

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 37
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 37, No. 2

Article 1

11-1910

The Messenger, Vol. 37, No. 2

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



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

Recommended Citation

(1910) "The Messenger, Vol. 37, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 37 : No. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol37/iss2/1>

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

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGIAN.

W. J. DECKER, '11.....*President*
 S. W. SHELTON, '11....*Vice-President*
 T. C. DURHAM, '10.....*Secretary*
 P. E. HUBBELL, '11.....*Treasurer*

MU SIGMA RHO.

G. W. SADLER, '10.....*President*
 F. W. JONES, '11.....*Vice-President*
 J. S. LAWRENCE, '12.....*Secretary*
 Dr. F. B. HART, '13.....*Treasurer*

CHI EPSILON.

MISS MACON E. BARNES, '11.....*President*
 MISS MARY M. PERCIVAL, '12.....*Vice-President*
 MISS EUDORA W. RAMSAY, '11.....*Secretary*
 MISS VIRGINIA R. ROBERTSON, '11.....*Treasurer*

THE MESSENGER.

RUSSELL G. SMITH, 11.....*Editor*
 T. W. CROXTON, '11.....*Business Manager*
 DR. J. C. METCALF.....*Advisory Editor*

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PROF. W. P. DICKEY.....*President*
 W. H. POWELL, '11.....*Vice-President*
 A. O. LYNCH, '11.....*Secretary*
 G. V. McMANAWAY, '12.....*Treasurer*
 ROBT. N. POLLARD, '02.....*Graduate Manager*

FOOT BALL

W. L. O'FLAHERTY, '11.....*Manager*
 G. W. SADLER, '10.....*Captain*

BASE BALL

T. C. DURHAM, '10.....*Manager*
 R. W. GILL, '12.....*Captain*

TRACK TEAM.

F. W. CORLEY, '11.....*Manager*
 R. W. TAYLOR, '12.....*Captain*

Y. M. C. A.

O. A. LYNCH, '11.....*President*
 A. M. PADGETT, '12.....*Vice-President*
 J. E. WELSH, '12.....*Secretary*
 J. P. ESTES, '12.....*Treasurer*

Contents

AN ODE TO THE WINDS OF NOVEMBER (Poem).....	<i>S. H. Ellyson</i> ..	47
THE MORALS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.....	<i>H. W. Wilkins</i> ..	48
WHAT WOMAN LOVES (Story).....	<i>Frank Gaines</i> ..	52
MORN	<i>W. O. Hawkins</i> ..	55
SUMMER DREAMS AND AUTUMN VISIONS.....	<i>Ruth M. Thomasson</i> ..	56
TALBOTT (Story).....	<i>Eudora W. Ramsay</i> ..	60
SHELLEY'S IDEAS OF LIBERTY.....	<i>J. W. Decker</i> ..	67
THE WAY INTO THE HILLS (Poem).....	<i>Frank Gaines</i> ..	72
THE SPRAY (Story).....	<i>Pauline Pearce</i> ..	73
A PRAYER OF MEDIOCRITY.....	<i>Frank Gaines</i> ..	75
THE LOSER (Story).....	<i>A. O. S.</i> ..	76
RESOLUTIONS OF JUNIOR CLASS.....		80
RESOLUTIONS OF THE COLLEGE CLASS OF GRACE STREET S. S.....		81
EDITORIALS		82
CAMPUS NOTES	<i>Wm. Bailey</i> ..	86
ATHLETICS	<i>T. C. Durham</i> ..	88
EXCHANGES.....	<i>W. A. Simpson</i> ..	90
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.....	<i>G. H. Winfrey</i> ..	94
INSIDE CUTS.....	<i>W. J. Moll</i>	

THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 2

AN ODE TO THE WINDS OF NOVEMBER.

S. H. Ellyson, '10.

There is a mighty Presence abroad to-day,
And o'er the earth doth pass.
I hear the trailing of his glory on the tree tops
And o'er the rippling grass.
From 'far he cometh and with majestic sweep
Walketh adown over the grasses
And over the forests deep.
From far he roameth, he cometh with a sound
Of awful whisperings and sighings profound
Or as a noise of angel bands
On august missions bound.
And from his vestures there doth fall
A sweetness that pervadeth all.
Before his coming every tree
Or city bred or forest free
Doth bend its head in fealty.
And the mild maple blushes red
And trembles every leaf in dread
And trembling droppeth to her bed.
So passeth this mighty Presence o'er the earth,
Filling the air with incense and the heart with mirth.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

By H. W. Wilkins, '11.

THERE is a famous saying of Nietzsche's that "morality is the herd instinct in man." In any way we might look at it this may have a large amount of elemental truth in it, for it has now become a truism with us that morality is a social development. The varied forces of man's relations have combined in nearly every case to produce his morality.

Primitive man attributed all to nature; to the stars at night and the sun by day. But this became unsatisfactory to him, and after a long period of time he injected personality into nature as representing both the creative and the supreme force in existence. The early mind fancied that in every smiling flower there lived a fairy; that in the dark woods there roamed nymphs with powers inscrutable; that on the silent, green rivers the spirits played their little jokes on mankind, and that the sun was, after all, a flaming chariot of the gods.

Hence the idea of personality crept in to explain the mystery of mysteries. The Greeks represent an advanced stage in this development. In Greece, with her Ionic heaven, her laughing sea, the crystal air through which her sons can lightly trip, there is to be gathered

"the inspiration and the poet's dream."

It was the sublime images that the scenes of Thessaly limned upon the canvas of the mind that elevated the Greeks to their artistic and moral place in progress. The light of Grecian intellect dazzled the eyes of the world, but her gods were only mighty men with the common passions and prejudices of man. The ambrosial locks of Zeus were a tremendous power in the formation of Grecian thought and the domination of Grecian customs. The god, or the elevated *individual* personality was there regarded as the moving moral force, but no longer do the gods thunder around the brow of Olympus, and long since have the whispering oaks of Dodona ceased their oracular messages

and man has emancipated himself from the crude fears of overruling man made gods and has learned to face the mighty facts of life as they are. We have come to learn, that whatever of the eternal there may be in our moral codes that the transient human element is, at least, the result of the creative forces inherent in human relations. We have come to learn that the social nature of man is not without its potential forces in the control of human conduct; that whatever of the divine and eternal spiritual there may be driving man onward, yet man himself sounds a voice, clear and sure, in human destiny. It is the sociality of man's nature that develops moral conventions, exacting ceremonies and certain irksome yet vital responsibilities.

Although Marcus Aurelius did not attribute quite this much to man, but more to the fate-like forces behind all, we must nevertheless give credit to Aurelius this far, that he placed man upon a higher pedestal of power than many had before conceived him to be. In this respect Aurelius was like Jesus Christ. Nothing is more striking about the teachings of Christ than "his belief in the powers and capacities of man." Now this faith in man was a large factor in developing our modern idea of morality. This belief certainly did not create the fact of the social nature of morality but was a noteworthy consideration in the discovery of the fact.

One of the central teachings of the Aurelian "Meditations" is a fate-like monism somewhat akin to the speculations of our modern materialistic German thinkers. But Aurelius never forgot the spiritual forces in the material, for everywhere he realized, though somewhat vaguely, the spiritual significance of the great material universe. In fact, the universe seemed to exist for him only to show how surely the spiritual was a certainty. We cannot accuse him of crass materialism, for in one step he mounted the heights of Idealism and stood serenely in the clear light of man's ascendancy and power. In this he is happily akin to dear old Emerson and the dyspeptic though brilliant Carlyle. This kind of thinking comes as a relief in our age of pure (?) materialism. Yea, even in this day of inventions, gigantic machines, colossal industries, and scientific

curiosity, we may seek the cool shades of some quiet grove and ponder with Aurelius on the spirituality of it all.

The pure and spiritual philosophy of the gentle and generous Roman is a blazing torch in the dark of the night, a soothing zephyr in the heat of the day. We are growing tired of Schopenhauer's dark pessimism, and Nietzsche's mad laugh at man, and the embittered cynicism of our moonshine philosophers. We crave the

"wild joys of living"

about which Browning sang so sweetly, and drink in the merry laughter of Tennyson's dreams. The Aurelian system is, in spirit, the philosophy of eternal optimism. And this immortalizes it, for optimism is life's only artistic and enduring quality. Aurelius knew no defeat, understood no failure and

"the eternal note of sadness"

was for him a stoic contentedness.

