The Messenger,
RICHMOND COLLEGE,
—PUBLISHED BY THE—
MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Vol. XXXIV. OCTOBER, 1907. No. 1.

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"Well?"

"Oh, nothing now." There was a snobbish tone about Venus Milo.

"Nothing now? Well, when, pray, will there be something?"

"There won't be, now. Not after this treatment, Mr. Apollo Belvidere. Not unless you give a satisfactory explanation."

"Aha! I can do that easy enough, and I can give you some gossip to chew on, too."

"Ah, really, then do come and have a seat by me. I might forgive you for that, after all. Come now, what's out? Scandal?"

"Well, no."

"Love?"

"O yes, some."

"Well, out with it."

"To begin with, I didn't get your note until this morning, and you said I had to be here at 5 o'clock yesterday. I gave Hermes the deuce about it, but he got so mad—which is new for him—that I let up. After he had gone I hurried here as fast as possible. On the way, however, I met Cupid. He seemed to be tickled to death about something. So I gave him a nickel, and he told me the trouble with Hermes."

"Cupid had gone down to Hades, hoping to warm up some
of those ghostly hearts down there. But after having shot up nearly all of his ammunition in vain, he started back. Whom should he meet but Hermes, dragging along a very reluctant rich uncle of some circle of impatient relatives on earth?

"Indeed, the old man was kicking up such a row that Hermes began to think that there must have been a mistake somewhere. So, when he passed by the house of the Fates, he went in, to be sure that the old gentleman’s thread had been cut clean enough.

"You know Clotho, the youngest of the Fates, don’t you?"

"Oh yes; she’s that little hussy people call good looking."

"Well, anyway, Cupid looked at Hermes, and then he looked at her, and took good aim and fired. It was a clearly impossible possible affair, you know, because Clotho had her hands entirely too full holding that distaff to think of matrimony. But Hermes thought, and when he thinks he makes things happen.

"Next day here comes Hermes down the road, in a nice little buggy, with one of those extension backs, on which sat a much-wrapped-up frame something after a three-legged stool with a wheel on it. You wouldn’t have known him. He was all fixed up in a black suit and derby hat and false moustache. Driving up to the Fates, he knocked very meekly. The Fates were too busy to come to the door, so Lachesis (she’s the middle-aged one, you know) just said, ‘Come in.’ And in he came, with a very low bow and a ‘Miss Lachesis Fate, I presume.’"

"‘Yes, that’s me. I wish ter goodness it wasn’t. Lord knows they work us hard enough down here.’"

"‘So they do, madam. They certainly do. It’s a shame they don’t make some of those high-flown sassiety folks help you out. And do they make you use that old timey distaff, too?’"

"‘Old timey? Old timey? Well, what’s new timey, please?’ Lachesis asked, very much surprised indeed."
"'Oh! madam, that's just what I'm coming to. I represent
the Celestial Spinning Supplies Company, of Plutoville. We
carry all sorts of necessaries in the art of spinning, from
spinning wheels down.'

"And the first thing she knew she was taking her first
lessons on the spinning wheel, which he had pulled off of the
back of his buggy. She never was so pleased with anything
before in her life. She spun and she spun. She worked old
Atropos—that old hag that cuts the thread, you know—so
hard that even she started to grumbling.

"'There, madam; I think you do very well,' Hermes said
at last, 'and I must be hurrying back.' Lachesis was so
wrapped up in her new art that she only mumbled a gruff
'Good day.'

"'Good day to you,' he said pleasantly. There was a scur­
rying of feet, and he was gone.

"'Clotho,' she said presently, 'you be carding some of that
wool while I'm doing this, you hear?' There was no answer.

"'Clotho! Clotho!' she called again, looking up now for
the first time. 'Hi! I wonder where that good-for-nothing
slip has gone to.' Getting up, she went to the front door and
called. And then, putting on her bonnet, she visited her
neighbors, the Furies, but to no avail. As she could do
nothing more, she went screeching and yelling home. And
now, Cupid tells me, there are but two Fates.'

"Well, what became of Clotho?' exclaimed Venus.

"Ah, that's a secret easily read. Where do you suppose
Hermes went when he took such a long time getting your
message to me?"

"Oh!" said Venus.
The Threat of Commercialism.

(Winning Oration in the State Oratorical Contest of 1907.)

BY J. BRAXTON MILLER, '08.

A mushroom may spring up in a single night, but it requires a century to produce an oak. A battle may be won in an hour, but the problem which we are to discuss this evening is one whose web is woven into the very fabrics of the nation. It was once a business necessity, but greed has done his work. To-day it looms before us in various forms of gigantic proportions, and is best discussed under the general head of modern commercialism.

America is pre-eminently a commercial nation. The American trader enjoys a world-wide reputation for the making of close bargains. Other nations say of us that we never give more than is "so nominated in the bond." The vast resources placed at the command of the American capitalist, the ease with which one dollar may be converted into two, have set soaring the financial aspirations of the entire nation. At no other time, and in no other country, have people been so imbued with the commercial spirit. The true office of commercialism is that of a means and of an end. Its proper sphere is that of a servant, and not a master; but, with us, it has been carried beyond all reasonable bounds, and is to-day threatening the very foundation on which democracy rests.

Our literature is at low ebb, and we are told that literature is a mirror whose pages reflect the innermost life of the nation from which it emanates. American authors are turning their attention almost exclusively to the writing of short stories, and for no other reason than that the American people are too much absorbed in commercial affairs to read and appreciate the longer and more finished productions.
An individual is perfect in proportion as his mental, moral, and physical nature is symmetrically balanced. A nation is prepared to stand the "test of time" only in proportion as her sons and daughters are symmetrically developed. The trend of affairs towards commercial enterprise has been productive of many good results; it has developed our minerals, fertilized our fields, extended our civilization from ocean to ocean, and given financial prestige. But for every action there is a re-action, and it is the destroying power of re-action that is now gnawing at the very foundation of Jeffersonian democracy.

A spirit of unrest pervades the world. The eastern hemisphere has been shaken from centre to circumference. The smoldering fires of Asiatic jealousy are casting their lurid glare upon the peaceful horizon of our American possessions. The time has at last come when the Saxon peoples must stand together. England and America are leaders of civilization, and their wealth is a power in the financial world; but the Anglo-Saxon peoples have a heritage to guard that is far more precious than material wealth can ever be—our racial purity, our political integrity, and our intellectual interests. These are the birth-rights of the American people. This is the heritage bequeathed to us by the "fathers of old," and it is the elevating influence of this dearly-bought legacy that has made the American home a model throughout the world and the English literature the stateliest craft on the sea of thought. And yet it is this very heritage that modern commercialism threatens to destroy.

Our seaboards have been compared to counters, over which commodities are bartered and sold, and through the gates of which flows a steady stream of foreign immigration. Last year over one million landed on our shores, and the rate is increasing with alarming rapidity. It is true all foreigners are not objectionable. Some of them make loyal citizens. But is it not also true that the majority would not be
welcomed to your own home, and yet the doors of the nation, which is our common home, are opened wide to receive them.

We are told that every man, woman, and child exerts a direct influence upon the lives of those with whom they come in contact. It is, therefore, of pre-eminent importance that our adopted sons be selected with the greatest care, "for a little leaven leaveneth the whole." These foreigners have herded together in large colonies, and in some sections of the country have already usurped the rights of the American laborer. Only recently have we heard low murmurs of discontent from the laboring class of a Western State. Jefferson prophesied that two races, equally free, cannot live happily together, and history has made good his prophecy.

Thus far there has been but little immigration to the Southern States, and for this reason the purest blood in America flows through the veins of the Southern planter. But the commercial storm has struck our shores. The commercial nightmare has seized hold upon our people. A demand for "more laborers" has gone up from all over the South, and every inducement is being offered to foreigners to settle among us. Foreign labor would unquestionably better our financial situation, but had we not better pause, and ask ourselves the question, "Can we afford to jeopardize that honor and integrity which has ever been a crowning virtue of the South, or have we forgotten that 'poverty, with a good name, is more to be desired than great riches'?

