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The Messenger,

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In Memoriam.

BY HAPPYROCK.

(*Written February 7, 1902.*)

O thou companion of my younger day,
O thou that oft hast stood upright beside
Thine erring fellow-mate, his faults to chide,
To turn him from his wandering, wayward way,
And lead him to the light of God's own day;
If asked to join in evil hast denied,
And to the tempting words hast aye replied,
"I will not join your wickedness, oh nay."

Thou hast now gone to God's celestial land;
Hast left the world, the wickedness therein,
To be with God in joys divinely great;
To meet thy mother, who has joined the band
That sings before His throne. We, left 'mid sin,
Must struggle on, and hope and pray and wait.

The Irony of Fate.

(Frailty, thy Name is Woman.)

BY THE COLONEL.

IT was a clear, cold day in November when Wilber swung off the coach at Beverly, and he felt some of the exhilaration of the frosty Thanksgiving morning as he squared his shoulders and walked away from the station. He was a tall, keenly-built, clear-eyed young fellow, genial of spirits and companionable. This was his Junior year at college, and Beverly for some months had called him as their pastor, for he was a ministerial student. His slight frame, nervous, active gait, and round head, set off by black hair and rather round features, bespoke an idealistic, oratorical temperament; and, indeed, he was a good speaker.

Beverly was a small, but lively town, at the junction of two railroads, whose people were of the hospitable, cultured class of a prosperous community. The moderate wealth and modest homes showed the temperament of the people, who, one and all, loved their young minister.

At the time Wilber accepted the call of the Beverly church, shortly after the young people had left for college, he had heard much of them, but had never met them. The curiosity between himself and the young people of his congregation to see one another was mutual, therefore.

Sunday was a crowning day for him, and, the house being

full to the last seat, he determined to speak his message that day especially for the young people. After the worship, as he rose and, with a smile, came forward to greet his audience, there was fire in his blood and eloquence on his tongue as he announced his text, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

He paused in the hush, and his sensitive lips quivered a moment before he launched into his theme. The sparkle of his language, the vividness of his descriptions, and the fervor of his words seemed instantly to bewitch his audience. There was eloquence in his tone as well as in his words. Two young girls he had just met, who were bright and vivacious, ceased their chatter at the sound of his voice. At last, as he rose to his final climax, the thrill ended, and the silence was broken when the congregation rose to sing the final hymn.

The merry crowd gave many cheery "good-byes" as the train pulled out for Rochester. The young ladies of the group were going to the Rochester College for Women, in the same town where the University was situated. Many pranks were played, and innocent banter exchanged in gay, if noisy, chatter among the young folks, who were delighted to find their young minister no stick, as they had anticipated. But one pair of brown eyes quite captivated the young minister, and—

Helen Carruthers was a lively, sprite-like little creature, the trickling, silvery music of whose laughter was like the jangling of sweet-toned bells. And such it was to our young hero, who read in the "depths of lustre" of her brown eyes sweetness, innocence, and purity. She was his very counterpart, his second self in skirts, and, as she swung the glittering keenness of a sweeping glance over him, from under her dark lashes, a thrill ravished his soul—his heart was gone.

It was the talk of the town and college both, of how Wilber rushed the seminary those next three weeks. The

time of the annual New Year's debate with the rival university of Stanford was rapidly approaching. Wilber was accounted the best speaker in his college, and was to represent them on this occasion. He was the mainstay of his college in the coming conflict, and in those days, working on the sunny heights of fame, and soaring with the lightsome wings of love, he was keyed to a keener pitch than ever he had attained.

There had been a little rift in the cloudless sky of their Loveland that final week. Helen accused Wilber of insincerity in some of his overwrought statements, and a quarrel inevitably ensued. Wilber was a young man of some stamina and force of character; and, although in his teens he had been somewhat wild and reckless, he had secured a grip upon himself in his twenties, of which his clean life and varied activities testified. It was at that time he entered the ministry. Therefore he did not mope, but wrote to Helen:

My Dearest Helen,—You have sent me away from you because you say I am insincere in the love I bear you. O, my love, pity me in this crucial hour. My little world is chaos without you. I shall call to see you to-morrow night. The next is the debate. Though you dismiss me, I shall never cease to love you. After the rose-hued sky pales another day I shall be with you. Till then, my own, adieu.

Devotedly,

WILBER.

There were no other visitors in the parlor of the seminary that night as Wilber seated himself beside Helen on the settee. She was that evening lovely as the jasmine-tinted dawn in her pink lawn, and her white throat and bare arms were deliciously soft and cool; her eyes sparkled like twin amethysts with a golden fire. After the first trivial pleasantries and puns, Wilber suddenly bent close, until stray strands of her hair blew against his face, and plunged full

into the theme next his heart. His face was grave, and his words fraught with the swift eloquence of love. He let Helen into the secret workings of his heart, the burning longings of his mission, his ambitions, and the dark unfolding future. He told her of his need of a sweetening, softening influence in his life, the craving of his heart for affection; he pictured for her, in hues of splendor, the heights of fame he hoped to attain, and all the trophies he would lay at her feet. In a moment Helen's laughter was gone, and her sweet seriousness and sympathy lent a sadness to her eyes that Wilber had never seen there before. Her color came and went, as he bewilderingly wove and interwove her in all his golden dreams. Tears, like honeyed drops of dew from the lily's chalice, sprang from under the drooping lids, when Wilber suddenly grasped her unresisting hand and passionately exclaimed, "O sweetheart, Helen! Can you accuse me of insincerity when you are such an integral part of my dreams—of me?

"No, Wilber," she softly cried; "I have been cruel and misjudging."

"And you love me?" He bent closer and put his arms about her.

"Yes."

"Always?"

"Yes"—and he kissed her.

* * * * * * * * * *

The 'Varsity chapel was crowded as the rival speakers took their seats and the music ceased. The seminary girls were in a body on the right, opposite Wilber, whose eyes involuntarily sought the girl of his affections. After the welcome address the debate began, and each side debated logically, until Wilber, who was the last, rose to speak. Immediately the house was in a roar of applause; and he began quietly to speak. But he justified their enthusiasm, and, with the taunting fire of wit and sarcasm,

he withered his opponents' inconsistencies; and then he launched with sublime and mellifluous address into his theme. Every sentence was polished, every argument weighed, every illustration telling, and every point clear, effective, and logical. He sat down amid great applause; he had won the debate for his side.

* * * * * * * * * *

That night, after Helen had undressed, and was sitting in *neglige*—a very dream of beauty as her hair overflowed her shoulders—lost in reverie by the fireside, and building air-castles in the glowing coals, she seemed suddenly to arouse herself and hastened to her desk. There was a little cynical smile tainting the rosebuds of her lips as she penned the following lines:

My Dear Wilber,—Last night I was dazzled and bewildered. Your golden dreams can never come true. I have thought it over. I do not love you. Do not come to see me again. Besides, I have *reasons* to *believe* you do not want to come. I can never love you, so it is better thus. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

HELEN CARRUTHERS.

Wilber, next day, read the letter, and momentarily trembled like a leaf. He then erected his frame, and, laughing bitterly, put the letter aside.

Wilber spent a restless day, and, finding himself in no mood to study, set out with a group of the fellows for the Academy, where there was a light opera that night. But the music and the dances only jarred on his nerves, and he was in no mood for going home, so he and his friends sought a social game in a near-by pool room. They staked the play, to make it interesting, and the reckless feeling of the old life was fast biting the tingling flow into his veins. Then there were cigars, and treats, and—Wilber knew no more until he awoke in his room next morning.

