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THE MESSANGER

Vol. XXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 1

A REQUIEM.

Frank Gaines, '12.

I.

Soul 'gainst blue skies, a speck of hammered gold
A star, through space unbounded plays
And mocks our sigh
That you and I
Must ever walk the trodden ways
Nor ever sound its glory manifold.

II.

And thou art grieved that we have never scaled
The eternal battlements of God.
Ah, dost not know
Though high we go,
We'd crave the dew upon the sod
Were we on sunny heights of fame impaled?

III.

Soul, we, condemned to where the Finite dwell,
Are restless under life's restraint.
Oh, let it be
With you and me
Perchance what Art the Finite paint
Uncertain Art Infinite doth excel.

IV.

So dance, till somewhere in the inchoate swing,
When we have wearied of the strain,
Music is low
And droneth slow,
A breath is caught with sudden pain
And silently we fall outside the ring.

V.

And then I think that when the curtain dropt
Behind the Shadow—Scene we fall,
Eternal dark
Snuffing this spark
Of life, neither the joyous pace
We led, will we regret, nor that it stopt.

MAGGIE TULLIVER AND SOME COMMENTS ON POETIC JUSTICE.

By Walter Beverly, '11.

THE facts about Maggie, the central character in George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," are as follows: She unfortunately and artlessly let Stephen Guest steal her heart away from Philip Waken, whom she thought she loved before meeting Stephen. This was hard for poor Philip, of course. But there was some one else whose feelings this affair mangled. I refer to Lucy, who knew she loved Stephen, and whom Stephen formerly thought he loved. Maggie's situation was still more delicate than indicated already, for Lucy was a cousin of hers whom she liked very much and who had invited her to her home when Cupid began to get things in such a bewildering mess. Cupid did not care if Philip Waken was a poor cripple and that Maggie was the only light on his shadowy pathway of life. Let him marry art! The mischievous imp rather laughed at this aspect of the matter, and when he noted that Lucy had given to Stephen all the deep love of her young life, methinks he was beside himself in glee. What fun it was to watch the interesting developments!

But for us and for George Eliot this becomes one of the most serious problems of life and duty that was ever presented to a finite mind for solution. Let us try to realize the force of this "great temptation" thrust upon Maggie and Stephen. This girl had all her life been starving to death mentally and spiritually for competent sympathy with her peculiar nature. Stephen Guest, the polished dandy and connoisseur, met this demand, and became anxious to satisfy it to the very best of his ability. Consider how alluring such a temptation was to Maggie, and remember that Guest actually loved her "with that single, overpowering passion, that worship which a man never gives to a woman more than once in his life." What could be done with such a perplexing state of affairs—with such a plot? It could best be referred to the Judge whose decrees are infallible.

And so the flood came, and the wind blew, and beat upon the houses and the mill and Maggie were carried away. The incommensurable quantity—the surd—so to speak, had vanished, letting the novel end, and giving some other folks a chance to live ever afterwards a life of sad, sweet happiness.

* * * * * Several months ago, when I first read this book, I said in my heart that no other book by George Eliot had affected me so powerfully, and now after calm deliberation, I believe that the statement may apply to all the novels that I have read by any author. The feeling is very similar to the one that possessed me after reading Shakespeare's *Othello*. *The Mill on the Floss* captured my interest and my sympathy as no other reading ever did. I followed the fortunes of Maggie with the most unreasonable attention, and if mortal ever fell in love with a merely fictitious character, I certainly did in this case. I was infatuated. I said that she was the sweetest woman that I had ever known in—no, not in literature—in all the world, for she was real to me—as real as a fictitious character can be to any one. I loved her quite as much as did Stephen Guest (to speak figuratively), though for some reason I was not jealous. You may well imagine then what a blow her death was to me. I could not but grieve. I was paralyzed—emotionally. I mentally wailed over what I then deemed was the grossest of poetic injustice. George Eliot was nothing but a literary murderess. Surely my sense of what was correct in literary art was blinded by my personal devotion to Maggie. For very recently I went over the last division of the story again, expecting to impeach the author for closing her book in a manner “unsatisfactory to the reader”—for violence done to poetic justice—and give vent to my long pent-up rage by means of dignified, though indignant, prose, when lo! my mind deliberately acquits the author on trial before me for a supposed heinous literary offence, and my soul humbly bows to what I dare not call an unjust providence!

These are the points that clear the author and make up for Maggie's death. If Maggie had lived, there would have been two alternatives open to her—namely, a life of long, weary self-denial; or a life robbing two of her very dear friends (Lucy and

Philip) of all happiness; a life of open rebellion against God and conscience. Accepting the first alternative, Maggie would indeed have been receiving injustice. If she had accepted the latter (as she would have been sorely tempted to do, though she would never have yielded, I fancy), the author would have been guilty of ridiculous inconsistency and would have also been treating with injustice a soul so pure as was Maggie Tulliver's; for mind you Maggie never consented to that elopement "with her whole mind," and remember how like a heroine she absolutely refused at the critical moment to become the wife of Stephen Guest. Then, too, it is consoling to know that the girl herself desired death rather than life. This robs the tragedy of much of its bitterness. She met death calmly and bravely, and this death was surely the nearest approach to absolute poetic justice possible for her under the circumstances.

Again, poetic justice demands that something be done for Lucy's case. She, poor girl, receives from the author all that she deserves or desires—namely, Stephen. As for the other corner of this moral quadrangle, Philip Waken, we must leave him wandering alone in the Red Deeps. His fate is a sad one, and possibly he felt that it was unjust to have his life go down the vale of years without Maggie by his side. But the breach between them could never have been bridged if she had lived. Her only regard for him was pity, and pity is not love. His love for her was only a dream perhaps after all, and it may be that familiarity with her nature would have bred contempt. Thus only could the saying have been true in regard to him that "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." The flood then made Maggie's reign in his heart certain, and to have a goddess forever ruling over your tender sentiments with no chance of her ever being deposed is a good in itself, I think, and a pleasing sort of retribution.

* * * * I think I made it clear that the moral problem could only be solved by grim death rushing into the arena. Somebody had to die, and, by the way, if the author had killed Guest, she would necessarily have killed harmless little Lucy. Maggie's death, then, was necessary; now were the means of killing her natural? Morally her death was inevitable; was the flood a

reasonable and plausible accident? No accident could have better "filled the bill" in every way. In fact, our instincts ought to have told us as we walked along the darkly rolling Floss and as we listened to the ominous roar of the mill, that the flood must come. And come it did. But it merely whisked the sweet girl off to be with the angels, and left sweet memories behind it.

BOB.

By S. H. Ellyson, '10.

THE solid granite cut was quivering in a hot late-evening's sun. The iron rails started and fretted in their bonds upon the ties with short, sharp sounds as they were disturbed by the pressure of three pairs of feet. They were tramps, rough, unshaven, and uneven, and their ages varied as much as their height. They were giving their undivided attention to the contents of a large, brown bottle.

