of thought and service, was first aroused and inspired to action by some single book. Benjamin Franklin acknowledged that his character was formed and his life shaped by reading Cotton Mather's book entitled "Doing Good." Reading the life of David Brainerd made Henry Martin a missionary. Cowley, when a child, found Spenser's "Fairy Queen" in the old-fashioned window of his mother's room, and became irrecoverably a poet. Goethe attributed his poetic tendency to the reading of one book. Coblet, in early youth, read Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and the reading was to him "a birth of intellect." Alexander the Great confessed that "Homer's Iliad" made him a warrior, and the story of Alexander the Great made Julius Caesar and Charles XII men of blood. William Cary's compassion for benighted men was first awakened by reading Cook's "Voyage Around the World." Judson read Buchanan's "Star in the East," and it led him into missionary work in India. A Puritan preacher by the name of Sibbs wrote a tract called "The Bruised Reed." A copy of this was given by an humble layman to a little boy at whose father's house he had been entertained one night. That boy was Richard Baxter, and the tract was the means of his conversion. Baxter wrote his "Call to the Unconverted," and among the multitudes led to Christ by it was Philip Doddridge. From Doddridge came that blessed book,
"The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Land." By this book Wilberforce was converted. He, in turn, wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," and the perusal of it led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but also Leigh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been published in more than a hundred languages, and over five million copies have gone throughout Christendom to make men better. Truly marvelous is the power of a book! No wonder Carlisle once said, "Of all the things men can do or make here below, by far the most momentous and wonderful and worthy are the things we call books."

But not every book cultivates piety and purity, imparting noble purpose and power to the reader. There are bad books in the world's market, and they are undermining and wrecking multitudes of human lives. Some one says, "A bad man is more dangerous in type than in broadcloth." A young man was asked to debate the side of a question which favored infidelity. He made thorough preparation, searching all the skeptical literature at his command. He won the decision of the judges, and became a skeptic. Voltaire, when only a boy, committed a declamation which eulogized infidelity, and it has been asserted that this was the beginning of his infidelity. John Wendell James asserted in his old age that he had never gotten over the evil effects of having read a bad book. Sitting Bull, of Indian fame, was taught when a boy, by a Catholic priest, to read French. He came across the "Life of Napoleon" in French, and eagerly read every word of it. It developed in him a spirit and passion for military life. He not only imbibed the military spirit of the great Napoleon, but actually aped him in his Indian campaigns against the white settlers of the West. The published life of "Jesse James" has instigated more than one daring robbery, according to the confession of many who have been apprehended and punished. Blessed and happy man who knows how to reform from the reading of a bad book! Many years ago a boy was sitting on the bank of a river, in Germany,
reading a vile novel. He found himself reveling in base thoughts, and soon he would be carried away into evil as by a mighty flood. Just then he closed the book, saying to himself, "This won't do. I am injuring myself; I cannot study so well after this; so here it goes!" and he threw it into the river. That boy grew to manhood, became a profound thinker, and has his name enrolled among the philosophers of the world; and to-day, throughout the civilized world, the name of Johann Gottlieb Fichte is honored.

But let us notice more especially the mission of books. They are teachers of the highest order, and, when carefully chosen, will not fail to be agreeable and instructive. They are full of conversation without loquacity; they silently serve the best interests of the soul without demanding recompense. As one has said, "In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours." Bacon has likened books to "ships of thought" voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying precious freight of the richest kind of merchandise. Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought; here are imaginations open to the beauty of the universe, far beyond what is given us to behold; here are characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges to know. Petrarch, Italy's first and greatest lyric poet, said of his books: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of all countries. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honor for their knowledge of the sciences. Some relate to me the currents of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind."
Books instruct us regardless of our station in life. They accommodate themselves to us without humiliating us. Poverty, sin, and shame do not prevent their best endeavor. The poorest may say, with greatest exultation: No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous and great will not enter my obscure dwelling, yet there are learned men and women and poets who will take up their abode under my roof. Homer will sing to me of Grecian valor about the walls of fated Troy; Milton will cross my threshold and sing with majestic sweetness to me of Paradise; Shakespeare will open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; Franklin will enrich me with his practical wisdom, and a thousand others, among the world's best, will abide with me for my instruction and my inspiration. Thus the poorest need not pine for want of intellectual companionship; each one may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best living society. The finest fruits of the human intellect come to us in dainty form, and at nominal figures, to guide our growth, to feast our manhood, and to entertain old age.

It is not surprising that great men, though blest with honored living associates, should hold in reverence their companions in books. The great-minded and pious-hearted Fenelon declared: "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all." The splendid historian, Gibbon, expressed himself in these words: "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies." We do not wonder at the passionate fondness of William Prescott for his books. Before he died he requested that his body, when prepared for burial, might be left alone for a few hours in his library which had been for years the scene of his labors and the object of his zealous care.

Books are among the most beautiful furnishings of the home. With how many women the idea of home adornment does not rise much above the proverbial tidy, or the relic spin-
ning-wheel which grandmother used, or the little collection of bric-a-brac on the mantel. Henry Ward Beecher said a great many good things, but nothing better or wiser than this: "Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house." The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved side-board. Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both if you can, but books at any rate. John Bright, of English fame, left this valuable testimony: "I would prefer to have one comfortable room, well stocked with books, to all you can give me in the way of decoration, which the highest art can supply."

Books in the home set a stamp of cultivation on it, giving it a certificate of refinement which neither costly bric-a-brac nor beautiful upholstery can confer. Books are decorative in the highest sense. The man of slender means, who contents himself with plain carpets and furniture, in order that he may purchase good books for his family, rises in the esteem of all thoughtful people.

Books should be considered among the necessaries of the home, and provision should always be made for their purchase, along with the real needs of the household. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, as some may suppose, but one of the necessaries of life. Austin Phelps says, "Wear the old coat and buy the new book." Mind and soul need food as well as the body. But how many people are perfectly content if they can only have to eat and drink what satisfies the craving of the flesh. Mind and soul leanness is to them no concern. Mental starvation should always be alarming. The Ram's Horn, so truthful in many pointed ways, says: "Fathers who do not put good reading in the hands of their children have never done any real praying for their salvation."

Another wise editor says: "It never pays to buy pigs with money that ought to be spent in good books for the home."

In conclusion, what shall be the measure or test of a good
book? Out of the books made, only a few deserve to be read. The selection of the worthy from the unworthy is as great and important a task as the reading itself. Carlyle gives this rule: "No book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all." Sir John Denham says: "Books should to one of these four ends conduce—for wisdom, piety, delight, or use." A good book quickens to higher thinking. "The best of a book," says Holmes, "is not the thought that it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tone, but in the echoes of our hearts." Dr. McCosh used to say to his pupils: "The book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think."

