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## The Messenger, Vol. 34, No. 5

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# The Messenger,

## RICHMOND COLLEGE,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—

MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5.

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## To Emma Lea.

BY W. J. YOUNG, '07.

Ah, Emma Lea! My glowing heart's aflame,  
A-kindled in thy sparkling, lustrous eyes;  
Thou star-eyed one, thy dimpled roses rise—  
E'er the gentle Daphne could her blushes tame,  
The nectar-locked Apollo entered i' the game;  
O'er thy young innocence, like morning skies,  
Thy virtue, wondrous, flaming morning-star, lies  
Engemmed in Eos' radiant, golden frame,  
Like the solitaire o' milady's finger ring,  
Or glistening white o' snow-capped mountain peak;  
And yet—how full and sweet, I hear thee sing—  
It carols of love divine, so lowly and meek—  
Thou purple violet, lovely, tender thing,  
I' some fresh-sweet, green-mossed dell, for thee, I seek.

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## Gordon Willard's Story.

BY E. L. A.

ON a cold evening in February, in a cozy corner of the smoking-room of one of the oldest club-houses in the city of New York, a group of young men were sitting in a circle, telling stories, laughing and joking.

One of the younger ones suddenly said: "Say, fellows, I wonder if Gordon Willard ever had a love affair, or if he



is another case of 'disappointed in love.' I'll venture he is a man with a story or a past, as the novels put it."

"I dare say Willard has never troubled his head about the ladies," remarked another, "for he has about everything that a man could wish for, unless it be a wife. And on account of his money, some conniving mother would have had him in harness long ago, the way money talks now-a-days, to say nothing of his good looks and family, had he been the least amorously inclined. Here he comes now. Let's make him tell us some of his experiences."

There was always a crowd of young men around Gordon Willard at the club, listening with gay laughter to his pertinent remarks, pithy replies, and jokes. He was one of the oldest members of the club, and one of those men who had peculiarly attractive and fascinating powers, which few young men could or cared to resist. He was the popular favorite of the club, and whoever was fortunate enough to secure Willard's presence at a banquet or supper felt success assured.

"My time to tell a story is it?" after the hail of greetings had subsided and he had been informed by every one in the circle, individually, that a story was demanded of him.

"I don't know anything interesting to tell, not having paid as much attention to society after my graduation as some of you youngsters still continue to do. I will tell you a story of a class-mate, a very dear friend of mine, in which I figured rather more than I would have liked, if that is agreeable. Pass me those cigars, Jimmy. Thanks. Well, here goes:

"It was in the early 80's, when I was at Harvard. In my second year I was more or less thrown in contact with a boy from the South—Virginian—Henry McCallister by name. I did not think much of him at first. In a large school you meet so many fellows just like the rest that, unless a fellow has something attractive about him the first time you meet him, he is soon forgotten. The first impression I received of Henry was that, while he was a nice-looking chap, he seemed



a bit conceited, and, as you know, I don't fancy that kind. I naturally didn't look him up afterwards.

"One afternoon, near the close of the year, as I was leaving the lecture-rooms, he came up and asked if I could recommend a good lodging-house to him. He said he had been unfortunate in his first selection and desired to change. I invited him to take dinner with me, saying that after dinner we would go to a friend of mine who, I felt sure, would be able to direct him in the matter. He assented, and that night began a friendship second, it seems to me, to none.

"He was a finely-proportioned man, with a strong face, brown eyes, and dark brown hair. His mouth was about perfect, except the corners, around which were slight traces of cynicism. It finally ended in our striking an agreement to room together the following year, and I saw to it that he had comfortable quarters for the rest of the session.

"After the session he returned to Virginia, and I spent the summer up in Maine. We corresponded during the summer, and were both glad to meet again when college opened in the fall.

"We formed a habit of going over to Boston to a snug little restaurant for dinner, and we would often sit for an hour over our coffee, and discuss every kind of topic. He was studying medicine, and I was devoting my time to law.

"Henry was one of those everlastingly proud Southerners, with all their hereditary chivalry to the ladies, and with an unbending aversion to asking of any one a considerable favor. I had always made fun of and laughed at it, until I became intimately acquainted with him, and now I respect it in any one. Mind you, now; don't misunderstand me. He was not too proud to know his friends always, nor was he afflicted with that disease I hear you fellows speak of as 'big head'; but he had just enough self-respect and backbone, and he believed in himself. I won't dwell longer on that, though I



could give you a pretty good talk on that alone, but will reserve it for a future day.

"One evening—I think it was in January—as we were in our accustomed corner in the restaurant, a party of four—a man of probably fifty, a rather distinguished-looking lady, presumably his wife, a boy of possibly sixteen, and a girl, I should say between eighteen and twenty—took an adjoining table. I perceived at a glance that the girl was pretty, but did not notice her particularly, and rattled on, talking about different things.

"I had often joked Henry about girls, and urged him to go to see some with me, assuring him that he would be idolized and lionized to his heart's content, if that was what he wished. But my jollyings and pleadings were of no avail.

"I noticed Henry was not very much interested in what I said, but did not suspect why. We finished our meal, and left before the party. We had hardly gotten out of the door when Henry suddenly grasped my arm, and, stopping me, solemnly announced he *had* to meet that girl. I was surprised, to say the least, and was forced to laugh in his face. The idea that he, a great big, strapping fellow, whom I had been begging to go to see some girls the whole session, should suddenly break loose like this at the sight of a pretty face of an unknown girl. No, he had never seen her before, and he intended to stay right there and see where they went, for he might never see her again. I demurred, tried to dissuade him, and finally consented to stay with him and help him all I could on the 'wild goose chase,' as I called it. And then my curiosity was up by this time to see a girl that could make such an impression in so short a time on my hitherto adamant friend.

"When they came out I looked at the girl—in fact, I am afraid I stared at her.

"Have you ever been suddenly confronted with so pretty an object that it made you catch your breath? That was the



case with me. Her eyes and hair were simply glorious, and her mouth was like a picture. But her chief beauty was her eyes; I can't describe them to you. Laughing? Well, it's not often I stray off and get lost in the field of adjectives, but—well—she was beautiful. I didn't blame Henry for wanting to see more of her, and I forgave him on the spot. They boarded a car and went to the South B. & A. Station, and we followed. They had some luggage to be checked, and Henry edged up close and saw a grip checked to Miss Madeline Thomas, Wellesley College. That settled it for him. I knew some girls at Wellesley, and nothing would do but that I should take him up to Wellesley the following Saturday. To cut a long story short, he met Madeline without much trouble, as also did I, but I soon saw there was no show for me. After that I was by myself for nearly every Saturday and Sunday during the remainder of the session.

"Later followed the road of lovers. I was his *confidante*. Sometimes he would be in the clouds, and then in the valley. I kept as good a weather eye on the progress as I could, and it looked like fair sailing. My, my! what a pair they were together! He was endowed with all the qualities that go to make up a man, and she had all a girl could wish for.

"Henry and I had often discussed our prospective professions, and, up to this time, he was thoroughly enthused with medicine, but now he seemed dissatisfied and disheartened. And so time went on. In the beginning of his senior year he confided to me that he did not see how he could honorably offer his hand to Miss Thomas. He was to be a mere doctor. What was there in it anyway? A life of drudgery. What were a few paltry thousands to her? No, he could not. He could not offer her a fortune equal to hers. She was beautiful, accomplished, wealthy. He was unworthy of her. I told him if Miss Thomas was a sensible girl, and if she loved him (and I was sure she did), she would not care whether he made hundreds, thousands, or millions a year, or



what his profession was, so long as it was honorable, for I knew her to be the soul of honor itself. I told him further that medicine was honorable and worthy; that he would grace his profession. I called to mind the good he would be able to do. He would not commit himself as to what course he would take, and left me in doubt. And now he no longer confided his fears and hopes to me. He was silent and somewhat morose. I was very busy myself at that time, as it was my graduating year, too, and I did not take time for a good, old-time talk with him, until the night before commencement. I then asked him how he had come out in his suit. He told me he had not spoken to the girl yet of love, and didn't think he would.

" 'I'll tell you, Gordon,' said he, suddenly looking me in the face, 'you know I'm not much given to idle talk, but that girl is dearer, far dearer, to me than anything on this old earth—dearer than life itself. And though I'd give anything I have or hope for to win her, I can't ask her now. I've gone over the matter carefully, and I just can't do it, with my prospects.'