"Y're a hawg, Bob, yer ain't no genneman," protested the stumpy, sandy haired one querilously, holding the bottle up in his accustomed hand.

"I God, Mike, if he ain't swallowed your'n and hisn's too!" exclaimed the tall, cadaverous one, gazing with bleared but critical eye at the treasure thus held up to view.

"Who?" demanded Mike, stopping and gazing mutinously at the tall one. "Mine?—nay, nay, Bo. I goin' take mine now." And quickly raised the bottle to his mouth.

But the lean fingers of the tall one were already at his throat, and with gurgling protests and snarling curses they rolled together down into the ditch.

It was all immensely amusing to the young one, Bob. And he stood above them on the track and laughed till the tears ran down into his mouth.

"Charley, aw Charley," he called, at last lurching a feeble step nearer. "Where's yer lick, where's yer lick now, Charley? He—he, gone an' spilt every dam' drop—ha! ha!"

And, in truth, 'twas so, for Mike was holding nothing but the neck of the bottle to his pale lips. With a disgusted grunt, Charley relaxed his hold and sat down upon the bank wearily wiping his perspiring face, while Mike sat up slowly and cleared his throat and cursed as only the experienced can curse.

Bob, against whom this storm was directed, continued to grin, liesurely seating himself upon the side of the track. His gaze wandered carelessly around. The glare of the sun upon the

rocks made him blink and something blue seemed to dance before him on the rock wall. He fixed his gaze to examine it. A short gasp escaped his lips, his eyes widened into a stare and he started from his seat. For a full minute he stood and stared at the thing, while the little blue sign with its white message danced in his mind and soul like fire.

"Prepare To Meet Thy God!" it solemnly warned. And the suddenness of it took away his breath. Slowly his mind cleared. The absurdity of the thing began to dawn on him, and he flushed with sudden shame at having been so startled out of himself by what was evidently the work of some religious crank.

"Dam'," he swore softly to himself, looking around at his mystified companions sheepishly. For to the illiterate eyes of the other two his sudden change was still a riddle.

"Of all the dam' fool things!" he exclaimed with a weak laugh. "Oh Lord, oh Lord, of all the crazy stunts!" And went off in a strained display of cackling. His accustomed bravado was evidently reasserting itself. He laughed loudly and long, amid the uneasy silence of his companions. But the sound of it rang false—the joke was apparently bitter in his mouth. At length he stopped.

"Well," drawled Mike, who was the glum spirit of the company, "what's yer joke?"

"What's the joke! What's the joke!" He exclaimed with flushed face. "Why, there's the joke, you sap heads—Prepare to meet thy Gawd! Pree-*pare* to meet they *G-a-w-d*!" he bawled, going off into another extravaganza of laughter.

An exclamation broke from the other two at this reading. The surprise deepened on their faces and with a superstitious curiosity they approached the sign and cautiously touched it.

"Damn! Mike, if it ain't wet!" exclaimed Charley, holding his paint-stained finger up to scrutiny. For an instant this discovery silenced even Bob.

"Wet! I God, wet? Now what do you think of that!" he whispered. Suddenly he slapped his thigh. "I wonder if we can't catch the old fool!" he exclaimed, "and paint some rings on him! Ha! Ha!"

But the other two being older and also more superstitious,

had respect unto the powers that be and refused to be drawn into utterance and remained silent with non-committal faces as if the affair was none of theirs. But the boy did not notice. Already the excitement had mastered him and with flushed face and flashing eyes his tongue rattled on, now with raillery against the unknown painter; now with sarcasm for his art, and sometimes even with blasphemy for the message he had painted.

"Where?" he cried. "Ha! Ha! Prepare to meet thy Gawd, where! By Gawd! that's a good one! Here!" And springing lightly up to the sign he scratched away the paint from the gray rock, leaving in broad capitals the word "Where" just below the original.

"Ha! Ha!" he shouted triumphantly, "Some class, hey!"

"Aw, come off yer high hoss, kid," broke in Mike at last. "Yer rompin 'round like some yaller-headed pup. Come on, let's git somewhere before it gits dark." For indeed the sun was even then touching the horizon far behind them down the track.

"Yes, oh sure! Come on and let's catch that rummy old sign painter. And we'll give him hell, too, won't we?—Ha! Ha!" And with that he was down the track before his companions—now urging them faster, now expatiating blasphemously on the text of the evening and again screeching with sarcastic laughter over its effect on him—who was one of the "boys"—"Eh, Charley, old gal?" At which Charley would grunt uncertainly with a peculiar intonation which carried with it just a little bit of disgust.

The dusk was gathering apace, and on the track, running along the edges of the granite hills, it was already dark. Presently the track turned and the three found themselves looking down upon the dark depth of a creek bed, over which the road ran on a trestle. In the stillness could be heard the sound of waters and the darkness vaguely gave up the vision of steep and jagged rocks and a foaming stream. But what they saw was a small flicker of a light far down in the bosom of the darkness, and the smell of smoke was in the air.

"There he is now!" Bob exclaimed, stopping short. "Come

on, fellows, come on. We've got him now! We've got the old fool! Easy now, easy—don't let him hear you!" And with cautious step he proceeded to descend the embankment, followed more leisurely by the other two. The path, which seemed to have been found by many a footsore traveler before him, twisted and turned in such a tortuous manner that the fire was soon lost from sight. It was evidently built against the cliff farther up the gorge. Slowly the sound of waters grew louder until it drowned all other sounds, and Bob stepped out on the rocks of the half-filled creek bed. The light of the fire could be seen dancing on the walls of the creek from behind a large boulder. He crept nearer. He stopped and listened, but the rush of the water was too loud. The boulder was now against his cheek and around the corner was—what? With an excited motion of his hand to the other two, who had just reached the bottom, he slowly emerged into the fire light. It dazzled his eyes for an instant, then he stopped and leaned against the side of the boulder. His jaw dropped and into his face came a queer, childish look of wonder.

The sight which greeted him would have disarmed a murderer. With his back to the boulder and almost at his feet, knelt an old, care-worn man, praying. The light of the fire shone full upon his earnest old face. His voice, which had not the pitch to enable it to be heard around the boulder, now sounded clearly though quaveringly above the other voices and besought in a tone which proclaimed long patience and suffering. The worn old face, with its high, sad forehead, so earnestly speaking, so utterly innocent of all the unconscious reserve men carry in the presence of men, banished every evil thought from the boy. His thoughts were thrown into a whirl. Kaleidoscopic pictures flashed through his mind of a fat, pompous, fashionable preacher, pale of face, benignant of eye, declaiming long-worded prayers over the heads of a fashionable audience. He heard the earnest quavering voice of the old man, broken with feeling, and he remembered the nausea with which he had grown to hear that complacent voice of the past.