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
And a bold peasantry, the country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The tillers of the soil are the chosen people of God. They are the guardians of virtue and the advocates of political integrity. Agriculture lies at the foundation of all prosperity, and it is the first duty of every law-maker to promote the interests of the farming class. But "man shall not live
THE THREAT OF COMMERCIALISM.

by bread alone.” The time is coming when the prosperity of this country will depend not upon the wealth, but upon the character of her citizens.

Commercialism is threatening our racial purity. The natural tendency of all power is toward centralization. The financial power is no exception to this rule. Our commercial policy has removed every obstacle, and given full sway to that tendency which, of all others, needed no stimulus. As a result, there has sprung up in this country a band of commercial robbers, whose greed for gold is such that they would sell America could they but find a bidder. It was the boast of the common law that there was never a wrong without a remedy. In this age of commercialism a giant corporation, by unjust discrimination and unholy alliance, can rob and plunder before our very eyes, and cannot be reached by law. They may neglect to give that care and watchfulness which the law requires them to bestow upon their road-beds and bridges, and as a result of their base economy innocent passengers may be hurled to a horrible death, and no indictment can be framed against them. All too truly it has been said, “In the corrupted currents of this world offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice, and oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself buys out the law.” They may corrupt the ballot with their ill-gotten gold, yet no infamy attaches to them. They influence the courts, the Senates, the Legislatures, the newspapers; not only are they beyond the pale of law, but, by an unnatural policy, they are protected by the law. Protective tariff is the political meat on which this Cæsar has fed, and upon which he has grown so great.

A nation whose god is gold can lay no claim to political purity. It is impossible for us to serve two masters. Those public officials who owe their office to contributions from trusts and monopolies are not the kind of men our ancestors intended should administer this priceless freedom. It was
never intended that men should exist for money, but that money should exist for men. There was a time when to be a Roman was to be a king. There came a time when every Roman had his price. There was a time when an American candidate could be elected by the honest votes of honest men. There has come a time when votes are bought and sold in open market.

We do not maintain that all men are created equal; we remember that there are racial and social distinctions. We do not claim that corporate power is of itself undesirable. On the contrary, we believe it is necessary for the full development of our boundless resources. But we do claim that every citizen, high or low, rich or poor, is entitled to an equal chance, and the protection of life, liberty, and property, and you may call a government whatsoever you choose, if the least denial or discrimination is made against any of these rights, it is no democracy.

We have already seen fools riding upon horses and princes walking in the dust; we have more than once seen traitors buy their way to office while defeated patriots were forced to abide by their infamous laws.

Commercialism is threatening our political integrity. If we mean to transmit this princely heritage to generations yet unborn we must remember that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Not only has the desire for commercial supremacy become the dominant influence in the souls of men, but its poisonous fangs have inoculated the blood of our youth. In the mines and factories of the United States there are to-day thousands of children laboring and toiling from daylight till dark. Right here, in the pioneer State of old Virginia, are to be found boys and girls sacrificing their hopes—yea, even their lives—on the barren altar of commercialism. Surrounded with schools, they are growing up in ignorance; beneath the shadow of the church, they are the victims of vice. Their faculties are stunted; their brains are muddled;
their bodies are dwarfed; their passport is the dollar mark, and their watch-cry, "Does it pay?" Instead of spending the golden days of youth in preparation for a higher life, they are literally machines for the making of money; and yet the children of to-day sway the destiny of the future! Individuality is the essence of manhood. Crush that and you destroy the man. True manhood is the hope of a democracy; pervert the man and you weaken the government. These commercial captives are being deprived in their youth of the essential qualities of citizenship. Some day they are to have a voice in the government. What kind of voters is your commercialism producing? The elective franchise is the richest boon that any intelligent being can possess, and yet it is a deplorable fact that the greater portion of our citizens, and especially the citizens of the South, refrain from exercising this highest of all rights—yea, verily, refuse to perform this most sacred of all civic duties.

If we are to have a government by the people, the people must cast their votes; if we are to have a government that is to accomplish the great aim for which it was brought into existence, those votes must be cast by intelligent, public-spirited citizens. If we are to have intelligent citizenship, we must educate and protect our youth, for "as the twig is bent so the tree inclineth." Commercialism is threatening our intellectual interests. This country needs a Moses to lead these erring children forth from their captivity. Education and political integrity are the foundation stones on which a democracy may rest and defy the storms of time. The hope of America lies not in her material possessions, but in the quality of her citizens and in the purity of her homes. Deprive her of these, and her vast domain, on which the sun has ceased to set, will be but as a sterile promontory.

History furnishes no record of a civilization that died of old age. So long as the nations of the world have shaped their policies in accordance with the eternal principles of the
Golden Rule, they have prospered. So long as they have followed the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, their position has been secure. But when they have turned their backs upon the living God, and sacrificed their national ideals upon the altar of Mammon, their days have been numbered.

America is to-day the garden spot of the world. Old Glory is loved at home and feared abroad, but the morbid excess to which commercialism has been carried is threatening our racial purity, our political integrity, and our intellectual interests. It is threatening the ideals of the American Government, and remember that, just as truly as water cannot rise above its own level, just so true is it that a nation cannot rise higher than its own ideals. Ideals have been said to be like the stars—we cannot touch them with our hands, but, like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, we can choose them as our guide, and, following them, come at last to our destination.

Life and Art.

BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

There are beauties in the flower
That the brush can never paint;
There are colors in the sunset
Still unmatched by palette tint;
There are noises in the brooklet
Pen nor voice can represent.

There are pent in human faces
Passions canvas cannot hold;
There are restless, deep heart-longings
That the pen has never told;
There are joys and there are heart-aches
Life alone can e'er enfold.
The Effect of Athletics Upon the Heart and Circulation.

[Speech delivered before the students of Richmond College by Garnett Nelson, M. D.]

The heart is a small muscular organ, situated in the chest. Its duty, so far as you need know anything of it, is to drive into the lungs one stream of blood that needs oxygen, and that is bringing the carbonic acid gas from the muscles and other tissues of the body, and to drive to the muscles, bones, brain, and other tissues the blood that has been rejuvenated by the lungs, and that is carrying the nourishment obtained from the stomach and intestines.

There are two sets of blood vessels—the veins and the arteries. Generally speaking, the veins carry to the heart what might be called the impure blood—that is, the blood which has been deprived to a great extent of its oxygen, and contains the carbonic acid gas and other products which are cast off almost continually by each one of the millions of little cells that make up our bodies. The arteries, on the other hand, bring from the heart what might be called the pure blood—that is, the blood which contains oxygen and other sources of nourishment. Every cell in the body must have nourishment and must get rid of certain products. There must be something going and coming, a carrier, and there must be a means of sending this carrier along its journey—a force behind it. The blood is the carrier, and the heart is the force behind it.

This gives you some idea of the importance of the heart. Now listen a moment while I speak of the work the heart has to do, and you will appreciate its importance even more clearly. No human being, in the wildest fancies of a most vivid imagination, has ever dreamed of an engine that can approach the heart in working power and endurance. The heart of the average man of twenty years beats seventy-two
times in one minute, that is four thousand three hundred and twenty times in one hour, that is over one hundred thousand times in a day and night, or nearly ten million times in a year. Carrying this a little further, we see that if a man lives fifty years, and his heart beats only seventy-two times a minute, it will have to beat about five hundred million times during his life. Now a very little exercise, such as a rather rapid walk of five hundred yards, will increase the number of beats from ten to twenty a minute. An increase of ten a minute will mean during a lifetime of fifty years the addition of about fourteen per cent., or seventy million, to the number of contractions this little engine must make. As another illustration of the work it does, I may tell you that during ten hours the heart does enough work to raise a man of one hundred and fifty pounds over five hundred feet into the air. That is, if we could attach this small organ, no larger than my fist, to one end of a rope, so as to use its force, put the rope over a pulley, and attach a man to the other end, and get rid of the friction of the rope and the pulley, it would raise him, during a life of fifty years, nearly five thousand miles into the air. You can readily see, then, that the addition of the contractions incident to a walk of a few hundred yards would raise him about seven hundred miles higher. Of course this increased rate of walk is not continual for every minute of a life of fifty years, and yet you can see from this illustration of a very small amount of exercise what the increase in heart-beats from the exercise each man takes means.