A good book not only quickens to higher thinking, but impels to higher purposes and larger personal endeavors. Books are but so much waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from their thought. The crowning merit of a book must always be its practical usefulness. It must raise the spirit, inspire with nobler thought, and impel to better living. Here is its test of excellence. We cannot ask for more. This is simple and sufficient.

May we always believe the high and noble mission of a good book is to be food for youth, support for manhood, delight for age, ornament for homes, comfort for adversity, an open door into good society, a stepping stone to higher things, and a crown to honor, abiding forever.
ONE evening there were a number of gentlemen seated in a hotel lobby, smoking, talking politics, telling jokes, and passing the time away generally in laughter and jest. Finally the conversation drifted to the subject of dreams. Some one asked the question, "What do you think of dreams? How can they be accounted for?" &c. After discussing this phase of the subject for some minutes, one of the gentlemen asked that each tell the most remarkable dream he had ever had. Many dreams, more or less remarkable, were told. Finally, one of the gentlemen said that he would relate the most wonderful dream he had ever had:

"Some years ago there was being conducted in Richmond, Va., one of the most noted murder cases ever tried in that State. I, being a young man and fond of travel, accepted an invitation to visit Richmond and be present at the trial. While attending the trial I had this dream—a dream that I have never been able to solve, nor to tell why I should have had it. I dreamed that while traveling in some strange country—I have never known where—I stopped one night at a rather small, but neat-looking cottage, and asked permission to spend the night. The family consisted only of a man and a child. The man was old, rather vigorous looking, with snowy locks, and a little bent. The child was a little girl about five years old, and a more beautiful child I have never seen. She had lovely golden hair, which fell in ringlets about her neck. Her face, a vision of beauty, was continually pervaded by a mischievous smile. Oh, the witchery of that smile! It would make a dead man live to see it. The child seemed perfectly devoted to the old man, and the affection of this old man for the child was beyond anything I have ever seen. He treated me kindly, and tried to make me feel at home; but almost as soon as I saw this child,
and saw how the old man loved her and how happy he seemed, I began to feel miserable. I envied him. I could not help it.

"I retired early, but could not sleep. I laid on my bed and tossed like one who had committed a murder. I began to hate the old man. I felt like getting up and going to his room and demanding that he leave the house. Oh! how my brain whirled! My mind was a sea of unrest; and yet I hardly knew why. I cursed the man. I saw myself in his place—I the happy one; the child mine, mine own. In my imagination I had killed him, and yet I would not have hurt a hair of his head.

"The night passed, day came, and yet I had not slept; my brain was still in a whirl. He gave me breakfast. I saw the child; saw her climb into the old man's lap; saw her kiss him again and again. I marked the expression on his face; noted how happy he seemed. 'That happiness shall be mine,' I said. I had made a resolution. I would steal the child; I would flee with her; she should be mine. The resolution made me somewhat quiet. I talked freely to the old man. I ate my breakfast with ease. I praised the child. I congratulated the old man on having such a bright young flower in his home. I talked on at a rapid rate, and wondered that he did not notice something strange in my talk and manner. He offered me wine. I drank it eagerly; drank to his health and happiness; told him I hoped he and the child would live long together.

"All this time I was only waiting an opportunity to steal the child. Breakfast being over, I must now make preparations to leave, but the child must go too; I would not leave without her. The old man left the room for a minute, saying that he would be back soon, and bidding the child keep me company. I said, 'Here is my chance; I will steal her now.' I caught her, covered her mouth so that she could not scream, and, pressing her close to my bosom, I fled by a back way, directing my steps as fast as I could to a near-by thicket. During this time I was unconscious of everything else except that I had the child.
chuckled to myself as I ran; I congratulated myself; I praised the Most High for my success. Then I thought of the old man. He would be miserable while I would be happy. I laughed at his misery; I mocked his grief. All this time I was pressing tightly the thick muffle over her face. When I had reached the woods I decided that soon I would take the muffle from her face, and talk to her, pet her, and tell her that she was mine, and that she should be queen of the world. Just at this time I became conscious of a struggle in my arms. I held my breath. Then she made another struggle, and then I heard her groan. It was a low, smothered sound. Oh, the horror of that sound! It pierced my heart like an arrow. I snatched away the handkerchief from her face, only to see that her life was gone. I called her, I begged her to speak, but she was dead. Dead, and I, unconsciously, her murderer! That last struggle, that last groan, was her death struggle, her death groan. Oh, the horrors of that minute! Surely the under-world can give nothing worse. Again I called her. I pressed my ear close to her heart to see if some faint spark of life did not remain, but none remained. She was dead.

"When I thought of the old man I looked back to the house. I saw him running to and fro like a wild man, first in the house and then out again. He called her; he wept aloud. Finally he came to the door which pointed in my direction. I watched him as he listened. I saw him put his hand behind his ear and listen, as if he had heard the sound. Did that sound reach him, I wondered? No! he went back; he had not heard it. But presently I saw others come to the door and listen. Yes, they had heard the cry, and I must hasten away. But when I started to go I found that my limbs had become stiffened, and the child was growing so heavy. Oh, the weight of a murdered body! I looked again toward the house; they were making preparations to search for the child. I must hurry, or I shall be caught, and charged with the murder of the child, as though I had purposely killed her. But every minute the child was
becoming heavier and heavier, until at last I could go no further. All this time men, like bloodhounds, were preparing for my trail. I decided that my only safety lay in concealment. I carried her into a dense part of the thicket, and, hurriedly but with great care, pulled back the leaves and made her a grave. And when I had covered her up there seemed to be no possible way of detecting her place of concealment.

"My next effort was to conceal myself. A few yards from where I buried her, under a dense bit of brushwood, I hid myself. Then I thought of how skilfully I had done my work; thought of how impossible it would be for them to find me or the child, with no blood to mark her death, no weapons to be found, no struggle to disclose the deed—nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell of her death, and certainly nothing to point out her grave. But, even though they should find her, they would never suspect that I had stopped so near. I had shown such skill in my work! How well I had concealed my crime! The thing pleased me; I laughed to myself; I almost laughed aloud.

