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## The Messenger, Vol. 35, No. 5

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# THE MESSENGER.

VOL XXXV.

MARCH, 1909.

No. 5.

## The Return of the Fleet.

C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

Ring out, O bells, ye bells of Virginia,  
Ring ye in joy for the home coming fleet,  
Ring out a welcome to all the brave sailors,  
Ring out a blessing to lovers who meet.  
Peal the glad tidings as sign of our greeting,  
Peal out the Mother State's message of love,  
Peal out the watchword of this Old Dominion,  
Show that Virginia rewards those who strove.

Boom!

Ye cannon cease not to show them rich honor,  
Honor far greater than others have shown,  
Boom!

Open your mouths and send forth your glad welcome,  
Guide the great vessels—yea, guide them back home,  
Boom!


Spread out thy arms, thou old Bay of Chesapeake,  
Clasp the great ships in embraces of love,  
Lay bare thy bosom thou inlet called Hampton,  
In sign of thy calmness send forth the white dove,  
Sing, O America, sing thy fond greeting,  
Show that America rewards those who strove.



E. M. Heller

## Cupid's Comedy.

BY E. M. H., '08.

OOD-BYE, Rose, darling. I'll try to get back to-night on the 8:30 Express; if not, look for me on the 11:40 Limited. I'll do my best, however, to return on the first train. Au revoir, dear."

So saying, Percival Young affectionately put his arm around his young wife's waist and imprinted a tender kiss on her rosy lips. Mr. and Mrs. Young had been married only three weeks, and this was their first parting even for so brief a period as a day, Mr. Young having been called from Strandville to New York to attend to a matter of business.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why, bless my soul! if it isn't Percy Young! Glad to see you, old boy! Where on earth did you drop from and what are you doing in New York?"

"Heavens above, it's Bob Ernest! Well, it surely is an agreeable surprise to see you, Bob. Thought the prodigal was still travelling around in Europe. Tell me, when did you return?"

"Oh, a couple of days ago. None of my folk expected me, and you just ought to have seen their amazement when I walked in on them while they were breakfasting. It's the only way I like to come—you know, I always was a great one for surprises when we were at Yale together. But, I say, what have you been doing with yourself? You're looking young, Percy."

"You have it backwards, Bob; I'm Percy Young. But, punning aside, I'm as happy as a lark. Oh, it's just delightful to live on nectar and ambrosia, to be elevated above the common herd, to feel the entrancing effects of lo—!"

"Good gracious, old man!" interrupted the other, slapping his friend on the shoulder. "Come back to earth. You'll knock the sun out of its orbit if you soar as high as that again. Has



some millionaire uncle died, leaving you his sole heir, or have you been elected President, or—?”

“Oh, shut up, Bob. I was about to inform you when you so unceremoniously interrupted me, that I am married.”

“What! You—married? Miracle of miracles! Catch me, Percy, I’m going to faint! When did it happen? Allow me to offer condolences. Who is the unfortunate girl?”

“One question at a time, please. The *unfortunate* girl, as you call her, is the one whose books you used to carry to school—Rose Rawlings, and she’s the sweetest little rose that ever bloomed. We’ve been married three weeks already.”

“I see you have it bad, Mr. Love-sick. I wonder how it feels to be in love! Never could understand why men were so foolish as to marry, and in most instances walk the chalk-line, when they have such freedom and privileges in celibacy. Humanity, thy name is folly! You’ll never catch me abdicating my throne of bachelorhood in favor of *any* girl.”

“Surely you are not in earnest, Bob.”

“You have it backwards, old man; I’m Bob Ernest. But, seriously, I shall have to excuse myself, as I have some important business engagements which demand my attention. And, by the way, lunch with me at the Savoy Hotel; I’ll wait for you until half past one.”

Just as Mr. Young was emerging from the First National Bank, his attention was caught by a theatrical poster, announcing the presentation of grand opera, Mr. Young thought.

“Yes,” he mused, “I believe I’ll do it. I’ll purchase seats for Rose, Bob Ernest, and myself, and then wire to Rose to come over on the 6:10. I know she’ll be tickled to death.”

Suiting the action to the word, he quickly bought the tickets, and dispatched the following telegram:

“Have gotten seats for Lohengrin to-night. Take 6:10 train. Will meet you Union depot.”

His mind relieved by having disposed of this part of the program, he was vain enough to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he was, indeed, a model husband.

\* \* \* \* \*



Mrs. Percival Young was seated in the cosy library of her Strandville home, her meditations concentrated on her absent husband, reflecting on what a wretched time he must be having in cosmopolitan New York all alone, when a ring at the door-bell announced a caller. Without waiting for the maid to open the door, Mrs. Young herself answered the ring. The scene revealed a messenger boy, standing in the doorway, with a telegram in his hand, a cigarette in his mouth, and a paper book with a rather glaring cover protruding from his pocket. Fearing some dire news, she hastily tore upon the message, but after perusing its contents, her agitation was succeeded by a sense of supreme pleasure. The cause of this change of feeling were the following simple words, written in a bold, masculine hand, on the regulation yellow sheet:

"Have got ten seats for Lohengrin to-night. Take 6:10 train. Will meet you Union depot."

As will be seen, the operator at the Strandville office when the above message was ticked in to him, had quite innocently made two words out of "gotten," thus rendering the message: "Have got ten seats, etc.," instead of "Have gotten seats, etc."

After giving the messenger boy the customary tip, thus bestowing a world of happiness upon that interesting specimen of humanity, noted for his ubiquity, grimy appearance, and alleged slowness, Mrs. Young took occasion to remark:

"That's just like Percy. But why on earth did he buy ten tickets for the opera? Ah! I see now. How stupid I was! He has had a stroke of good fortune in Wall street, and expects me to bring eight of our friends along. What an ideal time we will all have!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Young was impatiently pacing up and down at the railroad station, awaiting the arrival of the 6:10 train—already ten minutes overdue—when he felt something fumbling in his coat.

"Aha! so that's your game, is it?" he fairly shouted, as he detected the pickpocket. "Well, I rather think two can play at that. Now, I'll hold you until I see a police officer, and then I'll——."



The sentence was never finished. During the altercation, the train for which he had been so eagerly waiting, had arrived, so that Mr. Young was necessarily forced to loosen his grip on the other.

"You dear old boy! It was just lovely of you to buy those ten tickets for the opera this evening. Of course, I understood what you mean by purchasing so many seats, so I at once persuaded eight of our neighbors to accompany me. Well, where shall we go now?"

Mr. Young's pedal extremities suddenly became possessed of a tendency to react in equal and opposite directions. Treat eight extra people to the opera, and admission tickets selling for five dollars each? Whew! Well, he must make the best of a bad bargain, and sue the telegraph company for the incorrect transmission of his message, so with an assumed smile, he stammered: "Delighted, I'm sure, to have you all! Come, first we'll go to the Savoy Hotel, where I want you to meet my old chum, Mr. Robert Ernest."

After all the introductions were over, and supper had been partaken of, Mr. Young, in order to reach the theatre ahead of the others, and so secure the necessary eight tickets, announced that he had one more business matter to attend to, and, with the permission of the ladies, he would meet them at the opera house, leaving them to follow with Mr. Ernest.

Upon reaching for his purse, at the box office, he found to his chagrin and dismay that it had disappeared. The nimble pickpocket at the railroad station, despite the fact that he had been detected, had adroitly succeeded in his purpose. This, indeed, was double trouble. Innumerable stars began to float before his mental vision, while the whole place commenced to spin in rapid revolutions. What was he to do? Ah! he had it. He would borrow the money from Bob.

After what seemed to him an interminable length of time, the party finally put in an appearance. Explaining his mishap to the ever-sympathetic Bob, that worthy insisted upon paying for the tickets himself, remarking that he was gloriously glad this accident had occurred. When pressed to know why, he said in a



somewhat nervous, somewhat sheepish manner; "Percy, I was a fool for saying what I did this morning about remaining a bachelor. Miss Loving, one of the additional eight whom your wife brought down with her, can marry me any day she wants to, and I—I—I have *hopes*."

"Bravo! Bob, old boy. Oh, you wouldn't give up your bachelorhood for any girl, would you? Oh, no! Bob, my boy, you are just like all the rest of us poor, mortal men. You can make all the resolutions you want, but as soon as a dimpled cheek and a pair of pretty eyes happen on the scene, it isn't long before you say: 'Go to; I think *she's* just the girl for me!'"

## Extracts from a Critical Study of Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

BY WM. J. MORGAN, '11.

**T**HE full title of the novel is "Kidnapped: being the Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751."

The narrative is supposed to have been written by the hero, and is only "set forth" by Stevenson. The title makes prominent the misfortune that befell David, and this adversity is responsible for the stirring events that follow. "How he was kidnapped and cast away; his sufferings on a desert isle; his journey in the wild highlands; his acquaintance with Alan Breck and other violent and notorious Jacobites; with all that he suffered at the hands of his uncle, Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws, falsely so called, etc.,"—is the outline Stevenson gives us of his adventures.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I do not know just how much Stevenson is indebted to Walter Scott in the writing of "Kidnapped." A parallel between this novel and "Waverly" is easily drawn. Both novels breathe the spirit of romanticism and have a Scotch setting. Alan Breck is certainly a type of Fergus Mac Ivor, and David Balfour

resembles Waverly. The pedantic Mr. Rankeilor, with his case of 'Ode te, qui bellus es, Sabelle' is our friend Baron Browardine in the role of a lawyer. "Cluny's Cove" is but the hold of one of Scott's chieftains. The Highland life is well portrayed, and the descriptions of mountain scenery might have been written at Abbotsford."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Alan Breck is a Scotchman of the Scotchmen. He loves a fight, and regrets that David has not been trained in the use of arms. Running his sword through four of his enemies, he hums and whistles, trying to recall an air or make one. All the while, the flush was on his face, and his eyes were as bright as a five-year-old child's with a new toy. And presently he sat down upon the table, sword in hand; the air that he was making all the time began to run a little clearer, and clearer still; and then burst out with a great voice with a Gaelic song. Translated into King's English, if not in verse, it runs—

"This is the song of the sword of Alan:  
The smith made it,  
The fire set it;  
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

"Their eyes were many and bright,  
Swift were they to behold,  
Many the hands they guided:  
The sword was alone.