When one thinks of Aurelius, he thinks also of stoicism. That remarkable and brilliant school of Grecian stoics led by Zeno, is an everlasting tribute to Grecian thought, and, may we say it—to Grecian life. Too often, when life's engrossing drama is flooded with pleasure we are inclined to say with a superb air of indifference "Oh well! they were nothing but a crowd of long-faced pagan monks." They were *not* monks. They did not flee from life and its sorrows, but like Nietzsche's "Superman" laughed pain out of doors. What seemed melancholy was in reality defiance, despondency a brave content.

From his childhood, Aurelius was imbued with the stoic principles of Epictetus. All of his preceptors from his father to Rusticus were tinged with stoical ideas. Stoicism was the fashion of the day, but only in theory. What endears Aurelius to us is his faithful practice of his theories. He was not content to lounge idly with slaves on every side; to philosophize about the invisible ruler of the universe; to speculate on the soul's immortality and to dream on a future order of society as Plato had done, but like a true man lived his philosophy even to the smallest detail.

The stoicism of Aurelius grew out of his fatalistic belief in

the absolute supremacy of universal laws and the necessity of our obedience to them. He even goes on one step farther and aligns himself with the practical monists. His faith in the common nature of matter smacks of Haekal's theories. Aurelius here anticipated no modern ideas. Yet this is not strange since the Greeks hinted at evolution and Lucretius had vaguely outlined it before Darwin was born. All theories, true or untrue, have an historical development, which like the evolutionary and monistic ideas is somewhat remarkable.

Obedience to what Aurelius conceived to be natural laws is what Aurelius attempted to live. Unambitious, and without a tinge of sordid greed he has endeared himself to the world forever. Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus were his companions. With them he meditated on life's greatest themes. The vast enigmas of existence were sisters to his far-reaching sympathies. He was capable of virtue as well as fancy; of goodness as well as thought and of bravery as well as sympathy. He was one of earth's rarest jewels.

"A soul of fire"

with truth is God's noblest work, and Marcus Aureilus indeed was one of them.

WHAT WOMAN LOVES.

By Frank Gaines, '12.

THERE were a number of men gathered in the drawing room of the home. And the little four-year-old boy, who lived there was also in the room.

"Son," said the father, "run over the hall to the study and bring my box of cigars."

"Daddy, I scared."

"Of what?"

"Daddy, I 'fraid of the dark."

"Nonsense. You can press the button and the light will come on."

"Don't make him go," remonstrated one of the men.

"What! have my boy a coward, sir? Go on, son."

The little chap crossed the hall, opened the door, and pressed the button, flooding the room with light. And then there was a terrific scream. When they reached the room, the child was unconscious on the floor. A window was up, and as one of the men rushed to it and looked out, he saw, stealing across the yard, the dark outline of a man. * * * * *

It was a unique little reception, this informal party just after the opening of college—his senior year. The invitations read:

"Come and let's be children together. You will find children in short pants and short dresses, and children in long pants and long dresses. But all will be children."

And because he wore long pants—though he was a child—he was particularly interested in a girl who wore long dresses—though she also was a child. Quite natural, you know.

Eventually they were in the dim conservatory, alone.

"We are children again tonight, and you are a kind of a poet, they say and will not tell me a fairy tale?"

And he began:

"Once there was a little fairy queen—all in lace with silver spangles and silver slippers and silken silver stockings, beautiful beyond description. At the same time, there was an old common

boy who dwelt in a darkened cavern where he had to study and sit before hard masters all day. But the little queen sailed past the old common boy one day, on her chariot of golden spider web, and the air seemed enchanted. Yet dazzled as he was, the old common boy knew that he loved her.

Bye and bye, he came to kiss her—like this.

But the queen did not love the old common boy. She let him hug her—like this—solely because the thrill of surrendering into the arms of strength was delicious. No, she didn't love the old common boy, because he was awkward and clumsy, and one day she hated him because he was a coward."

"Oh, but the queen did love the boy and the day never came when she hated him for he was *not* a coward."

* * *

It was the annual championship game. The score was 5-0 in his favor and 'twas near the end of the last quarter. Two downs were charged to the opposing side, the line was holding splendidly and he was playing back for a kick. But by a beautiful fake, the fullback brought the ball around the end, and eluding all tacklers, came straight toward the boy. A tremendous man, strong and speedy, he looked like a charging lion.

And the boy was so weak and slender.

The touchdown being made, a goal was kicked just as the whistle blew, and the score was 6-5 against the boy's college. But he was out, in the middle of the field, prone on his stomach, sobbing violently

"Why the devil didn't you tackle that man," demanded the captain, "and what are you crying about?"

"Oh, I couldn't—I just couldn't. I was afraid and I'm crying because I am afraid."

That night he went to see her. She came in the parlor for a few brief minutes. And she told him:

"If a man be utterly worthless and of no ability, the girl who loves him will follow him to the ends of the earth to hail him lord; if the whiteness of his soul be stained crimson with that gorgeous red, which some call sin, yet will the blood-like colorings fascinate her and she but loves him the more. But a coward—"

Then she went back to her father.

"Funny thing," he was remarking "that yellow streak of that boy today. I was at his father's house one night when he was a little fellow, and he was scared into unconsciousness by a burglar. Guess he felt that way today. It's the fault of a highly strung temperament. He never will get over it. Doctors now-a-days call it neuremia."

The little queen, however, was toying with a college pennant which hung over the mantel, and talking to herself.

"He spoke of surrender into the arms of strength. Oh—I would have tackled that fellow myself."

The old gentleman noticed her not.

"Yes, it's a strange affliction, so to speak," he concluded, folding up his newspaper.

MORN.

W. V. Hawkins, '14.

A rosebud tinted with the dawn
Smiles from a film of misty dew;
The grass along the shady lawn
Lifts towards the sky of lazy blue.

The south-wind breathes among the leaves,
They quake in waves of mellow light;
The song-birds sing among the trees,
Exulting at departing night.

The sky now streaks with morning's gray,
A purple mist is hovering o'er;
And fading dim at coming day,
It sinks a vapor to the shore.

The shades of night now fade again,
The king of golden day is born;
And teeming life on hill and plain
Foretells the birth of waking morn.

Now bursts a flood of golden light,
As forth it comes in streaming file;
It shames the face of somber night,
And woos the fairy morn to smile.

SUMMER DREAMS AND AUTUMN VISIONS.

Ruth McGruder Thomason, '11.

THE word "summer" connotes a lull in the relentless warfare of life, and by the very magic spell of its sound brings a flood of memories of more or less care-free days, of fun and laughter, of house-parties, if you will, of jolly hay-rides, of picnics in the woods, of tramps over the mountains, of flickering camp-fires and fire-flies, of beach-parties beside the infinite waves of God's ocean, but overshadowing all else, memories of country peace and quiet—"an everlasting wash of air"—and of the starry sky, "so far and so blue." Our experiences, yes, have been varied in this past summer-land, but to all of us have come dreams, for summer, I take it, was given for dreams.

One night you remember most of all out on the porch of Aunt Mary's country home. There were no mountains around, 'twas true, to tower up among the clouds and lose their crests, but in front of the house, and stretching out on all sides in a vast semi-circle, was an almost unbroken expanse of field, at the outskirts of which a picturesquely jagged girdle of dark, mysterious-looking woods shut in, as it were, your little world from all external turmoil. The night was clear, and a stiff breeze was wafting to your ear the subdued, soothing sough and sway of those pines—

"A sigh of things that seek a vaster morn,
And find it not, and die."

You and Aunt Mary's family and one or two of the neighbors had been out there on the grass in the front yard since twilight, talking and singing soft old melodies, "Juanita," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," and "Annie Laurie." The spell of night and music was on your soul, and now that the others had left or gone in the house, you had dropped down on the porch steps for a few moments, elbow on knee and chin in hand, to gaze and to dream.

A big copper moon was just above the trees in front of you, irradiating soft, transforming rays, and it seemed to you that never before had there been so many stars out, or such a white, milky way. From across the road in the distance came the half-articulate, yet perfectly rhythmic chant of a gathering of negroes. You could hear the regular pat of their feet on the cabin floor as they kept time, and once or twice a loud guffaw of laughter broke the quiet. The moonlight revealed an old cow standing down in the corner of the field, and once a bat flew by. But your gaze was on that "inverted bowl" full of stars shining all for you.