He looked at himself, still dressed, but soiled and ruffled, and exclaimed, "Drunk, Wilber Scott—plain drunk! O fool, fool! O fickle woman! O d—— luck!" He got up and dashed some water in his face. Then the full realization came. He trembled in every fibre of his body, and put his hands to his face; straightening, he steeled his muscles, and, with ashen face, began to pack his grip. Before the breakfast gong sounded Wilber Scott was on the train and far away.

Years after, we are told, Wilber Scott worked his way through Pennsylvania and became a famous lawyer. Helen Carruthers, it seems, ran away with a fly young newspaper man, who was addicted to drink and who made her unhappy. Wilber did not marry. To this day he is stigmatized as a woman-hater.

Heinrich Heine.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER.

"SOME are born great; some achieve greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them." If there be any truth whatever in this assertion, to none does it apply more aptly than to Heinrich Heine. No German poet since Gœthe has exercised so powerful an influence on modern literature, or deserves so much attention on account of his great genius. Born on December 13, 1799—a half century too soon—at Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, he was destined to become one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, lyric poet the world has ever produced. A man of genius, with all the culture of Germany, he was throughout his entire life derided and scoffed at and made the target of insults and degradations, because, by the accident of birth, he was a Jew. The taunts and jeers of his schoolmates were nothing compared with the hundreds of insults he received at every turn. He was

robbed, wronged, and shamefully mistreated, simply on account of his Semitic descent.

We need glance no further back than the decade immediately prior to his birth to understand at what a critical period in European history he first saw the light of day. The despotic bondage under which the country had long been shackled was being rapidly thrown off. The first French Empire had been established, and a few years later witnessed the dissolution of the German Empire and the founding of the Rhine Confederation. All of these, coupled with other violent events, made a most vivid and lasting impression on the future poet.

The favorite accusation of Heine's enemies is his unsparing satire of the Germans and most things Teutonic. How vain and futile these thrusts, when we remember that Heine stands pre-eminently as one of the men of no nationality, but a typical cosmopolitan.

As the medical profession was the only one then open to Jews in Germany, the boy was destined for a commercial career. But a short trial showed that he was totally unfitted for the position, so his millionaire uncle came forward and offered to furnish him with the means for a course in law, with the stipulation that he return to Hamburg and court fame and fortune at the bar. At this time he was delicately featured, with straight, finely-shaped nose, dreamy blue eyes, and altogether a handsome youth, a perfect Apollo. His quick wit, ready humor, and intellectual alertness made him a delightful companion.

At this juncture it is necessary to emphasize two points in especial. In accordance with German law, he could not, as a Jew, follow any of the liberal professions, except medicine, for which he had no ability, and, secondly, he had accepted his uncle's generosity with the express understanding that he should take his degree as Doctor of Laws—which could be done only by a prior separation from the Israelitish creed. By the

sprinkling of a few baptismal drops, the despised and persecuted Jew was converted into an excellent Christian. It is quite certain that Heine did not discard Judaism out of any spirit of mockery. His hand was forced, since only so did a career become possible. From the very outset, however, he commenced to pay the penalty. To his enemies he was always "the Jew"; to loyal Israelites he was ever the apostate. He endured his self-inflicted hurt with life-long regret, but never, to his credit be it said, sought to palliate his mistake. That his action is deserving of censure may be freely admitted, but that it warrants abuse of him as a consummate sinner is absurd and without foundation.

In the spring of 1848 the man who had once been a perfect type of masculine beauty was a physical wreck. Not only was one eye wholly closed, and the sight of the other greatly dimmed, but he had lost all sense of taste, the use of his limbs was gone, and he was doomed to spend the remaining eight years of his existence on a mattress, because of the softening of the spinal marrow. He suffered untold tortures. With bent body, half blind, without senses of smell or taste, misunderstood, defamed, and deceived, his was indeed a pitiable case.

At four o'clock on the morning of February 17, 1856, Heine entered "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, Paris.

I recently had occasion to read a sketch of Heine's life, in which the author points out that, whereas seven Greek towns contend to this day for the honor of being Homer's birthplace, a like number of German cities vie with each other in prohibiting a monument to be erected to Heine's memory. "Thus," continues the writer, "does modern Germany characteristically parody the ways of classic Greece."

Do what we will, we cannot classify Heine. Among English writers, he has points of resemblance with Byron.

Both were curbless in their passions, and both arraigned folly and vice in the severest terms. It is not to be denied, however, that the German poet excels by far in simplicity of language, in preciseness of expression, and, in fact, in all which gives to a poem a lyric character. Of one thing we can be sure—that he is of our time, our century. It is because of his modern ideas and ideals that he is of such various appeal. Byron and Shelley were unsuccessful in their attempt to apply the modern spirit in English literature; Keats surrendered himself to his faculty for interpreting nature; Coleridge was a supernaturalist; Scott was the historian of feudalism. But all of these writers, great as they undeniably are, did not, like Heine, apply modern ideas to life.

Heinrich Heine left a tarnished name. He was not infallible. His greatest faults are his undue susceptibility, his mockery, and his incomprehensible attacks, both on enemies and friends. I agree with Matthew Arnold that on this negative criticism I have neither desire nor pleasure in lingering. As a prose writer, uniting wit with pathos, he is unsurpassed for clearness and ease of movement. Nothing was so volatile as his wit; nothing so delicate as his sentiment. He was a master of brilliant, graphic description. He reached the pinnacle of his verse in his charming lyrics, the crowning feature of his literary career. There exists hardly any cultivated language into which they have not been translated, and, although the delicacy of their flavor is almost too subtle to be conveyed by translation, they command general admiration even in their alien dress. That quality attributed to the immortal bard of the Avon is equally applicable to Heine—that "he was not of an age, but for all time."

The Old House.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

There stands the old house upon the hill,
Round which sweet memories, green and still,
Entwine, as the swaying, leafy trees
Bow to and kiss the fragrant breeze,
Blown from the blossoming meadows gay,
Sweet with the scent of new-mown hay,
A-smiling in the morning sun—
The swishing scythe, and joke and pun,
The cracking whip and wagon's clatter,
The silvery laugh of the maidens' chatter,
With fresh drawn draught from the moss-grown well,
The robin's chirp, the thrushes's thrill,
The cricket's whirr, and mingling sounds,
The wagoneer in driving his rounds,
As he catches the crackling hay tossed high,
Sparkling with dew, cobwebby and dry,
But minding not the quavering heat,
Which rises in shadowy lines that meet,
Like the hazy memories trooping o'er
Fantastic dreams of days of yore;
I see them all from the rutted road—
These childhood scenes of the old abode.

Above the trees in the shady grove,
Round matted with vines and interwove,
The windowed tower stately rises,
Assuming myriad, wierd disguises;
The white-washed fence, the double-latched gate,
Which opens by suspended iron weight—
I drive up the craunching gravel path,
Just in the deepening aftermath
Of the day's departing glory set,
Where earth and the radiant heavens met,

As if winged, celestial splendors shown,
Revealed an instant, then are gone,
Miracled with the glory ways,
The panoplied grandeur of eternal days,
The earnest of hope, the heaven's gleam,
The brightening aspect o'er the world's dark dream.

I alighted at the old porch stair,
Reverberating sounds the where ;
On opening the silver-knobed door,
I crossed the polished, oaken floor,
Past the seven-day, old cuckoo clock,
With its never-ceasing tick-tick-tock;
Ascending lightly the creaking stair,
I came beside the old cane chair,
In the great old room where I was born,
Then laid my hand on that frail arm,
And knelt beside *her*, caressed *her* hair,
So grayed by time and weight of care,
And leaned my head on mother's breast,
And there at last found peace and rest.

The Old Fisherman.

BY LEONIDAS.