"The dun deer troop over the hill,  
They are many, the hill is one;  
The dun deer vanish,  
The hill remains.

"Come to me from the hills of heather,  
Come from the isles of the sea.  
O far-beholding eagles!  
Here is your meat."



Alan is a bitter foe to the English, and feels that when they could 'Nae come at his life,' they struck at his rights; but one thing 'they can nae kill.' That was the love the clansmen bore their chief. In a word, he was a musician, a poet in his own tongue, a dead shot, a good angler, and an excellent fencer with the small sword. But he had the faults of his race; and David wisely observes of him: 'For though he had a great deal of taste for courage in other men, he admired it most of all in Alan Breck.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Not a great book is "Kidnapped." The plot is an old one, and the incidents are time-worn. This is also true of "Treasure Island," "The Wrecker," etc. Stevenson attempted a rehabilitation of the old pirate and adventure story and succeeded admirably. When "Treasure Island" was published people laid aside the psychological novels to read this story, originally written for the amusement of a small boy. The genial Stevenson would have us gather around the hearth and hear a good tale of adventure, with pirates, shipwrecks and hidden gold. A romanticist, he enters a field always full of interest to mankind. Writing merely to entertain, his simplicity and charm of personality (delightfully infused into his novels) triumphed, and his books became classic.

But it is the man Stevenson we love, as he in turn loved us. An invalid from youth, his life was a struggle against the inroads of disease; and he met the issue like the hero that he was. No discordant note disturbed the harmony of his great soul. Happy, buoyant, laborious; with a heart full of sunshine and love, he was at once friend, admirer and elder brother; believing in God and his fellow men. The following prayer breathes the spirit of the man.—

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep." Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson died in distant Samoa, the 3rd of December, 1894. And altogether appropriate are the verses on his tomb.

"Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie—  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me—  
Here he lies where he longed to be,  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea  
And the hunter home from the hill."

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## De 'Possum an' de Banjo.

(With Apologies to———.)

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BY LEANDER.

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When de wavin' pines am talkin'  
An' de groun'-hog's in his den,  
When de hosses am a balkin'  
An' de leabs am growin' thin,

When de winter's snow am fallin'  
An' de summer's grass am gone,  
Den I hears dem 'possums callin',  
An' I hunts dem wid de horn.

When de 'possum's meat am roastin'  
An' de juce runs on de fire,  
When de chilluns cums fum coastin'  
Wid a hungerfied desire,



Den while waitin' fer dat 'possum  
 I takes down my ol' banjo,  
 An' dem strings—my fingers toss 'em  
 An' de chunes like gravy flow.

When dat possum am done bakin'  
 An' de banjo hung agin,  
 Den I finds myself a wakin'  
 An' my monstus feas' begin,

Den when he am et up wholly  
 Ebery mou'ful uv him gone,  
 Den my banjo wakes up sholy,  
 An' I plays a happy chune.

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## The Devil's Diary.

EDITED BY OWEN 'LEVEN, '11.

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### PART II.

**M**ARCH 10, 1904.—Today I am fifteen years old. I am going to celebrate my birthday by writing about that little lady whose coldness chilled my muse and silenced my diary over a year ago. You see how I began this record on Mr. Lincoln's birthday, and things have so shaped themselves that I am now to commemorate the anniversary of my own birth by giving this ill-starred diary a new lease of life.

The history of the past thirteen months will be so arranged as to give each event its proper place in the development of my personality. Such a thrusting forward of my own *ego* will doubtless be criticized by the rank and file of future bookworms. But I am not catering to their tastes exclusively, I desire especially to render some service to that class of revelers—a small one, comparatively—who can appreciate the best in literature, and are



therefore almost as much interested in the man of genius himself as they are in his productions. To such people it will be fascinating to trace the gradual growth of my individual life and feelings,—to gaze beneath my commonplace surroundings into me myself. Following up this method, I shall next give you an analysis of my *ego*.

I am abnormally sensitive toward the world and its ways. If I am teased about sweethearts and such things I experience positive pain. But the thing that really tries my soul is to get up before the school on Friday evening and “speak,” and yet I know I should like to be a great orator. I know also that I can love. I am very, very romantic by nature. This sums me up pretty well, and there is no use of writing a volume about the matter.

Bearing these facts in mind you will readily understand the effect of absorbing into my constitution, Mary Jane’s crushing little reply to that outburst of my passion already described.

My diary was closed. Where should I hide it away from vulgar and profane eyes? How well I remember that night. Going down stairs with the precious document under my arm, I crawled on my stomach far up under our kitchen floor, and laid it there in a dry corner to wait developments. It was so dark under there! and my deep inward gloom made the darkness more intense. Slowly I moved out backwards, stood upright again, and heaved a great sigh of relief. But casting my eyes upward, I was chilled again by the vast ocean of cold, unsympathetic stars—little icebergs. None of them know what unrequited love meant. I did, and thus I stood there until I began to meditate on the vanity of all things. At length the window of my sister’s room just overhead was opened with a crash that sounded like the wreck of worlds, and I jumped about two feet out of my sad reverie. Almost simultaneously, Sis called out,

“Willie!! why are you standing there gazing at the heavens like a little idiot? Go to your room! you scared me.”

In two minutes I was upstairs and in bed. But my nerves and whole system were in such a condition that I could not sleep. The thought of death, which ever since I can remember has been



to me a source of much horror, began to terrify me. Was I dying? surely not, and yet the week's experience might possibly prove too much for my peculiar constitution. I bolted upright in bed; the long, loud scream of a passing freight train made me leap to the floor; and then I collected myself. A light will usually dispel these nervous attacks, which, I am thankful to say, I do not have very frequently, and so I began instinctively to hunt for a match. After wandering around the room for what seemed to me an age, the great toe of my right foot encountered the match box at about the point where I began the search. Lighting the lamp, my own pale countenance loomed up in the mirror opposite me. I became frightened more than ever.

"What if you should die tonight?" I said, addressing the fellow in the mirror.

A thought struck me. I took a notebook from my coat pocket and nervously opening it, I bent over my desk and wrote therein:

If I am found dead, you will find the explanation under our kitchen floor.

WILLIE.

"At least," I said, addressing my reflection again, "they will not say that he died from over-study, or unknowingly ate some of his mother's rat poison."

I went back to bed and fell asleep at once. Next morning the ringing of the first bell at the old schoolhouse aroused me, and my eyes were dazzled by the rays of the winter sun which came feebly in at my window.

"Come on to your breakfast, my son, or you will be late at school."

It was my dear old mother's voice.

MARCH 11.—My oil burned out last night as I was telling about that next morning and I think that was a fortunate event for surely I had talked long enough about the dreary things of this life. I will add only that I did go to work in real earnest and led all my classes for the rest of that session. The boys only became jealous of my ability. Mary Jane never vouchsafed me one smile. Old Baldy alone appreciated the result of all my toil.



In the summer Mary Jane went on a visit to her Aunt's, and I worked every day (except Sunday) for *The Times* like a good little devil.

When school opened in the fall, I was beginning to think that although I had really once loved with all my soul, I could forget it. And so my emotions were crushed down for many months to come. But just the other day, I was studying at my desk, when the whole affair passed in review before my mind again. I looked around over the school room, and then at the little creature opposite my desk. "Ah," I chuckled to myself, "I am so much more of a man now. Confound Mary Jane!" I thought, as I watched her little brow frowning over a hard problem. A fellow threw a paper ball across the room, and she looked up suddenly. Her eyes met mine, and the lips parted in a radiant smile. Do you think I grinned in return? Well, I did not. All my bitterness rushed over me, and I stiffly turned my back.

She was absent from school that afternoon. I did not know what to make of this. Mary Jane had never missed a day from school before, so far as I knew. My heart tried to mutter something, and listening attentively I heard it say, to my amazement, "I hope the dear little thing is not sick." And I could not keep from thinking of her all the way home. I put my books in my room and came down stairs again. Mother met me in the hall with a water bucket in her hand.

"Please run to the spring, Willie. You are just in time."

"Aw, mother," I groaned, "I am just getting ready to study that hard old geometry."

For the moment I really thought I was telling the truth. But I am pretty sure that I was just planning to go down town.

But I started for the spring. My way led through my Aunt's yard. Approaching the gate, I saw no other than Mary Jane, standing there as fresh and beautiful as the large bouquet of flowers in her hand. This was a great shock. How *could* I pass her? If I went back I feared she might think it was shyness on my part, and not contempt, which would not have been far from the truth. Why was she there?



I nerved myself up and declared mentally. "I will face her now." My courage waned again, and my timid soul cried, "Must I go through this gate—is there no way around it?"