What were you thinking about? You weren't thinking at all, to tell the truth; you were too lazy, too much like the summer night for that; you were simply dreaming. Last winter at school you often felt yourself the most burdened, troubled, and and misunderstood girl on earth, but somehow this summer you felt at ease and free from responsibility. You had had a good time; your friends around Aunt Mary's had done everything for your pleasure; and that very afternoon, too, you had a letter from mother, and one from Ann, your faithful old school crony; they hadn't forgotten you. From way down in your heart there crept up a little longing and homesickness. You wondered why the world was so beautiful—your summer-night world—why God and people and things had been so good to you, and you were wondering in a dreamy, nondescript fashion what you would ever do in those untrodden years before you; whether you could ever mean as much to others as some had meant to you. You longed to do so—in your heart you did; but oh! well, you felt hardly equal to plans and resolutions then; you had one more month of freedom, and felt allowed to be lazy. There! somebody was calling you, anyway, and you had to say good-night to the stars.

The next morning you had well-nigh forgotten your star dreams, and your purpose in life to get as much fun as possible out of that day.

Such were your summer dreams, rambling, lazy, memory-laden, and flecked here and there with high aspirations. A month later, however, what a difference there was in your

feelings! 'Twas the solemn autumn time and you were getting ready to go back home—back from idleness to college work.

One bright, sunny afternoon you were taking your farewell walk through the woods—the fall woods. You stepped along briskly over the little path on a carpet of dead leaves and pine tags, snapping twigs as you went. The trees had all put on their bright hectic and yellow robes, the “robes of the season of sacrifice”; dying leaves were fluttering down around you; and the woods were full of sounds. There was a soft thud, and one or two hickory-nuts had fallen almost on your head, and just before you a little squirrel scampered past, carrying a beech-nut to his long winter's home. The sunshine didn't look like it did last month—it had a kind of sad, farewell glimmer to it; the checkered, shifting shadows looked a little ghostly, and there was a grayish-blue haze way off there along the horizon. All nature, in short, had about her an undertone of sadness, but withal, it seemed to your fancy, a spirit of perfect willingness to be spent.

As you walked along with head and shoulders back before the cool, bracing atmosphere, were you grieving that your summer dream-days were over? No; you were not. Something in the air was calling you, and you were really eager to enter the fray. Life *was* short, after all, and you had so little done, so much to do. You were a girl of the great present, of the twentieth century, with the achievements and culture of the ages as your heritage—yours to seize if you would—and the future was yours to determine; you *could* not shirk responsibility. Somewhere deep in your soul you had a feeling that nothing was little; that every deed, every thought, every rapture, and every heartache had its effect “some day—far off,” and left its impress on the future you. You began to make noble plans and high resolves for the coming year. You told yourself how easy it would be to make a fresh start, to push forward, to do or die. Yes; this year everything should be done in its proper time, you wouldn't neglect college duties, or your friends, or your loved ones in the King's Treasury. Your year should be full to the brim, and at its close you would be able to look back and see that you had grown. Oh! it seemed easy then, and life's

battle seemed gloriously inviting and alluring just on the edge of the field; you almost longed for the signal to rush in and prove your soul.

On that summer night you dreamed dreams; but on this autumn afternoon you saw visions—wondrous visions. Dreams and visions only, to be sure, and in the broad, after daylight you're half ashamed of them all; but they're there, and always will be there, an inseparable part of you.

“I know the joy of resting
In peace on soft green grass
Watching the blue above me,
And summer clouds that pass;
Or quiet in the starlight
Where soft waves murmuring keep;
The loon his mate is calling—
Content, I sink to sleep.”

“‘Neath sk'es of June my heart was gay.
I wandered far and free;
Life's purpose to make holiday
Where blossoms deck the lea.
But there's a call in frost-filled air,
And Duty's voice is clear.
I onward go to do and dare
When autumn-time is here.”

TALBOTT.

Eudora W. Ramsay, '11.

THE bell rang at last and each occupant of the stiff back benches suppressed a sigh of relief and each weary little face brightened as the books disappeared into the home-woven satchels. The line filed out in sedate order; but a piercing warwhoop threatened to deafen Miss Mary as she lowered the windows, propped them firmly and locked the schoolhouse door. Another day over, she thought, and did not suppress *her* sigh.

Far down the road ran Jim, closely followed by the others, cheering, singing, gloriously unconscious of the dust and heat. Talbott and Oscar, however, had lingered behind, and Miss Mary could hear their shrill voices mingling almost incoherently.

"I'm agoin' ter bide home termorry an' plow," said Oscar. "We ain' dona layin' by yit."

"Ye ain'," said Talbott with disgust. "We aire. I widn't a' started if I'd a not done my work. I kin hoe an' I done hit."

"Hm, ye ain' come yistiddy 'til time o' dinner. What wuz ye a doin?' Bin a-goin' ter a corn shuckin' in July? Protracts ain' a-startin' yit?"

"That haint got naire a thing ter do wi' it. I hain' a-goin' ter stay no more an' ye aire. An', Oscar Tramel, if ye low I aire uz big a fool uz not ter know that folks don' shuck no corn agin' Octoby, ye're wun yersel'. I know I hain' no fool an', if I haint, ye aire."

Miss Mary noticed the clouds that were gathering fast, *saw* the lightning and *foresaw* thunder. Her old weapon was at hand and looking at the boys she said quietly:

"Talbott, I fear I detect a fallacy in your syllogism."

The boy looked down for a moment, abashed, and Miss Mary was mentally noting another triumph of diplomacy when the child looked up and said confidentially:

"Here, ye don' know but what I kin in your'n, too."

It was Miss Mary's turn to look down, but she smiled as the child ran down the red road, dinner pail and book satchel

dangling and clashing. He was not in a very pleasant frame of mind and it occurred to him that the speediest revenge might be accomplished by stirring up the nearest yellow-jacket nest. His mind was centered on Oscar and he completely forgot that Miss Mary would pass the same spot. He *poked* a stick into the nest and was off again.

"Wal, I low, Miss Mary," said Oscar as the two came nearer the yellow-jackets. "Ef Talbott Slater ain' done stirred up them thar things! I low if we run fast we kin git by!"

"Run, then, Oscar, I'm not afraid and besides I can raise my umbrella. Heavens! Help! I can't get it up, and there are a million of them. Oh, Lord!"

But Oscar, uninjured, had gained the cross-road and stood grinning insanely.

"Tell Talbott Slater! Tell Talbott Slater!! Tell him I'll wear him out tomorrow!"

"Yes'm, that I will," said Oscar, eager to bear the news to the culprit.

Miss Mary had never encountered yellow jackets before and now she nursed very carefully two burning arms. Quo Belle Newton told at school the next morning that she had passed the Brick House and, lowering her voice, said in an awed whisper:

"An' the teacher wuz a-setten' on the steps a-cryin', jes' a-cryin'."

Miss Mary's arms did not ache the next day under Miss Mary's plaster of tomato juice and soda. Hence Talbott was not called to account. He looked "sheepish," however, and at noon, after the others had filed out, stood very still, dinner pail in hand and eyes glued to the tips of his big toe.

"I be powerful sorry, that I be," he mumbled. "Hit wuz uncommon dirty an' I had otter not. But I forgot ye wuz a comin'. I low I did, Miss Mary. Be they a hurtin' ye, be they?"

One of the injured arms passed around the boy's waist and drew him closer. The little head dropped on the girl's shoulder, the golden curls brushing her cheek.

"That's all right, boy, I'm glad they stung me. You see its this way—I never was stung before—that is, by yellow jackets—

and it isn't a bit of fun to hear people tell of experiences you know nothing about. So stop crying and share my jelly. It's grape today, and here's a piece of white cake Miss Macy let me make on my birthday. Say it's good or I'll be hurt. And don't let me hear you cough again, boy. You make me feel that you're sick."

"Ye're powerful good ter me, Miss Mary," said the child, his thin, tear-stained face beaming. And the girl, though somewhat inexperienced, knew that she would not suffer again from the yellow-jacket out on the roadside.

The summer days wore on, and Miss Mary saw more and more of Talbott. He became her willing slave, fetched her bottle of buttermilk from the spring, ate lunch by her side, fought the others for her hand in the ring games, but always avoided the mention of yellow-jackets.

One day after the children had waved their good-bye and taken the cross-road, Talbott waited, standing awkwardly on one foot and at the same time twisting his finger through the dangling suspender.

"Miss Mary, Pa—ye knows—ye knows Pa, my Pa—him and Ma, they lows none o' usuns kin go ter Ann' Macy's, an' I wisht I could!"

"Why won't they let you, dear?"

He hesitated a moment and stirred a red puddle with his toe.

"Hit hain't nothin' much. But Pa and Ma, they don' like they'uns, an' they thinks they'uns is a-tryin' ter git usuns away. An' they hain't! An' Ann' Macy and Ann' Koie an' them aire good an' I wisht I could a went ter see 'um.