THERE lived in a small hut by the sea-shore an old man. In this hut he had lived for some time, alone and with seeming indifference toward almost every one. There was a peculiar expression of sorrow on his face, that made almost everybody keep shy of his company.

A youth, however, was living in that vicinity who was full of curiosity ; yet he was exceedingly sympathetic for his age, and delighted in knowing the troubles of others. After a time this boy became quite intimate with the old man and made frequent visits to the lonely hut.

At the opening of our story the young man had just entered the cottage to have his usual chat. He was going to leave for school shortly, and this, possibly, would be his only chance to see his old friend for some time.

"Not long before you will leave now?" said the fisherman, after George had taken a seat and propped his feet up against the side of the fire-place.

"No," said George; "day after to-morrow."

"Have you told Edith good-bye yet?" said the fisherman, with a smile. "I saw her passing along the road to-day; she said she was sorry you are going to leave so soon."

"Indeed!" said George, blushing a little. "Well, I have not told her good-bye yet, but I hope to see her before I leave for school."

"She is a sweet little girl, George, and she seems to care a lot for you. But when you get away from home and see so many girls, and get your mind broadened, you will take a different view of life and people, and may forget all about this little love. Almost every boy has to pass through several stages of love before he finally decides upon the girl he really wants."

"And he often decides upon the wrong one," replied George. "But, I tell you, I don't believe any is so sweet as the first. I believe now, if it were not for her, I would have led a different life from what I have already. Often, without some thoughtful word she has spoken, I would have done lots of things that I see now would not have been best for me. I believe this 'puppy' love has a heap to do with the life of a person."

"I do too," was the reply. "The early love heightens a boy's ideals, and the dream of a union some time in the future makes one more careful of himself, and increases in him the desire to become something. I know I would have led a different life from what I have, but for my early love; but it was not the love, in fact, that caused the circumstances—it was

rashness of youth and failure to see far enough in the future."

"Indeed!" said George. "I never thought you cared the least for girls. Don't you know, I have always had the idea that your life has been different from anybody else's."

"But when I was young, as you are, I loved one little girl excessively," said the fisherman.

"Were you ever married?" asked George.

"No," replied the fisherman, glancing away for an instant.

"I'm sure, if you had, you would have thought of none other than the one you have just mentioned?" remarked George.

"I think not," was the reply. "She seemed to be my ideal."

This began to awaken the curiosity in George. He had often wondered if his affection for Edith was imaginary and would pass off when he developed into manhood. There had always been a fear that it might be so, and he was careful lest she should become too attached to him. And if he were to forget her? He could think of nothing that would worry him more than for Edith to be in trouble. He began to see in the fisherman some similarity to himself, and wished to find out what he could from him.

"Why, then, were you never married?" asked George, with persistency.

"I would gladly tell you the whole story," replied the fisherman, "but I know only my side of it."

"What was your side of it, then?" asked the youth, mischievously.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the fisherman. "'Tisn't long. It is strange what a large effect some little things can have.

"When I was a young man, as you are, my parents sent me away from home to college. I was a country boy, fond of the pond and woods. I, too, had a sweetheart—Edith reminds me of her. We hunted for the birds' nests, gathered wild

flowers together, and were as happy play-mates as you generally find. As we grew older our affections continued, and when I left for college I went for no other purpose than to prepare myself to live best for Ethel.

"When I arrived at school I was somewhat timid, and spent much of my time in my room, thinking of my home people and of Ethel.

"As I grew older, and more adapted to the environments of college life, I found myself at times growing indifferent toward my work. My interests became more universal, but I was always careful not to let my desire lead me toward things that were harmful, but rather to the improving. This was Ethel's influence over me now; it served me as a restraint, and counseled me to be interested in self-improvement.

"But, in the meantime, I had failed to get the usual letters from her. I waited and worried for some time, but the letter never came. I, however, soon became deeply infatuated with a lady, somewhat older than myself. I paid my addresses, and was refused.

"Then I felt that I had built my foundation on faulty ideals. I thought the world had soured on me, and sought consolation in pleasures. My spirits ran wild with me, and I was always found with the most dissipated ones of the institution. It was not long, however, before the officials had me in hand, and I was sent home.

"Soon after I was expelled my parents died in disappointment, and I was left in the world friendless and almost penniless. My mind then began to return to Ethel and my happy childhood. Then it was that I suffered the bitterest remorse. Of such a disposition was I that I cared no more to live with people, but rather to live here in this hut, alone, and let life drift by."

"Have you heard nothing of Ethel since then?" asked George.

"Nothing," was the reply.

Shortly after this George left, more thoughtful, at least, of his own future, than if he had never known this man.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Hello, old fellow!" said George, about two years after the conversation just mentioned.

The old man looked up, and saw before him a different boy from the one who had left him on that memorable night, dreaming of his youth. A more open expression and freedom of manner had been developed in the young man. He seemed full of glee, slapped the fisherman on the back, took a seat in the corner of the room, crossed his legs, and began to make some careless remarks to his friend.

"Come around here and take your old seat," said the fisherman, "and make things look as they used to look before you left. Tell me all about what you have seen and learned since you went away."

"I have seen little, and gotten a slight intimation of what I don't know," said George.

"What do you think of the fellows you have found at college? Does their difference from your former associates give you a better idea of what people are?"

"I think you can find all sorts and sizes among the collection, if you examine them carefully. I'll bet that things are done there that would land some of them in the penitentiary if they were discovered," said George.

"Ah," said the fisherman, "you have been trained here to think of certain things as terrible which, after all, are not so bad. Other people look upon them differently, and do those things that seem to be very bad to you now, and still are pretty good sort of fellows. Your ideas of things will be changed greatly before you finish your course."

"Granting you all of that, I don't believe you can find any real greatness there. I mean such as Luther, or any of those men, who have stood in reserve, and tried to profit by what they found in the world, before they made an attempt

to exercise their influence. Most of the fellows spend their time trying to be popular, or going around shouting 'college spirit' to a fellow who is trying to find out where he is, what is in him, and how he can develop his capacities to the best advantage for himself and others. I believe many a fellow has been turned aside from his course by just such actions."

"You express your opinion too freely, George," was the reply. "I admit that, to a boy of your nature, things would naturally seem so. Truly great men, of course, are few and hard to find. Besides, you can't always tell whether a man is great or not, unless some emergency or something of the sort has stirred up his heroism and made him show forth his personality for a beloved cause. Many boys there have decided upon the course they expect to follow, and are trying to do everything they can to prepare themselves for it. They enter with all their spirit into the affairs of college, and don't know how to sympathize with one who is trying to find a place in the world for himself. There are, doubtless, indeed a few no-account fellows there, who spend their time trying to enjoy themselves making sport of some country fellow; but you won't find many of these—in fact, you are likely to find some good in all of them. You are inclined to form your opinion of men too hastily. But I think that as a boy of your position you have adopted the right plan of developing your different capacities."

"I'll give it up to you," replied George. "I see you have a better judgment of human nature than I have. Hereafter I shall take a different view of the acts of my companions."

"What have you been doing with yourself during vacation?" asked the fisherman, after a short silence.

"Well, I will tell you just how it was. Many of the boys travel during the summer, canvassing, and not only pay their expenses, but often manage to save something. The opportunity seemed so favorable, I thought I would go too. I don't say that I made much, but I managed to come out all

right. And, by the way, I have a letter for you that I feel sure you had rather have than be a king."

Then George drew out a letter addressed to Mr. Hans Dartforth, in care of Mr. George Fender.

The fisherman glanced at the handwriting. At that instant upon his face was seen the expression of interest and curiosity, as well as joy.

