

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 36
Number 3 *The Messenger*, Vol. 36, No. 3

Article 1

12-1909

The Messenger, Vol. 36, No. 3

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1909) "The Messenger, Vol. 36, No. 3," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 36 : No. 3 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol36/iss3/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)* by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

THE MESSENGER

VOL. XXXVI

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

—
"FAIRY," '13.

The stars burn bright, the frosty air
Is crystal clear, and gleaming snow
Makes of the world a fairy show.
Merry bells are ringing,
Angels glad are singing,
And Christmas joy is throbbing in the air.

All hail the joyous Christmas morn
With carols clear or hymns of praise,
And merry shouts the strollers raise.
Merry bells are ringing,
Angels glad are singing,
For unto all the world a King is born.

THE BLACK CLOAK.

VIRGINIUS CARLISLE FROST, '10.

CHAPTER I.

THE AFFAIR AT THE INN.

THE eventful month of September had just been ushered in to take its place along with her bloody sisters in that memorable year of eighteen hundred and sixty-two. 'Twas early in the month and late at night that "Buck" and I splashed through the mud and torrents of rain on a lonely Virginia road. The splash, splash of the horse's hoofs, the monotonous patter of the rain and the gargle of the road gully in its muddy throat, were the only sounds that came to my consciousness.

Since noon had I ridden, and 'twas now, as near as I could ascertain, close onto midnight, and judging from the time, we were not far distant from our destination. Aye, the little village of Chantilly should not be far off, if we were on the right road. From Acquia Creek, where Pope had hoped to "bag" the gallant Jackson, over fields plowed by cannon and roads swept clean by musketry, the good horse had borne me, bearing "Jeb" Stuart's dispatches to the Confederate commander at the little town.

Night comes on early in the hill country of Northern Virginia, and we had been some six hours on our journey since twilight. Neither a sign nor a sound of human existence had we seen or heard. Not even the bark of a dog, the crow of a cock, the neigh of a horse, nor any indication of life had come to our consciousness that would lead us to believe that there was a habitation in all that country a round. An awe-inspiring sense of the loneliness and desolation of my environment settled upon me, and reaching forward I stroked Buck's dripping

mane, for the courser and I were friends of long standing, and many were the times on just such a mission as this when he had been my old companion.

My conjectures as to the hour of the night and my whereabouts proved correct. The indistinct forms of the trees along the road dwindled to underbrush and at the end of a misty avenue a light shone feebly. The horse neighed and broke into a brisk trot, and as I drew near a host of dogs rushed out to bark at me and to snap and snarl among themselves. In front of a low, rambling two-story structure, the yellow eye of a swinging lantern blinked slowly. Its flickering rays brought out boldly the name on the creaking sign above the door, and I knew that I had come to the village of Chantilly, and that this was Bordley's Tavern. Here I determined to remain until early morning, when I could again push on to Colonel Sibley's headquarters. I deemed this plan advisable, for I had been warned to avoid travel on those roads that were common property of conflicting armies; and indeed my experience as cavalryman under the fearless Stuart had taught me much concerning the undercurrent of the war. Those were days of strife and a man never knew what the morrow had in store for him.

I dismounted and led Buck around to the right of the inn, where I knew there must be a barn or a shed in which the good horse might forget his journey of sixty miles in the consumption of well-earned oats and hay. An old negro, holding aloft a sputtering lantern, which emitted a pungent odor of kerosene, greeted me with a cordial "'Evenin', Sah; feed, boss?'" and at my nod of assent, led Buck into a nearby stall, but with my instructions that the saddle be left on him, for Stuart had taught us that it in no wise lessened the gastronomical gratitude of a Southern charger in those days when there was scant food for man or beast.

For the most part the rambling old house was dark except for the light that hung in the passage-way and a few rays that streamed through the shutters of a low window on my left. This was doubtless the bar-room, for from within issued the

discordant notes of revelers, even at that late hour of the night. I had had many an experience with that class which frequents the only saloon in such out-of-the-way places; thieves and murderers alike, friends to the winning side. So I deemed it safer to learn as much as I could of my surroundings before entering the place where I was to remain over night.

Stepping cautiously inside the broad passage-way, my eyes fell upon a sign hanging upon the door to the left. This was the "Hotel Bar." The door was slightly ajar, and stepping close I gazed upon the scene within. Half a dozen men, habitual loafers about the place, stood leaning upon the bar, while a few others sat among themselves in a remote corner listening to a man seated upon a barrel. He appeared of a different sort from his auditors, who seemed to be the common habitues of the place, and whose dress and manner were quite in consonance with their environment. He wore a long black cloak that completely covered his under-apparel, and a broad hat partially concealed his features from the light of the smoky lamp overhead. The landlord, as he served in all the capacities of the requisite positions of the hostelry, was discharging the duties of bar-tender, and occasionally there was a shout of mirth at some remark of a facetious wag, in which he tactfully joined.

Directly in front of the counter and parallel with it, a dirty curtain, which served as a partition, hung from a wire, separating, as I rightly judged, the saloon from the lobby. Down the long hall I passed until I came to a dim ray of light that stretched itself across the floor of the passage. Here I paused again to view the scene within. The room, which was thrice as long as it was wide, was dark but for a single lamp or gasolier that hung from the smoky ceiling. A few benches and chairs, an old table, several picture-advertisements and an old map constituted the furniture. To all appearances it was empty; but I moved cautiously down the length of the room to that end furthest from the ray of light. Here a dull red glow came from the dying embers in a huge fire-place, and

seating myself in a chair, I stretched out my wet boots to the fire and wrapped my cloak closer around me, for the night was sneaky cool, and I was fatigued from sixty miles' ride astride a hard saddle, and drenched from half-a-night's down-pour.

I was not desirous that my presence be known to any one in the inn, not even to the landlord, until the knaves about the bar had departed for their homes or were so far gone in drink that they were beyond themselves. For I remembered the admonition of the wily Stuart as he gave me a handclasp and a slap on the back as a farewell. "Have a care of the Jackals, lad," he had said. It was true, indeed, that the ruffians would doubtless declare their loyalty to the Confederacy since the Union Army had received such a defeat at Manassas only a few days ago, but then I inferred from my instructions from my commander that it would only be a question of a few days before the shattered remains of the Union Army would again be in the ranks and in hot pursuit of the victorious Lee. Then would the tide of their loyalty ebb, and they would again become the friends of the Union Army. I had learned caution from lessons in dealings with such knaves and experience argued that it were better to give them a wide berth.

A natural sense of caution, an instinct keen to danger, that had become a part of me since I had been in the army, caused me to turn occasionally and cast my eyes in the direction whence the shouts of mirth issued. It seemed that the revelry was at a greater height than when I arrived. Evidently, he of the barrel was the toast of the evening, for presently there floated to me, in accents clear and unmistakably Northern, a snatch of a song:

"We'll drink together,
To the gray goose feather,
And the land where the gray goose flew."

My suspicions that the fellow was not one of the ordinary tavern toppers was now almost confirmed, and as travelers were most uncommon, there remained but one reason for his being present in the inn, and that was that he was a soldier. The fact that he was in a town where a few days previous there had been a battle, and which was popularly accredited a Union victory, proved conclusively that he was not a Southern soldier. True it was that Colonel Sibley's camp lay but a few miles beyond the town, but with his hundred cavalry not a man could go beyond the shadow of his tent. Besides he was there to watch McClellan on the Washington road in the reorganization of the shapeless mass of the Northern Army. All this had I gathered from old Stuart's instructions, and so I concluded that this man was one of the many scouts who watched like a hawk the movements of the Southern army.

'Twas thus I sat in the glow of the slowly pulsing embers, conjecturing as to this man's identity, that my attention was attracted to the echo of footsteps in the passage-way. They fell regularly, lightly and quickly, yet there was a suggestion of stealth in their fall. They ceased before reaching the door through which I had entered the lobby, so settling far down in my chair, so as to escape observation, I shaded my eyes with my hat and awaited the entrance of the party. I had resolved that I would remain unobserved as long as possible and thus avoid probable danger.

But the sudden entrance of the party and the unexpected discovery of her identity, warranted no assurance that I would remain undiscovered for long. Standing in the doorway and directly in the glare of the yellow lamp, stood a woman. I could not see her face, for a hood was thrown over her head concealing her features, but I perceived that she was young. For a moment she looked about her in apparent helplessness and disappointment, but suddenly she entered the room, passed under the smoky, sputtering lamp, and was tip-toeing towards the fireplace where I sat.

It was obvious that she was a stranger in the place, for twice

she stopped and looked about her, and once she glanced back and I thought there was genuine terror in her attitude. But she came on, and in the next instant almost stumbled over me as I lay flattened out in my chair. She gave a little scream, and would have fallen had I not risen and caught her. As she swayed in my arms, the hood fell back from the mass of dark hair upon her head. The face was deathlike in its pallor, but beautiful in the red glow of the dying embers. Not while there is life will I ever forget that face! She stirred; the little mouth twitched and the large startled eyes opened wide. But she was herself again in an instant, standing quite straight beside me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a quick intaking of breath, her hands clutching her bosom, "who are you?"

"A wanderer, madam," I said, bowing low, "at your service."

"Oh!" she exclaimed again, "I did not know you were here."

"Madam," I said, bowing again, "you do not intrude. Let me assure you that my only regret is that, as a gentleman, I have no appropriate place to welcome a lady."

"Thank you," she said simply. Her moods seemed to change on the instant.

I placed my chair for her and bade her seat herself, and seizing the poker I raked the scattered coals together. In a box in the chimney corner I found some kindling wood, and throwing this upon the fire, the dingy old room was soon aglow with a bright mellow light. I drew up a chair and seated myself a short distance away, but for the life of me I could not look at her. My eyes sought the fire, but even in that brief moment the girl's face haunted me.

"You are an entertaining host," came a soft wavering voice at my elbow.

"Pardon me, madam," I said, "but I could not be so presumptuous as to force my company upon a lady. But let me suggest," I quickly added, "that you dry while there is heat."

She gave me a quick glance and I fancied that she, too, knew that in the brief instant in which I had held her in my arms, I had discovered she had been traveling, for her cloak was dripping wet. But she said not a word, only moving her chair closer to the fire, and for the first time I dared to look at my companion. She was small, even below medium height. Her hands and feet were extremely small and delicately shaped, and the cast of her features was regular. The hair, and there was a mass of it, looked black in the fire-light, and her eyes looked dark. The mouth was small, with a pouty expression, but the brow showed hauteur. My eyes lingered on the beautiful face, but presently she turned slowly upon me with a bewitching little smile and I dropped my eyes from the gaze of hers.

But on the instant that she looked at me a loud commotion was heard in the passage-way, and the girl clutched my arm in terror. Angry words came from without and heavy footsteps were approaching the door through which the girl and I had entered the room. There wasn't a moment to lose if the girl and I were not to be discovered, for I knew that she was fearful of the place that she had come to. Quickly rising, I pushed her into a corner of the huge chimney and, whispering to her to remain quiet, I scattered the fire with the toe of my boot, and the next moment was moving along the wall to the door that led to the passage-way. Within an arm's reach of the door I stopped and listened. Unmistakably there came to me the voice of the man whom I had heard singing and whom I had seen sitting on the barrel in the saloon. The Northern accents were strong in words of anger.

"She came in but a few moments ago, I tell you," the voice was saying, "and, by heaven, I will see her."

"But I tell you, man, there is no woman in this hotel," came from the other, "don't you know that I would have seen her?"

"I saw the girl myself, Bordley, and you might as well prepare to show me the rooms of this place," came in loud tones from the Northerner.

"I'll show you nothing," the landlord exclaimed vehe-

mently, "this hotel is mine and no Yankee or Rebel either is going prowling about this place without my consent."

"Then I'll go without it. I'll get one of these loafers to break in the doors but what I'll carry out my orders," he said in a calmer voice than he had before spoken.

"Orders?" queried the other, "what orders?"

"Read that," and thrusting my head beyond the door-facing, I was just in time to see the man in the long black cloak hand a slip of paper to the inn-keeper.

"That won't work with me," remarked the landlord, "and won't a man in that saloon go with you without my saying so."

For answer the other turned on his heel and walked in the direction of the bar, leaving old Bordley alone in the hall.

Now was my time to act. Although I did not know whom or what the girl might be, certain it was that she had placed herself under my protection, and with that natural and innate feeling of the strong for the weak, I resolved that I would protect the girl even with my life. In a second I had my hand on the landlord's arm and my old revolver was in his surprised face.

"Bordley," I whispered, tightening my grip on his arm, "the lady *is* here, and I want a room for her in the next second. Do you understand?" and the revolver was touching his red nose.

"God, sir," he exclaimed in terror, "there ain't a room in the house."

"Make one," I said, pulling back the hammer of the pistol, "or you'll be a dead man in two seconds."

"I'll give you mine," he exclaimed quickly, and reaching his hand in his pocket, drew forth the key.