Miss Mary had heard of the trouble and knew it to be groundless prejudice on the part of the Slaters, but she was not sure that she could reply, so patting the boy's curls, she hurried home to talk it over with Miss Perneacy.

The old lady stood in her garden, sunbonnet thrown back and chin resting on the hoe handle. Her grey-blue eyes beamed a welcome, and she called cheerfully:

"My school-chap gittin' home two hours by sun. I lowed ye'd not ketch me a-hoeing whan I wuz jes' a stan'in' here a-studyin' 'bout them figs I wuz a-goin' ter git agin ye come, and

me still a stan'in'—La, la! I 'most fergot. Thar wuz no terbaccie ter hoe and Vic and Koie's layin' by corn ter day, so I jes' stept down ter git ye yer mail. Thars a whole chance o'it on the table."

"How perfectly lovely! And you walked two miles for my mail! There never was anyone like you Miss Macy—never."

The old woman smiled and her face fairly glowed with an inward light. When Miss Macy loved, she loved blindly, and, realizing the fact, loved on, blinding herself more and more and glorying in her infirmity. She loved Mary Randolph because the girl brought back to her visions and ambitions smothered before they had matured. No one in the mountains exactly understood Miss Macy. They censured her for not being a church member and refusing to enter into their emotional revivals; they thought her fancy for the old-fashioned garden childish and the time spent there wasted; they considered her early desire for an education and her love for books absurd. But to Mary Randolph the whole story might be poured out daily and the girl would listen, agree and sympathize. In fact, Mary had said that church members were not superior to other people, and religion ought not to be emotional display. All this, Miss Macy had thought, but never dared frame in words. So when Mary suggested that they have a chat on the steps, Miss Macy dropped her hoe immediately.

"I wanted to talk to you about Talbott," the girl began. "His cough gets no better and the child grows thinner every day. Something must be done. I spoke to Mr. Slater, but he thinks I am an alarmist; says Talbott never complains and has a good appetite. Today the little fellow spoke of you and—"

"Why, la! la! He's a-comin' i' the gate. Hit's been a good two year sence a Slater's put his foot in the Green girls' yard, an' his ma, a Green too!—But then—. Come in, Talbott, an' set ye down."

"Miss Mary, I wuz fer a-goin' home but I hain' able—fer ter go naire a step further, not naire'un. Hit's my head, my head!"

The little fellow dropped down on the step below Miss Mary and his head rested against the girl's knee. She ran her fingers

through his curls and the lids closed heavily over the big brown eyes, until the dark lashes swept his cheeks.

"He's a right smart bad off," said Miss Macy, troubled. "I hain' got naire a thing ter gie him. Thars some camphor ter rub on his head and thars wich-hazel an' penny-royal tea Vic's done dried. Hit'll not do no smarto'good, but hit might make him a little pearter."

A cool breeze from the falls blew through the garden, softly rustling the low bushes. The fragrance of lilies and autumn roses drifted towards the house. Miss Mary gathered the child into her arms, and as she did so, his curls caught some slant rays of the late sun.

"Talbot, did you know that you are a very pretty boy?"

"No'm," he confessed, "but I knows my speech fer Friday. Thar hain' naire a word I don' know an' I kin say it loud now, Miss Mary—a right smart louder'n I did yistiddy."

"That's good! Now here's your tea. What kind, Miss Macy? Witch-hazel? I know for a fact, Talbot, that this tea will cure any ailment. Miss Macy has experimented with me straight down the list. Now I'll hitch up and take you home."

"What will Pa and Ma think?" the child murmured. But Miss Mary had rounded the corner and did not hear.

When the wagon had made the perilous descent from gate to ragged clay road, the boy looked timidly into Miss Mary's face.

"Hit's powerful nice at the station," he said. "We 'uns has to sleep all in one room and you 'uns has a upstairs. I wisht they'd make up an' I could come agin."

"I'll speak to Pa and *make* him let you."

"Ye're powerful good ter me, Miss Mary, an' I aire a-goin' ter say my speech good o' Friday," he said and, nestling closer, fell asleep.

The next few days were busy ones at school, for the children and parents had set their hearts upon a glorious *last day*. Of course Miss Mary would treat. They felt confident of that, else they would have threatened her with a "*last day* lookout," the fate of "stingy schoolmarmes what ain't got naire 'nough

manners ter set urn up ter a chance o' candy or' sweet crackies." But, before the treat, came songs, dialogues, speeches, and as a taking finale they were to blend voices in "God be with you till we meet again." It seemed that Talbott could not be present. The nine older and one younger Slaters reported each day that he was no better, and each day Miss Mary grew sadder and her eyes wandered more and more often to the vacant seat on the bench before her.

"He won't be able to come," she would say, "and he *does* want to say his piece!"

On the morning of the last day, Miss Mary started early, for the school-house had to be swept and the black-boards washed clean. At the cross-roads she met the Slaters, stiff, starched and immaculate. Joe and Lawrence wore new celluloid collars fastened by glaring brass buttons, neckties being considered superfluous. Joe's suspenders bespoke a recent trip to Kelley's store; and Lawrence's sore toe was only evident through the hole cut in father's shoes.

They were all happy and the little boy left at home, head buried in the patch-work quilt, they had entirely forgotten. But Miss Mary did not reflect their mood.

"Poor little Talbott," she said. "I know how he wants to be with us!"

The parents came. Mrs. Crenshaw left the baby with her mother, who was paralyzed but could still drone the hymns that cause a mountain child to cease proclaiming his woes. But all the others came arms full; even Mrs. Slater brought Hildegarde, leaving "her ole man ter kinder hang' roun' an' look after Talbott." She seemed to be in good spirits Miss Mary noted, for she narrated six times how "Elvirie Picklesimer had went to Philidelphie an' sent her the name o' Hildegarde fer the baby an' how a chile wi' sech a name shouldn't be naire a bit o' trouble."

There was never a more appreciative audience. The "Live Fat Turkey" song had three encores, "Old King Cole," too, and the girls had just finished their "New Scholar" dialogue, when Miss Mary rose and announced:

"The next on the program was a recitation by Talbott Slater but—"

"Here I be," he interrupted and, walking up to the platform, recited the poem without a mistake. Mrs. Slater was occupied with the peppermint stains on Hildegard's face and did not notice Talbott, but Miss Macy reached the child's side in time to catch him as he fell. To take him away from the crowd was her first thought and, as the nearest house was her home, she ran rapidly in that direction scarcely conscious of her burden.

All was very still at the old brick house when Miss Mary led the trembling mother up the garden path. and under the clinging vines on the porch trellis. Miss Tekoa stood by the bed clutching the camphor bottle while Miss Macy administered tea. Despair was stamped on both faces.

"Cas, Cas!" they sobbed. "He hain' a-breathin' naire a bit."

Miss Macy took her sister's hand and drew nearer the bedside.

"Ye aire come, an' ye hain' been sence Pa died—ye hain't."

The boy stirred and his brown eyes opened slowly.

"I said hit, I did, an' I hain' made naire a mistake—I—I tole ye I knowed hit, Ma," he called. "Ma come closter—an' Ann' Macy an' Ann' Koie."

The thin little fingers closed over the brown hands of the women. The child smiled faintly.

"I kin come agin now—Ma—I kin!"

Miss Mary bent over and touched her lips to the child's warm cheek.

"I—I hain' a-goin'—ter—ter—say naire another speech—'cause—'cause I be—so tired. That I be, Miss—Ma—ry," he whispered and lay very still.

The mother sobbing, fell into Miss Macy's arms. Perhaps the boy did not know that the desire of his heart had been realized—but perhaps he did!

SHELLEY'S IDEAS OF LIBERTY.

J. W. Decker, '11.

IN the study of Byron's ideals and character we have seen that the character of that poet coincided with and was developed by his early surroundings. This is by no means true of Shelley, who was born in the family of a wealthy, easy-going, and unprogressive English squire, and who, in boyhood and manhood, was as much unlike his environments as can possibly be imagined. His nature was utterly rebellious to all established customs and conventionalities, which he likens to "dragons" who feed upon "the torn human heart." We find him saying of his early school life, "Nothing that my tyrants knew or taught I cared to learn." He was always asking reasons and thought it necessary to get to the bottom of every proposition before accepting them as true. All his life he was an intense lover of freedom, and an intenser hater of intolerance; he could only be ruled by the law of love. Although emotional, erratic, impulsive, passionate, and impractical, still his ideals were high and ring true. Early in life we find him setting forth his purpose:

"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check."