"I saw that something must be done, and done quickly, or it would be too late. Unless some one did some persuading, the end of school days would be the end of it, for I knew Henry would not speak. So I decided to interfere. I suggested that we go over to the little restaurant for a final meal together in the old familiar place, and talk over old times once more. And there, where he first saw her, I tried to plead her cause, for I felt sure his affection was returned by the girl. I'll tell you, fellows, I have plead many cases since then, in matters of life and death, but I don't think I have ever pleaded as I did that night. I finally got him to promise to write her as soon as the finals at college were over, and we decided to come to this very club for a few days until he learned his fate, as he termed it, but I, laughingly, called it his good fortune.



"We were both graduated with honor, he leading his class. Many old doctors predicted wonderful things for Henry, and he was a favorite among his class-mates.

"Well, we came to the club. He was going back to Virginia after a few days, to begin practicing. As the days went by he received no reply; a week grew to ten days, and still no answer. Then he came to me one day and said good-bye. I tried to persuade him to stay longer, but he would not. He did not mention her name, and I could not. He merely told me to forward his mail to him.

"Time passed on. I was busy getting settled down here in New York, but I found time to correspond with Henry a little. He was at home now, taking care of his old mother and practicing. His mother soon died, adding another blow to him. Our correspondence, after a time, died down, and later I sent a letter to him at his old address, but it was returned by the authorities.

"In the meanwhile I had heard nothing of Miss Thomas. I had been so disappointed in her that I made no strenuous effort. About four years after we had graduated I was down here, and old Will Ferguson—you remember Ferguson, the old manager, don't you, Bland—well, he and I were talking, when he suddenly said:

"By the way, Willard; wasn't a young fellow McCallister here with you some years ago?' You know old Ferguson said he never forgot a face or name, and I nearly believe him. Of course I remembered him. 'Well, in putting in the new office desks the carpenters found some letters which had evidently fallen behind them when placed on the counter by the post-man. Among them was one for McCallister, and if you think it amounts to anything, and if you know his address, I'll send it to him.'

"I took the letter, nervously, and examined it. Yes, it was from Wellesley, and from her. What was I to do? What was her answer? Where was she now, and where was he?



Should I open it, or should I try to find him? I was in a quandary.

"I decided to take a train for Virginia and find him, if possible. But suppose it were in the negative. Then I would be chasing him down to re-open old wounds. But I would do it. Somehow my faith in the girl had been renewed.

"I went to Virginia. No one in his old home knew where he was. After his mother died he had sold out and gone West, no one knew whither—one thought Denver, another St. Louis. I went back to New York, as I could not remain long away from my practice, and decided to advertise for him.

"To my surprise and delight, on my return I found his card. He had been waiting for me. I telephoned him to meet me at the club, and hastened down. He soon came, so changed I hardly knew him. After a few words of greeting, I gave him the letter, explaining how I had received it. His face became white, and I thought he was going to faint as he looked at it, but he recovered himself.

"'Excuse me, Gordon, old boy, and I'll go in the blue room to read it.'

"I sat down to wait. When he returned he silently handed me the letter. It was an acceptance, begging him to come to see her at once. He said he would go immediately to Wellesley and try to trace her. She had contemplated a trip abroad, and he might be able to locate her from the school authorities. In two days he was back, and bought a ticket to Paris, to which she had gone two years after her graduation. I told him to cable me the good news. Weeks passed. No cablegram came. In less than three months he was back in my office. He looked like an old man.

"'Gordon, I lost her,' was all he said, and broke down.

"I did all I could to comfort him, and finally he controlled himself enough to tell me the story.

"When he reached Paris he asked Madame Resgart about



her. The Madame was to have been her teacher. Yes, Madame remembered her. Mademoiselle Thomas had been taken sick. No, the doctors could do nothing for her. She seemed to be pining, and her people took her away. \* \* \*

"That light hurts my eyes. Good night, boys." And Willard left.

"Say, fellows, I'll bet that girl is the reason old Willard is single to-day," Jimmy Jones said; "and my! what a man he is at heart!" The rest nodded their assent, and went away feeling more respect for their friend and a warm glow of sympathy for him in their hearts.

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### The Dreamer.

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BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

---

I know not what my life will be;  
I cannot read the future years;  
I know not what Fate holds for me

Of form or shadow, hopes or fears,  
Of joy or sorrow, gain or loss,  
Of praise of men or of their sneers.

I know not what may be my cross,  
Nor what my life at close may seem,  
Nor whether more of gold or dross;

But in my youth still let me dream,  
While yet I may, those visions fair  
With which the mind of youth must teem.

O let me build my castles i' th' air,  
For castles on earth I may ne'er see.  
And let me dream of pleasures rare.

Let me be happy while I'm free,  
For who can tell what life will be?



My youth is past ; maturer life  
Brings burdens, toil, and care,  
And much of struggles and of strife ;

Soul-weariness and pain to bear,  
Hard tasks to do and duties stern ;  
To meet defeat and still to wear

The careless mein. And now I learn  
Temptation's power to try the soul,  
And find that friends in danger turn

And flee. But I will take a stroll  
And dream again ; forget the real,  
And Fancy's scroll again unroll,

And on my forehead fix her seal.  
I'll ease myself of all this care ;  
I'll think men true, my heart-wounds heal.

Awhile I'll dream all life is fair ;  
Else where were strength the real to bear ?

The shadows gather i' the evening gloom ;  
'Tis close of day, and drawing near  
's the end of life ; long past youth's bloom

And mid-life's fruitage ; soon the sear  
And yellow leaf of age will fall—  
What more is now to hope or fear ?

All dangers past, thy hopes are all  
Fulfilled ; thy work complete ere long  
Must cease ; calmly await thy call.

But a dreamer must dream of the land beyond,  
Of the land and the life that are still unknown ;  
The man who has worked, whose hopes were fond,

Must dream of the harvest of what he has strown ;  
And the man who has labored and hoped for men  
Must dream what will be when years have flown,  
Of solving of problems beyond his ken—  
Let me dream—dream—dream again.



## The Educational Value of the Sciences.

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BY E. P. WIGHTMAN, '08.

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**I**N a number of colleges the courses in Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Biology, and Geology are either optional to, or, in some instances, are left out of the requirements for a B. A. degree. In fact, most of the Southern colleges use the optional method.

Although a student may not have a taste for these subjects, and there are such students, they are as essential as a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, German, History, or Mathematics to a real education, as I will endeavor to show further on.

Besides this, they are so linked together that all are necessary to a full understanding of one of them. This is especially true of Geology, which is a link between Chemistry, Physics, and Astronomy, on the one hand, and Vegetable and Animal Morphology (Botany and Zoology) on the other. But these latter are nothing more than a branch of Biology.

I will first have something to say with regard to Astronomy and its practical value. It is this science which gives the student an idea of the vast extent of the universe, and what a small part of it he, and the world upon which he lives, is.

What do the stars and their positions mean to a man who has never studied them? Possibly the only constellation he knows is the "Great Dipper." He cannot appreciate the beauties of such things, nor can he talk intelligently about them. Still less would he know about the wonders of the moon, sun, and planets, of the tides, of the comets, of the meteorite, and of the other numerous beauties of so wonderful a science. But, to be more practical, I will turn my attention to the every-day uses to which Astronomy is put.

In the first place, we learn from Astronomy the kinds of



time, and how they are determined with regard to the sun and moon and stars. It is by means of Astronomy that we obtain latitude and longitude, by which we can fix the positions of places on the earth, and by which we are able to navigate the seas, and, finally, although there are many other uses, it is by means of astronomical observations that we make our continental maps.

As you will see, I first give the practical value of these sciences, as I have already done with Astronomy, so as to show more clearly my points when I come to consider the educational value.

Our next consideration is Physics, which is certainly the most important practically, and I hope that the reader will understand what I mean by "practically" before I finish with it. The uses of physics are numerous and varied, for it deals with several subjects—namely, hydrostatics, hydraulics, mechanics, sound, light, heat, magnetism, and electricity.

