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# THE MESSENGER

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VOL. XXXVI

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2

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## DEAD LIFE.

*Harry M. Bolling*  
H. M. B., '09.

There is a graveyard where I go  
Sometimes to sit and muse awhile;  
There gentle, murmuring breezes blow  
And sweet-faced daisies nod and smile.

In a corner shut in by trees from view  
Three mounds upheave the grassy knoll;  
A Hope lies buried in each of two  
And in the third is laid my Soul.

One Hope and another was lost in the strife  
And each in its turn was laid away;  
Then this body lived on with its semblance of life  
But the Soul has been dead for many a day.

So I dream of the life that used to be  
And the weary dead days that since have past  
While a cold dead heart yet throbs in me  
And I wonder how long the farce will last.



## THE WATER CURE.

BY PAUL W. ORCHARD, '11.

We were hanging our heels from the roof of the wheelhouse on the British cargo boat *Marjorie*, loafing along toward Liverpool at a ten-knot pace. The propeller sent the water bubbling, eddying and curling away into the broad wake like the bubbling of a clear, deep river over a single rock. The bubbles looked so cool down deep in the August sea that we all envied the porpoise jumping and playing around the boat. We were in the midst of the Gulf Stream, where the patches of yellow seaweed mark the cross currents in the deep blue of the sea.

The third mate was walking the bridge with its canvas roof, while the captain was back aft with us, as he often was.

He leaned back looking at a patch of yellow seaweed, yet he did not seem to see it.

"Queer, isn't it? Me still sailing the stream when she is either in the Sea of Saragosa or Davy Jones's locker."

"What did you say, Captain?" McDonald asked.

"Was I talking? Well, I was just thinking of an old boat that was one of my first commands—the *Marion Scott*—an old square-rigged three-master of the late fifties, built somewhere up the Maine coast and owned in Philadelphia. We used to carry lumber and flour from Baltimore to London; then beat back light or with a miscellaneous cargo of everything from Scotch whiskey and Sheffield cutlery to Irish lace and Australian wool goods.

"This last trip trouble began before we left the dock. The cargo was all on board, and we intended to clear port at daylight. At three o'clock that night our bo's'un, Scotty, came in half drunk, followed by the crew, and said it was twenty-five dollars a month or else neither he nor any of the others would sign on for the trip. They said they were sick and tired of working day and night for only twenty dollars. Well, I didn't blame them—would have done the same thing myself. Sailors



were scarce those days, and it was daylight by the time they had finished talking, so I told the customs officer to sign the fifteen seamen on at twenty-five dollars and not raise either the boatswain, carpenter or cook.

"When rations were issued the entire crew grumbled and kicked, though the grub was unusually good for those days. I knew there was trouble coming, for when a crew kicks about their grub the first meal of a voyage, that's a bad sign for that trip.

"We had hard luck and spent a week in the bay, never had a breeze strong enough to keep the mosquitoes away. We usually called at Norfolk for supplies and sometimes picked up extra cargo.

"This time we anchored well out, while the mate and I went ashore in the gig, leaving the second officer and four men on watch and the others below.

"I went up town, drew what money I needed, bought some stores, spices, hardtack and a little fresh meat. After that the mate and I had supper at a little hotel, got our mail and went down to the wharf. The sun was still an hour high when we returned to where the boat, with her crew of eight, was waiting.

"The men were in a hurry and rowed quickly. As we neared the vessel we could see that something was wrong on board. The mate was not on the quarterdeck, the company's pennant, which we had left at the masthead, had been taken in. Above all, there was that indescribable feeling of trouble in the air, a feeling we cannot give any reason for nor can we shake it off. There was trouble ahead, and we knew it.

"Coming closer we saw several of the men on deck step behind ventilators and capstans. Long before we were within range they began shooting at us with revolvers. That surprised me, for there were no firearms on board except those in my own locker. Where—then it was all clear; they had overpowered the mate and, headed by Scotty, broken into the cabin, where they took what they wanted.

"We couldn't go aboard her then, so we waited till dark



and sneaked out with muffled oars. We expected a renewal of the firing at any moment, but to our surprise and alarm not a sound could be heard nor a light seen while we lay alongside. There was a painter hanging from the aft stanchion, and one man climbed aboard that way by shinning up the rope; then he lowered the ladder for the other nine of us. We sneaked on deck. Not a man in sight. No light in the cabin or fore-castle. We started down the companionway to the cabin, but before we had gone more than three steps we heard a noise, somewhat between a grunt and a groan. Going to the wheel I found the second mate gagged and bound to it. We cut him loose, and as soon as he could talk he told us the men were all in the cabin. He supposed they had drunk the mixture of whiskey and opium that had been left there by a doctor on our last passage. He had heard no sound from them for half an hour.

"We went below, and by the light of a seaman's lamp found seven men stretched out drunk and drugged on the cabin floor. Scotty was in one corner watching, sober as a parson. The minute I went in he jumped at me with a marlinspike. I dodged his blow and we grappled. We had it hot and heavy awhile. In the mix-up he tore my forearm with the marlin, but at last I got him down. The first mate helped me tie him.

"The second mate weighed anchor and set sail. We were well clear of the capes. He was sullen and rebellious yet, so I offered him choice of the water cure or work. He informed me, with the choicest words in his lingo, that he wouldn't work, so I ordered the second mate to pass a line under Scotty's arms and pitch him overboard. We were making about five knots under a stiff breeze, so the water must have hurt as he was dragged through it.

"We dragged him half an hour, then when we hauled him aboard again he was more dead than alive. It took us twenty minutes rolling and pounding to bring him back to consciousness. He opened his eyes, stared around with a glassy glare and whispered to his mate, Mickey, "Tell Cap'n I'll work, so'll the rest of the fo'cas'l stiffs."

Eight bells struck and the Captain went on the bridge.



**"THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA."**

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HENRY W. WILKINS, '11.

I.

There is a little country in far away West Africa lying between the English Colony of Sierra Leone on the northwest and the French Ivory coast on the southwest. It is the young republic of Liberia. With a coast line of about 350 miles and an interior country extending back from the coast about 275 miles, the commonwealth stands a chance in the world's history. It was once larger than it is now, but the imperialistic diplomacy of Great Britain on one side, and an imposing array of French troops on the other, have, as it were, robbed her until she is almost pushed into the sea.

Liberia was founded in 1822 by a few enterprising Americans organized under the name of the American Colonization Society. This society had a definite purpose. To plant a colony where liberated negroes might be sent in the hope of creating and maintaining an efficient government and modern system of things, was its aim. This idea was not without encouragement, for it received the hearty indorsement of President Monroe. But that was as far as the President dare go. The United States was not yet strong enough to become a colonizing power, and therefore from this standpoint plans were a trifle early. But the Colonization Society had declared for the realization of the idea and nothing daunted them. It was a perilous venture, for they must reckon with possible conflicts with the natives. This is exactly what happened. It was only eleven months after the Liberians had landed at Grand Cape Mount and Monrovia, where the barracoons of English and Spanish slave dealers existed, that the natives violently attacked the weak and unorganized colony.



Progress was, for a time, well-nigh imperceptible, but as the immigrant population grew the state took on a less flexible and more complex character. It was in 1847, that Liberia, after twenty-five years under the supervision of the Colonization Society was compelled to assume the status of an independent State. The necessity of allowing individuality its full play demanded this step. National prestige could be established in no other way.

This marks an epoch in the life of the tiny commonwealth. It, in part, explains the history of Liberia from that day to the present time. Its aggressiveness in this particular direction was due to the growing complexity of its national life, and its consequent conservatism to the expanding energy and intricacies of international existence. What other policy can the Liberians pursue? Alone in the "Dark Continent," surrounded by cunning and selfish enemies, the little commonwealth could follow no policy so favorable as conservatism and commercial restraint. Even then, England and France made deep inroads into her territory. Great Britain's encroachments have been unceasing. The Manoh River separates the British Colony, Sierra Leone, from Liberia, and international precedent has it that in such a case both countries should have an equal right to the river. England claims and uses it as her own. Throwing aside her treaty agreements, England seized the Kanre Lahun district on the ground that Liberia was unable to control the natives there. Yet the natives are peaceful and law-abiding, and claim allegiance to Liberia. The motive advanced was merely a flimsy pretext for annexation. Kanre Lahun is an important gateway to the trade of that part of the interior section—the rest might easily be guessed. There was more gold than humanity in this step. As if to add a touch of grim irony to the situation, England attempted to pacify the outraged Liberians by offering in exchange, a large, barren, and slightly populated section of the southwest of Kanre Lahun.



