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THE MESSENGER

VOL. XXXVI

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 4

**YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS AND YOUR
OLD MEN DREAM DREAMS.**

FRANK GAINES, '12.

I.

Youth's hopes through gilded fancies sail
As this Old Year dies silently,
As now the New rends future's veil
Shows man's vast possibility:
Thus do the young men visions see.

II.

Visions of worlds unconquered yet,
Of glorious destiny to be,
Freedom to find, life's goal to get,
Transcending this mortality:
Such visions do the young men see.

III.

New Year lifts curtains of the past
To Age! He dreams of New Years gone;
How each had promised joy at last,
Yet each but black despair had borne:
Thus do the old men dream their dreams.

IV.

Specters of hopes—departed joy—
Now haunt his dream—'twas vanity;
Yet 'tis youth's heritage to toy
With life's insoluble mystery:
So say the dreams the old men dream.

"BARRIERS BURNED AWAY."

BY. J. G. BARBE, '10.

A LONG, shrill blast of the elevator whistle sounded through the cool morning air, and the echoes answered from the mountains on every side, and, as if it were a part of the echo, there streamed from the long rows of shanties on the hillsides a line of uncouth men of every age, size and nationality. It was 7 o'clock at the Big Luna mine.

The rising sun had capped the mountain peaks with crowns of gold, and daylight gradually dimmed the fire-glare of the coke ovens at their base.

The commissary door was slammed shut, that the clerk who had been busy for an hour with the early customers might go to breakfast at the boarding house which was kept by "Old Scrimp," in partnership with the company. Nath Haley, he was, before he sold his land to the Northern syndicate which now operated Big Luna. Since he received several thousand by the sale he seemed to take a liking to money, and cashed time checks for the miners at a discount and boarded the better class of employees. It was the best house of its kind in the coal fields, because Nell presided over everything from kitchen to parlor, and Old Scrimp indulged his only daughter more than one would think from his nick name.

Ned Stearnes knew, as he walked from the commissary to the long dining-room, that Nell held the reins of the old man's heart, and consequently his purse strings. He had sent her to school at High Rock three years and paid out a lot of money on her, the neighbors said.

Ned knew there was a splendid breakfast on the board and a blooming mountain lass to pour the coffee. Her cheeks may have been too red, but her rich dark hair and flashing eyes harmonized well with their rich color. Just one-eighth of an inch too tall, he thought, as he met her cheerful smile.

"Here is a paper wanting your name," she said, when the meal was over and he arose to go.

Tolley Wilks, on the night before, was loading some shots with which he meant to bring down the coal in big piles in his drift next day. He had taken one drink too much on his way in, and churned the cap into his stick of dynamite a little too hard. His hand was blown off, and the jar made him very sick for a while. Every one at the mines liked Tolley, in spite of his failing, and his wife and children must not suffer anyway. So the paper read:

We, the undersigned promise to give the amount opposite our names each month until Tolley is able to work again.

Nathan Haley and daughter\$1.00

Fritz Edelstein, vice-president\$7.50

and other names followed with varying amounts, making a sum equal to Tolley's wages, and Ned was the last to contribute, as he was at the commissary while the others breakfasted. A frown puckered his handsome face as he saw the first item on the list.

"One dollar!" he thought. "How can she have such a little soul? She has thousands, and makes as much from the house here as I make. I do wish she did not take so much after the scrimpiness of Old Haley. My people have always been generous, and the whole world hates such stinginess anyway. I would be ashamed of her in spite of her looks and manners."

He wrote his name boldly for five dollars, half in spite to the first item of the list.

As he walked briskly toward the office she looked after him and smiled. A good heart he has, kind and generous, but they said he was a dude before he came. I wish he wouldn't part his hair in the middle. But I could endure that if he had any spunk as a man should have. Simpson backed him down, and Ned in the right, too; pshaw! I could whip Simpson myself. If he was only a little more courageous I think I could— What is wrong? Is it clouding up, or— No; the woods are on fire! Some farmer burning the brush of his new-ground

had allowed the wind to carry the fire across the ring he had raked around it, and the drifting piles of dry leaves had caught, and the fire swept towards the top of the mountains. Great black rolling clouds of smoke darkened the heavens, and the burning fire-brands hurled aloft by the whirlwinds looked like volcanic eruptions. Fox and hare ran side by side to escape the fury of the flames, and poisonous snakes glided swiftly to the mountain streams to bathe in their cool refuge. The crash of falling timber and roar of the flames added terror to the raging destruction.

"The drift mouth!" she gasped. For she knew that if there was any gas in the mine the terrific heat of the fire would set it off, and hundreds of men would roast to death. As she ran up the slope toward the black hole in the mountain, she half cursed the negligence of the company for putting the ignorant boy at the fan who knew nothing of gas or explosions. As she came in sight of the drift mouth she saw a figure enter it. "Coward!" she said. "He is running to save his own puny life and let the men perish and leave half a thousand orphans to starve. How I hate a coward; if Ned were only brave— Now, Lord, help me to reverse the fan and drive back the flames and sparks instead of sending them down into the gases. I would willingly die if only I have strength to reverse the fan."

The smoke choked her, and she stooped close to the earth to escape it, and glanced toward the village. The women and children were on the railroad track and the long rows of shanties were blazing. She thought they were not worth much, though they were the only homes the poor people had. But now—what! The fan is already reversed and the cool, oily air from the mine revived her, and she gave the boy credit for more sense and courage than she expected of him. But, oh! the air shaft, half a mile up the mountain side. The fan would draw the current down it and the gases be fired before the miners could get out. If they only knew their danger they could bank their drifts and tunnel out on the south side in a

day or two. Down below her the trains were hauling the women and children in the empty coke racks out of the fire and smoke to safety. What desperation could take them from their husbands she could not understand, but they thought their husbands safe in the mines and they would return after the fire had burned out.

Poor Nell at the drift mouth grew faint as she realized that she was all alone in this blazing world. "The mine must soon explode. Oh! why do I not go in and warn them? If Ned were here. He is not a woman as I am, and afraid in the dark hole—but he's a coward. Oh, I had hoped"— There was a dull, heavy, rumbling sound which shook the mountain, and the air from the mine became hot and foul, and she sank to the ground and rolled down the slope to the stream which ran down the little hollow, the only moving thing on the mountain not on fire.

How long she lay with one arm in the cool water she did not know, but its refreshing touch revived her, and she opened her eyes to the dim sky and saw the blackened mountains no longer blazing, for the fire had consumed everything inflammable. Surely the train will bring relief, she thought, as she staggered down to the company houses which stood apart in the tracks and gardens and had escaped the flames. "Thank God they are safe, for Father— Oh! I forgot him; asleep in his room." But he met her, wild with joy to find her alive and unharmed. "Noble daughter of your sainted mother," he exclaimed, folding her in his arms. "You went to warn the mine."

Another shrill whistle sounded, and the relief train pulled in, and a hundred men rushed to begin the work of rescue. Or, was it rescue? Could men live in that underworld which belched fire and smoke at drift mouth and air shaft? To flood the mines they had but to dig a trench and turn the mountain stream into the drift, but that meant drowning for those already burned.

"Where is Ned?" asked Nell.

"He must have left on the first train, or by foot power, when he first saw the danger," they said.

"Don't mind, girlie; you want a brave man," whispered her father.

Another paper was passed around now, and the owners of the mine were writing some handsome figures in the right hand column, but the name of—

Nathan Haley and daughter \$100.00

Fritz Edelstein, vice-president\$1,000.00

headed the list. But it was not for widows and orphans, but only to build back their homes and buy some necessities until work could be resumed.

A tunnel had been cut by the miners, and by daybreak they were all out safe except a driver, who, because he had no family or friends, volunteered to bring water to wet the banks on the side next the fire while the others tunneled south with all their strength.

"And the brave boy who went in to warn them, where is he?" asked Nell.

"In the commissary office at his work," said the superintendent, turning away as though he did not see the big tears come into Nell's dark eyes.

"Who in thunder is this vice-president?" said Ned, as he looked over the paper of contributions.

"One who does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth," said Tolley, who, with bandaged hand, had come back with the relief train.

"You are *not* stingy, Nell," half sobbed, half whispered Ned after supper that night.

"And *you* are *not* a coward, Ned," she answered. And the "vice-president" adopted the "Brave Boy" then and there.

THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1774.

BY J. B. DUVAL, '11.

OF ALL the State conventions of the Revolutionary period, perhaps none has received so little notice from historians as the First Virginia Convention, held in Williamsburg on the first day of August, 1774. The circumstances of the calling of this convention are as follows. During the session of the House of Burgesses in May of the same year, news came of the closing of the Boston harbor by the British Government. Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lee, Thomas Jefferson, and several others met in the council chamber, and in the words of Jefferson, "cooked up" a resolution appointing the 1st of June as a day of fasting and prayer—prayer that civil war might be averted, and that they might be of one mind in opposing any attack on their civil rights. This resolution was passed on the 24th, and Lord Dunmore immediately dissolved the House.

On the following Sunday—the day appointed—the Speaker and many of the Burgesses marched in procession to Bruton Parish church. During services dispatches came from Boston asking for support, and advising the cessation of trade with Great Britain. These questions were too vital to be settled by the local Committee of Correspondence, and as many of the Burgesses as could be reached were summoned to meet in the Raleigh Tavern. The following account of this meeting is taken from the "Virginia Gazette," a weekly newspaper published in Williamsburg at this time:

"Williamsburg, June 2.