"Forward," sternly commanded my real *ego*, and forward I strode. I was now within ten feet of the girl. Her eyes were bent upon her flowers, and she would not look up. I suppose she was thinking of how I had received her smile that morning. I set my face to the front like a soldier, and assumed the haughtiest mien I could command. I fully intended to pass without giving her the slightest notice. She was standing against the gatepost on the inside of the yard. I laid one brave hand on the opposite post, and the other on the gate. One powerful stride forward, and perhaps I should have missed my destiny. But for some inexplicable reason I paused just at that critical moment. A swift glance told me that Mary Jane had not yet looked up. My eyes sought the flowers. Automatically my hand reached toward them. But they were withdrawn slowly and were going behind her. In an instant I had seized the stem of the flower that had struck my odd fancy. Her fingers tightened fiercely, but by utilizing my long nails I severed my flower from its fellows. I felt that those same eyes which so bewitched me once were now upon me. I stood erect and looked into their depths with feigned contempt.

The deadly silence which had enveloped the proceedings thus far was here broken by feminine accents.

"What do you mean, sir?" she gasped, her eyes opened wide with wonder and anger.

Her whole form assumed the air of indignant majesty. I was beginning to regret somewhat that I had behaved so rudely. But a strange, fierce boldness possessed me. I smiled one of my bitter, cruel smiles, and then tried to laugh like a demon.

"I mean this!" I screamed, crushing the innocent flower and throwing it at her feet.

"I mean—I mean that I hate you!" I snapped like a savage little imp.

"Hate me?" she echoed, with a tremor.



"Yes, I hate you—I despise—I detest you!" I hissed, and then assumed an expression as frigid as an iceberg and decorated it with a faint smile as bitter as an orange peel.

Then I actually patted her soft cheek with my fiendish hand, and the dear little thing burst into tears.

"How can—why-do-you-hate me?" she sobbed.

Then more steadily, "I have never done anything to you. You are a mean old boy to come pinching off my flowers which your own aunt gave me—and then to talk to me so. You are a horrid old thing, that's what you are."

I laughed loudly and wickedly, for revenge is sweet, and hadn't I scared all the coquettish smiles from Mary Jane's face?

She seemed startled at this and I saw her lip tremble. The tears became terrified and wouldn't come out of her eyes.

Then she said in a very low, plaintive voice, "But, Willie, why do you hate me?" I was completely stunned for a moment.

"I hate you because—because" (and here I raised my right hand and emphasized each word with a downward stroke of my index finger) "because-you-won't-love-me."

The expression on my face then was as fierce as anything imaginable.

I saw a mischievous glow gradually creep back into her eyes. She smiled as archly as a real grown-up heroine, and I thought that she looked just like she did the day she first charmed me—except the tears were there.

"Well, Willie, you are the dearest little fool I ever heard of. Why, I have been liking you all the time."

I began to stare like one in a dream.

"But that postscript, Mary Jane," I faltered, "you said 'Forget it'——"

"Oh, I was just teasing, Willie. Forget that."

And then I just put my hands on her shoulders, and looking deep down into the maiden's eyes, I said, "Mary Jane, can you forgive me?"

I'll bet that real hero in my big sister's novel which she reads Sunday mornings when she has the headache couldn't have done it better.



I do not know what I should have done then, if two little hands had not pushed my arms away, and a little voice whispered, "Quit, Willie; run away; Mamma is coming."

I looked around, and saw the door opened a little, and Mary Jane's mother standing with her back towards us talking to my aunt. I stooped down hurriedly to pick up Mary Jane's scattered flowers, and when I gave them to her, she pressed half of them back into my hand, and said. "Hurry, Willie; what will mamma think?"

And as I went around the corner of the house, I heard my aunt and my future mother-in-law both trying to say something to each other at the same time about Mr. Poorman's third wife.

This will explain how it is that fifteen years rest so lightly on my shoulders to-day. Mary Jane is the loveliest little flower that will ever bloom in Stoney Lonesome,—or anywhere else—for that matter, and I am the happiest little devil in Christendom.

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## Enchantment.

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BY S. H. ELLYSON, '10.

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Lo, I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day,  
A wandering where every zephyr blew.  
And Nature sympathized and brought her treasures unto me,  
That I might tell it to you.

And land and sea mixed colors with the sunlight  
And cross the heavens a prised causeway threw,       ....  
A glitter with the mystic twinkling of Elysian night  
Escaped from heavenly dew.

And the four winds stood and chanted unto me,  
From the far flung ramparts of the horizon's view,  
Chanted and sang their eternal songs of woe and mystery,  
And of joy and laughter too.

And I heard the sea shells on the whitened sea shore  
Calling far to the mountainous caverns deep,  
And the echoing caverns were answering back in a roar forever-  
more

To all the creatures that creep.

Ah, marvelous the day in sound and seeing,  
For mazes of enchantment covered all,  
And the pebbles in the brook beds skipped in the waters fleeing,  
And piped in each merry fall.

And among the pines I heard the zephyrs singing  
A scented melody, forever new;  
While the dewy bells of flowerland were ever ringing  
That I might tell it to you.

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## The Setting of George Eliot's "Adam Bede."

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BY E. W. JONES. '10.

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"**A**DAM BEDE" is clearly a philosophical novel. The main purpose of the book is, I think, without doubt, to teach a moral lesson or lessons. The author chose this means to bring home to the hearts and minds of the public the truths she would have it learn. In reading the book one is struck with the masterly way in which she dissects the human heart, and lays bare its secrets, its sorrows, its disappointments, its hopes, its aspirations, its victories; with the beautiful illustrations of character development; with the splendid specimens of manhood and womanhood. But the thoughtful reader is none the less impressed with background upon which the picture is made; with the environment which surrounds the characters. Let us, then, study briefly the setting of this book, and try to get a glimpse of its beauty and harmony.



The scene is laid in the author's native Warwickshire, and is therefore taken largely from actual life. That beautiful and fertile section is graphically described. The view that the traveler has as he pauses in the village of Hayslope is a beautiful and representative one. He had before him, says the author, nearly all of the typical features of the country. Gazing toward the northwest "there was nothing to obstruct the view of gently-swelling meadow, and wooded valley, and dark masses of distant hill. That rich undulating district of Loamshire to which Hayslope belonged, lies close to a grim outskirts of Stonyshire overlooked by its barren hills, as a pretty sister may sometimes be seen linked in the arm of a rugged, tall, swarthy brother; and in two or three hours' ride the traveler might exchange a bleak treeless region, intersected by lines of cold grey stone, for one where his road wound under the shelter of woods, or up swelling hills, muffled with hedgerows and long meadow grass and thick corn; and where at every turn he came upon some fine old country seat nestled in the valley or crowning the slope, some homestead with its long length of barn and its cluster of golden ricks, some grey steeple looking out from a pretty confusion of trees and thatch and dark red tiles." Turning his eyes to the "living groups close at hand," he had before him the typical village folk of the section. "Every generation in the village was there, from old 'Feyther Taft' in his brown worsted night-cap, who was bent nearly double, but seemed tough enough to keep on his legs a long while, leaning on his short stick, down to the babies with their little round heads lolling forward in quilted linen caps. Now and then there was a new arrival; perhaps a slouching laborer, who, having eaten his supper, came out to look at the unusual scene with a slow, bovine gaze." This scene, gives some idea of the setting, but to realize its beauty at all fully, one must, of course, read the book.

The thoughtful reader of this masterpiece will at once notice how well the setting harmonizes with the characters. In such an agricultural section, nothing would be more natural than a young country gentleman like Arthur Donnithorne, and a farmer like Mr. Poyser. In such a thrifty community, nothing could be



more natural than a good workman like Adam Bede. In such a community of plenty, nothing would be more natural than the easy going Mr. Irwine. And, alas! in such a village it is common to see the saloon, and the Shias Bede.

We find then, that, although Adam Bede is primarily a character-novel, the setting plays an important part in it; that there is in the book an indefinable something which we may call "atmosphere," that greatly adds to the value of the book as a production of art; and that that atmosphere, far from detracting from the character analysis and its lessons for which the book was primarily intended, really adds to them, just as the little stream that dashes down the mountain-side is all the more beautiful because of the "pretty confusion" of flowers blooming on its banks.

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## The Panama Canal.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF SOME OF ITS ECONOMIC FEATURES.

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BY D. N. DAVIDSON, '09.

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**T**HE Panama Canal is an economic necessity. History shows us that a passage in this region has long been wished for by other nations; decrees concerning it have been issued; surveys made and contracts let. But for some reason these enterprises failed, thus leaving, it seems, the United States to complete the scheme and own the canal. And is it not just that we should own it, so long as we are destined to reap the greatest results from it? The United States is a rich country and is largely undeveloped. Within the past few years she has made wonderful strides in almost everything that offers a livelihood to man. In view of this truth various problems constantly confront us. Our economic questions become more and more acute as our industrial and agricultural pursuits are hampered. We are progressing in regard to the above mentioned pursuits, but our facilities for commerce are inadequate. As commerce is an auxiliary to industry we should increase it in the same ratio as industry.