But England must not bear all the blame. For France forced Liberia to surrender the San Pedro country in the southwest, appropriated some lands in the north, and in its most recent venture has taken about one-third of Liberia's total area in the north and southwest.

It is not strange that the Liberian State is moulded after the American idea of government. The men who founded the country were patriots with democratic ideas of government. The Liberians have their President and Senators, while numerous other details of their legislative bodies, of their laws and ideas of justice are much the same as ours. It has proved a success. Liberia is an example of financial solidity and governmental integrity. She owes about \$1,400,000 in all, one-third of which is local indebtedness. The bulk of this burden represents the British loans of 1871 and 1906. This is by no means large, for Hayti has a national debt of \$30,000,000. The English loans of 1871 and 1906 were of \$500,000 each, but the second one was accompanied with the condition that the entire customs revenue of the country should be security. British officials should be customs collectors, the organization of the army should be intrusted to British officers, and the British Inspector of customs should be financial adviser of the Liberian Government. The British Consul-General at Monrovia, Braithwait Wallis, reminded the Executive Department of these reforms in an open letter on January, 1908, recapitulated by him as follows:

(a) The appointment of a financial expert who will place the finance of the country on a sound footing and will advise the Secretary of the Treasury on financial matters.

(b) The establishment of an efficient, well-armed and well-disciplined police force under competent European officers. and one that will command the respect of the powers.

(c) The appointment of at least three more European customs experts.

(d) The reform of the judiciary.



There was no other alternative, but to accept. Small wonder that Liberia has great apprehension about the security and independence of her little State. This loan tightens England's grip. She henceforth assumes the roll of suzerain.

But who can be surprised at England's attitude when we remember that Liberia has large natural resources and that her geographical position is strategic? The country is full of vast mahogany forests. The vegetation of rubber and fiber plants is encouraged. In this respect, the country is so rich that they actually have twenty varieties of rubber which belong to the first grade. In 1890, a monopoly for the collection and exportation of rubber was granted to an English Syndicate, but this centralizing agency has been recently removed by enactment. The greatest disadvantage which offsets her productivity is the presence of rapids in her rivers. Although they are long and in many places very wide, most of the rivers are not navigable to a greater distance than twenty miles from the mouth. Their only utility is their beauty. The land for the most part can be cultivated, and in many places it is rich and productive. These resources cannot long lie idle. The traditional conservation policy has been abandoned and the "open door" is a fact. Under President Barclay's administration, large amounts of foreign capital have found their way into the country, national finances have improved, commerce increased, water roads constructed, while Hinterland is being absorbed and developed. They have gone so far as to make an appropriation for the establishment of telegraph communication between Liberia and Europe.

The European nations have lost no time in the establishment of commercial intercourse between themselves and Liberia. The Elder-Dempster Line, under the live management of Sir Alfred Jones, has a weekly service to Liberia. The Woermann Line of Hamburg, French and Spanish Lines, each have a periodical service to Monrovia, Liberia's capital. Just here, even the most indifferent would be likely to ask, "Has the United States no commercial relations with Liberia?" Strange



to say, no. Ever since Liberia assumed the right to govern herself, the United States lost all interest in her. She has been like a despised outcast crying in the dark for help, when no help was near.

Liberia has successfully conducted its affairs for sixty years. They have built up an orderly and peaceful government, at the same time holding aloof from the world. But modern societies are so complex and interdependent that there is little room for an isolated State. It either starves or stagnates as a world power. Yet, here is a little African Republic, which for a long time has withstood all foreign aggressions and internal uncertainty, which has not bartered its goods in every port, and still lives on. Is it not a phenomenon in History? Does it not imply the essential strength of the State?

Some time ago, Liberia sent three commissioners to the United States to ask aid in her governmental affairs and its expert advice in certain departments of domestic affairs. This was met by a sympathetic response from President Roosevelt, who asked Congress for \$20,000 to pay the expense of a commission to Liberia to examine the situation. This was speedily done. Jacob H. Hollander, Robert C. Ogden and Booker T. Washington were appointed. What Liberia wants from the United States in detail is as follows:

- (a) To guarantee Liberian independence.
- (b) To secure the consent of the various nations to submit all questions of an internal character to arbitration.
- (c) To advise the Liberian government in all important matters which might entail international complications.
- (d) To establish a coaling station somewhere along the Liberia coast.
- (e) To lend Liberia experts who will develop all the departments along the best and modern lines.
- (f) To float a loan which will wipe out all their scattered indebtedness, thus consolidating the debts.



These things are essential to Liberian development. The State of Liberia is an American idea, an American project, endorsed by prominent American officials—why not be Americans in our attitude toward the child of our brain and energy? Who knows what possibilities lie hidden there, which require only a circumstance or occasion to awaken them? The American Government can lose none of its strength by giving both its diplomatic and practical aid to a country, which may be but only a small part in the Pan-American dream.

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### THE KISSES OF AN ENEMY.

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WALTER BEVERLY, '11.

#### I.

"Yes," the professor began again with another characteristic nod, "all of you who have the time to spare might do well to go into this contest. Possibly there are no very great literary geniuses before me—and yet, I do not know. Try it, anyway, gentlemen."

And the men in the English class exchanged ironic smiles and winks covertly, which said plainly, with much fine sarcasm:

"Yes, we know; Shakespeare Smith is the man to create this great short story and capture that pile of filthy lucre."

Shakespeare Smith, who was sitting in the front row of seats and to Dr. Giles' right, was, it seemed, deeply interested in these last incidental remarks of the morning lecture. He had listened painfully as there was read from the new magazine that its editor would give a cash prize for the best short story submitted during the next three months. As the last sentence was finished and the magazine was closed, he looked at the reader longingly. Then he shifted his long, thin legs, looked down at his worn shoes, tried to hide a patch on the elbow of his sleeve by twisting it violently, and glanced around quickly at his fellow-stu-



dents. His great thick lips were compressed, and there was a half-timid, half-scared look in his dull, dreamy gray eyes. He looked back at the magazine a moment, and his gaze rested on the floor again.

Every one at the University knew Smith at sight, but no one was really acquainted with him. Once in the literary society he had read some droll verses of his own make, which rhymed very well. They had won him the soubriquet of "Shakespeare," by which he had been popularly known ever since. He was a very hard student, and in his room he had stored away a mass of MSS.

The new men came tumbling out of the lecture-room with Smith and the professor in their rear, while Frederick Vainman headed the cultured mob. Vainman fanned the gentle breeze with a suit of clothes cut in the latest fashion. A broad white tie was also conspicuous, and the brilliant colors of the University were attached to his slouch hat. When he finally disengaged himself from his friends he ran off toward an old dead tree, which had fallen down the previous night. As he went he shouted back, in a voice loud enough for Dr. Giles and Smith to hear:

"Oh, you prize story!"

He carefully placed his handkerchief on the log and sat down upon it. He relapsed into a brown study and began to think. This was the substance of his thinking:

"I wish I could write that story—I don't care a fig for the money—my name at the top of that skit would look swell—Shakespeare Smith will certainly try for the prize; how like a hungry dog he stared in class just now—and he can do it, too, for was not that a masterpiece of his which Giles read in class last week? Eureka! 'By Frederick Vainman.' It shall so be—but it cannot be by fair means, for I will not grind like old Shake does; no, never! Shakespeare Smith, you are a very skilful fool—you are my fool!"

The bell rang and Frederick Vainman started off again to join his comrades in senior French.



## II.

Shakespeare Smith sat in his room that night far into the wee small hours, and when his light went out his rude little table was covered with a mass of papers on which there sprawled many a rugged line in the peculiar chirography of this man who occupied this room alone on the last floor of Grant Hall. Some of the lines were marked out to give place to more favored ones, and here and there a whole paragraph was covered with cross-marks, because it found no grace in the sight of its master. But when the master awoke late next day he glanced affectionately at the children of his brain, lying in wild confusion on the table.