"The last one on the right, upstairs," he whispered, "I'll hold 'em back 'till you get in there."

"Keep 'em apart," I said; "hold one back as long as you can."

I found the girl where I had left her. She trembled like a

leaf in the wind when I touched her shoulder, but I bade her have no fear, but trust to me. I picked her up in my arms, and in another moment was ascending the broad stairs that led to the upper story. I took the steps two at a time, and presently was unlocking the door of the inn-keeper's room. With the aid of a match I took in the arrangement of the furniture at a glance. The room was large and spacious. A huge fireplace was in the left side; several book-shelves occupied the north wall and a bed stood opposite the chimney. The door was on the south side. I lighted a tallow dip, which stood upon a table in the center of the room, and told the girl to sit upon the bed. I thrust one of my revolvers under a pillow, and by her look I saw that she understood. There wasn't a moment to waste. Telling the girl that the man was in search of her, and that I could dispose of his accomplice in the hall-way, I bade her open the door to the first knocker. For a moment she looked at me in terror, but I assured her 'twould all be well, though God only knew what the outcome would be, and passed into the passage-way.

But for the feeble rays of the lantern in the lower passage, there was no light upstairs. I was thankful for the respite that I had gained in the length of time that the soldier had consumed in securing an accomplice for his cowardly purpose. In those few moments I had formed a plan. Believing that old Bordley would be true to his word in the endeavor to keep the two men separated, I slipped down stairs to the foot of the steps and waited the coming of the two men. Hardly had I concealed myself in the shadow of the stairs when the two men came out of the saloon door, the soldier in advance by a couple of yards. I noticed that the other man wore a long overcoat that reached nearly to his heels. As the man turned to close the door behind him, old Bordley stepped from behind the massive front door and, laying his hand upon the man's arm, detained him in conversation. By this time the soldier was at the top of the stairs, and believing the man to be following, he proceeded noiselessly down the hall. It was the work of a

moment for me to reach the spot where the other man stood, and as he turned to mount the stairs, I fetched him a stunning blow on the head with the butt of my revolver. He went down with a groan, and old Bordley, with a presence of mind that surprised me, dragged the unconscious man into the lobby, while I mounted the steps at a rapid rate. As I reached the top of the stairs I saw the tall form of the soldier before the door of the landlord's room, the light shining through the transom having attracted his attention.

Thanks to a dead man, the long black cloak and the high riding boots that I wore concealed my uniform of gray, so that mistaking me for the knave of the bar-room, he waited for me to come up to where he stood.

Placing his hand close to his mouth, he whispered in my ear: "Stay without 'till I call you, and let me know if any one comes." He rapped upon the door lightly, and the next instant it flew open. "Ah, so you thought to fool us, my beauty?" he queried, and stepped into the room.

"What do you mean?" the girl asked in a high trembling voice.

"Simply this," said the man, "you tried to escape from Captain Griffin, and he was too sharp for you; so my beauty," he said, cutting off an exclamation from the girl, "you will prepare to come with me."

"I do not know who you are, sir, nor do I know what you mean," responded the girl, "nor will I go with you."

"Come, girl, I will have no foolishness," the man replied, taking a step further into the room, "you will prepare to go with me on the instant."

"I will not," the girl snapped, and then her voice became suddenly calm and even. "What sort of a soldier are you that you enter the room of a weak and defenseless woman and demand that she go with you?"

"Come," the man responded, his honor pricked by the girl's query, "orders are orders, and you will come with me now. I won't be fretted by a girl longer."

I had hoped, in remaining outside the door, to learn the reason of the man's search for the girl, for I felt that I was entitled to know, as long as I was trying to protect her from him. I also had hoped that I would learn more of this Captain Griffin who seemed to be a leading character in this strange little drama. But alas, it was not to be.

A sharp exclamation from the girl brought me to the realization that the time for me to act had come. So throwing off my long cloak and letting it fall to the floor, I drew my sword and stepped inside the room.

The girl gave a little cry; the man turned and at the sight of my uniform snarled like a wolf, at the same time throwing back his long cloak, which was buttoned at the neck, and drawing his hanger. He was a handsome fellow, and his uniform of blue fitted him perfectly. He was taller than I, but not so heavy, and I knew that he had the advantage in reach of arm. I had but time to swing the table to one side before he was at me, and even in that one thrust I realized that this man was no poor swordsman.

At once we danced about, watchful, seeking an opening. In the several quick thrusts that he made at me in the next instant I realized that I was no match for this man, and that I could but play the defensive. He got within my guard at will, and it was but with the greatest celerity that I side-stepped two of his powerful long thrusts. Round and round we circled in the flickering light of the tallow candle; this way and that we jumped and dodged each other's swords. Time and again he had me against the wall and pushed me as never I was pushed before, and it was only with the greatest strength and dexterity that I beat off his powerful blows and parried his long-reaching thrusts. This defensive work was my only hope in holding out against so powerful a blade, and I realized that by keeping cool I might yet fret him into a passion and thus cause him to lose control of himself. It was with this end in view that I smiled to myself, and as he caught sight of it, I heard an oath come from under his breath. Instantly his thrusts became

blows, and thick and fast they fell on my ringing blade. Again he pushed me against the wall, but with a smile I broke away, and he came at me with an oath, snarling like a dog. Around the table I went to save myself from a mighty thrust, and as I passed the girl I caught a glimpse of her pallid face, but he headed me off, and I felt something warm trickling down in my sword hand. His blow had glanced and the point of his blade had touched my wrist, and as he saw me smile at his lack of control, he cursed me for a "sneaky Rebel," and came at me with all his might. I dodged to the corner behind the table, but he headed me off again, and I jumped over it to save myself from a terrible blow, knocking over the candle as I went. But he was too quick for me, and as he came at me with a powerful lunge, I felt that my last moment had come. I prepared to parry though I felt that it was of no use; but he stumbled, and before he could catch himself, my sword had passed entirely through him.

There was a cry from the girl, and looking beyond the fallen body I saw the dim outline of an overturned chair, and I knew that she had been in the nick of time.

With the aid of old Bordley I dragged the body of the dead Federal into the hall and, searching him, discovered a packet which I thrust into my pocket, and a wallet, which I gave to the inn-keeper. Then I returned to the girl, who sat upon the bed. There was a look of terror upon her beautiful face, but I assured her there was no danger, and as she lay back upon the pillow, I spread my cloak upon her and bade her good night; but she would not have it so; and I drew up a chair and sat beside her to wait patiently for the dawn

(To be Continued.)

THE MYTH OF THE CAVE.

HENRY W. WILKINS, '11.

CONSIDER men as in a subterraneous habitation resembling a cave, with its entrance opening to light, and answering to the whole extent of the cave. Suppose them to have been in it from their childhood, with chains both on their legs and necks, so as to remain there and only be able to look before them, but by the chain incapable to turn their heads around. Suppose them to have the light of a fire, burning far above and behind them, and that between the fire and the chained men there is a road above them, along which observe a low wall built, like that which hedges in the stage of mountebanks on which they show to men their wonderful tricks.

“Observe now, along the wall, men bearing all sorts of utensils, raised above the wall, and human statues, and other animals, in wood and stone, and all sorts of furniture, and, as is likely, some of those who are carrying these are speaking and others are silent.

“In the first place, do you imagine that these chained men see anything of themselves, or of one another, but the shadows formed by the fire, falling on the opposite part of the cave?”

These opening words from the Seventh Book of Plato's "Republic" form a concrete illustration of an unquestionable truth. We feel in no laughing mood when Plato with a soft, winning magic, lures us to the entrance of this cave. He shows us the common herd, the stomach materialists, the willing apostles of Philistinism who cry for nothing but bread and beer. They are those people whom Nietzsche in his "Thus Spake Zarathustra" describes with loathing. "We have gone out of the way of the rabble, those brawlers and blue bottles of writing, the stench of shop-keepers, the wriggling of ambition, the evil breath. Ugh! to live among the rabble!"

These people, whose interests never branch beyond their material wants, whose passions seldom see the gray horizon of the ideal, whose fancy rarely wings itself above bread and butter; these people whose bosoms suffer no torturing doubts, who only grin like idiots when discontent stalks abroad,—these people are the chained captives of the cave. “An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized,” was Matthew Arnold’s verdict against the British nation. He was looking in one dark corner of the cave; he had not time to gaze at the similar servile specimens struggling for a bare bone on the other side. The cynic who grimly laughs at this old cave with its superstitious Proletarians and materialistic Bourgeoisie has good reason for believing that life for the major portion of humanity is a disorganized fight of heterogeneous mobs, and for him it is little less than a burlesque show.

All is dark within the cave; without, the sun shines brightly. Inside are stagnant pools, shadows, and things that seem to be what they are not; outside is the “Happy Isle” of culture, of reality and truth. On the outside, we see the enemies of the ages, the ideal and the real, reconciled. The ideal, the invisible, the inaudible, the images of the mental process, the sacred something that compels us to believe that there is something more in the universe than matter—this, the ideal, is reconciled with the real. What is Plato’s dictum about reality? Nothing more nor less than, trust not to your senses, believe only in the “bodiless ecstasies” of the mind. This dogma helps us to breathe a little fresh air, but it goes too far. But, without doubt, we see a basis of a reconciliation between the old-time opponents, the ideal and the real.

Plato asks Glaucon, his friend, a question, which is significant, in that it reveals Plato’s complete horror of mental immobility. Would he not rather feel with Homer that he would infinitely prefer to be

. . . as a laborer, to work
For some ignoble man for hire . . .

and rather to suffer anything than to hold such opinions and live after such a manner? This merely means that he would prefer anything rather than be one of those who regard the appearance of things as the *ding an sich* in Kautian phraseology, and to live after their manner in life and death brawling over that alluring quantity—material success. In short, those who believe only their eyes and pocket-books are the dark cave dwellers. And these people Plato tells us are enslaved in the dark cave. Their philosophy, if they have any, is a set of deductions from what appears to be; their life is never freed from the engrossing drama of money and acquisition. Thought to them is wholly a process of the senses, and life an unbroken pig-tragedy. In short, they are the man-on-the-street materialists who have never bent an ear to the music of philosophy, nor have cared to notice a masterpiece of art or sculpture. If life were like a Corinthian column, then their life is like the pillar with its eddies, but without its topmost decorations. These men are the materialists, not especially in theory, but in action. They are the Philistines.

The upper and lower classes are actual facts. In social theory we unconsciously differentiate between them. If our differentiation is to be artistic, then the upper class is that small section of the people who encourage art in any form it might take—drama, paintings, sculpture, music and thought. Should we make the distinction from an economic standpoint, then we would say, two classes, the moneyed and the poor. The angle at which we view society decides our conclusions about the social body. This is the artistic standpoint; for, verily, in the end the strongest forces in life are the beautiful. The Philistines are in the cave. They all are the same monotonous species in the same flock, with now and then a color variation.

Strangely enough, some of the alleged Intellectuals are dragged into this horde. A college education does not always lift a man from his native Philistinism. Across the water the German Brodstudenten regards all science as a means to an economic end. The conquests of the mind are turned primarily

to the satisfaction of man's material wants. Why not formulate the Molecular Theory at the beginning of every greasy cookbook? Truth is pursued only to be devoured three times a day. What irony! Pray all of ye to be delivered from the ravages of the pitiless wolf.

Have you never met one of this tribe? His very playfulness and innocence bids your wrath be still. But you feel like rising as a mighty medieval knight to challenge the ungracious offender. Intellectual interests! Bah! The silly jargon of an impracticable fool, he shouts to all who come nigh. You want to drag him from his cave. Beware, do not be so benevolent. He and his flock will conspire to crucify you. How true to history sounds the question of Plato!—"And if any one tried to release them and lead them upwards, they would put him to death if they could manage to get him into their clutches; would they not?"

Plato is building a Utopia. How will he ameliorate these conditions? In substance he replies, by education. It it did not sound so dogmatic, I would thunder, "Impossible!" Human nature and its load of petty prejudices, caprices, idiosyncrasies, will not submit so amiably to such a loose and unwarrantable rule. History does not support this theory, else why a gradual decline in national power when education becomes wellnigh uniform. Shakespeare's Antonio, speaking to Gratiano, said:

"I hold the world but as a world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part."

There is in this a tinge, aye, more than that, a clear enunciation of a fatalistic philosophy. Why try to wriggle from the clutches of self or erase the fatal marks of your own character? Our own limitations enslave us. Natural forces do not constitute the whole of the universe. Yet it is not all subjective, for the objective acts its part. Omar Khayyam in his Rubaiyat reminds us of this when he says:

“But helpless pieces of the game he plays
 Upon this chequer-board of Nights and Days
 Hither and thither moves, and checks and plays
 And one by one back in the closet lays.”