The first two of these, as their names signify, have to do with water—the former with water in the resting state, the latter with water in the moving state. What is it that moves a large number of elevators? It is hydrostatic pressure, and the amount of this pressure is governed by the simple law of the hydrostatic paradox. Again, what is it that the locomotive shops, cotton presses, and other such places use to obtain their great pressures of 50,000 and 75,000 tons? It is the hydraulic press or compressor. This simple, yet powerful, machine works in accordance with the same law. In like manner we might go on naming many other water devices, some of which are the force-pump, turbine wheel, hydrostatic balance, etc.

I feel at a loss as to how to express myself concerning the next branch of Physics, that of Mechanics. It would take many volumes to enumerate the vast number of uses of this branch. Think of the multitude of ways in which man makes machinery do his bidding. And yet, of all this



complicated mechanism—canning machines, mints, machines for making pins, printing machines, locomotives, and thousands of others very much more intricate—all may be reduced to the six fundamental pieces of machinery of which they are composed—namely, the lever, inclined plane, pulley, wheel and axle, wedge, and screw. So, also, the laws by which they work are the laws of these six devices.

I will omit discussion of sound, light, and heat for the present, and consider electricity, which has a certain connection with the previous subject of Mechanics. I will also treat, along with electricity, magnetism, as there is a very close connection between them.

What a wonderful field of study and experiment this is, and what a debt we owe to the great men who have made it what it is—Franklin, Morse, Edison, and Marconi, for example! But this is not to the point; it is the instruments and machines they have made useful to us that we wish to consider. What would the world do to-day without the telephone, telegraph, trolley car, the dynamo, the motor, the induction coil, the transformer, and the storage battery? Or the X-ray (which is certainly electrical), by which one man can see the palpitations of another's heart? In the most of these illustrations magnetism has quite a part to play—in fact, it is essential in all except the last two.

The practical value of sound and light is too obvious to take up time and space with a discussion of them. It is sufficient to say that without the former we have lost completely the soul inspirations of the music made by bird as well as man. Without the latter it would be impossible for any green plant to live; hence, indirectly impossible for man and beast to live. There are other very important uses of light also, but they are all secondary to this greatest one.

In like manner heat is essential to all life. Neither animals nor plants could live without the heat, both of the sun and the interior of the earth. Its artificial value is even



more essential to us than that of electricity. It warms us in winter, it changes water to steam, and what an infinite number of things we do with this awe-inspiring power! It has a weight of power that not even the weight of mountains can withstand; for the volume of a given mass of steam is seventeen hundred times that of the same mass of water.

But I am about to digress, so, while I am about it, I will mention one great law of Physics which, to some, would seem almost impossible. This is the law of the conservation of energy. It says that, although energy may be transferred, that no energy, since the world began, has ever been lost or added to. What a store of knowledge there is in Physics!

We now pass to a subject very closely akin to the one we have just finished—one even more interesting, yet one which a goodly number of students shun. It is a subject, too, which cannot be picked up from newspapers and popular magazines, even of the *Scientific American* type, which may be partly done in the case of Astronomy or Physics. This science is that of Chemistry. It is another science which is greatly concerned with the practical things of life. What could we do without baking powder or soda for our bread, fertilizer for our ground, dyes with which to color our fabrics, and soap with which to wash them and ourselves, paints with which to paint our houses, and medicines for the sick? And yet all these are chemical preparations. To go still farther—the iron, aluminum, tin, lead, silver, and many other metals come to us from nature, not in the free state, but in the form of compounds. How can we separate them? It is Chemistry which solves this problem for us. I could point out many other things, in every-day use, which involve Chemistry, but I have said enough, I hope, to show the scope of science, and that every educated man should know something about it.

Still more, though, should we have a knowledge of Biology. It is the science of living matter, whereas Chemistry is,



essentially, that of dead matter. But, nevertheless, it is so closely connected with Chemistry and Physics that it ought not to be studied until a fair knowledge of these has been attained.

The cook puts yeast in the bread to make it rise. If cider or any other sugary liquid is allowed to stand for any length of time there is a fermentation. In like manner, if fresh meat is allowed to stand it will putrefy unless kept cold. Furthermore, if our bodies get in a run-down condition, the germs of some disease, which are absorbed by the healthy blood, have a chance to multiply, and we have different diseases according to the kind of germs that are fastened upon us. It is Biology which explains these phenomena.

Biology is such a comparatively new subject that there are few who know anything about it. The Physiology of the public schools is all that most people have ever been *taught* of it. How much, pray, did they *learn* there? *This elementary physiology often does more harm than good.*

I wish now to say something more about disease. There are no reasons in the world, in a large number of cases, why such diseases as typhoid fever, small-pox, yellow fever, and tuberculosis cannot be prevented, if one has a proper knowledge of Physiology, of Pathology, of Hygiene, of the nature of bacteria, and of the uses of foods and their relation to the body. But all these are gotten from the study of Biology, and, for this reason, I say that *no man should be allowed to graduate from any college with a B. A. degree until he has studied at least one year of this important science.*

We will finally see how Geology is of interest to us. In the first place it is a history, and, still better, it is a history of the earth upon which we live. In the second place, a man can hardly appreciate, to the fullest extent, the beauty of landscape, and the forces which go to form it. Some of the most interesting discussions of the day are those on the



"Sources of Volcanic Action of Earthquakes," and of the condition of the earth's interior, which is involved in both.

So much for the "practical" uses of these five sciences. There are some now who would say, "What good does it do a banker or a merchant, for instance, to know all of these things?" Well, let me ask them a question. "Does a man go to college to get an education, or does he go there to learn banking or how to be a merchant?" This question leads me to ask, "What is education?" Does an education mean a lot of languages, like Latin and Greek, with a little French and German thrown in, History, Mathematics, English, and, perhaps, one year of one of the sciences that I have been discussing? How one-sided this appears! Mathematics is a subject which makes a man think clearly. It develops his power of reasoning. But this is as far as it goes. It does not broaden a man's view. None of the remaining subjects above, with the exception of the one science, give one any more insight than Mathematics into the strictly material side of life. Hence, they are used as a training for the mind, and for their value in presenting the ideal side. All this is well and good, and should not be belittled; but this paper is intended to show as clearly as possible the value of the sciences.

The sciences not only do all these things, but they go farther, very much farther. In the first place, they teach a man to be exact with his hands as well as with his mind. In the second place, they give to one a broad vision, and an insight into the various fields in which other men are working. Besides, they prepare one in case of an emergency. For example, suppose a man to be taken sick suddenly, and not to have any way of getting a doctor, and he has no knowledge of Chemistry and Physiology. He must depend entirely upon Providence to pull him through, unless there is a friend with him who knows something about these subjects. If he had this knowledge, and were a prudent



man, he would keep some of the ordinary medicines, such as quinine, sodium phosphate, or its equivalent, tincture of iodine, wine or whiskey, and others in his home, and could use them to suit his case. If one got his arm out of place he might work at it for the longest kind of time before he gets it back into place again, whereas, if he knew the simple movement that a doctor uses to replace it, he would not only save a doctor's bill, but an unnecessary amount of pain, both before and after its replacement.

As I have said before, the sciences are dependent upon one another; hence, if one attempts to study one without the others, one would do as well to build a house and not put the roof on; or, in the case of the subject of Biology, for instance, try to build a house without a foundation to rest upon.

But I have not answered the question, "What is an education?" I will save both time and space by citing from an authority the definition, and a few of the remarks given upon this subject by that authority: "Education is an art—the art, namely, of drawing out or developing the faculties—of training human beings for the functions for which they are destined. We may be quite sure that the acquirement of those classes of facts which are most useful for regulating the conduct involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. If this is true, the prominence given to the teaching of the dead languages of Greece and Rome, in modern education generally, is more than questionable. \* \* \* The question is whether an equally good culture of the faculties would not be got from a systematic course of equal duration of English and other modern languages, together with logic, moral and *physical science*. In this case the subject-matter of the teaching would be an acquisition of great value, which cannot be said of the others. \* \* \* In respect to direct utility, the things most necessary to know are those that bear most directly on the preservation of life and health, and the proper perform-



ance of the common industrial labors. This involves a knowledge of our own bodies, and of the bodies of which the universe is made up—in other words, more or less of the knowledge which, when put into systematic forms, is known as the science of *Physiology, Natural Philosophy, and the other physical sciences.*”

And so he continues with the other subjects necessary for an education, which it is not necessary to give here.