But it was the old man's prayer that held him in the spell. With heart-wrung words it went on and on, now high, now low,

beseeking, praying for one thing—his son—that God should bring him back, that He should protect him wherever he was. He pleaded for the son of a forsaken old man, bereft of friends, of loved ones, of wife—of wife! A tremor went through the boy. His chin began to quiver. On went the prayer like the sound of the creek below, now loud and insistent, now low and beseeching. The old face became surrounded by a blur of light in the fixed eyes of the boy. All else swam before his gaze unnoticed. And the simple words of the prayer tumbled forth, it seemed, directly into his ears and filled them and his soul to overflowing.

Not far away the shrill whistle of a freight train pierced through the din of the creek and a long string of coal-laden cars came straining up the incline. But he did not hear it. Nor did he see the two tramps take a hasty peep from behind him and tiptoe shame-facedly away. For him the world had melted away and he and this old broken man were alone with themselves. The great engine came snorting across the trestle, shaking the air into echoes, and two silent figures sprang in among the cars and were borne away out of his ken forever.

"Oh Father God," the old man was praying. "Why hast thou left thy servant staffless in his old age? I have served thee a little. I have served thy people a long time, and now when I am old there is no one—oh, God—no one to comfort me. Comfort thou me—oh, my son, whom thou gavest me—return him unto me, if he be alive—for he is alive—oh, God! Thou hast not killed him! Thou has left him for my old age and thou wilt return him—wilt thou not?" he asked feverishly and halted as if for an answer.

The boy's face quivered, his eyes ran over with tears, and stretching out his hands suddenly, he opened his trembling lips and said, "Father!"

SONG OF THE MORNING STAR.

"Fairy", '11.

I saw in the early morning
The glowing morning star
Bright shine amid the dawning;
And as 'twere from afar.

I heard a clear voice singing
A solemn holy song,
Slow golden music ringing
Sweet on its journey long.

And still the star was burning,
And still that heavenly strain;
My heart was filled with yearning,
With panting rapturous pain.

Ever the voice grew clearer
And rang 'mid the stars aloft
Triumphant, glorious, nearer,
And then grew slow and soft.

I saw the bright star dying,
But my soul was filled with peace,
The voice passed out in sighing,
And my soul's wings found release.

SWIFT: THE MAN.

By R. G. S., '11.

I DO not like to think of Swift as a man whose character and genius were effected and fashioned by a diseased brain, although the testimony and authority of the past is probably in accordance with such a belief. I do not like to think of him as a pessimist whose pessimism was an attempt to be unique and unusual. I rather like to look on Jonathin Swift as a man whose genius was so great, so penetrating, so far-seeing, so comprehensive that it was impossible for his brain to contain it, and that so mastered the seat of his reason that his intellect tottered, and he became an idiot.

This idea is, I think, strengthened by a study of Swift's life. From very early boyhood the great satirist began to solve the riddle of humanity. It began to dawn on him when a dependent in the service of Sir William Temple just what mankind stood for. The vision became clearer and clearer as Swift advanced in years. Then as the mystery to him became no longer a mystery the morbidness of youth changed to bitterness and the bitterness to hatred—hatred so great that it became the keynote of his life.

Swift was no idiot in these days. These were the days when genius had not overcome him, but merely made him great. He understood mankind as no human being had ever before understood mankind. And with the understanding came hatred. He hated man because he realized what a vile, unworthy, sensual, cowardly, sneaking, lying thing man was. Unlike some great men before him and some who have come after him, Swift did not attempt to justify or explain the discovery he had made by indulging in the shallow, optimistic philosophy of hope and faith and happiness. He was too great a genius for that. He knew that man, the boasted and exalted pinnacle of evolution, was, in reality, lower than the lowest animals; that it was impossible for the most loathsome animal to sink lower than man. And he said what he thought; said it with all

the boldness and skill and conviction that comes from a thorough understanding of the subject; said it with the knowledge of the hopelessness of it all and the realization that he too was one of the class that he hated.

And Swift not only understood man, but he understood the "works" of man. Society, with its artificiality and slander and corruption he knew even better than he knew the makers of it; and he hated it accordingly. Beauty was to Swift but a flimsy covering for ugliness. He always saw through the covering. It was in accordance with the penetrating character of his genius. Society, with its apparent gaiety and happiness and bright colors and smiling faces, did not baffle or fool Jonathin Swift. He saw beneath.

From hatred of mankind and his works to hatred of religion is a short step; for religion is a product of man's brain. Swift hated religion as he hated man, and largely for the same reason. This is, perhaps, a radical statement. Those who hold other views will point to the attempt of Swift to obtain a high place in the Church and to the fact that he was Dean of St. Patrick's as proofs of his orthodoxy. I cannot cite as convincing proofs in support of my belief. I can only say that to me a general survey of Swift's life, the denunciations that one reads between the lines of some of his satires, and the character and genius of the great satirist, are sufficient proof that he hated religion as he hated man. I do not mean to imply that Swift was an atheist. I cannot believe that any man of Swift's genius could be an atheist. He had a God whom he worshipped, and it was a God supreme and perfect. But I do mean to imply that Swift's God was not the God of other men, and that Swift's worship of that God was not fixed by rules and regulations.

Hate, hate, hate—it runs through Swift's life like the "crimson line" through Macbeth; and yet strange and paradoxical as it may seem, there is another side to his character, ruled by the opposite passion. No one will ever solve the mystery of Swift's life; no one will ever really understand him, because no one has the genius to understand him. It is therefore almost natural, certainly in keeping with the mystery that hovers about his name, that there should have been one object in this world

which Swift could love. That "object" was a bright-eyed, intelligent girl, and she is known to the world as "Stella." Just what the exact relation was that existed between this girl and Swift has never been fully understood; but whatever were the ties that bound them, one thing is certain: there love was mutual, and the tenderness and beauty of it is like a ray of sunshine in the darkness of the great satirist's life. Swift loved this girl because of her intelligence and because she loved him. That was enough for Swift. She was different from the rest, and Swift hated the "rest."

The personality of Swift as indicated by his daily actions is not as well understood as the psychological side of the man. This is due largely to the fact that nothing very definite is known of his everyday life. The little that is known shows that he was imperious, commanding, overpowering in everything he said and did. People were afraid of him because his genius overcame them. Lords and ministers were ordered about by Swift like so many servants. And they obeyed because they simply were unable to resist his genius. In short, his powerful intellect overcame others because his intellect was greater than theirs.

It is impossible to arrive at any final decision on the true character of Jonathin Swift. In all the literature that he left, and in all that has been written about him, there is little real evidence as to the exact nature of the man. No two people have ever regarded him in the same light; none, perhaps, have ever known him aright. Even Thackeray has badly, though eloquently, misunderstood him. All that can be said is but the personal opinion of the writer. To me he is a man whose knowledge of life grew out of the greatness of his genius, and out of whose knowledge grew hatred—hatred so bitter, so lasting, and so harsh that it became the keynote of his life. Yet even as one forms an idea, another light flashes in and we would almost change our views. The keynote of his life was hatred, if by the keynote we mean the most predominant characteristic. Yet even as one writes it, there comes a vision of a small, dirty, little package, tied with a piece of ribbon, and upon it in the handwriting of Jonathin Swift are written these words:

"Only a woman's hair."