Education indeed! There are scores of young men who go to college who could never improve if they wanted to. It is themselves that is at fault, not the education. Their minds are not just such as to absorb a liberal training. They may be willing, even more so than Dickens' Barkis, but they can blame nobody or nothing. They are just thus, and if they are well suited to anything else better, doubtless they would by force of themselves strike out in that direction. There are to-day millions of social reformers, philanthropists and Socialists who advocate education as a means to an end. Yet the world is no better socially than in the eighteenth century. Millions and millions of people still, and always will, crawl over the damp, dark sod of the cave. No hope, no ray of light, only the shadows' ceaseless flight. No prospects, no struggling mental pains, for

. . . the faculty divine
 Is chained and tortured—cabined, cribbed, confined
 And bred in darkness . . .

Plato's myth of the cave is a prophetic vision of the very rock-bottom conditions of human society extending through the ages, with ages more to come, for to change society you must change the man, and to change the man you must do more than educate him. The Platonic ideal of wisdom as a universal panacea would, perhaps, strengthen the State, but to hope that it will completely regenerate society is useless. There is something deeper, grander, and far more powerful in man's make-up than his intellect—feeling. This is the unknown quantity capable of infinite shades of expression. It is the color of man's life. Cold intellectuality with feeling stamped out, reminds us of a rough piece of granite. Giddings,

in his "Elements of Sociology," reminds us that most of our supposed rational and intellectual judgments are divided in the last analysis by the feelings we possessed before the forming of the judgment. It is the feelings that need a guide, but the guide must be superhuman, for he will find himself dealing with an intangible and erratic something that it is seldom possible to analyze. But Plato was largely a man of cold intellect, and had it not been for the sublimity of some of his conceptions, the life of his soul would be colorless. His dream of the world-cave is true to human life, and because of this it must endure. But his remedy for these shocking conditions, although it is remarkably similar to the opinions of modern psychological sociologists, is nevertheless inadequate to meet the demands of our age. They wish to rationalize the rational, but what if we should rationalize what appears to be the irrational—feeling the source of the beautiful.

ANNIE'S ROSE.

(Christmas Ballad.)

C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

It was a snowy Christmas eve,
The wind did fiercely blow,
And Christmas fun had well begun
And wine did freely flow.
The room grew gay as minutes passed,
The dancers all did seem
To feel the sport of every sort
That mortal e'er could dream.

But tired at last with tripping thus,
New mirth they all did seek;
"Let's hear," one cries, with sparkling eyes,
"Old Martineus speak."
Then up there stepped before the crowd
A sad-faced bearded man,
The village seer, of eighty year,
Who solemnly began:

" 'Twas wellnigh fifty years ago,
In Iceland I did dwell,
But ne'er till yet could I forget
What I am now to tell—
One day I left my little hut,
To sail far o'er the sea;
'Twas summer gay, from far away
There came a call for me.

"The air was calm, when out the port
The little bark did slip,
The sky was clear, without a fear
I sat within the ship.
The sun was bright when I did start,
But down he went too soon;
The stars came up, the moon came up,
But such a wicked moon!

"She rode upon an arm of fire,
And crimson robed the sky;
And skipping on, she soon was gone,
And I hoped that day was nigh.
A storm arose, the air grew dense,
Yet never a thought thought I,
I simply sat and wondered at
The wind that whistled by.

“White o’er the sea, the waves did flee,
Like ghosts before the gale;
And dancing by, did wail and sigh,
And my ship had lost her sail;
But on I rode and could not stop,
In unknown seas I sped,
And never a star shone near or far,
And ne’er Aurora led.

“Long, long I kept right on and on,
But whither I could not tell;
Nor grew it light, but left and right
A deeper darkness fell;
And then came such a dazzling day,
As never I saw before;
A beauteous land with silver strand
Lay near me, aft and fore.

“I fittid by, and dark again
It soon did grow to be;
And left or right no ray of light
Shone on the heaving sea.
Then up there rose a snow-white form,
Up through the briny screen,
‘My God!’ I cried, my eyes grew wide,
‘My God, what can this mean!’

“ ‘O Father, Father, know thy child,
I am thy little Ann.
But not a word again I heard,
As on she swiftly ran.
‘Oh! little one, I fondly cried,
‘Why art thou here alone?’
She danced upon the dashing storm,
But she answered with a groan.

“I slept, and when I woke agin
I felt right calm and gay;
The sky was bright, and grayish light
Brought in the Christmas day;
And up, up through the winter sky
The little form arose,
And smiling sweet, dropt at my feet
A little snow-white rose.

“And soon I saw the Iceland shore,
And heard the church bells chime,
And mirthful song of happy throng,
And lays of Christmas time;
But little Annie’s smiling face
Ne’er meets me at my door,
And lone and drear I linger here,
While now my heart is sore.

“But often on a Christmas eve
I hear a solemn bell,
And Annie’s feet seem to repeat
The weirdness of that knell;
And at my door each Christmas morn
I find a snow-white rose;
It fades and then it goes again
And leaves me to my woes.”

THE SLEEPING DOLL.

WALTER BEVERLY, '11.

I.

ON COAL CREEK, three miles above the little mining town of Crane's Nest, in the Appalachian Mountains, the December sun was shining feebly in at the only window of the Tanner home. It was late afternoon. Maggie and Jimmie sat on either side of the wide, jagged fireplace, and neither observed the glory of the setting sun, for the boy was reading Robinson Crusoe and the girl was making a bonnet for an old, overgrown rag doll. Jimmie had tried twice in the course of the afternoon to get Maggie interested in his book. Once he read to her about man Friday's huge foot-print in the sand, and then about his thrilling escape and rescue from the cannibals, feeling sure that that must rouse her attention; but was somewhat vexed when his sister just kept sewing and made not a single comment on what he read. Perhaps she did not hear him. At length he grew cross, and throwing down the book, exclaimed peevishly, "Gee, Maggie! you've let the fire go out, and Ma'll jest about skin us both. I believe you would fool and fool with that old doll, and let the fire go smack out, and freeze to death."

Jimmie's sister hurriedly cast her work aside, and an anxious expression crept over her tired little face, and into her great brown eyes, which were nearly always sad—just like the child's father's, Mrs. Tanner often said. Maggie did not tell Jimmie that doll-making was quite as absorbing as story books, but began immediately to stir the dead chunks in the fireplace with a large stick which served the double purpose of poking the fire and driving old Rover out of the kitchen.

"Jim," said she, "why did you put the wrong end of this poker in the fire? Look at my hands! Here is a spark. And

how do you expect me to keep a fire without wood? You had better get some."

Her brother, having returned to his book, had not yet looked at Maggie's hands or her spark. Putting down his book again with a shiver, he went out of the door, calling back:

"Let's hurry up and have a good fire before Ma gets back, now Maggie. She will be most froze. You get some kindling wood from the kitchen."

Out in the yard he brushed the snow from some green sticks which he had cut that morning, and carried them inside. A promising blaze was soon started, and Maggie having swept the old stone hearth clean with the hand-made broom, they sat down again. Maggie observing that her brother was not now reading, thought that he might be willing to talk about what they expected "Sainty Claus" to bring them. ,

"Jim," she said, "do you reckon Old Sainty will bring you anything besides the wagon?"

"I don't want nothing else—what are you laughing at?"

"I just happened to wonder how your wagon is going to be got into your stocking."

"Pshaw! Maggie, there aint no such thing as a Sainty Claus no way. Ma is going to buy the wagon herself. I heard her quarrelling with Pa about it just the other day. So my wagon don't have to be put in no stocking. You have some funny ideas, Mag. He! he!"

"Yes, sir! there is a Sainty Claus, too. Ma could not buy the things she said we would get Christmas, for I think Pa took all of her money to town last Sunday and spent the last cent. But I am going to get a doll all right that will shut its eyes, for there is a Sainty Claus; Ma says so, and I believe it.. She says that Sainty will sure bring my doll. Oh, Jimmie! won't that he nice?"

"I am glad for you, Maggie, but I never could see no sense in having dolls. Girls are different things from boys, though, I s'pose."

He looked into the fire for a moment, and then turned his face toward her and said in a kindlier tone :

“I am going to let your doll ride in my wagon some, anyway.”

“And I’ll let you hold it in your arms often, Jimmie.”

The sound of footsteps was heard at the door, and both exclaimed :

“There’s Ma!”

They ran to the door; Maggie lifted the latch, and saw their father standing on the small stone step, knocking the snow from his boots. He walked in without speaking, and settled himself before the fire. He had not shaved for more than a month, and beads of ice hung from his shaggy black beard. His clothes were worn and his laborer’s shirt was grimy with coal dust and ambeer. His brilliant, brown eyes were inflamed, and had in them a wild, hunted expression. There was a deadly pallor about his temples. His countenance was careworn and haggard.

Maggie stood by his chair and talked and talked.

“Where have you been so long, Pa? Why didn’t you come home? Ma said she wished the mean men who lead you off wouldn’t come here any more.”

“Where is your mother, my child?” he asked in hollow tones. He scanned her face closely, and she was startled by his voice and expression. She started back, but answered bravely :

“Why, she went down to the commissary to get some things for to-morrow. We are going to have a turkey, Pa—Jimmie tried to get me to chop its head off, but I wouldn’t. I ’spect its time for Ma to be back. She will have a big load to carry.”

Twilight was slowly shrouding the objects in the room. The man’s eyes had grown much wilder. He turned on his daughter with a scowl, letting his foot come down on the hearth with a loud noise that rang through the house and made old Rover wake from his nap under the bed and rush into the kitchen with a terrified yelp. Maggie sprang to the side of her brother, who had been bending over his book and trying

to read by the dim firelight, which fell on the little girls' flaxen hair and face, revealing the terror in her eyes. A log almost burned in two broke and fell apart, causing a blaze that dispelled the shadows.

"Play your jack there!" he thundered. "I got a king!!
. . . I got your deuce, d—— you!"

In a moment his eyes became less brilliant, and his head began slowly to droop on his breast. His hat fell to the hearth, and he tumbled from his chair and sprawled on the floor, face downward. Maggie and Jimmie tried to lift his prostrate form, but it was limp.

"He will be all right after he sleeps awhile," said Jimmie. "But we can't get him in the bed till Ma comes."

"Let's turn him over and put a pillow under his head then," suggested trembling little Maggie; and they did so very gently. Then brother and sister stood together by the fire and talked in whispers until a voice outside called cheerily:

"Open the door, children!"

It was their mother. The scene that greeted her eyes was not very surprising, for she was not altogether unfamiliar with such sights. Maggie was eager to know what her mother had brought home, but was bribed into silence with nuts and candy, which she shared with Jimmie. Soon her curiosity over the contents of the packages subsided. Jimmie glanced at his mother and smiled knowingly, for he was certain that a doll was in one of the packages, and that his wagon had been left at the old barn just across the creek.

II.

Christmas night and morning were warmer than the preceding day, and the snow would have soon melted, but a rain fell all night and the ground was covered with a soft, icy slush. Coal Creek was much swollen, and the roar of the muddy torrent broke in on Maggie's ears as soon as she awoke. Her mind had been so occupied with "Sainty Claus" and her

father's behavior, and old Rover howled so dismally out in the cold, that she had not been able to go to sleep for a long while. She awoke, therefore, much later than she had anticipated. But she sprang out of bed immediately and looked out of the window upon the raging stream below. In an instant she remembered that "Old Sainty" had come at last, and the recollection banished all other ideas. She glanced about the room and spied her stocking hanging on the wall out of her reach. She called her mother to hand it down. Soon she convinced herself that the doll would actually close its eyes when laid on its back, and was enraptured. Mrs. Tanner enjoyed it all almost as much as Maggie did.

During this scene Jimmie was sitting by the stove in the kitchen grieving because the bridge over Coal Creek had been washed away, thus cutting him off from his long expected wagon. Maggie tried hard to console him with chocolate candy, but was rather unsuccessful.

Mr. Tanner was still in bed, and did not rise until late in the day, when without breakfast he crouched before the bright fire, and would talk about nothing but his head, which, he declared from time to time, "was goin' to bust wide open." Patient Mrs. Tanner brought him hot coffee, but to no purpose. She then enquired timidly what more she could do for him.

"Jane," he began mournfully, "after this I think I'll straighten up and be a man. But I know I can't live till nigh't unless I have a little drop this morning to kinder taper off on. So I am going to town for a few minutes to get just one dram, Jane, and I'll be right back. God knows I mean to quit—"

"Please don't go, Jim," the good woman pled. "We want you at home all day on Christmas, you know. Please now, Jim."

"But I just got to have something to drink, I tell you," he snapped in a fretful tone. "I am burning up."

"Well, then, if you must have the stuff, I'll send the children down to Mr. Quillen's, who you say is one of your best

friends. He is never without whiskey on Christmas. He will let you have a dram."

"But I hate to see the kids go through the cold and wet."

"Well, I'd go, but I want to fix dinner. It is not far, and the children will be glad to go. And you are not able to go."