The opening sentence of this paper can be substantiated by a careful study of the present conditions. The United States is in a position to open up large trade relations with the countries in the far East. More and more do they solicit our products. Under the present system we cannot satisfy their wants. It is impractical to ship some wares across America by rail and then by vessel. The expense is enormous and in some instances unbearable. The journey around Cape Horn or even through the Strait of Magellan means a tremendous undertaking. An undertaking that is significant of time and energy. In fact, up to the present time very few vessels have connected us with the eastern markets. These conditions mean that a loss is entailed somewhere. A loss that would not be sustained if the Panama Canal existed. In regard to traffic the Pacific Ocean is to-day not comparable to the Atlantic. It is evident however that this will not always be so. The eastern countries are yearly becoming of more importance and it is very probable that the Pacific in a few years will be a scene of great action. Vessels will ply over its waters carrying cargoes of exports and imports that previous to that time were not demanded. It is gratifying to anticipate the inevitably good results the canal will have on commerce in general. Furthermore, it is encouraging to note the prospective influence it will have on the various sections of our country.

The South and Middle West are destined to be the largest beneficiaries of the canal. In both of these regions agriculture is the chief business although manufacturing is extensively carried on. In the South, cotton is the staple. Her plantations yield the largest quantities of any section. This product is exported far and wide though its demand is not satisfied. The countries on the Pacific greatly desire American cotton goods, etc., but owing to our commercial disadvantage we ship them only a small quantity. At the completion of the undertaking new markets will be opened up in China, Japan and other Western countries. These conditions will cause new farms to be opened up and intensive production of cotton in the South. Practically a revolution will be wrought. The industries that will be affected are cotton, iron, steel, coal, ore, limestone, lumber, naval stores, paper, fertilizers,



and many others too numerous to mention. The Gulf ports—New Orleans, in particular—will continue to progress and to progress more rapidly. Products that now drift eastward or westward will change their course southward.

As has been intimated the Panama Canal will mean a great deal to the South. It will develop her hidden resources and I believe will re-establish her on a foundation which she deserves.

Let us now turn our attention to the Central West. This is a new country but nevertheless it is a great exporter. Not only does it export what it raises, such as grain and the like, but large shipments of manufactured products. We must not overlook the abundance of raw materials necessary to manufacturing found here, and the readiness in which its thrifty inhabitants grasp their opportunities to utilize them. It is an established fact that whatever affects the transportation facilities of the Central West touches its economic life at the very center. It is obvious that the canal will serve a tremendous service to the principal manufacturing cities here, viz.: Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago and St. Louis. These cities export grain, agricultural implements, vehicles, iron and steel goods, leather products, etc. In turn, they import such goods as other American cities.

The river system of the region will receive more attention than formerly, as the needs will be more noticeable. The Mississippi river will again assume its importance—in fact exceed it. Ships will connect the far East with the above-named cities. This country will derive an inestimable benefit from the canal. The saving will be phenomenal because of reasons on the surface.

The Northeastern part of the United States is manifestly an industrial or manufacturing section. The factories here are obliged to import from Pacific countries some crude materials necessary to manufacturing. For instance such articles as nitrate of soda from Chile; special kinds of lumber and coal from the Pacific Coast; jute, hemp, gums, rice, matting, etc., from the Orient. The northern plants are each year putting an enormous output on the market, however the East does not get its share. It is believed that the day is at hand, or at least near, when the North will export to the East large quantities of iron and steel



products, coal, textile goods and other things. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk will be the leading depots for the Northeastern trade. It is logical to expect favorable conditions to follow in these cities, for new industries will naturally spring up and afford their inhabitants greater opportunities.

In considering the Pacific Coast States, it must not be forgotten that a satisfactory railway system does not connect them with the other sections of the United States. Consequently little shipping is done from this region so wealthy in basic materials, lumber and food products. The canal will help California very much in regard to shipping and receiving goods. This State is rich in the production of wheat and barley but has to import corn and oats for home consumption. Oregon and Washington are celebrated for fine lumber and fishing. It is not the least doubted that a considerable amount of their staple products will find its way through this channel. The Panama Canal will not only enhance the trade relations but will also promote a spirit of unity and lessen the cost of transportation between eastern and western America.

The United States is rich in coal. This is especially true of the eastern part. Here more coal is mined than is consumed and quite a surplus is exported. The canal promises more markets. It is probable that our coal merchants will supply western South America and western Mexico. In this connection it may be well to say that California imports coal from every continent except Africa and South America. Our eastern mines are anticipating a liberal patronage in the West and I dare say it will be realized on the completion of the Panama Canal. Again, it will be found that a large quantity of coal—a special grade—valuable only in certain industries, will gravitate through this medium from the northwestern part of the United States.

As an exporter of iron and steel goods, our country ranks high. At present, these commodities constitute the fourth largest class of exports. It is true that much of these wares find their way to Russia, China, Japan, etc. However, we cannot hope to compete with Great Britain, Germany and Belgium without a shorter route to the above-mentioned countries. The advantages



offered and the saving that will be incurred by the canal are evident.

The promotion of shipbuilding will be another feature of the canal. The coast trade will be augmented and our two sea fronts will bear a relationship hitherto unknown. This will require more vessels. We possess excellent materials necessary in shipbuilding and the time is near for us to grasp our opportunities.

As we progress, our industries become more varied. Within a few years the United States may develop more harbors on the Pacific. These will demand protection. In the event of an attack on this coast our naval forces may be despatched with facility through the canal. With the canal we need maintain only one large fleet, without it we should have two. It is possible that this new route will render invaluable service to our nation.

The Panama canal will affect the American railroads in several ways. A competition will be created that perhaps will promote better service on the part of each route. Indications point to larger shipments over eastern roads that touch good harbors.

In this paper, the writer attempts to dwell briefly only on American interests, as they are to be the greatest beneficiaries. It should not be thought for one moment, however, that we shall derive all the advantages it offers. The inference is, according to the statistics of the Suez canal, that all nations enjoying prolific commerce will be profited by the Panama canal.

May fortune speed the day when it shall be completed.

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## Azazel.

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BY S. H. ELLYSON, '10.

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**I**T was in the land of Egypt in the days of the captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, thither the remnant of Judah had fled, fearing more the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar than the wrath of God.



They came to the city of Tahpanhes and in the night arms of Egypt deemed themselves safe. There the men grew fat and forgetful and the women burned incense to the queen of heaven—all but Jeremiah, the Prophet, and Baruch, his scribe, whom they had brought with them by force. These two continued daily in prayer looking always towards Jerusalem. And their prayer was not for themselves but for the remnant of Judah for which the Lord was gathering His wrath.

Johanan, the leader, and all his men laughed at the mummeries of the old man and his servant. And his warnings and prophesyings fell on derisive ears.

Until, in a night, there came upon the city and upon all Egypt a fear such as one meets in the dark. For the armies of Egypt were overthrown and Pharaoh was dead. Nor was there any barrier between them and the hordes of Babylon. The land quaked and forgot to sleep. The misers hid their gold more securely. And in all the crouching cities there were no people more stricken than Johanan and his band. Then the morning prayers of Jeremiah were not mocked, and his portion of food was given with willing and trembling hands.

Johanan and his chief men looked at one another in council. They did not know whither to flee. The fear in the eyes of one increased the fear in the eyes of the others. For there was desert to the East and desert to the West. To the North there was the sea, and the South was unknown. Then said Johanan, "Let us flee to the South and there, it may be, we shall find a place to dwell. For all other regions are closed against us."

So they burdened their backs and fled as flee the plodding herds and the tiny steps of children. Daily the land grew stranger and daily the noise of panic increased behind them. Swift fleeing camels rocked by with news of slaughter and pursuing vengeance. They quickened their pace to the utmost, carrying their children and belaboring the lagging herds, but to no purpose.

At last, in a strange country and beside a stranger Nile, they were overtaken and though they fought with wife and child behind them, the gaunt chargers of the enemy broke their ranks like marsh reeds and they fell or fled, leaving their families to the foe.



Was it the mercy of the Lord or his vengeance which spared the lives of Johanan and the few who fled in the darkness, naked and without food or home? Jeremiah, the Prophet, also escaped with them, and Baruch, the scribe. So in the night they avoided the enemy and in the morning there was no longer the blue Nile to guide them nor was there water anywhere, only hills and valley in gray granite and dried grass. Afraid to return, they fled on, leaving no trace on the bare rocks and parched earth.

And thus they would have died had not the few goats, who because of the swiftness of their feet had been enabled to remain with them, sniffed from afar the vapor of an oozing spring, surrounded by green grass and palm shade. And they ran and threw themselves down by the shallow spring and struggled among the goats for the precious water which the mercy of the Lord—or His vengeance—had given them.

Then arose Jeremiah and broke into lamentations and said, "Have ye forgotten the wickedness of your fathers and the wickedness of the kings of Judah, and of their wives and your own wickedness and the wickedness of your wives which they committed in the land of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel:

"Behold, I will set my face against you for evil and to cut off all Judah. And I will take the remnant of Judah, that have set their faces to go to the land of Egypt to sojourn there, and they shall be consumed and fall in the land of Egypt; they shall even be consumed by the sword and by the famine; they shall die, from the least even unto the greatest, by the sword and the famine, and they shall be an execration and an astonishment and a curse and a reproach."

When he had ended and his hollow tones had finished echoing in the hearts of the men, Johanan raised his head from the water and spake scornfully, "Can not even sweet water stop thy mouth, O Sniveler?" But Jeremiah having spoken was content to let the words remain.

Now when all were rested they found the place to be exceeding green and covered with many palms heavy with dates and sufficient for their needs. So the days were full of emptiness and



eating. The nights were cold and there was no cover; so that they dug themselves holes in the sand and slept as do men in a fever. Over his course the sun would run and that was a day, and when it began again a night had ended. So passed the time and no laughter could live long and the sun grew low and hot. The great flies and insects of the desert that came from nowhere, were there and the men spent the days in petulant struggle with them.