"Then I became quiet, and began to feel lonely. I looked to where the child was lying, and everything was still—so very still, not even a leaf moved—and I began to feel, oh! so lonely. The stillness became unbearable. I could hear the beating of my heart, and presently that seemed to stop beating, as if waiting for something to happen. My thoughts began to wander over the universe. My brain began to whirl and toss again, more furiously than ever before. A minute seemed like a day. 'Something must happen,' I said, 'to break this dreadful stillness, or I will go mad.' But hush! I hear a sound like the death moan of a child. Is it that she is coming back to life? Heavens! the old man and his friends will hear it. Ah, no! it is not she; it is only the wind. It had come to keep my company; but it was poor company. It moaned so much like that child dying in my arms. Then it began to blow louder; a limb broke near me; I jumped, but it was not for fear—I was simply lonely. Then the wind became cruel. It began to pick
the leaves off the grave of the dead child. I said, 'It will disclose the secret. It will point the men to where she lies.' But, ah! look! Silent figures are moving toward us. It is the searching party, and they have found the grave. The evil wind had told its tale; it had taken the leaves off one of the child's hands, and she was found.

"I crouched low; I watched them; I waited to hear them curse the perpetrator of that deed, but they did not. They moved like so many ghosts and uncovered the body. 'Twas then I saw the old man. I saw his face; misery and agony were in that face. I laughed to myself and said, We are even now. Then I saw him bend down and kiss the child; heard him give one moan, only one, but that was enough; it seemed to chill the very blood in my veins. Then he arose and said, 'The murderer must die; his blood must pay the price.' Again the wind began to blow, and then it parted the leaves before me; it lifted the underbrush, and, lo! I was discovered. I began to speak in my defence, but, like phantoms, they neither spoke nor heeded what I had to say. I begged, I pleaded, I told them how it happened, but it was all in vain. I wished they would speak; I wanted them to curse me, but never a word would they utter. Finally they spoke once, only once, when, turning to the old man they said, 'Where shall we hang him?' He beckoned them to follow him.

"They led me to a distant skirt of woods, where they had a scaffold built, seemingly for the purpose. I saw the scaffold. Oh, the look of a scaffold to a condemned man! I knew my time had come. I thought of home, thought of my loved ones in a distant land. What would they think if they knew I was about to be hanged in a far-away country, and that, too, when I was innocent? I called on God; I prayed as I had never prayed before, I was so miserable. Having arranged the scaffold, they tied my hands, marched me on the scaffold, and then adjusted the noose around my neck. Oh, the weight of a hangman's rope! It feels to him like so much lead. Then I
heard the indictment, 'Hanged for the murder of an innocent child!' I heard them ask if all was ready. I caught my breath; I began to scream and to pray aloud. Then the trap was sprung and I felt myself leap out into space. I again tried to scream, and with this last effort, much to my joy, I awoke.”

Changes.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

Walking on the dear old campus,
Now in moonlight, now in shadow,
Pensive are my secret musings
As to what will be the future
Of these old and classic places.

Years ago the savage chieftain
Halted here, and in his wigwam
Planned his artful, cunning battles;
Or, when wearied with the slaughter,
With his foeman smoked the peace-pipe,
Buried in the earth the hatchet,
Signifying to the warriors
That the warpath strife was ended.

Later came the foreign pale-face,
Bringing with him new devices
For the wigwam and the warpath;
Driving far into the forest
The retreating, banished Indian.
And in time he left the battles,
Gave his thoughts to peace and blessing,
Sought to draw his people upward.
Thus, therefore, his heart was minded,
In his good-will for his kindred,
This fair ground to give to learning,
So that wisdom from the Ancients,
And the choicest of their culture,
Might be handed to his children,
And their welfare thus be furthered.

But of late it has been rumored
That this venerable campus,
Known in many a tradition
Handed to us by our fathers,
Will ere long be left forsaken,
Will no longer be the lode-stone
For its numerous alumni,
But one larger, and far nobler,
One more fitting to the season,
For the alma will be chosen.

Thus doth time bring on its changes,
Ties of yore must oft be severed,
But the memory of this campus,
Shall it ever be forgotten?

A Southern Program of Purposes.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

EVERY political party has its platform; every nation its political policy; every individual his purpose or ambition. Nothing so gives coherence and strength to ideals as to codify and put into writing their substance in a logical and orderly form. Thus Governments have Constitutions and society has laws. It is our purpose in this article to set down some of the main points in the problem that faces the South to-day.

The South, as we know, has had its bloody ordeal and been tried by fire. For two thirds of a century we played the part of Endymion, and, while the world was marching on in enlightenment and progress, we chose to lie quiescent in the tranquil-
if romantic, life of the Old South. Then we went over Niagara, and were for thirty years a recuperating invalid, suffering from the fall, and the sins of our ancestors. But this is history. From history, therefore, we turn to the "living present."

In the present we see innumerable and seemingly insuperable difficulties lying out before us. It is not our intention in this article to present a striking and new series of ideas, but to formulate and declare a "Program of Purposes" for the South, as already set forth by the ideas and opinions of our leading Southern publicists, who have the welfare of the South and Southern people at heart. This is the plan:

1. The negro should be educated to skilled manual labor, should be instilled with a *racial* pride and independence, should be encouraged to grow a moral sense (by sympathy, not pity), and should be compelled to labor by stringent enforcement of vagrancy laws.

2. White labor should be encouraged by enhancing skill of the hands, training in scientific methods of farming and industry, and the introduction of hardy emigrants from Northern Europe, especially Germany. Emigration should be encouraged by inducements from the Government, but not on the contract system.

3. The South is pre-eminently agricultural. Intensive farming must be introduced; waste lands, worn out soils, reclaimed; our forests must be cared for and renewed; scientific methods and modern machinery must be introduced.

4. We must manufacture our raw material, develop the water-power of the tide-water section, adopt the industrial system in our cities, and promote the investment of capital by favorable legislation. In this line it is especially important that we develop skilled labor to manufacture goods of quality rather than quantity.

5. Child labor must be abolished, also night work for young boys. We must have good working hours and sanitary factories. These laws must be enforced to the letter, by factory
inspectors, birth certificates, and a labor committee or bureau.

6. We must have compulsory education and free text-books. Children of widows should be cared for by the State, under the inspection of an advisory board, as orphans. High and secondary schools must be centrally located. Teachers must have training in pedagogy and manual arts, and be better paid. This can be accomplished in summer schools, supported by the State. We also need better scientific schools and more of them.

7. The South needs a college foundation for writers. We are far behind in literature, in writing, and in growing public-spirited men. Sociology and political economy are our chief philosophical problems.

8. We need to wake up, and, as for the past, “forget it!”

____________________________________________________

Despondency.

BY H. M. B., ’08.

O weariness, O weariness
Of cares and toil of life!
O endlessness, O endlessness
Of daily, hourly strife!

O restlessness, O restlessness
Of longings unattained!
O uselessness, O uselessness
Of efforts long and strained!

O nothingness, O nothingness!
Can peace in thee be found?
Forgetfulness, forgetfulness,
Beyond the memory’s bound!