For once at least she had her way, and the children were called from the kitchen. They were eager to get out of the house, but Maggie insisted on taking her doll along. With many warnings not to fall and break it, her mother consented, and the two children started off merrily together. Their way led through a thick undergrowth around the mountain side and parallel with Coal Creek. Maggie walked behind, and was too much interested in her doll to talk much. When they had disappeared behind the trees, she addressed Jimmie on the matter that lay nearest her heart.

"Jimmie, I want you to go to town with me to get a doll dress."

"But your doll has a dress, a very pretty one, too," Jimmie replied.

"But I want her to have more than one dress, Jimmie. I want to be as good to her as Ma is to me. Whoever heard of anybody having just one dress? Please go, Jimmie. I am going to make the dress myself on the machine. Ma said I could if I would be careful not to break any more needles or stick my fingers. The last one I stuck is almost well now; see, Jimmie?"

Jimmie barely turned his head to look at the small, slender fingers, and kept straight on, hands in his pockets, and head bent in thought. He did not speak until they were nearly in sight of the Quillen place.

"I wonder if the bridge is washed away down here too," he said.

They reached their destination, and procured the whiskey. Coming out at the gate, Jimmie stopped suddenly and said, pointing down the creek:

"Look down there, Maggie; the bridge is still standing. I'm going to cross and go up to our barn and get my wagon."

"We'd better not, now, brother." she protested. We ought to get back quick as we can to poor, sick Pa, with this—this—medicine. I don't believe it will do him a bit of good, though." And the smile, ever so faint, gave way to a decided frown.

"I'll ride you and your doll all the way home if you will, Maggie."

"And will you give me two more pennies to buy the dress with? I have eight now."

"Yes."

The temptation was too great. Jimmie saw that he had won, and started off down the creek. Maggie followed him as rapidly as she could with the doll in her arms, but could not keep up. He had crossed the bridge and was going up on the other side before she started to cross.

"Oh, wait! Please wait, Jimmie!" she called.

"All right," he answered back, without stopping or looking around; "hurry up then, Mag."

"A little later he heard her scream. He looked and saw her standing half way across the narrow bridge, gesticulating wildly.

"Oh, Jimmie! I fell down and dropped my doll in the creek. Oh, what will I do!"

"She ran to the lower edge of the bridge, and in wild despair extended her arms toward the raging torrent.

"Get back, Maggie! You'll fall! Get back!" exclaimed Jimmie, excitedly.

She did not heed him. She bent over the edge of the bridge, and her body became unbalanced. Jimmie saw her go over. He ran down the stream and looked in vain for her to appear on the surface. The current was too swift and strong. He gazed and gazed into the foam and whirling eddies, and at last began calling loudly for help.

Maggie's body was never found. Some of the men who searched for it believed it had gone into the "Suck Hole" far down the creek. They found her doll caught in a clump of bushes growing in the stream just below the bridge. That doll is now in the possession of James Tanner, Jr., who is an old man. For two generations he has kept it under lock and key, and has positively forbidden the children to play with it. But his Christmas wagon has long since gone the way of all things earthly.

SATAN—HIS PLACE AND NATURE IN PARADISE LOST.

BY MISS PAULINE PEARCE, '11.

SATAN, as presented by Milton, in "Paradise Lost," appeals to the imagination as does a whirlwind which rushes over the Middle West destroying all before it, obscuring the brightness of the sun, waging awful war with heaven and earth, threatening man and his works with total destruction, then vanishing, overcome by the brightness and glory of the sun.

For ages untold the glory of the Most High had shone unobscured by the faintest shadow. Then suddenly, in a night, Satan began his warfare against God and man. From the first moment of his rebellion, his actions, his appearance, his very thoughts are within reach of the poet's imagination and song. But even Milton's "grand style" is inadequate to give us any other picture of the Everlasting Father and His archangels than that of brightness to which the sun's rays would be dark.

When Adam fell, mortal man lost the power of perfect knowledge of the Almighty. The very lines seem awed when they seek to tell us of God conversing with His Son or of the archangel conversing with man. But when it is the enemy

of whom they treat, they rise triumphant, thrilled, borne aloft by their own power.

Nor yet does Paradise and its inhabitants present so grand a subject for the poet's contemplation. Man in his happiness seems but a dwarf beside Satan in his wretchedness.

Thus we see that Satan, who calls forth greater imagination and skill than man, yet less than God, offers the highest point which the poet may reach. The eye which may pierce through Chaos into Pandemonium, falters as it gazes upon the throne of the Almighty.

For this reason Satan stands forth the overshadowing figure in "Paradise Lost." By his passion the poem is made to pulse and throb with life. Anguish, malice, hatred, and pride are portrayed in more than human intensity. Satan's revenge overtowers all other events. Man is but a foil in his hands, easily bending himself to the consummation of the enemy's plans.

It is he who causes the great events of the poem. He causes the rebellion in Heaven and the fall of the angels. When the angels fell it was necessary that something be created to fill their place. So God made man. Then Satan caused the fall of man. In this sense he is the hero of "Paradise Lost," just as Christ is of the New Testament. Man holds relatively the same place in both. He is the one chiefly concerned, yet the least powerful of all the agents at work.

That the world might have an adequate picture of the arch enemy, Milton, unconsciously perhaps, showered the prime strength of his genius upon Satan. In the character of the Fallen Angel is represented all the sin and sorrow of the world. First and foremost is pride, the prime cause of his disobedience; then ingratitude, boasting, and vainglory. Merciless in battle, he sought to overcome the hosts of the Most High by any means whatsoever, but when wounded, bore his pain with but ill-grace. When, however, he was driven from Heaven into the burning pit, pride urged him to disregard his pain and seek revenge.

Led on by this desire for revenge to oppose with boldness the will of the Almighty, he crossed Chaos. And now we see his inhuman power of deceit and dissimulation, able to deceive even the angel under the guise, as we oft see him to-day, of religious zeal. But his unrighteous anger, malice and hatred betrayed him.

No longer could he be recognized as the most glorious of the archangels, but already resembled his sin and place of doom obscure and foul. No more could he boast,

“Not to know me, argues yourself unknown,
The lowliest of your throng,”

for the most obscure spirit of Heaven surpassed him in brightness.

Nor yet had he reached the lowest point of degradation. For how contemptible he seemed as he “squat like a toad” at the ear of Eve, wholly lacking in the grandeur which was his when he appeared no

“Less than archangel ruined and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change,
Perplexes monarchs.”

Gradually since his fall, he had been losing all glory, all majesty, until he became as the loathsome toad or the scaly serpent, whose only word is a hiss.

The fallen archangel might arouse pity, or even admiration, but we can feel only scorn and loathing for one whose whole nature and character was clearly shown when

“His visage drawn he felt too sharp and spare;
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain; a greater
 Power now ruled him.”

THE SHIP OF THE SOUL.

FRANK GAINES, '12.

I.

He came, and for a day his little head
 Above life's surging billows bravely rose,
 And then the ebbing tide brought sweet repose
 With even's fading sun, and he was dead.

II.

A rosy tint that brightened skies of lead
 Then paled; a spark that lit infinite night
 Then flickered out, as time's deceptive flight
 Stilled fluttering beats of heart, and he was dead.

III.

But out, out through eternal trackless blue,
 Where mighty meteors, crashing, fall away,
 Alone where satellites cast glistening ray,
 Yet unafraid, the crystal ship soared through.

IV.

With snowy sail aflare in mystic light,
 The tiny bark—o'er tideless starlit mist,
 Where heav'nly zephyrs mast and cordage kissed—
 Bore into port, ceased its celestial flight.

OTHER KISSES.

(Sequel to The Kisses of an Enemy.)

C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

I.

SMITH was seldom seen for a few weeks after his return to college. He studied with greater zeal than ever, and kept to his room more closely. His best friends, who were few, sometimes called to see him and congratulate him on his recovered health. Smith never failed to treat them with all courtesy, though he was always restless when they came. The minutes passed wearily until his friends were gone, and in his heart he was glad when he was at liberty to take up his pen again.

The most trying ordeal he had was to receive sympathy over his defeat in the contest. No one had ever suspected Vainman of being a writer, and popular as the latter was, the students had felt a keen disappointment when they learned that Smith had lost. The English professor had confidentially told a number of inquirers that he was almost sure to win, and it had thus become gradually known that Smith had submitted a story for the contest.

"I've tried to keep up with the college publications, as I hope you've done," Dr. Giles told them. "I don't believe in heaping praise upon a young man, no matter how worthy he may be, but to you I may say that Mr. Smith's stories show more talent than any I've seen in our magazines this session. I hope he'll win. He deserves our best wishes and commendation, gentlemen—particularly because of his lowly station in life and the struggles he has to get an education.

And they, too, were of Dr. Giles' way of thinking. Easton was a democratic institution, and while men like Vainman were looked up to as gods, those of Smith's type were loved and received fair treatment. The students told what Dr. Giles said, and the news had spread. So when the magazine appeared and it was learned that Vainman had won, everybody was shocked.

"Shake," said a friend one day. "I never thought you'd let Frederick Vainman beat you like that. What was the matter?"

"Well—I hardly know, Morris. We can't always tell how things will happen, or account for them very easily."

"But Vainman has been here three years and has never contributed anything to our monthly. I didn't have any idea that he could write. Yet that story of his is undoubtedly one of the best I've seen anywhere. Possibly he scorned playing for small game."

"Yes, it is a masterpiece, but—but there's something lacking about it that keeps it from being literature. I can't explain it exactly, but—"

"Oh, you're prejudiced, Shake. You're the first I've heard say anything like that."

Smith removed his new derby, ran his thin, white fingers through his long hair, and looking down at the tips of his patent leathers, said with a characteristic grin:

"No, I'm not prejudiced, I can assure you."

If Vainman was looked up to as a god, truly he was capable of acting his role. He was walking arm-in-arm with a chum around the campus one day, grumbling because the dinner-bell would not ring, and Smith met him.

"How are you, gentlemen?" said Smith.

Vainman glanced up with a scornful curl of the lip, slightly bowed and passed on to join some of his classmates who happened to be discussing the merits of Vainman's story.

A few weeks later, Vainman received a letter from "The Aster Magazine Company" begging him for more contributions. At first he thought this was better than he had hoped for, but

soon the full force of the situation struck him. He thought of tearing the letter to fragments and so letting good enough be.

"I can never write stories," he was thinking. "And even if I could, how would it benefit me? I have already won all the fame I want, and the old man doesn't mind giving me a hundred or two whenever I need it. So what's the use of working and worrying my brain over these trifles?"

But Vainman's better nature came to his rescue with a new thought.

"Well," he half muttered, "I'll give old Shakespeare a chance. It won't cost me anything, and it will help the chip along. So here goes!" And he dashed off a few hurried lines.

The next day, Smith was much surprised at finding a letter in his box addressed in an effeminate handwriting. Wondering what woman had written to him, he hurried to his room, broke the letter open and read:

Mr. Albert Smith:

Enclosed is a letter from 'The Aster Magazine Company.' As I'm too busy to write the stories, I am turning their offer over to you. Maybe you can do as well as I could.

F. Vainman.

Smith was hurt at the tone of the letter, and unconsciously crushed it in his palm.

"But," he thought, "I can ignore that in the future as I can ignore Vainman. The offer is not his, but the Magazine's. And I can have not only a plenty of money, but honor and fame."

And slowly inserting each hand in a pocket, he murmured simply, "Well, I guess Vainman's not altogether bad."

II.

Little by little Smith began to be noticed in other phases of college life than literature. No one could account for the metamorphosis, but everybody saw that it had taken place. He no longer stayed close in his room; he took part in athletics, and worked harder in the debating society than he had ever done before. His friends began to be numerous, and Smith no longer begrudged the time spent with them. He felt that he was beginning to learn human nature, and therefore the time was profitably spent.

These friends invariably uttered exclamations of surprise when they first saw the change that had taken place in his little room. It was no longer bare of all luxuries and adornments, but he had a carpet on the floor, and a handsome suite of furniture, though the latter was second-hand. His walls were hung with pictures, chiefly portraits of famous men of letters, with the Bard of Avon taking the most conspicuous place.

"Must have struck it rich," they told him.

"No, not exactly," was all he would answer.

One evening Morris came over to see him.

"Have a cigar, Shake."

"Yes, thank you."

"Well, I never would have thought it. You've refused me dozens of times before, Shake. When did you begin?"

"Oh, a few weeks ago. I get a great deal of comfort from smoking, and I can think better with a cigar in my mouth. I smoke when I'm trying to create literature."

"I heartily agree with you, Shakespeare, though it struck me as being strange, after you had so often given me the dickens about smoking. But I thought you'd learn. By the way, are you going to win the writer's medal this year?"

"Which? You mean the Jones medal, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I am going to try. Though it is doubtful if I win. Aren't you?"

"Yes; I, too, expect to try, but I don't think there is much hope. Neither of us should expect to win over Frederick Vainman. It lies between you two."

"Do you think so, Morris? Then I'll tell you a little secret. Vainman will not enter the contest."