You must not infer that, because even a little exercise increases the number of heart contractions so many million times in a life-time, and increases the actual work done by the heart to a tremendous extent, it is, therefore, injurious. If you have been listening to what I have said, and thinking about it, you must be ready now to ask me a question—namely, "How can it be otherwise? If you increase to such an extent the amount of work done by an organ already
apparently doing too much, why isn’t it a necessary consequence that you injure it?” Let us look for the answer. The heart has the most remarkable quality, within certain limits, of developing strength and endurance in direct proportion to the amount of work it has to do. The heart of the properly-trained athlete is a many times more powerful organ than that of what we used to call, when I was at college, “the greasy grind,” meaning the man who burns his candle at both ends, developing his mind in a more or less satisfactory manner without paying proper attention to his body.

Another helpful effect of exercise is this. You know I told you in the beginning that each little cell had work of its own to do, that it had to have nourishment, and had to get rid of certain products of its own activity, and that the blood must look after both of these matters. Now, other things being equal, if you increase the force and frequency of the heart-beats, you increase the speed of the blood current, driving to each thirsty little cell more frequently the necessities of its existence, and flushing away its products of which it is anxious to be free. This idea must appeal to a student especially, for each little brain cell is similar in its needs to those of the rest of the body. Without proper exercise you may be able to use what brains you have fairly well, but you are surely binding the development of your mental powers within narrower limits than nature intended. This fact is so well established and so generally recognized that, as you know, the governing boards of the various colleges throughout the world have spent, and are spending yearly, thousands of dollars building and equipping gymnasiums and fostering athletics in every form. They know that the graduates of a college where proper attention is paid to these matters will, in the long run, show up better than those of a similar school where they are neglected.

Another very important reason for encouraging exercise and the consequent development of the strength of the heart
is due to our manner of living. In this latter day of strenuous living, of frequent, fast, and powerful steam, electric, and gasoline driven cars, of general hustling and bustling, we are all exposed almost daily to accidents, to emergency calls upon our strength and endurance. The best prepared man or woman, of course, stands the best chance of weathering these storms of our existence. The most eminent physician of this day once remarked that a man is as old as his heart and blood vessels. It is no less true that a man is only as strong as his heart and blood vessels. Do you know why a man out of training can stand so much less than a man in training; why the halves in a foot-ball game early in the season are so much shorter than at the end of the season? The main reason is that the little engine that we are speaking of needs development. You may have tremendous biceps, big thigh muscles, and the strength of an ox in your back, but if your heart is not strong also you cannot stand sudden and violent tests of your endurance.

All of this I have said with reference to the effect of athletics on the sound heart. I must return now for a moment to your anatomy. The heart is divided into two distinct halves. Each of these halves is, in turn, separated into two cavities, making, then, four cavities in all. When the heart contracts there must be some way of compelling the blood to go in the right direction. This is accomplished by means of four sets of valves, an injury to or a leak in any one of which allows the blood to dam back in the wrong direction, and plays havoc with the circulation. This may be compared to a broken bicycle pump, or a leaking rubber syringe, both of which are very aggravating and useless articles. The term "heart disease" generally means that one of these sets of valves is out of order, or that the heart muscle itself is too weak. Now, the effect of athletics on a person with heart disease is an entirely different proposition from the effect on one with a sound heart. Even here, though, the effect is not always
injurious. On the other hand, one of the most successful means of treating certain forms of heart disease is by properly regulated exercise. But it has to be properly regulated, and may not be of such a kind as to compel sudden starts and stops, or very violent strains. The kinds of athletics meant here are especially boxing, wrestling, fencing, long distance running, or any form of competitive races, base-ball, and foot-ball. However, every case of heart disease must stand on its own merits, and the amount and kind of exercise regulated for each individual case.

In conclusion, I want to say that, generally speaking, it is not at all necessary for you to bother your heads about your hearts—I mean, as far as your participation in athletics goes. In certain other matters, as some of you may know, your hearts will control your heads. You will, doubtless, wish to know if there is any means by which you may know whether you, individually, can safely play foot-ball, or base-ball, or take part in competitive races, or any of the more violent forms of athletics. No, there is not. This is a matter that must be decided by your trainer, or some sort of athletic inspector. As a usual thing, if there is any reason why a man must restrain himself, it will, on violent effort, make itself known in one or two ways, either a short-windedness more marked than that of his fellows, or a stormy, throbbing, oppressive feeling in his chest. Since, however, it is possible for a man with a weak or leaky heart to do himself irreparable injury without discovering until too late that there is anything wrong, I believe—and I wish to make this statement as emphatic as possible—that every prospective athlete should be compelled by the college authorities to stand as rigid an examination along some lines as a man who wishes to enter our army or navy.

Now, I wonder if there is any one here who has the idea in his head that I am running down athletics. If there is, let him get it out at once, for, though I believe that what I
have just said about examining men is true, we know well that where there is one man who might be injured, there are many hundreds who can never attain their highest possibilities of mental, moral, and physical development without the influence of athletics.

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**Money.**

**EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.**

'Tis said that money is king of kings.  
This is not always true;  
For there are still a number of things  
Which money will not do.

It cannot buy true happiness,  
Though it will purchase wine;  
It does not bring repose and rest  
To a distorted mind.

The magnate's wealth may countless be,  
His favors may be sought;  
But if he's not from illness free  
His riches count for naught.

Two youths start forth—one rich, one poor—  
Life's battles to commence;  
But he will fail whose will is frail,  
Although he has the pence.

Of course, if you seek social rank,  
With all its gloss and honey,  
A necessary requisite  
Is to have lots of money.

Society! whose only cloak  
With glittering tinsel is shaking;  
Beneath which many a weary heart  
Is slowly, surely breaking.
POE'S VIEW OF THE SHORT STORY.

'Tis not the man with the bank account,
That lives without employment,
Who sees in life's most varied forms
The greatest, true enjoyment.

'Tis he who thinks that honor and truth
Are the greatest boons to the soul;
It's such a man, it's such a youth,
Who finally reaches the goal.

I hold that health is the greatest wealth,
And a conscience clear, withal;
For you will know, as you older grow,
That earthly pleasures pall.

Oh, give to me a spotless name!
A character pure and fair!
And I'll not ask for gold or fame—
For such I do not care.

Poe's View of the Short Story.

BY L. C. QUARLES, '07.

POE is considered the originator, in America, of a certain type of short prose narratives. They are noted for their impressionism and structural beauty. Poe's stories differ in a marked degree from those of Hawthorne, who, with Poe, occupies the highest rank among short-story writers. The student of this type of literature receives only a meagre conception of what Poe considered an ideal short-story from what he says directly upon that subject. In the present article we shall attempt to set forth some of his theories as expressed by himself, and supplement them by giving a brief analysis of one of his most familiar stories. Our best source for the desired information is Poe's critical essay on Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," published in Graham's Magazine in May, 1842.
As stated above, the two writers differed somewhat in their manner of tale-writing. Poe is an impressionist; Hawthorne, a moralist. Poe delights in intellectual problems; Hawthorne is inclined to be allegorical. As Poe's criticism of Hawthorne's "Tales" is not at all severe, the points on which they differ, in regard to style of writing, are not brought out, and only those traits in harmony with his own are dwelt upon.

Poe compares the short-story and the novel with the short poem—i.e., of one-half to two hours’ perusal—and the epic. Mathematically, the short story is to the poem as the novel is to the epic. Poe's ideal piece of literary art is a narrative in rhymes, requiring from thirty minutes to two or two and one-half hours in its perusal. The purpose of the artist is to accomplish a certain effect. The structure must be built in such a way as will most clearly establish this effect. All unessentials must be left out, and yet the production must not be unduly brief. The poem, however, can be more advantageously used in the treatment of beauty; and for the impression of terror, passion, or horror the prose tale is better adapted.