"Last Sunday Afternoon Letters were received by Express from Boston, Philadelphia and Annapolis in Maryland, testifying the Resentment of those different Places, and the northern Provinces in general, against the late oppression Act of the British Parliament which is intended so materially

to injure the Port of Boston, and recommending an Union of Measures to their Southern Brethren, to induce the Ministry to abate in their rigorous and unconstitutional Designs against American Freedom, which they consider themselves equally entitled to with their Fellow Subjects in Britain. Immediately upon receiving the Letters, the Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esq.; Moderator of the Committee of the late House of Representatives, thought it proper to convene all the Members that were then in Town; who, on considering those important Papers, came to a Resolution to call together the several other Members near this City, to whom Notice could be given. Twenty five of them accordingly met next day at ten o'Clock, when it was unanimously agreed to refer the farther Consideration of this Matter to the first Day of August next; at which time it is expected there will be a very general Attendance of the late Members of the House of Burgesses, and that a Non-Importation Agreement will be then entered into, as well as Resolutions to suspend, at some Future Day, exporting any of our Commodities to Britain, should the present odious Measures, so inimical to the just Rights and Liberty of America, be pursued.

The Opinion of the Citizens of this Metropolis being desired on the Subject, they accordingly met at the Courthouse, at Four o'Clock the same Day, when the Measures taken by the late Representatives were unanimously approved of."

During the three months following this meeting, the patriotic sentiment of the people increased daily. Nearly every county in the Colony held conventions. Strong resolutions were passed. Delegates were appointed to meet in Williamsburg on the first of August to express the wishes of the people, as shown in these resolutions. Again we quote from the Gazette:

"Williamsburg, August 5.

"On Monday last, the 1st. Instant, there was a very general and full Meeting of the late Representatives of this Colony, who

still continue sitting upon the weighty Matters entrusted to their Deliberation by their several Constituents. We cannot, with certainty, at this Time, publish any of their councils and Determinations; but next Week we expect to be able to communicate the Whole to the Publick, which (at least as far as we are able to judge) will be such as will do Honour to the Colony, revive the Spirits of our suffering Fellow Subjects to the Northward, and, in all Probability, secure the Rights and Liberties of America from every Invasion thereof."

The Gazette for the following week contains a full account of the Convention. After asserting their fidelity and attachment to their sovereign and their anxiety at the grievances of the American people, the representatives urged the colonists to exercise every "Publick Virtue," and to prepare themselves for the defense of their rights. They formed an association and passed resolutions declaring that they would not, after the first day of November following, import any merchandise from Great Britain, nor any slaves whatever, and that, unless American grievances were redressed before August 10, 1775, they would not export tobacco or other American products to the mother country. They also expressed their confidence in the General Congress and their desire for the relief of Boston, and empowered the Moderator to call a meeting of the delegates at any time or place he might think proper.

Nor did the work of this convention end with the passing of resolutions. Of greater importance perhaps was the appointment and instruction of delegates to the General Congress. Every member felt the weight and responsibility attaching to this office, and only *men* were chosen. Dr. Woodrow Wilson says of them: "No doubt the most notable group was the group of Virginians: Colonel Washington; that 'masterly man,' Richard Henry Lee, as Mr. John Adams called him, as effective in Philadelphia as he had been in the House of Burgesses; Patrick Henry, whose speech was so singularly compounded of thought and fire; Edmund Pendleton, who

had read nothing but law books and knew nothing but business, and yet showed such winning grace and convincing frankness withal in debate; Colonel Harrison, brusque, country gentleman, without art or subterfuge, downright and emphatic; Mr. Bland, alert and formidable at sixty-four, with the steady insight of the lifelong student; and Mr. Peyton Randolph, their official leader and spokesman, whom the Congress chose its president, a man full of address, and seeming to carry privilege with him as a right inherited."

This was the type of men who sat in the Virginia convention of 1774—men who, in the years of struggle that followed, became the recognized leaders of the American cause. In crystallizing the sentiment of the Colonists, in stamping out the last spark of loyalty to the British Crown, and in uniting the people in a common cause, this convention was a factor second to none. Regarded in the light of later events, the little convention held in the Raleigh Tavern was a gathering of giants, and justly it may be said that it was the nucleus around which sprang up the American Nation.

DAWN.

BY "FAIRY," '11.

The stars grow dim, the boisterous cock doth make
His clarion voice the herald of the sun.
And lo! the dawn's pale light begins to break
Far in the East—the course of Night is run.

Unwilling yet to yield her gloomy sway,
There still spreads o'er the light a curling veil
Of misty vapor surging damp and gray,
A phantom sea that gleams with ghostly sail.

And now the drowsy chirping of the birds
Begins, the prelude to the glorious chant
With which they rouse the sleek and lazy herds,
And welcome the first ray that falls aslant.

The East now glows from pale to amber hue,
And then to gold with gorgeous crimson bars;
The sky turns from cold gray to clearest blue,
Gone are the pale and sickly fading stars.

The wavering host of vapors takes to flight
Before the gleaming arrows of the sun;
O'er wood and field warm glows his golden light;
The night is over and the day begun.

THE BLACK CLOAK.

VIRGINIUS CARLISLE FROST. '10.

CHAPTER II.

SLOWLY the coming day lifted the veil of night. The rain ceased and only the minute drops from the eaves were to be heard. Gray shafts of light chased the shadows further into the corners, and the objects in the room became more distinct. Far away a cock crowed in herald of the dawn, and was answered from a nearby barn. A dog barked, a horse in the stable whinnied, and a languid stir of life began around the building. I heard the old negro hostler take down the bars of the lot fence, and presently from an adjacent farm-house there came the sound of a creaking, groaning well-windlass.

Seeing that the girl was still asleep, I arose and passed quietly into the hall-way, taking my coat with me. The body of the dead Federal lay cold and stiff in a corner where Bordley and I had dragged it. No one was yet astir in the hotel. I tiptoed to a door at the end of the passage-way, opened it slightly and looked out. From a broad porch a flight of stairs led down to the lower veranda. The barn, worn and dilapidated, stood near the house, and up in the loft I heard the negro whistling. Leaving the door slightly ajar, I opened the packet of the dead officer.

Two military passes written on thin water-proof paper and signed by the commander-in-chief of the Union Army, read: "Lieutenant Gett is to be allowed to pass any and all lines of the Union Army." There was no number nor date upon them. A third slip of clean white paper read as follows: "Lieutenant Lewis Gett and wife are to be allowed to pass the lines of the Union Army, Outpost No. 4, Washington Road, General McClellan Camp." It was signed by a Division Commander. A fourth was in the form of a dispatch, and bore the date September

5, 1862. It read: "If weather is clear, watch all roads into Chantilly for a lady in dark habit, small of stature, brunette. Riding black horse. If rain, watch the hotel. Enclosed pass explains. Return to quarters with her at once regardless of weather or circumstances. Named Catherine Wellford. Take her pass through our lines. Any maltreatment at your peril. Place the lady in good care and meet me at noon to-morrow at camp. If not there will know that you are still on lookout and will be with you Tuesday night at the hotel. Learn if Herndon Road is clear. Be ready to move. (Signed) Philip Griffin, Captain."

It was all plain now. It was clearly an effort to escape upon the girl's part from this Captain Griffin, who was under an assumed name in the Northern Army, else the girl would have understood the purpose of the dead Federal, and would have recognized the identity of this man Griffin. Evidently I had been right in believing that the girl had been riding, for even then she was attempting to escape from this man. The pass enclosed in the dispatch to the dead officer was but a blind to the other officers of the Union camp. It was clearly a case of abduction, cowardly and dastardly. The girl should have my protection to the last.

I realized the importance of the passes and information in my possession, and I knew full well that on these depended my only hope of discovering the identity of this Captain Griffin, and the clearing up of the mystery. I also inferred from the dispatch of the Captain that there was a contemplated move of a scouting party along the Herndon Road where the Confederate detachment was stationed. This would occur Tuesday night. 'Twas now Monday. I had it in my power to check this reconnaissance of the scouting party sent out no doubt from McClellan's camp, and possibly capture this Captain Griffin, who seemed to be in command.

Opening the door wider so as to admit more light, I moved over to the dead Lieutenant. He was a handsome young fellow

of splendid height and build, and I knew that by his death his captain had been deprived of an able soldier. Bending lower my attention was attracted to the long cloak that he wore. It was of a soft, thick, heavy black material, and was splendidly tailored. It buttoned at the throat by a single button, and combined in itself a short cavalry coat and a long cape or cloak that hung to his ankles. The cape could be fastened together by "frogs" of exquisite texture from the neck nearly to the top of his boots. It contained no pockets and the sleeves could be either concealed or left out of the long cape by means of openings under the shoulders. That this was the special coat or cloak of an officer of special duty was evident. I had never seen one similar to it in all my experience in dealings with the undercurrent of the war, and the fact that it was black gave me the right to wear it as much as the dead Federal. I felt a twinge of conscience in taking it from the dead man, but "war is war" with Stuart and his men.

Substituting my coat, which was much the worse for wear, I donned the long black cloak-coat of the Northerner, and closing the door at the end of the passage-way, went back to the landlord's room. The girl was sitting upon the side of the bed peering in perplexity about her. Upon my entrance into the room she started to her feet, looking at me in wonder, fear and astonishment. I addressed her by the name given in the dispatch to the dead officer, and giving her mine, assured her that there was no danger.

Then in words that would be the least alarming, I informed her that the dead officer had come in search of her at the commands of this Captain Griffin, and that even then she was being looked for. She seemed to understand, and telling her that the hotel was unsafe, I advised her to leave it immediately. I told her that I would protect her as long as I was able; that I would escort her to some farm-house in the country nearby, where she might rest and feel secure.

I did not feel as if I had committed an indiscretion by disclosing my identity to this girl whomsoever she might be. She had trusted me implicitly, and I felt that faith in her would not be misplaced. So I informed her of my destination upon the Herndon Road, and that it behooved me to move on as quickly as possible as I was the bearer of important dispatches. She placed a little white hand upon my arm and looking up at me with her large hazel eyes, thanked me and said that she knew a good woman who lived upon the Herndon Road not far distant with whom she might stop.

I brought her a basin of water from the rear porch, and leaving her went quietly down the stairs where I met the inn-keeper. I gave him a sum of money and warned him to bury the body of the dead Federal immediately, and that it was to his advantage to keep a close mouth about the night's happenings. I felt that he would do as I commanded him, for, characteristic of a tavern landlord, he held lightly the tenets of honesty, and valued money more than scrupulousness.