He opened the letter hurriedly, and read aloud:

Dear Hans,—I know you will be as much surprised when you get this as I was at something Mr. Fender has told me. How delighted I was when I heard that you were still alive. And, although I hesitate to say it, I was glad to hear that you are still unmarried. I do not mean to say that I would have liked for you to be deprived of any possible happiness, but yet I can't help being glad 'tis so. Now, Hans, for the sake of old times, can't we be friends, as we used to be? Recall one Sunday afternoon—two young people sitting under the old elm by the spring, where we used to sit, oh! so long ago. Do you remember your promise? I have not forgotten mine. I could have married some one else, but I did not care to. I would not speak so freely, but George has told me all. George is a dear boy, and I shall always remember with joy the day he was brought under my care with a broken arm.

May be I have written too affectionately, but I write just as I feel. I entrust this letter to George, and know you will get it all right. I am, as I used to be,

YOUR ETHEL.

"George, you are the finest fellow that ever lived," said the fisherman, jumping from his seat with a shout of joy. "I tell you, George, you are the only friend I ever did have. I would have thought the sky would have fallen sooner than this would have happened."

"Don't be too rash," said George. "I may be playing a joke on you; you don't know."

"No, I don't know," replied the fisherman; "but I have confidence enough in you to believe you are not deceiving me. Anyway, I will be calm enough to hear how it happened."

"Miss Ethel is an excellent nurse," said George.

"I know she is, and an excellent everything else," was the reply. "But tell me—how came she to be your nurse?"

"I had my arm broken," replied George.

"I know you did, but if you don't tell me how came you to get your arm broken, and come under Ethel's care, you are liable to get your neck broken."

"If you get too threatening I'll run," said George.

"Come on, now, and tell me about Ethel and your misfortune," said the fisherman.

"I was thrown from my bicycle, while riding down a street in Memphis, and my arm was broken in two places. I was taken to Lincoln Hospital, and there I had for my nurse Miss Ethel Dudley. I remembered you, and what you had told me about a girl by this same name. She proved to be the one I thought she was; and your old sweetheart is now a nurse in Lincoln Hospital at Memphis."

"After all, I have not found out why she never wrote to me again," said the fisherman, after a short silence.

"Do you remember a person by the name of Joe Willoughby?" asked George.

The fisherman's face grew red, and his teeth gritted, but he said nothing.

"I think you can find the whole cause there," continued George.

"I knew he loved Ethel, but I thought he was honorable," said the fisherman.

"He was in the employment of Ethel's father, and always carried and brought the mail," said George.

"Confound him!" was the reply. "I am glad Ethel was too noble a girl to marry him, after all."

"That doesn't matter now," said George.

Then the fisherman drew from an old chest a large bag of coins. "This," said he, "is the result of my many years of seclusion. I reckon it is enough to make us happy for a while, don't you think so?"

Greek Attempts at National Union.

BY E. L. ACKISS.

THE PELOPONNESIAN LEAGUE.

THIS league was formed chiefly by Sparta, about 570 B. C., who owned, approximately, two-fifths of the Peloponnesus. The real union was very slight. On special occasions, at the call of Sparta, the member States sent representatives to the conference, to discuss peace or war, or other matters of national import. Each State was bound to Sparta by a separate treaty. The league was rather a military organization for mutual protection; and I am unable to discover that it had more influence, above affording this, and bringing the States in contact with each other.

THE AMPHICTYONY.

The Amphictyonies were closely connected with the religious festivals. There were several minor ones, but the most important among them was the Delphic Amphictyony, more commonly known as The Amphictyony. There is a fable that this league was formed by a hero named Amphictyon, a pre-historic king of Attica. It is often called the "league of the neighbors." The chief object in its formation was to protect the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. There were twelve sub-tribes of Hellas members. Each of these took solemn oaths not to destroy any Amphictyonic town, or cut it off from running water, in war or peace. And

if any member State did so, they were punishable by the league.

This league waged three sacred wars in behalf of Apollo against Phocia, one in 590, another in 350, and another in 338. It tended to draw its members together by a bond of common interest, and doubtless did much good in that direction.

THE PLATÆAN LEAGUE.

Just after the memorable battle of Platæa, it was agreed to hold, at the city of Platæa, an annual conference of all Greek cities, and to constantly maintain a standing army and navy for mutual protection against Persia. This proposal came from Athens. The original plan of this league, while never fully carried out, was partly successful, but was rendered useless by the selfishness and jealousy of Sparta in regard to the uprising of the Ionic cities. This resulted in a split in the league, and Athens formed the Confederation of Delos. The Platæan League existed about 479 B. C.

THE CONFEDERACY OF DELOS.

The Confederacy of Delos was started by Aristeides, of Athens. It consisted of a Congress, made up of representatives from each State. Each State had one vote, and each paid a yearly tribute to a general treasury, and the larger cities furnished ships and men. It met at Delas, the ancient seat of the Amphictyony. Athens was the President city, her generals commanding the allied fleets and her delegates presiding at the Congresses. In return, however, she seems to have borne far more than her share of the burdens.

The confederation's purpose was to free the Ægean, and prevent the return of the Persians. It seemed as though this might have been a perpetual union, and lumps of iron were even thrown into the sea as a sign that the confederation should last until the iron floated. It was a rival of Sparta's Dorian Continental League.

It soon grew to large proportions, and Athens finally influenced the league to move their headquarters to Athens. As soon as the Persians were expelled, some of the smaller States wanted to withdraw from the union, as they thought the danger was over. These Athens had to coerce by arms, which naturally made discord. Thus, by disunity and near-sightedness, the mutual benefits were broken up and the league transformed to an Athenian empire. This was finally broken by Migara joining the Peloponnesian League, together with the revolt of Eubœa, which was essential to the empire on account of its strategic position, and the attack of Sparta. This league was formed in 477 B. C.

THE CHALCIDIC CONFEDERACY.

This confederacy was formed by Olynthus, a leading Greek city on the northern coast of the Ægean, to check the Thracian and Macedonian barbarians. We know but little of it, save that it seems to have been a definite advance in federation. The cities retained equality and separate governments in local matters. They were merged, however, into one large State; citizens could hold land, live, and intermarry in any other State of the confederacy. No State had superior rights or privileges, as had Athens in the Delian League. It consisted of about forty States, and made a formidable power. It might have saved Hellas from the Macedonians, but Athens and Thebes declined to join, thus leaving the whole of Greece divided. The destruction of this league was one of Philip's first steps in his conquest of Greece. This league was at the height of its power in 360 B. C.

THE ÆTOLIAN LEAGUE.

This seems originally to have been a loose union of mountain tribes for defence. The Wars of Succession made the Ætolians famous as the boldest soldiers of fortune in Hellas. It was more of a kinship than a Pan-Hellenic League. The people were brave, boastful, rapacious, and utterly reckless

of the rights of others. They played a small part in saving Southern Greece from the invading Gauls, but their confederation became more and more a kind of reckless and lawless organization, for plundering. Their original constitution seems to have been much like the Achæan. It existed about 280 B. C.

THE ACHÆAN LEAGUE.

Soon after the Wars of Succession, in which Greece was left in vassalage to Macedonia, a new champion arose, in the form of a league of small Achæan towns. These, by union and concentrated efforts, freed most of historical Greece, and brought much of it into the league's federal union, on equal terms. This league existed as early as the Persian Wars, but it was partly destroyed by Macedonia. In 280 B. C. four small towns survived, and re-organized the confederation. It had the supreme power vested in a federal government. This, however, was not a representative body, but a primary assembly of men coming from all parts of the league. This assembly met only twice a year, and for a period of three days. They met in a small town, so that the capital might not overshadow the rest of the league. It yearly elected officers, which consisted of a General, or President, with various minor officers, a council of ten, and a senate. The same General, or President, could not be elected two years in succession. This government raised taxes, armies, and represented Achæa in all foreign relations. Each city State governed its individual affairs, and had its own General, Council, etc., but no State could make war, alliances, or send ambassadors to any State. The United States Government is very much like this league. It was intended to be democratic, but failed. Any citizen of the league might attend its meeting and vote, but, as the expense connected with it was rather heavy, and as the officers received no remuneration, only the wealthy class could afford to attend and hold offices, which, of course, made it an aristocracy. Also, all the

cities had the same vote, regardless of its size or population.