O heart so sick, O brains distraught,
With never rest nor peace!
O joyless life, with burdens fraught,
All hopeless of release!
William Godwin.

BY M. D. S.

WILLIAM GODWIN, descendant of a family that came on both sides from the middle class, was born March 3, 1756, at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire. He developed into a stern, cold, methodical man, and was expected to follow his father's profession as a minister and strict observer of the Calvinistic doctrine.

Godwin became even more Calvinistic than his father or teachers, and officiated as a minister in several places. While serving in this capacity at Stonemarket, a friend brought him the teachings of French Reformers, and these, while they intensified his political, undermined his religious opinions. He next went to London, still nominally a clergyman, and set about the work of reforming politics and regulating society with his pen.

He believed that calm discussion was the only thing needful to accomplish every change. Acting upon this theory, and abhorring every approach to violence, he aimed to completely overthrow all existing institutions, political, social, and religious. He joined a club called the Revolutionists, and associated much with men who, from their political principles and activity, were obnoxious to men in power.

Godwin's first publication was anonymous, "Life of Lord Chatham." He next published, under the title "Sketches of History," six sermons, in which he declares that "God Himself has no right to be a tyrant." From 1782 to 1791 he wrote largely in the Annual Register and other periodicals. It was during this period that he published three novels, which have completely vanished from the world. In 1793 Godwin published "The Inquiry Concerning Political Justice, and Its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness." Although this work is little known and less read now, it was one of the epoch-
making books of English thought. Godwin could never have been himself a worker on the active stage of life. But he was none the less a power behind the workers, and "Political Justice" takes its place with Milton's speech for "Unlicensed Printing," Locke's "Essay on Education," and Rousseau's "Emile," as one of the unseen levers which have moved the changes of the times.

In May, 1794, Godwin published the novel of "Caleb Williams," or "Things as They Are," a book in which the story interest is strong enough to cause many readers to overlook its political interest. It is one of the few novels of that time which may be said still to live.

The events of Godwin's life were few. His first marriage was in 1797, with Mary Wolstonecraft, who died shortly after. In 1800 he married Mrs. Clairmont, a widow with two children, in order, it seems, to have some one to care for his daughter. He attempted to establish a business of book-seller, probably under his second wife's advice, but was unsuccessful. In his later years he had conferred upon him the office known as "Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer," to which were attached apartments in Palace Yards, where he died April 7, 1836.

In his own time, by his writings and conversation, Godwin had great power of influencing men, especially young men, many of whom came to him as a teacher. In this age he is remembered chiefly as the author of "Caleb Williams," the husband of Mary Wolstonecraft, and father-in-law of Shelley.
To Her Brown Eyes.

BY W. J. YOUNG.

I stood upon a mountain peak one day,
And saw the wild gazelle so lightly leap,
In sportive antic, down the craggy way,
Across the dizzy chasm of the deep.

I sat upon a train (e'en now I see),
A gazelle-like pair of eyes, from seat to seat
Flash their keen and sweeping glance on me;
And twain, those lightsome glances catch and meet.

Their swift, electric shock struck in my soul,
As spiral lightning blasts adamantine rock,
And bursts asunder its impassive whole
Into a quivering mass—my heart unlock!

There's elfin mischief still in her brown eyes,
That wracks and tears my soul with disdainful guise.

The Virginia Plan of Union.

BY C. D. MILLER.

THE Virginia plan of union was presented to the Constitu­
tional Convention by Edmund Randolph, and was
mainly the work of Madison. It was opposed by the States' Rights party, which supported the New Jersey plan. The
text is printed as it appeared in Madison’s Notes:

MAY 29, 1787.

1. Resolved, That the Articles of Confederation ought to
be so corrected and enlarged as to accomplish the objects pro­
posed by their institution—namely, “common defence, security of liberty, and general welfare.”

2. Resolved, Therefore, that the rights of suffrage in the
National Legislature ought to be proportioned to the quotas
of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants, as the one or the other rule may seem best in different cases.

3. Resolved, That the National Legislature ought to consist of two branches.

4. Resolved, That the members of the first branch of the National Legislature ought to be elected by the people of the several States every — for the term of ——, to be of the age of —— years at least; to receive liberal stipends, by which they may be compensated for the devotion of their time to public service; to be ineligible to any office established by a particular State, or under the authority of the United States, except those peculiarly belonging to the functions of the first branch, during the term of service, and for the space of —— after its expiration; to be incapable of re-election for the space of —— after the expiration of their term of service, and to be subject to recall.

5. Resolved, That the members of the second branch of the National Legislature ought to be elected by those of the first, out of a proper number of persons nominated by the individual legislators, to be of the age of —— years at least; to hold their offices for a term sufficient to ensure their independency; to receive liberal stipends, by which they may be compensated for the devotion of their time to public service; and to be ineligible to any office established by a particular State, or under the authority of the United States, except those peculiarly belonging to the functions of the second branch, during the term of service, and for the space of —— after the expiration thereof.

6. Resolved, That each branch ought to possess the right of originating acts; that the National Legislature ought to be empowered to enjoy the legislative rights vested in Congress by the Confederation, and, moreover, to legislate in all cases to which the separate States are incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by the exercise of individual legislation; to negative all laws passed
by the several States contravening, in the opinion of the National Legislature, the articles of Union, and to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfill its duty under the articles thereof.

7. **Resolved**, That a National Executive be instituted, to be chosen by the National Legislature for the term of years; to receive punctually, at stated times, a fixed compensation for the services rendered, in which no increase or diminution shall be made so as to affect the magistracy existing at the time of increase or diminution, and to be ineligible a second time; and that, beside a general authority to execute the national laws, it ought to enjoy the executive rights vested in Congress by the Confederation.

8. **Resolved**, That the Executive and a convenient number of the National Judiciary ought to compose a Council of revision, with authority to examine every act of the National Legislature before it shall operate, and every act of a particular Legislature before a negative thereon shall be final; and that the dissent of the said Council shall amount to a rejection, unless the act of the National Legislature be again passed, or that of a particular Legislature be again negatived, by of the members of each branch.

9. **Resolved**, That a National Judiciary be established, to consist of one or more supreme tribunals and of inferior tribunals, to be chosen by the National Legislature, to hold their offices during good behavior, and to receive punctually, at stated times, fixed compensation for their services, in which no increase or diminution shall be made so as to affect the persons actually in office at the time of such increase or diminution. That the jurisdiction of the inferior tribunals shall be to hear and determine in the first instance, and of the supreme tribunal to hear and determine in the dernier resort, all piracies and felonies on the high seas, captures from an enemy, cases in which foreigners or citizens of other
States applying to such jurisdictions may be interested, or which respect the collection of the national revenue, impeachments of any national officers, and questions which may involve the national peace and harmony.