He walked "forth to war among mankind" in his attempt to reform the world, and, even if he were ineffectual, we shall attempt to prove that his face was turned in the right direction.

Now a word as to Shelley's plans and ideals for proper government and true liberty as expressed by him, apart from his poetical writings. Here a surprise awaits the reader who is unacquainted with his prose works, and who imagines that Shelley was entirely fanciful and violent in his doctrines. In some aspects of the question his poetry and prose teachings are identical, in some widely different. He advocated full religious freedom when saying, "All religions are good which make men good." He counsels the Irish people to "be calm, mild, deliberate, patient"; to "think, talk and discuss," to "be free and

to be happy, but first be wise and good," to "cultivate habits of sobriety, regularity and thought." Not one of them can be said to be extreme, and these quoted are only a few from many such. We hear nothing of the uprising of the people, the fall of monarchs, and the Utopian conditions which are supposed to exist after revolution. His poetry may be revolutionary, but he writes to Hunt in discussing affairs in England, "The great thing to do is to hold the balance between popular impatience and tyrannical obstinacy; to inculcate with fervor both the right of resistance and the duty of forbearance." History has proved that this very doctrine has been the salvation of England for the past three quarters of a century.

Let us turn to Shelley's liberty as set forth in his impersonal poetry. In this part of the study "Prometheus Unbound" will claim the most of our attention. In this drama we are given the process by which men pass from slavery to freedom, and by which they may retain that freedom after it has been attained.

We discover the soul of man in absolute slavery as far his body is concerned. This fate has come upon him by reason of the fact that he is sympathetic and has a spirit which is generous and responsive to the needs of others. He does not feel any remorse, he does not feel that he has committed any real wrong, but has simply "checked * * * * the falsehood and the force of him who reigns supreme, and with the groans of pining slaves fills your dim glens, and liquid wildernesses." This tyrant rules, not by any inherent right, but because he is strong, and has been reinforced in his office by time and custom. He is the author of "terror, madness, crime, remorse," which drag man "toward the pit." His reign is the reign of "the curse on gestures proud and cold, and looks of firm defiance and calm hate," and of "Crime which sits enthroned." His ministers, the Furies, tell us what their duty is under their master:

"We are the ministers of pain and fear,
And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue
Thro' wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,
When the great king betrays them to our will."

When such is the case even men themselves "live among their suffering fellow-men, as if none felt." If reform is attempted, "those who do indure keep wrong for man, and scorn, and chains, but heap thousandfold torment on themselves and him." Such is the terrible picture which Shelley has drawn of tyranny as he understood it upon the earth, for this can be nothing but a reflection of things earthly. With such a conception in his mind, is it strange that his remedy may seem extreme, and that his fancy runs wild when he attempts to picture complete liberty?

Before proceeding to the discussion of the remedy, let us note his definition of slavery and liberty.

Shelley says "All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil," and "All things are subject but eternal Love."

The poet believes that the only relief is to be found in complete Revolution, like a "mighty darkness, filling the seat of power." The crash comes with all the violence of the French Revolution, the tyrant is cast from his throne and henceforth he and Revolution "dwell together in darkness." The conqueror of kings is himself overcome by hate, and the people track "their path no more by blood and groans, and desolation, and the mingled voice of slavery and command" and "man grows wise and kind." The governor and government of the whole of the earth is completely destroyed for eternity. In this the attitude of the poet is ultra-revolutionary. In depicting the state of things which follow he is even more extreme and violent.

After the deliverance Shelley thinks that man will be "sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless, exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king over himself; just gentle, wise; but man passionless." All crime will disappear, man will have no religion, no ties, no government will be necessary, "love which makes all it gazes upon Paradise" will be universal and supreme. All nature will be in harmony with man, and man with nature. Such are the heights to which the poet has allowed his fancy to take him. He has painted for us a veritable Paradise.

The question now arises in the mind of the reader, why the

great difference between the doctrines taught in Shelley's poetry and those of his prose? It may be that the explanation of Shelley's revolutionary spirit, in the French sense of the word, as shown in "Prometheus" is to be found in the following quotation from "Julian and Maddalo":

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Shelley had gone forth in the world with the hopes and exuberance of youth, and disappointments had overtaken him. He had seen one after another of his cherished plans thrown aside. He himself had suffered from moral intolerance and family troubles. Now in the above quotation he shows that poetry is the spontaneous cry from a man's heart and soul against what he has suffered, and in this there is a means of reconciliation of Shelley's poetry with his prose. His teaching in much of his song, founded only on what he has learned in bitterness and suffering, has the tinge of the French Revolution on it, while his teaching in his prose is the result of more impartial thinking. He finds from practical experience, as shown in *Alastor*, which I have said before is a personal poem, that there is no relief or peace in this world of woes, so in the last act of "Prometheus," in the spontaneous outbreak and yearning of his heart, he gets relief by picturing a fanciful state of things. In prose he controls his feelings and remains closer to the earth, seeming to recognize that the ideal state of things is unattainable. His poetry is theory, his prose is practice.

Another thought. Shelley's poetry was written in a period of personal struggle and sometimes gloom, in a period between the golden age of youth and the mellow, riper thought of old age, or rather, middle age. Poetry written in the midst of hopeless strife is never very conservative. But, one may object, his early life was also a time of strife and unrest. The strivings and efforts of youth are full of hope for the victory, but in early manhood the truth is forced upon us, that the world cannot be reformed in a day, and to some temperaments this revelation brings desperation and despair. Shelley himself says, "Such

once I sought in vain, then black despair, the shadow of a starless night was thrown over the world in which I moved alone." Who is able to judge a man by the results of this period? In his last letter the poet wrote, "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess that it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." He sees that in some of his plans he has aimed too high for the flesh. Who can tell to what heights of solid and riper thought this man might have attained, had he reached the age of forty?

THE WAY UNTO THE HILLS.

Frank Gaines, '12.

I.

Once, in the springtime, when the morning sun was bright
Barefoot, I reached the cross roads through the dew
Before me stretched four trails into the blue.
Adown the one there called a fairy breeze and light
And so the long hours through I built my childhood's house of play
Beside the road that westward leads, unto the hills away.

II.

In life's hot summer-time, weak on the strand of fear
While watching bubbles die—the sweet and fair
Far off and faint, the storm-swept sultry air
Recessional from wastrel-lands of souls did bear—
Forgetfulness was sweetest here, in the Vale of Soul's Delay
Upon the road that westward leads, into the hills away.

III.

And now the autumn skies are clouding with the haze
And murmurings of night whisper aloft
And I, who trod that happy way so oft,
Shall tread it never more—all through the coming days;
But in the winter's fog I'll seek the dreams of yesterday
Along the road that westward leads—into the hills away.

THE SPRAY.

Pauline Pearce, '11.

WAVE after wave beat itself to death upon the shore. Each one sighed as it thus gave itself to eternity. The man standing before them sighed too. He was a-weary of life with its storms and passions. The waves glittered in the cold light of the stars and shuddered as the wind swept them. It was no time to be at the seashore, for the cold of November was over the land. The winds swept the coast with a hollow moan, as though lamenting the destruction they had wrought in their mad fury at sea. Their chill crept into the soul of the man as he watched them.

The winds gradually rose until the breakers upon a reef about a mile and a half distant seemed to touch the very heavens. Forgetful of everything but the overwhelming beauty of it, he stood as though entranced. For the first time he had succeeded in fleeing his own thoughts. Tall and strong and beautiful he was, with grey-sea eyes, eyes of depth and truth, eyes that a woman would trust. He was tall and straight, a typical American. But for the last few months the corners of his eyes had been drawn, and the lips had but seldom smiled. Those who knew him best could have told you that those eyes could flash dangerously, and that his hand was strong to do what the impulsive brain dictated.

The elements seemed to have woven a spell about him as he stood thus by the seaside. The billows rolled over the reef, then came toward him shaking their plumed tops. Each one seemed ridden by some elfin creature. He shook himself to be sure that he was not dreaming, for the plume-like crests of the waves continued to advance after the waves had receded.

At that moment the moon rose, glorious, brilliant, argent. By its wondrous light he saw that each feathery whiteness at his feet was in the shape of a miniature man. Their clothing was of elfin cut. In a moment they had made about him an elfin circle and were dancing gleefully.

But he gave them only a passing glance, and his eyes went back to the distant breakers. As he looked one spray detached itself from the others, and came floating toward him borne in the arms of the wind. In a moment it was a woman who stood before him, one fairly beautiful as the untouched snow of the far Northland at dawn.