"Why? How do you know, Shake?"

"He told me he would not have time to write."

"The devil he hasn't. He does nothing but loaf. But be careful, my friend; Vainman may run one in at the last moment. I don't like that fellow, anyway."

"Oh! he's all right," said Smith. "At any rate, I have no fear of him."

"Who, then?"

Smith removed his cigar, looked up to the ceiling and slowly blowing rings of smoke from his mouth, said bluntly:

"You."

Morris arose to go.

"Come to see me, Shake. By the way, I want you to go with me to the Female College, to a reception. Will you? I want you to meet some of my friends down there."

"I guess so. When are you going?"

"To-morrow evening."

"All right, Morris, I'll go."

III.

Smith's calls after this at the home of one of the Eastern Female College girls were frequent. He had met Miss Catherine Dumont; he had become very much interested in her, and he had learned from Morris that she was Vainman's girl.

"But," Morris added, "Vainman has not been with her for a month or two. No doubt, though, they will soon make up. They've been lovers for a long time."

"Do you believe they will?" asked Smith, with an attempt

at carelessness, though there was a peculiarly interested ring in his voice. "Frankly, I hope not," he added.

"Why not, Shake? It would be an excellent match. She is wealthy, and a genius, if you please; so is Vainman, and I must confess that I don't know why I dislike him. Possibly it is because he licked us both in the orator's contest. Certainly he has never given me any other cause."

"He is peculiar, Morris, though there is an unusual attractiveness about the man. We all have our faults, and in spite of his idiosyncrasies I have grown to like him. But I don't like the idea of his winning Miss Dumont. You see, I want her myself," he laughed.

"Yes, I see," answered his friend, taking hold of Smith's shoulders. "Well, my man, I'll help you all I can. But there's one thing you must promise me, or I'll work against you. You must withdraw from the contest, Shake."

Smith's jaws twitched, and a slight gleam of anger stole into his eyes.

He answered, "Morris, I will never do it. Besides, I had hoped that you were above stooping to such an offer."

"You old donkey," said his friend, "I was simply jesting. We are in this contest, and must fight each other to the last."

IV.

"Yes, Smith is certainly a wonder. Did you read his story in the "Aster Magazine" last month?"

"I did. It is far better than Vainman's, don't you think?"

"Sure it is. I hate Smith; to think that he, an upstart from the farm should come here and run things as he is doing. It's just of late that he's been taken notice of, too. Vainman was a fool to let him get to writing for that magazine."

"Evidently it pays him well, from the way he sports around. He's about to take Vainman's girl away from him too, I hear. I wish, by G—— that he was a freshman so we could teach him a thing or two."

It was a fine April night. White fleecy clouds darted across the heavens, making the moon play hide-and-seek with the earth. The two speakers were standing on the campus.

"Miss Dumont is mighty fond of Smith, too, I hear. I can't understand why she should turn down a man like Vainman for Shakespeare, as they call him," continued the first speaker.

"Well," replied the other, "she may be excused—she's a poetess.

"Perhaps so. At any rate, Shakespeare is darned proud of the fact. He thinks he's greater than the man who is so unfortunate as to have his name thus degraded."

The two were soon joined by Vainman, and together they walked rapidly down the street.

Smith, unconscious that he was the cause of these remarks, was sitting in his room, preparing a speech with which he hoped to defeat Union University in debate. Vainman's friends had partly spoken the truth. That Smith realized his importance in Eastern University was certain. But he was loath to hear himself unduly praised, yet equally anxious that he should not be unduly blamed. And he knew, too, that he was singularly fortunate in being counted among Catherine Dumont's friends. Yet he would sooner have lost his reputation than in any way to have boasted of his relations with her.

A few evenings later, he called to see Miss Dumont. She was unusually glad to see him that evening. They talked for a while of college affairs, and then there was an embarrassing pause.

"Miss Dumont," said Smith, "here is a new song I've brought to get you to play it for me. I heard it at the opera Wednesday evening, and liked it. Possibly you were there?"

She raised her beautiful brown eyes, bright with the luster of youth and the sparkle of intellect. She said faintly:

"Yes, Mr. Morris and I went. We saw you."

She arose to go to the piano, her white satin dress flowing gracefully about the delicate curves of her tall, slim figure. She seated herself at the piano, and listlessly ran her dainty

fingers over the keys, and then the notes of the beautiful song filled the large parlor.

She paused. He bent over her and said in an almost inaudible tone:

“I love you.”

She began softly playing the “Marseillaise.”

“No you do not,” she murmured. No thoughts like that must pass between us, Mr. Smith. We were not born for love.”

“You do not know. Of late, I have grown to care for nothing but to love you and to work that I might be worthy of your love; but I was wrong to tell you. I should have known that you were too far above me.”

“You wrong me, Mr. Smith, to even hint at such a thing. Service knows no distinction between prince and pauper, and I trust that both of us are trying to serve. Oh! I could bear anything better than such words—and from you!”

A tear glistened in her eye for a moment, and then fell. She continued:

“I have wished a thousand times that I had been poor, so that I might have had the experience of struggle as others have had. No one is wealthy who has not labored to obtain what he has.”

“Then why—?”

“I know what you would say, Mr. Smith. But do not say it. No, you must not.”

“Then I shall not,” he replied. “But I am glad for Mr. Vainman’s sake that your love for him is not dead. Please play ‘Meditation.’”

V.

The next week Smith had to appear before the faculty.

“Perhaps you can give us some valuable information,” said the president. “Mr. Giles will explain.”

The English professor began:

“A few months ago, Mr. Smith, as you remember, there was

a big cash prize given by the 'Aster Magazine Company.' Mr. Vainman won that prize. I ask if you have reason to believe that he won it by foul means?"

Smith's frame shook and a flush lit up his cheeks. He answered:

"I prefer silence."

"Perhaps that seems best to you, Mr. Smith, but I think it is not. I have almost conclusive proof that Mr. Vainman stole one of your stories, though I have said nothing to him."

Smith gave a start, and involuntarily jerked his head. Dr. Giles continued:

"I have noticed that the papers he writes for me are somewhat below the mediocre type, and besides, he has never contributed anything to our magazine. This seemed strange. And, too, the style of *his* story and the one which appeared under your name, is identical. It is highly improbable that they were composed by different authors. And yesterday I was told that he refused to write any more stories for this magazine, when they had begged him to do so, but had turned the offer over to you. Am I not right?"

"Yes—he—er—he did give me the letter, sir That's all I may say."

"Understand, Mr. Smith," said the president, "we are not asking you to tell anything that can possibly dishonor you. Mr. Giles suspected Mr. Vainman from the first, but it was only yesterday that he felt justified in acting. As it is, Mr. Vainman stands disgraced in the eyes of the faculty, but we want infallible evidence before we question him or sever his connection with the college. If you can tell us anything that will exempt him from blame, we shall gratefully appreciate it. If he is guilty, he must leave, though we wish, if possible, to keep his disgrace from the knowledge of the students and the outside world. What have you to say?"

"Nothing—that can help him—but I ask for his sake and for others, that you let the matter drop. I bear no hard feelings whatever toward Mr. Vainman."

“Thank you, Mr. Smith. You may go.”

* * * * *

A few evenings later, Smith was once again in Miss Dumont's parlor.

“Mr. Smith,” said Catherine, during the course of conversation, “why did Mr. Vainman leave the university?”

“Why,” he said, “his father wanted him to assist him on the editorial staff in St. Louis.”

“On what?”

“The editorial staff of the leading magazine in St. Louis.”

“Surely, you did not believe him!”

“Why not?”

“His father is a banker in Denver.”

“Is this true?”

“Mr. Smith,” said she kindly, “I realize your position. I shall not try to make you continue the farce to save Mr. Vainman's honor—Honor! What mockery! He is a thief! I knew it three months ago. He is not worthy of the name of man. He is not even a clever plagiarist; he had not the skill to hide it.”

“You—you knew it? How?”

“I read part of your story last summer when I was at your home.”

“And I thought that no one knew it—that no one could imagine how I suffered,” he answered, absently.

“But I knew it, and I suffered with you.”

“Catherine!”

“Albert!”

(The End.)

PRISCILLA.

(Thanksgiving Sonnet.)

BY N. DE PLUME.

Fair maiden of the virgin forest home!
The centuries have but endeared to me
The sacred record of thy history:
How thou beside the smiling brooks didst roam;
And pluck the ears of faith-engendered corn
From fields of plenty; or how thou didst rove
In freedom through the trackless woods; and love
Even as thou wished, while there were none to scorn.
At this sweet season when my heart is gay
I like to think of thee and thy sweet life,
Beauteous in thy innocence, the wife
Of frugal thrift; yet generous alway.
O lovely virgin of our country's youth,
The quintessence of love and soul of truth!

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

EUDORA WOOLFORK RAMSEY, '13.

I HAVE always declared that it was Marjorie's fault, though she most persistently holds to the theory that my lack of musical judgment lay at the bottom of it all. To be perfectly candid and yet fair to both, I think that the blame may be equally shared between us. Consequently my efforts to pardon Marjorie have not been altogether futile.

It all began on a very sultry afternoon in August—one of those days that inspires reckless resolutions in a man's mind,

accompanied by an apathetic indifference as to how he will proceed to carry them out.

My grimy little urchins were crunching their thick-set mountain toes into the soft, red clay, and enveloping us all in a fog of choking dust. Even Joe, who always remained just long enough to bolt the school-house door, and relieve me of my clock and dinner pail, was sulky and a bit heavier than usual to-day. All morning I had endeavored to persuade my little brood that g-e-t did not spell *git*; that England had nothing to do with the Civil War, and that Grant was not, and never could be, the "Father of his Country." I was warning Cicero for the twelfth time of the awful fate awaiting him if one atom of dust came my way, when Marjorie remarked laconically that mountain school teaching was not what "some people" thought before trying it; and I remember snapping back that "some people" never could look on the bright side of anything. It was at this juncture that my children took the left crossroad, and Joe, handing me my pail and clock had a hungrier and more appealing look than ever in those great brown eyes of his. If Joe's look irritated me, Marjorie's galled, enraged and infuriated, for she was laughing, actually laughing, on a day like this, and laughing at me.

"Mary," she exploded, "where is the glamor, the dream, the romance of these hills and the glory of work among mountaineers? Haven't you lost the love for it?"

"Lost the love for it," I echoed, "why I could give my life to help these people. Did you know that Joe had already made his plans to go to college? Why, if I accomplished nothing more, I should feel repaid."

Of course she did not know that my newly awakened Joe, already twenty-one, and scarce drilled in fractions, was to startle the world some day; and what grated more was, that Margie did not seem to care.

"Well, now, I'd like to have an 'experience'; one that I could tell afterwards. Don't you ever wish that some knight

would ride by and bear you from your 'lattice tall?' " she demanded stupidly.

The idea was wellnigh absurd. In the first place, I occupied a very low-roofed attic, and I could not very well imagine a gallant dragging me through the low windows and galloping in 'young Lochinvar' fashion over the rough roads of Oconee. It was not necessary to tell her, however, of the long hours I had sat on my "Weeping Rock," waiting for some reconnoitering camper, perchance, and how not once had my patience been rewarded. I suppose I shall never know by what divine presentiment I was emboldened to wager that in the course of the next two weeks a romance could be mine and that it would be worthy of the telling.

The monotonous whiz of Miss Perneacy's spinning-wheel, and Miss Lekoa's cheering voice calling to us that there were figs on the table, sounded the note of home again. I was tired, for the day had been unusually trying. The very sight of Miss Perneacy standing bright and unwearied, as she drew thread after thread from the creaking wheel, annoyed me unspeakably.

"Miss Neace," I exploded, "don't you ever stop work? Don't you ever loaf?"

"Well, Miss Mary," she drawled, "I can't say as I do. You see 'taint nairy a thing but habit, and somehow Ma never let us children git into no lazy habits. Sometimes I sets a thinking of a Sunday, and it jest about seems I'd be as good a loafer as anybody, ef I'd a got started. But I feel pearter a-working, I 'low."

Margie and I had lost the "point of view," and so both felt unfitted to reply until Margie remarked irrelevantly:

"Miss Neace, don't you ever crave excitement? Don't you ever stop and think how perfectly lovely it would be if a star should fall in your backyard, or if the moon's eye would land on the roof some uneventful night?"

It was Miss Perneacy's turn to look bewildered.

"Why, no, honey," she said simply. "I don't know as I have." But on second thought, she added: "They tell me

there's a new tenant on the old 'Lay place,' and he ridden up here this mornin' 'quirin' 'bout 'old man Kelley's store.' "

Margie flashed an eager glance my way, but I am sure that I demonstrated my perfect composure by allowing fully five seconds to elapse before asking:

"What did you say he looked like, Miss Neace?"

"Law, I don't know as I said; but he's right smart like Mr. Bobby, the one you set out with agin dark last Sunday."