HIS FAIRY SISTER.

By C. L. Stillwell, '11.

THE Child brushed a tear from each eye, and struggled against the quiver in his voice as he held up his finger for his sister to kiss where the bumble-bee had stung him.

"He's a nasty old thing. He don't love God a bit, does he, sister?"

The girl took him in her arms, and sat in the hammock beneath the old gnarled cedar. His pain soon vanished before the charm of her mellow voice as she read him fairy stories from his own cherished book—the last gift of his mother. This was his favorite pastime when he was not romping with his younger sister among the daisies and golden-rod on the big meadows, or racing with her up and down the long lane that led from the moss-covered, brick mansion to the county road. He never grew tired of *his* fairies, as he called the heroes and heroines of elfland; he would listen for hours to the accounts of Puck or Queen Mab. At night he would dream of them, and awake in the morning to tell of his encounters with the fairy king.

"Sister, ain't God a big fairy," he asked.

"Yes, dear, God is a big, good fairy, who loves all sweet little boys."

"But, sister, Susan says Satan is a hateful old fairy, too. I don't want to see him, but I'd like to see God. I hate mean things like Satan. I don't b'lieve he's a fairy, 'cause all fairies are good. That old bumble-bee's Satan, ain't he?"

"Yes dear—run and find little sister."

"But I want to see the fairies. They'll tell me such pretty things. Will I ever see them?"

The girl answered in the affirmative, and the little fellow scampered off to find his little sister.

She was knee-deep in the daisies, plucking a blossom here and there. The child approached her and showed her his finger.

"Look," he said, "Satan stung me on my finger. Sister says Satan's a mean old bumble-bee."

They wandered off down the hill to a little brook and let the water trickle over their bare feet.

"I'm going to see the fairies before long," the child ventured. "Sister says I can, and she read in my little yellow book where they always like for good little boys to live with them. Don't you want to see them, too?"

"No."

The Autumn brought a pallor to the little sister's cheek. The bare hills no longer showed her foot-prints, but the Child roamed over them alone. He slipped back to the house whenever the doctor's buggy stopped at the gate. Something was wrong. He felt it. He once stopped the doctor as he was coming from the house.

"Can't I get sick, too, Doctor? She won't mind so much then."

His big sister's time was taken up with the little sick girl, and he spent many hours by himself, reading his little book and thinking of the fairies.

Later, he watched the long procession move away from the house, and then realizing his loneliness, he stole into the room where the little sister had lain so long, and crawled under her bed. There his sister found him at twilight.

The Child's grief gave way to dreaming, but daily he grew weaker. The winter's storms kept him in the house the greater part of his time. He would sit for hours before the fire and talk to himself. Once his sister found him thus seated before the large fireplace in the sitting-room. She walked over to the chair opposite.

"Don't, don't," he cried. "You'll hurt her."

"Who, dear?"

"My beautiful little fairy."

"What fairy, child?"

"Oh, my little new fairy. She came when little sister went away. And she's just like her, too. She talks to me every day when I'm by myself. And I love her so."

In this way, the barren winter days were passed. The

Child's hobby-horses and other friends that had been dear to him before were now laid aside.

"I'm too tired to play with them," he would say. "But I never get tired of my little fairy. She always rests me and makes me forget the pain in my head."

During the long time he kept his bed, though the outer world was wrapped in snow, he seemed always aware of the presence of his beautiful fairy within. He talked of her almost incessantly during his last hours, when awake, and uttered unintelligible words about her while asleep. His sister, watching by his side, was comforted by the peace the little fairy seemed to bring to him. . . . The long, cold night wore away. The Child suddenly sprang up in bed.

"Sister! Sister! . . . My beautiful fairy is calling me. . . . I'm going to them now . . . Sister . . . Good-bye . . . Yes! . . ."

THE RISE OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

By J. B. Duval, '11.

TO understand the rise of the Edinburgh Review in 1802, we must consider the state of society at the time and the reviews then current in Great Britain.

The principles which the French people had fought for and gained in the long years of the Revolution were beginning to be felt most strongly in the hearts of the English people. The social unrest and dissatisfaction of the common people, which was to make itself felt in the reform bills of a few years later, was in process of making. The laws were oppressive and unjust; the Corporation and Test Acts were in full force; debtors were imprisoned; the game laws were severe, and the slave trade was at its height. Such was the period in which five young men, entertaining opinions on political subjects far in advance of the time, resolved to begin the publication of a review which was to be their mouthpiece on literary, social and political subjects.

At this time there were two standard reviews in Great Britain—the *Monthly Review*, and its rival in religious and political policies, the *Critical Review*. Neither of these magazines, though somewhat widely read, had the confidence of the public. They were owned body and soul by the booksellers, who used them as a means to further the sale of their books. The contributions, known as penny-a-liners, were not allowed to express their own opinions, but had their policies dictated to them by the publishers. Thus it had come about that writing for reviews was considered mere hack work and even Jeffrey, before taking it up, hesitated on account of "the risk of general degradation." In the *Edinburgh Review* this was all changed, as we shall show later.

The circumstances of the beginning of the new publication are best given in the words of Sydney Smith, taken from the preface to his collected works.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story

or flat in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was:

‘Tenui musam meditamur avena.’

‘We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.’

“But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto, ‘Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur’ from Publins Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.”

Although to Sydney Smith must be given the credit for the idea of the new review, his connection with it, except as a contributor, ended after the first issue. Francis Jeffrey was given the editorship and began a career that was to last 38 years. Profiting by the experience of the other reviewers, he made several important changes from their methods. As has been indicated, the *Edinburgh* was not published in the interest of any bookseller and was thus free to express its opinions regardless of praise or censure. In the second place the price paid for contributions was raised from two guineas per sheet of sixteen printed pages to sixteen, twenty, and even twenty-five guineas per sheet. This, together with the fact that Jeffrey compelled every contributor to receive compensation, naturally called forth a better class of work, and real talent took the place of the old penny-a-liners. Again the new review was issued quarterly instead of monthly, this giving more time for preparation and allowing the reviewing of only such books as were worthy of criticism.

The wisdom of these changes was manifest from the very first. The *Edinburgh* became the talk of the day. The subscription list grew in six years from 750 to 9,000, and in 1809 Jeffrey boasted that it was read by 50,000 intelligent people within a month after it was published. Sydney Smith says in a letter to Jeffrey, under date of November 30, 1803: “I have

the pleasure of informing you that it is the universal opinion of all the cleverest men I have met with here (London) that our Review is uncommonly well done, and that it is perhaps the first in Europe." Again a year or two later: "Everybody speaks in high terms of the Review, and deprecated any idea of its extinction; strain every nerve to keep it up; it will give you reputation." And in 1805: "I have now had an opportunity of appreciating the manner in which the Review is felt, and I do assure you it has acquired a most brilliant and extensive reputation."