10. **Resolved,** That provision ought to be made for the admission of States lawfully arising within the limits of the United States, whether from a voluntary junction of government and territory or otherwise, with the consent of a number of voices in the National Legislature less than the whole.

11. **Resolved,** That a Republican government and territory of each State, except in the instance of a voluntary junction of government and territory, ought to be guaranteed by the United States to each State.

12. **Resolved,** That provision ought to be made for the amendment of the Articles of Union, whenever it shall seem necessary, and that the assent of the National Legislature ought not to be required thereto,” stricken out] continuance of Congress and their authorities and privileges, until a given day after the re-form of the Articles of Union shall be adopted, and for the completion of all their engagements.

13. **Resolved,** That provision ought to be made for the amendment of the Articles of Union whenever it shall seem necessary, and that the assent of the National Legislature ought not to be required thereto.

14. **Resolved,** That the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial powers within the several States ought to be bound by oath to support the Articles of Union.

15. **Resolved,** That the amendments which shall be offered to the Confederation by the Convention ought, at a proper time or times, after the approbation of Congress, to be submitted to an assembly or assemblies of representatives, recommended by the several Legislatures, to be expressly chosen by the people to consider and decide thereon.
FURST ov awl, let it be onderstud that in this s-a the treetment of the katz is very genrul. Nuthin is said ov the culler ov the kat; likewize, nuthin about the naim. Thet ma be tomus or adyline (yu wil obzerv that the former naim is maskyline an the latter femynine, so ov corse the jender don’t matter). Indeed, it is not nesessasary that it be a kat atall. She ma be a parrot, or a canara burd, or a pudel, or a bul pup. The essenshal thing is that she be a ol made’s pet—that is whut we air drivin at. So mutch bi wa ov intrdydukshun.

I have wunderd why ol mades laverish so mutch afekshun on thare katz an uther pets. Thay seam to think more ov them than thay do ov human beins. Not onfreqwently the sourest-dispozishuned ol made ma be seen softly strokin a battel-skracht, time-worn pussy, or talkin lovinly to a feather-faded, krak-voyst polly, or karesin a spiled kur. Whare-4 this misplast afekshun? Why this turnin awa frum humans to beasts? Kan it be thet olmadism is a speshes ov insanyty, an single-blesednes an a inordnate luv for onluvable beasts air only 2 fazez ov its development? I wud fane not beleav this. I hev kum to the konkluzion thet the sikologikal exsplanashun ov this fenomynon ov femynine afekshun is to be found in the folleerin prinsypul an its corylaries, es follers:

Evry human bein thet cums into the worl hes a surtin amount ov afekshun; or, raither, sometimes it is a onsurtin amount. A frend ov mine ses he don’t beleav his muther-in-law ever hed enny, but I think she must hev. It ma hev bin mity littel, an mebby she hes used it awl up; but ennyhow, mi theary is thet evryboddy hes sum to start with.

An this afekshun is lik a boy’s munny—it hes got to be spent. Lik the cristial waters ov a mountain spring, it wels
up an wil out. Childrun bestore thare afekshun on thare payrents, in the shape ov rather damp an stiky kisses, an bi kryin when they don’t pet them. When thay get up in thare teans it begins to go out to thare swetharts, an thay sen bokays an kandy, an ekshange swet luks an skwez hans. Sum ov these blossums ov uthful luv mature into the ripe frute ov mattermony. Then, ef the supply ov afekshun wasent short an wasent awl used up in cortship, it is laverished on the husband or wif an the butyful ung uns thet cum to bles the hum.

Now, it is rite er long hear thet the ol made begins to luze out. It aint alwas her fallt ither. It ma be her misforchun. The fak thet she is a ol made indykates thet she dident hev menny bows. Bekaws ef she hed hed menny—wel, mebby she wudent be a ol made. An wun bi wun her sisters and her gurl frends get marid, an thare aint noboddy to lok arms with when she walks down the street. Her payrents die, perhaps, an she is lef alone. Menewhile thet spring of afekshun is welin up an demandin ekspreshun, an thare aint noboddy to ekspres it on. Mebby thare is a swethart she luved but didn’t get, an she mite keap on lovin him; but this thing ov luvin sumboddy thet dont luv yu, wile sum­times yu kant help doing it, to sa the leest, is mity onsatis­faktry an dont give much releaf to surplus afekshun.

Jus hear the most nachral thing in the worl happens. This afekshun thet findeth no human to bestore itself on is laverished on creeturs thet aint human. An after awl, mebby it is better to luv a kat than not to luv nuthin. Mebby, also, the kat appreshiates it; an appreshiashun is mity comfurtin an encuragin. Likewis, mebby, the kat luvs bak sumtims, an perhaps even a katz afekshun is swet to a sole thet is good an hungry for it.

An whut ef ol mades air sour? Likely it is bekaws the worl hes fed them on pikels. Lik gets lik. Taint no sine thay aint got no harts. An es long es I see wun coddlin a kat or fondlin a kur, tho she be ugly es sin an cross es a bare, I meen to manetane thet thare is stil a spark ov good in her.
A Feast of Names.

BY BILLY MAC.

At the beginning of this session an impromptu feast was attempted by some of our alumni and students, while on a day's outing down the river. And this is what happened.

Great consternation prevailed when they found the Carver was absent; but after much discussion they decided to proceed with the feast, only to find that their boat had sprung a Leake, and that they had lost their Ankers. So they sent for the Tal-man, and made him take off his Shue(s), and Wade in the Lake to catch the Byrd(s) that Hyde among the Pitt(s) along the bank. They had but little Luck, and caught only a few Martins.

They next discovered that they had no material Handy for making bread, so they took some of the corn Cropp from neighboring Barnes, and carried it down the Hill to the Mills. The Miller gave them the proper Waite, and, after putting it in a Pack, they brought the meal to the Cook. But the meal had a Cobb in it, and this made the Cook Kerse the Miller.

At last all was Ready, and, the Camp-bell having been rung, the guests assembled. During the evening a Gardner tried to Steele A(c) kiss from under one of the Hoods, and was caught by the Taylor, who did not Grant him that Wright. Several quarrels followed that broke the Bond between them, and, as they had both been indulging in too much Beveridge, it came as no surprise when the Taylor threatened to send the Gardner Bowling into the Brooke that flowed by the Camp. But the Young men finally prevailed upon them to be Brothers, and settle their difference by drawing Straus.

When the evening had grown Cole they returned to College, and nobody had a Black eye, for all had ended happily.
The Messenger.