"Behold, the conquering hero comes," laughed Margie, and ascended the ladder-like steps to put the last articles in her suit case.

This week had been one of endless delight to me. In fact, with the exception of an occasional Walhallo call, I had passed a summer unmolested by the outside world. So the week in which Margie shared my corn-pone and potatoes had been a verdant oasis in a very dry desert. After she left I seemed to settle into a strange apathy. Even the mail that I knew to be awaiting me at the second crossroads had lost its magnetic force. In fact, I believe I should not have taken the mile-and-a-half walk had I not promised Miss Leko to mail a letter to one of the numerous Picklesimer nieces. I found the little pewter box well filled, but even Margie's latest love affair and the explosion of Clare's automobile, without Margie to "reminisce," as she expressed it, were intolerably dry. My mood, consequently, was not of the best, as I ambled home at sunset on that most tragic day. I contemplated recent tracks in the red clay, and was wondering whose they were, when just ahead of me, on my own Weeping Rock, sat a usurper, a man in gray flannels, playing a violin. He laid down the instrument and rose as I came nearer.

"I saw you pass and took the liberty of a lonely fellow in coming here to await your return," he confessed, and added gallantly, "the mail box must be very far away."

"Were you waiting for me," I asked, "or did your vanity prompt the pose?"

He laughed delightfully, and invited me to rest awhile. I

must say in my defence, however, that I hurried on mumbling some excuse, and as the turn in the road hid the man from sight, I heard a faint strain that sounded very similar to the "Flower Song," but I put little confidence in my ability to distinguish a tune.

The spinning-wheel had ceased to whiz when I reached the little house that squatted on the hillside. My old ladies were seated before a log fire, shoes laid aside, warming their coarsely clad feet. Miss Salina was still placid and sympathetic; Miss Lekoa still sad and a bit depressed; Miss Victoria was dictating how the money should be spent, while Miss Perneacy knitted in placid unconcern. I confess that the scene was a bit doleful, but its mere uniqueness lent an indefinable charm. So until the tallow candle was extinguished, I sat listening to Miss Neace's stories and uttering always an unspoken prayer that I would be spared from the thralldom of old-maidenhood. The house was quiet by nine, for the mountain folk rise before the sun, and my candle was burning low, when there floated in the music of a not far-distant violin. My adventurous youth had wandered from home this night, and in passing had tarried near my window.

As I think of it now, I often wonder why I did not write then and there to Margie and claim the stakes; but an intense desire to make my victory more complete made my letters rather more conservative than they would have been otherwise. The opening scene was too promising for me not to have decided hopes with regard to the "rising action" and "climax." Only the "motive-force" was lacking, I told myself, and did not err.

Now, it has always been my opinion that a teacher, in order to maintain a certain amount of dignity, and at the same time hold her pupils at a safe distance, dare not enter into the "play-time" games. With such firmly-grounded principles, I have often wondered how it happened that Joe inveigled me into playing *base* of all things, and on the day after my encounter with the "musician in gray." At any rate the humilia-

tion was merited, and I lay all blame to my lack of moral calibre. The game that day was unusually exciting, and I had entered bodily into the fun. Annie Green and Joe had me cornered between their bases, and I, dancing distractedly, was dodging first one and then the other, when looking up I caught the eye of my mysterious serenader, who even from the vantage ground of his mountain nag, was a formidable Sir Galahad. He must have been witnessing my manoeuvres for some time, for the amused smile was deeply set in his perfect chiseled face, a sickening face I decided,—too pleasant.

“A school teacher in distress,” he cried, flinging himself from the horse and advancing toward my group of inquisitive little rag-muffins. “Are you sure that one other cannot enter in the race for Miss Randolph?”

Whereupon, Joe, catching an unintended significance, scowled unpleasantly and made towards the nearest stump. The sound of my name spoken so complacently, paralyzed me, and I stood grinning inanely at this self-possessed stranger, who seemed entirely aware that he was master of the situation. If it had not been time to ring the first bell, I am sure that I should still be standing rooted to the spot. But as the children flocked to the schoolhouse, my courage came back, and I laughed outright.

“I am not always so undignified,” I tried to explain, “but—oh, one has to sometimes.”

“Of course,” he conceded, “and you do it beautifully; but before you ring that last bell let me explain my mission. Miss Victoria says you may have the horse this afternoon, and that you and I may go together for the mail.”

“Miss Vic” not only let us have Dot that day, but the next and next, and I developed an insane love for mail—the magnetic force was not lacking you see.

I never think of this part of my summer that I do not recall the story of a Northern woman who went to our Southern mountains to teach, and through sheer loneliness married a mountaineer and lived in a hut for the rest of her life. In

other words, mountains are conducive to recklessness. Why, I do not even blame moonshiners; in fact, I think that they are entirely justifiable. A human being seems such a small part of the units of time, space, eternity and all the great abstracts, that the very enveloping force seems to swallow him and cause him to lose his individuality in the magnitude of the surrounding hills. One craves congenial companionship, and cannot be to blame for grasping any attainable thread connecting him with the outside world, so remote, so different. It is thus that I justify my mushroom friendship with the musician across the road; it is thus that I am emboldened to admit that the romance of it all had a definite effect upon me. When a lonely man lives "just-over-the-way" from a lonely teacher, and when both are young and, most especially, when the man has a violin and plays at sunset, matters are sure to come to some tangible or intangible crisis. His promises were very rash, and I listened spellbound—always, of course, on moonlight nights, for everything, even sky and atmosphere, vied with each other in bringing about perfect conditions. Now, I know that even my A B C children learned not a thing during these last two weeks of the session. In fact, I wonder that my trustees did not serve notice that my work was not being done satisfactorily; but even they combined their forces with the elements, and perfect bliss was the result. The time was deliciously short, and I was returning home with the check for my last month's work tucked carefully in the pocket of my waist, before I realized that August was at an end. I told the children good-bye at the crossroads, and a little farther on distinguished a form in gray flannels awaiting me.

"We can go riding," he pleaded. "This is the last day, you know."

"Sorry, but I must pack; you may come to-night, but not before dark. Understand, I called after him as the wooden gate swung to, "not before dark."

In spite of my warning, it was scarce sunset when he came,

but I was ready, and we wandered down the quiet road and sat on my old "Weeping Rock."

"It's the last time," I said, "and do you know that it seems as though I am parting with an old friend when I leave this rock?"

"Yes, you care more for this inanimate rock," he said bitterly, "than you do for people that can really feel."

I laughed at his seriousness, and we drifted into casualties until long after dark.

"We must go in," I said at length.

"Wait," he cried earnestly, "wait. By Heaven! I'll not see you again, and I want you to know how much this fortnight has meant to me. It has been a taste of better things. You don't understand, and I hope you never will, for our paths lead to roads that diverge. There is the gate, and when I see it close behind you I shall know that it is all over. Oh! I am trying to think that it is better so."

In the darkness something fluttered to my feet, and stooping I picked it up. He was gone in a moment, leaving me alone by the rickety old gate, too dazed to call a hearty "good-bye." I felt the finality in his tone and went into the house, not a little regretful. By the light of the smouldering logs I read the card that had dropped at my feet—

CHARLES SHULTZ,

First Violinist,

————— Orchestra.

Admission, 10c.

Was it the fault of my being tone-deaf, I asked myself, and mounted the narrow stairs. All was dark without, for even the old moon was far on the wane. Across the road came the strains of that violin, and I think that the piece he played was sad. At least it should have been.

"Whom the gods would destroy," I misquoted, "they first make romantic," and blew out the tallow candle.

THE APPOINTMENT OF OUR GOVERNMENT OFFICERS.

C. D. MILLER, '10.

IN ALL modern governments the problem of the appointment of subordinate officers is perhaps the hardest, and the most important. Good laws, just and proper taxes, are of no avail without good government officers.

But it has not always been the effort of the sovereign to select good officers. In countries which interest us most, sovereignty resides, ultimately, in the people, represented by those who are given the suffrage. The most conscientious voter sometimes does not take the point of view of the "beneficent monarch." He is inclined to look upon public office as a good thing which should be distributed as much as possible among the deserving, and for that reason he does not like to see one man hold the same office for many successive terms. He does, however, want men in office who are able to do their work creditably.

The question then arises, Who is able to fill properly the various government offices? In some cases, almost any one will do. Thus in ancient Greece officers were chosen by lot, and men were secured who were capable of doing their work. The units of government were small, and the work of government comparatively simple, such as anyone of common-sense could do. Nothing was highly specialized, and every citizen was familiar with the work.

But to-day we have governments so vast, of such complex organization, and dealing with such complex questions, that specialists are needed everywhere—men thoroughly familiar with the routine and methods of their work.

Now there are, in general, two ways of obtaining specialists followed by business concerns. One is, to wait till a man is actually needed, and then to get him from some other company. Where the work is something in which many people are engaged, it is at most only a matter of money to get a competent man who will quickly accustom himself to whatever is new to him. But if the work is of a peculiar sort, or

requires much experience with the company, it may not be an easy matter to get a suitable man.

But there is another way of obtaining specialists, which is followed very much by the larger corporations, and has been followed by employers since the village smith took an apprentice. It is to select likely young men and give them a chance to learn the work, and by a system of promotion to secure trustworthy men, thoroughly familiar with their work, in the higher offices. By putting a premium on competency, men who can become competent and intend to do so are attracted.

What bearing has this on government appointments? In the first place, there is no opportunity to get men from other concerns of a similar nature. The work in many government offices, however, requires not only integrity and administrative ability, but thorough familiarity, such as can be acquired only by long experience.

How are men for civil service offices requiring administrative ability secured in this country? Generally, men who have had little or no experience in the work, who, not expecting to hold office long, care very little for it, are appointed for political reasons, without much regard to ability and integrity. Federal officers are appointed by the President, "with the advice and consent of the Senate," which has resulted in the well-known compromise by which the President appoints the Cabinet officers, and the Senators do the rest. Similar methods prevail in State governments.

To be sure, the Federal government and some of the States appoint men to the lower jobs by competitive examination, the successful applicants being assured of life-long jobs. The list of "classified" positions is being extended continually. So far as this system goes, it does very well, but there is some doubt as to the advisability of extending it to those offices, such as the postmastership of a large city, which requires considerable administrative ability. Colleges give men degrees largely on the strength of examinations which they pass, but college presidents are not selected in that way. But there is

another objection which Macaulay saw when the British government was struggling with this same problem. Macaulay reasoned, that to secure good men the pay must be such that there will be many more applicants than there are positions. Now a good man is not going to spend several years studying for a position which he is not fairly sure of getting, unless his study will be useful to him in other lines of business, which is not the case with most government positions. Therefore, only men of inferior ability will go through the requisite course of study.

We may not agree with Macaulay's reasoning. But the experience of the European governments, as Holland and France, has shown it to be sound. Even for the lower jobs, England is giving up a system of civil-service examinations similar to our own.

The system which Macaulay advocated was put into effect at the time for the British-Indian service, in which one man is practically ruler, in some cases, of over a million people. It has been adopted for all the higher offices in the United Kingdom, save the ministerial heads of departments, and is making its way downward to the lower jobs. The officers of the wonderfully efficient bureaus in Germany, including the heads of departments, are secured by this system. It is the system by which our naval and military officers are secured, and the officers of our revenue cutter service. Men are given competitive examinations in general subjects, so that those who fail have lost nothing save the trouble of the examination, and those who win are given the necessary special education in schools maintained by the government for that purpose. Able men who have had the advantages of a liberal education are given an opportunity to enter a much higher class in the government service than are those who are less advanced, so that he who would seek employment elsewhere if he had to begin with those of less ability may, if he secure appointment, go to the government school, just as he would otherwise go to a technical school, law school or university; and on graduation enter active duty in the government service in a

position similar to that of the young lawyer, or doctor. In the lower branches of the civil service the British government has found that successful applicants had been obliged to neglect general studies which they should have had, in order to take special courses which would prepare them for the civil service examinations. The system long ago adopted for the higher positions is accordingly being adopted for the lower ones, with the result that better educated men are secured.

While the expense of maintaining proper schools for such a system is considerable, it is small compared with the increased efficiency of the civil service, and the advantage of removing appointments from politics. The government expects the men to spend their lives in its employ, and they do.

In England, members of Parliament are glad to have these appointments kept out of politics, as they would be an endless source of quarrel and discontent. The heads of departments are the only political officers. They are the ministers, appointed by the prime minister, and exercise only a general oversight and control over their respective departments, for though in full authority, they find it easier and better to leave the details of management to the permanent under-secretaries.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

"FAIRY," '13.

'Tis Christmas night, the yule-log lies
So cheerily now ablaze;
The flick'ring flames, as swift they rise,
Weave shadows in a maze
Across the oaken rafters dim
And smoked to dusky gray,
But now in gay and festive trim
For the merry holiday.

There is the mistletoe a gleam
With waxen jewels white;
The scarlet holly berries seem
To glow with ruddy light.
And lordly company is met
To grace the Christmas feast,
For all the loaded board is set
From highest to the least.