The day was as perfect as could possibly come out of a nasty night. The sun was just rising above the trees as the girl and I rode out of the tavern lane. The rain-drops hanging upon the boughs of the shrubbery along the highway caught the matchless pink tint of the sun's rays and shone like a continuous chain of precious gems. Now and then a bird with an excited chirp would flit across the road and dart in the bushes, shaking the diamond-drops to the ground. Several crows flying overhead greeted us with loud "caw-caws" and sped on.

The girl sat her horse with an inborn grace. She was a perfect figure, and with her brown hair caught up in an intricacy of little waves and tendrils about her neck and ears, and the light in her soft hazel eyes, she was enough to cause any man's blood to leap. She rattled on in an endless stream of talk about this and that, but never a mention of the night's happenings. I soon discovered that she was full of moods. at one moment gay, and the next with a sad expression upon her face. I ques-

tioned her not; for I felt that it would have been unmanly to obtrude upon her. Often in her moments of gaiety I would see her looking at me with an almost imperceptible smile upon her lips, and for the life of me I could not look at her. I had had little or nothing to do with the sex in my short life, and she must have guessed it, for at times she would look at me with a coquettish light in her eyes, but I would turn away like an ass and pretend to fix some strap or buckle upon the saddle that needed no repair.

Already I had begun to regret the time when I must bid her adieu, and too soon it came. At a sharp turn in the road I caught sight of a house sitting far back in a grove that bordered the highway. A glimpse of a red chimney here and an odd gable there showed that it was a structure of considerable size.

At a drive-way that led from the road to the house, the girl drew rein and laid her hand upon my arm. I caught it up awkwardly.

"You have been good to me," she was saying, looking at me with an expression in her eyes that I had not seen there before, "and I can never repay you. Now you must leave me, and may heaven bless you." She gave my hand a warm clasp, and with a soft "Good-bye" was gone.

I dug my spurs into old "Buck," who snorted in amazement at this unwarranted treatment, and together we sped up the road to the camp, which lay a few miles beyond. From behind every tree and bush the face of the girl looked out at me, one instant with that rare smile and then with a saddened expression that seemed so strangely natural. I tried to put her out of my mind, but for the life of me I could not. I called myself a susceptible fool, and endeavored to turn my thoughts elsewhere, but behind the next rock or stump there would be the beautiful face of the girl looking at me.

My dispatches delivered to Colonel Sibley, I informed him of the probable expedition of the scouting party along the Hern-

don Road the next night, ascribing another source from whence I had learned it.

In the long hours that passed slowly by in my impatience for the coming of the next night, the girl's face lived with me. I longed for the time to come when I might meet this Captain Griffin, for I had begun to look upon this little mystery as a personal affair. I did not dare to think that I would never see the girl again, and I prayed for the opportunity when I might again prove myself her friend.

The night set in early with cool, fitful showers, but at midnight the spasmodic downpours had become a steady, drizzling rain. The twenty soldiers composing our little band sent out to check the probable Union expedition trotted leisurely out of camp into the night, cursing good humoredly an expedition in such weather. But to me the rain was a companion and a blessing, for I felt assured that the Union party would take advantage of the darkness and the rain.

Down the road towards Chantilly we moved silently, the steady fall of our horses' hoofs upon the soft earth and the patter of the rain-drops upon the foliage of the trees that bordered the highway, being the only sounds that came to our ears. Slowly we rode, and I rightly guessed that we were nearing the place where the girl had left me the day before. An indistinct gray line that ran along the road, broken here and there, I knew to be the white fence that surrounded the old house in the grove.

At a command we halted, and I, together with a Captain Larkin and a Sergeant Mulvaney, rode forward a short distance to form a plan of action. The Captain drew us close together.

"The Yanks think that the Cunnel's quarters are in that house," he said, pointing a finger at the old structure back in the grove, "and a plan is on foot among them to pay us a visit to-night. They want to capture the whole bunch of us at once, and are going to slip in as a means of visitin' cyards. We ain't supposed to be at home 'till they git ready to go. See?" We understood. "They ain't in there, yit," the Captain con-

tinued, "but they will be coming along soon, and we got to be prepared to give them a warm reception. They ain't nobody there but maybe some old women folks, and we ain't to scare the life outen them. Just shut 'em up in a back room and let 'em stay there 'till all is over."

A fear that the girl was still staying at the old house seized me, and I urged the Captain to make all haste. I prayed that she might be, for I would see her again. My desire to enter the old house was feverish in its intensity.

"You take the upper story," he said, addressing me, "and I'll take care of the lower. You," addressing the Irish Sergeant, "stand at the entrance and take the signals and see that the men carry out all orders. They know all the signals. One whistle from me or you," putting his hand upon my arm, "means somebody in the house. Two whistles from me mean that our men are comin' in. A low whistle from you, Mulvaney, means that the Yanks are comin'. Let 'em git in the house, lad, before the fun begins. Give Blair your nags," he concluded, "and come on."

Silently we dismounted, giving our horses to the holder, and noiselessly the little squad moved through the grove to the black shadow of the old house. Close to the side of the building we slipped, and the men, holding their weapons in their hands, flattened themselves against the boarding. The Captain, Mulvaney and I passed quietly around the corner of the old structure until we came to a latticed vestibule which led to the rear veranda. The door was unlocked, and silently we passed beneath the roof of the porch. A white knob upon a door that led into the house showed like a gray speck in the darkness. Going to this, I turned it slowly. The door yielded an inch to my pressure, and, slipping my hand inside along the facing, I discovered that it was tied with a rope. Cutting this the door swung slowly back upon its hinges.

The darkness within the room seemed impenetrable, and for an instant the Captain hesitated. The white walls looked ghostly gray, and from their reflection of the light that came through

the open door-way I could discern the dim outline of furniture piled high in the room. But the next instant I was following the lithe soldier tip-toeing through the house, and presently I perceived that we had entered the wide hall-way. Down the passageway we slipped until we came to the stairs that led to the upper story. The Captain continued up the passage, and slowly and carefully I began the ascent of the broad stairway, revolver in hand.

At the top of the steps I paused and peered into the darkness about me. The silence hung heavy as a damp robe in clammy atmosphere, and the old house was ghostly in its solitude. Not a sound came to my consciousness. I could hear the beating of my heart. Following the banister until it touched the wall, and feeling my way along with my free hand, I moved slowly and noiselessly down the upper hall towards the rear of the house. I had gone some forty feet when my hand touched the facing of a door. I stopped abruptly, and on the instant there came distinctly to my ears the sound of a slipped foot-fall. Intently I listened, straining every nerve. Again the sound came to my ear, but this time several in succession. I drew myself close to the door and listened again. A person was walking within the room, and beneath the door, where a portion of the cloth facing failed to touch the floor, a ray of light shone. I took a step forward, and on the instant a loose board in the flooring creaked loudly. I remained motionless; the light steps were approaching the door. I lifted my foot from the floor and the board creaked louder than before.

"Aunt Evaline," came in low tones from within. "What is it, Aunt Evaline?" It was the voice of a woman.

I took a step forward in the hope that I might be upon the opposite side of the door upon which it hinged, but on the instant it was opened wide, and I looked into the startled eyes of the girl. The light of the candle which she held in her hand fell full upon my face, and at the sight of me she gave a little cry and retreated to the centre of the room. She raised aloft the candle

which she was holding and looked at me with undisguised terror. With her free hand she was struggling to fasten her gown which was open at the throat.

I stepped within the room and softly closed the door behind me. "Miss Wellford," I began in a low tone, "under the circumstances you must pardon me for this ungentlemanly—"

"And who are you?" she interrupted in a high piquant voice.

"Madam," I said, "I am Roger Wendell. You know—"

"I know nothing," she exclaimed, her voice trembling with fear, "but that you are some highwayman come to rob a defenseless girl. I have only some jewelry," and she started towards a dressing table that stood nearby.

"Stop, Miss Wellford," I said quickly. "You know well that I have not come to you as a thief in the night. I am not the highwayman—"

"You are! You are!" she cried, and following her terrified glance I saw that I still held the revolver in my hand. It was quickly put up and once more I began:

"You know well who I am, Miss Wellford," I said, "and that I would do you no harm. You must listen to me," for she had suddenly become hysterical. "You trusted me once; trust me now. I must tell you all."

"Tell me what?" she cried out, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "Tell me what?"

"You must listen to me," I pleaded. "I have come to protect you and save you from most probable danger. This house is being surrounded by soldiers at this moment; there will certainly be a fight with the enemy, for it is believed by them that this house is the quarters of our officers. They are to take us unawares, but we know their plan. You must not be taken by our men, for it is believed by them that no one is here. You must trust to me now as you did before. It is thought that they will be here presently."

"I can't; I can't," she sobbed.

"Very well, then, Miss Wellford," I said calmly. "I have tried to protect you. In another moment it will be too late," and on the instant I heard distinctly the long, low whistle from the Sergeant in the latticed vestibule below. The girl, too, had heard it, for she looked at me in terror, but did not speak.

"That signal," I said to her in a low tone, and laying my hand upon her arm, "means that the Federals are coming. Will you trust me?" I asked, but before she could reply I heard the two whistles from the Captain below, which signified that our men were even then entering the old house. I informed her of this, and telling her to wait until I returned, I passed out of the door into the hall-way, and, feeling my way along the wall, I came to the banister of the stairs. I was just in time to see the rays of a guarded lantern play for an instant in the hall-way below, and the next instant the sound of a man stealthily mounting the stairs reached my ears.

I had but time to return to the girl, reassure her and conceal myself behind the bed, which was pulled out somewhat from the wall, when there came a low knock upon the door. The girl did not respond, and presently the door was softly opened.

"So here you are," came in a deep voice, but in tones almost inaudible, "up to your old tricks, and in a nest of Rebels."