One of the greatest pleasures of an educated man is to be able to talk to his friends intelligently on such subjects as these.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I hope that no one will think I am, in any way, trying to belittle or throw aside the subjects of English, Mathematics, History, etc. Far from it. My endeavor has been to show that the sciences are of more importance than most colleges attach to them.

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## Shell Song.

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BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

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The sound of the sea-shells, O, how it dwells  
Humbly beneath the obstreperous ocean's roar;  
Breathing their plaintive air, be it foul or fair,  
From their defenceless mouths forevermore.

“O, what do you say, ye sea-shells by the bay?  
Ah, sing it slow that I may catch the air.”  
So, to my listening ear, in accents drear,  
They murmured low the message of their care.

“So long, so long, since ere began this song,  
O, little one, return, return to me,  
O, roam, roam, roam again home,  
And sleep again where now is misery.

“Come, my bride, flutter again in my side,  
And warm the pearly lining of thy cell;  
Then I'll cease to weep and sing thee to sleep,  
A-rocking in the mother-ocean's swell.”



## Frank Covington's Note.

BY F. B. CLARK, '07.

WHY it was that he had to make such an error, Frank could not understand. He knew it was a simple thing, but simple things sometimes trouble us most. However, it was only the question of a week or so, and all would be forgotten.

Frank had always been an interesting fellow to me, and, indeed, he was my best friend. If I had any little circumstance worrying me, I would tell it to Frank, and we would laugh it off together. But he was a little harder to console than I was. I didn't care much any way, but Frank did—that is, sometimes he did—and this happened to be one of those times. Neither of us was very fond of girls—I mean, we didn't let people know we were—but if we had told other people what we said to one another they would have changed their minds. Well, any way, we were fonder of some than we were of others. But we wouldn't let the ones we were most fond of know we were thinking of them at all, for fear they might laugh when we came near, and that would end it with Frank and me.

To tell the truth, Frank *had* become strongly attracted to Mabel Worthington. He didn't say much about her, but I could tell what he was thinking of.

"Frank," said I, one day, "why don't you take Mabel to the game?"

"Capital!" said Frank, and he threw down his book, took his pen, and began to write.

"What are you doing, Frank?" I asked.

"I'm writing to Mabel, you crazy; what do you suppose?"

"Writing to girls is not customary for you," said I, "and this will be practice for you."



"Cut it out," said Frank. "I write to them as much as you do, and you needn't make fun."

He had me, so I let him finish his note. Soon it was completed.

"How does it look?" he asked, handing it to me sealed.

"You write well, Frank," said I. "And I think your handwriting, if nothing else, will bring you a favorable reply."

"I think my new necktie will help me along when I get there, don't you?" said Frank, unwrapping a newly-purchased tie, which, in fact, struck me as being quite pretty.

"What did you tell her?" I asked, pretending to open the letter.

"More than you will ever know," said he, snatching it from me. He took his hat and left, with a joyful expression on his face. Presently he returned, wearing a big frown and his fist clinched.

"Guess what I did, Jack," said he, stamping his foot.

"Stumped your toe and fell down, I guess," said I. "You look like you are half drunk."

"I've a great mind to break open that mail-box," said he, throwing his hat upon the table.

"If you haven't already done so, I feel sorry for you if you do," replied I. "What is the matter with you? You must have mashed your finger."

"No. Plague the luck! I wrote that note without any date, without telling when or where the game would be, what sort of game it is, and even began the note, 'My dear Worthington.' Did you ever hear of the like? Forgetting all about the 'Miss.' I suspect she will think me economizing in space all right."

And Frank threw himself across the bed, almost crying.

"You were thinking too much about what you were writing," I suggested. "If you had let me see it I would have noticed the mistake, and told you of it."



"Maybe you would," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "if I had let you see it, but I had a little trick in there I didn't want you to see."

"And you were so much interested in that trick you forgot everything else. It's best to say things straight along, and then you will have no trouble, so far as the way it is said is concerned," was my answer.

"And just think how they will talk about it! And here I have had several years' training at college, and can't write a straight-out letter. I can see those girls giggling now. Oh, well; let them go. There is no way out of it now, so I'll just hate it, and let it turn out as it will. Next time anybody inquires after Frank Covington he will still be about here."

"All is not lost yet," I said, as consolingly as possible. "Watch for the mail-man and get the letter from him, and then write it as you should."

"Good," he agreed. And he watched diligently. But the mail-man slipped him, and the note went. If it hadn't been Mabel I don't think Frank would have cared much. But it went, and Frank blushed every time he thought of it.

Well, in the course of two days he got a reply. He came running into the room, and, taking me about the waist, started to dance.

"You must have had good luck in some way," I said. "You seem mighty happy."

"Look there," throwing the letter on the table. I took it up, and read the following:

"My dear Covington,—Though you are not my school chum, neither am I yours, and I think I have as much right to address you as "Covington" as you have to call me "Worthington." Do you catch on? The game, I suppose, will be at the usual park. I notice from the paper that your college will play a game next Saturday afternoon. That, I



suppose, is the one you refer to. Anyway, I shall expect you then. I am glad to have *you* take me to the game.

Very sincerely,

MABEL WORTHINGTON."

"I knew Mabel would bring you through all right," I declared, slapping him in the back. "That is the reason I laughed at you so about it. You see, everything depends upon being the right sort of boy, anyhow."

"It depends on her being the right sort of girl, too," replied Frank, slyly.

"You would not say that if it wasn't Mabel who did it," said I.

"Mabel is the only one who would have known what to do," continued he. "But *she* may be sneering at me for aught I know. If she is, let her keep on until she is tired."

I went to the game alone. But Frank and Mabel were together. She walked happily by his side, and he strutted proudly along with her. Though we were beaten, Frank wasn't, and he did not learn the score until he got back and asked me.

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## A Hymn.

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BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

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O, Thou, whose kindness knows no end,  
At Thy shrine we bow;  
We pray that Thou wilt let descend  
Thy blessings on us now.

Thou didst exist ere dawn of light,  
When Chaos held its sway!  
Thou wilt endure in all Thy might  
When we have passed away.



O, Thou, who didst implant the truth  
In man's immortal soul,  
Thy name shall be revered, forsooth,  
While endless ages roll.

Father, who sitst on heaven's height,  
Thy mercies never cease!  
Direct us in the path of right,  
And grant us life and peace.

Oh, may we ne'er be led astray!  
Protect us in Thy might!  
And let our lips be taught to say:  
"In Thy light we see light!"

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## The Drama.—A Brief Outline of Its Development.

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BY SYDNEY JOHNSTON LODGE, '10.

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THE English drama, which really throve in England for the first time during the Renaissance, was the most popular literary form of the period. The first step toward its development was probably the introduction of the masque, which was simply a sort of dramatic entertainment.

But the action that helped the drama greatly to get a firm foothold was the exercises of the Catholic Church at Christmas and Easter. Foremost among these was the act of burying the crucifix. These ceremonies were, at first, carried on in the church-yard, but, owing to the enormous crowds that gathered and desecrated the graves by the trampling of their feet, it was later transferred to the public park or village green.

The next form of the drama to appear was that of the miracle plays, which were drawn from the Scriptures. These plays took place on huge wagons, built for the purpose, and drawn through the main streets of the city.



While very crudely presented, these plays were very impressive, and satisfied the religious and human sides of the natures of the people of the Middle Ages.

Another attempt at the drama came in the form of what was termed the morality plays. The characters of vice and sin generally played the main parts in these. Out of these plays arose what is known as the Interlude. This was simply a little entertainment given by court minstrels during the interval which elapsed between the arrival of guests of a noble and their reception by him.

Still another kind of drama was often presented under the name of "Robin Hood" plays. These plays were generally acted by students of grammar schools.

The above forms served well as stepping-stones for the drama. The period of the greatest enthusiasm for it in England was during the interval between 1580 and 1640. The reason for this was that Englishmen of this age were just beginning to discover their strength as a nation, and used the theatre as a means of portraying their feelings.

Although the theatre building was a new thing in those days, and the apparatus for presenting a play was very scant, they managed to get along marvelously well.