"Well," he muttered sleepily, as he thrust a huge knuckle into each eye, "I must leave you just as you are and go to breakfast now; I must hurry, too."

And thus he did leave them.

That night Smith was startled by a very loud knocking on his rickety old door.

"Come in," he thundered, after slight hesitation, and Frederick Vainman entered. Smith's brow clouded slightly at sight of the man for whom he had no regard whatever. He was poor; Vainman was wealthy. Vainman had beaten him in the orator's contest the year before, too. What business could this fellow possibly have with him? But Vainman was all smiles, and perhaps he could tolerate him for a few moments, although he had never exchanged a dozen words with him before this.

"Hello, Shake! How are you, old man?" he yelled, slapping Smith on the back.

Smith stared at him for a moment, an incredulous smile creeping over his lips, and returned the greeting very slowly—very much as a timid child addresses a patronizing stranger. He arose quickly and offered Vainman the only chair in the room, which was declined with profuse thanks. The visitor seized an old trunk in the corner of the room and dragged it to the side of the table facing Smith.



"Won't you please help me out on this deuced Latin, Shake? I have lost my pony, you know, and do not know where to borrow one," he said pathetically.

He drew forth from his pocket one of the Latin classics and opened it at a point where a clean page had for its mate a page which was mutilated with a free translation interlined with the owner's fountain pen.

Smith arose, walked silently around behind Vainman and began mentally to translate on the clean page.

"I'll do all I can for you, Vainman," he said, thinking that the mystery was solved—Vainman needed a little help, that was all.

He rendered the Latin into English, phrase by phrase, in his deep, monotonous voice. Vainman listened attentively, and when the passage was finished he closed the book, and lifted it from the MSS. on the table.

"Why, what is all this stuff, Shake?" he asked. "I beg your pardon—I fear I have creased some of these sheets. Is it a paper for old Giles?" He eyed the written work with feigned nonchalance.

"No," ejaculated Smith. "Just some stuff I am writing for pastime. That's all right—read it if you like; I believe there are no secrets in it."

Smith took a pardonable pride in his talent, which was certainly no very mean one.

Vainman read on with marked interest, and at the end said sincerely:

"A great story, my boy."

Smith stopped pounding the floor with his heel. He put his hands in his pockets and answered carelessly, as he faced his visitor:

"I know it."

"You intend to enter that contest with this, of course," continued Vainman.

"Why, I don't know—or—maybe—yes, I think I shall possibly," came the deliberate reply.



Vainman went on in a very patronizing tone:

"No matter how great the talent of an obscure author may be—by the way, Shake, have you ever contributed to any magazine besides our college monthly?"

"Lord, no! Why?"

"That's just it; no matter how great your talent may be, old man, you must have a pull to get before the reading public. Now, my father knew the editor of this magazine at college. He could send in your story, with a word introducing you, and you would be bound to win."

"But this contest is to be decided by disinterested judges who see none of the authors' names," objected Smith.

"You don't know, my friend. Father is the editor-in-chief of one of the biggest magazines in this country, and he says there are tricks in the whole business. Let him introduce you to this editor. I will write him all about your case."

"I am indeed grateful to you, Vainman."

Smith's features relaxed and softened strangely as he gathered the scattered sheets gently, and gave them to Frederick Vainman, who immediately left him, declaring that the story was bound to win.

### III.

"Life is a gamble—one long, exciting game. Sometimes it bores, sometimes you lose, but there is something tantalizing in the hazard—you may get something for absolutely nothing (except skill and cunning), sometimes. Something for nothing! How easy!"

These ideas raced through Vainman's mind like lightning as he closed Smith's door behind him and ran down-stairs to his own room. After locking his door he sat down at his desk and began to scan Smith's story rapidly. At length he threw the sheets down and began to muse.

"It's the biggest stake I ever put up. My present honor and name against a future honor and fame—almost dead sure, too.



Old Shakespeare may just possibly wake up and publish me to the world. He hasn't life enough in him to do that, though. And if he does, ten to one he will never find a soul who will believe him. I told him there were tricks."

He examined each sheet carefully. He could not find the author's name on a single one of them. Then he wrote in his fine, delicate characters, between the beginning of the story and its title, his own signature. He arose and stepped to his telephone.

"Hello! Six-one-o-two-J. Can you send a good stenographer up to Eastern University, Grant Hall, room 14? I have a few hours' work here, for which I am willing to pay well. Yes, I have a machine. All right."

In an hour the stenographer arrived and was copying the story very rapidly. When he had finished, Fred pressed a bill, with a cipher on it, into his palm. The stenographer gasped—said he had no change—and was shoved out the room by his employer.

Vainman folded the typewritten sheets with his own hands and mailed them immediately to the editor of the magazine to which Dr. Giles had called attention that morning.

#### IV.

Smith was taken to an hospital in the city two and a half months from the time that he turned over his MSS. to Fred Vainman. The president of the university had sent him there because he was very ill.

"Overworked," said the attending physician. "He has a slight chance of recovery."

For many days and nights the sick man moaned that his story was by far the best of the whole bunch, and bound to win. Fred Vainman was, after all, a good fellow, he would murmur again and again. But why didn't Fred come and tell him about it? he would suddenly ask the nurse, and she would soothe his brow with her hand and bid him be quiet.



Vainman *did call* every week to find how Smith was getting on, and express sympathy, while in his heart he kept saying:

"If he only would die—then would the game be wholly mine without more risk."

But Smith began to recover. One day when he was first allowed to sit up in bed, he asked the nurse to please telephone for Mr. Frederick Vainman to come down from the University and bring along a copy of that magazine. He'd know which one.

When Vainman received the message he began to do some very hard thinking—"Well, no matter if Shake does recover. . . . This is not the time to let him see my game. Those nurses might strengthen his claim. . . . Eureka! . . . Why haven't I thought of that before? He may have the money. I don't care a fig for it. My name is attached to the story, and the great literary magazines call me a great genius, found at one of the universities. That's all I want. Shake can have the money—the thing he most needs."

He hurried down to the hospital and was admitted into the patient's chamber. Smith's hungry eyes shone with a glad light as Vainman approached his bed. He clasped both his hands in his own and the nurse left the room.

"Tell me quick!" he said excitedly.

Vainman turned pale. Even *his* heart was partly human—yea, very much so.

"Why—er—yes, you won, but—"

"God, I thank thee—"

"But—but—I won, too, Shake, my man," and he smiled sweetly.

"You—how—what?" a cold glitter taking place of the fire in his eyes.

"I won all the honor, Shake. See?" And he opened the magazine and showed his own name over Smith's story.

"Honor!" murmured the sick man, and he fell back, too much overcome to speak.



"But you may have all the money, Shakespeare," Vainman commenced petulantly.

"Sell my honor—my birthright—for a paltry mess of pottage! Sacrifice my name, my talent for gold? Never! The story is my own—all your cunning can never take it from me!"

"Shake, old boy, you won't expose me!"

"Go—keep your dirty gold! The story is mine—mine!" and his breath grew faint. He sank back wearily and continued:

"No, I shan't expose you; you are not worth exposing. The world would not believe me, anyway."

He opened the magazine and began to read his story.

"After all," he said, his face lighting up, "my story won it. Just keep the change, Fred. I won't tell anybody what a sneak you are."

But Vainman went at once to the bank and had a draft made out for the entire amount of the prize-money and mailed it to Smith, who reconsidered the matter. Smith sent half of it home to his widowed mother and put the other half in the bank to his own credit.

"It was my story, therefore my money, too," he thought.

A week later Vainman, buoyed up by the fact that all hailed him as the author of the story (except its rightful author), resolved that it was time to call upon the girl he loved better than any one in the world but himself, and receive her congratulations. He took along another copy of the magazine—he had bought several—and greeted the young lady as quietly as he could.

"What magazine is that?" she asked, taking it from Vainman's willing hand. "Oh, yes, I have read it, Fred—your story—I know—"

"What do you think of it?" he asked eagerly.

"Think of it? It is undoubtedly a masterpiece. I can criticize it in only *one* minor point. It is not yours."