With the quick grace of the South he knelt before her. Her voice came to him like a silver chime, now all sad, now all joyous,

"At thy birth a fairy stood godmother, oh, blessed among men. As a boy thou didst play in the meadows or by the sea with beautiful, innocent spirit. In thy youth thou wert untarnished, and in thy manhood truly blest; until—until—" her voice broke. "Oh, beautiful one," she continued, "thou hast sinned against those that blest thee, and thou must suffer; but I have come tonight to tell thee that he who truly loves is truly blest, and though in the greatness of thy nature thou hast sinned greatly, yet also in thy strength thou hast been mighty for the right. Leave then this brooding solitude. Go back to the world of men, and if thou art strong for the good, thou shalt yet reap the blessing which the fairies have said shall be thine. Oh, beautiful one, invoke not a higher power, bring not sorrow to the fairies."

Even as the man knelt, the mist-like figure floated back over the waves to the reef. In a moment the elves had mounted the waves and vanished. As they did so, they laughed mockingly, but withal kindly.

The man stood upright, forgetful now of all the shame, the sorrow, and the defeat. The grey-blue eyes were strong and steady. The wearied look had vanished.

"Queen of Fairies," he reverently said, "I will not disappoint you."

He walked swiftly back to the almost deserted hotel.

"Wake me for the early train," he called to the porter, "and I want some breakfast before I go. Let's settle my bill, friend," he said to the clerk, "for the breakfast too."

In fifteen minutes he was fast asleep, sleeping the deep,

dreamless sleep of one from whom a mighty burden has been taken.

“Great Father,” he had whispered, while his dreams were on the way to fairy-land, “let the Fairies’ will be Thy will also, because Thy son is very tired,” and in a moment he was sleeping like a tired boy.

A PRAYER OF MEDIOCRITY.

Frank Gaines, '12.

I'd be not of those spirits rare
That in some higher, freer air
Forever keep their paths above
Unconscious all of lowly strife—
Not I. For genius feeds on love,
On honest, earthy, mortal love
And love is life.

II.

I would not be a perfect one.
Perfection means the fighting done.
But still I'd strive and still fall back,
And still I'd feel upon my brow
Chills of defeat which sweep this track,
This lone, unceasing, goalless track we follow now.

III.

Not more of God but more of man.
Just to outstretch the weakling's hand
To these who daily pass me by,
Who see a bit and then go blind;
Seeing, then blinded—even as I.
Oh keep my heart attuned to th' cry,
The vast and vacant, voiceless cry of all mankind.

THE LOSER.

A. O. S.

THE man reeled, caught himself, reeled again, and fell with a heavy thud to the pavement. A gust of wind blew down the dimly lighted street, driving forward the rain in great sheets. From somewhere in the distance came the dull tones of a bell striking midnight. The man clawed at the slippery cement in a vain attempt to rise. Then he cursed himself and the world and God—cursed like a fiend.

For a time he lay there in the dirt muttering and struggling to rise; then he stopped and listened. Someone was coming down the street. The splash, splash of footsteps on the wet pavement drew nearer and a form loomed up dimly in the darkness. As the pedestrians drew nearer, the drunken man made a final effort to rise and succeeded. He staggered to his feet and drew back against the wall.

"Can I help you?" asked the pedestrian soothingly.

Then as he looked at the drunken man more closely, he drew back with a gasp of horror and disgust.

"God!—William?— at it *again*?" he stammered out in a voice which showed that for the moment he could not grasp the reality of what he saw before him.

"Come," he added more evenly, realizing suddenly the only course to pursue, "we will go home."

He laid his hand upon William's shoulder as he spoke and drew him gently along over the slippery pavement. But the drunken man was not so easily controlled. With an oath he shoved his friend from him.

"Go home?" he said in a high, nervous voice. "Why the devil must I go home? I don't want to hear their sermons. They'll kill me. *You* know they'll kill me. Damn it, John, I believe you want to see an old friend killed!"

The idea enraged him. He was in that unreasonable state of intoxication—a condition bordering closely on insanity—in which men imagine that every one is trying to harm them.

The idea that his friend was plotting against his life had taken root in his mind and nothing would change it. He became furious. His nervous system was keyed up to its highest pitch. He was a mad man. He turned upon his friend with an oath.

"Kill me would you?" he blurted out, his anger making it difficult for him to articulate. "Kill *me*?"

"Now look here, Weakling," said his friend not realizing his own danger and beginning to grow impatient, "I am trying to help you and—."

The sentence was never completed. With a snarl like an enraged beast, Weakling threw himself upon his friend.

"You liar," he screamed. "You damned, sneaking liar!"

He caught the man around the throat and though his victim begged for mercy, he choked him with the strength of a mad man—choked him until the man gave up his pitiful struggle, until respiration ceased, and his form drooped limp and helpless. He was dead.

The rain fell upon the cement with a gentle patter. Now and then a faint gust of wind blew down the street with a low, sad murmur. The dead man lay upon the pavement on his face, and Weakling stood over him breathing hard, his drunken anger gone and his sluggish brain just beginning to realize what he had done.

Murder! The thought sent a chill over his frame and he shuddered involuntarily. He was sober now. He had killed a man—a friend—in a drunken fit of anger. A great wave of hatred for himself and his weakness swept over him. It lasted but a moment, and then fear took possession of his soul. He was a murderer! He must flee. Where? He knew not, but he must get away. He looked down at the dead man and in a vague, sickening sort of way he was fascinated. Why not remain near his victim? The desire was senseless, but for the moment he almost gave way to it. Then he gave a shriek and took to his heels.

Down the dark street he fled at the top of his speed. A vague feeling that someone was close behind him impressed itself on his mind. Was it the police? No; for he would have

heard them. The dead man! The horror of the thought almost overcame him, but he stumbled on.

With a cry of terror he came suddenly to a stop. Someone was in front of him. In the darkness he could make out a pair of eyes looking at him.

"Why—what—who is it?" he gasped, not knowing what he said.

There was no reply and with a shudder the murderer again started forward.

"I must have been dreaming," he muttered to himself, "but I could have sworn—."

He looked up as he ran. There were the eyes! With a low cry he covered his face with his hands.

"O, God," he wailed, "I'm haunted."

Holding his hands over his face, he stumbled on. Twice he ran against a wall, but he still kept his hands before his eyes. Then suddenly he became aware of footsteps behind him. There was no mistaking the heavy splash, splash on the wet pavement. He was pursued. The police had been aroused.

With the realization of his own danger, the fear of the dead man left him. Self preservation was now his only thought. He uncovered his face and looked about him. A few feet away a gas lamp was burning dimly. By its feeble light he saw that he was on the wharf. The sight sent a chill of fear over him; for before him lay the river and behind him in the distance he could hear the footsteps of the policemen.

"Great God!" he moaned. "I'm lost—lost!"

Then suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. With a quickly indrawn breath he darted across the wharf to a pile of lumber. In a moment he had arranged the planks in the form of a shed and was crouching beneath them. Here for a time at any rate he was safe. Maybe the police would overlook him, and in the morning he would escape on one of the early steamers. His mind was not in a very analytical mood, and the thought contented him.

In the effort to save his own life, Weakling had forgotten the events of the night. Now they came back to him in all their horror. A vision of the dead man rose before him. He

could see the white, set face, the bulging eyes, and he heard again the rattle in the man's throat as he breathed his last. Then the reaction from the high, nervous tension began to set in, and self-pity asserted itself. After all was he so much to blame? Had he not fought against the desire ever since he first began to drink? Had nature been fair to him? Well, in the morning he would escape. The world was large, and he would try again. He would live down the past. In some other country he might reach the heights of fame. Yes, he would become rich. He would give to the poor and help the down-trodden. He wasn't so bad after all.

Then there came to him a thought which sent the blood to his face—mother! It would kill her. He had committed two murders that night and he realized it. Weakling buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

A feeling of irresistible drowsiness crept over him. He tried to fight it off but in vain. Nature demanded sleep. He stretched at full length upon his back, unconscious of the fact that he was drenched to the skin, and closed his eyes with a sigh of relief.

"In the morning—escape—tired—mother." Then he slept.

He was awakened by the sound of voices. He turned on his side and looked from beneath the lumber. The rain had ceased, and morning was just breaking. Some one was walking about the wharf. He listened and caught the words:

"He's around here all right."

Weakling crept to the edge of the lumber and cautiously looked out. On the wharf were a number of bluecoats. He drew back and for a moment sat perfectly still with bowed head. Then he came from under the lumber and rose to his full height. With a smile he turned to the astonished policemen.