William Shakespeare was the leading dramatist of the age. For years he was connected with the Burbage Company, which exhibited in the play-house known as "The Theatre." This building was later torn down and rebuilt, this time going under the name of "The Globe." Another famous theatre in those days was "The Blackfriars."

Shakespeare wrote numerous plays, and it is very interesting to note the changes of spirit shown in the different works that go under his name. His greatest contemporary was Ben Johnson. This dramatist's main ambition was to change the romantic part of the drama into classicism.

The most noted men that followed Johnson were Dekker, Heywood, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, who worked together, Webster, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley.



After the drama had enjoyed a season of success, the Puritans began to wage war against the theatres. As long as Elizabeth reigned all was well, but when James I. came to the throne the Puritans gained ground rapidly. So unflinchingly did James uphold the Puritans, and aid them in their war against the actors, that in 1642 both Houses of Parliament gave orders for the theatres to be closed. This order was carried out, and they were closed, not to be re-opened for eighteen years.

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### A Storm.

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BY '08.

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The sky hung dark with thickening clouds,  
And looked upon the earth she fed,  
As might some dead in sable shroud,  
Stand weeping o'er her lowly bed.

A cold north wind that told of storm  
Came moaning through the weeping trees,  
And sorrowfully its story told  
Of storm and shipwreck on the seas.

As night came on the wind increased,  
And the mingled voice of storm and flood  
Seemed like the roar of savage beasts  
Eager to drink their victim's blood.

By the light of morning, cold and grey,  
Stretched on the cold sea sand,  
The form of a boy was seen, as it lay  
Dead, on the shore of a foreign land.

And there, while the sea birds whirled above,  
He is laid away, no funeral song,  
And those at home, who live for his love,  
Will wonder why he stays so long.



## The Jupiter Family.

BY "JIMMY WINKS."

MRS. GOSSIP had been "calling" that evening, and had just dropped in.

"O, my dear, I've got just *gorgeous* news. We've got a new neighbor! Right around the corner, in one of those new houses, and I didn't know anything about it till this morning when I saw the mail-man stop there. I was *so* surprised. I dressed right after lunch and went around.

"Mrs. Jupiter—that's her name—came to the door herself. She's having the same old trouble with servants. They all left her before she moved. But she's gotten moved at last, in spite of them.

"But, oh, she's a *splendid* woman. She believes in woman suffrage, and you ought to hear her talk! I'm going to get her into our club. She had to take me up-stairs, where her husband was, and, oh, he's the limit, with red whiskers all over his face. And such a temper! Mrs. Jupiter asked me not to speak of woman suffrage or any of those things where he could hear. But she's not slavish to him. She's got a sharp tongue, and he knows it.

"She told me the most shocking story of how he treated her. She said that he would hang her up by her hands to the ceiling and leave her there for *hours*. I just can't believe that, but she said it. Oh, he *must* be a brute! I don't see why she doesn't get a divorce. I think there must be some love hidden around somewhere, because *he's* been divorced several times and *she* has once.

"She has a sister staying with her—a Miss Vesta—a goody-goody old puritanical maid. She didn't have much to say, just sat by the hearth and discreetly sewed.

"Oh, I want to tell you about a funny thing that happened. While I was there a knock came at the door, and the most



pathetic little boy came in you ever saw. There was something the matter with his feet, and he limps horribly. But otherwise he seemed strong.

“‘Is it warm enough?’ he asked, and he looked at his mother with such a wistful look.

“Mrs. Jupiter flashed an angry look at her husband.

“‘Yes, it’s all right, pet,’ she said, and she cuddled him up beside her.

“Mr. Jupiter ’hemmed and scowled as though he didn’t like something. Then presently he said it wasn’t warm enough for him, and ordered that poor little cripple to go down and chunk the furnace some more. I could have smacked him good, and his wife looked daggers, but she didn’t want to create a scene while I was present. She explained to me that he had a grudge against Vulcan because Vulcan had tried to free her that time she was tied up in the ceiling.

“There are six other children besides this one, but only one as small as this one. That is Mercury. He’s just one of these freckled-faced, tow-headed animals, who haven’t developed. It seems he’s got a turn for mechanics, and he fixed Apollo’s guitar not long ago, when the maid raked it off the wall and broke a hole in it.

“Apollo is the college boy of the family. He has a room and practices on his guitar and yelps at the passing girls. He also has a running suit, and occasionally appears at the college reception. But he’s all looks and vanity, and his mother says the girls know it and are always slighting him, which he doesn’t seem to understand.

“He’s a good shot, and so is his sister Diana, who is an athletic configuration with guns and golf sticks, rackets and fox tails, and short skirts and slang. She’s got a sister right much like her—that is, so far as the slang goes.

“Minerva is a holy terror, with red hair and claws. She also believes in woman suffrage, and has made several campaigns in that interest. Think of a woman boasting that she



can 'lay out,' as she calls it, her brother at boxing, *any time*. And her brother Mars didn't deny it, though he's a foot-ball player and a big fellow.

"Her brother Mars, as I said, is a big fellow, but he's slow and phlegmatic. He belongs to the artillery, or some military company, and he's better liked by the girls than Apollo.

"But Venus is the centre of attraction in that family, so far as the outer world is concerned. I guess young Miss Debut will have to take a back seat. Oh, I'm not going to tell you about Miss Venus. It's simply because I can't. You'll have to see her yourself. And no peroxide, either. I can't imagine where she got her beauty from. She's got a little touch of temper. Indeed, all of the family have, except Vulcan and Mars and Aunt Vesta.

"O—h—h! It's after *dinner* time!"

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## The Moral Aspects of Tariff.

BY J. K. HUTTON, '08.

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**I**T is an ethical principle that no man's rights can be based on another man's injury. If the tariff compels one set of men to contribute of their earnings for the benefit of another class, if it levies upon the strongest industries for the betterment of those less strong, if it exacts tribute from the masses for the benefit of a few—then it violates the principle which we have stated.

That the masses must contribute of their earnings for the benefit of certain classes is illustrated in the fact that a man must buy domestic goods at home, although he can get better goods much cheaper from England. At home he must pay fifty dollars for a suit of clothes which he could purchase in England for thirty dollars, and be comforted in that the difference remains at home. In this case the tariff is only



an instrument through which the manufacturers of domestic goods become rich at the expense of the consumers.

The farmer receives no protection. He asks for none. He must carry his produce to a foreign market, and, from the money which he has earned by honest, hard labor, he must contribute to enable his fellow-citizen, the protected manufacturer, to make a profit on what he produces.

If the Government may rightfully compel you to give any part of the proceeds of your labor or skill to another man, why may it not, with equal right, compel you to give him your horse or your land? The fact that this is done indirectly, and under the guise of taxation, does not affect the question of right or wrong involved: Indeed, it is more dangerous to the people, because they are less likely to detect and resist the spoilation when committed under cover of law by this insidious process.

The farmers without protection and the poor men, generally, pay their money to protect wealthy manufacturing concerns. If the Government may tax and donate to corporations engaged in particular industries, in order to make their private business profitable, why may it not distribute such collections among particular classes of people, in order to equalize their fortunes? It would be much more commendable. No moralist can successfully maintain that, in a free government like ours, it is right to tax one man for the benefit of another.

The very basis of protection is selfishness. It is true that, at one time in our history, it seemed that tariff was necessary in order that our young industries might grow. At the time of the adoption of the Hamilton Tariff, the iron interest said it needed only a little encouragement for a short time. It was granted. From that day a duty has been demanded and received until the present time, when it ranges from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. This seems to be the history of most of our industries, which needed only a little



encouragement at first. Some of these interests have grown into gigantic corporations, whose members are immensely wealthy, and still *they* need protection.

Again, there are some policies which, from their very nature, are universal. The tariff is one of these international policies. Is it right for America to place a high tariff on imported goods, thereby prohibiting foreign countries from exchanging goods with us freely? It is a spirit of selfishness, and it not only oppresses our own people, but it also incurs the hatred of foreign countries.

Is to stand apart in political and commercial isolation the ideal at which we aim? In this manner a power declares its indifference to the opinion or friendship of other nations, and its conviction that, in matters of trade, it is sufficient unto itself, and need ask nothing of the world beyond. The United States, purporting to be the freest government on the globe, should not pursue such narrow policies.