In speaking of this periodical as a review, it must not be thought that the sole purpose of the editor was to furnish a critical analysis of books already written. This might have been the idea of the founders, but the Review soon became a mere form for the expression of opinion on all leading topics of the day. In the old Monthlies the Review was to serve the interest of the book reviewed, in the *Edinburgh* the book was made the excuse for an essay on some subject of general interest.

Compare the following quotation taken from a letter from Griffiths, the publisher of the *Monthly*, to one of his contributors: "I send also the *Horae Biblical* at a venture—it signifies not whether we notice it or not, as it is not on sale," with this from Homer to Jeffrey, "Have you any good subjects in view for your nineteenth? There are two I wish you yourself would undertake, if you can pick up books that would admit them." Indeed, the fact that the Review as such had become a farce and a misnomer is very clearly shown by this first paragraph of the review of "*Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind*," by Thomas Broadhurst.

"Mr. Broadhurst is a very good sort of man, who has not written a very bad book upon a very important subject. His object (a very laudable one) is to recommend a better system of female education than at present prevails in this country—to turn the attention of women from the trifling pursuits to which they are now condemned—and to cultivate faculties which, under the actual system of management, might almost as well not exist. . . .

"A good deal has been said about the original difference of capacity between men and women.—" Then follows a thirteen-page essay on the advantages of female education.

And now finally something about the aims and purposes of the Review. Upholding the doctrine of the Constitutional Whigs, it stood for reform of all kinds—for Catholic emancipation, improvement in prisons, reform of the representation, the betterment of the conditions of the lower classes, more practical and efficient education, and a spirit of tolerance in religious matters. In the words of Jeffrey himself: "The *Edinburgh Review*, it is well known, aimed high from the beginning; and refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into *the principles* on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate."

This Review, considered merely as a literary product by raising the standard of literary work, by bringing into existence a new kind of essay, by furnishing a medium for the diffusion of high class reading matter among the whole people, was an important factor in the development of English literature. Yet, in the words of its editor, it had "two legs to stand on. Literature no doubt is one of them, but its *right* leg is politics." The creating and directing of a sane, healthful, public opinion, the collecting of the scattered elements of resolution into a force that was to work out the reform of 1832 and '48, was after all the chief contribution of the *Edinburgh Review*.

MATELESS.

By Frank Gaines, '12.

THAT he was a good shot was attested by his hunting pockets, bulging with game. All the day he had hunted across barren fields accompanied by his dog, Billy. Now his hunting coat seemed to catch the rays of the October sun, and intensifying the heat, send them in one boiling stream against his back. And the weight of the birds continually pulled him down, while to his aching muscles the gun approximated a ton. The stubble of the newly cut corn frequently bruised his feet through the soles of his shoes, and he decided that after a long spell of sickness he must have over estimated his strength. Even Billy's legs wobbled pathetically and his little tongue hung far out of his mouth. The man, reeling between rows of stubble, realized that it was mid-afternoon, and he had neither eaten nor drunk during the day. Hence he was glad to see a brook at the end of the field and its gurgle came refreshingly to his ears. Dizzily and stumblingly he made his way to it, took off the heavy coat and lay flat on his stomach to drink.

With difficulty he arose. His head was aching more than ever; the stubble-field seemed whirling around and the sun was exceedingly hot. Wearily he passed his hand over his brow and tried to think. Why had he come on an all-day hunt by himself? What had happened yesterday? Great Heaven! he could not even think! Oh, yes he remembered now that on yesterday he had asked Dorothy to marry him and she refused; and then he could not exactly recollect, but he thought he had heard some one say, "Brain fever." But was that yesterday? Or was it all a dream? No, it could hardly be that all was a dream, for there was Billy, splashing in the sun-boiled ripples of the brook. Mechanically he started on again. Forgetting the coat he crossed the branch and a low-rail fence and found himself at the bottom of a slope, which had for years been uncultivated and was now a field of broom-straw and briars. Down

the side of the hill ran numberless gullies, which had gradually been washed out till the field was lined with them. Bare and red, they glistened against the broom-straw, and he thought that from their red sides there was rising a mist of red heat, the reflection of the sun's hot rays.

Suddenly he became conscious that Billy was "standing," and almost at the same moment there whirled up before him one frightened little bird. Instantly he had fired and the bird fell nearly at his feet. But one shot had struck, however, and the little thing fluttered once or twice after he picked it up and then was still. He examined it closely. It was a hen, and he was surprised to find her without a mate. Then he began to feel rather ashamed of himself for killing this tiny, helpless, unmated hen. Such a pretty bird it was, too. The feathers were all unruffled and only under one shapely little wing was there a splotch of blood. But how red it was, against the grey feathers! and the little head was red, too, crimson red. But the neck fascinated him. With the head dropping to one side the curve of the bird's neck was gracefully portrayed and he wondered that he had never before noticed how symmetrical was the neck of a pheasant; strangely it reminded him of Dorothy's neck. As it lay passive in his hand he began to stroke it, and then he wished that thus he might stroke her neck. But suddenly the patch of blood under its wing began to run, and it spread and joined the redness of the head till the whole bird was scarlet red. And on his hands, hot and sticky, lay drops of the blood!

As in a trance, he lifted his eyes from the horrible grace in his hand and then stood spell-bound. Over on the top of the hill, not far away, yet seemingly many miles, stood a little girl. Her red dress was distinctly outlined against the hazy blue, and as if in contrast, he could note the snowy whiteness of the bare neck and bare arms. And those slender white arms were stretched out to him. Great God! could it be! Yes, it was Dorothy, and she was calling him; she wanted him. He must go to her. There was no mistake, thought he. For already Billy had reached the top of the hill and seemed to stand by

her. Yet she noticed him not, but stood immovable holding out her arms to him.

Yes, he must go to her.

The first of the ditches was so wide he could not jump. He merely stumbled into it, and there ran down the bank behind him little streams of gravel and red sand. He was hardly able to climb out, yet he clung tenaciously to his gun and his little bird. Across the gully briars tripped him up and he fell, cutting his face on the stones and thorns. But there stood Dorothy on the top of the hill. He must go to her.

He lost count of the ditches he fell into. But always he clambered out, and always there followed him down into the ditch little streams of the red dirt. And he noticed not that oftentimes he climbed out on the same side he went in. The sun grew ever fiercer; all around him rose as steam vapors of heat. His head was dizzy now, and he could see nothing except Dorothy on the crest of the hill. He found himself hardly able to lift his feet from entangling briars. Often he lay for a long time in the gully, but still Dorothy stood on the hilltop and still she was entreating him.

* * * * *

When Billy left his master and rushed home, he found friends alarmed at the mysterious disappearance of the sick man. Following the impatient dog, they found him, all tangled up in a great mass of briars, raving incoherently to a little dead pheasant hen, "I'll be there in a moment; I'll be there, Dorothy. The briars are holding me now, but as soon as I get loose I'll be there."

THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT KANAWHA.