Lo, on a day, there was found a new spirit among them. And the hearts of the men were changed so that their conversation became contentious and the spirit was the spirit of dissension. From their cave afar off Jeremiah, the Prophet, and Baruch, the scribe, listened to the rising murmur and they saw that the spume of the hot sun had risen in their hearts and that the empty days had maddened their brains. Then rose up Johanan and with unreasoning hatred fell upon Azariah the son of Hoshaiiah and fought with him, and the others with a shout fell upon each other and their hearts surged with joy. All the day the sun threw down his maddening heat upon the struggle and when the chill of night came those that survived raised themselves from the dead and their hearts being cooled by the night wind, they shivered and were sickened and they hid their work in the night.

In the morning they ran to the cave of Jeremiah, and Johanan wept as a child and falling down before the man of God, he and his men prayed unto Jeremiah and their prayer was all confusion and terror of heart, and Jeremiah wept with them. And he said:

"O ye remnant of Judah, surely your hands are red with the blood of your neighbors, for the Lord hath visited his madness upon the hardness of your hearts. Repent ye now, therefore, and mayhap the Lord will have pity on you, for the Lord is a merciful God. Hear me, bring now two kids of the goats for a sin offering and let us cast lots upon them and let one lot be for the Lord and the other lot be for the scapegoat to be presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with him and to be let go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. For behold, is not this the day of atonement set apart by Moses in the Law saying; 'And this



shall be a statute for ever unto you: that in the seventh month and on the tenth day of the month, ye shall afflict your souls and do no work at all.' ”

It was so, and the men gladly went about the task and Jeremiah performed the law as far as the place permitted. And the goat of the Lord was slain as a sacrifice. Then Jeremiah laid his hands upon the head of the live goat and confessed over him all the iniquities of the remnant of Judah.

When he had ended, Johanan having laden himself with a bag of water and with food took the scape-goat and led him into the desert. “For,” said Johanan, “I have brought this sin upon you and now I take it away.” So they watched him until he was gone. And the hill behind which he dropped was the center of all eyes in the days of waiting that followed.

In the evening of the third day, they who watched raised a shout of joy. For there seemed something moving down the hill. Then all the band shouted again for joy and ran forward to meet that which was returning. Now as Baruch, the scribe, stood watching them, behold! as the company drew near to that which moved in the distance they were seen to stop. And there was confusion among them, some beginning to run back and some standing as if struck motionless. Then, as Baruch wondered, they were seen suddenly to advance in a confused mass tossing their arms and rolling upon the ground as do men extravagant with joy or possessed of demons. So did Baruch see them, and they disappeared over a small hill behind which the returning one had gone.

Now as Baruch stood thus in amazement the voice of Jeremiah called him from the cave where he had been praying and when Baruch had come in to him he found the Prophet sealing with his seal the rolls which contained all of his words. And when he had done, he gave it into the hand of Baruch and commanded him to flee on the instant, for, he said, the wrath of the Lord was about to descend upon him and the band of Johanan.

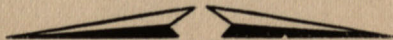
And when Baruch, falling down, would have stayed with his prophet even unto the end, Jeremiah would not suffer him, but bade him flee, that the Word of the Lord might be preserved unto



His people. So Baruch, being blest by him, took the scroll and fled in the sunset. And behold! as he looked back he saw the band returning and they seemed demons of joy and in their midst they dragged, O miraculous sight! the goat of their sins which had returned upon their heads.

When they drew nigh to the camp, behold they began to pick up the stones on the way for they seemed possessed of a demon of purpose. And they dragged forth Jeremiah and placed him with the goat and they stoned them with stones until the Prophet no longer breathed, and the goat was slain.

Then with mad shouts and laughter they fled to the desert in the gathering darkness. And Baruch made his way by the hand of the Lord to Babylon where he gave the scroll into the hands of Ezra, the man of God, to whom he also told the manner of the Lord's wrath against the remnant of Judah, which feared the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar more than the wrath of God.





# Sketches.

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## Personal Impressions of Life at Johns Hopkins.

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BY E. P. WIGHTMAN, '08.

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In a University such as Johns Hopkins where there is no dormitory system, it is natural to suppose that there could not be much *student life*. To a great extent this is true. The students are more or less scattered about over the city and are not brought together quite so often as if they were all on one campus, living together. Nevertheless they have their literary societies, their Y. M. C. A., their fraternities, their clubs of various kinds, their athletics, etc.

A curious thing about the University is that it is divided into two distinct sections,—the Medical Department, for which it is chiefly noted and ranking second to none in this country at least; and the so-called Philosophical Department, which is composed of both graduates and undergraduates, and in which are taught all the branches of science (theoretical), philosophy, languages, history, etc., found at any other University or College.

These two departments are situated in entirely different parts of the city, the former in East Baltimore, the latter in comparatively West Baltimore. They are so distinct from each other, so far as the students are concerned that unless there have been previous acquaintanceship or under very special conditions where a man takes work in both, those on the one side never come in contact with those on the other.

Therefore, not being one of those exceptions I will have to confine my attention to my fellow students of the west side.

As I have stated before the Philosophical Department is composed of both "grads" and "undergrads" all of whom are pursuing the above mentioned subjects which lead to the degrees of B. A.,



M. A., and Ph. D., respectively. Of the two, the undergraduates are undoubtedly the more closely united. The majority of the achievements, both literary and athletic, are carried out by the latter and the spirit manifested is astonishing. These very undertakings tie them together.

The graduates have no such tie. Each one is specializing in a certain subject and usually has very little time for anything but his own work. Beyond the men working in their own departments they know only a very few outside of it.

So much for a general survey of the Johns Hopkins and its students. Now for a view of the department in which the writer is most interested, namely, that of Chemistry.

There are only enough lectures to break the monotony as it were. The remainder of the time is devoted to the laboratory; in fact, thirty hours a week are spent there. There are about eight lectures a week during the first two years' work and five the last year. Besides these there is a Journal Meeting which is held every Saturday morning during the whole course. At this the important chemical journals are discussed by both professors and research men, that is, third year students.

After about a year and a half of routine and preparatory work in the laboratory the student gets to work on a research problem—and on this he writes his dissertation. The whole work is considerably different from that at college for one is thrown very much more on one's own responsibility, the professor coming around only two or three times a week to see how things are progressing. There is no grading and examinations except in the second minor subject. At least there are none until the end of the three years when this interesting event occurs—the student is brought before all the men with whom he has worked and all of them fire questions at him for about an hour. They include every thing studied at the University (and perhaps a good deal outside) and must be answered orally.

This leads me to say that there are three subjects, a major and two minors, required for the Doctor's degree (Ph. D.), and a dissertation must be written on some subject bearing on the major study.



Aside from the regular lectures there are frequent public ones given at the University and at various places in the city which are very profitable to attend. A man may spend his leisure time in a number of ways. There is nearly always some good drama to go to see. Frequent concerts are also given at the Peabody Institute of Music and at the Academy of Music, such as the Maud Powell Violin Recital at the former, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the latter. Baltimore is noted as an art centre, having one of the largest private collections in the world, situated in a magnificent building. I refer to the Walter's Art Gallery. It is readily seen from this that one can always keep well employed in more ways than one.

One of the pleasures of the chemical laboratory is to learn how to do good glass-blowing. One who is an adept at this has the envy of all the others not proficient in the art, for it requires much persistent practice to become expert. What curious objects are forth-coming on the first trials, only he who has tried it knows. What has led me to mention this is the fact that the art of successful glass-blowing is almost essential to the chemist.

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### **Specimen Articles of Agreement for a Round-Robin Debating League.**

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The following articles have been adopted by Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia Universities, and it was thought they would be of interest to the readers of *THE MESSENGER*. Several other universities have adopted similar agreements, and others are seriously considering them:

"The Debate Committee of the University of Pennsylvania, the Debating Union of Columbia University, and the Debate Council of Cornell University, do hereby agree to form a triangular Intercollegiate Debating League, to hold debates in 1907-08, 1908-09, and 1909-10, under the following conditions:

I. The Executive Committee of the League shall consist of three members, one representing each University in the League,



and shall have charge of all matters pertaining to the League, subject to the provision herein contained. The officers of the League shall be a president, vice-president, and secretary, whose duties shall be those usually pertaining to those offices. They shall be chosen by the committee from its membership. The committee shall meet at least once a year, on the Saturday next following the Friday of the annual debate. The debates shall be held on the following dates: February 28, 1908; February 26, 1909, and February 25, 1910. These dates shall be changed only by unanimous agreement.

II. The League shall hold three intercollegiate debates annually, under the following plan: All three debates shall be held on the same evening and upon the same question, each University being represented by a team maintaining the negative, at each debate, the negative of the question shall be upheld by the visiting team. The schedule of debates shall be as follows:

## 1907-08.

	Affirmative.	Negative.
At New York,	Columbia,	Cornell,
At Philadelphia,	Pennsylvania,	Columbia,
At Ithaca,	Cornell,	Pennsylvania,

## 1908-09.

	Affirmative.	Negative.
At New York,	Columbia,	Pennsylvania,
At Philadelphia,	Pennsylvania,	Cornell,
At Ithaca,	Cornell,	Columbia,

## 1909-10.

	Affirmative.	Negative.
At New York,	Columbia,	Cornell,
At Philadelphia,	Pennsylvania,	Columbia,
At Ithaca,	Cornell,	Pennsylvania,

III. The question for debate shall be selected in the following manner: On or before November 1st, of each year, each University shall submit to the secretary of the League, in sealed envelopes, two formulated questions for debate. The secretary shall immediately notify the secretary of the debate committees of each University. On December 1, each University shall submit to the sec-



retary of the League its order of preference or choice as to three of the questions suggested. In determining which question has been chosen, first choice shall count three points, second choice two points, and third choice one point. The question thus receiving the greatest total number of points shall be deemed to have been chosen. In the event of a deadlock, the universities shall take another ballot, to decide between the two questions highest on the list. The secretary shall in all cases promptly notify the three universities of the result of the balloting.