"You're just in time, gentlemen," he said serenely. And before they could grasp the significance of his words, he rushed to the edge of the wharf and threw himself into the turbid waters of the river below.

With hearts full of sympathy for his family and a true sense of esteem for our departed friend, we, members of the Junior Class of Richmond College, humbly bow before the will of our heavenly Father in removing from us on August twenty-third our fellow classmate and companion, William Mack Wilkinson.

Therefore be it *Resolved*,

First, That we extend to his family and loved ones our heartfelt sympathy in this, their great bereavement.

Second, That in his death we have lost one of our most valued members, and each member of our class a devoted friend.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and a copy published in the Richmond College Messenger.

J. E. WELSH,
FRANK GAINES,
G. V. McMANAWAY,
W. H. DAVIS,

(Chairman of Committee).

On August 23rd, 1910, death claimed one we loved, one whose memory lives with us as a friend, a strong and courageous soldier in the struggle for truth and righteousness, a faithful student, a charming personality. William Mack Wilkinson, son of W. E. and Sallie Wilkinson, was born October 13th, 1888, in Chesterfield County, Virginia, where, after life's short but fitful fever, he sleeps well at the old homestead.

Mack was of Presbyterian descent, but was reared under Baptist faith, and until his death, his zeal for Christianity, his love for truth and his desire to assist his fellow man, never diminished. In the class-room, on the campus, in the Sunday school class, in the privacy of his own chamber, whether engaged in sports, in study, or in worship, those who came in contact with him recognized the clean spirit that was so early in life to be set free from its house of clay. All his fellow comrades loved him, but God also loved him and took him. The cause of truth has lost a faithful servant; his parents, a devoted son; and Richmond College, a loyal disciple. Hence the following resolutions are adopted by the College Class of Grace Street Baptist Church, of which he was a beloved member.

Resolved, I. We have lost by the death of Brother Wilkinson, a strong mind and a true friend.

Resolved, II. We extend our deepest sympathy to his family and friends.

Resolved, III. These resolutions be read before the Grace Street Sunday School, and also a copy be sent for publication to the Richmond College Messenger, The Religious Herald, and The Times Dispatch.

E. K. COX,
C. L. STILLWELL,
C. W. TRAINHAM, Jr.,

Committee.

THE MESSENGER

BOARD OF EDITORS.

RUSSELL G. SMITH, '11 - - - - - *Editor-in-Chief*
 Mu Sigma Rho.
 R. C. DUVAL, '11 - - - - - *Assistant Editor*
 Mu Sigma Rho.
 DR. J. C. METCALF - - - - - *Advisory Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Mu Sigma Rho.		Philologist.
W. A. SIMPSON, '12 - -	<i>Exchange</i>	H. W. WILKINS, '11..... <i>Poems</i>
G. H. L. WINFREY, '12 - -	<i>Alumni</i>	W. BEVERLY, '11 - - - <i>Stories</i>
J. B. DUVAL, '11 - - - -	<i>Essays</i>	WM. BAILEY, '11 - <i>Campus Notes</i>
T. W. CROXTON, '11 - - - -		<i>Business Manager</i>
	Mu Sigma Rho.	
A. R. HAWKINS, '12 - - - -		<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
	Philologist.	



EDITORIALS.

There has been much talk on the campus and elsewhere of late concerning the deplorable lack at Richmond College of what we, for want of a better term, designate as "college spirit." There have been several reasons advanced to explain this condition. Some have attributed it to that "split" which, disgraceful as it may be to have to confess it, does exist to some extent in this college. Others have expressed the opinion that the allurements of the city are to blame; while several wags have come forward with the theory that pellagra has taken hold upon a large number of the student body. All of these ideas possess, perhaps, some truth; but it seems to us that the most

important factor in the case has been overlooked: the absence of definitely organized classes.

Is it true that in the past, owing to the loose methods of choosing "tickets," it has been almost impossible to say what class a man belonged to until he put in his application for a degree? There was no clear line of distinction by which one might mark off the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes. But this year conditions have been changed. The system of "mapping out courses" when one enters college has been adopted, and by this method definite class organization is a possibility.

By class organization we do not mean simply a convocation of the supposed members of certain classes for the purpose of arranging to have their pictures put in the annual. That kind of organization will not help college spirit in the least. But what will help college spirit is a plan somewhat after this manner: About two weeks after college opens, when all the new men have supposedly made out their tickets, let a meeting of the different classes be held and let officers be elected. But after this has been done, don't follow the example of the past and forget all about it. Remember that you have become a member of a body which should stand together all through college. Why not have a meeting of each class at least once every term, not necessarily to transact business but to bring all the members together and by association to foster friendship, which is the true source of genuine college spirit? The advantages of definite class organization are easily seen. To illustrate take the Freshman class of 1911, which becomes the Senior class of 1915. By the plan we are discussing this class is organized early in the year, its roll made out and its officers elected. It meets three times or more as a Freshman class, once at least each term, and next year becomes the Sophomore class of 1912, new officers, of course, being elected. When the senior year is reached, the members of this class are bound together by closer ties than would have been the case heretofore. Each man is well acquainted with the other, and the result in senior class elections will be felt.

The Messenger is not discussing this matter for the purpose of filling up space, but strongly and sincerely advocates the adoption of some such method. Other colleges have definite class or-

ganizations and profit by it. Let the presidents of this year's classes bring the matter up, and let the first step be taken now along a new road leading to better college spirit. We need it.

To some it may sound a radical and far-fetched statement, but there is more truth than poetry in the opinion **Modesty.** recently expressed by several of our leading physicians that "false modesty" is becoming a serious menace to the future welfare of our nation.

There are some people who have an idea that the avoidance of certain subjects and the concealment of certain natural laws, especially from the young, is a safe and sane course to pursue. These people—many of them fathers and mothers, pride themselves on their high ideals. They hold up their hands in holy horror at the least mention of anything that could not be openly discussed in a drawing-room. And if you told these people that they were indulging in the worst extreme of false modesty they would rate you, by the standards of their moral code, as the vilest of heretics.

To say that such ideas are shallow and illogical is to put the matter mildly. They are criminal. Ignorance, not money, is the root of all evil. It has been no love of crime, no natural tendency towards the bad that has filled our native land with unhappy marriages, the product of which is a weakened and impaired offspring. We cannot believe that mankind sins because nature has so constituted him that he finds pleasure in wrongdoing. Such a philosophy is too pessimistic to be tenable. The causes are saner and more logical than these. Evil, and more especially the evil we are discussing, arises through ignorance and innocence, with the false modesty of a parent as the first cause.

Do you know that there are thousands of homes in which children are reared without the slightest knowledge of sexual laws? Then when the child becomes older he is sent off to school or out into active life where the "struggle for existence" is fiercest and where the "milk of human kindness would hardly pass a moral "Food and Drugs Act." Do you wonder that he falls? Is there, in view of such facts, anything surprising about the increasing number of unhappy marriages? Indeed, there seems

to us to be strong reason for the statement of our leading physicians that the future of our nation is threatened.

To the college man or woman this question should be of vital interest and importance. They are, or should be, acquiring that culture, that broadness of mind which will enable them to realize that modesty, of the kind we have described, is not only not a virtue but a crime, and for the safety of the republic has got to be thrown aside. A child nourished on lies and deception can not be expected to blossom into a pure man or woman. The tactics of the past have been all wrong. Some of our public schools, for instance, instead of being hot-beds of crime and sensuality, as they now are, could by the instruction of broad-minded teachers be turned into great institutions for good, as they were intended, where the child might not only learn the A. B. C.'s of his mother tongue, but the A. B. C's. of sex.

The question is a broad one and one which has been made delicate by the conventionalities of modern society, but it demands the attention of every man and woman who has at heart the present and future welfare of his native land.

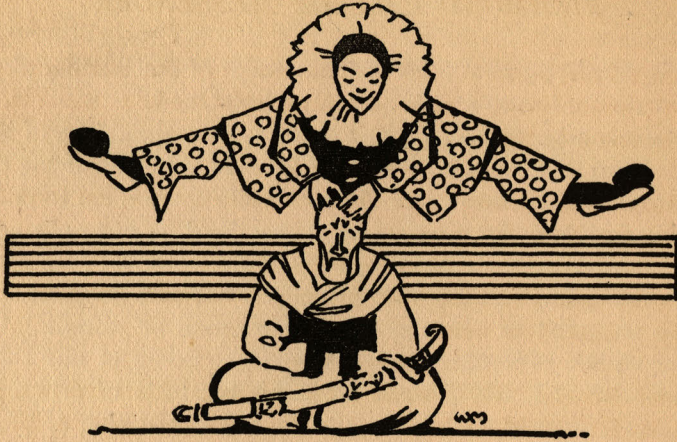
There are certain forms of piety that have been used to hide a "yellow streak."