"What are you doing here, Curtis," the girl asked in a quiet tone. "Why have you come to this house at this time of night and entered my room?"

"Hold your tongue," the man said in a low tone. "This house is full of Rebels at this moment. We are here to capture the whole pack. I knew that you escaped from my Lieutenant, and had come here. But," he said slowly and with emphasis, "you won't remain longer in this hive."

"I'll remain as long as I want to, Curtis, and you may as well know now as another time that I will have my own way—"

"You'll do as I say," he interrupted. "Get out of that dress and into a cloak and be ready to ride with me."

"I will do nothing of the sort," she said deliberately.

"Catherine," said the man slowly, "I am risking my life on this night's work, and I will have you to know that I will have no foolishness out of you. I can get you down stairs by the back way, and you will be in no danger if you hurry, otherwise—"

"I will not go," she interrupted.

"You *will*," the man said between his teeth, and I heard a smothered cry come from the girl. Drawing my sword I stepped quickly out from behind the great four-posted bed.

"She will *not*," I said in a calm voice, and the man turned upon me. For an instant we could only stare at each other, neither of us saying a word. The surprise was mutual. Both of us wore the strange Black Cloak, but beneath his short jacket was a uniform of blue, and beneath mine was a uniform of gray.

"In hell's name!" he said to himself, and, whipping out his long sword, he came at me with a powerful thrust. I parried it and swinging a chair out of the way, I made for a portion of the room that was cleared of furniture. It was a large one, and the bed being in one corner, gave us plenty of space to circle. Round and round we went, our blades ringing with the blows. This way and that we jumped and side-stepped each other's thrusts. Now and then he would throw his long black cloak over his shoulder, and would come on with renewed energy. His was a good blade, and more than once he pressed me hard, when I would break away and parry his thrusts with difficulty. He was no taller than I, but heavier, and when I felt the superb strength of his wrist in a thrust that came very near being my last, I knew that he was no yokel with the tool. He was quick and light upon his feet, and several times he was upon me ere I could gain a position of defense, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got a distance of several feet between us and awaited his attack; but he seemed to hesitate, and on the instant there came to us the sound of fighting from below.

"By gad! a trap!" he said, and came at me. It was a thrust that I had never seen before, and I parried it as best I could.

He pushed me against a door that I rightly guessed led upon a rear porch, and parrying a thrust that I made at him he was upon me with a bound. I dodged around the corner of the bed and felt his blade touch my hat as I went. I had but time to turn when he was at me again, and this time I could only retreat, so hard did he push me. He pressed me against a wall, and there he held me for a moment, but the next instant he broke away, and like a whipped cur fled to the door, jerked it loose from the lock and rushed upon the veranda with me following. But I was too late, for as I reached the door I saw him put his foot lightly upon the rail, and drop into the darkness, thrice his own height, to the ground below. I fired my pistol at him, and called out to Mulvaney below, but the next instant the darkness had swallowed him.

I inwardly cursed myself for allowing the man to escape; the man whom I was now convinced was no other than this Captain Griffin. 'Twas true that the girl had called him "Curtis," but this only confirmed my belief that he was in the Union Army under an assumed name.

I found the girl lying across the bed crying as if her heart would break, and not being able to see her suffer, endeavored to assure her that no harm should befall her if she would wait here until I returned. But she clung to me, saying again and again: "You do not understand, you do not understand!" For the life of me I could not bear to see her cry, but I knew that I was needed below, for already the din and clamor of fighting had increased. So I begged her to have courage while I must be gone.

Running lightly to the stairway I peered over the rail at the scene below. The Captain's plan had been an admirable one; for the Federals having entered the old house first and discovering no one, had lighted a large chandelier that hung in the lower hall. Our men following behind had surprised them, but even in one glance I saw that we were maintaining an unequal contest. We were the fewer in numbers, and the Federals having charged our

men at the first attack had separated the small body. The Captain and a dozen of our men with their backs to the front door of the house were engaging twice their number, while a score of Federals were pushing a handful of brave fellows up the steps. Pistols had been emptied at the beginning and the floor was covered with the dead of both sides. With the butt of their revolvers our men on the stairs were raining down blows upon the heads of the attacking party, who fought like demons with their sabres. Yells and curses filled the air, and now and then there would come the sound of a dull thud, and I knew that a man had gone down. I saw the gallant Irish Sergeant with the bloodiest sabre that I have ever seen, his back against a door, fighting four times his number. We were clearly getting the worst of the fight.

Rushing down the stairs and yelling at the top of my voice I emptied my revolver into the Federals pressing our men on the steps; but so sudden was my advent upon the scene that it disconcerted for a moment both sides. The Federals on the stairs, their number lessened by three, fell back upon their fellows engaging our men at the door. Our own men upon the steps, thinking a body was upon them from above, turned to engage them, pushing me into the very arms of the Federals below and fleeing up the stairs. The entire body of our hard-pressed men at the door, recognizing me, made a rush for the stairs, the Captain and the Irish Sergeant in the lead. The rush carried me with it back up the steps and jammed me against the wall. I broke away and stumbled over a dead body but the big Mulvaney lifted me to my feet, and on the instant I heard a shout from a Federal below: "Look, men, they've got th' Cap'n!" The long black cloak that I wore had fallen in place over my breast, concealing my uniform, and they had mistaken me for their leader. I gave a yell and up the stairs they pushed us, fighting like mad. We were now together, and though outnumbered we had the advantage of being above. The fighting was now faster and fiercer. Up the steps, yelling and cursing, they pushed us.

The Captain, the Sergeant and I had been forced in the rush to the rear of our men, and we were now at the top of the stairs. They would overcome with their numbers. Stepping backward, my foot came against a lighted lantern, and lifting this above my head, I looked about me for a place to make a stand. My eye fell upon a huge marble-topped table nearby. The Sergeant saw it also.

"Quick!" he said, "'twill make pie av 'thim all!"

Together we hauled the table to the top of the stairs, and lifting the huge marble top we hurled it over the heads of our men upon the Federals below. It fell with a sickening crash, and I saw a half dozen of the attacking party go down under its weight. The Captain called out to his men to stand firm, and the Irishman and I hurled the table itself into the confused Federals. It caught between the banister and the wall, pinning several down, and serving to stop their steady advance. They fell back somewhat at this, but came on again with renewed determination. But the old table had wedged itself tightly and they were unable to move it. Seeing that we had indeed gained a respite, I whispered in the Captain's ear, for I had formed a plan since the rush upon the stairs.

"Take my sword," I said. "They think that I am their Captain, who came up stairs before the fight in search of us. I fought him, but he escaped me and fled through the rear of the house. They are under the impression that you have captured him, and by the mistaken identity we can effect a capture. Be quick!" I admonished him, "and lead me by the arm to the steps."

The Captain saw my plan, and whispering to Mulvaney they led me to the stairs. The Federals gave a shout at the sight of me and attempted to drag the table down and advance to their "Captain's" rescue. I raised my hand and called to them in a deep voice to stop, and they obeyed.

"My men," I said, "we are surrounded on all sides, and escape is impossible. We must surrender, for the enemy has been rein-

forced, and we can do nothing. The Captain here has promised us good treatment. I order you to lay down your arms."

For a moment they gazed in wonder at me, but silently, one by one, they retreated down the stairs laid down their swords and revolvers in a pile upon the floor, and formed themselves into a long line.

(To be Continued.)

THE CRETAN PROBLEM.

HENRY W. WILKINS, '11.

ALTHOUGH it is not an island of romance, the history of Crete reaches far down into the age of myth. That once they claimed such mighty kings as Saturn, Jupiter and Minos, however, means more to the forces of their tradition and life than is at first suspected. It means to their sacred past what Mount Olympus means to the Greeks. For, however much we may deny it, the holy twilight of tradition influences a country just as much as its dreams of a Utopia to come. The Cretans want both, and not without logic do they wish to preserve the past by shaping the future. That is the Cretan problem.

This little island has had a checkered career. First conquered by the Romans, then by the Saracens, she was sold to the Venetians, and then in 1669 lay bleeding at the feet of the merciless Turks after a war which lasted twenty-four years. Since then the Turkish Empire has assumed the role of suzerain. But the Cretans are Greeks. They are living in an age of revolutionary changes; an age surcharged with active and radical forces; an age full of the miracles of dynamic society, and for this reason, if for no other, who can challenge the justice of their noble attempts to throw off the yoke of Turkish rule and unite with their Athenian blood comrades?

In the year 1830 Crete was to have been incorporated into the newly-created Hellenic Empire. The throne of Greece was offered to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who would have accepted had the London Conference made the island a Greek province instead of a Turkish Vilayet. It is to this turn in the proceedings that Greece owes her Danish dynasty, Belgium her kings of the house of Saxe-Coburg and Europe many a dangerous panic. "Since then," some one has said, "they have never been quiet except when they were fighting, and they have seldom been else." In 1896, during the insurrection, the Greeks dispatched Colonel Vassos with a detachment of troops to the island. This was a surprising success. The Cretans were granted autonomy under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey. The four protecting Powers—Great Britain France, Russia and Italy—each maintained 500 troops there to guard against the violation of this agreement. Turkey, in reality, had lost all her power and had to be content with one Ottoman flag hoisted in Suda Bay as a symbol of her sovereignty.

The intention of the Powers was to throw overboard the last vestige of Ottoman authority in the island, and to do this without violently jarring the "Sick Man of Europe," they withdrew their troops on July 1st. But just then a weird, unforeseen force upset all their calculations. Mohammedanism, with its seraglios, fell with a crash before the swift waves of a revolution, and a new political and social empire was created. This new State, determined to preserve the dignity of the Ottoman Empire, proclaimed its unwillingness to relinquish its Cretan rights. Little more would doubtless have been heard of the situation had Crete not provoked hostility by clamoring for annexation to Greece. Then Greece, like a blundering boy and with her usual lack of diplomatic insight, craved permission to incorporate the island. Nothing was so calculated to infuriate the Turks as this step. Regenerated Turkey was determined to hold Crete. Who can blame her? She was artfully playing her trump card in the gamble of nations.