IV. The University under whose auspices each debate is held shall have charge of all local arrangements, and shall assume all financial obligations thereof, excepting all the expenses of the visiting delegation.

V. Each University shall select for each team three representatives and an alternate from its student body, but no one shall be chosen who is not a bona fide student and a candidate for a degree, and no member of the Graduate School shall be chosen who receives any stipend. This rule shall not be interpreted as applying to the Columbia Law School.

VI. Each debater shall be allowed two speeches, one of ten (10) minutes' duration, the other of five (5) minutes'. The first series of speeches shall be opened by the Affirmative and shall alternate between the Affirmative and Negative speakers. The second series shall be in the same order as the first, so far as the sides of the debate are concerned, but either side may, if it chooses, vary the order of its speakers. There shall be an intermission of five minutes between the direct and the rebuttal speeches.

VII. The contest shall be judged and decided by three judges who shall be disinterested persons, not holding a degree from either institution or connected therewith in any relation and chosen in the following manner:

At least two months before the debates, the visiting University shall nominate to the University holding the debate, thirty-five persons to act as judges, of whom the latter University shall secure any three to act. The University holding the debate shall always be privileged to reject any nominee without assigning any cause, and immediately upon rejecting any names on the list shall



notify the other University of the persons thus rejected. The visiting University shall thereupon forward the same number of new names. The University holding the debate may at any time reject any names on the list, the visiting University filling the number up to thirty-five. This process shall be continued until three judges are secured.

VIII. The award shall be made on the merits of the argument as presented in the debate, and not upon the merits of the question. (The foregoing sentence shall be printed on the programme for each debate.) The decision shall be announced by one of the judges."





# THE MESSENGER.

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## The Track Meet

The growth of and the interest in track athletics at Richmond College has been steadily increasing for the past few years. Athletics of this kind appeal to all the students; none are too large or too small to take an active part if they but have the ability and are willing to work and train. Here, as elsewhere, track athletics have to be supported in the main from the receipts of the football and baseball games, and consequently have not been emphasized as strongly as they probably would have been, had they been self-sustaining. Notwithstanding this, the College has persevered, and the interest took definite form when on February 27th, the College held her first annual indoor meet. There were twenty-five events, and twenty-three athletic associations were represented at the meet, such schools as University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins University, George Washington University, Washington and Lee University, and Baltimore City College taking a part.



The Times-Dispatch seems to voice the sentiments of all who saw the meet when it says, "Richmond College's first annual indoor meet at the Horse Show building was a complete success from every viewpoint," and the accounts given in the Washington Herald and the Washington Post were exceedingly gratifying. The events, to quote the Herald, were "run off in a superior manner to any seen in the south this season." We were especially complimented on the freedom of the floor, when the events were taking place, of "that class which flocks out into the open at every opportunity to make itself conspicuous," and on the superior grade of medals given by the College. The University of Virginia carried off the cup given to the institution taking the greatest number of points, having forty points to their credit, and Baltimore City College came second with twenty-five points.

This praise is highly gratifying to say the least, and shows, to again quote the Herald, "careful and conscientious preparation." Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Dunlap, from whom the idea of the meet emanated, Student Manager Byrd and Graduate Manager Pollard, for it was only through their united and untiring efforts that such an event was made possible. We are justly proud of the meet, and proud of the men who made it, and we hope we will be pardoned if we do "show a disposition to preen ourselves, chirp a little and flutter with a slight degree of satisfaction." But to the student body we would say that we hope that this is but the beginning of track athletics here. Our signal success brought us before our Alumni Association in a manner highly pleasing to them, and they told us so. Their eyes are now upon us. It is up to us to show them what we can do and what we need athletically speaking, so that when we move out to our new home, we shall have every needed equipment. With such a future as we have for growth, for expansion, and with such an auspicious beginning in real track activities, we should by all means have such a meet annually, and have it as one of the big events of the season. Let us be but spurred to greater things by our success in the past along this line, and determine here and now that the "Richmond College Indoor Meet will hereafter be an annual event."



**Debating** It has been well said that "no man can escape thinking." While this may be literally true, we should perhaps qualify the statement when we consider it from a figurative standpoint; examples of people who are ineligible to the thinking class are not hard to find. Roughly speaking, all men may be divided into two main classes which differ very materially: those who think, and those who do not. But granting that no man can escape thinking, the thinking of itself is of slight value unless a man can think clearly and logically. Furthermore, a man may be able to think, and to think well; but he will find his power of little benefit unless he is able to express himself well, to show to others that he is able to think straight. As Dr. S. C. Mitchell used to tell us, "the ability to think straight gives value to thought." In fact, there are often times in a man's life when it is necessary for him to think, to think quickly, logically, and straight, and to be able to express his views and stand for his opinions. Many times we see things going on about us that we know are wrong; we speak out and use our influence against them; we try to convince others that they are wrong; and yet we fail sadly even when we know we are right. And if we examine our failure and search for the reason why we were unable to convince our friends or make them think and act as we do, we find that we either have not thought the question out clearly, or else we lacked in the proper expression of our thoughts.

The average college graduate has had a great impetus given him in the way of good, clear thinking; in fact, his college course is largely made up of endeavors to turn him into a thinking man. But is sufficient attention being given by the student to the proper expression of thought? How often are we reminded of this deficiency when we go a great distance to hear a speech of some noted man, whom we may know only through his writings. Our estimation is often lowered simply because the man was unable to express himself well. Only last summer, we were talking with a young alumnus of this College who bemoaned the fact that he had taken such a little part in the literary society, in speaking, in expressing himself publicly while in college. He declared that he had no idea a man would be called on so often to talk, to con-



vince others. And yet, when we say not oratory, but even public speaking, we seem to see an indulgent smile creep over the face, and into the mind comes a picture of the "stump orator" back at home, or the politician, and the demagogue. We have too much speaking and too little action already, we say, without adding any to that already over-crowded class. But consider why we have so much talk and so little action; then put the particular man you have in mind in one of the classes, and you will get your own answer. It is because the speakers do not think; they do not know how to speak, argue, to convince the other fellow and not only convince him, but to spur him into action. What care we about oratory, says one, so long as I can make my wants and wishes known. What care we for the fact that an Indian brave, though ignorant, uncouth, perhaps brutal, will look like a member of a higher species in mien and bearing beside some of our learned men. Time has been when our fathers might have considered it humiliating, but not we.

As the writer listened to the debate between the two societies of the College on March 4th, he wondered why such a comparatively small percentage of students take an active part in the society, in the art of debating. Surely we want to be able to think, and it would seem that we would want to express our thoughts as well as we think. Our College has shown wisdom in creating a class in argumentation, one that is well worth one's while to take, as well as the class of public speaking. These two form an admirable pair. And in view of the fact that we are so well equipped, why should we not show to the public some of the benefits coming from such classes when joined with the other cultural classes of the College. Our College has been and is doing well in physical athletics, nor can we say that she has lagged behind in mental athletics; we have won two cups and one State orator's medal in two years, with this year still to be heard from. But we plead for still greater mental athletics of the approved type. Can't we have three yearly debates, one each term, between the two societies? The one held March 4th, was the first inter-society debate held in several years. The Mu Sigma Rho were victorious, but the contest was far from being one-sided, and we



have no idea that the Philologists will let the gauntlet lay. Why could we not have three next year, and the year to come, and so on? We have teams in physical athletics. Can't we have teams in mental athletics?

Further, we have had on an average but one intercollegiate debate per year. Ours for this year will be against Randolph-Macon on April 30th. For the information of all, we have printed elsewhere in this issue, a set of rules of agreement adopted by Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia Universities making a Triangular Intercollegiate Debating League. An agreement very similar was entered upon by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Universities recently, and one has been in operation for some time, between Michigan, Chicago, and Northwestern Universities. Those that have adopted this plan are succeeding admirably, and it will be noted that we might form such a league very easily, these articles forming a kind of skeleton of the articles of agreement which would suit us. We do not think there would be any difficulty in getting two colleges to join with us in such an agreement. We, of THE MESSENGER, sincerely hope these articles of agreement be carefully read by every society man, and every one else for that matter, and if it seems good to the two societies, and we certainly hope it will, we can draw up some such articles, invite certain colleges to join with us, and have some fun with real intercollegiate debates. It seems to us that three debates between the two societies per year, different men perhaps representing the societies each time, would be a kind of proving out of the men we choose to represent us in the intercollegiate debates. This would quicken the interest in the societies, in debating, benefit all those who tried for either the intersociety or intercollegiate debates. No man can work up a debate without great profit to himself thereby, in gaining the ability to stand on his feet under fire, to think in an emergency, to think clearly, to go straight to the point at issue and treat it skillfully, and not only to have his views combatted, but to defend his own views and make the attack.