This league, after many struggles, freed Athens and Argos. But the old cities, like Athens and Sparta, could not be brought to look favorably upon the league, nor would they join. Argos joined, however. It would appear that this league was one of the last intelligent and well directed efforts at the confederation of all Greece. It was finally broken up by Rome, in 146 B. C. Had Athens and Sparta joined it, and had the number of votes been changed in ratio to the number of inhabitants, there is little doubt but that the history of the world would have been quite different.

A Fortunate Young Man.

(Concluded from last month.)

BY JIMMIE.

EDGAR'S train arrived at Glenwood the next day, about seven o'clock, and he found there Mr. Cunningham, with a conveyance to carry him home. On the way from the station Mr. Cunningham told him that his father's sudden death was due to heart trouble. Soon they were at the yard gate. Edgar got out of the carriage, and, accompanied by Mr. Cunningham, walked slowly to the house. His mother met him at the door, and both wept over the loss of their dearest friend. On the following evening, accompanied by many friends, they followed the remains to its sleeping place in the cemetery.

The shock brought by his father's death was so sudden that neither Edgar nor his mother were scarcely able to bear it; but Edgar proved himself a man, and turned away from his father's grave to do his duty in comforting his mother. He did not return to college, but remained at home. In due time an administrator was appointed to settle his father's

estate. After getting together all the papers, and making a careful examination, the administrator found Mr. Brown's estate to be insolvent. He was slow to break the news to Edgar and his mother, but finally the critical moment came, and he told them the condition of affairs. In order to settle the outstanding debts, it would be necessary to sell their home, but the administrator and other friends offered to secure the home and let it remain in the possession of Edgar and his mother. Accordingly, such arrangements were made, but this left a debt hanging over the place, which Edgar would be obliged to pay.

Amidst these adverse circumstances it seemed that all his hopes were blasted and that his dream of the future would be nothing but a dream. He and his mother had hoped to carry out the plans as formerly made, but how was this now to be accomplished? With father gone and money gone, it appeared impossible. However, Edgar was never idle, so he begun work to solve a problem more difficult than any he had ever met. Through the aid of some friends, he obtained a position with a firm in the city near his home. He was faithful to every trust committed to him, and soon won the admiration of all connected with the business. At the end of two years he went to the president's office and asked for the balance due on his account. The president wrote a check for the sum, and Edgar turned away, determined to pay it on his debt.

On his way home he went by the post-office and received two letters, one from the president of Dowden College and the other from Mary. The president urged him to return to college and finish his course that year. He went on his way, thinking of the past and planning for the future. When he reached home he found his mother carefully about her work, but deep in her heart she was sad. It seemed to her that all the hopes she had entertained for her boy's great career had come to nothing. Edgar walked into the room, as was his custom on Saturday evening, and pressed a kiss on her care-

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VIRGINIA

worn face, and sat down to read her his letters. She listened attentively, and, on hearing the kind, sympathetic, and encouraging words of the college president, was once more deeply touched. For it brought to mind the picture of all that had happened. Then Edgar read Mary's letter, which was of a nature similar to those his mother had read before.

The next Monday Edgar, on his way to work, stopped at the office of Mr. Dean, the administrator of his father's estate, to pay the money he had on his debt. He entered Mr. Dean's office and told his business. His friend asked him to take a seat, and began to talk with him about his work. During the conversation Mr. Dean told Edgar that he had received a letter from the president of Dowden College, saying he would like to have Edgar finish his course, and the president seemed so eager about the matter that he had decided to let the debt owing him stand for the present, and to give Edgar an opportunity to finish his education. Edgar appreciated greatly the kindness and advice of Mr. Dean, but he had planned to pay the debt and then return to college. Mr. Dean absolutely refused to accept the money, and Edgar went on his way, no less determined to follow the plan he himself had formed. Mr. Dean paid his mother a call, and told her of the conference with Edgar, and prevailed upon her to influence him to finish his college course. On the next Saturday he went home, and his mother begged him to follow Mr. Dean's advice. Edgar was devoted to his mother, and if any one could influence him it would be her. He thought seriously over the matter, and again went to pay Mr. Dean the money. After some hesitation, he took the money, but told Edgar that he might call on him for favors at any time. On Wednesday of this week the president of his firm called him to the office, and told him that a mistake had been made in his account. The firm had raised his salary and the matter was overlooked the day he was at the office. The balance was much more than had been paid him. The

amount was enough to finish paying his debt and a little more. At the end of the week he went again to Mr. Dean's office, told him what had happened, and paid the balance on his note. He went home bearing the good news to his mother, and then talked of returning to college. His mother was filled with gladness, and Edgar's spirits were revived. He went to his employer and told him that he had decided to return to school. The employer hated to give Edgar up, for he was planning to put him in charge of the house in which he had been working, and offered to increase his salary. But Edgar had decided to finish his education, and refused the offer.

Christmas was now approaching, and it would soon be time for him to go back to college. Mr. Dean had invited his mother to live at his home while Edgar was away. They accepted the invitation, and, after making all the other necessary arrangements, Edgar once more started on his way to school. When he arrived at Dowden College he received a warm welcome. Although his class-mates had graduated, he was not without friends among the students. He begun his work with more zeal than ever, and when the final examinations were posted he was awarded first honor. After commencement was over he went home to meet his glad-hearted mother and the congratulations of his devoted friends. According to former plans, he went to a Northern university, and finished the law course in the required time. At last he had reached the point where he could enter the life he had so long wished for.

Now that school-days were over, he thought it time to pay another visit to Mary, and in the following summer did so. When he arrived at her home he received a cordial welcome, and, everything being so pleasant, he stayed much longer than was expected. When the time came to leave he went on his way much encouraged and more determined to put forth every effort to succeed in his profession. But he detected in Mary's looks and her mother's talk something which put him

to thinking, so much so that he began in a careful way to look into the matter, and, after repeated efforts, learned that another young man of culture and wealth had been visiting the King home, and that both Mary's father and mother were much pleased with him; he had also won Mary's admiration. But Edgar had evidence that Mary's love was true; therefore he went to work preparing for life. He spent the first twelve months in his practice collecting small claims, which yielded very little income, sufficient, however, to pay expenses. One day a well-dressed man came to his office and asked the young lawyer to defend him in a case which involved a considerable sum of money. It was a difficult case, and the young lawyer entered into it with all his might, and won with difficulty. This was a great encouragement to all the circle of friends looking on. Mrs. Brown was by this time beginning to see her dream a reality. Through the succeeding months other cases came to the young lawyer, some of which he lost, although he handled them with skill.

One day, when he returned home from work, he found a letter from Miss King, asking him to put off his visit to her home until later in the summer. He was glad to do this, for his business at this time demanded his attention. However, the time soon passed away, and he found himself at the King home. He received as cordial a welcome as before. During his visit Miss King asked him to put off their wedding, which they had set for a day in the coming fall. The young lawyer was a little disappointed, but his confidence in the young woman of his choice was firm, and he consented. However, he thought this a good opportunity to get the consent of her parents. Accordingly, he approached Mr. King, who asked a little time to consider the matter. A short while after the young lawyer had returned to his business he received a letter from his *fiancee*, which told the whole story. She said her father and mother were trying to influence her to marry his rival, but assured him that her love could not be

changed ; but she felt it almost a crime, at this point in her life, to disregard the wishes of her devoted parents. The young man replied to this letter in a calm way, expressing his regret as to the wishes of her parents, and assuring her he had no intention of changing his views. He was deeply troubled over the matter, but continued his work in a business way. Mary was so affected that it brought a gloom over her father's home, to such an extent that Mr. King decided to stop on his trip through Glenwood and see the young lawyer.