Her voice, her lips, her eyes, the poise of her head, as she



uttered these words were never erased from Vainman's memory. Her sarcasm cut him to the quick, and he winced. He was overcome. His eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Did—he—tell—you?" he managed to stammer.

"No," she answered in the sweetest of tones. "I read the greater part of that story at Mr. Smith's home last summer. I was driving out in the country and stopped by his home for dinner I told the widow who I was—a girl from Eastern Female College—and she asked if I knew her boy. I had heard of him, I told her. After dinner she privately showed me some of his 'writings.' He was in town now, working in a factory, she said—and I became interested in the 'writings.' Among them was a story he had recently been working on, and what he had completed was identical with the beginning of this story. I was *then* impressed with its merit, but had forgotten all about it until it appeared in this magazine under Mr. Smith's *nom-de plume*. Surely he could have selected a better. I, too, you see, have been interested in this contest."

Vainman was dumbfounded.

"And to think I once loved a coward like you," she said with a little sob.

Vainman left her abruptly, without taking along his magazine. It meant very little to him now. He had lost the game.

(A sequel, by Mr. Stillwell, will appear next month.)

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## THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

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BY F. GAINES, '12.

This day I wandered in a woodland dell,  
Where on the leaves the mellow sunlight fell  
In golden glow;  
Dreamily swaying in beauteous array,  
Children of the bough, thru' their little day,  
Reflecting God's light, that gleams on the way  
Of mortals below.



A chilling breeze across my brow! Methinks,  
But soon the leaf which now so gaily drinks  
Ethereal mist,  
Shall feel across its life drear winter sweep,  
And by an icy breath, lulled into sleep,  
Drift downward, with old Mother Earth to keep  
A dreamless tryst.

So we shall die. It may, perchance, be bright  
The sunset glow, yet followeth the night  
Inevitably.  
The breath of North, so clammy and so cold,  
Its touch be e'er so light, the golden bowl  
Shall break, and from its bosom shall unroll  
Infinity.

A balmy breeze across my brow! My soul  
Looks out beyond the blackness that will roll  
O'er summer's sky.  
I see fair pictures of a rosy hue,  
Hear voices, gentle as the fall of dew,  
Whispering of springtime, bringing life anew,  
To leaves that die.

So shall we live. Us unpitying death  
Will strike in vain. The Master's breath  
Shall bring new life.  
And we shall know chill winter's reign is o'er,  
And in God's sunlight shall we rise and soar  
Yet higher as the ages roll; and hear no more  
Of mortal strife.



## PHILANTHROPY IN ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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C. L. STILLWELL.

England before the middle of the eighteenth century was not a very pleasant country for the poor man. Practically no steps had been taken until that time for the relief of distress and the prevention of disease, and so on. It was not a question of giving the poor and unfortunate a chance, but rather a question of lowering those who were already low for the benefit of the rich and noble classes.

One of the very first beginnings of philanthropy was the Poor Law. But even this was of very little service, for we are told that the cost of poor relief had fallen from 819,000 pounds in 1698 to 689,000 pounds in 1750. So we see that this method was on the decline. "In 1782 Lord Mansfield said they had cut down the poor rate by one-half; and the returns are still extant which prove that annual expenses went down from 566 pounds to 275 pounds at St. Albans; from 945 pounds to 594 pounds at Chatham; from 170 pounds to 100 pounds at Harbrough, and so on. Not merely could a man be kept for 17d or 18d a week who had cost twice as much out of the workhouse, but great numbers of lazy people, rather than submit to the workhouse, are content to throw off the mask and maintain themselves. Unfortunately the very term 'Workhouse' fluctuated in meaning between the three senses of asylum, house of correction, public workshop."

So the workhouses not only gave an opportunity to those who desired to work to do so, but they also were the means of lessening the number of loafers. "The impotent and aged poor were humanely treated."\* This, then, was the act of 1722, and it is the extent of reform in the first half of the eighteenth century.

And then came John Wesley. Wesley's reforms seem to have been somewhat accidental. The churches and places of public

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\* Traill's Social England—Workhouses.



worship were closed against him, and therefore he had to preach largely to the poor and ignorant classes on the common, or in the streets, or wherever he might get an old shed. He reached the outcasts and drunkards, people whom the church had given up as hopeless, doing thereby a work which finds its sequel in the work of the Salvation Army to-day.

Hundreds of men who were picked up from the gutter and who came under the influence of Wesley's preaching were a few months later enrolled in Wesley's societies for the prevention of crime and relief of the poor, and were supporting a school established for them. "If the lowest classes in England grew better through the century rather than worse; if some respect for law and reverence for religion penetrated to those masses at the bottom of society, upon the decency and order of which the stability of the social structure so largely depends; if a rabid revolt against all established things, such as disgraced the worst period of the French Revolution, was impossible in England, the historian must pronounce that the improvement was very largely due to the fact that the Wesleyan movement addressed itself primarily, not to the upper, but to the middle and lower classes. Doubtless its influence upon English thought was less upon that account, its influence upon English life and future English trade was immeasurably greater."\*

Wherever Wesley went he founded societies. It had been the habit of the church for half a century to establish societies, but they lacked the spirit of usefulness which John Wesley put into them. By 1743 the societies had increased so much that Wesley thought it would be well to have a set of "General Rules" for their direction, and afterwards they were run in the most systematic method. For a long time he did not preach, but made journeys from one end of England to the other to give them his personal counsel.

Wesley founded a boys' school at Kingswood, but it was unsuccessful. He was a man who thought a boy should work all the time without recreation, and one of the first rules he made in regard to this school was that no boy should be allowed any

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\* John Wesley.—C. T. Winchester.



time at all for play. On the one hand he had to be unusually severe, on the other he had to be lenient and let many of the rules go unenforced. So there is no room for wonder that the school gave him unalloyed trouble.

Not only did Wesley reform society—and particularly the lower classes of society—but he gave new life to religion. He was an apostle of free thought. He never tried to enforce his beliefs and opinions on any one, because they were his. Needless to say there was great change in religion. Christianity became more and more serviceable; it was inoculated rather with the spirit of Christ than the spirit of creeds, and the result may be told in the words of Prof. Winchester:

“The Wesleyan movement, throughout its whole course, was singularly free from empty ardors, and fruitful in all the practical virtues of citizenship. Not only did it diminish the most flagrant forms of vice, but it raised the standard of morals throughout society. Places like Wesley’s own native parish of Epworth, once reeking with drunkenness and loud with profanity, in twenty years had grown sober and quiet. Some prevalent forms of crime had been almost eradicated.”

Prison reform was begun by John Howard. Previous to his labors “Parliament had made a feeble inquiry into the state of gaols. Again, Mr. Popham had brought forward a bill to abolish gaolers’ fees, which became law in 1774.” But John Howard took the task upon himself of his own accord, and in 1773 made an examination of the gaols in England and presented a bill in 1774 for the reform of prisons.

The gaols of this time were crowded, for persons could be shut up for almost any offense. Debt was considered a sufficient cause for imprisonment, and the prisoners would frequently bring their families with them. Groups of them were huddled into a single little room, and “gaol fever slew more than the hangman.” After the prisoners had received the sentence they soon abandoned the gaol, and all who were not hanged were sold into slavery. This was what Howard fought against, and he was partly successful, but *partly* only. A few people



tried to carry on the reform, and "the Duke of Richmond built a new prison for Sussex, under Howard's advice and guidance; others were erected on an improved plan for Oxford, Stafford and Gloucester, by which some of the worst evils were removed."

He attempted to establish penitentiary houses, but failed in this. Jeremy Bentham, another philanthropist, made a proposal to the government in 1791, to turn prison constructor. He wanted to build a Panopticon, or Inspection House. His scheme was accepted by Parliament in 1794, but after a site was purchased for his prison in the districts of Tothill Fields, his land was used for the erection of the Millbank Penitentiary.

Among Howard's successors we hear of Neild and Silas Told; and Mrs. Fry led the Quakers to do great work in prison; and a prison discipline society was begun by Fowell Buxton. But these labored in the next century, and the history of them "is another story."

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## THE DESERTED (?) HOUSE.

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BY CLARISSA, '11.