There are other advantages to be mentioned, but we must beg your indulgence for having written thus long. Considering



these points named, let us "get together" on these two propositions and make a name for ourselves not only on the football field and the diamond, but in the strenuous arena of thought and speech.





# Campus Notes.

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J. P. SNEAD, EDITOR.

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The students and friends of the College have been enjoying a series of lectures given by members of the faculty. Dr. Metcalf favored a large and attentive audience, with the first of the series on Thursday evening, February 11. His subject was "A Brother to a Prince and a Fellow to a Beggar."

Professor J. A. C. Chandler followed on February 18th, his subject being "The South in the Interpretation of the Constitution." On February 25th, Professor W. S. McNeill lectured to us on "The Psychology of Waterloo." Professor Dickey lectured on "Linguistic Economy" on March 11th. Professor R. E. Loving will deliver an illustrated lecture on March 18th, his subject being "Some Suggestions Regarding Illumination," and Professor H. A. Van Landingham will end the series with a lecture on "Under the Greenwood Tree," on April 1st. These lectures are being well attended and are exceedingly interesting as well as profitable.

*Dr. Loving*—"Mr. Lawson, what is a vacuum?"

*Mr. Lawson* (after scratching his head and twisting in his chair, finally answered)—"I don't know, Doctor, but I have got it in my head."

*Rat Vaughn*, discussing Math with F. Jones.

*Vaughn*.—"Have you ever studied *Athletic Geometry*?"

The Spider is making progress. The pictures for the various College organizations have been taken and everything bids fair for a good annual. Let us help to make it such. Manager Snellings and Editor Atkins are hoping to give us the best Annual we have ever had. If there is anything you can do to aid them in doing this, do not withhold it but bring it and lay it at their feet.



*Dr. Harris*—"Mr. White, what is a microscope?"

*Mr. White*—"I don't know, Doctor, but I know one when I see it."

Much interest was taken in the first annual track meet of the College held on February 27th. Captain Bristow, after capturing first place in the 50-yard dash, winning the first two heats by close margins and taking the measure of such men as Stanton, Soltenworth, Burke, and Goodwin, led his team to victory over Randolph-Macon and William and Mary in a mile relay. Our men, Bristow, Lodge, Meek and Lankford, put up a stiff battle against George Washington in a mile relay at the close of the meet. The whole student body is greatly pleased with the result of the meet. May there be many more like it.

*Garland*, speaking in Literary Society at Fork Union while on football trip:

*President of the Society*—"I see among the boys from Richmond College, one of our old students present. I am sure the society would be glad to hear from Mr. Garland."

*Garland*—"Mr. President, I have nothing to say. I thank you for allowing me the privilege to say what I have said."

*Outland*, in Dr. Harris' Sunday School class:

*Dr. Harris*—"Mr. Outland, would you say that Stephen was lynched?"

*Outland*—"No, sir, Doctor, I would say that it was twixt and between lynching."

Baseball is now on the boom. We were unfortunate in not being able to secure the Armory for indoor practice but the applicants are contesting enthusiastically and a good team is being developed at the hands of Captain Lodge and Coach Dunlap.

*Blume* (walking down Main street passes a tomb stone establishment. With surprise)—"I didn't know Hollywood *Seminary* extended out this far."



*Knight*, on his way to College from his church, stops in restaurant for light refreshments:

*Knight*—"Say, waiter, do you serve lobsters here?"

*Waiter*—"Yas, sar, boss, have a seat. We serves any body who comes in."

*Dr. Chandler*—"Mr. Young, what are some of the powers of the County Council in England?"

*Mr. Young*—"He has the powers to build bridges, roads and asylums."

*Prof. Dickey* (in Latin B, explaining the changes through which words go)—"Mr. Sydnor, speaking of the word 'neat,' can you tell us what 'neat's foot oil' is made from?"

*W. B. Sydnor*—"Yes, sir, *they* are made from the *horns* of cattle."

*Prof. Dickey* (explaining the word, "cichorea")—"That means succors, Mr. Sydnor."

*W. B. Sydnor*—"Professor, does that mean the kind that grow on plants?"

"*Scipio*" *Haislip* (at the supper table)—"Say, are any of you fellows going to hear Paderewski to-night?"

*M. M. Long*—"Is *she* a singer?"

A good many students are inquiring to know which of these three selections Outland, Fleet, Harry Snead and Ellis Snead like best: "Let your lower light be burning," "I'm afraid to come home in the dark," or "Lead, kindly light." Any *light* on this subject will be appreciated by the student body.

A *Rat* (examining the long gourd in the library)—"Say, is this the way walking canes that you buy grow?"

Dr. Francis W. Kelsey, the well-known authority on Latin, will deliver the Thomas Foundation Lectures sometime in April.




We are glad to announce that President Charles Eliot, of Harvard, will deliver an address to the student body in the College chapel March 29th, at 10:00 A. M. He will speak to the citizens of Richmond in the College chapel on the night of the 29th, at 8 o'clock, to which address the public is invited.

It will be of interest to know that Virginia, North Carolina, and Tulane Universities will meet in a triangular debate at New Orleans, La., on April 24th, to debate the question, "Resolved, That Postal Savings Banks as set forth by the Carter Bill should not be established by the United States Congress." Tulane will support the affirmative of this question with North Carolina and the negative with Virginia. With the exception of the wording, this question is identical with the one which we debate with Randolph-Macon on April 30th, ours reading, "Resolved, That a system of Postal Savings Banks should be established in the United States."

The baseball schedule for this season is as follows:

- March 20—Virginia, at Charlottesville.
- March 27—Virginia League, at Richmond.
- March 31—Guilford College, at Greensboro.
- April 1—Davidson College, at Salisbury.
- April 2—A. and M. College, at Raleigh.
- April 3—Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.
- April 8—Gallaudet, at Richmond (pending).
- April 12—Randolph-Macon, at Petersburg (championship).
- April 16—Washington and Lee, at Lexington.
- April 17—V. M. I., at Lexington.
- April 19—Wake Forest, at Richmond.
- April 20—Virginia League, at Richmond.
- April 24—Randolph Macon, at Ashland (championship).
- April 27—Davidson College, at Richmond.
- April 28—Guilford College, at Richmond.
- May 1—A. and M. College, at Petersburg.
- May 4—Fredericksburg College, at Richmond.
- May 8—Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney (championship).



- May 12—Randolph-Macon College, at Richmond (championship).  
May 18—William and Mary College, at Richmond (championship).
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# Co-Ed. Echoes.

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BY MISS PAULINE PEARCE, EDITOR.

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"All hail and good cheer" is the greeting which the girls and the Chi Epsilon Literary Society of Richmond College sends to the readers of THE MESSENGER. Though our silence has been long we hope to let ourselves be heard from more often in the future.

But even if we have been silent we have not been idle. During the last term in the Literary Society, we studied Greek myths; this term is being devoted to Virginia authors, both poets and prose writers. Everyone acknowledges that Virginia is unusually rich in romance, and so by a careful and sympathetic study we hope to gain a keener appreciation and truer idea of the value of our native literature as it reflects the life of our people.

Between making and selling candy and selling tickets for the play the "Co-eds" have been very busy this term trying to raise our thousand dollars for a scholarship. About a fifth of that amount has already been raised. For the purpose of raising some of this amount, on February 9th we gave a play, an account of which will be found under this caption, written up by one of our "Co-eds."

We are now forming a dramatic club and hope to bring out a play the first part of next fall.

There is an old proverb to the effect that the harder you work the happier you are. Certainly that seems to be true of us for enthusiasm is growing day by day and though our number is small we were never more prosperous.

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## Rebecca's Triumph.

It is well known, at least to all at Richmond College, that the girls of that institution are very much exercised in raising the one thousand dollars which they have promised for a scholarship in Greater Richmond College. Many are our schemes, and some of us almost dream about them.



Our latest effort in this line was an amateur play, "Rebecca's Triumph," given in the College chapel on the evening of February 9th. Only one of our number, Miss Pauline Pearce, had the honor of taking part, as the caste consisted of sixteen young ladies from Church Hill with their leader, Mrs. Culberson, who kindly consented to present the play for our benefit. They had already successfully given the play on Church Hill. It fell to us, however, to make all arrangements, and to attend to the scenery, and strenuous indeed were our efforts.

Sad to relate, the stormy Hyades appeared on that eventful evening with the result that our audience was considerably smaller than it would have been had the stars been propitious. Quite a number braved the weather, though, and, to all appearances, the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The play was in many respects quite a clever performance. "Gyp," the negro cook, and Miss Dora Gains, one of the club girls, deserve especial commendation, and Miss Pauline Pearce, as the old maid, with her red curls, and century-old bonnet, her "Theophelous" Montague, Deacon, and "nine chickens" made quite a hit.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the young amateurs who entertained us so delightfully.





# Alumni Department.

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G. G. GARLAND, EDITOR.

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Ross (L. L. B., '02), now practicing law in Bluefield, W. Va., was in the city on business March 5th, and came up to visit his friends on the campus.

John Moncure (B. A., '02), late from Southern Baptist Theological, Louisville, Ky., is in the city, preparatory to going to the foreign fields.

Rev. E. E. Dudley, recent pastor of Central Baptist Church of Norfolk, Va., but now engaged in evangelistic work, was a visitor at the College on his way to Arkansas, in which State he will hold a series of revivals lasting two weeks. Mr. Dudley is having great success in his line of work, and we wish him success.

Rev. R. H. Bowden, of Red Hill, Va., has recently been conducting a series of meetings at the Barton Heights Baptist Church, assisted by the pastor.