But the Young Turk government was unfortunate from the beginning. Austria-Hungary snatched Bosnia and Herzegovina from her grasp, and Bulgaria had defiantly incorporated East Roumelia. This wholesale appropriation of Turkish possessions caused the Young Turks to lose prestige. They had to do something to recover the confidence of the people, and where was a better chance to do so than in an obstinate resistance to absolute Cretan autonomy?

The Powers, on the other hand, had promised Athens the annexation of Crete to her kingdom. Greece was preparing to celebrate this event which she thought would stand in her history as a diplomatic victory out of which was to grow a great and vigorous Hellenic Empire. The work of a day dashed her dreams to the ground. And Greece, like a little stowaway on the ship of nations, after having tried in vain for food, goes back to her hiding-place and sheds a tear while she dreams again. For a time Greece put on a bold front, and the activity of her military and naval circles caused Turkey to rush to arms. The problem for the Powers to solve was how to avert an armed conflict. It was the diplomatic version of how to satisfy the wolf without sacrificing the lamb. The first answer to the problem was that the international troops should postpone their departure from the island. In reply to this, some statesmen who seemed to have entirely forgotten the Bosnia episode, declared that the Powers could not go back on their word. The weakness of this reply was evident in two ways. Had not the Powers the moral right to commit an immoral act to prevent the murder of several thousand men? If you negative that question, then how could two thousand international troops cope with either an invasion or insurrection?

Another alleged solution of the problem was that Cretan autonomy should be extended gradually until it became in reality independence. The island, according to this idea, was to be governed by a supreme parliament, chosen by the populace, presided over by foreign princes and approved by the Sultan. Turkey, then, was to be content with nominal suzer-

ainty symbolized by a waving flag in Suda Bay. This was no more than the protecting Powers had appropriated to themselves. It was argued by the advocates of this plan that Crete would financially gain more by autonomy, and would hinder herself by annexation to unprogressive Greece. Neither of these so-called solutions were practicable. At last the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Pinchon, declared that the only way out of the difficulty was for the international warships to withdraw four miles from the Cretan shore, taking with them the international troops. The idea in this was to always be in sight of land, so that their very presence was a warning against Turkish invasion and Cretan insurrection.

Meantime the Cretan parliament had decried union with Greece, left it to Prince George, their governor, to prepare for a general election in Crete, the purpose being that the candidates selected should take their seats in the Chamber at Athens. The two contending parties in Cretan politics, led by Veniselos and by Michelidakis, fused and knew no more strife in the issue that meant so much for their country. Veniselos was appointed to the office of President of Provisional Government, and Michelidakis took the portfolio of the Foreign Ministry. Rashly enough the Cretans unfurled the Greek flag at Canea. The ire of the Young Turks was aroused, and the result was that the Porte delivered a superfluous note to the Hellenic government. M. Rhallis dispatched a mild reply. With unreasonable impatience the Porte instructed their ambassador at Athens to deliver to the Hellenic government what seems very much like an ultimatum. This last note demanded too much. That Greece should explain her attitude in the matter and renounce all her designs, if she had any, to annex Crete, was not only an unreasonable demand, but was a rash piece of diplomacy which only served to show the Young Turks' lack of experience in international affairs. The Young Turks lost prestige by this note. The Powers perceived that such a stroke showed a childish indiscretion, lack of diplomatic subtilty and a recklessness which might

some day culminate in a catastrophe. It was not incumbent upon the Greek government to reveal their attitude; to ask them to do so in what became a delicate diplomatic struggle was puerile. This M. Rhallis could not do. He could not sacrifice his country's diplomatic dignity to the caprices of an angered Turk.

What could be done? Turkey was too much weakened by revolution, too uncertain and unstable in her government and too crowded with debt to rush into an armed conflict and settle the question. She could no longer count on revenue from Bosnia, Herzegovina or Eastern Roumelia. These possessions, which were once potent in gathering friends around the "Sick Man of Europe," were now in the hands of Austria and Bulgaria. But even here her troubles were not ended, for with Albania and Arabia in quasi-revolt, and Macedonia restless, a part of her army must do service there to crush any would-be rebellion. But affairs in Greece were not running smoothly. Her political factions were steeped in corruption, her finances were in a shocking condition, her army was worthless, and the present prophesied nothing but a future cataclysm. It was the case of a big wolf and a little wolf, with the bigger one weakened and mutilated by its past conflicts. But the Cretans are Greeks, and everywhere on this little island can be heard the shout, "Zeto He Enosis" (Long live the union). This forbodes ill, for the Cretan patriotism is an inextinguishable flame, and their longings can never be satisfied by anything short of union with Greece.

The Cretans have virtually been defeated. The matter has practically been dropped. But it is likely that a conference will arbitrate in the matter. It is likely that Russia, Italy and France will favor union with Greece, but if a guess counts for anything, I am rather inclined to believe that Great Britain will be in favor of autonomy without union. For a time at least the Turks are victors. The lull in the struggle gives them time to regain their strength, and when the problem shall come up again Turkey will be more formidable than ever before.

TWILIGHT.

BY C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

I.

The lone pine stands on the misty hill,
And the dim moonlight is lonely;
And the night owl cries with a weary trill,
And the lone pine sighs, and the night is still,
And the Bright Star dies, and the rippling rill
Gives back a dull sigh only.

II.

The cricket chirps on the misty hill,
While the dim moonlight is lonely;
And I sit and sigh by the rippling rill,
And I long to die while the whip-poor-will
Repeats near by her pensive trill,
And lie 'neath the lone pine only.

THE CHINESE VASE.

MACON E. BARNES, '11.

ALICE turned as she sat in the doorway, and with a kind of fascination gazed at the huge vase in the hall behind her. There it stood, the embodiment of the gloom, the strangeness, the loneliness that enveloped her young life. Lord Efton had brought it from China many years ago, and it seemed to Alice that age must have made it more hideous and repulsive. An open fire, kindled in the farther end of the hall, sent shadows and strange lights dancing up and down its sides, so that the dragon coiled around it writhed till his red and yellow scales became one

confused blotch of color, and the great jaws that formed its mouth opened and shut in eagerness to devour some prey.

Alice shuddered and looked out of doors. A cold twilight breeze swept by her into the hall. A few tendrils of ivy broke from their hold and fluttered against the front of the house, and the tall old cedars swayed drearily in the wind. To her left the gray waves of the river splashed for a moment on the shore; then swept on into the world beyond.

She leaned forward and looked down through the darker twilight between the cedars till the changing shadows merged into blackness. Her immediate surroundings were lost to view, and she was passing with her thoughts along the lane beneath the rows of cedars—cedars Lord Efton had planted so long ago. Now they were grown thick and matted with branches hugging one another overhead as if to shut in a fading light of the time when Lord Efton had lived. On she passed to the church, dim and damp and mouldy, where she had sat one Sunday every month since she had come to live with her grandfather. Only a few people worshipped there; so the box-shaped pews and the little stairway winding up to the shaky pulpit were still as they had been in the age gone by.

That atmosphere of the past which surrounded the girl, instinct with youth and life, seemed to transplant her from the twentieth century back to the dead generation of Lord Efton. It was intolerable; and she felt it so, with all the keenness of her sensitive nature as she sat in the twilight with the flickering flames behind her and the dying daylight on the world in front. She might have appreciated the solemn beauty of the place under other circumstances, but shut out, as she was, from the busy moving life of her childhood, she hated the shadows that shrivelled her soul. Yes, she thought, her life was like the rows of cedars, stretching on in gloom, and it would end at the dark old church. But there was the river flowing into a great bank of golden clouds. Ah! how glorious it was!

"I will, I will leave it all," she said, "and you, river, shall bear me away to where I can live again." Her face glowed with pleasure as the thought took possession of her.

"Come, Alice; come in and shut the door." It was her grandfather speaking, and she arose.

"Ugh, the night air is cold." The old man shivered where the young girl felt only an exhilaration from the fresh wind. "Let me lock the door and hide the key. It has always been kept here, Alice, behind the Chinese vase—ever since I can remember, and that is a long time, a long time." He placed the key behind the vase and stopped to stroke the dragon's scales. "Lord Efton brought this vase with him when he came from a long stay in foreign lands; it was his most treasured possession. I wonder why he prized it so? But he did prize it and I have prized it. Perhaps there's a story attached to it, we shall never know. It's a grand thing to have heirlooms, Alice. You are the only one of the family left after me, and I want you to appreciate these things as I do. Never sell off the land and never let any one throw away the heirlooms. There are not many who can trace an unbroken descent from one of the greatest lords of England. I haven't let any one but old Martha clean the house for years for fear something might get broken."

The flames cast a fitful, indistinct light over the hall till it seemed to Alice that as the old man stood there caressing the grotesque vase he, too, writhed and twisted in unison with the dragon. She had always been in awe of her grandfather, and now the feeling almost amounted to aversion. If only he loved her as he loved Lord Efton. She murmured a good-night and flew upstairs to her room.

Everything around the place was still and sombre at eleven o'clock that night. Moonbeams stole from among clouds and sought their way through the thick cedar tops to dance on the vine-clad walls. They softly touched the white face and fair hair of a young girl looking from a window; they showed her a silvery path leading across the fields to a decaying wharf, and brought into view away up the river the

smoke of a steamer growing more and more distinct through the thin white mist.

"It is time," she said. Hastily withdrawing from the window she pinned on a hat, seized a small satchel and softly opened her room door. Her first step in the hall creaked till she was almost afraid to go forward; the next and the next she took, hesitating and listening. She shrank into a corner to hide from an approaching light, but it was only the moon shining in a distant window. Rats scurrying in far corners and the loud moans of the staircase down which she slowly trod, step by step, racked her into an agony of nervousness.

At last she reached the bottom of the stairway and stepped softly on a rug. A tiny flame blazed up from the dying embers, casting a glow on the lurid dragon. Shivering violently from relaxed tension, she reached for the key. Crash! as if the four walls had fallen in, the terrible sound overwhelmed her and reverberated through the house.