Next to this ideal production, Poe would have the short-story, as best exemplified by Hawthorne—and by himself. As to length, the tale should require in its perusal at least fifteen minutes, and not more than two hours. In the novel, as in the epic, "whose age has long since passed," between the necessary intervals of reading worldly interests intervene, other thoughts occupy the mind, or the mind even becomes weary, all of which go to detract from the effect intended to be produced. In the case of the short-story, on the other hand, the mind of the reader is absolutely under the control of the author during the time of perusal; consequently, the reader receives the advantage of the "immense force derived from totality." The impression is stamped without being influenced externally.

The skillful writer, in beginning a short-story, must first
imagine an effect or impression; he then sets about inventing such events and incidents, and such alone, as will aid directly in establishing the preconceived effect. The effect must shape the structure, not the structure the effect. Each sentence and each word must tend, directly or indirectly, towards the intended design, and if the initial sentence does not have this tendency, so far has the author made a failure. As an architectural structure, each division must occupy its own particular position, must rest upon a firm foundation, and be strong enough to bear its part in the wall of the story. Thereby the reader, after completing the story, beholds a perfect picture; no misconnections, a clear vision of the plot. The impression is complete.

The many persons who read the "Fall of the House of Usher" cannot fail to receive the effect of awe and mystery in following the author through this singular experience. Before completing the first page the reader perceives the atmosphere of mystery and gloom. He soon perceives that the narrator shudders from fancied fear as he breathes this gloomy atmosphere, and himself undergoes a similar sensation. He (the narrator) arrives towards the close of a dreary day at a dilapidated mansion—the House of Usher. Upon an urgent request he comes to visit Roderick Usher, whom he knows to be of a somewhat nervous temperament, for the purpose, he thinks, of raising his depressed spirit by his wit and cheerfulness. The appearance of the attendants, the strange and antiquated adornment of the house, the mysterious atmosphere, and especially the wan, weakly, and forlorn expression of his host, all serve to increase his amazement. His conjecture as to the purpose of his visit is correct. He learns that his friend is subject to fits of depression and gloom, his physical nature weak; he can wear clothes of only a certain shade and texture, the odor of flowers is oppressive, his eyes are tortured by even the faintest light, he is horrified by any unnatural and harsh sound. The host confesses
himself that he is a slave to a certain fancy, the fear of which he believes will result in the end of his "life and reason."

Several days they spend together diverting themselves in reading, painting, and music. During this time the visitor becomes aware of Usher's somewhat superstitious ideas, or, rather, that he believes in the sentience of the building material of his home, and that this has influenced the life of his family, and is more quickly bringing his sister to her grave. In a few days Madeline dies, and is placed, temporarily, in a deep cellar of the house. All this—the fantasy of Usher, the peculiar sickness and death of Madeline, the lingering, mocking smile on her face, and the distracted condition of Usher after her death—works mightily upon the nerves of the visitor. Consequently, on the night of the storm, depressed and gloomy, he does not sleep. He reasons with himself to dispel his fears, but to no avail. He rises from his couch, and walks the floor in search of repose, while the wind howls through the long halls and chimneys. While in this already high state of nervous tension, his host comes up, looking more wan and haggard. He speaks in the wildest frenzy. They look out upon the storm. The clouds are illuminated from a mysterious source; and their emotion becomes uncontrollable when a scream is heard below, also the roar as of the bursting of a strong wall and a metallic ring, the door opens slowly, and Lady Madeline, ghostly, pale, and bloody, walks in. They are both struck dumb. After a moment's pause Madeline, now in the last pangs of death, falls forward upon her brother, and bears him down a corpse. The visitor, with a shudder, rushes from the building into the night.

The author's power over the mind of the reader is wonderful. The interest is excellently sustained. The excitement becomes intense. The narrative gradually rises to a very high pitch until the last paragraph is reached, when the climax occurs. The impression is fixed; the effect is clinched.
The mysterious surroundings of the House of Usher are no fancy or mistaken idea; they are real. All things come to pass as suggested in the earlier portion of the story. Usher believed that he was to meet his fate in uncontrolable fear, and it happened so. The encoffined body of Madeline showed slight signs of life; her peculiar disease suggested the possibility of her being in a trance, and it proved to be true.

As a piece of artistic structure, the "Fall of the House of Usher" is a striking example. Its most striking feature is its suggestiveness and balanced constructions. To one reading the story for the first time, and with a critical eye, it may seem that Poe is inconsistent with his law in regard to unessentials. In his description of the old mansion he refers to a barely perceptible crack in the wall, running zigzag from the roof to the base, which seems to have no essential bearing upon the story. The reader is surprised, however, to find in the last paragraph of the story that when the narrator has fled from the mansion a bright beam of light comes over him, and, turning, he sees the moon shining through the fast-widening fissure in the old wall. The reference to the wall is a suggestion that there is to be a fall of the old House of Usher, materially as well as physically; and, supposedly, the same fundamental cause that brought about the extermination of the historic family leads to the fall of their mansion—namely, the sentience of the building material.

The preceding paragraph may be thought of as embracing a secondary, somewhat obscure plot, running parallel with the primary—namely, the fall of the material house. The primary plot, however, proceeds in episodes, each suggestive of the approaching end. The first episode brings out the character of Usher, centering upon his disposition towards fear and its possible outcome. The next treats of the baffling disease and the expected death of Lady Madeline,
with a hint of its disastrous effect upon the mind of her brother. The third episode suggests the haunted vaults, the sentience of the stone walls, and its tendency to demolish the Usher family.

These episodes serve as the setting or as a foundation of the real narrative, which begins with the interment of Lady Madeline. The remaining portion of the story proceeds with a series of suggestive passages to something of a sub-climax. Each of the passages are well-balanced off in the concluding paragraphs. Two striking examples of these balanced constructions are here cited. They bury Madeline in the old donjon-keep, a thickly walled apartment, sheathed with copper, with heavy, screeching doors. Consequently, when the roar and rattle are heard above the storm the source is at once conjectured. Again, the peculiar disease of Madeline, that “mocking blush and lingering smile” on her neck and lips, to the imaginative mind signifies that she is only in a trance. And, finally, with that unknown help, she breaks her confinement, and comes before her brother.

One word, before concluding, in respect to the allegory. Poe had little sympathy for this type of literary production, and, with two or three possible exceptions, his works are devoid of it. He delights in impressionism, which is lost when the allegory becomes very prominent. The only condition on which Poe is willing for a story to be allegorical is that the reader may go through with the perusal without being struck with the lesson. In other words, the lesson must be hidden until the reader makes an effort to find it.
The Impulse.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

Mortal, art thou anxious whither future years will lead?
Art fearful for the welfare of thy seed?
Retrace the upward steps humanity has taken,
And view the fragile man by fancies shaken.
Hast not thou more for heaven and less to fill the grave
Than he who lurked unclothed within his cave?
Thou art the polished stone which, rough and ragged, rolled
With ceaseless whirlings in the rushing cold
Of a torrent, till, at last, its very foe
Gave it the surface of the glistening snow.
What if the present times are dark with doubts and dreads—
Think you the thoughts of men pass with their heads?
No! The full-blown thoughts of men can never die,
Strewn upon the waters of eternity.
I see! Beyond the trailing palls of many years
An age of Perfect Harmony appears.
Nursed by honest-handed Time, the Human Race
Has leveled all and given equal place
To man, and every spirit swings in true accord
With every other spirit for their Lord.
And all their aims as one, with one desire possessed,
To rise and cleave the skies and beat the rest.
Then, as a child, blowing bubbles with his pipe,
Distends a trembling film, till over ripe
The liquid orb with frantic effort tugs the mooring
And all its changing colors seem imploring
For liberty to drift the skies with careless bent
And on its endless journey to be sent—
Now with mighty effort see it break the tie!
And now 'tis gone forever to the sky!
And so the human spirit, when all its sons are born,
Shall fold its hands of labor and be gone!
The stars came out one by one. The pale moon rose and scattered its rays over the little mountain town. The settlement lay wrapt in a strange quiet. No sound came from any quarter save the chirp of the crickets down by the stream, which flowed across the principal street.