All day we had stumbled on across the desert-like country. Overhead hung the gray clouds. Underfoot spread the war-devastated fields. Early in the morning we had been drenched to the skin, and though the day was savagely sultry, our garments still hung in heavy wetness about us. Now and then we passed a farmhouse, deserted or occupied by the women only. The ashes of a destroyed mansion had ceased to arouse our indignation. 'Twas the fortune of war, and we took it with suitable (?) nonchalance.

We had set out from Petersburg the previous day on a desperate foraging expedition. It had proved vain, for the little detachment had been captured, and only we two had escaped. As we trudged wearily on we were tempted to seek the nearest Federal picket and surrender. Only the realization that our



cause was the cause of the right, that we should deserve to be branded as traitors if we did not do our level best, kept us from giving up. After all, we were Virginians, sons of the men who had conquered the Indians, lifted the heel of British tyranny, wrenched Texas from Mexico, and now stood ready for life or death for the integrity of our State's rights.

I reckon you are tired of these ramblings, my children, and want me to come to the point of what happened on that disagreeable March day. But you must pardon an old man, who was then just the age of Tom over there in his new gray cadet uniform. Ah, my boy, may you wear it as honorably as did those men who wore the other gray from '61 to '65.

By swerving a mile or so out of our course we might manage to pass the home of my comrade, a lad two years my junior. This we decided to do. As we drew near the house we were surprised at the desolate look which things wore. The fences were down, the windows broken, and the ground much trampled. Yet we did not despair, for we knew that even Sherman had neither murdered the women and children, nor yet taken them prisoners.

The front door stood open, so we entered without the ceremony of knocking. Everything on the ground floor was in the utmost confusion; nor was there any sign of life. With fear in our hearts we took our way to the second floor. There like disorder prevailed. By this time we were thoroughly alarmed. The son of the house forgot his fatigue, and ran up and down the steps, searching room after room, until he literally dropped from exhaustion.

Of course we knew that a Federal detachment must have recently passed by; but even that failed to explain the absence of all living creatures. Terror overcame my comrade. He conjectured the most horrible things. At length it became his settled conviction that the Yankees had captured them and sent them to a Northern prison. He gave up in despair. Overcome by his efforts he threw himself across a bed and finally sunk into a troubled sleep.



Strange eerie noises now began to arise in the house. Occasionally a strange tap, tap, tapping went on in the roof, with now and then a noise that sounded like a smothered word. I began to fear that the house was haunted, or that it was going to fall in about us.

Again I searched the entire house; but the noises ceased when I began to stir about and I had nothing to guide me. I was in despair. Were those sounds merely figments of a weary man's fancy?

I was standing at the top of the stairs pondering these and many other dark things, when I became aware that I was staring upward at what must be a trap-door into the attic.

I soon found a stepladder and had it in place. The door refused to yield. I pushed it on all sides, but without result. The perfect quiet overhead had about decided me to desist, when I saw that, though the door was of wood, there was about a square inch of iron in one corner. At a gentle pressure on this the door yielded.

Goodness, what was that? I thought that I should tumble from my perch to the ground. Such cries I never heard.

When I had mustered sufficient courage, I climbed into the attic and behold—a lot of goblins? No,—the mother and sisters of my comrade.

Later we learned that at the approach of a troop of Federals they had climbed into the attic and shut the door, the spring lock of which had too securely fastened them in. They had thought that we were more Yankees, or, worse still, negroes, and had taken no means to attract our attention.

That, my children, is what happened. They gave us a hot supper and a good bed afterwards. In the morning they sped us on our journey with words that cheered our hearts for many a weary day.



**DIANA IN "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."**

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BY J. F. GULICK, '10.

In George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" we find a character whose one dominant trait is deception. Diana Merion is the personification of vanity and artificiality. The reader feels as he follows her through the book that at no time is she sincere, either in look or word or act. Her bearing among the other persons whom she meets is such as to leave always a false impression. Not always is deception designed. At least Diana could not persuade herself that it was. The effect is nevertheless the same. She impresses us as being an artificial being in manner and word from first to last, from the ball-room in Ireland to her final undoing in England.

From Wilmer's diary we get a description of Diana, now the Mrs. Warwick. She has a straight nose, red lips, raven hair coal-black eyes, rich complexion, a remarkably fine bust, and she walks well and has an agreeable voice. She is just the person to eclipse all who come near her."

Diana is a shrewd, witty woman. She was in her childhood the "sprightliest of creatures." It was not altogether unnatural, then, that she should have become vanity itself. At the ball given in honor of the returned heroes from India we get a glimpse of her in society. Her company is sought by all. Mr. Redworth, when in her presence, could not help counting up his income, and wondered if it were sufficient to keep such a wife as she. She is not unconscious of her abilities to attract. When asked why she was late she said, "To give the others a chance; to produce a greater impression by suspense." She qualifies this reply in an attempt to conceal the outspoken conceit which it expressed. We feel as we read it, however, that she spoke truly, though perhaps half unconsciously.

She was a woman easily fascinated with show. A soldier's uniform, with his deeds and name, fascinated her; yet she did not, could not, love them. Her soul is too shallow for any deep emotion of the heart or mind. She says herself that she could



be the "friend of woman." She could not be more than that to any one, for her heart was as cold as icicles. She had "an abyss in her nature full of infernal possibilities. A woman who can do as I do needs to have an angel near her always." As we follow her we come to feel that, too. We never know just what she is. The certainties we know about her are all negatives. At one time she looked into a mirror at her lovely face, and as she did so she uttered the word "Liar." She seemed refreshed. It seemed to express herself so truly.

She was a woman who could forgive. But while she had the power of pardoning in her own heart she could not ask forgiveness for any faults of her own. This again showed the vanity of her heart, that she could not feel conscious of having wronged another. When she basely betrayed the secret which Percy entrusted to her, she was not sorry for it. She persuaded herself and him that she did not intend harm. In reading her actions here we, too, feel like uttering the word "Liar." In all of her vanity and self-deception perhaps none is so marked as that she tried to persuade herself that she was natural. "I who have such a pride in being myself!"

Diana, then, is a beautiful, witty, artificial woman. "Superstitious in affection," but false in manner, speech and thought. We feel as we look at her that the only reality about her is her beauty, for, as Mr. Redworth observed, "He could have imagined her a Madonna on an old Spanish canvas."



## THE DANCE OF THE SPRITES.

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BY "FAIRY."

Moonbeams dancing on the green,  
Flowers bright with dewdrop sheen;

In a mystic, magic ring,  
Elf and fairy madly swing,

Music wells—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—

Fairy bells.

Fireflies flash and pale and flitter,  
Glowworms in the damp grass glitter;

To and fro, now fast, now slow  
Trips the lightsome fairy toe.

Music wells—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—

Fairy bells.

Elves in cloaks of oak leaves made,  
Decked with flowerets from the glade,

Join with airy, fairy grace,  
Dressed in spangled spider lace,

Music wells—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—

Fairy bells.

Jack-'o-lanterns twinkle bright,  
Here and there some elfin sprite,  
With a merry, shrilling blast  
From his crystal horn, flies past,

Music wells—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—

Fairy bells.



Gaily go the fairies skipping,  
From the flowers nectar sipping,  
Nectar made from dewdrop spray  
Mixed with sifted moonbeams ray,  
    Music wells—  
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—  
    Fairy bells.

Thus they dance throughout the night  
Till the glowing morning light  
From the Orient sends its ray,  
Swiftly hides each elf and fay,  
    Echo knells—  
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—  
    Fairy bells.

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### THE CASHIER.

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C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

The crowd gathered in and around the store of the little village of Greenville was larger than usual, for it was a fine moonlight night in May. The discussions carried on in these Saturday evening meetings were often entertaining and instructive—to those who were seeking an education in gossip. On this particular occasion they had been talking for an hour or so about horses, and especially Squire Walton's new pair of carriage horses just brought from England, and after every one had expressed his opinion on the matter a big, bald and red-faced farmer with sandy whiskers of two weeks' growth knocked the ashes from his long-stemmed cob pipe, and said to the crowd on the porch: "Look ahyer, boys, we've got to hear from Sam Green ternight. It's perty nigh seldom that we has the opportunity to welcome him back home since he's been warkin' in town. I hearn a good joke on Sam when I was in town, about one of them thar money gals—what yer call 'em?—



heh?—cashers? Come, Sam, and tell it to the boys. 'Taint no use to shake yer head now, cause I'm gointer tell it myself, ef yer don't."