"Alice, oh, Alice, where were you going? Oh, Alice, Alice!"

Alice heard her grandfather's voice with a strange, wondering feeling. Her face was wet; she had fainted. There were the ruins of the precious vase, but she looked at them with composure; she felt numb and incapable of emotion. Then she looked at the old man, who was chafing her hands and calling her name almost incoherently.

It was all over; her bright dream had faded. There was no escape from the loneliness; her life would wither away shut out from the beautiful, happy world in the bright city. She rose to her feet, and hopelessness gave her courage.

"Where was I going? I was going away where there is no Lord Efton, and no old church, and no old cedars, and no old vase, and no old anything. I was going to the city and meet people and see things. I should have been something and done something; the world would have known me. I shouldn't have died here, with no one to care. I shouldn't—I shouldn't—" She paused, choked by a rush of feeling.

"No one to care? Oh, Alice, my only child grown young again, did you dream I didn't care? And I thought you happy here with me. I forgot that you were young, and judged you by myself. And I might have lost you!" He was tremblingly stroking her soft hair.

"My darling, you shall be happy here. You shall know the bright, beautiful world, but not alone in the city; no, no, no. You shall go off to school, and then bring your friends here till the old place is full of life and joy, and no longer dreadful. Anything, dear, that you want shall be done."

Alice looked in wonder at her grandfather. Human love, as vital as the blood that flowed through his veins, had broken through ironclad casings of reticence and habit. She had before thought him hard and cold; but the face which he now bent towards her was filled with a strange, new light, and her heart throbbed quickly in answer to its tenderness. A great wave of self-reproach swept over her, standing above the shattered fragments of the vase she clasped her arms around the old man's neck and laid her head caressingly on his shoulder.

"SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT."

BY R. G. SMITH, '11.

I AWOKE with the consciousness that some one was in the room. An indefinable sensation warned me of this the moment I opened my eyes. I sat up in bed, every nerve in my body tense, my ears alert for the slightest sound. I peered into the darkness, endeavoring to see who the intruder was, but in vain. From somewhere in the distance came the dull tones of a bell as it struck the hour of midnight; and outside my window the wind moaned sadly through the trees, as though heralding the approach of something strange and unnatural. For fully five minutes I remained perfectly still. The horror of darkness and un-

certainty was slowly taking possession of me. I dared not move for fear of what might happen, and yet to remain quiet with thought of robberies and murders filling my mind was torture.

Suddenly there came to my ears a sound which, to me, in my state of fear and uncertainty, was hideous in its suggestiveness. It was the soft pat of a naked foot upon the floor! Some one was certainly in my room and moving about. I could stand it no longer. Stealthily I crept to the foot of the bed and raised the window curtain. The moon was high in the heavens, and its silvery rays flooded the room with light. I turned and looked about. What I saw caused a thrill of fear to creep over my whole body. Was I going mad, or was I asleep? For standing there in the middle of the room, with the moonlight full upon it, I saw a white figure—motionless!

The effect of this apparition upon me was not what might have been expected. I did not cry out, nor did I make a dash for the door. I sat perfectly still, fascinated, as it were, filled with a nameless desire to see what would happen next. Strange as it may seem, I could not at first believe that I was awake and in full possession of my faculties. I even began to consider what I had eaten for supper; but common sense soon came to my rescue, and I decided that the figure before me was not "a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain."

My decision was soon confirmed. The white figure moved softly across the room, in a rigid, ungraceful sort of a way, and stopped before my bookcase. For a moment it stood still, as though uncertain; then it opened the door and took out a book. It glanced at the title and replaced the volume. This operation was repeated in the same way until about eight or ten books had been removed and examined. Then came as strange an action as I have ever witnessed. The book last removed was a peculiarly bound one, which I recognized at once as a volume of John Calvin's works. The figure opened the book and appeared to read, after which it moved,

with bowed head, towards the window, raised the sash and threw the book into the yard. I heard it fall with a clatter on the bricks below.

All this time, I had been watching the unusual proceedings with interest; but this was too much. Terror and fascination gave way to humor and some resentment. I was about to spring out of bed and bring the affair to a conclusion, when the figure turned around, walked swiftly across the room, in the same rigid manner, and out of the door. I hesitated no longer, but followed quickly the retreating form.

Down the hall it went, swerving neither to one side nor the other, until it came to the first door on the right. Here the figure stopped and turned around. I was scarcely two paces away, and the hall light had been left burning. I gave a gasp of surprise and horror; for I found myself looking into the face of my uncle!

For a moment I was dazed, bewildered, dumbfounded! Why didn't he say something? Why didn't he explain? His eyes were fixed upon me, and yet he seemed to be unaware of my presence. His face was white, drawn, and emotionless; the body still held in that peculiar rigid position which I had at first noticed. Then the explanation of the whole affair suddenly dawned upon me—my uncle was asleep!

In a few moments I had him aroused and in bed, explaining, much to his surprise, the events that had taken place.

"Well," he remarked, "things might have been worse."

And when I considered my state of mind when I first saw that white, motionless figure, I realized that after all there was much to be thankful for.

NIGHT.

FRANK GAINES, '12.

I.

The twilight's still,
The night birds trill,
Long shadows softly creep
O'er deep'ning gray,
O'er misty spray,
And lonely vigils keep.

II.

The lilies all
At even's call
Have closed their cups of gold;
The lark's last lay
Dying away
Swell echoes manifold.

III.

Now thru the dark
A twinkling spark—
A star peeps in the west;
A peaceful calm,
An evening psalm,
And weary souls at rest.

The Messenger

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EDITORIALS.

THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year:

With the songs of the angels invoking peace and good-will to all mankind in our hearts, we greet the new year. How opportune it is that Christmas cheer should come to sweeten the days of the old year, and put us in so good a frame of mind. So much the fairer are our promises and our ideals for the new year. So much the higher do we aim, setting our faces towards the more perfect day. So we are not born into the new year, as it were, empty-handed, but we come to its threshold rich with the rarest of treasures, peace and good-will. We come laden, yet but lightly, as for a journey.

Our next milepost is a white spot in the distance. Come, let us gird up our loins and set our feet to the path that is set before us.

THE DEFEAT.

The Defeat:

The football season is over. The championship cup is lost. It is a good chance for the "I told you so's" around college to get in their work and ease their souls. It is also a much greater opportunity for the college men generally to show what stuff is in him, to show that he is a man, and that he has that quality which makes him take defeat as a tonic and disappointment as a goad to higher achievement. We have two or more chances to win a cup this year. There is yet a great deal to look forward to, and looking forward, to plan and work for. Our track meet comes off in February. We have a chance to gain greater recognition from the college world than at any other time this year, owing to the large number of institutions, great and small, who will participate and carry back with them accounts of how Richmond College strove and won. There has been enough said about the part every man in this college has in bringing victory to our teams. We all know our parts. A greater number, we think, than ever before have performed theirs faithfully up to the present time. We would like to correct a misstatement in the Times-Dispatch, which said that in the game with Randolph-Macon, after Smith kicked his difficult goal, "Richmond College rooters, who had not been heard from since early in the game, took on new life, etc." In defence of the large and faithful band of rooters we would state that not for an instant throughout the game did our men fail to respond as heartily as their lungs would let them to the commands of the chief rooter.

But because we lost let us not imagine that rooting, after all, is of no avail. We have it from several members of the

squad that it was a great help and stimulus to them. Let us therefore remain in "the game" to the end.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

ONCE upon a time, long before Methuselah could remember, there arose in the earth, a class of individuals known as cynics. Down through the ages they have made themselves heard by expressing such pessimistic views as "I told you you'd fail," "It can never be done," and so on. Some of their descendants have come to Richmond College, and they have been heard to state the opinion that the Dramatic Club isn't going to do anything, anyway. Certainly we *don't expect* to do anything if a spirit like that gets into the Club.

But we are banded together for a purpose— a definite purpose— and we are going to carry it through. We have set our hands to the plow, and if we look back we are not worthy of old R. C. V.

And happily, no such spirit pervades the atmosphere of the Dramatic Club. There is no dissension among us. We are *one*, with *one definite end* in view. This was emphatically demonstrated in the meeting which was held on December 11th, when Prof. Metcalf met us and discussed with us his plans and ours concerning the Club. He had been unable to meet us for some time owing to the extra duties that had been thrust upon him.

Now, what are we going to do? We have almost definitely decided to use "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and shall begin work upon it immediately after the holidays. We shall in all probability produce it about the latter part of March or the first of April.

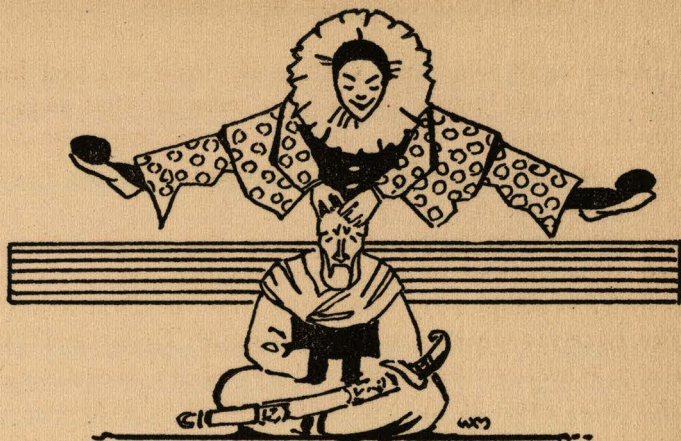
We have every cause to be hopeful. We are delighted at the interest taken in the play given by the Co-eds on December 2nd. It was a success from every point of view, and did

vast credit to all who took part in it. And did you know that many of the young ladies who were in that play are also in the Dramatic Club? It is true, and with the assistance of the young ladies of Richmond College, what is there that we can not do?