Madeline sat within the still house of the old preacher, gazing on his face, which now in death seemed to wear an unearthly look of peace. The lamp burned with a low flame, barely giving enough light to show her the features of her departed friend. The old minister’s wife was asleep from sheer exhaustion, and the friends who were to spend the night with the body had not yet arrived.

Madeline’s soul was stirred by deep emotions that night. Her own life passed before her mental vision. In the dim past she saw herself a ragged little girl, a waif, wandering the streets of the wicked town, and earning her bread by dancing to the music of her harp. The harp—well, Madeline never liked to think of how it came into her possession, for the memory of the tearful face of its robbed owner never failed in the latter days to bring the moisture to her own eyes.

She remembered, too, that as she had grown older she had lived surrounded by the vilest of temptations, guided by no restraining hand, hearing only the oaths of drunken men and the harsh voices of heartless women.

Madeline never knew how she escaped the vices of her depraved associates. Perhaps some unseen Providence led her away when temptation would have proved too strong for her.

It was when evil had become most rife in the little town at the foot of the mountains that the old preacher had come. Madeline first saw him on a Sunday afternoon at a meeting...
held in the public dancing hall. She was passing hurriedly by when her attention was attracted by the little crowd assembled to hear his message. Impelled by curiosity, she entered the room. She heard the minister, in kind tones, telling about One who loved sinful men and women. She gathered a little of the story of the Cross, and, somehow, her heart, so long denied any uplifting influence, was touched. She had gone in late and had heard only a part of what the man with the gray locks and kind blue eyes was telling. She dared not wait to give him an opportunity to speak to her when the service was over. She went away, however, instinctively feeling that she had seen one who was a man, and yet more than an ordinary man. Her soul rose within her in response to his voice, and deep in her heart she harbored the wish of some time meeting him and learning more of what he taught.

She next saw him at the time of the cloud-burst. All day the sun had poured its fierce rays down on the mountains and valleys, and evening had come, close and sultry, with no mitigation of the intense heat. All through the night this condition had continued. Then, just before daybreak, the clouds had rolled up in the west, and in the first hours of the morning moved over the section surrounding the town. The small mountain stream became swollen into a mighty torrent, and, sweeping down, carried in its mad course houses, furniture, cattle, and men. No human hand could rescue the unfortunate who were caught in the rush of the water. Those who escaped the danger gathered far enough from the stream to be out of its reach, and, powerless to help, watched the agonizing scene. Madeline stood with a group of the women. Suddenly the old preacher came. Appearing in the centre of a group, he raised his hands in prayer. The hardened men and women bowed their heads. The prayer over, the old man quickly organized the bravest into bands, which should look for the wounded as soon as the waters had subsided enough to make their work possible.
After a time the force of the storm was spent and the rescue work began. Many of the unfortunates had been killed. Others, by clinging to logs and boards, and to whatever else offered a chance of escape, had been washed out of the main current and now lay scattered along the banks of the stream, more dead than alive. In all the work of resuscitation the old minister was the busiest. Madeline put all her strength into the work, and at every turn she found the old servant of man. Once they met over a dying man. Madeline was doing her best to keep alive the flame in the mangled body. The old preacher paused, felt the head of the injured man, found the crushed place in the skull, and, raising his eyes until they met Madeline’s, sadly remarked, “Beyond our power, daughter; let us pass to others.” He passed rapidly on, and Madeline followed, her heart touched by the firm yet tender tones of the man of the gray locks.

The next day they met face to face, near the scene of destruction. The preacher at once recognized his assistant of the morning before, and, extending his hand, said, “You were a great help yesterday morn.” How the words burned into the soul of the young girl! For once in her life a kind, appreciative word had been spoken to her. She replied in a modest way and their conversation turned to other things. When they separated the minister exacted a promise from Madeline to visit him and his wife at their home. The visit was paid and others followed.

At last Madeline began to see things in the new light presented by her friend, and before the world took on herself the solemn vows of a Christian.

And this was not all. The old man was deeply interested in the girl. She was young, her mind was alert, and he saw in her possibilities of development. He instructed her in the rudiments of education, and, when she was sufficiently advanced, began to read some of the great authors with her. She soon learned to love the great poets, and never grew tired
of talking about the men who have blessed the world with the grandeur of their conceptions and the music of their words. In the evenings she walked with her friend along the stream which has played a part in this story, and the rippling of the water assumed a new meaning to her. At night the stars seemed to twinkle so much more merrily than before, and the blue vault of the heavens impressed her with the greatness of the Master of all nature.

Then the old minister had organized a school for the children of the settlement, and Madeline had become the teacher. In no place did she reflect evidences of the change in her own life so fully as in this village school. The children loved her; they obeyed her commands, not from fear, but because they were led into the tenderest love for her by her unselfish devotion to them.

And now the man who had meant everything to her lay dead. He was a very old man. She had never known him when his locks were not silver gray. His face was always kind, and to-night it seemed kinder than ever. Peaceful it looked, as if the spirit had left it so as a reflection of its own blessed state.

The clock struck, announcing the hour for the arrival of the watchers. Silently they entered the apartment, the lamp was turned higher, and Madeline passed out into the moonlight.

Respect.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

There are two kinds of respect—what may be termed the subjective and the objective, or the egoistic and the altruistic, or respect for one's self and respect for others, the second being dependent entirely upon the existence of the
first, for if there is no respect for self there can be no respect for others.

What is self-respect? It is an indefinable something which the Almighty has implanted within the human breast, by which we recognize and seek to obey the immutable laws of morality, honor, and propriety; it is an innate conception of the ideals which the individual should strive to attain; it is an inborn consciousness of the obligation which rests upon every one of us, as children of the human race, as members of civilized society, and as citizens of law and order, to respect honor and virtue for their own worth, to cultivate by honorable means the God-given talents with which the Creator has so richly endowed us, to commit no act at which the finger of scorn may be justly pointed, and to stoop to nothing which would violate the code of decency and honor.

What is respect for others? It is a due consideration of the rights which we owe to our fellow-men, not to infringe upon their prerogatives or hinder their interests to further our own, manifesting itself in protection to infancy, sympathy to youth, filial obedience to parenthood, and reverence to senility.

"Oh," you will say, "that is idealism—far too impractical for modern life." Not at all. True it is that it is not always possible to fulfill all the conditions herein outlined, but it is equally true that we should earnestly endeavor to adhere to these principles as far as it lies within our power to do so.

A noted wit has facetiously remarked that only those who are rich enough to afford a surgical operation have appendicitis—the same ache in a person of restricted means is merely an ordinary case of pain in the side. In a similar measure, it may be stated that some unfortunate mortals labor under the mistaken idea that only the wealthier classes are entitled to consideration, and, consequently, gauge their respect—or better, their respectine—by the number of dollars which
jingle in the other's pockets. There exists no wretch more contemptible than such a specimen of humanity. Heaven deliver us from the servile temporizer, who smiles, and flatters, and fawns in your presence, but in your absence scoffs and ridicules!

Providence never intended humanity to be perfect; Deity alone is infallible. For man to err is as inevitable as the succession of night by day. Browning, the most optimistic poet that brilliant England has produced, tells us that "a man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for?" and, in another instance, the same poet observes that "what’s come to perfection perishes."

In all the annals of history, recorded from time immemorial from the giving of the law on Sinai's sacred summit down through the ages to the present century, George Washington seems to have been the only ordinary person whose tongue never spoke falsely, whose lips never practiced deceit, whose heart never entertained malice, envy, selfishness, or jealousy, and whose energies were ever directed in the paths of duty, right, and truth. O, model Washington! You deserved translation to heaven long before sixty-seven weary winters had left their imprint on you. If such a Washington exists to-day, if there lives anywhere on the entire globe an individual who can honestly and truthfully say that his slate is clean, then such a being is too ethereal for terrestrial habitation, and merits immediate sublimation to regions Elysian.