One day, as Edgar bent over his desk at work, Mr. King entered his office, and asked to talk with him. He told the young man that it seemed fate had decreed the marriage of his daughter to him, and he would have to give his consent. On being assured by the young man that he would do all possible to keep the sacred trust, the two men parted. The wedding day was set, and all concerned began making preparations. On Friday before the wedding Edgar went home sick, and called a doctor, who pronounced his case typhoid fever. He continued to grow worse, and his intended bride was sent for. She was soon by his bed-side, but he lingered a few days only, and died. After his burial Miss King returned to her father's home with a broken heart, and the mother to spend the rest of her days in grief. The young lawyer's rival again visited the King home, but Mary refused his wooing, and chose to live only to grieve over her lost lover. The rival turned away, and, as far as I know, he too lived his life without marrying.

In the Study.

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

In the silence of the night,
When the clock seems occupied
With its rocking little noise,
And the burden of its joys,
Then, with head in thoughtful poise,
Have I waged—so heavy-eyed—
Many a weary, dreary fight.

In the blackness, as it grows,
Noiseless presences are brewing,
Groping all along the walls,
Spreading o'er the ceiling palls,
Each now, singly silent, falls
'Round me, while I am a-wooing
Some old line of Cicero's.

So, with head to lamp close bent,
Comrade of my studious hours,
Do I read beneath its glow
How the thoughts of mankind low
Come at length to overflow
On the ill-used rights of powers,
Which on ruin seem intent.

And then am I in other places—
Along a labyrinthic way,
Dark save where a rush-light burns
O'er some figured slate that learns
Me as one whom it concerns,
Of the high and open day,
Distant many weary paces.

On again. I leave my den.
To a studious place I go.

Men are there, chin in hand,
Writing fancies—fancy fanned.
Others, studying nature, stand
In its shiftings to and fro,
And some—the many moods of men.

Climbing higher, by the road,
Queer old men, Spartan robed,
Squatting, teach of many a thing;
Theories and thoughts that fling
All the knowledge ages bring
To the winds. And depths unprobed
Are opened and explored.

Again the darkness spreads its pall,
And from it things of every sort—
Many glittering objects—gaze,
Stolidly looking at a blaze—
Flickering, writhing, bluish rays—
'Neath a spewing old retort
Making jets to rise and fall.

And the sleepy sighs of the old retort
Sends a drowsiness over me,
And a nodding, sudden jerk
Brings me back—back to my work—
From the sleepy, pensive murk
That clings now so persistently,
As in the battles I have fought.

Fred; or, Tales From the Farm.

BY HAPPYROCK.

Part I.

REMINISCENCES are apt to be worthless to the scientist or historian. The passing of years erases from the mind many things, and those that remain, though interesting, are lacking in exactness and accuracy. But the fact remains that reminiscences are popular—not because of their scientific value, but because they bring before us the mellowest phase of rich experiences. This is why these stories are written. In these latter days the recollections of a very happy childhood come, more and more, into my thoughts; and some are thus revolving themselves.

In common with many Southern boys, my life was touched by the influence of colored people. In my earliest moments the old "aunty" played an important part, and a few years later, when I was more on the farm than in the house, there were the men—the "hands of the field." But here I wish to restrict myself to "Fred," and tell chiefly his relation to our life at that time.

Fred was an old colored man, who was trained in slavery, but who was freed by the closing of the war while still an active man. He drifted from place to place, and, finally, was hired by my father. His ability was confined to simple manual labor; he could not grasp the mechanism of a machine. But as teamster, plowman, or wood-cutter he was equal to any, and in those times, when labor was an uncertain quantity, Fred's honesty made up for the lack of genius, his faithfulness for the lack of versatility.

Fred lived in his cabin, only a few hundred yards from the house, and we, the children, often might be seen hanging about his door. Well do I remember the result of one of

my visits there. It seems that I had been out of sight for some time, and that some of the household had begun to look for me. On approaching the cabin, sounds of conversation and laughter greeted the searching party. They called out to know what I was doing there, for they recognized my voice. I gave answer, in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable, that I "was only kissin' Fred!" It was many a day before I heard the last of that experience. The "grown ups" thought it was funny, but I saw nothing so humorous in it.

One might infer from the foregoing that our relations were always like the friendship of David and Jonathan; but I must confess that I had my share of mischief, and could not forego a joke at Fred's expense. I remember one in particular. It was Fred's duty to go to the stables early in the morning and feed the horses. Now, it occurred to me that if I should stretch a wire across his path he would go through a pretty gymnastic exhibition early one morning. Accordingly I laid my trap, and, true to my expectation, he was caught. I did not see the occurrence, but, judging from developments, he hung that wire with a vengeance, and, incidentally, with disastrous results to his equilibrium and his lantern. Anyway, his explanation to the *pater* showed a penetration into the cause of things which outstripped my ability to see into the future. And I didn't like the "weeping willows" any better after that.

Fred was not of a quarrelsome disposition, however. After a while he got over the wire episode, and was his same old self—humorous, happy, and contented. It is true that we never got back to the "kissin'" state; but then I was larger, and that could hardly be expected. Perhaps we both had an increased respect for each other, but only had a different way of showing it.

One autumn, during the wheat seeding season, night came on before a certain field was quite prepared for wheat. My

father wished to finish the piece of work, and so ordered the men to continue and wind up the lot before stopping for the night. Fred agreed readily enough, and went on behind his plow, singing "I am bound fer de promised lan' " with cheerful emphasis. He kept this up for some time. Finally, his son Robert, who was rather surly at having to work after sunset, grew restless. But Fred kept on singing:

"O who will come an' go wid me;
I am bound fer de promised lan'."

Then he took up the last line, and went over it again, "I am bound fer de promised lan'." By this time his son was thoroughly exasperated, and he half-sullenly, half-snappily said, "I doubts it." Ah! the Old South negro is surely going! That answer, wherein a son doubts a father's pilgrimage to Canaan, simply because he had to work a little late, was typical of the new order of things!

On my father's farm there was an ice-pond. It was artificial, and was full of water only in winter. After the first ice spell during which the ice-house was filled, we had it for skating purposes. We used it not only during the day for all kinds of skating games, but at night as well. We would build blazing fires round about on the banks, and place lanterns about on the shining surface. Indeed, upon one occasion the ice was so thick that we built a fire out on the ice itself. It was a pleasing spectacle. The glare of the fires, the reflection from the polished ice, the flashing of the bright steel skates, the sound of mouth harps, and the voices of laughter and singing all combined to form a scene of rare picturesqueness and charm. And the plantation folk, seeing the display, would gather around and enjoy the occasion. Fred came often.

One night some neighborhood boys were present, and everything was moving gloriously. Round and round we went with an abandoned gayety. Presently, Morton, one of the boys, skated up to the bank near a fire, by which Fred

was standing. While he stood there warming his hands, Fred, whose curiosity concerning "dem skeets" had been growing for some time, drew nearer, and asked Morton to let him see his "skeets."

"All right, Frederick," cried Morton, lifting up one foot, "that's easy enough."

Fred caught hold of the foot. "U-umph," he said, "how in de worl' kin you git 'long on dat thing? I'd break my neck sho'."