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NORTHERN INTEREST IN SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

The editorials of the newspapers throughout the State have recently been strong in denouncing the Ogden Movement as dangerous to the South. The denunciation seems to be caused by the alleged statement of the General Education Board, that it proposes to use the Rockefeller donations in "civilizing the South" and in "directing education."

The Messenger is heartily in sympathy with our daily papers in resenting such offensive talk and in protesting against having the negroes of the South educated according to the Northern view; but we are by no means convinced that our editors are right in charging the General Education Board with having the intention to direct the education of the negro according to Northern ideas, and to insult us by undertaking to "civilize the South." In fact, past experience shows that neither will be done, for friendly co-operation and material aid are the only "direction" and "civilization"
along educational lines the South has ever received from Northern philanthropists.

We are of the opinion that much of what has appeared in newspaper editorials concerning Northern interest in Southern education is the result of vituperative, hot-headed journalism, and not of sound, common-sense intelligence. Such remarks as, "We shall never consent that Southern education be directed by Northern millionaires. Better let our boys and girls grow up in ignorance than have them trained in the Harriman school of honor and ethics" (Norfolk Landmark, copied in Times-Dispatch) do not enlighten the people in any way and have no place in a sane discussion of the true conditions. They are no more deserving of consideration than an argument that the boys and girls of the South are at present being trained in the Bailey school of honor and ethics.

THE JUBILEE MESSENGER.

In view of the fact that we will not have an Annual this year, the Senior class, Messenger Board, and Literary Societies have decided to issue a Jubilee number of The Messenger. It is understood that the Jubilee Messenger will in no way resemble an annual, though acting in some measure as a substitute for an annual. It is to be a high-class magazine and not a cheap annual.

The special corps that was appointed to assist the regular Board in publishing this issue of the magazine has entered enthusiastically into its work, and should, as no doubt it will, have the united support of our entire student body.

The Jubilee Messenger will contain about one hundred pages of good literary productions—stories, poems, and essays, full accounts of all interesting happenings at college this year, athletic department, local news, and cuts of the College, Senior class, and Society officers. The College colors will be
worked in the cover, care will be given throughout the magazine to make it attractive, and, as a whole, it is expected to be a highly appreciated souvenir of the college year '06-'07.

The students of Memorial Hall are thankful

**IN PASSING.** that there has recently been provided means of escape from that building in case of fire. We hope that ere long this building, at least, may be considered a modern, up-to-date dormitory; but before it can be looked upon as such the rooms must be provided with gas or electric light. At present the only light the students can secure is from "ye olden" lamp.

We sometimes wonder if it has ever occurred to our honorable "Committee on Grounds and Buildings" that the insurance rate would be much less on college dormitories if they were lighted by either gas or electricity, instead of by lamps.

It appears to us a clear case of "penny wise and pound foolish" not to equip our dormitories with modern lights, for as it stands the danger of having them destroyed by fire is great. Every student has from one to five gallons of oil in his room, and in many cases a certain part of the student's floor is saturated with oil, by having it spilled from the can or in filling his lamp. Sound business policy declares that this condition should be avoided, if possible.

Now, why not relieve an undesirable situation by putting gas jets in the rooms of the buildings that are already piped for gas, and at the same time confer a benefit upon the students? The students buy their own oil and lamps now, and, from what we learn, would be glad to pay for gas or electric light, if they could only have the light.
EDITORIAL.

It is with a mingled feeling of joy and of sorrow that we lay aside our pen. We are glad, because we will no more have the worry and responsibility of the magazine upon us, but are sorry that we leave our task without having accomplished more and without having approached nearer our ideal magazine. We desire, in closing, to express our sincere appreciation of the encouragement and assistance given by members of the Faculty, Associate Editors, and student body.

In behalf of our new editor we would bespeak your most earnest support and co-operation. May he succeed where we have failed.
Hurrah for the special Jubilee issue of *The Messenger*!

"The Clansman," at the Academy, was an object of considerable attention by our fellows. Large contingents occupied commanding seats just under the roof at every performance.

Preacher Cropp deserves the respectful sympathy of all the boys at the College. He says: "It is awful annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washwoman. Saturday I put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

There is a splendid collection of magazines, periodicals, and daily papers in our library, but somehow they are kept religiously locked at the very time when they could be of the most service to the students—namely, from 2 to 3:30 P. M.

Young: "It is foolish for a man to try to make game of Bouis' chicken by looking at it, under the impression that a steady gaze of the human eye will make any animal quail."

Dr. Foushee (in Senior Latin): "Mr. Daniel, who was Pluto's wife?"

Mr. D.: "Penelope."

The new fire escape on Memorial Hall is a topic of much interest to the boys in that building, but it promises to be far more interesting to the "rats" next fall.

Venerable Brother Harwood, of the M. A. class (just returned from Washington): "An awful smash-up in W. yesterday."

Hutton (anxiously): "Pray, tell me!"

Brother H.: "Street-car ran over a peanut and smashed up two 'kernels.'"
The other morning in Junior Mathematics, three minutes after one of Prof. Gaines's usual questions, a chunk of silence fell, knocking the plug from the radiator, in consequence of which the room was almost submerged. It may be mentioned, however, that the silence was broken by the fall.

Boot-black at Walk-Over Shoe Store (to Fritz Wright, who is leaving after having been "shined"): "Say, mister, come on wid yer nickel. Dem shoes didn't come from here."

Rev. Calvin F. Blackwell, D. D., of Norfolk, spent a week with us in special services. Large congregations greeted the Doctor at every meeting, and the power of his great but simple sermons lingers with us still.

P. Woodfin (to Robertson, alias "Legs"): "I went to the Academy last night to see 'The Lion and the Mouse.'"

Legs: "Did they have a sure enough lion?"

W.: "Yes, indeed, and the prettiest little white mouse you ever saw."

Bouis' Hippodrome (an ad.): "Performances begin at 8 A.M., 2 and 6 P.M., daily. Sundays not excepted. China chimes and the greatest military march of the age, also other newest things in the music line. Special boxing contests free to all. Scientific biscuit juggling. Artistic cussing by the yard. Go to Bouis' for the animal feed—Bostock's not in it."

Tilman, alias Rattler (after telling a "whopper"): "I assure you, Bill (Chamblin), if I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it."

Bill: "Ha—h'm—well, you know, I didn't see it."

A Senior in the Law Department, whose eyesight is not good, was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the first corner, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.
Doctors Foushee and Metcalf recently addressed a joint meeting of the two Societies, endeavoring to create more interest in The Messenger. A better pair couldn’t be behind any enterprise. If you don’t believe it, read The Messenger.

N. Bond: “How do you like the weather these days?”
G. Willis: “Exceedingly disagreeable.”
B.: “And how is your room-mate?”
W.: “The same, thank you.”