It is only by setting for ourselves a goal higher than that to which we are able to climb that we can be truly successful. The person who has no more worlds to conquer should create new spheres of industry. The limit once attained, the pleasure palls, the appetite sickens. Promise a child some rare treat—say, an all-day picnic to some unusual spot. The child dances with delight, bubbles over with enthusiasm, and looks forward with the keenest anticipation to the promised outing. When the much-looked-forward-to day has arrived,
when the ideal is actually about to be realized, the child no longer takes the same interest in the excursion; its bottled enthusiasm oozes away, giving place to an indifferent apathy. So it is in every walk of life. Whoever has read Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited," and then "Yarrow Visited," could not have failed to notice the striking contrast between the buoyant optimism of a yearning, longing, ardent, unfulfilled desire and the keen disappointment experienced in finding that the real Yarrow did not measure up to the image which the imagination had pictured. It cannot be denied, however, that the poet was cognizant of the fact that the actual Yarrow would not be as fair as his conception of it, as evidenced by the following stanza, quoted from "Yarrow Unvisited":

"We will not see them; will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow."

It is axiomatic to state that the higher the pedestal on which a statue is placed the deeper will be the fall if that figure should chance to tumble. Not only of the physical world is this true, but also of the ethical. The loftier the position which a man holds in a community the deeper the abyss into which he sinks if, through any act of his, he happens to lower himself in the estimation of his fellow-men. The chasm in which he becomes engulfed seems fathomless, the very atmosphere that he breathes suddenly assumes a degree of chilliness, and the man's higher impulses and nobler aims are congealed by the frostiness of his former friends.

I believe, with a faith born of conviction, that even in the most depraved of men there exists some redeeming feature,
some tender chord which responds to a play upon the heart­strings of emotion. If this be true to a slight extent of the most consummate scoundrel, to what an intense degree must it be developed in the man who, in a moment of weakness, yields to an irresistible temptation! If, however, maintaining a stiff upper lip, he puts his best foot forward, it yet lies within his power to regain his pristine honor, and mount again to the topmost rung of the ladder of life. In after years, when time, the eternal panacea, has buried in oblivion his youthful indiscretions, when he once more occupies the commanding altitude he held before his primal fall, when he is again beloved by his relatives, respected by his acquaint­ances, honored by his friends, and esteemed by his associates; when memory, wafted on the wings of reminiscence, calls to mind “the days that are no more,” then will there dawn upon the man the full significance of those classic words, "Forsitan haec olim meminisse juvabit"—“Perhaps some day it may be pleasant to remember even these things.”
We begin with a familiar topic. While we realize that some of the students appreciate the value of the College magazine, and are thoroughly interested in it, we also know that there are others who never really get into the spirit of the work which the magazine attempts to do. For the sake of these, and with the hope of awakening an interest on their part, we give some account of the purposes of The Messenger.

The Messenger, generally speaking, is to encourage literary effort among the students. The editors want the students to feel that it is their magazine, that is for their development, and that its success depends on their willingness to support it. We may have a faithful Board of Editors, and they may keep up the editorial departments, but, after all, the larger part of the magazine must be the product of the student body. We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that the magazine is intended to develop the writing powers of the students, and the fact that unless the students take this view of the matter The Messenger must suffer.
A specific object of The Messenger is to furnish local news, served in the most readable style. Students may help the editors very materially in this connection by reporting all events of local interest. Reports of things of a light nature, such as jokes and poems, will be greatly appreciated. While it is the purpose of The Messenger to do work of a high order, we nevertheless feel that a little light matter scattered through the local news department will add to the interest and cannot detract from the value of the magazine.

The Messenger endeavors, further, to supply news notes of the alumni. This we regard as a very important object. We must have the interest and the support of the alumni. Reports of their movements in the world will make them interested in the magazine, and will perhaps add to our alumni subscription list.

The Messenger serves also to give our students an idea of the work done by other college publications. This is accomplished through the Exchange Department. The students may well read the exchange comments, for they can receive ideas from these that may help in improving our own magazine.

We have given an outline of the objects The Messenger seeks to accomplish. Again we want to say that the success of the magazine depends on the student body. Only from the students can we expect many articles for publication. Alumni may help, but we are sorry to say that their contributions are few. Let every man show a personal interest, let each one do his best to write something, and our magazine must necessarily succeed.

The Writer's Medal.

As an incentive to the men who write for The Messenger, a joint writer's medal is offered by the two Societies. For the information of those who desire to enter the contest
next spring, we will state the conditions of eligibility which must be met.

The contestant must be a regular member of one of the Societies, and must contribute at least three literary articles, one of which is submitted to the judges. The article submitted to the judges must be the original manuscript as submitted to the editor-in-chief. One of the three articles must be submitted before Christmas, one before April 1st, and the other before May 15th. No person is eligible unless at least one of these articles is accepted for publication.

We desire to call attention to the nature of these articles. The Constitution distinctly calls for literary articles, and the editor will have to rule that editorial work, such as that done by Alumni and Campus Notes editors, cannot be counted as fulfilling the eligibility conditions.

We wish to urge the men to take an active interest in this contest. We consider the writer’s medal one of the very highest honors a man can receive at College, and we are very sure that nothing is more helpful in the development of the man than the kind of work necessary to winning it.

THE USE OF THE LIBRARY. We are fortunate at Richmond College in that we have the advantages of several large libraries. Among these are the State Library, the collection of the Virginia Historical Society, and the College library. It is not our purpose here to state reasons for the use of these splendid collections of books. We assume that this matter will be sufficiently emphasized in the class-room. What we want to do here is to give some suggestions about the proper use of our own library.

There is always a tendency to abuse public property. This tendency should always be discouraged. When men borrow books from the library they should feel a personal
interest in seeing that the books are properly cared for. Each man owes it as a duty to his fellows to handle books properly, to see that so long as they are in his possession they are kept just as well as if they were in the cases.

Books should be returned to the library as soon as the borrower has finished with them. Let us remember that there may be, and frequently are, other men waiting to use the very book we are keeping in our rooms, and let us make it a point to do our own work with it and then put it back into the library.

Another matter every student should be extremely careful about is the order in the library hall. Talk, even whispering, is disturbing when students are at work. If a man has no special work to do, and wants to talk, let him go to some other place, and not disturb those who wish to read or study.

We trust that no one will think that these suggestions are made in a fault-finding spirit. We are sure that the majority of the students will sanction them. They are intended to call the attention of the men to the need of proper use of our library, and to help us to take care not to commit any thoughtless act which would infringe on the rights of others.

ATHLETICS. At this season all eyes are turned to football. At our College the students are watching the progress of the team with the keenest interest, and great things are expected. We cannot tell at the date of this writing what our actual results will be. Suffice it to say that we feel sure that if the same spirit pervades the student body which held sway last year there will be glorious success. We hope that every man has taken to heart the sentiments expressed before the first meeting of the Athletic Association, and that in the matters of proper demeanor at games and true sportsman-like spirit on the field Richmond College men will demonstrate that they stand above reproof.
Nothing could be more fitting than to dedicate this number of this department to that ever-present, ever-amusing, ever-exasperating, ever-green, all-filling, all-pervading, unmistakeable, unenviable, uninitiated, consarned, and confounded object—a Rat. He’s all about us, around us, and among us. We taste him, think him, and dream him, and forever catch ourselves muttering, “Oh! Rats.”

Doctor Bingham comes back to us this year with a full professorship and a wife. Congratulations are in order to both the Doctor and the College.

They (he, she, and it) began to arrive last Thursday, and well may it be said that the old College took on a new appearance. There never were so many before.

It is already proposed that the “old” men carry whistles, so that they can let one another know that they are around. They can scarcely be seen in the crowd of new material.