Then he pulled the foot a little closer, that he might see it better. As he lifted up that foot, Morton's other foot shot out from under him, and down he came on his back! Fred begged his pardon, and secretly resolved to let "skeets take keer of de'selves" in the future.

Editorial Comment.

DISBANDMENT OF HAMPDEN-SIDNEY TEAM.

We wish to make it known in the beginning that we heartily sympathize with Hampden-Sidney on account of their misfortune in having many foot-ball men injured; and we also sympathize with her that she is so "few in the hill" that she has no one to take an injured man's place.

Although Hampden-Sidney had "tough luck" in loosing some good men, we do not think this should serve as an excuse for refusing to play scheduled games. We have heard of some colleges in this division of the State Association that do not cancel their games from any ill luck that befalls them; we even know of a college or two that have played their championship games when they knew nothing short of a miracle would save them from defeat. Why, just think of it, one college in the Association played her championship games, a few seasons ago, when many of her best men were out of the game, and there were scarcely "subs." enough to make a complete team. Wonderful, isn't it, that a college should be honorable enough to play its schedule when its team was known to be out-classed, rather than make its opponents pay ground and advertising expenses incurred.

There also happens to be three colleges in this division that fulfill the requirements of the State Association, and put out foot-ball teams every year, although sometimes they hardly expect to win the championship.

Now, in the past three years Hampden-Sidney has played but one championship game, be the cause what it may, and, though we sympathize with her in misfortune, some of us have grown tired of being handicapped during our foot-ball season by having our schedule broken by Hampden-Sidney's cancellations, and having to go down in our own pockets and pay for grounds and advertising done for a Hampden-Sidney game. We grow particularly tired of this when we realize

that the Virginia Athletic Association has attempted to guard against this very thing by stating, in Article I., section 3, of its constitution, that "any college failing to put a team of both base-ball and foot-ball in the field each season shall, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, forfeit its membership"; and again, in Article II., section 2: "Any team failing to meet its engagements shall, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, forfeit its membership; the game also, under like limitations, shall be forfeited." *But*—the manager of Hampden-Sidney's base-ball team informs us that he doesn't think there will be any trouble in their getting back in the Association, for various reasons, among which is that the President of the Association is a Hampden-Sidney man.

We were congratulating ourselves this year that at last Hampden-Sidney had a foot-ball team, and we were hoping for a sharp contest for the championship with this great team, this "plucky" team, that "*would have been* the equal of any in the State, barring the University of Virginia and V. P. I."

It might not be amiss to let it be known that Hampden-Sidney doesn't hesitate to cancel an exhibition as well as a championship game a few days before scheduled date, and after expenses have been incurred, although the exhibition game was arranged to suit Hampden-Sidney, and in order to fill out the days allowed their team for trips. Nor do they allege, as an excuse for the cancelling of this exhibition game with us of October 20th, that their team was "below standard" or their men injured, but say *the faculty* "deemed it best" for them to play a postponed game with another institution and cancel the Richmond game, since they had a championship game with Richmond. Now, if the burden of cancelling games is shifted upon *the faculty*, all we have to say is that *the faculty* should arrange the schedule from the beginning, or at least see that no games are cancelled after expenses are incurred in engaging grounds and in advertising.

Probably, *the faculty* would not do wrong if it "deemed it best" that Hampden-Sidney re-imburse the colleges that contracted debts upon the games they cancelled.

We also notice that Hampden-Sidney does not mind "blowing its own horn" in regard to foot-ball matters. In their magazine for October they boast that Hampden-Sidney is the only college in this division of the Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association that has won two foot-ball cups. Sounds good, doesn't it? Well, the truth is that Hampden-Sidney has not won a foot-ball cup for at least five years, and that during the last five years Richmond College has won as many foot-ball cups as Hampden-Sidney has during her whole history. We believe, however, that Hampden-Sidney's mis-statement was not intentional, but due rather to ignorance of fact. Also, in the daily press they praise themselves, call themselves "plucky," and talk of their "would have been" team. Heaven help the team that knows no praise except self-praise—though, perhaps, that is better than none.

In conclusion, let us say that we do not wish to appear to be "jumping on a cripple," but it is possible, you know, for even a cripple to do wrong, and it is the wrong we criticise, rather than the cripple.

THE WILLIAM AND MARY FOOT-BALL GAME.

The Messenger desires to congratulate William and Mary on the plucky spirit displayed by her foot-ball eleven in the championship game with Richmond on the Williamsburg grounds. We have nothing but praise for the team that put up such a noble fight when it was evident they were doomed to defeat. We are surprised, however, to find that the College that displayed such true sportsmanship in its game should be so inconsistent as to do the "baby act" in its student body. By this latter we mean nothing more nor less than their treatment of an official.

Now, although the team put up a most praise-worthy game, yet the College is absolutely inexcusable in trying to lessen an honorable defeat by accusing an official of unfairness and grossly insulting him, when it was evident, by the impartial manner in which he inflicted penalties, that he knew the game and was fair.

It is not our intention to defend Mr. Sawrie, an old Suwanee man, and at present a student at the University of Virginia, who umpired the game. He needs no defence. The only defence needed, if defence can be found, is by the William and Mary students. And, to add to the pitiful spectacle, a communication from Williamsburg in the Richmond papers, on the day following, devoted a whole paragraph to an attack on the official, charging him, by name, with having money on the game, and with showing evident partiality, *for a few paltry dollars*, although he is known to be a gentleman of wealth and high character and social position. O pity, pity, that so spirited a set of men should resort to so unworthy a method of shifting the blame of their defeat. And all, too, when their defeat needed no apology, and when their team had acquitted itself with such valor.

And please remember that this treatment of an official casts no reflection whatever upon Richmond College. William and Mary is the only one to suffer by such unfortunate behavior.

AND RANDOLPH-MACON.

As we write this the Randolph-Macon game is yet to be played, and, though our College promises to defeat them, we know full well that if we win we must gain every inch in the hardest struggle of the year. Randolph-Macon—and William and Mary, for that matter—is no "quitter," and is plucky. She does not have to write pieces to the capital newspapers about herself either; other people

are willing to call them plucky. Richmond College and Randolph-Macon for years have been bitter rivals, and may be for years more. Time was when they would fight a game on the gridiron or diamond, and then for weeks continue to fight in the newspapers. They have learned that this is unworthy of college men. They now play the game and let others do the discussing. We would commend this method to our Hampden-Sidney friends, who choose not to meet their opponents on the field at all, but win a valiant battle in the correspondence to the *Times-Dispatch* and *News-Leader*. Randolph-Macon shows her pluck on a different field of battle.

LASTLY. We wish to record our sense of appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality which were extended our team and our large party of rooters on the occasion of the recent game in Williamsburg. Faculty and students did everything to make the day pleasant, showing us the historic sights of "ye olde towne," and extending other hospitalities. By such events the students of our colleges are drawn closer together, and learn to know each other better.

ONE WORD MORE. By the way, the score in that William and Mary game was—

Richmond College, 24.

William and Mary College, 0.

Co-Ed. Chronicles.

BY MISS MARY HAWES TYLER.

The Chi Epsilon re-organized on Wednesday, October 24th, and elected the following officers: Miss Gay Broaddus, President; Miss Hattie Smith, Vice-President; Miss Bertha Knapp, Secretary; Miss Mattie Brown, Treasurer, and Miss Mary Hawes Tyler, Editor of the Co-Ed. Chronicles.

On October 31st Chi Epsilon gave a reception to the faculty, their wives, and the new co-eds. in the Philologian Hall. Dr. Boatwright and Dr. Mitchell spoke earnestly and delightfully in behalf of co-education, prophesied a new Woman's College, and pictured splendid futures for the present co-eds.!