We regret that our base-ball manager, K. L. Burton, was forced to leave College, on account of the death of his father. "Bo" Davis succeeds him as manager. He gives us the following schedule:

**Games Settled.**

March 29th—Princeton University.
April 4th—Richmond League.
April 10th—Hermitage Golf Club.
April 15th—Richmond League.
April 16th—Trinity.
April 22d—Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland.
April 23d—Davidson College.

May 6th or 20th—William and Mary College (championship).
May 10th—Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney (championship).
May 13th—Randolph-Macon College (championship).

**Games Unsettled.**

April 1st—Columbia University, at Newport News.
April 17th—University of North Carolina.

Dr. Mitchell says: "Jefferson’s head teemed with ideas, like a hive with bees; and they made honey!" Many of us think that that saying could as well be applied to its author.
Plans for the new University of Richmond are progressing nicely.

The Literary Societies of Richmond College will meet those of William and Mary in joint debate April 19th. The debate will be held here, and Richmond College must win. Subject for debate: "Resolved, That it is a good policy for the small colleges of our country that they be grouped together in a manner similar to that obtaining in the great English universities." Richmond has the negative side of the question.

Dr. Whitsitt, in Senior Phil.: "Can any one tell me the present price of Amalgamated Copper?"
Cole (of Fredericksburg): "I am not certain, Doctor, but I think it sells for twenty cents a pound."—(Associated Press from Senior Phil.)

Mr. Davy Crockett rendered the following poem on the night of February 15th, in a very thrilling and dramatic manner, to a crowd of about one hundred admiring students. The recital occurred a few minutes after the events narrated in the poem.

On Brook Road, quilling, went "Sugar," "Legs," and I,
And to our place we'd come pretty nigh,
When from the bushes came sounds awful and dread,
Pistols roaring like devils and songs of hot lead.

Spouting blood, "Sugar" croaked; "Legs" fell over,
I crawled like a ground hog and looked for cover;
But the lead kept singing its song fierce and low,
Then a small voice whispered, "It's time to go."

I started in circles, 'cause bullets fly straight,
But durned if they'd caught me at any rate.
I fell in deep mud, a root smashed my knee,
And a darned bull-dog ran out and sampled me.
Then a wire fence tore me up wors'n the dog,
My lungs gave out, I bled like a dyin' hog;
I was dyin' for sure, to my certain knowledge,
When I ran right into the yard of the nigger college.

I burst in on 'em, and for quick help did cry—
Better rule out the color line when yer 'bout to die.
The Africs pitied me in such a bad state,
And for two plunks they brought me to old R. C.'s gate.

Now, boys, I'm cryin' for "Sugar," out there dead,
And 'cause "Legs" had to "cash" with his sins on his head;
But let me quote a proverb I've thoroughly tried,
It's this: "The hoof's the salvation of the hide."
This is the seventy-fifth year of the College. As a fit celebration of this anniversary an interesting program of an entire day during Commencement week, which begins June the 9th, will be arranged for. It will be an alumni re-union. June 10th, or the 11th, or the 12th, will be an excellent time for the College brothers to gather around alma mater's hearth-stone. The Jamestown Exposition will be in full swing, and the capital city will be alive with its spirit. This time will be opportune for both of these events. A visit to one can include the other. The Messenger extends to every former student of the College a cordial invitation to be present for this occasion, and especially those of the classes of fifty years, twenty-five years, ten years, and five years ago, which classes will have a special part in the program of the day.

The class of fifty years ago (1857) are these: Stephen E. Morgan, lawyer, West Virginia, and Dr. J. W. McCowen, minister, Richmond, Va.


The class of ten years ago (1897) are these: Bachelors of Arts: W. E. Gibson, minister, Washington, D. C.; John B. Kaufman, physician, Portsmouth, Va.; T. B. McAdams, banker, Richmond, Va.; C. G. McDaniel, missionary, Soochow, China; Roy B. Pace, professor, Ouachita College,


The annual dinner of the Kentucky Chapter of the Alumni Association, held February 13th, at the Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky., was a most successful occasion. Nearly one hundred were present. Rev. Carter Helm Jones was toast-master. Happy responses were made by the following brothers: George W. Clark, on "Memories of Alma Mater"; J. W. Loving, on "The Evolution of the Ministerial Student"; with reference to the faculty of alma mater, on "The Ancients" by William H. Harrison, and "The Moderns" by President Boatwright. The former Professor of Latin, Edmund Harrison, on "The Noblest Roman of Them All." Major-General Henry R. D. MacIver, the hero
of many battles, who wore full military dress, responded to "The Knight of the Nineteenth Century." The Financial Secretary, P. T. Hale, spoke on "Dollars and Cents." Our esteemed Dr. C. H. Ryland was present and gave an impromptu response. The Baptist Argus, in reporting this banquet, says: "Richmond College is not the largest of our educational institutions, but there is none whose alumni are more enthusiastic in their devotion, and the Kentucky Chapter is perhaps the most enterprising and efficient college club in the city."

Our oldest living alumnus, Dr. P. S. Henson, '49, is one of the most influential men in the city of Boston. He is the pastor of a magnificent congregation of Baptists at Tremont Temple. The circle of his influence reaches farther than the limits of that cultured city. Hundreds flock to hear him, and are inspired by his life. He is an example of what, we trust, many students now in College may become.

Three of the six men chosen by the Department of Education to conduct Summer Normals for Teachers throughout the State this year belong to alma mater—namely, Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, Harris Hart, '96, and E. H. Russell, '92. It seems to have become a universally recognized fact that Richmond College men succeed as teachers.

With William L. Prince, '98, as dean, and H. B. Handy, '06, and E. W. Hudgins, '05, as assistants in the faculty, Richmond Academy has doubled its enrollment this year. A photograph of the student body, a line-up of one hundred and thirty-six fine-looking boys, was produced in the Times-Dispatch recently.

Col. Sol. Cutchins, '78, was re-elected president of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues Association, which he has so long served as major in command and as president of the Association. He may be called the father of this distinguished
military organization, and those in its rank and file have so regarded him for several years.

W. L. Ball, '04, is succeeding well as pastor of what was formerly West View Baptist Church, but which, on account of its growth, has become the Tabernacle Baptist Church, and has planned to erect a $50,000 dollar building.

Frank W. Duke, '94, formerly Professor at Hollins Institute, has been made president of the Mechanics Institute of this city. Mr. Duke filled a vacancy of one year in the College faculty.

Prof. B. O. Hutchinson, '98, of Shirtleff College, Ill., was given a most pleasant notice in one of the journals of that college recently, and a fine likeness of him reproduced.