Mr. A. G. Rat (watching practice): “If that fellow wants to carry that ball anywhere, why don’t he carry it the other way? There ain’t nobody down there to stop him.”

The Y. M. C. A. held a strong rally on the second day of the session. It is the intention of the leaders to make this branch of college life stronger and more useful than ever.

Know what’s coming when a fellow comes up to your side with that mournful look in his eyes? Well, you’re in for this question: “Is this yo-u-r f-i-r-s-t ye-ar he-re?” Misery loveth, etc., etc.

Coach Dunlap’s stock of choice “Yankeeized Anglicisms” is being distributed to all hopeful candidates. To quote a
colored spectator: "Dat talk is lak' a wasp in yo close. Youse jist bound to git a wiggle on."

All the College is gratified at the size and quality of the foot-ball squad. The hard schedule is being looked forward to with greatest confidence, and some are beginning to dream of a "rep" that shall extend from the Potomac to the Gulf.

Just see the new co-eds. It's hard, in fact, to find an old one. We don't mean old in the accepted sense, but mean it's hard to find any co-eds who were boys last year. No, drat it, we don't mean that, and if you want to know, guess.

Note that heavy mass-meeting out there on the campus. That's the refectory crowd. Every seat taken and many to wait for second table is the starting record this year. The house is under the efficient control of Doctor Harris. We never knew of any Greek authorities on boarding-house keeping, but the Doctor seems "on to" his business.

The College weather prophet hands us the following prediction for the months of September and October, 1907, for the area bounded by the College campus:

"About September 19th a great storm will form over the whole area, bringing heavy showers of rats. An unsettled condition will follow for several days, during which occasional downpours of staves, shingles, etc., may be expected. About the first Friday in October a heavy cloud will arise over the math. section, causing much uneasiness, and followed by a killing frost. From the 6th to 7th there will be—"

(We regret to report that the editor tore off the remainder of the sheet to light his pipe.)

The Literary Societies are beginning to get down to business. The Mu Sigma Rho gave a reception in its hall on Tuesday night, September 24th, and the following program was rendered: Address, President B. C. Jones; declamations,
J. F. Cropp and Medalist Selby; oration, "Caesar" Young. Refreshments consisted of ice-cream, music by Mr. Louis Cutchins, and a declamation by A. J. Chewning, Jr.

The Philologian likewise received on Wednesday night, September 25th, and offered this list of dainties: Declamation, R. N. Daniel; reading, G. T. Waite; oration, J. H. Terry; music, and the ever-present ice-cream.

Both Societies anticipate heavy additions and a successful year.
"These are my jewels."

D. J. Carver, M. A., '05, is on a business trip through the Orient.

A. B. Bristoe, B. A., '05, is now principal of the Marion High School.

Henry Martin, M. A., '01, received the Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins last June.

Clarence Campbell, B. A., '05, is now principal of the high school at Scottsville, Va.

T. T. Wright, B. A., '04, one of last year's graduates at Cornell, has located at Vicksburg, Miss.

T. T. Belote, M. A., '02, sailed for Germany a few weeks ago, to continue his studies in history.

Thomas R. Carr, M. A., '87, is now president of the Oklahoma State Baptist College, of Blackwell, Okla.

Julian Gunn, another of our jewels, has recently been elected Commonwealth's Attorney of Henrico county.

F. F. Brown, M. A., '73, has been compelled to resign as city attorney of Danville, Va., on account of ill health.

Dr. A. J. Dickenson, M. A., '89, preached this year's annual sermon before the Southern Baptist Convention.

Charles M. Hagen, M. A., '89, was a recently-elected division superintendent of schools in Chesterfield county.

E. S. Ligon, M. A., '99, for several years principal of Newport News Academy, is now a professor in Richmond Academy.
Prof. W. Owen Carver, M. A., '91, now of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has been enjoying his vacation in Europe.

W. E. Nelson, B. A., '03, has moved from Culpeper to Lunenburg Courthouse, where he will resume his large and growing law practice.

Rev. James W. Durham, B. A., '00, and a graduate of Chicago University, has accepted the pastorate of Bainbridge-Street Baptist Church, Manchester, Va.

Frank W. Duke, of the '99 class, has resigned his professorship in Hollins Institute, and is now superintendent of the Mechanics Institute, Richmond, Va.

Prof. R. E. Loving, M. A., '98, for several years Professor of Physics in Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, has accepted the Chair of Physics in the University of Missouri.

Rev. Carter A. Jenkens, M. A., '05, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Woodberry, N. Y., supplied at the Grace-Street Baptist Church, of Richmond, during July.

Prof. Mitchell Carroll, M. A., '88, Professor of Ancient Languages in George Washington University, is chairman of a committee to raise $400,000.00 for that institution.

Rev. William Carey James, another good old Richmond College man, is now pastor of the Grove-Avenue Baptist Church, having recently resigned from his pastorate at Russerville, Ky.

Rev. George A. Fogg, M. A., '04, and a recent graduate of Chicago University, was ordained for the ministry September 29th. Doctors S. C. Mitchell and C. H. Ryland, of the College, assisted in the ordination.

H. E. McBain, M. A., '00, received the Ph. D. degree from Columbia University last year. Dr. McBain has recently
published an English Grammar, which has been adopted by many of the States for use in the public schools.

Rev. D. M. Ramsey, B. A., '84, comes to Grace-Street Baptist Church from Charleston, S. C., where he was president of the Board of Trustees of Furman University and pastor of one of the largest churches in that city.

H. G. Noffsinger, M. A., '99, resigned at the close of last session from the Southwest Baptist University, of Jackson, Tenn., to accept the position of principal of Southside Institute, Chase City, Va. The Institute has taken on new life and opened with every assurance of success under his principalship.

Douglas S. Freeman, B. A., '04, now of Johns Hopkins University, has recently been doing some splendid research work in the archives of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va. He delivered a masterful lecture before Lee Camp a few weeks ago, and the result of his researches will soon be given to the public in book form.

Julian B. Martin, B. A., '98, for several years head master of the Fork Union Academy, has resigned to accept the position of principal of the North Carolina High School. L. H. Walton, '05, has been elected in his stead at Fork Union. Thus the good work goes on. One Richmond College man moves up and another one takes his place.

Among the recent visitors who have honored our campus with their presence may be mentioned:

Rev. George T. Lumpkin, pastor of the Scotland Neck Baptist Church.

Prof. H. Rhodes Hundley, professor in Dennison University, Grano, Ohio.

Rev. R. F. Hicks, B. A., '94, a last year's graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.
L. P. Hardy, B. A., '05, in business in Bluefield, W. Va.
D. M. Simmons, B. A., '05, now of Chicago University.
L. W. Smith, B. A., '05, present address Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.
L. L. Sutherland, M. A., '05, recently a teacher in Fork
Union Academy, now a graduate student at Johns Hopkins.
Charles T. Taylor, M. A., '02, who came to enter several
new students in the College. Let others follow suit.
S. H. Templeman, M. A., '05, now of Colgate University,
who came on important business a little beyond the vicinity
of the College.
L. J. Haley, Jr., B. A., '86, a prominent lawyer of
Birmingham, Ala.
Frederick A. Jones, B. A., '94, a civil engineer, with
offices in Houston, Texas; New Orleans, La.; and Nashville,
Tenn.
Rev. J. O. Alderman, B. A., '86, pastor of the First
Baptist Church, Durham, N. C.
W. O. Beasley, B. A., '06, principal of the Newport
News Academy.
P. M. Estes, B. A., '90, a prominent lawyer in Nashville,
Tenn.
Tell me, O man! what nature thou art?
Whence doth thou come, and whither depart?
Art thou, oh! say, that bubble, or not,
That, in its bursting, soon is forgot?
Art thou that cloud that, vanished away,
Thence it is gone? But tell me, oh! say,
Art thou that star that earthward doth fall,
Falleth and dieth? Man, is that all?