Zeta Tau Alpha sorority entertained in their hall on October 24th, after the Chi Epsilon reception. Among those present were Mesdames Mitchell, Gaines, and Metcalf; Misses Holloday and Whitsett, and Drs. Boatwright, Metcalf, Mitchell, and Bingham.

The girls of the Society have enthusiastically set to work, and are endeavoring to make this the most successful year in the history of Chi Epsilon. They have decided to study especially the Elizabethan period of literature.

We hear that some of the girls have been dreaming strange dreams, and that others have taken to warbling love ditties before breakfast.

Miss Noland Hubbard has been quite sick for some days; she is, however. again on the campus.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Betty has recovered from a brief illness.

Miss Gay Broaddus has just returned from a visit to her home in Caroline.

Miss Caroline Holloday, of Richmond, is taking a course in history.

Miss Mattie Brown spent a few days at Gwathmey with Miss Tyler.

The Tennis Club has elected Miss Bertha Knapp coach for the season.

Miss Nannie West has moved to No. 1641 west Grace street.

Miss Florence Young, a last year's co-ed., is teaching in Fluvanna.

Miss Helen Baker is expected at College this week.

Campus Notes.

BY F. L. HARDY.

The game on Saturday, November 17th, with V. M. I., was a great surprise to the people of Richmond. Although the V. M. I. team outweighed the Richmond College team fifteen pounds to the man, the Red and Blue beat them with ease. The *Times-Dispatch* of Sunday, November 18th, says that "the game on Saturday was the best exhibition of foot-ball seen in Richmond this year." Among the stars, the same paper places Elmore, Mench, Gooch, and Thraves. The score was Richmond College, 6; V. M. I., 4.

On Wednesday morning, November 21st, classes were suspended for the first hour, to give the student body an opportunity to attend an athletic rally. Dr. Foushee, President of the Association, opened with a short talk. He then introduced Dr. Metcalf, who made a very stirring speech in favor of foot-ball, and in praise of the work done on Saturday, November 17th. After Dr. Metcalf, Drs. McNeill and Boatwright thrilled the student body with their speeches in praise of the team and coach. Mr. Dunlap was also introduced, and spoke of college spirit. After the speeches a subscription was taken, amounting to $250.

There will be in the College chapel, on November 29th, at 8 P. M., a joint debate between the two Societies of Richmond College. The question—"*Resolved*, That protective tariff is a better policy for the United States than free trade." Affirmative: S. D. Martin, A. H. Straus, Mu Sigma Rho. Negative: C. B. Arendall, T. H. B. Binford. The public is invited to attend.

The game on Saturday, November 24th, with Randolph-Macon, promises to be one of the best of the season.

We were all glad to see Mr. Charlie Dickinson, '05, on the campus last week.

Alumni Department.

BENJAMIN C. JONES, '07, Editor.

"*These are my jewels.*"

The College has lost one of the most constant, one of the most beneficial, and one of the strongest friends it ever had. Dr. Alfred E. Dickinson, '52, is dead. In deep solemnness of reverence and sorrow, the College gathered at his funeral, which was from the chapel of the institution he had so long, so efficiently, and faithfully served. The memory of the tall figure and sympathetic presence of this veteran soldier of the Cross is a vivid part of these beloved buildings.

The General Association, which was in session in Rich mond, November 13th-16th, brought back to *alma mater's* hearth-stone many of her dearest boys. Among them were Dr. E. W. Winfrey, '79, Andrew Broaddus, '73, T. J. Shipman, '84, and W. B. Haislip, '84. The official staff of that noble body are these: William Ellyson, '76, President; Hugh C. Smith, '77, Secretary; B. A. Jacobs, '68, Treasurer.

State Secretary of Education R. C. Stearnes, M. A. '87, also Harris Hart, B. A. '96, and James K. Rawley, B. L. '98, will take prominent part in the conference of the Co-Operative Education Association of Virginia, to be held in Richmond November 27th-30th.

Recently Thomas B. McAdams, '98, Fred Gochnauer, '99, Allen W. Freeman, '99, Russell W. Owen, '00, B. West Tabb, '01, John B. Swartwout, '01, and B. W. Lacy, '01, passed under the arch of matrimony.

D. J. Carver, '05, was on the campus a few days ago. He will sail at once for Shanghai, China, and will spend two years in the Orient, in the interest of Underwood & Underwood, an international picture firm.

Dr. Edward B. Pollard, '86, an esteemed minister and brilliant author, and who is now Professor of Homiletics at Crozer Seminary, visited the College during the General Association.

The Law Faculty is a brilliant cluster of *alma mater's* jewels: Dean Montague, '82, E. M. Long, '94, W. S. NcNeill, '99, C. B. Garnett, '02, and J. Garland Pollard, '91.

W. H. Yancey, '05, and B. C. Snead, '05, two that are inseparable, are in business in Memphis, Tenn. O, Fidelity, thy name is " Spider " !

A. B. Rudd, '84, who is a missionary, located at Ponce, Porto Rico, was a visitor to the General Association.

Exchange Department.

BY A. H. STRAUS.

If we were called upon to pick out one feature common to our exchanges of this month, we should say that it was the almost universal call of the editor urging the student body to support their magazine, and particularly in regard to fiction. This being the case, we shall pay more attention to criticising fiction than the regulation articles.

The Red and White, of A. and M. College, contains an interesting line of articles, but is very weak in fiction. There is but one story in the issue, entitled "The Kitty." This is a story full of surprises, it being impossible to tell in one line what is likely to happen in the next. To illustrate, in the midst of a peaceful conversation the hero of the story, in a most unexpected manner, blurts out his love for the heroine, and, without waiting for her consent to the proposal, begins to calculate how her father can be won over. The story is amateurish, to say the least. The poem, "Only One Girl," is clever and humorous. In "Comics" we noticed the joke on the student waiter, published in *Puck* some few month ago. We think "Clippings" would have been a more suitable place for it.

We noted with surprise the most courteous remark of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, in regard to the three gentlemen who left there and came to Richmond College. It recalls to our mind the old proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has evidently not yet arrived at that age of discretion when silver can be distinguished from gold. Should the improbability of three men leaving Richmond College for Randolph-Macon ever happen, we should certainly observe golden silence on the subject. Then, too, we do not "slam" at a man when he leaves our College for a better institution.

The Furman Echo is well edited, and contains a very

good selection of reading matter. The stories are all interesting, particularly "A College Episode." We think that "A Matter of Business" would have been better if simpler diction had been used in parts, and "The Man of the Mountain" could be improved by establishing a closer relationship between the successive paragraphs. "Shadows" was well-written, and expressive of a popular sentiment in the South to-day.

Of the magazines which we received, *The University of Virginia Magazine* is undoubtedly the best. It comes to us with an attractive cover and more attractive contents. There are four stories, all interesting and well-written. The principal story of the issue, "The Man With the Green Eye," is good, but in our estimation "The Education of Black Dog" is better. This story is entirely out of the usual run, and gives a different aspect to Indian education than that usually seen.

We noticed the following paragraph in the "Athletic Notes" of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine:* "Foot-ball teams representing this college have won the championship in this division twice. No other team can boast of more than one cup."

We wish to call attention to the fact that we have in our possession cups for the years of 1903 and 1904, besides tying for the cup in 1905. We trust that the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* will correct this mistake.

The Pharos and *The Niagara Index* belong to a class of their own, in that both contain very little besides matters of local interest. Neither of them makes the slightest attempt at fiction.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following: *The Emory and Henry Era*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The High School Student*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Gray Jacket*, and *The Ouachita Ripples*.

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