The trustees, faculty, and alumni of the College, gave to the students the annual anniversary banquet on March 5th, the founders' day. There were two hundred and fifty guests, and a general spirit of good fellowship pervaded all. The banquet was held in the Thomas Art Hall. The committee for arrangement consisted of Dr. D. M. Ramsey, President F. W. Boatwright, J. J. Montague, Col. T. B. McAdams, and C. V. Meredith. Dr. Ramsey served as a very acceptable toast-master. Among those who responded to the toasts were Hon. Hill Montague, on "The Alumni;" Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, on "What the Half Million Should Mean;" Dr. James Nelson, President of the Woman's College, on "Reminiscences;" T. W. Ozlin spoke on behalf of the student body, and Mayor D. C. Richardson spoke on "The City and the College." Dr. F. W. Boatwright was unanimously called for and spoke for a few minutes. These banquets which are annual affairs are most enjoyable affairs for all friends of the institution, and this one was especially enjoyed by all.



# Exchange Department.

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RUSSELL G. SMITH, EDITOR.

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"Criticism," says Webster, "is the principle of judging properly. It requires but one reading of that definition to realize the obstacles that might confront the critic. His path is a narrow one. He must walk straight and with care; for on one side lie the seductive regions of malicious censure, and on the other the abyss of weak judgments of faults. Usually, all the critic arouses by his efforts is hatred." We agree that critics are perhaps the most hated and abused men in the universe; and just so long as narrow minds and evil natures exist, they will continue to be so.

But, with all its obstacles and difficulties, there is a certain fascination about criticism that appeals strongly. It is probably akin to the feeling that makes a surgeon love his work of dissection and cutting; for criticism is, after all, literary dissection. And so, it is with a feeling of pleasure that we enter upon our work.

There are stories in College magazines that show the touch of the master hand. Long after we have forgotten their titles and their authors, we still feel the effect that they had upon us. They contain some deep moral, some strong appeal to our better natures, some true picture of life as it is, that awakes us to the realization of things of which we had hitherto been unaware, and oftentimes points us to a course that is better than the "trodden paths."

But more frequently perhaps, we encounter stories which cause us to stop and wonder how so much energy could have been so wantonly misused; and make us deplore the violation of certain principles of physical economy. A large part of the so-called "love stories," that appear in college periodicals, offer notable examples of such cases. They may, for the most part, be defined as misdirected energy, consisting of an expansion of one or two main thoughts. Some of them, however, make strenuous efforts at having a moral, or at least, a point. When the critic, who wishes to be honest and fair comes upon such stories, he is confronted with



three propositions: Whether he should neglect them entirely; represent them differently from what they really are, or criticise them justly without fear or favor. For our own part—and we believe that a majority of people will agree with us—we think that the last method is by far the best; and that it is better to represent a thing as it is, than to hide one's opinions behind a cloak of deceit. We believe as firmly as any one that true criticism should be constructive as well as destructive; but when there is little ground for the former, it follows by elimination, that the latter is what is needed.

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### The Georgetonian.

The first article in the January issue of the "Georgetonian" is a fairly good example of the kind of story we have just been discussing. It bears the rather suggestive title of "Weighed and Found Wanting," but it is not an easy matter to tell just who the party is who was found lacking in the required weight. It is the story of a girl who finds herself beset with two suitors, one rich, the other poor. She decides in favor of the wealthy admirer, and becomes betrothed to him. But in the interval, pending the marriage date, she becomes incensed with him because of his attentions to another girl, and immediately returns the engagement ring, and breaks off all connections. Then the poor admirer appears on the scene, and we are told that love has conquered. We suppose it was the rich suitor who was "weighed and found wanting," but when we consider a girl choosing money instead of love, and the poor admirer having such little common sense and discretion as to accept her after doing so, we are forced to believe that the same thing might be said of these two characters also. The story is hardly true to life, and the plot not well developed. We think a judicious "pruning," would have been beneficial. With some changes in the plot and wording, it would make an interesting story.

"The Georgetonian" should not, however, be judged by this story alone. As a whole, it is fully up to the standard. It would



be well worth reading if it contained but the two poems, "The Fountain" and "After the Day." The latter is one of the sweetest and most rythmical productions that we have yet encountered in any college magazine. There is a depth of feeling and thought about it which at once appeals strongly. "Ceylon" is an interesting and instructive paper that is worthy of mention. The magazine might have been somewhat improved if it had contained more articles.

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### **The University of Virginia Magazine.**

Without meaning to be pessimistic, we are forced to confess that few—very few—college magazines reveal that reflective spirit, that intellectual atmosphere, which is usually so productive of good results. Whatever else the "University of Virginia Magazine" may be lacking in, we are compelled to acknowledge that it possesses this quality. Its contents seem to have been well thought out, well planned, and, best of all, they have, for the most part, some deeper meanings behind them which the lines do not themselves reveal, but which are rendered all the more effective by their slight obscurity.

"My Lady o' Memories" is a fairly good poem whose metre might, however, be improved upon. There are two qualities of "The Portal of the Dawn" that particularly impress us. One is the beautiful choice of words, used with such effect that the opening of the story resolves itself into a veritable piece of "prose poetry," and yet does not cross the border-line which would put it in a class with some of the natural descriptions of the "dime-novelist;" the other is the deep meaning underlying the plot.

"O Misera Italia" partakes of the qualities that make great poetry—it has both beauty and meaning. Poetry may be beautiful only, and still retain its greatness; but true poetry can not be merely logical. A combination of logic and aesthetic beauty in poetry always makes its appeal.

Seldom is it our privilege to come upon short stories that possess so happy a combination as good character drawing, human



interest and a definite meaning. But "The Sequel" shows every one of these qualities. It contains just enough sadness to make it true to life; just enough individuality of the characters to make them real; and just enough meaning to leave an impression.

"Vignettes in Ebony" are worth reading. "The Missionary Preaching of the Early Church" is a long-winded article on a subject that has been more or less, directly or indirectly, treated before. It could have been left out without any harm being done. "A Lover of Lincoln" and "The Pedestrian" are not bad, but the latter offers grounds for improvement.

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### The Southern Collegian.

The didactic, the supernatural and the inspiring are strangely interwoven in the pages of "The Southern Collegian." Such articles as, "After Commencement, What Then?", "Launched, But Whither Bound?", and the poem, with the rather hackneyed title of "Duty," point us, in the same way, to the only path to success and moral perfection.

But, O, Venus, where hast thou departed? Strange it is indeed, to peruse the pages of a college magazine, and not hear the amorous outbursts of passion-stricken youths and maids. Though some of the tales of love we are forced to read, have no place in this universe save the waste-basket, others rank among the best of the literary efforts of college work; and it would never do to omit them altogether. The "Collegian" would ignore entirely "the ruling passion," but for a single excellent poem entitled "The Recompense." Its worth can best be shown by quoting the last stanza:

"But the greatest gift of earthly ken  
Sent down from Heaven above,  
To the sorrowing souls of mortal men,  
Is the gift of woman's love.

The essay, "Edgar Allan Poe," contains some of the sweetest bits of sarcasm, and some of the soundest arguments, that it has



been our pleasure to see hurled at the heads of those whose smallness of intellect prevents them excelling in anything save envy and hate. We are treated to a similar paper by the editor. Both articles are well written, and will be esteemed by all who read them.

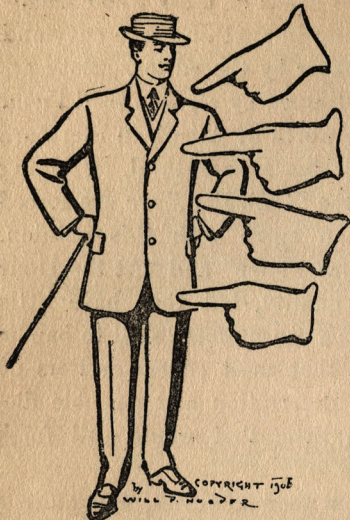
A great critic once said that the worth of American literature was founded on its tendency towards the supernatural. Judging from the number of such stories in the "Collegian," we are forced to believe that the rising generation agree with this opinion. "The Mysterious Specimen," "The Gas Flame" and "At the Hour of Four" possess the supernatural quality, but they have little worth—literary, at least. It requires a consummate skill to handle the weird region of the unnatural, that most college writers do not possess. Outside of some good description and passable diction, the stories, in question, have little that would call forth praise.

"Among the Writers" has a few good qualities, and quite a few bad ones. In discussing the recent play, "The Servant in the House," the author of the paper tells us that the dramatic critics have passed most favorable criticism upon this production, and he follows this statement up with the remark that there is "nothing absolutely remarkable" about the play, and that "it is almost devoid of dramatic situations." The article, which discusses also "A Spirit in Prison," by Robert Hichens, has a rather patronizing tone about it that is, to say the least, not attractive.

"Mid-Winter Serenade" possesses scarcely enough beauty to make up for its absence of appeal to the intellect. "Dante's Beatrice" is a good essay, considering the subject is one that appeals to only a few. "The Rise of Freedom" and "The Way to the End" are old poetic themes that are well bedecked in new garments.

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following exchanges: "The Pharos," "William Jewell Student," "Buff and Blue," "Limestone Star," "Carolinian," "Southern Collegian," "Gray Jacket," "War-Whoop," "Furman Echo," "Wake Forest Student," "University of Virginia Magazine," "Georgetonian," "St. Mary's Muse," "Randolph-Macon Monthly," "The Chisel."





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