The Messenger

Board of Editors

S. H. ELLYSON, '10	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
	Philologist.	
J. F. GULICK, '10	- - - - -	Assistant Editor
	Philologist.	
DR. H. A. VAN LANDINGHAM,	- - - - -	Advisory Editor

Associate Editors

Mu Sigma Rho.		Philologist.
R. A. Brock - - - -	Exchanges	F. G. Louthan, Crackers & Cheese
F. W. Jones - - - -	Essays	C. L. Stillwell - - - - -Poems
G. E. Cook - - - -	Alumni Editor	W. Beverly - - - - - Stories
S. C. CALDWELL, '11	- - - - -	Business Manager.
	Philologist.	
T. W. CROXTON, '11	- - - - -	Assistant Business Manager.
	Mu Sigma Rho.	



EDITORIALS.

CHRISTMAS.

With Christmas cheer we greet you. May your holidays be as full of well-earned pleasure as your faithful work at college would warrant. We hope you may find it possible to go home. Go home and make, each of you, a bright spot of gladness in the land. Time was when Christmas was kept solemnly and in prayer. Why should that be now? We may worship as truly with joy giving and mirth as we may with mouthing prayers in dark corners. But do not misunderstand us when we say we believe in joy rather than in pious long-faces. Let your joy be innocent of excess. In being happy give it to others. We believe that nothing is justified in its existence which does not profit others beside those directly

concerned. So Christmas cheer and merry making is only justifiable when those around you are also given cause to rejoice with you.

ARCHER CHRISTIAN.

A boy whom many of us have known is dead. We knew him as one who had a future, as a strong youth, healthy in mind and body. We admired his prowess in physical struggle with men. Deep within us we rejoiced in his glory and thrilled over his valor, but now he is dead. He died as we all wish in our better moments to die—fighting. We feel that if he was to die so young, so manly, and so full of promise, this was a right noble way to die. It makes no difference what one is doing when one dies, save that one be fighting, faithfully and valiantly. So we his friends derive comfort from this fact. But what small comfort it must be to those who have lost in him so many hopes and dreams. The word “lost” is sometimes the bitterest of words. Only when it means death can some of its bitterness be removed; for death is not all loss. Yet how hard it is for us to see it that way. How hard it must be for his relatives to forgive the rigorous game which took away so soon the life of their loved one. And we who are not so intimately concerned, we in our calmness of thought, regret it, and wish for some modification of the rules whereby the game may be rid of its terrible aspect. It is a noble game. No other game that we can think of can fill exactly that place in a man’s youth as does football. Therefore, we regret doubly that such accidents are possible in it, both because of the fair sacrifices it causes and because at the same time it mars itself and gives itself an evil appearance in the eyes of the public. We join with many others in asking for less dangerous formations, and we defend the game as a whole, for its substitute can not be found. In the name of the college we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the parents of Archer Christian and with our sympathies we perforce must end, for there is only One whose sympathy can reach into that house of sorrow and appease.

MEMORIAL HALL.

We would call the attention of those in power to a bad state of affairs in Memorial Hall. Many strangers or students who are not accustomed to visit the second and third floors of that building have very probably experienced much trouble and inconvenience on finding that in seeking a certain room they had unwittingly tried the wrong end of the building. Finding themselves upon the third floor of the hall they discover that the room whose number they have is next to the partition—on the other side. It is then necessary for them to descend two flights of steps, walk the entire length of the building and ascend two other flights in order to reach a room not two feet distant from the same partition.

And why is this partition thus put up to cause so many useless steps? Some say that it serves to break up the tendency of the students to gather in one another's rooms during study hours. But does it not merely serve to divide the house in two sections, fostering sectional gatherings by making it impracticable for men to scatter over a larger number of rooms? Certainly it does not have the slightest tendency to keep men bent on pleasure from congregating in any room they please. What is a little distance to pleasure?

At the same time it throws a disadvantage in the way of those who wish to seek some fellow-students' advice. Much valuable time may be lost that way. We would urge it upon the faculty that this partition be removed or at least a door be made into it which may be kept locked during study hours.

BASKET-BALL

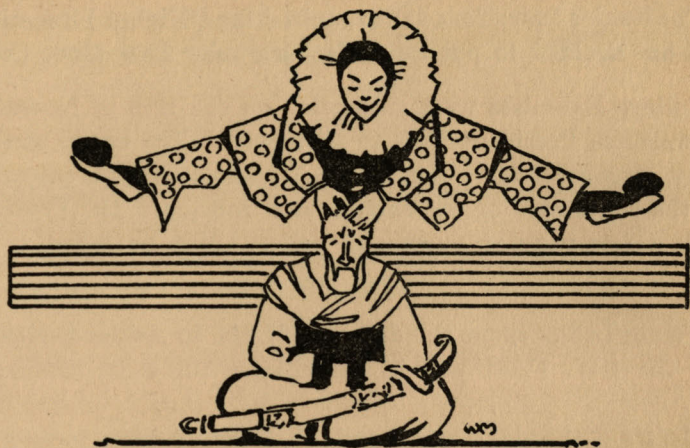
We most heartily welcome a new phase of athletics. We hope that basket-ball has returned to stay at Richmond College. Possibly not even tennis can teach such quickness and sureness of hand and brain as can basket-ball. We are sure that it would help considerably if our football men know

how to play basket-ball. There would be fewer chances of our failing on forward passes as now. Basket-ball will fill a, hitherto almost, uneventful part of the college year. It may be played in the winter and will help enliven that season which has hitherto had to make shift with track events which come rather far apart. It is, therefore, the right game in the right place. We have in college a number of men who are familiar with the game and we hope that they and many others may come out for practice and help make a creditable squad for old R. C. V.

Track Athletics. "Indoor Track Meet." The Meet was a decided success, both socially and financially. But listen! that was only an experiment; this year we hope to repeat what was accomplished last year; only it will not be an experiment.

Therefore, we must surpass the success of last session, or we will have failed.

How can we best accomplish this? First, let all Track aspirants be in training enough to fall in with those who are now on the football squad. Second, when football season is over, we want a full squad out for practice for the entire season. The time consumed will be about thirty minutes and a bath. The Track team will have as many trips as any other athletic team, and remember that a Track team is not composed of a definite number of men, for there are many Events in which a man may qualify, and therefore, all aspirants who qualify will have the opportunity to represent their College. Third, in order to make our Meet a success we must have good representatives from other schools; and in order to get that, we must have good competition for them; therefore, it is up to us to carry as many first class Track athletics to the S. A. A. Meet in January as we can get together. Our Meet is to be held February 12, 1910.



Crackers and Cheese

F. G. LOUTHAN, Editor.

The young ladies of the college are contemplating a very interesting play to be given in the chapel on the 2d of December. It is their purpose to give several through the ensuing session. They are trying to find a man who will accept the part of receiving a cool "turndown," from nine different young ladies. "What man will volunteer?"

The Senior Class had a very enthusiastic meeting on the _____ and elected the Class and Annual officers for the Class of 1910. We are glad to hear that the Annual officers are down to hard work already, and we feel sure that its success is assured through their determination and that of the Class to stick by them.

Miss Runyou (speaking to John Johnson) :

"Can you tell me where the Bulletin Board is?"

Jno. Johnson : "No, Miss, I knows him, but I thinks he stays in Memorial Hall."

She later asked John Walter Carlisle Johnson.

The Junior Law Class has organized for "Higher Education" and has decided to put into effect a Junior Law Moot Court.

College Exercises were suspended on the 10th of November to welcome President Taft to Richmond. The entire student body, strengthened by that of the Woman's College, assembled on the south side of the campus and welcomed the President with a few popular songs and yells. "But he failed to respond."

Young Lodge spent the day and 27 cts. in Ashland, November the 4th. Frost was in Manchester the same evening.

Messrs Richards, Burnett and W. R. Smith have formed the "Patriotic Band," their motto being, "Secure the Flag boys, but retreat under fire."

The German Club gave their first german at the Hermitage Club Wednesday, November 17th. It was well attended and all gave signs of a successful year.

Rowe, hearing Gulick making considerable noise trying to sing: "That'll do, Pluto, the old cow's dead and they are getting ready to have her up to Bouis's."

Sophomore: "Ever had Anabasis"?

Rat Moffett; "No, who's got it? Is it catching?"

This session, the Literary Societies are strengthening more than ever before. Each Society has secured a larger membership than at this time any previous session, and the new men are getting down to hard work. We would like to hear some more talk about them on the campus.

Saddler, (walking down the corridor at night and bumping into a pile of trunks): "Excuse me, Benton, it is so dark here."

While walking down the street one day,—
 Our Prof. cut quite a shine,
 He slipped upon a melon hull.
 It was Bingham on the rin(d).

Lankford: "S—sa—y Moffett, w-when did yo—o—ou, put
 on 1—1—long pants?"

Rat Moffett; "The day before I came to Richmond."

Lankford: "S—s—so d—di—did I.

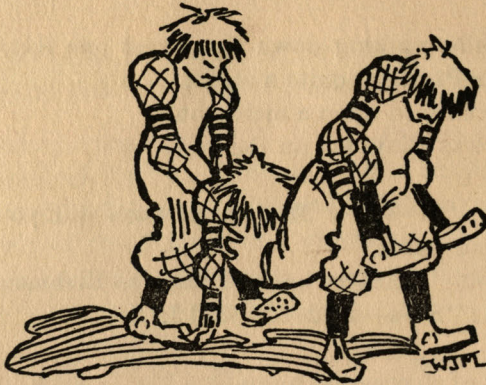
A feeling of depression hung over the campus for some days
 following the tragic death of Archie Christian, November 14th.

To a Faithless Lover:

Oh, siren of my bleeding heart!
 Precursor of my woe!
 From me, oh, fickle one depart
 'Ere I have laid thee low.

My vengeful heart no pity knows,
 So cruel hast thou been;
 And anger fierce within me glow,
 I'll stick you with a pin.

W. P. L.



Athletic Department

J. B. HILL, Editor.

Since the November issue of the "College Messenger," the Football Team has been busy, either on the practice field or in a contest with some other team. We note marked improvement in many ways over that shown early in the season. Fumbling, which was very much in evidence in the first games, has been overcome, and now when one of the men "get hold on" the ball it seems to be in a vice until the referee's whistle is blown. Team work is one of the notable features of the game, which was not so very good in the earlier games; being due to new, inexperienced men on the team. Interference is far superior to that, as revealed in the Maryland, Boat Club and Randolph Macon games.

Four games have been played since the Messenger of November was issued.

On October 22d, the mighty V. P. I. team arrived in Richmond and lodged at Murphy's Hotel, and on the afternoon of the 23d the Richmond Spiders met those mighty warriors face to face on the gridiron. As was universally known before the game they were far superior, in every imaginable way, to our Team. However, we did not back down; but, like men, bucked till the very last. We were defeated by the score of 52 to 0.

One week later the Team left for Chapel Hill, N. C., where they met the mighty Carolina Aggies on their athletic field.

While again outclassed, we were in the fight from the beginning till the referee blew his whistle, signalling, "time up."

In this game we were defeated again, though no quite as badly as in the previous game, the score being 22 to 0.

When November made her appearance, the Spiders descended from the higher rounds of Football to lower ones, and among their just competitors.

The first real game from which our Team may be "sized up," was played at Wake Forest, N. C., on November 6th. There we were able to deliver the goods and win the laurels. By good playing of the Team, Wake Forest was forbidden to cross the Spider's goal line. And by clever headwork of quarterback Smith, the forward pass was successfully worked for a touchdown. Smith failed to kick goal, and the game ended, the score being 5 to 0.

From now on we are found in our just places and among our proper competitors.

The first championship game was with Hampden-Sydney, which was played at Broad Street Park, November 13th, the interest among the students running at a high ebb. They realized that to lose meant for Hampden-Sydney the Eastern Virginia Football Trophy, for they had already won the Championship games from William and Mary, and Randolph-Macon, and the only thing keeping the Cup from them was the Spiders.

In front of the Team a hundred-and-fifty or two hundred students marched to the field. When they arrived there, they marched around the inclosure, singing the College songs and giving the yells, then stationing themselves on the north bleachers in front of a brass band which was there to assist in cheering the team on to victory, they remained there until the first half was over. During the interval between halves they marched around the inclosure, stopping in front of the Team, and giving each member of it a round of applause, and then returned to their seats on the bleachers where they remained until the game was over.

As soon as the whistle blew, they rushed upon the field and carried the winners to the college upon their shoulders. The rooting was excellent, for every man yelled to the top of his voice whenever the leader called on them, and doubtless they are due some of the credit for the final results of the game.