C. L. Stillwell, '11.

Where the waterfalls leap in silver threads, adown, adown, adown,
 And the golden twilight steals along the misty stream,
 I sit beneath the purple skies, and dream, and dream, and dream,
 When the waterfalls leap in silver threads, adown the misty stream.

Ah! my heart is touched by tender thoughts of you, of you, of you,
 When the clouds float high, above, above the misty stream,
 And all the world begins to sleep and dream of you, and dream,
 Then my soul is filled with golden dreams, beside the misty stream.

When the moon wraps all the silver threads in glorious radiant roles.
 I still sit where the waterfalls leap down the misty stream;
 And still I think, I think, of you, and dream, and dream, and dream,
 When the waterfalls leap in golden threads adown the misty stream.

* * *

In radiant threads, adown the misty stream,
 Adown the misty stream.

THE MESSENGER

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EDITORIALS.

Vacation days are over. Once more the "old bell" calls back from sandy shores and mountain tops and sunny cornfields the searchers after knowledge. Yet once again shall we partake of the water of the Pierian Spring, and once again take up the irksome toil of "cutting classes."

Well, you have had your time, now settle down. You will find it difficult at first, perhaps, to desist from your attentions to the more loquacious sex and to get down to something worth while; but you can't be foolish all the time, and then you ought to give your bank account a short time to recover itself.

To those just entering college, the MESSENGER extends welcome and best wishes. We are glad you are here, if you are here in the

right way. If you have come to sacrifice your health in the search for wisdom, then we say with Puck that you'd be wiser if you didn't. If you have come to develop your physical being only, and intend to let your mind develop as best it can, then we would advise that you join an athletic club, but don't waste your time and your father's money in going to college. If you have come merely to get in the "social whirl," then we bid you pack your trunk, adorn yourself in your twenty-dollar suit of clothes, and betake yourself, with the greatest possible speed, back to the rake and plow. But if your ambition is to take part in all; to do your best in every line for which you are at all fitted; to be an "all round" citizen in our little college world, then here's our hand and help. The college wants all round men, and if you are not that kind and do not care to be, then she does not want you. If you are here to do your best and if you know what the "best" means then may your stay at Richmond College be the happiest time of your life.

At the beginning of this new collegiate year the MESSENGER wishes to state clearly its attitude towards manuscripts, and also its position in regard to subjects in general. We want every man and woman in college to strive to make the magazine the best that can be made. That means that all have got to help. We do not care to have the MESSENGER supported by the efforts of ten or twelve. If that is going to be the case, we are heartily in favor of changing the name of the magazine, and of giving credit to whom it is due.

To contributors we have just one request to make: write what *you* think. Do not let your thoughts be limited and your words restrained by the fear of what someone may say about it. If you have an opinion on a subject, express it, no matter if it be contrary to the opinion of every other person in the world. The MESSENGER is crying out for manuscripts that are individual, characteristic, original. Do not be tied down by precedent, custom, or public opinion. These things count for nothing. Precedent is the proverbial straw for those who find themselves sinking in a sea of illogical reasoning; custom is merely the rut from which the majority of people find themselves unable to depart; and public opinion is another name for nothing.

With the exception of "Why Jeffries Didn't Come Back" and "Who Will Win the Pennant", the theme most "**Teddy.**" widely discussed by the American people at the present time, is, perhaps, Theodore Roosevelt.

If Ex-president Roosevelt had only caused discussion among the American people we could hardly say that that was sufficient reason to call him great; for the American people have discussed with equal vigor every theme from the price of eggs to Paradise Lost. But when a man rises up amongst mortals and wins the applause and admiration of the world, we needs must call him great, and ask ourselves whence comes his greatness.

It is easy to acquire the habit of hero worship. Mankind is ever ready to bow down. Let someone but establish a precedent and we grasp at it, as if upon it rested the basis of all truth and reason. But with all that, there is seldom paid to one man such homage as has been shown Theodore Roosevelt.

Yes, one thing is certain: he is great. And we have an idea that his greatness is not due to his actual achievements, though his achievements have been great. Some have tried to attribute it to his skill in wielding the so-called "big stick," but somehow we cannot believe it. Others have given "luck" the credit, but superstition never offers a sane explanation for the concrete. We have an idea that all the greatness and renown of Theodore Roosevelt is due to one fact: he has the rare art of adaptability. He wins his way with kings as easily as with cowboys. He adapts himself to his political and social environments. Success was unable to stunt his manhood. He is the one man who could have been given the unprecedented honor of attending the Kaiser's private review, and several weeks later have shaken hands, as man to man, with the miners at their work. It is this power of adaptability that won him his way into the hearts of men, gave him the presidency of the United States, and has made him the most renowned private citizen in the world today.

Theodore Roosevelt may have many faults—many that are not known—but this is certain, he has one power that has made him what he is, and which, in the final reckoning, will out-balance all his faults: the power to be a *man* under any circum-

staces and at any time. We know not what honors the future holds in store for him, to what heights he yet may rise, but come what may, Theodore Roosevelt, before kings and lords, before day laborers and millionaires, will always realize that

"A man's a man for a' that."

Though we cannot claim that the past has been burdened with success in regard to our efforts on the gridiron, still we may

Football.

truthfully say that the work of our teams has not been of that nature that would cause us to feel ashamed.

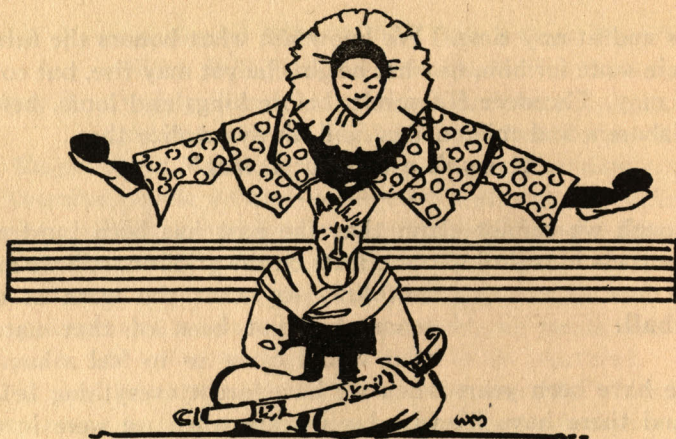
There have been years when we have swept everything before us, and there have likewise been years when we were in the sweepings. But if there be anything in our football records which would bring the blood to the face, its presence there can not be attributed to the actions of the men on the field of play, but to the actions of the men who were absent from the field of play—a point which need not be enlarged upon.

But whatever has been the past, let us forget it in our efforts for the future. This season we start afresh, with a new athletic instructor, Mr. E. V. Long, of Harvard. He comes to us highly recommended, both as a coach and a pugilist. With such a competent man as our leader, there is no reason why we should not win the cup. At any rate, win or lose, we have a duty to perform. Remember that our colors are red and blue, and neither red nor blue resembles ochre.

When a man begins to talk about his virtues, watch him. He is not only a liar but a sneak.

The male sex is divided into two main classes, gentlemen and snobs. Gentlemen belong to the highest class, and snobs are sour because they don't.