Whatever, in government and in political economy, is artificial must fail. That which is substantial and everlasting must be the natural outcome of existing circumstances. Protective tariff is entirely artificial, and must necessarily be struck out. The United States will have commercial freedom just as she has now political freedom, religious freedom, and freedom of the press.





## 'Midst Nature's Own.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

There stands the old, familiar mill,  
'Round which dear memories cluster still;  
Where hawthorn buds spring into bloom,  
And violets waft their sweet perfume.

Murmuring runs the crystal brook,  
Close beside the leafy nook;  
The days are bright and glad and gay,  
The nights as balmy as the month of May.

In poplar trees of lofty height,  
The birds sing forth throughout the night;  
The people toil with simple joy,  
And gladsome bliss without alloy.

Ah! there within the vine-clad arbor—  
Of which sweet thoughts I fondly harbor—  
Sit bashful maid and timid swain;  
I see the blush of the love-sick twain.

The pastor walks with locks so gray,  
Mindful of days now far away,  
Of times when he was young and bold,  
And all was just as bright as gold.

He enters now, with tottering tread,  
The sacred precincts of the dead;  
The gushing tears from his moist eyes flow  
For the wife who left him years ago.

The church bells peal with merry chime,  
As joyous as the glad spring-time;  
Their echoes stir each pious heart  
To praise the *God of Nature's* art.



Oh, how my heart beats wildly now!  
For there upon the hill's broad brow  
I still can see the red-brick school,  
Where oft I felt the force of rule.

Ah, who would not make sacrifice  
To dwell in such a paradise?  
To know such simple folk as these,  
Whose lives are calm as tropic seas.

O holy joy! O simple life!  
O blest existence without strife!  
'Mongst pleasures such as these alone,  
I fain would live 'midst nature's own.

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### Turgot, the French Statesman.

BY J. F. CROPP, '08.

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THE lives of some men, like the sparkling diamond, become brighter and brighter the stronger light there is shed upon them. This is eminently true of the French statesman, Turgot—the man who accomplished so much in the freeing of trade and in the encouragement of industry.

A truly great man is rarely ever recognized as such by the people of his day. "He comes to his own, and his own receive him not." And, as is illustrated on the pages of the world's history, they, for whom his heart throbs, instead of recognizing the divine in him, lead him off to the stake to be burned or to the cross to be crucified. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* could hardly find a publisher when it was fresh from his brain, and it was only by earnest persistence that his wife succeeded in exchanging it with a publisher for \$300. But we may safely assert that its value to the world can hardly be reckoned in dollars and cents. It has had an immeasurable



influence upon the progress of the world, and in the determining of the political life of nations.

Turgot was born in Paris, May 10, 1727. His surroundings seem to have pointed him towards the Church, but in 1751 he renounced his intention of entering it. The following year he entered Parliament as a counselor, but continued his studies along economic and political lines. About this time Quesnay was at the head of a school or system of Physiocracy. They held that "there exists a natural order, with which human government should interfere as slightly as may be, and that all wealth is derived from the soil." Turgot acquainted himself with this system. And this acquaintance, apparently, greatly influenced him in the expression of that spirit of freedom which marks so significantly the direction and actions of his after life.

In 1761 he was appointed intendant of Limoges, which position he occupied for twelve years, and during which time we are told that he wrought many wise, salutary, and benevolent reforms and regulations.

When Louis XVI. came to power (1774) he was put at the head of the marine, and a few months later he became Comptroller-General of France. This, to some extent, shows the popularity he was gaining for himself. He was now in a position to speak his opinions. But, unfortunately, or fortunately, I am unable to say which, they did not meet the approval of his political and religious friends. However, these opinions, unacceptable as they were in his day, have brought him before the eyes of the world, and have endeared him to the heart of every true patriot of his people.

It is important to notice his views on education. They, liberal as they are, were expressed in private letters to Mademoiselle Graffigny. He was a man of noble intellect, and one who could see far into the future. And, as a result of his vision, he warned France against that hot-bed of folly,



the "State of Nature" theory, in which were to sprout the sentimentalism and ferocity of the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre as its most gaudy flower.

As the author of the "free trade" theory, he deserves an honorable mention. While Comptroller-General he expressed his view concerning, and did a great deal toward the accomplishment of, the freeing of commerce. This theory advanced by him is of special interest to America to-day in that it is believed that we are greatly hampered by the "protective system." He also greatly influenced the industrial movement of France, and the world indirectly, by enlarging the rights of individuals and abolishing the exclusive privileges of companies and corporations. His reward for so liberal a service was opposition and ridicule. That was the way they answered the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

But possibly the most important thing to examine in connection with Turgot is the expression of his religious views.

He argues the separation of the Church and State, or rather questions to that effect. He said: "The teaching of religion should be left to the Church, and the only cases in which the State has a right to take cognizance of dogmas are those where clear, direct results upon the public safety are concerned." This, of course, led to opposition. And, as he endeavored to control the nobility, restrict the clergy, and restrain the license assumed by the officers of the Crown, they all united against him. The result was that in 1776 he was dismissed from office. And, while the Liberty Bell was ringing in the western hemisphere, the responsive chord was struck a blow on the opposite side of the world. From this time he led a private life, shut off from the rest of the world, and died on March 20, 1781.

His name, finally, became the object of ecclesiastical hatred, and, in recent times, a venomous biography of him,



in pamphlet form, was spread throughout France. Those who did it thought perhaps they were doing the Church a favor—perhaps they were; for this libel upon Turgot, revered as he finally is by every true thinking French patriot, is, undoubtedly, one of the causes which produced only last year one of the most effective of all French revolts against clerical sway—the abolition of the teaching congregations and the separation of the Church and State.

This is sufficient to show that a great man truly lives after the spirit has been separated from the flesh, and, instead of his pathway spanning the space of one generation, it is, in fact, marked out from century to century by the children of man. It is “as the dawning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

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### The Literary Society.

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BY CONRAD HARRISON GOODWIN, '08.

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**T**O college men who regard the literary society as an integral part of college life, this subject no doubt seems unnecessary. Yet I believe that there are many students who have not considered the advantages of uniting themselves with one of the literary societies.

College life embraces more than the sum total of classes attended. Athletics play an important part. The college student who cannot throw himself into a foot-ball game, who does not feel crest-fallen at defeat or elated at victory, we rightly affirm shows a marked lack of college spirit.

Various organizations exert their influence in student life. Of these the literary society is one of the most important. Conducted entirely by the student body, it has a merit and importance peculiarly its own.

We sit in the class-room and receive instruction from



learned and scholarly professors—a privilege denied ninety-nine men out of every hundred. If we merely assimilate knowledge, we are of all men most selfish. In whatever vocation we may employ our talents, the question is not what knowledge we have acquired, but what ability we have of imparting this knowledge to others. The literary society tests our ability to do this.

By means of the varied program, opportunity is offered of acquiring proficiency in reading, declamation, debate, and oratory.

Few persons read well, either in public or private. We deplore this fact. In the literary society, through the corrections of the critic, we soon acquire the habit of reading with expression and of pronouncing our words clearly and distinctly.

Declamation is more than the mere recital of some piece of literature which the student has memorized. If the declaimer is impersonating some character in history or literature, he must forget his own personality and assume that of the character presented. If, on the other hand, his declamation is descriptive or narrative, he should make his theme real to his audience by the spirit with which he enters into it and the proper use of gestures.

The debate is by far the most important part of the literary program, both on account of its merits, and because it may be participated in by the whole society. For, after the appointed debaters have spoken, it is the privilege of every member to discuss the question in open debate. The merits of the debate cannot be over-estimated, both in training the mind and as a means of acquiring information upon the subject under discussion. The debater should be informed not only upon his own side of the question, but should consider the arguments which his opponent must, from the nature of the discussion, bring against him. Upon a subject worthy of debate, this requires a wide range of knowledge



and cultivates the power of investigation. The information gained in the class-room is called into service.

Debating trains the mind to think accurately, concisely, and quickly. The ability to think upon your feet, to keep within the bounds of the subject, and to present all arguments in a well-defined and forcible manner, is essential to a successful debater.

There is something else which we acquire in debate—respect for the opinion of others. The debater does not strengthen his own side of the question by dealing in personalities or ridiculing his opponents' arguments. By superior reasoning, he should disclose the weak points of his antagonist, or show wherein he has made a false statement. The rest he is expected to leave to the intelligence of his audience.