Moreover, we have the sanction of the faculty, and the promise of a number of our professors that they will assist us in every possible way. Realizing that the Dramatic Club is more nearly connected with the English Department than with any other, we have elected Prof. J. C. Metcalf as instructor, and Prof. H. A. Van Landingham as assistant. We invite all members of the faculty to become honorary members of the Club. Some have done so.

What more need be said? Only this. Listen: We are not begging, nor do we intend to beg. But while we probably have enough members to produce the play, we are not satisfied, for we believe that some of the best dramatic talent in the college is outside of the Club. We kindly invite any who wish to do so, to join us and assist in carrying this enterprise through to a glorious success. We can succeed, and we **WILL NOT FAIL.**

C. L. S.



Crackers and Cheese

F. G. LOUTHAN, EDITOR.

THE Thomas Lectures this term were delivered by Dr. H. E. Gour, professor emeritus of mathematics at George Washington University, a graduate of Richmond College, '78. The subject, Holland, was greatly enjoyed by the students and many friends of the college who attended the three evenings. We were very glad to welcome back into our midst an alumnus, especially on the Thomas Lecture Foundation.

One very interesting incident occurred on the last evening of the lecture, as Mr. Cox was wending his way through the crowd at the side of a fair one, which will long be remembered (not with enmity, we hope) by Prof. T. E. Cochran.

Quite an interesting series of lectures was delivered in the chapel November 30th and December 1st, by Mr. T. B. Ray, assisted by his native African, Oaricon, who entertained the audience for some minutes with his very proper English, which lacked the use of our beloved idioms, thus causing considerable amusement.

Caldwell, (knowing absolutely nothing on a certain examination), writes on his paper, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Rogers (to Jay Smith): "What profession do you propose to take up?"

Rat Smith: "Haven't decided; am taking an epidemic now."

The Co-eds presented admirably "The Ladies of Cranford" on the evening of December 2d. It was very well attended by the student body, and enjoyed to the fullest extent. Miss Coffee did not have to act at all; she was perfectly natural, so Stillwell said.

We have been creditably informed by an omniscient Spider, who refuses to reveal his name or the source of his knowledge, that the ubiquitous "D. D. S." which F. B. Hart never forgets to put after his name, and which has so puzzled and mystified that gentleman's fellow rats, these three months past, means simply Doctor of Divinity, i. e., Sometime.

As the Messenger goes to press, we hear the oft-repeated sentences, "This time next week it will all be over," "A week from to-day (to-morrow or Thursday) I will be home." Are they thinking of mother?

College politics may be very injurious in some respects, but we are glad to note the increase of members in the Athletic Association, caused by the undecided election of Football Manager December the 6th. Would it not be better for all to join at the opening of session and thus have the privileges of the Association for the entire year?

It was reported that Miss Morisette had a joke for this publication, but when approached on the subject she said, "I believe the fellow was really serious, so I had better not tell it."

Wanted—to know what grounds Barbe had for saying, “One of my *ancestors* said, ‘Let the dead past bury its dead.’”

Young Van Landingham says, “What’s the use reading David Copperfield when you can see it played at the Bijou for 15c.?” A number of the English students agreed with him. We wonder where he sat.

A number of the friends of Arnold and Kershaw would like to know of their whereabouts every morning after Law Lecture.

Quite an enthusiastic meeting was held in the chapel the morning of December the 10th for the purpose of getting the ideas and plans of our Annual officers. We have the very brightest hopes before us for an excellent Spider, but it cannot be a success without the financial backing of the student body. This opportunity cannot come more than four times in a life, and probably only once. Seize it.

We are very sorry that Welsh is getting such a reputation for playing dirty basket ball, but Rat Moffett is laying for him.

At last our fair Ashland Co-ed has enticed a daring young fellow to that beautiful suburban town. The next morning he was heard to say, “Oh, those R.-M. students run that town, and also the visitors.”

Messrs. Fleet and Coleman have been very busy showing visitors through the college for the past week.

Mr. M. V. Richards was very conspicuously absent from all the campus caucuses during the month of December; thereby his class standing was raised considerably. Dick is gradually developing into a student.



Athletic Department

J. B. HILL, EDITOR.

The football season has passed and we are rapidly approaching the track and baseball season, still there remains two football games that have not been heard from through the pages of the Messenger.

One of these games was the William and Mary game, which was played at Broad Street Park, November 21st. It was in this game that the Spiders lost their chance of winning the Championship Trophy. This was a surprise to the Spiders, as only a week before, they had established their rating as first place among Eastern Virginia, by winning from Hampden-Sydney.

Throughout the game we were out-played by the Orange and Black eleven. In every play they displayed greater ability and better form than our team.

We were somewhat crippled by the loss of two or three of our best men, having been injured in previous games. Because of this fact, the team never seemed to get together. The teamwork, as displayed in the Hampden-Sydney game was lacking.

The game was played in real "pigskin" weather. There was not enough wind stirring to prevent long punts, while a degree

of crispness in the air kept the members of the teams from suffering with overheat.

A large crowd of people were assembled in the grand stand and on the bleachers to witness the game. Probably it was the largest crowd of spectators that has ever assembled there to witness a college game.

The Richmond College rooters made themselves known by their much rooting. They were assembled on the north bleachers and there they were heard from frequently as they yelled for the team and individual players. Even when defeat seemed sure they continued their cheering, encouraging the men on the field to keep fighting. We were unable at any time to stop the line plunging and end runs of Captain Driver and halfback Paramour. The stars for the visitors were Captain Driver and quarterback Barnard.

There were no particularly brilliant plays made by the Spiders, and the honors were apparently about equally divided among the players.

The game ended with the score 15 to 0 in favor of the Orange and Black.

Owing to the death of Archie Christian, of the Virginia team, the University cancelled her game with the University of North Carolina, which was to be played at the Broad Street Park on Thanksgiving Day.

As soon as Manager Garland learned definitely that neither Virginia nor North Carolina would have a game here on that day, he began to arrange for our last game—which was to be played on the 27th of November,—to be played here on Thursday the 25th. So our last game of the season, the one with the Yellow Jackets, was played on November 25th in the stead of November 27th.

Here we seemed helpless against the fast team from Ashland. There was but one place seemingly, that we were their equal and that was in the line. Whenever they attempted to put their men through our line for gains, there they found opposition

which was too much for them, consequently they, having found that to be true resorted to end plays and forward passes.

"Costly fumbles and seeming inability to handle punts, and the ease with which the visiting backs circled the opposing ends were the main factors in Randolph-Macon's overwhelming defeat of Richmond College on the Broad Street gridiron by 29 to 3." Penalties on the Spiders' side were very costly.

As in the preceding game, the Spiders were crippled up. Taylor, right end, was out of the game, having been hurt in the William and Mary game. Mills and Davis were crippled, Davis not being able to get in the game at all.

Richmond's only score, a beautiful field goal by quarterback Smith, came in the second half, when but two minutes remained for play.

The season closed with the Championship tied-up between Randolph-Macon and Hampden-Sydney.

The football season for the Spiders was not at all as successful as was hoped and anticipated in the early part. This was due very largely to inexperienced men on the team. There were but three or four men who had had any experience in football worth mentioning. Because of injuries and other "shakeups" which necessitated the changing of different men to different positions, some of the men never knew where they would have to work, consequently they did not know their position and were more or less awkward. However, we are not discouraged, but believe, taking the present prospects in consideration, that the Spiders will be out with a winning team next year.

The following men were granted R's at a meeting of the Athletic Association on December 6th: Center, E. P. Stringfellow, Captain; fullbacks, Mills and Jones; halfbacks, Sutherland, Tyler and Guy; ends, Macfarlane and Taylor; tackles, Johnson, Hazlett, Durrum and Davis; guards, Decker, Sadler and Beazley; quarterback, Smith and Williams.

At a meeting of members of the team, December 13th, G. W. Sadler was unanimously elected captain of the team for 1910.

Sadler has played a consistent and hard game at left guard for the past three years and understands the game well. He should make a good captain for the 1910 team.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, December 13th, W. L. O'Flaherty was elected manager of the football team of 1910. We, the students of the College, and members of the Athletic Association, believe he will make us equally as good a manager as the one who is just going out of office.

G. G. Garland, the manager, whose term has just expired, made us an excellent manager. He piloted the ship well and we have no adverse criticisms, at all, to make, but rather do we extend to him our appreciation for his good work and success as manager of the football team of 1909.



E. W. RAMSEY, '11.

Some one has said that though the suffragette has not yet invaded the campus, the Co-Eds in the presentation of "The Ladies of Cranford," December 2, 1909, showed marked tendencies toward the "strong-minded state." Granting that our spirit did not lack independence, acknowledging that we claim most of the credit, far be it from us to fail to mention how indispensable were—not only our sole hero—but also the ushers, ticket collectors, stage managers and generous constituency. Lo, although we would have proudly stood alone in this, at least, that peculiar trait, obtained first hand from Mother Eve, made itself vitally known, and we, like our much quoted, much blamed ancestor, enveigled man to share with us our apple, and, like Eve again, we gloried in not being alone.

Miss Richards, who has been our able treasurer during the raising of the scholarship fund, reports a goodly addition to the sum, of which we have reason to be proud, and we are holding before us the dream of a thousand dollar scholarship, which will very soon be complete, and which will bear the name of the

Co-Eds of sessions, 1908-1909, 1909-1910. And to carry out more fully the role we have been accused of assuming, we shall see that no son of Adam avails himself of the advantages of this scholarship.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Matilda Jenkins.....	Mrs. Campbell.
Miss Mary Smith.....	Miss E. W. Ramsey.
Miss Jessie Brown.....	Miss V. Ware.
Miss Betty Barker.....	Miss Pauline Pearce.
Miss Pole.....	Miss F. Coffee.
Mrs. Forrester.....	Miss Morrisette.
Mrs. Jamieson.....	Miss H. Runyon.
Martha.....	Miss. A. Pitts.
Peggy.....	Miss Brugh.
Jenny.....	Miss V. Sydnor.
Mrs. Purkiss.....	Miss Runyon.