The following was found in the note book of an eminent politician, recently deceased: If you would win your way with American people, make them laugh, make them cry, make them cheer, make them hiss; but never try and make them think. Life is too short.



CAMPUS NOTES.

R. C. Ancarrow.

Being a few idle vaporizations on the subject as the campus of recent has borne a most solemncholy aspect—one hardly capable of a note. Encore une fois pour toutes on a entendu, "Percival stop that." While Mr. Smith continued to cut the grass.

The first *note* that should ring through the campus is one of warning to the "Rats." Frosh get your little red skull caps. Fashion decrees that they are to be "all the rage" this Fall. If the upper classmen do their duty, you will be an awfully *cute* bunch. If they tolerate the derby and the tirolian, then may you youngsters carry off all the fair damsels. Will the *note* peal forth?

But speaking of notes, there will soon be a plenty of I. O. U.'s floating around.

If you are not on to what a peach of a coach we have, then get wise. First look up his records and then look at the man. *He will make good.*

For first impressions, see Meredith.

Coach Long says he will "Put this place on the map." He also wants to know why the team's picture does not appear in the Rule Book. Ask the manager.

Of course Football stock is high, but the biggest thing that has shown up yet is "Big Fellow" Benton, formerly known as "Baby." Baby, with his 200 odd, ought to be quite an inspiration to the "bench warmers."

The sensation of the Campus:—Prof. Dickey's Moustachette.

Well it has come at last just as the Co-Eds are preparing to go—A Co-Ed Dormitory! We suppose it will prove quite popular on Sunday afternoons, and time may see it a strong rival of the Woman's College.

The first thing a "Rat" wants to do is to learn the yells. Never mind about class schedules and text-books. And if you want to make a hit with any particular proff., arise when he calls your name at the beginning of class and give the long yell. He will at least give you credit for knowing something. Get busy.



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

T. C. Durham.

As this issue of the MESSENGER goes to press, Football practice is just beginning and everything seems favorable to the development of a better team than we have had for several years. Coach E. V. Long arrived on September 19th and put the men to work immediately. He is just the man to arouse enthusiasm and determination among the players, and only the day or two that he has been with us has sufficed to show that he understands the game in every detail and will not at all be hampered by the revision of the rules. In fact, he comes from the Institution where most of the changes were suggested and in speaking of the changes, he said: "I like the new rules very much. They simplify the play in many ways." He played star ball for several years on the University of Illinois team and also at Harvard University. A man who has made his letter at these institutions must be a good athlete and has to know the game thoroughly. We especially commend the personal interest he takes in each man and the way he gets out on the field in his football suit and not only tells the men how to play, but, better still, shows them.

We are entirely convinced that he is going to exert every effort to turn out a winning team and this can mean nothing short of success.

We are very sorry that Captain Stringfellow of last year's team and several other of our best players will not return, but a larger number of old players than usual are with us. Captain Sadler and the following men are back: Meredith, Decker, Johnson, Jones, Durham, Sutherland, Tyler and Taylor.

In addition to these there are several members of the second team who are going to make some of the old men work for their places. Carter, Benton, Smith and Moll are back.

The new men who have come to us are exceptionally good, and from the large number who are applying for positions there can be no doubt that every place on the team is going to be filled by a first-class player. The Coach does not know the previous records of the men, and merit is the thing that will determine who will make their letters.

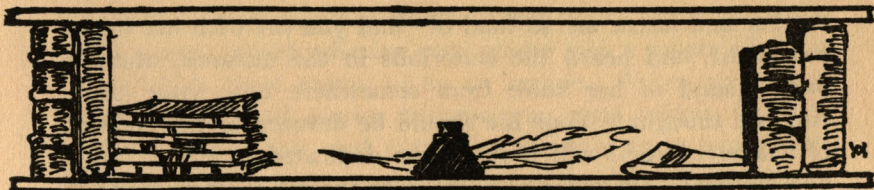
We have the Coach, we have the players, but still there is one thing, we must have—the support of *every* man in College. Football plays an important part in every boy's College life. Although he may not go out on the field and buck against the opposing teams, he cannot, if he is the right sort of man, keep from feeling an interest in a sport that calls forth such display of courage and that is of such vital importance to true College life. Every old man knows his duty; let him do it. Each man in College has his part and if he fails to do his duty the whole student body will be affected. Don't stand back and say that you cannot play and that you are not needed, but get behind the Coach and the team and arouse a genuine College spirit. Remember that you will fail to get all out of College that you ought unless you become deeply interested in College life and activities. You will be benefited by College directly in proportion to the extent to which you throw your whole being into the true College life. Listen, new men: Do not wait to be asked to go out and try for the team, but go to the Manager or his assistant and get a suit. If you have never played, it does not matter, every man has to learn, and the man who never tries will never accomplish anything. Whether you play or not it is your duty to join the Athletic Association and in this way lend your support. But there is no need of talking. The thing that counts is to *do*. With all the advantages we have in

Football there is no reason why we can not win the championship. If we do not outstrip our opponents it will be the fault of the indifferent men. Let us all work together with one purpose and determination and there is no goal but success.

Manager O'Flaherty has arranged a good schedule for the first team and a regular schedule is being arranged for the second team. Every man on the second team will have abundant opportunities to play.

The following is the schedule:

- October 1, Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.
- October 8, Randolph-Macon College (exhibition), at Richmond.
- October 15, Rock Hill College, at Richmond.
- October 22, Gallaudet College, at Richmond.
- October 29, George Washington University, at Richmond.
- November 6, Hampden Sidney College (championship), at Hampden Sidney.
- November 12, A. & M. College, at Raleigh, N. C.
- November 19, William and Mary College (championship), at Richmond.
- November 26, Randolph-Macon College (championship), at Richmond.



EXCHANGES.

C. L. Stillwell, Editor.

THE harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not dead yet. It may seem, fellow aspirants to that realm of glory, the road to which lies through sticks and stones and dead men's bones, that most of you died when you left that girl at home and started once again to Richmond College, with a split paddle stowed safely away in your trunk. But somehow, as you drew near to R. C. V., you realized that you were really beginning to live again. You felt that there was much to be done, first there were the "Rats" to train, then you had the football team to encourage, and if there were any time left you might have to write a story or two for the "Messenger." In short, your whole being seemed very much alive; your blood coursed through your brains like the Twentieth Century Limited and every fiber of your body tingled.

You may have recalled that one morning during the summer, when you were following Old Gawky (your father's grey-headed mule) gently down the long rows of corn, and the muses were shading you with their silvery wings, and your thoughts were blending themselves into some immortal poem, that all at once your plow struck a stump, and you awoke to find yourself far away from Mt. Olympus, and Old Gawky calmly grazing by the side of the creek with the clear water trickling through the crack in his off-hind hoof. You swore that never again should your father's corn crop be damaged by such a paltry thing as that old stuff called poetry, anyway—no, you'd be darned if it should. But you will also recall that on the evening of that day you went to see *that* girl—oh, we mean the one your

mother and father are so fond of—and you sat with her in the moonlight, and heard the waterfalls in the distance, and the sweet sound of her voice from somewhere near your heart. Ah! you thought. Your life should be devoted to the creation of masterly poems which should be dedicated to—your father and mother? No, what was better; to the girl your mother and father were so fond of.