The practice in oratory which the society offers should appeal especially to students who expect to become public speakers. Yet the work in original composition and delivery is of importance, whatever our intended occupation may be.

In one of our literary societies there is a place on the program assigned to current topics. It seems to me that this is commendable, for two reasons. In the first place, the leading issues of the day are brought before the society once a week. Again, the members to whom current topics are assigned are encouraged to keep pace with public thought and to select as their topics that which is suggestive of abiding results.

Book reviews are assigned not merely with the idea that the student will give a synopsis of the story, but that he may consider the merits of the work, as to its plot, diction, and method of developing the climax.

And so the society aims to cultivate and test our ability in different lines of thought and investigation.

To the uninitiated, the business sessions of the society may seem dull and uninteresting. Yet this is not the case.



Questions of interest frequently arise. Indeed, some of the most hotly-contested questions are debated informally in secret session.

In the literary society all social barriers are brushed aside. Men meet on a common footing, contest for the same literary honors, and the best man wins.

The total enrollment of our two literary societies is a little over one hundred. That leaves over one hundred and fifty male students who have not united themselves with either of the societies. And yet to a certain extent the two societies must represent the whole student body. For it is through them that the college magazine is published, which stands for the literary ability of the whole college. The societies unite in offering medals each year to the best writer and orator. Through debaters selected from the literary societies, the whole college is frequently represented in joint debate with other colleges.

Society men will bear witness to the fact that frequently alumni of the college visit our society halls. When called upon to speak, they tell us that still, amid the accumulated duties and responsibilities of life, they look back to certain hotly-contested debates upon the floor of the literary society.

The society is indeed a tie which must bind us to college life.

It is the privilege and duty of every man in college to join one of the societies; to give his fellow students the benefit of his talents, and receive in return the broadening influence and vitality of the whole society.



# The • Messenger.

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## Board of Editors.

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Philologist.			
ELIJAH MCINTYRE LOUTHAN, '07,	-	-	Assistant Editor.
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E. L. ACKISS.....	Poem	S. H. ELLYSON.....	Fiction
W. P. MCBAIN....	Campus Notes	E. W. HUDGINS...	Alumni Editor
OSCAR BAXTER RYDER, '08,	- - - -	Business Manager	
Philologist.			
ARTHUR TAZEWELL GRIFFITH, '09,		Assistant Business Manager	
Mu Sigma Rho.			

Perhaps it may seem a little premature to **BASE-BALL.** begin discussing base-ball in this issue of the magazine. This year, however, work in base-ball is beginning with us earlier than usual, and it is vastly important that, before the beginning of the season, a wide-spread, popular interest be aroused in this feature of athletics.

We are fortunate this year in that the team has obtained the privilege of holding in-door practice in the Armory building. This in-door work will be particularly helpful to the pitchers, giving them plenty of time to limber up before the first games of the season.

It is a little too early to begin predicting what the outcome of the season will be. That we have plenty of good material cannot be questioned. Practically all of the team of last year is again in college. Besides, we have many new applicants for team honors.

Our faith in the available material is strong. What we want to get at, however, is not the team applicants, but you who do



not play. Do you know, you new men especially, that the success of every student activity depends upon co-operation? It is your sympathy and your substantial aid that must make the team. You can create such a spirit that if there were a loafer on the team he could not continue to be one. You can give evidence of such loyalty that the best players will try to do just a little better for your sake.

Now, just a word about how you may lend your aid. First, you may encourage by talking up base-ball. Encourage the player, and he will do better work. Second, you may assist by preventing on-lookers from getting too close to the diamond during practice. All those who watched foot-ball practice during the fall know what a world of trouble the crowd from the city, and—we are sorry to say it—some of our own students, caused by getting in too close in their eagerness to watch the plays. Be sure that you don't interfere with those playing base-ball, and that you don't let others do so. Third, and last, you can assist most substantially by going to the games and "rooting." The financial question of base-ball is always a hard one. Swell the crowd at every game by your presence; then make it known that you are on the bleachers and a Richmond College supporter.

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**ASSOCIATE  
EDITORS.**

We wonder whether the student body at large understands the duties of an Associate Editor of THE MESSENGER. It has occurred to us that it might be helpful to them in their work to give the students an account of their duties.

Some of them are assistants to the Editor-in-Chief in the work of collecting material for publication. An associate is assigned a department, such as Fiction, and it is his work to collect stories and turn them in to the editor. We desire to call the attention of the students to this fact and to request them to aid the associates by putting into their hands any articles which have been prepared for publication. If you have any-



thing, do not wait for an associate to approach you, but go to him. In a large student body he cannot get around to all. Don't consider his failure to call on you an intentional slight. It is certainly not so intended.

Other associates have the Campus Notes, Alumni Department, and the Exchange Department. You can greatly assist the two having charge of the Campus Notes and the Alumni Department by reporting any news you happen to have which should be published in one of these departments.

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**THE SOUTHERNER  
AND  
THE NATION.**

On the 22d of this month Americans will turn their thoughts to the "Father of his Country." We are going to make here no eulogy of Washington. Highly we honor him, and we welcome all celebrations in his honor. His birthday suggests something else to us, however—something which we think is of more importance than lauding his name. And that something is the duty of the Southern man toward the country, with the early history of which he was so intimately associated.

The position of the Southerner in regard to the nation is a peculiar one. A little over forty years ago he fought against it. At present he is a small factor in its councils. The question arises as to whether the Southerner has yet so far thrown off the shackles of prejudice as to be a patriot in the truest sense. We are encouraged to believe that as a whole our people have accepted the situation, and are again citizens of the United States in spirit. True, there are exceptions. We are acquainted with old soldiers who have never settled it certainly in their minds that the war is over. But they are in a very small minority. The patriotism shown by Southern men in the war with Spain is evidence which puts beyond any reasonable ground of question the position of the Southerner toward the National Government.



If we are so fortunate as to have become again citizens of the nation in spirit, we have reason to congratulate ourselves. What, then, is our duty toward the nation? Before trying to answer this question, let us state that the part of the nation at present least developed is the South. Besides, grave problems face her. Good works begin at home, and our duty to the nation is our duty to ourselves. And this is the answer to the question above.

The people of the South ought, as patriotic Americans, to strive for the uplift of the South for the sake of the nation. The South, in the early days, gave many of the greatest spirits to the nation. Washington, Jefferson, and Marshall answer the roll-call of Virginia. Is Southern statesmanship forever extinct? It is unthinkable. The Southern people are throttled at present by an unfortunate situation. But they will solve their problems in time. What we of the South need is an intellectual awakening, a rise to meet twentieth-century conditions. We must lay aside prejudice; we must work with our brothers across the Mason and Dixon line. A real intellectual awakening will do much to help solve our own problems, and a problem solved in the South is a service done to the nation.

Our duty to ourselves, then, is our duty to the nation. An intellectual advance, a breaking down of the barriers of prejudice, a fearless love of truth, will put the South in her old place of honor in the nation. On the college men of the South falls the sacred duty of helping her to the position she should inherit from her fathers.





# Campus Notes.



W. P. McBAIN, Editor.

Our prospects for a good base-ball team are better than they have been for several years. We are beginning the season with eight old men and some very good material among the new recruits. During this month the team will practice in-doors, so as to be in good form when they begin work on the diamond. Coach Dunlap and Captain Gardner are working hard to develop a team such as we have not had before, and they want the support of every student on the campus. There is no reason why we should not have the best team in the history of the College. Our star pitcher, Denny Wright, has returned to make a better record than that of last year. "Sugar" Wright, last year's fast short-stop, has directed his energies to pitching this year. He shows every sign of developing into one of our best twirlers. "Lanky" Lodge, whose prospects last year were marred with a broken finger, is with us this season in fine form. We expect great things of him behind the bat. The speedy little second baseman, "Bob" Gwathmey, has returned to try his hand at short-stop. Billie Smith, our catcher of last season, is now working on the first bag. The heavy hitter, Captain Gardner, who landed on that three-bagger which saved the Randolph-Macon game, is doing good work in the outfield. Gus. Ezekiel played fine ball in centre field last year, and is with us again in good form. There is also some very good material among the new men. Jim Sheppard, who played star ball at V. P. I. last year, is making a splendid showing on third base. Richards comes here from Fork Union, and promises to develop into a good pitcher. Jenkins is working hard at short-stop, and it is expected that he will give the other man a good run for that place. Tommie Atkins, our star foot-ball quarter, is now trying his skill at base-ball in the out-field. "Skiptie" Haislip is also doing good work on the second bag.