Thou art no bubble, star, nor e'en cloud;
No fettered serf, lowly bowed;
Thou art a victor, fearless and brave.
Nor dost thou quail at sight of the grave.
Thou goest onward, and onward, and on,
Never art ended, nor never art done.

—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

When Night comes down to the realm of Day,
And toil doth stay his hand,
From out that dim and unknown way
A peace steals through the land.

This is the time when all things rest,
And heaven comes near to earth;
It is the hour of all most blest,
When twilight to peace gives birth.

—I*nthrop College Journal.*

I wish that I ever could dwell 'neath the shades
That are made by the temples of fame;
In the glow of the glory Virginians have made,
Though no glory be given my name.

—*The Chisel.*
To Sleep.

Sleep, ye poppies, and ye night-shade sleep,
Sleep for the day is done, the night is here.
Down Evening's cheek doth steal a silent tear,
As o'er her fallen glory she doth weep.
Across yon meadows dark the shadows creep.
Like sombre draperies 'round some silent bier
Night clothes the earth with darkening robes and drear,
And warps the earth in gloom and silent deep.
O! sleep, my limbs grow tired, and my eyes
Grow heavy-laden, and I fain would rest
Within thine arms, beneath the starlit skies,
Until the sun hath journeyed from the west,
And blushing Dawn hath come, a glad surprise,
My heavy head on thy chaste bosom pressed.

—The William and Mary Literary Magazine.

Presence.

Every bird that warbles sweetly
Sings of you;
Every flower beneath my window
Blossoms for you.
Stars in heaven seem more bright,
E'en the sun with clearer light
Seems to shine, when I am thinking,
Love, of you.

But all birds that sing, sing sweetly
When you're near;
Every leaflet seems a blossom
When you're near.
Stars fill all the heavenly way,
And the sun shines every day,
For all nature seems the fairest
When you're near.

—St. John's Collegian.
An Answer.

"Where are the snows of yesterday?"—Vissio.

Deep in the depths of a violet’s heart
    Nestles a drop of dew;
Yonder where daylight and darkness part
    Are clouds of wondrous hue;
There where those swift-winged swallows dart
    Glistens a lake of blue;
Things of beauty and joy are here,
All one with the snows of yesteryear.

Men of the past themselves are dead,
    But out of their graves have sprung
The truest hopes of the lives that are sped,
    For truth is ever young.
These hopes are as one with the lives that are fled,
    Whose praise has not been sung,
As the sparkling waters of meadow and mere
Are one with the snows of yesteryear.

—The Mountaineer.

Echoes.

Night! and out through the vast of God
Go the spirits that rule the deep;
Softly and silently come and go,
    And the world is still.

Lo! far away in the boundless dome
Of the heaven, where worlds are born,
Shadows of angels move to and fro
    At the Maker’s will.

Hark! the soul of the creature stirs
At the shout of the sons of God!
Drinking the song of the morning stars
    From the great Unknown.

—Davidson College Magazine.
The Call.

Up, my soul, thy place is waiting
In the ranks of truth and right,
And the trumpet call elating
Bids thee arm thee for the fight.

Leave the plains of lowly living,
Creature aims, and low desires;
Seek the upper air, life-giving,
Led by Truth's clear beacon fires.

Up the steeps of high endeavor
With untiring footsteps press,
Halting not and faltering never,
Till thou reach the goal, success!

—Igno- tuo.

The Goal.

Some day, I fancy, when out from the gloom
Which holds me fast, while struggling for the light,
The truer light that teaches man of life
And immortality, I come to stand
Before the Author of it all, I'll feel
A wave of sorrow and of longing pass
And vanish into distant day, when He,
The Judge, shall say, "Pass on to peace and rest,
For truth and love have conquered all besides."

—St. John's Collegian.

Drear was my life within
Through all the day;
No hope to comfort me—
No strength to pray.

Evening, and God on high—
A song in my heart;
Love in the darkness came
Light to impart.

—The Chisel.
CLIPPINGS.

Thoughts.

The world is but a sordid thing at best,
Therefore, what matter if it laugh or scorn?
And yet, we are but human, and we must
Be counted as it counts, seen as it sees,
And we must feel the sting of scornful tongue,
And still smile on, uncrushed, yet crushed the while.
Fortune smiles not on all. We envying stand,
And do not see the poison in her smile,
And thus we covet smiles that bring us harm,
Not knowing that in her darkest frown there lies,
Blessing and uplifting whom it crushes,
A grace, as kind as gracious Heaven itself,
Which smiles and heals, while seeming still to frown.

— Winthrop College Journal.

Hope.

Like summer suns that rise o'er calm bright seas,
So rose each hope o'er love's young day,
But, ah, alas, like them, too quickly flies,
Hope fades away;
Yet still thou'lt be unto eternity
Mine own pure light o'er every distant sea,
Where e'er I stray.

As some bright star that o'er the boundless deep
Doth guide the wanderer's ship aright,
O'er stormy, turbulent billows, wild and steep,
Through long, long night,
So thou shalt be that pure bright heavenly star
O'er life's dark sea, still gleaming from afar,
A beacon light.

— St. Mary's Collegian.
Sunset.

The shadows lengthen past the cabin door,
The setting sun sinks lower, and still lower,
The flaming west a glory bright doth show,
While answering east gives back a softened glow;
Stray cattle cross the fields toward the pasture gate,
And those now standing there low softly while they wait;
We seem almost their tinkling bells to hear,
So calm the scene doth look to us and near.
The moments pass; a peace on earth doth fall,
Which makes us think of Him who rules o'er all.
Now the sun drops lower, and is lost to sight,
But its bright glow lasts far into the night,
Like the influence of a noble soul, whose radiance bright
Sheds light upon our path after it has winged its flight.

—Gray Jacket.

Love With Us.

Love leaves a deadly lethargy
And flies away like the bee,
Covered with sweetest honey dew,
Which, when the heart feels gone,
It dries a little more, and finds
'Tis harder then to love
A second time. The only thing
That bids a heart cease loving
Is love itself, when come and gone
Again.

But though ten thousand loves
Were imprisoned in the heart,
It would but urge it on to love
The more, and more, and more,
Till drunk with love the soul would burst
In streams and appetite that go
To make up God. For God is love.

—Emory and Henry Era.
Springs and Springs.

At all the springs  
This old world flings  
From out its green mouth-rifts,  
I kneel me down,  
My thirsting drown  
In their sweet limpid gifts.  
Their bubbling song  
As they speed along,  
Its fun and frolic seize me.  
I forget awhile,  
And bear a smile,  
God meant the song to please me.

But best of all  
Is the waterfall  
Of tenderness outbursting,  
That bathes our hearts,  
And peace imparts,  
And cures up all our thirsting.  
It comes self-sent,  
By heart's love lent,  
Unbought, unsought, supernal,  
As spirits blend,  
As friend and friend  
Love on through life eternal.

—Emory and Henry Era.

The Wanderer.

The night was dark,  
No star upon me shone,  
Hope died within,  
So far I was from home.  
Day dawned at last,  
The sun upon me shone,  
Hope filled my heart,  
For I was nearing home.  
—The Chisel.
A Summer Romance.

Summer maid—full of fun;
Summer fellow—chapter one.
Moonlight evening—naught to do;
Under topics—chapter two.
Sparkling diamond—love will be
Ever cherished—chapter three.
August passes—girl no more,
Likewise diamond—chapter four.
Young man wakens—heart to mend;
Love next season—No!—The end.

Sleep.

Sleep, thou charmer, I would woo thee,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Sleep, beguiler, I would sue thee,
Throw thy mantle over me.

Naught to thee is time and distance,
Joys may bloom in seconds' scope;
Nights may pass and be but moments,
Age may taste of childhood's hope.

Love, thou lendest wings which swifter
Than the thoughts of fairies fly;
Woe thou sendest winds that drift her
To oblivion's distant sky.

Sleep, beguiler, I would sue thee,
Thou canst set my spirit free;
Sleep, thou charmer, let me woo thee,
Throw thy mantle over me.  —Ex.