Walter D. Blair, '93, now a prominent architect of New York City, was recently in Richmond, as the designer of the new Stephen Putney Shoe Company's warehouse.

Rev. James E. Hicks, '00, is succeeding splendidly as pastor of the Danville Baptist Church, and he is also an editor of the district paper.

Dr. E. Barksdale, Jr., '00, the popular young physician of Lynchburg, has been elected president of the Board of Health of that city.


Judge C. E. Nicol, '74, is spoken of as a nominee for the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Rixey.

Judge D. C. Richardson, '74, was recently elected president of the Richmond Bar Association.
With this issue of The Messenger the Exchange Department changes editors. In entering upon the duties of the office, we recognize the fact that a high standard has been set for us by the retiring editor, and we assure you that we will do our best to keep the department up to this standard. It is a very easy thing to find fault, but it is extremely hard to criticise, and we realize that a difficult task has been assigned us. However, believing, as did Burns when he wrote,

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us,"

that the standard by which a man is to be judged is his appearance in the eyes of others, we propose to apply the same rule to college publications. Accordingly, we invite an open and conscientious criticism of our magazine by the editors of the different exchanges, and assure them that on our part we shall give praise where we think praise is merited, and shall criticise where we think criticism is deserved.

"Edgar Allan Poe" was the first article we read in The William and Mary Literary Magazine, and we were so pleased with it that we immediately read every poem in the issue. It is seldom indeed that the poems in our exchanges are better than the prose articles, but this can be truly said of the Lit. for January. However, we not understand the nature of the "blight" which came to the life of the maiden in "Afterward," and caused her "no more to remember" her lover, unless the author wishes to convey the idea that in the next life all memory of this life's associations is blotted from the mind. And, of course, this is merely a matter of personal opinion. When we had finished reading the poems we thought we would have nothing but praise for the issue, but we had to change our opinion before we
finished the other articles. The plot of "Sir Bayard, or The Heart of an Indian," is good, but could have been worked out much better. Charles Wilfred is a remarkable character, but entirely too conscientious and good to be a natural human being. Sir Bayard must have had unusually good wind. The Indian characters are not true to life. For instance, it would be a very dull Indian indeed who would allow his lady captive to throw a glove down on a trail which he was trying to conceal. "Friends That Never Fail" reads like a composition written by a high school student. We are very much surprised that "The Pain of Friendship" should have passed through the hands of the writer, the printer, and the editors and still be so badly paragraphed. One of the paragraphs covers more than two pages. We take the liberty to reprint just one sentence from this article, and consider this sufficient criticism: "Lawrence, in his enthusiastic, unswerving loyalty to the Union and to the old flag, which to him since childhood had been the symbol of liberty, justice, and right, had put his military training to good use in recruiting, organizing, and drilling a regiment, of which he was made colonel, and by degrees had advanced steadily, until now he was General Darbie, in command of the forces holding an important city and the adjacent country, which latter was constantly threatened by the enemy, who held off only because they feared General Darbie's forces were much larger than they really were."

With the exception of "Victim and Victor" and "Taking It Easy," the combined January-February issue of The Guidon is deserving of no praise. The former of these articles is well written, and we read it with real pleasure; the latter is good and very practical. "Niagara Falls" reads as if it might have been written by one of the members of the T. D. Club of The Times-Dispatch—and these members are all under sixteen years of age. "The Lady in the
Green Silk" ends very unnaturally. Two young girls intensely interested in a "ghost story" would scarcely allow a dinner to delay the narrator in expressing her opinion concerning the nature of the "ghost." "The Him of Life" is amusing. If the two articles "The Great Debate" and "After the Debate" had been combined in one good prose article, it would have added much more to the magazine. We appreciate the following statement made in a note at the end of these two articles: "No extra charge —— for dropping into poetry in a friendly way." But we ask permission to add that it is an extra strain on the nerves to read such poetry as was here dropped into. The editorials, taken as a whole, are poor. Nine out of the twelve deserve to be moved to the department headed "What Fools These Mortals Be." The editors do not seem to be able to distinguish the difference between a quotation and an editorial.

If the material in the January-February issue of The Emory and Henry Era had all been put in one issue of the magazine it could not have been called creditable, and, since it was published as a double number, it deserves to be called very poor. Besides the advertisements and the table of contents, there are only forty pages in the magazine, and one of these is devoted to the directory of the college. Out of the twelve articles published, eight are poems—that is, eight are written in something which is not good prose. The sketch of Governor Folk and his work is good, but rather short. The plot of "The Pirate's Daughter" is shallow and poorly worked out. The style is loose and the action forced. The use of the names of students to express different parts of speech, an example of which is given us in "A Toast to Tennessee and Her Sons at Emory," was at one time interesting, but the custom became obsolete years ago. The editorials, with the exception of the one on foot-ball, contain nothing of interest to any one except an Emory and Henry
student. Of course, the writer of editorials in a college magazine should have at heart the interests of his fellow students, and should strive to entertain and instruct them, but it is always well to make the writing of general interest.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine was among the best we read this month. The cover is attractive, the paper good, and the print of a readable type. We were sorry when we reached the bottom of “Jacob’s Well,” the third instalment of “Stories From the South Branch,” and are waiting anxiously to read the next. The story tells of the experiences of students during vacation, and is a new and unworked field. We believe that a college magazine should reflect the life lived by the student during vacation as well as that lived during the college session. “The Wrong Life Line” and “By Their Own Hands” are entirely too bloody. The former may possibly be allowed to pass, but under no circumstances should such a story as the latter appear in a college magazine. The editorials are not general enough, and are poor in comparison with the rest of the material in the magazine. We do not consider the report of a reception an editorial in any sense of the word, and suggest that such occasions be reported under “College and Campus.” It might make the report more interesting to publish it less than two months after the event happens.

We enjoyed reading The Chisel for December. All of the many departments are well represented. The following, quoted from “The Girl Who Won,” is rather too poetic for a story written in prose: “One evening, just as the sun was sinking to rest amid all of its golden splendor—.” The composition of this story is not of the best order. We do not agree with some of the opinions advanced in “Public Opinion”—namely, the governmental responsibility of the King and Parliament to the English people; that “public opinion is not the sentiment of the majority, but the senti-
ment of each individual," and that "often the majority is wrong"; that the emigration problem is what the author seems to think.

The Furman Echo for February comes as a Memorial Number, and is well gotten up. The editorials are particularly good, and are of interest to others besides the Furman students. We agree fully with the sentiment expressed in "The Democracy of a College Community."

Another special issue comes to us in the nature of a Lee Number of The University of Virginia Magazine. It shows skill in its make-up, and will be preserved by us on account of its valuable information.

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