Unfortunately the officials were somewhat inclined to give the visitors some decisions which belonged rightly to the Spiders. To quote the News Leader, "Three of the passes were straight over the line of scrimmage and should have been brought back." Another mistake by the officials came in the second half, when a Spider tackle blocked a forward pass and it was regained by Hampden-Sydney. Instead of giving the ball to Richmond College on the spot where the ball was started, as it was on the third down, the referee called the play a free fumble, and gave the ball to Hampden-Sydney on the first down." It was just after this discussion that Hampden-Sydney approached our goal to the two-yard line, but lost on downs. It was the only time our goal was in danger.

From the beginning to the end this was one of the prettiest games that has been played on the field this year. The Spiders were always in place and made many spectacular plays. To quote the Times Dispatch, "From a spectacular standpoint, the game will go down in Football history as one of the prettiest ever played here, especially as there were numerous star plays, and a display of team work by Richmond that undoubtedly gained supremacy for the local collegians."

The only score was made in six minutes after the game started, when Mills was pushed across the goal for a touchdown, and Smith kicked a pretty goal. This was won by consistent and persistent line plunging by the backs.

Oftentimes Mills, fullback, was put through center for a gain of fifteen yards. The halfbacks, Jones and Guy, were always ready to make good gains when Smith called on them.

The Hampden-Sydney boys, seemingly, were helpless when they attempted to prevent gains from five to fifteen yards through their line. They were very successful in working the forward pass. All of their gains were made on the forward

pass and by end runs. They were unable to go through our line at any time. The game ended, the score being 6 to 0.

To name the stars in the game would be to name the entire Team, while the backfield made the most spectacular plays and the long gains. But what could they have done going through the line for a good gain without someone to open the way?

The ends were always there when it came to breaking up interference and making interference.

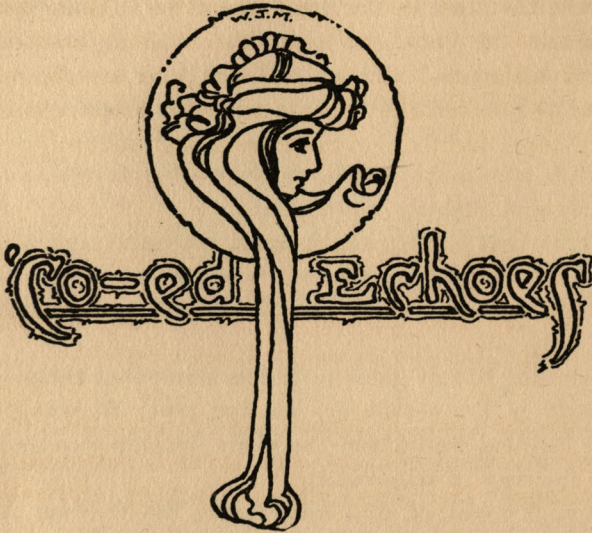
It is true that the backfield made the gains and Mills, full-back, was most conspicuous, but when we come to consider it thoughtfully we remember that each man was always at his post of duty.

The winning of this game makes us think that the predictions made early in the season are coming true. It was predicted that the Spiders would win the championship cup and we are now on the way to winning it.

If we stick together, and come out in the William and Mary and Randolph-Macon games as successful as in this game, the championship is ours. Let's all join in and help to win the games that we have yet to play.

The games to be played now are:

William and Mary (Championship at Richmond) Nov. 20th
Randolph-Macon (Championship at Richmond) Nov. 27th.



MISS EUDORA RAMSEY, EDITOR.

Although no veil has been drawn over the workings of the Co-Eds.; although we are here in your midst day after day, there are some who, for various reasons, are ignorant of Co-Ed. plans, Co-Ed. attainments and Co-Ed. aspirations. And yet, even they must know that we are a band that does not stand idly by complacently watching the vast tide of our masculine co-workers sweep by laden with the spoils of battle. We are here for a purpose, and manifestly its horn has many branches. In the first place, we have begun to realize individual labor amounts to naught, and consequently a strong organization of the Co-Eds. has been effected, with Miss Ware, president; Miss Campbell, vice-president; and Miss Pearce, secretary. In this way business that has heretofore encroached upon the work of the Literary Society is transacted by the Co-Eds. as a whole. The question now under discussion is, that of the scholarship, the establishment of which was taken up by our

immediate predecessors. Plans are now on foot for increasing the fund, and we are looking forward to a day in the very near future when we can see the task completed. Thus, with something always in view, the organization feels assured of its ability to make itself felt in College; and are we wrong in asserting the belief that the last Senior Class election was merely a torch lighted for the classes that follow?

QUESTIONS THAT NEED NO REPLY.

Why did Mr. Hill transfer Wright's candy department to the "well-top" the day of Senior Class election?

Does the fact that Richmond College students are fond of trying on a certain military cape argue a *masculine* love for brass buttons? (See Miss Coffee for further information.)

Is Miss Ramsay afraid that grass will grow on the tennis courts?

Why has Mr. O'Flarherty never tendered his thanks to the Co-Eds for his office in the Junior Class.

Miss Thomasson is credited with English A and yet she takes the Class. Can anyone find an explanation?

Why does Mr. Harry Van Landingham find it necessary to apologize for smiling at Miss Ware; and why does he excuse himself by insisting that "she smiled first"?

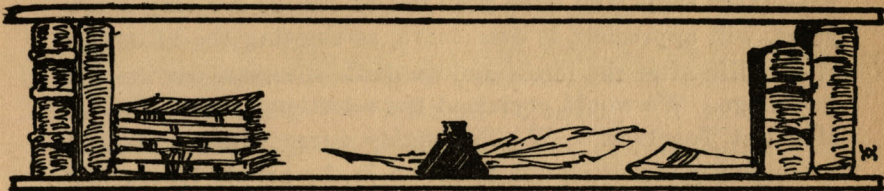
Do changed circumstances make Richmond College less attractive to Mrs. Campbell than it was a couple of years ago?

“I’ve got it,” cried Miss Percival just before Math. A. “A times m n gives me *m—a—n*. I knew I ought to get that one all right, but somehow I’ve had a lot of trouble.”

“What is the rest of that about the lives of great men all reminding us,” asked Miss Pearce. “I always do have a hard time quoting Shakespeare.”

Miss Thomasson has recently been heard to express regrets that Sunday is *so* uninteresting, “and really,” she added quite pathetically, “if I didn’t think it was wrong I’d study just to *amuse myself*.”

Picture Miss Ware without a book
 Or Miss Coffee with a softer look.
 Picture Miss Barnes with “Gertrude” not nigh
 Or Miss Thomasson without a sigh,
 Picture Miss Morrisette like a saint
 Or Virginia Campbell without complaint.
 Picture these and you’ll surely see
 A picture that could never be.



Exchange Department

R. A. BROOK, EDITOR.

We are glad to see the number of magazines upon our desk has so increased over the past month. Also do we find that, together with quantity, quality plays an important part. Here we would mention "The Randolph-Macon Monthly." This seems to us to surpass any other in the State which we have yet received. The stories in it are always above the average; or, as quoted by one of its contributors himself, they aim, by doing more than the average, to keep the average up. Facility in plot, structure and character analysis show the presence of some ability in that direction. "Keeping the Ideal" is an excellent essay, and has perhaps done duty as an oration. "Billy Brint's Vacation Episodes" are sparkling with wit. We have seen many such a youngster as Billy, and would not miss his species for worlds. "The Crucial Test" has for its theme the same old story of puppy love and a final surrender to the grand flame. We only hope that his vows pledged with an "always, I swear it," will be kept. There is too much of what in slang phrase is known as slush in "Love or Honor": the story is not well worked out and is rather abrupt in places.

William Jewell Student (October). Here, too, is a monthly, well-gotten up and showing an unusual interest in the magazine throughout the college. That is the only way of getting material for the magazine, and so making a good showing with other institutions in a literary way. The story entitled "Tonight" is very good. We are struck with its naturalness. Per-

haps those of us who have been out of college for only a few years, will appreciate it even more, as showing the bitterness of real life after the ideals and the little successes one has had in college. We would commend the selection, "When College Men Get Together." We thoroughly agree with the author. Some power of description is shown in the article telling how an automobile tire is made. It is hard to create interest in an uninteresting thing, but we think the author has done so. We are sorry to see that the Poetry column is rather brief (two poems only). However, "The Green and the Grey" is good.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine (November). Again there are many sketches in the number before us. "Silent Forces" and "The Reaction as Shown in The Elegy" are both good essays. We rejoice to see the English Department playing into the hands of the magazine as effort is fostered thereby. More time might be taken on the structure of the stories; besides they are few, we are sorry to say.

Davidson College Magazine (November). This number has the usual assortment of stories. "The Psychoscope" seems to us the best, at least in conception. We are not quite certain whether "ponies" would come under the head of psychoscopes, but think they would. "In Twenty-four Hours" brings out the various emotional experiences one can go through in certain limited periods. So far as we can see, "The Stone Cylinder" is without point.

University of Virginia Magazine (October). We are sorry this came somewhat late, but must make some mention of it in passing. The stories are for the most part good. We would recommend that entitled "The Sacrifice." Here is shown the struggle in one's mind as to whether personal, individual love, man for man, is to be considered before love for mankind as a whole. Then, too, an element of selfishness is brought in. The poem, "Ashes of Empire," is to be praised highly. But altogether we do not think that the magazine is a thoroughly representative magazine of our State university. There is certainly room for improvement.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The William Jewell Student, The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, University of Virginia Magazine, The Southern Collegian, The Acorn, The Red and White, The Harvard Crimson, Old Penn, Eastern Collegian, The McGill Martlet.

Alumni Department

GEO. F. COOK, EDITOR.

Miss Julia P. Harrison, M. A., '07, B. S., '09, has been honored with a scholarship to Johns-Hopkins University. She is there, pursuing the study of science.

T. W. Ozlin, B. A., LL. B., '09, is now at Fork Union Academy, teaching and practicing law, both at the same time. He is liked as a teacher, and is also proving a success in law.

W. R. D. Moncure, B. A., '09, a much-beloved son of the institution, is now the Principal of Union Level Academy, in Mecklenburg county, Va. He is teaching with that same untiring energy that he possessed while in College.

W. J. Young, B. A., '07, will take this year his M. A. degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

F. L. Hardy, B. A., '06, is the pastor of the First Baptist church, at Columbus, Ind. To be the pastor of this church, one must have unusual ability. While in college he was considered a star in football.

R. N Daniel, M. A., '08, is now a student at the University of Chicago. He has a scholarship in the department of English.

P. T. Atkins, LL. B., '09, has gone to the State of Oregon, to practice his chosen profession. As we expected, he is enjoying a lucrative practice. In his Senior year he was Editor-in-chief of the Spider.

Miss Bertha Knapp, B. A., '08, is visiting Miss Ware, of Richmond. Her home is in the great State of Indiana.

A. L. Griffith, LL. B., '09, is enjoying a large practice at Honaker, Va. He has already appeared conspicuously in litigations of great importance.

Harry Snead, B. A., '09, is the Principal of the High School at Nacina, Va.

R. A. Anderson, LL. B., '93, was a recent visitor to Richmond. While in the city, he visited the home of his boyhood; and while on the campus recalled many incidents of happy school days. He is not only a noted lawyer, but is also the editor of one of the leading newspapers of the State.

A. G. Ryland, B. A., '08, has recently undergone an operation at St. Luke's Hospital. He is convalescing and hopes to again take up after Christmas his duties as Principal of Cheriton High School at Cheriton, Va.

J. A. Byrd, LL. B., '09, is practicing law at Norfolk, Va. As in college, so in actual practice, he is proving himself the man of the hour.

W. G. Payne, B. A., '07, is Superintendent of Schools in the counties of Bath and Highland.

A. W. Robinson, LL. B., '08, was recently a business visitor to Richmond. He has a large practice at Buena Vista, Va.

H. M. Bolling, B. A., '08, has the honor of being a leading professor at Fork Union Academy.

Dr. J. H. Gour, B. A., ?, of Washington, D. C., will deliver the "Thomas Lectures" in December. He has served the United States in affairs pertaining to the Government in foreign nations; has delivered lectures both at Princeton and Yale; and is also an author of great reputation.



Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume
Cottrell & Leonard 472-478 Broadway
Albany, N. Y.

—Makers of the—

CAPS, GOWNS AND HOODS

To the American Universities and Colleges
Illustrated Bulletin, Samples and Prices upon
Application.

KING & GALE

FOR HIGH CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

Special discount to students both in photograph and kodak departments.

111 E. Broad.

Phone Monroe 1344.

THE ECLIPSE LAUNDRY

M. P. GORDON & CO., Proprietors.

Phone Madison 418.

1519 W. Main St.

A. F. ROBERTSON, Agent.

Room 53 Ryland Hall.

Richmond College.

ORDER YOUR CUTS

FROM
METROPOLITAN
ENGRAVING CO.
DESIGNERS, ILLUSTRATORS, ENGRAVERS.
17-19-21 N. 12th STREET. RICHMOND, VA.

MAKERS OF PLATES FOR THE PRINTING PRESS.