The farmer refilled his pipe and a young man of twenty-two or three, moved by this threat, stepped forward, and after two or three clearings of the throat, began:

"Well, fellows, I don't know how Mr. Barton heard this thing about me. I was hoping to keep it secret, but I see it's only what we don't want told that finds its way out. You know I've been clerking in a big department store in Richmond for going on three years, and that's where this happened. They have more girls in that store than come to this Greenville church over here in ten Sundays, and I declare there are some beauties, too. In every department there's a cashier's office which is raised about six or eight feet above the floor, like they had begun to make another story and got tired and quit. They are all fixed up like Squire Walton's parlor—at least like it used to be, but I haven't seen it now for four years. There were two cashiers in the office of the department where I worked. Well, after I had been there a few days and my shyness and uneasiness began to wear off, I took to looking around at the girls, and finally I caught sight of the cashiers—one a pretty little girl of seventeen or eighteen, and the other an old maid. But the little light-haired, blue-eyed girl in the cashier's office was my favorite after that.

"After a week or two had passed I began to write notes and send them up to her in the carriage along with the money for goods I sold. I didn't know her name, but I didn't see as that mattered as long as she got the notes and answered them. And I got answers to them all right, too. You know I always did have a knack for getting along with girls, and I always tried to get along with every pretty one I could. If a girl had a pretty face, that was all I asked, and she certainly was as pretty a faced creature as ever I looked at.

"One day I wrote a note asking if I might call to see her. I told her to send her address—I had already learned her name



from another clerk—in the carriage with her reply. The answer came and filled me with all kinds of joy, you may be sure, for she said I could come to see her.

“Well, I went to the address given me. I never felt more at home when waiting for admittance at a strange place in my life. When I rang the door-bell and stood waiting my heart didn’t thump like a prize-fighter, as it usually did. The door opened softly, and that darned old maid showed her head through the crack. She had got my note and had evidently been getting all the others I had sent. Of course she was excusable for the ones that didn’t have any name on them, but the one I sent that morning was addressed to Miss Martin, and the old maid had known it, too. There was a disgusting smile about her lips that took away all my carefully prepared speech which I had ready for Miss Martin.

“‘Is Miss Martin in?’ I stammered.

“And then she grinned more provokingly than ever and replied:

“No, indeed; you made the engagement with me. What do you want with Miss Martin? Come in.”

“Did you go?” asked the village blacksmith, a six-foot, heavy-bearded man, with muscles like boarding-house beefsteak.

“You just bet I did,” Sam replied. “By George, I walked into the parlor like a horse walking into a stall where he’s been fed all his life, and took a seat, just as big as you please.”

He hesitated and the blacksmith questioned, “Well, is that all of it?”

“No, not exactly. The old maid was the first to speak, and second and third, too, for that matter. I just let her go on talking like she wanted to for a while. Finally she began speaking about Miss Martin.

“‘What did you ask about Miss Martin for when you first came? Didn’t you know I live here? Besides, judging from the notes she’s been showing me that you wrote her you are not acquainted with her.’”

“Blast me, fellows, if it didn’t get my dander up. I said in



a very fretful manner: 'Look here, Miss—er—er—I don't know your name, and I don't care. I ain't no blooming idiot you've been fooling with. You may have seen some of the notes I've been writing Miss Martin, but she didn't show 'em to you. And I dare say *she* never saw the one I wrote this morning,' and with that I got up and walked out without saying another word."

"Well, what of the other girl?" asked a tall, slim boy of seventeen, with red hair and a freckled face. "I'll bet you were more careful about writing notes after that, weren't you?"

"Yes, that I was. I never sent any more up to Miss Martin, and I was glad afterwards that the old maid interfered with our 'mail car,' for that little girl was not the kind of girl to stand for anything like my forwardness. As it was, I met her a few weeks later and didn't have any more trouble getting to see her."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated the farmer, twisting his quid and refilling his pipe at the same time. "I'll lay it down fer ye ter think about that thar's more ter be told about this matter than he's told ye. Ain't thar, Sam?"

But Sam had gone inside the store, and the farmer had to content himself with thumping his fingers on the barrel upon which he was sitting, while he puffed at his pipe and watched the smoke curl around his head.

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## PARTY ORGANIZATIONS IN COLLEGES.

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BY W. R. D. MONCURE, '09.

We frequently hear the complaint that party solidity and lack of a criticising party has been the bane of the South, in that it throttles free political thought and initiative, and that this stagnation in our political life has made itself felt on all our other activities. It is true that there is something immanently wrong in our Southland, manifested in that our ambitious young men have to seek fields elsewhere to give full



vent to their energy. In the educational world we find some of our best Southern men professors in Northern universities. In the West the ablest men in the legal profession are Southern men, and so on in other lines of activity.

Great many sociological thinkers have made an attempt to fathom this mystery, and some of the theories advanced sound rather feasible, but they never advance any plan to overcome the obstacles they portray. Some have advanced the theory that we are paying the penalty of a hideous economic fallacy, an economy dependent upon slavery, and that all of our institutions developed with slavery as an integral part, and in consequence only decade upon decade will suffice for the South to assimilate itself to a new economic epoch. Others lay it upon the political lethargy of the most intelligent class of people in the South, and that this incivism makes the solid South possible and gives the control of the Democratic party to bosses and office seekers rather than to statesmen and publicist. Undue stress is laid upon the fact that the one-party predominance in the South is an evil. The solidity is not the evil and not the point for stress. The South has just as much right to stand for a great political philosophy and form of government as New England has for a great intellectual religion, Unitarianism. It is a demonstrated fact that communities, cities, States, sections, and nations have social consciences. Why was it that Richmond went twelve hundred majority for Tucker, while Norfolk went nearly the same for Mann? It is due to that inexplicable social phenomenon known as social conscience. So is it with the Democratic party in the Southern States, if directed rather by principle than by interest.

What is really essential to the political life of the South is a change in personnel of the party leaders, a return from an organization, which is merely a citadel for office seekers, to a party organization directed by well trained statesmen and publicist, men who are intensely interested in the science of government as chemist and physicist are interested respectively in chemistry and physics for the science sake.



Through the help of the Honorable Norman Mack, the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee in the last Presidential Campaign, the cause of Democracy has in a peculiar way been presented to the thinking men of our country, the students of our large universities and colleges. It surely portends a new stream of life instilled into a party that does not lack principles but sane vitality. Under the direction of Jefferson Davis, Jr., democratic clubs are to be formed in all of our large educational institutions throughout the country for the purpose of giving democratic principles an unbiased presentation to minds which are passionately seeking for the truth. Mr. Mack is going to give a section in his newly established Democratic Weekly to the work of this new institution.

Another interesting feature of this movement is that these clubs will all be units of a large national organization, thereby creating a new incentive for harmony among the educated Democrats.

It is to be surely hoped that when Mr. Davis visits the colleges of Virginia he will receive the most hearty co-operation of the college and State press.



# The Messenger

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## THE ANNUAL.

A year that has begun so splendidly, with such enterprise and spirit among the student body, will not fail to bring forth many achievements worthy of note and deserving of permanent record. This means an Annual. We *must* have an Annual. It must be a good one, if it is to represent all that we mean to do this year. Let us get to work on it at once. Every one of us must assist if it is to be representative in the best sense. You who expect to get an article or story in the Annual had best begin on it at once, you cannot do your best on short notice and only the best will be accepted. While the Senior Class will have charge if it, it is by no means an exclusively



Senior affair. Men, we cannot help being optimistic at this time of the year. We all have great hopes. Let us act upon our hopes, so that in February we will find ourselves justified in our present attitude and finally, in June, see all our expectations crowned with a well merited success in the finest and most complete Annual ever gotten out by old R. C. V.