MONOLOGUE.

Mr. Sadler and Visions.

The members of Greek A are anxious to know why Miss Ware and Miss Coffee contest so sharply for the seat commanding the view of the law rooms.

Miss Robertson inquired of Miss Pearce, one day, who Dr. Jeter was and why his picture held such a prominent place in the library. "Oh, don't you know him?" Miss Pearce rebuked "he is the pastor of Sharon church."

Is Miss Hubbard afraid that the public will be ignorant of the number of medals won by a certain Fork Union professor while a student at Richmond College?

"I see no impropriety," protested Mrs. Campbell, "in our taking that trip into the country for I am sure I have reached the age of decrepency."

Mr. Ancarrow, arranging the actresses for the flash light, suggested, "Miss Pearce, if I were you, I would *set* on the arm of Miss Runyon's chair."

Miss Brugh (in history): "Augustus said, 'I found Rome *on* a brick and left it *on* a marble.'"

Unknown: "Miss Koch, do you take German this year?"

Miss Koch (blushing): "No! The only German I know is 'Ego amo te.'"

Dr. S.: "Ou est Mademoiselle G? Est elle Malade?"

Miss Campbell (smartly): "No, sir; she's sick."

With the beginning of the new year the Co-Eds are intending to start a basket-ball team. Thus track and football are the only fields unexplored by the girls of Richmond College. Look for your laurels, for no one can tell what lies in store for the women of the future. It is reported that Dr. Anna Shaw will include Richmond in her winter's tour, and after her visit to Ginter Park we are expecting her at the College. The character of the entertainment, however, has not yet been determined upon.



Exchange Department

R. A. BROCK, EDITOR.

The very creditable issue of the "Record" just come to our hand has shown us what our High School can do. We praise their efforts and gladly welcome them among our exchange list. The magazine is a neat looking copy, with articles in all the different departments. The "Salutation" has a patriotic ring about it that is very pleasing to the ears of any old High School boy, and one that he especially rejoices to see in the first issue of the school publication.

The essay and fiction departments are well represented. We particularly enjoyed reading the "Welsh Rabbit Polar Flight." The young author seems to be abreast of the times with a combination of airships and North Pole. We would say that with the new building, a new era is commencing for the High School, and we wish them every success in this a literary way.

We are glad that the time has come for the reappearance of the "Quarterly." The present number is entirely up to the standard. "Shakespeare's Conception of Friendship" is an excellent essay. Beyond doubt this great emotion is one of Shakespeare's most recurring themes, and in his many plays he treats of it in all its varied aspects.

John Marshall
Record, Nov.

Hollins
Quarterly.

Democracy is a moving feature of the day, and we are very much gratified to think that our own native State was such a *force* in this democracy and proffers so many famous men as conspicuous advocates of its principles. This, Miss Constant has brought out in her article tracing in a brief way the development of the democratic idea in our country.

The fiction department is fairly good. The "Duke from Rome" has the usual element of highly romantic sentiment without any originality of plot. The theme is well worn. In fine, the story reduces itself to a mere pun on the phrase, *Duke from Rome*.

The change in a woman's life from a social butterfly to the true helpmeet to man, God intended her to be, is enacted for us in "Bent Steel." The story is rather bare at points, and the action rather matter-of-fact without a sufficiency of motive; still this can be condoned, since the story as a whole is well worked out.

The article on the handling of school-books is excellent. We agree with its author that there is the reading of many a character between the lines of an old text-books.

The poetry columns have become somewhat more numerous, which fact we hasten to remark. "On the Sea" shows a love and appreciation of the depth and profundity of the sea. In the choice of theme there is a good deal of taste shown, the poems being in perfect accord.

We are sorry to say that this initial number does not fulfil our expectations. In the first place, the literary department seems to us too brief: two essays, two stories, **William and Mary Magazine.** one good description of a ramble through the Harz Mountains, and one poem.

The essay on Michael Angelo is good. The writer brings no new light on the subject of the third murderer in Macbeth. The solution of such a puzzle will forever remain unsolved, Shakespeare alone having already fixed in his mind who the third murderer was.

The poem, entitled "The Story of a Tramp," is written in good narrative style. The old tramp's recollection of happy, youthful days, is very effective, and there is a deal of pathos which, for a wonder, seems to be well under restraint.

"The Echo" brings us in "The Undertow" a particularly tragic echo from the cruelty of older and less civilized times.

The cruelties depicted here indeed are a reproduction of the old Spanish inquisition in some of its worst aspects. The story is written in excellent style and with a naturalness that is very commendable. It has a convincing semblance of truth and the further good quality of bringing in personal narration by one who had served in the late Spanish war.

The plea for the mountaineers of North Carolina shows an insight into the manners and opinions of these mountaineers themselves. The author appears to be in sympathy with their struggles, and his plea has therefore the more effect. He goes on to show what improvement has been made without any outside aid, still mentioning by way of reproach, how they might so much further have advanced, had they but received earlier the help from without, which man should vouchsafe his neighbor.

"A Matured Rose" is a very simple love story of a commonplace girl. Yet the story is told well, and has about it a spice of romance which we find very attractive.

The poem "To a Wildrose by the Wayside" is a very sweet little poem, written in Scotch dialect. "Love's Tragedy" is an amusing poem, showing in a humorous manner the harmony between a lover's moods and nature's own moods and seasons.

The present number is full of short stories, most of which are well worth the attention of the reader. "The Nihilist's

Wake Forest Student. Secret" is a peculiar story, centering around the unusual fact of certain plans being concealed in the cavity of a man's tooth, and the robbery of his grave after the man's death to gain possession of his secret. "Niell's Tale" is a rather harrowing story of a madman.

"A Mammoth Cave Idyll" is a very pleasing account of how the Bridal Chamber in Mammoth Cave received its name, and by whom first used in such connection.

"Our Colonial Ideals" and "Early New England Orators" are average essays, with a patriotic spirit common to young America of to-day. The trials and tribulations of a Dramatic Club is brought to view in "Piggie's Revenge." "A Day in Canton" is a very good sketch, though rather brief, of some of the sights to be seen in a Chinese city, as well as the strange customs existing there.

We commend highly the "Wake Forest Student."

The issue of the magazine before us seems well rounded in the matter of its departments. There is a generous supply of verse, and that, too, of good quality. The University of Virginia Magazine (Nov). initial poem, "Elysium," reminds us, somewhat, of Wordsworth's "Afterthought" in its theme. Under "Vignettes in Ebony" we are touched by humorous sadness in "Ol' Res'less Foot." It appeals to us as only such stories in the negro dialect can appeal by their sweet pathos.

The matter of biographical sketches of those men who in former times have contributed much to the welfare and advancement of their State, but who in the rush of time have been almost forgotten, is taken up. It is the despair of genealogists that data concerning the lives and deeds of such men is so hard to be gotten, and we are pleased to see whenever any such attempt is being made, if even on so small a scale as the college periodical naturally is. The articles on Wilburn Waters and Richard Dabney we would therefore commend to the notice of our readers.

The fiction department is typically represented by "The Wooing of the Widow." I take it, even to the extent that the hero (wearing the V) would naturally feel very much at home in his own magazine.

We may be forgiven if we expect just a little more from the magazine of the university representing the old State than from others, and it is needless to say that its admirers are very much disappointed when such is not the case. The present number is in advance of the last issue, we think, and rejoice to see, but if we could attain a still further degree of excellence, well—

We acknowledge receipt of following: University of Virginia Magazine, The Southern Collegian, The Wake Forest Student, Hollins Quarterly, The Mercerian, The Furman Echo, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Acorn, The William Jewell Student, The Guidon, Winthrop College Journal, The High School Record, The Buff and Blue, The Western Maryland College Monthly, The Lesbian Herald, The Pharos, The Huissache, The Oracle, The Alumnus, The Georgetonian, The Howard Crimson, The John Marshall Record.

Alumni Department

GEO. F. COOK, EDITOR.

Prof. Edward Harrison, who has formerly held the chair of Latin at this institution, is now in Richmond visiting his many friends.

A. T. Holstines, who graduated in the seventies, is now a prominent lawyer and real estate dealer in the city of Washington, D. C.

Rev. J. S. Hardaway, D. D., a student of some thirty years ago, is the much beloved pastor of First Baptist church at New Nan, Georgia.

Rev. B. W. N. Simmes, one of the well-known Culpeper family of that name, has spent the most of his active life beyond the boundaries of his native State. At present he is a popular minister in far-away Texas.

R. L. Williams, a star football player of ninety-eight, is the leading lawyer at the bar of Marion, Va.

One of the most distinguished sons of the college, Rev. Chas. L. Corbitt, is superintendent of the orphanage at Salem, Va.

S. T. Snellings, the business manager of the "Spider" of last year, is proving a successful lawyer at Norfolk, Va.

John Peake, whom many of the older students will remember as the most popular student of the class of seventy-five, is a prosperous farmer in the rich trucking section near Churchville, Va.

T. E. Peters, a distinguished graduate of last year, is devoting the whole of his time to the Sunday-school and the work of general missions. He is located at Beckley, W. Va.

Lucien H. Cocke, one of the most noted lawyers the college has ever sent out, lives at Roanoke, Va. He is general counsel for the N. & W. R. R. Co.

Dr. Chas. T. Herndon, a graduate of the seventies, has recently moved from Loudoun county, where he served the same church for more than fifteen consecutive years. He resigned in order to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist church at Salem, Va.

The brilliant and well-known criminal lawyer, Harry M. Smith, of Richmond, is a loyal son of Richmond College.



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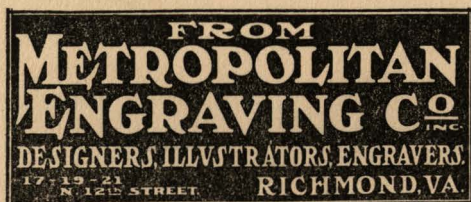
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