The management has prepared an excellent schedule for this



season. Mr. Gwathmey deserves much credit for his work in face of the local team.

"Rat" G——, nosing around among ancient and musty records of the "rats" of '07, has, on his own march of curiosity, brought to daylight the following piece of art:

"Behind the door stood Lodge and Long,  
Thinking o'er their many wrongs,  
When suddenly 'Rat! Rat!' was heard,  
And they trembled like frightened birds.

"Soon the door was broken in,  
In came the 'Sophs.' like the wind.  
They were to be repulsed with many blows,  
But Lodge and Long gave up to the foes.

"Down, down the steps to the campus they went,  
And by the sound of paddles the air was rent,  
Up the tree skinned Lodge and Long,  
And soon was heard their lonely song."

*Note*—Owing to age and rough handling, the name of the author is very difficult to make out, but after careful examination the following may be discovered: P. M. Hund-ey. Long stoutly denies the truth of the poem (?). "Lanky" declares that with him it is a "closed chapter."

At the track meet in Washington, on the 25th of January, our team carried off the laurels in the three-cornered relay race. We beat the other two contestants—Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical College and Maryland University—by more than half a lap. This is an excellent beginning. Let the good work go on.

The regular monthly faculty reception for January was given by Dr. S. C. Mitchell. For refreshments, ice-cream and cake were served. To add to the pleasure of the evening, Miss Whitsitt recited a few very beautiful selections. All present had a very delightful time.



The second dance of the season was given at Belvidere Hall on February 10th. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Swartwout, Mr. and Mrs. Gwathmey, and Mr. and Mrs. Abner Pope.

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**A Song Always Heard After Junior Math. on Monday Morning.**

(With apologies to the author of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.")

In the shade of the Geometry,  
Where no sense in the leaves I could see,  
And the test that we had  
Sent us all to the bad,  
And it whispered of flunking to me;  
I could hear the dull buzz of the beats,  
As they struggled and squirmed in their seats,  
Our minds were in such haze  
That it lasted four days,  
In the shade of the Geometry.





# ❧ Alumni Department. ❧

E. W. HUDGINS, Editor.

*"These are my jewels."*

What the members of the class of 1905 are doing—

J. B. Hubbell is at Harvard.

MacIver Woody is at Harvard.

L. G. Tucker is an Amherst lawyer.

C. W. Robertson is in Crozer Seminary.

S. B. Bragg is practicing law in Norfolk.

W. P. Carter's whereabouts are unknown.

I. B. Taylor is in business in Bahia, Brazil.

W. D. Quattlebaum is in Crozer Seminary.

E. R. Phillips is a young Richmond lawyer.

L. P. Hardy is in business in West Virginia.

P. B. Smith is practicing law at Bealeton, Va.

A. P. Crockett has a law office in Coeburn, Va.

M. C. Frazer is studying theology in Louisville.

J. E. Lodge is in George Washington University.

E. W. Hudgins is in the law department in College.

W. M. Gravatt is an attorney-at-law in Blackstone, Va.

D. J. Carver is teaching in a Government school in China.

R. C. Walker is in the legal profession in Charlottesville, Va.

A. B. Bristow is principal of the High School at Marion, Va.

J. A. Cutchins is practicing law with his father in Richmond.

R. E. Ankers is working in the insurance business in this city.



C. W. Dickinson, Jr., is principal of the Cheriton High School.

Clarence Campbell is principal of the High School in Scottsville, Va.

John Moncure is assistant librarian in the Louisville Seminary.

L. L. Sutherland, M. A., is in the graduate department of Johns Hopkins.

R. A. Goodwin, Jr., is doing graduate work in the University of Virginia.

L. H. Walton, M. A., is married. He is head master of Fork Union Academy.

D. M. Simmons will take his doctor's degree at University of Chicago this spring.

C. A. Jenkins, Jr., M. A., is also married, and is pastor of a church in Woodberry, N. J.

C. H. Dunaway, M. A., is married, and is principal of a district school in Richmond.

F. G. Pollard expects to graduate in law from the University of Virginia in June.

Lyman Chalkley, who was a student here from '77-'79, is now dean of law in the University of the South.

S. A. Templeman, M. A., (unmarried as yet) expects to finish his graduate course in Colgate University in June.

C. H. Howell has recently been transferred by the General Electric Company from Lynn, Mass., to Schenectady, N. Y.

L. W. Smith is preparing himself to preach according to the theology taught in the Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Ky.



# Exchange Department.

J. K. HUTTON, Editor.

Hitherto we have given our attention more particularly to the magazines representing male colleges. We have found them to be strong, substantial publications. In the present review of exchanges we wish to give chief place to the magazines of our sister female institutions.

It is befitting to begin with the article  
**THE CHISEL.** contained in *The Chisel*, "The Higher Education of Women." The writer of this article could not have chosen a better theme. The reasons why as great intellectual advantages should be given the young lady as are given the young man are clever and convincing. "It is only common honesty to so educate a girl that she may really comprehend more than one possibility in life." The world is awakening to the truth of this statement.

"Japan's War Tax and Poverty" is also an article of much interest at the present.

The story and verse departments are scant. There are only two stories and one poem. A quarterly should certainly be more abundant in material of this kind—unless, perchance, excellence and merit make full atonement for the scantiness of the material. We refrain from giving our opinion as to whether this exception may be applied to *The Chisel*.

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We are happy to add *The Tattler* to our  
**THE TATTLER.** list of exchanges. This magazine is attractive in style and design. Its chief charm, however, is in the excellent quality of its verse. "To My Clock" and "Lament for Leo" are poems that impress the reader even to the extent that he will read or consider reading them the second time. We are loth to say, what is neverthe-



less true, that we seldom read in our exchanges poems that are really worth reading again. The youthful poet may well afford to sacrifice sound for substance, for even then little of worth may be sifted from his attempts at rhyme.

In prose the magazine falls below its poetry standard. The fiction consists of two or three short stories, all of which are exceptionally weak in plot. "The Hermit of Chesterhaven" is cleverly written, but is deficient as we have suggested.

"A Discovery" is a rare type of story, so rare that no trace of it can be found in college journalism.

We are sure that our contemporaries will gladly join us in yielding to Randolph-Macon Woman's College the honor of having introduced such a precedent in the college literary magazine.

The motive, rather than the execution, invites our consideration; for the execution is puerile in every respect. The climactic conception—sublime or otherwise—contained in the last paragraph is the distinguishing feature of the story. The writer shows deep learning in the psychology of woman.

*The Pennant*, a magazine published by the  
**THE PENNANT.** Virginia Institute, Bristol, Va., is too nearly taken up with advertisements and jokes—the phases of college journalism which are least designed to attract the reader's attention. It would be interesting to have the editor-in-chief write an editorial setting forth her idea of what a college magazine is. *The Pennant* seems to serve as a bulletin in which the happenings around college are reported and announcements made for the future. There is nothing original in the literary department, with the exception of "The Washington Trip," which is a highly interesting account of a visit to the city of Washington.

There are no stories, and the poems are clippings. Three or four pages are taken up with jokes. We do not see how even



a foolish person could find an excuse for laughing at such wit.

The Virginia Institute is an excellent school and one of high standing. We see no reason why *The Pennant* should not be made a magazine of real literary merit.

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## Clippings.

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### Lament for Leo.

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An humble but a faithful friend  
Is gone ; my heart is sore,  
'Tis sad for any love to end,  
And this was strong and pure.

Only a dog ; yet in the hours  
When senseless fears affright,  
His silent sympathy has helped  
More than a human's might.

Love stirreth love, and love is good,  
Though humble it may be,  
And minist'ring to this good friend  
Brought happiness to me.

Farewell, old friend, your work is done,  
An honest life and true ;  
A brute, perhaps, and yet I am  
The nearer heaven for you.

Oh, why may not the land of bliss,  
Our many-mansioned home,  
Have place for faithful friend like this ?  
If so, my Leo, "come."

—*The Tattler.*