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### THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

One of the finest indications of the present *esprit de corps* of the student body is, the newly organized Dramatic Club. Its object, the presentation of a Shakesperian play, shows it even better. It is, to say the least, a great undertaking. It entails a great deal of sacrifice and hard work for those who compose the body of the Club. While it also means a corresponding amount of benefit to them, its object is only half revealed if personal benefit is taken as the only motive. The Club is composed of men and women who believe in the advancement of Richmond College. Nothing is too good for Old Richmond. If the presentation of a Shakesperian Drama will set the College far ahead of most of the colleges of our class, why then it must be done. And that is what they mean to do, and they will do it creditably. We call on all of the loyal students of Richmond College to lend them their support in this matter. Give them of your talent, your time and your enthusiasm, that their object may be attained with the degree of success due them.

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### THE SECOND TEAM.

Foot-ball plays a large part in every college boy's life. He may not play it himself. He may not be physically fit for such a rough sport. But if he is of the right sort, he is sure to have within him a deep-seated admiration for a sport that calls forth such splendid exhibitions of courage, grit and stamina. Let



us hope that the time may never come again, when, as was the case in Chaucer's day, the pursuit of knowledge shall threaten the very foundations of manhood. Every true man is a hero-worshipper and we like to see that our heroes are fittingly honored. We give our heroes of the gridiron the permission to wear the "R." We do this that men may know that they are possessed of the grit and manly qualities which characterize the foot-ball players of our institution. Yet many a man leaves college with no recognition of his services, which he has faithfully performed on the gridiron. We pay too little attention to the games played by our second team. If we followed them as closely as we should we would find that we have not exhausted, by any means, the roll of our athletes deserving of honors. The second team is composed of men who have worked hard to win the coveted position on the first team. They have failed and yet still strive on to fight for their college. There are no honors for them. Their work is not even noted by the college at large. With no disparagement to the first team, does it not seem to you that it shows certainly just as much loyalty to one's college to work and fight in a position where there is no expectation of honor or glory as to labor for her in the great games of the season, with the cheers of the crowd in your ears and the honors of wearing the letter a certainty? Many of the games played by the second team are equally as hard fought as any of the championship games.

Seeing all this, ought we not to honor the second team in some fitting manner? And what better way is there than that we give them the privilege of wearing the letters "R. C?" We will be but following the precedent of many other collegss all over the country. We feel that the case needs only to be stated in its proper light for the Athletic Association to do the right thing by its faithful representatives on the second team.



**"THE AMERICAN COLLEGE."**

A new magazine, published by the Higher Education Association, a body recently incorporated in New York, is out bidding to be "*the* magazine of every college man and woman." Besides valuable contributed articles, it promises to furnish "information no college graduate can do without."

As we remember it, this is not the first attempt to establish *the* college magazine.

A dozen years ago Harvard undergraduates were fingering with mild curiosity the pages of the "Bachelor of Arts." Lofty names supported it. William Dean Howells was one. It contained excellent contributed articles; it dispensed information "no college man can do without." Furthermore, it was well-favored. The printing was good; there was a dash of color on the cover; a thin atmosphere of Bohemia enveloped it, and not least of its charms, it was cut of a size to slip easily into the undergraduate's pocket. But the evidence seems to be that the pocket was already full. At any rate the Bachelor of Arts put on a brave face for a while, and then without any noise, shrivelled up and passed away.

"The American College," however, appears on a more favorable scene. The body of college men has increased enormously in twelve years; now at last *the* college magazine—if it can "make good"—has a constituency. In national importance colleges have grown beyond all expectation. Else why should a young professor of Economics in one university be called to be Director of the National *Mint*? or the treasurer of another university step up to the position of Treasurer of the United States? And it is another sign of the times that President Taft must now and then lay aside his cares as chief executive and travel up to New Haven to sit on the governing board of his *alma mater*.

More to the point is an attitude of American college men treated in one of the contributed articles of the new magazine and in the leading editorial. While the colleges are richer than



ever before, larger, more important, and—let us declare—more effective, there never was a time when they suffered more criticism than within the past few months; never more discontent, or or more eagerness to remedy existing methods and accomplishment. The charter of the Higher Education Association (page 53 of “The American College”) indicates that this body is formed to meet this very discontent and that the new magazine is its organ. Able men are directing the Association, as Professor Sprague of New York University, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Cortelyou, Dr. Edwin Glasson of *The Independent*, Dr. Virgil Prettyman of the *Horace Mann School*, and Mr. Clarence Birdseye. The last named is Directing Editor of the new magazine. His position with the college public is secure as the author of two books that have most accurately voiced the present discontent with our colleges and have most intelligently pointed out the right remedies. These are “The Reorganization of our Colleges,” and “Individual Training in our Colleges.” Under Mr. Birdseye as editor we seem to have the right man directing the right kind of magazine, at just the right time.

Richmond College is to have a part in the new enterprise. Professor Metcalf is to speak for the South in the pages of “The American College,” and is to give Southern Colleges, henceforth, the representation that is lacking in the first number. All hail to “The American College.”

H. A. V. L.



# Crackers and Cheese

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F. G. LOUTHAN, EDITOR.

The first few days of College were taken up in making the freshmen feel at home in their new realm.

On Friday evening, they were entertained by a Literary program rendered by the two Literary Societies, this was followed by a reception given by both Societies in honor of the freshmen.

Saturday evening was one to be remembered by the class of '13, it was then that the sophomores paid them their respects in the form of an informal call about 11:30 P. M.

Monday evening the Faculty appeared on the rostrum in chapel in their gorgeous gowns, to give the session of '09-'10 a successful send-off by a formal opening of College. The speeches of different members of the Faculty with those of the trustees, were enjoyed by all, and wondered at by the freshmen. Then followed a reception by the Y. M. C. A., given to all the students and their friends.

Welsh, (in an oration): "Colonel Bowie has been ill with ammonia.

Stillwell, (in debate): "In 1876 Mr. Tillman had a population of over a quarter of a million—er, I mean a plurality.

Young Lankford, (looking over his phil lesson), Teddy B: "Rat, what are you studying that for?"

Little Lankford. "W—e—l—l, I—I want to do a little conscientious work for the Old Gentleman."



On the 1st day of October, 318 students had signed the matriculation roll. The number is increasing daily.

Every day the face and familiar walk of some recent alumnus is seen crossing the campus. We are glad to welcome them back and hear them express their desires of being again with us.

On Monday, October 4th, the Chi Epsilon Literary Society entertained the new Co-eds in the Philologian Hall. Each girl wore something suggestive of the title of a popular novel, thus much ingenuity was exercised in some of the representations. Quite an enjoyable afternoon was spent getting acquainted.

The first convocation was held in the chapel on October 12, with an attendance of the faculty and 250 students. The talks by Prof. Metcalf and Dr. Boatwright made us see things in a brighter light. These meetings are inspiring to one and all. It was the first time we have seen all the Co-eds together this session. Kershaw said the improvement over session of '07-'08 was 60 per cent. Of course he meant in number.

The other day Pankey was sitting on a street car. Some one entering stepped on his foot and said, "Excuse me, sir; I thought it was a suit case."

A Freshman—"Say, Capt. Bristow, is that Mr. Ackiss on the Track Team?"

Bristow—"No; why?"

Freshman—"Why, because I hear he *runs* for everything in college."

The Freshman was visited later.

The students are glad to see the Faculty Reception program continued. The first one of this session was a great success, with Dr. Metcalf holding the position of host. It is an excellent method of drawing the city alumni and the students closer together.



The international education question is being solved right among us. In addition to Senor Edmundo Belforto Sarivo de Maegalheas, of Brazil, and Ah-Fong Yeung, of China, we have with us this session Elias Albertas Trojas Vivas —of — who has studied in South America, Portugal and Spain, and Alberto Alfredo Manolo Amado, son of the President of Gautemala.

Rat Rogers being a senior, says he wants the name to stay in college, so he brought his brother up to the Academy to prepare him for his role next year.

The German Club has been reorganized with full membership. Also we are glad to note an attempt to form a Dramatic Club. Let's all join hands and push this enterprise to the front. Our college is far too large not to be supporting such an organization.



# Athletic Department

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E. L. ACKISS, '10.