But seriously: There are stumps which block the way of the college writer, and one of these stumps is the exchange editor. This should not be the case. The duty of the exchange editor is to encourage the writing of *good* literature, and never to discourage one in the attempt. The author and the critic should thoroughly understand each other if possible, and never, *never*, should the critic attempt the dissection of a poem or story unless he is acquainted with the author's standpoint. No personal prejudices should influence the exchange editor's conception of an article, though one can hardly overthrow one's likes and dislikes in the judgment of literature. And even were all these "Should Nots" lived up to, the critic would necessarily be harsh upon occasions. But writers should remember that it is the purpose of the critic to assist, and the desired assistance can often be rendered by the most coercive measures. After you recover from the shock, the birds will sing as sweetly and the ink flow as freely as ever before.

Now, it is not our purpose to try to say how a poem or a story should be composed. Mr. Brander Mathews, Mr. Bliss Perry, and Mr. Poe, are a few who have given us invaluable instruction on some such subjects. But it is our object to say what we *believe* go to make up a good story or poem, and what go to make up a bad one. In the first place, avoid over-doing that thing called sentiment. Secondly, never try to create a "dime-novel" type of literature (?) and think you have given something valuable to the world. What many college writers need is to get the Jesse James' ideas out of their heads and open up the way for the knowledge of what literature really is, to enter in. Thirdly, Don't think because you have a rhyme at the end of each line that you have written a poem. Be sure that there is a soul to those rhymes, a something that seems to lift them

above the every day, prosaic life. And lastly, in prose as well as in poetry, avoid ushering your reader into a cavern of gloom from which there seems to be no escape. Never attempt to write over-morbid stories because you wish people to think your life a sad one, and maybe to overhear some fair maiden remark, "Poor fellow, he must suffer so, or else he would never think of such dreadful things."

In conclusion, we would say to the writer, be careful of what you inflict upon the public, and to the critic, be generous towards your victim's faults.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

F. W. Jones, Editor.

John Bunyan Hill, B. A., '09, M. A., '10, passed through Richmond a few days ago on his way to Chatham, Va., where he will teach this coming session.

E. L. Ackiss, B. A., '10, has been engaged in ministerial work this summer and will enter Louisville Theological Seminary this Fall.

R. R. Banner, B. A., '10, is principal of a school in West Virginia.

J. H. Beazley, B. A., '10, has accepted a position to teach in Danville Military Institute.

R. A. Brock, Jr., B. A., '10, is in the graduate Department of University of Virginia.

W. G. Coleman, B. A., '10, recently married Miss Edith Foley, of Berryville, Va.

Miss F. F. Coffee, G. W. Sadler, S. H. Ellyson and T. C. Durham, members of the 1910 class, are back for their M. A. degrees.

V. C. Frost, B. A., '10, we regret to say, is now in Colorado under treatment for tuberculosis.

J. F. Gulick, B. A., '10, is principal of a school in southwest Virginia.

T. C. Hutton, B. A., '10, has accepted a position of High School principal at Rockville, Va.

A. C. Sinton, Jr., B. A., '10, goes to the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University this session.

A. T. Ransone, Jr., B. A., '10, is teaching in Amherst County.

W. B. Sydnor, B. A., '10, is in business in Richmond with his father.

Miss Virginia Ware, B. A., '10, is a member of the faculty of Collegiate Institute, West Virginia.

R. C. Ancarrow, B. S., '10, has entered the Engineering Department of Cornell University.

L. M. N. Bazile, B. L., '10, is working in law office of Prof. Garnett.

W. R. D. Moncure, B. A., '09, and T. H. Smith, B. S., '10, are members of faculty of Fork Union Academy.

R. B. Wilson, B. L., '10, is practicing law in Richmond.

H. B. Jennings, B. A., '10, holds the principalship of a school at Keysville, Va.

NEWS NOTES.

Kappa Jeeta—Returns a large membership at the opening of college. President Leach announces a safety pin as the pledge button and promises to show this Campus the real thing in "Rushing." John Johnson won't divulge the meeting place this year or the office he holds. Kappa Jeeta is strictly a freshman society.

Repro Beta—The sophomore society of distinction returns with a strong organization and announces that its meetings will be held in President Boatwright's office as in the past. The faculty takes a strong interest in the affairs of this bunch, but handicapped them severely last year. The society is secret in nature and in membership, popular. It is only once in a while that its affairs leak out in the monthly convocations in Chapel. Meredith has resigned his office of High Attorney to play football.

Latest Styles—Rev. Cochran has declared himself against the Hobble Skirt (of interest to Co-Eds), while "Chink" has sent us "his" for endorsement of the Norfolk Jacket the coming season.

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It is to be earnestly hoped that the senior class will lose no time in getting busy on the Annual. Time is precious, and early organization is necessary for a successful Annual.

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Enrollment at Randolph-Macon has been reported as very light this year, while Hampden-Sidney, with nearly all of last year's team back, has the brightest football prospects in years.

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Watch Randolph-Macon get "their's" this year. It is a whole lot more honor and satisfaction for us to wipe up Randolph-Macon than it is for us to lose to a big team like Georgetown or V. P. I. Men, bear this in mind. The manager has.

Why has not Richmond College another publication devoted to student affairs and student interests? A Bi-Monthly or Weekly where many topics unsuited for a magazine devoted to literary aims, as the MESSENGER is, could be openly discussed. Where does one ever read of student politics, the German club, the fraternaties, the dramatic club, the glee club and various other organizations, except at the close of the session in the "Spider," which is controlled by the Senior class. There is plenty of talent for "La Idee nouvelle."

* * * * *

The Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies are scouring the Campus for members. "Rats" join. It can't do you harm, and may do you much good. You'll probably be more benefited by talking there than you will over the students' phone.

* * * * *

For a Campus that we are already preparing to leave, our "lot" has been given a good deal of attention during the past Summer. The trees, the grass, and the buildings all came in for their share. Then that new cement walk on Broad Street is a great blessing both to the village trotters and the temperance squad that patronizes Wright's. And even the Trolley Company has given us pay-as-you-enter cars. Rat Hobble-de-Hoy stood on the corner as one passed him and when he saw the sign "Car Full" he wanted to know of what. When told, he remarked, "That's a good idea; when *one* 'gets full' they ought to use a sign."

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Lots of the stoods will miss their old friends sub-junior Latin and introductory Math. With an entrance requirement of 14 units these classes have been abolished, some of the busters are going to hang on in the hope that they will abolish Junior Math., and thus rid them of that thorn in their sides.

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Doc. Thomas has been reported as saying that he didn't want any degree. All he wants is a position in Science Hall and freedom from Whiskers' dictatorship.

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