It is not out of place perhaps to say in the beginning, that as one might judge from the games already played, the prospects for a winning football team at this College are bright indeed. The squad has been averaging about forty men every day since the season opened, and the Athletic Association even yet has a waiting list of men who are anxious for suits so that they may be enabled to go out and help *make* the first team, *the* first team in every sense of the word. The men on the first squad are at it in earnest now, and are settling down to the good hard seasoning as only Coach Dunlap knows how to give them.

The first game of the season was a victory for the college, as well as a try-out for the team. After only five days of practice we met the Maryland Aggies, taking their scalp into camp to the tune of 12 to 0. In this game the Coach tested the men trying for different places, allowing only three men to stay in the whole game. It generally takes about two games to get the team in good running shape, and on the following Thursday afternoon the Spiders met the Boat Club team, playing a 0 to 0 game, the same result as when Randolph-Macon played the Boat Club.

On October 10th the Spiders faced their ancient rivals, the Yellow Jackets, with very creditable results, taking all things into consideration. Their rivals had had about ten days more practice, and many of their old men were back in their former positions, while the College had many new ones to try out. It was a battle royal, and although Randolph-Macon invaded the territory of the Red and Blue, when the danger mark was reached and downs were necessary, the Spiders buckled down as in the olden days and played their opponents to a standstill, and the pigskin would pass over. While there was considera-



ble fumbling, allowance can be made for it this early in the season. Both sides were forced to punt often, and the ball was see-sawed back and forth across the field. When the whistle blew the ball had not been carried over the line for either side, and the score was 0 to 0. The boys all say "there'll be something doing" when we meet the Yellow Jackets again, and if our alumni and friends want to see that "something" just come out to the Park on November 27th.

In writing up the Georgetown game we feel it unnecessary to speak of the game to those who were present, for while a score of 17 to 0 against the College does not look good, those who saw the game up to the last eight minutes of play can certainly vouch that Richmond College had the better of the argument. It was simply a question of how long our men could cope against the weight and brawn of the opposing team. The Spiders kept the ball around Georgetown's twenty-yard line during the whole first half, and, to quote the Times-Dispatch, "At the conclusion of the first half the Blue and Gray appeared to be outclassed by their lighter rivals, and many who had backed Georgetown to win reversed their decisions and hedged bets." The Washington Post also gives the College due credit. Only one touchdown was made through our line, the others being made by men getting away on the 50- and 40-yard lines, respectively.

To name the stars in this game would be an enumeration of the whole team. It is true that several men showed up well and made long gains through the Blue and Gray, but when you come to think of it, such plays were only made possible by the men in the line and the interference doing their duty.

We go up against V. P. I. on October 23d, and while we are not doing much talking as yet, we believe that we can assure any one who comes out a good exhibition of football, and perhaps—perhaps—we may turn a trick or two. Just be on the lookout, anyway. The College will make a stronger bid for the Cup this year than ever before, and if she doesn't land it, we will know the reason why. The games to be played now are:



V. P. I. (at Richmond) October 23d.

U. of N. C. (at Chapel Hill) October 30th.

Wake Forest (at Richmond) November 6th.

Hampden-Sidney (Championship, at Richmond) November 13th.

William and Mary (Championship, at Richmond) November 20th.

Randolph-Macon (Championship, at Richmond) November 27th.



# Alumni Department

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GEO. F. COOK, EDITOR.

As each year opens with a larger matriculation than ever before, so does it close by adding to the alumni, who came ignorant and went away cultured. The institution is now the mother of six hundred and seven sons and daughters. As they speak of this mother, all of them call her blessed.

Since a well-moulded character and trained mind are appreciated more than all else, the alumni have received some of the greatest honors to be given by the people. To many of them have been entrusted the making and execution of laws. Several have been chosen to perform that important function of teaching the unlearned. Having heard the distant cry, more than fifty have gone to Christianize the heathens.

As we make these statements we are reminded of Dr. P. S. Henson, B. A. '49. He is the oldest alumnus of the college, but still hale, hearty and active. New York has just lost one of its ablest preachers, because the Doctor has recently gone to Los Angeles, California, to accept the pastorate of the Baptist Temple. This pulpit has been filled by the world's great humorist and lecturer, Dr. R. J. Burdett.

R. E. Cabell, B. A. '02, has just resigned the office of postmaster at Richmond. He goes to Washington, D. C., to take upon himself the duties of a commissioner of the internal revenue. The people of this city regret to lose such a man, but still they rejoice in seeing him prosper. The government values his service at \$8,000 per year.

J. T. Lawless, L. L. B. '95, has just had the distinguished honor of being appointed judge of the Hustings Court at Norfolk. He succeeds Judge Portlock.

Rev. J. H. Neims, B. A. '80, is the pastor of one of the largest churches in Washington, D. C. He recently had a call from the largest church in Lynchburg. The call was declined, because his church would not give him up.



## Exchange Department

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R. A. BROCK, EDITOR.

We can scarcely assume the duties attendant upon the critic's chair without some foreword as to the real use and advantage of the same. There *is* such a thing as college spirit and pride, and so, fearful lest this loyalty might blind or at least blunt the criticisms offered from within the circle it has been thought expedient to give our would-be poets and authors a more impartial and just criticism. By this it was hoped that the general excellence of work might be increased, besides giving to one man on the staff of the various magazines a critical turn of mind, which in this day and time is essential. It is with gladness that we again resume active work in this department, and with the hope that our kindly criticism may be of service to some of our exchange list. Thus early in action only a few magazines have arrived. However, the list will increase as the year goes on, and so we submit our report.

"Ladies first," the saying goes.

It is with regret that we read the last page of Hollins Quarterly (June, 1909), for it is of unusual merit and interest. The stories are excellent, *breezy* and true to life. "Billy" is a delightful little sketch of animal life. "Dame Nature and the Man" shows an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare and his environments. It is well written and full of apt quotations. In fact, *we* would say that the Quarterly is especially strong in its essay department—such an article as "The Scotch-Irish of Colonial Virginia" being excellent, and at the same time showing research and a real interest in and knowledge of the subject. We deplore the dearth of poetesses, as that department was sadly lacking in quantity at least. "The Mother Hands" is short, but good.

Hampton-Sidney Magazine (October, 1909).



The article on State's Rights is clear and forcible, showing experience in argument and debate. Such a subject is always dear to the hearts of our Southern people as exemplifying our action in *the* War. We are also glad to see that information is being afforded in a, for the most part, retired field. We refer to the sketch of late Secretary of State of the Confederacy, Judah P. Benjamin. Articles of a more serious nature and showing some degree of research are always very acceptable. "The Boy and the Tiger" is humorous and true to nature, showing the hostility existing between the sexes at the "kid" stage.

The poetry is good. To our friend's cry, "Shall I write verse?" we would answer, "Pray *proceed*."

We are glad to acknowledge The Carolinian. As announced, it is a Tennyson number, and we would commend it to the notice of our readers.



## YELLS AND SONGS.

Hay Richmond! Hay Richmond! Hay Richmond!  
 R—I—C—H—M—O—N—D, Richmond!

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Hike 'em, Richmond! Hike 'em Richmond!  
 Hike 'em, Richmond! Hike 'em Richmond!  
 Hike 'em, Richmond!

Hike! Hike! Hike! Hike Hike.

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Tune: We are three happy colored children.

We are the mighty Richmond Spiders,  
 From Richmond College here we came;  
 We're out to lick these poor old "Biblets"  
 And they'll never come back again;  
 We love to ramble for a touchdown  
 Right straight across the goal we go,  
 So we'll take a running jump  
 And we'll lick 'em kerflunk,  
 For we are the mighty Spiders, don't you know?

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Tune: Marching through Georgia.

Since we've come with all our voices, boys, let's sing another  
 song,—

Sing it with a spirit that will help the team along,—  
 All the yells are dandy, but there's nothing like a song;

Let's all join in the chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for R. C. V.

The team's depending now on you and me!

Rah! Rah! for the Spiders,—

For the good old R. C. V.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Richmond College.



Tune: Smarty.

Oh, you team from Ashland!  
 Thought you'd make a touchdown!  
 Don't forget what you have to do  
 When you play with the Red and Blue!  
 You have to know your business—  
 You have to play the game!  
 Go back and take a training course  
 For shame, shame, shame.



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