There are two kinds of cynics: men who tried to get married but failed and men who tried to get married and succeeded.

There was once a man who said that college life had two serious faults: politics and term examinations. They tried to kill him; but was he wrong?

Portugal has become a republic. But what is freedom without credit?

The rumor that China was going to send missionaries to this country caused a great stir in religious circles. Why?



CAMPUS NOTES.

William Bailey, Editor.

The midnight cry, "Rats out!" has ceased to echo down the corridors, and the hollow-eyed, nervous freshman has become a thing of the past—unless he is taking Math. A.

Tuesday evening, September 27th, in the college chapel, Prof. J. C. Metcalf delivered the opening lecture of the season. As usual a large audience was present to hear him and was delighted with his discourse on Cambridge and Her Colleges.

On the following Thursday evening, Prof. Anderson brought to the platform Dr. Wm. E. Dodd, professor of American History in the University of Chicago. He spoke on Thomas Jefferson and was listened to with great interest by those present.

DR. LOVING: What is Physics?

CRABTREE: Physics is the science of inanimate life.

DR. BOATWRIGHT: Who are these fellows that keep their lamps burning until 3 A. M.?

SENIOR (confidentially): They are aspirants for senior class offices.

"Rat" Spence has been making some close friends since his arrival on the Campus; marks of affection stand out boldly on his cheeks.

Coach Long's smile, quick step, slap on the shoulder, and "Don't swear boys," have a telling effect when the Yellow-jackets come to town.

"Buzz" and "Casey" say that the girls say it is too lonesome over at the New Dormitory.

Arnold (not Dr. Matthew) quotes parliamentary law beautifully. Alas, how vain!

Chief Rooter "Tip" leading the cheers, "Now fellows, let's spell R-I-C-H-M-O-N-D. Go slow till you get to H, and then go fast."

"Fritz" and "Baby" talking about the afternoon's practice. FRITZ—"Didn't you get through and tackle some one behind the line?"

"BABY" BENTON—"I tackled Bob Willis (115 lbs.) around the waist but he didn't drag me any where."

FLIPS FROM FORK UNION.

CAPT. DICK RICHARDS, marshalling his forces in the third quarter—"Camden, play right tackle."

CAMDEN—"Where is right tackle?"

DICK—(waxing eloquent in his speech before the Ciceronian Literary Society)—"Were the broad State of Virginia one white sheet of paper and the majestic James River from Bremono Bluff to Richmond one liquid stream of ink, and were my hand gifted with a Spencerian touch, and the countless years of eternity at my command, I could not begin to write words expressive of my love for Fork Union and Fluvanna County."

As the train passed the State Farm, "Tip" was overheard softly humming to himself the first stanza of "The Old Oaken Bucket."



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

T. C. Durham.

THE football team has already engaged in a number of gridiron contests and has both won and lost, but it can be safely said that the prospects for a winning team are better than we have had for several years. Coach Long has a large squad out every afternoon and puts them through strenuous scrimmage practice. The men on the team are in earnest and everything is working towards the development of a team which will be ready to contest the championship with any of the other teams in the league.

The first game of the season was played against the Maryland Aggies, and although the score was in their favor the game was really a victory for us. It afforded a try-out for the players and gave them a determination to work which could not possibly have resulted from victory. It always takes a few games to get the team in good shape and there was no reason at all to be discouraged as was shown the following Saturday.

On October 8th, we met our old rivals from Ashland. The Yellow Jackets showed up well, but the Spiders showed superior coaching and a more thorough knowledge of football tactics. From start to finish the game was spectacular and intensely interesting. The forward pass was tried a number of times by the visitors, but only once with success, and then the recipient immediately fell into the clutch of a Spider. We succeeded admirably in going through their line and around their ends. The rule that a player must not be aided while carrying the ball seemed very embarrassing to them, but Lutz did not need any

assistance in going through their line for good gains. All the Richmond players showed up well and it would be hard to pick any particular star. All did their duty and whenever our goal was in danger our line was impenetrable. A large number of substitutes were put in and did themselves credit. The result: 5 to 0. For second installment wait until the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

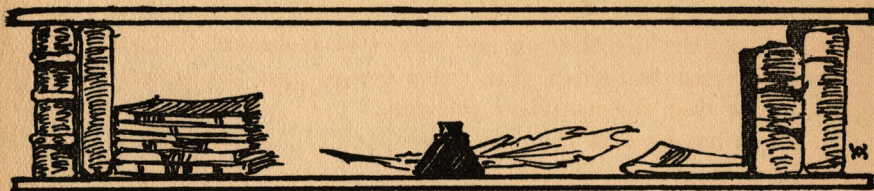
The following Saturday, October 15th, we played the Rock Hill College team. In this game our men showed up well and illustrated their ability to advance the ball. At no time was our goal in danger, but several times we had the ball right on their goal line. Whenever their goal was in immediate danger the Rock Hill men braced up and formed a strong defense. They relied almost entirely on punting and made some good gains in this way.

Our line, however, was impregnable to their backs and, often, when they attempted a line plunge, one of our men would break through and throw them for a loss. The ball was in our possession almost all the time, and in mid field we had no trouble in making long gains.

On the whole, our men clearly outplayed them and it was only by a mere chance that neither side scored. Captain Sadler was out of the game on account of injuries, but Jones piloted the team in good form.

The game that was to be played with Gulloudet was suddenly canceled, we regret to say. A game with them always arouses a great deal of interest, and we had anticipated one of the best games of the season, since the coach had the men in a great deal better shape, than for any previous contest.

Now there remains before us a game with George Washington University at Richmond, and with A. & M. at Raleigh, and then comes the championship series. Judging from the progress that has been made there is every reason to believe that the team will be the strongest that we have had for several years. Then the students are supporting the team. The Rooter's Club is an organization, which is especially commendable. With the student body behind the team, there is no such word as fail, as our team has been developing through these first few weeks of practice, so it will continue to grow better and stronger and if we do not carry off the trophy, we will at least make somebody else work for it.



EXCHANGES.

W. A. Simpson, Editor.

AS we enter upon our duties as exchange editor of the *Messenger*, it might be well to state just what attitude we shall assume towards our contemporary college publications. Critics are the most abused people on earth, sometimes deservedly so, again unjustly. The victim of criticism often rails out upon his "prosecutor" and accuses him of partiality, envy and severity. Often the wounded writer accuses rightly, but usually the criticism is for his betterment. Then it is real criticism and not slashing invective with no purpose but to offend.

We believe in constructive as well as destructive criticism. We shall not fail to laud where praise is due, nor shall we pass over under a mantle of deceit that material which should have been committed to the waste basket. Our aim is not to censure until it becomes satire, not to fault-find till it assumes the form of cynicism, not to tear down unless the work is defective or unless we can offer a fit substitute. Realizing then that criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge, we shall assume a position of friendly co-operative criticism.

The South is today a land of promise and her institutions must gradually elevate their standards of scholarship. Their student publications should serve as a reflector to the outside world of their activities and achievements. Strive for excellency, and as a means to that end let us aid each other by friendly co-operative criticism.

The scope of this department is far-reaching, the duties are many. Not only must we notice material contained in the

magazine, the distribution and nicety of judgment in balance, but also the technique, the cover design and the general appearance that the magazine presents.

There has been in the past a dire lack of short stories in our college magazine. There have been many attempts, some resulting in the so-called love story with no character, plot or setting and which have long since been ostracised from literary society. Many have received for their pains only adventurous tales with no hero but plenty of action. Some few have achieved real success in this line. We shall always be glad to welcome good short stories, not novelettes, and hope that the coming session will find many on our own pages.

Thus with a view to raise the standards of our South-college publications, to criticise fairly and justly, and to be free from partiality, prejudice and grudge. We hope to benefit and be benefitted and to be ever found:—

“Careless of censure, not too fond of fame,
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid of blame,
Averse alike to flatter or offend.
Not free from faults, not yet too vain to mend.

This magazine comes to us strong in most of the details of its make-up. The cover design is good, although *The Wake Forest Student.* it might be simplified and thus strengthened by omitting the price list at the bottom of the page. The opening poem, “If I Could Glimpse Him,” is well done and contains some real poetic imagination and treatment. “Down the Cape Fear” is interesting but appears to be only a realistic transaction from a guide book. “Don Quixote and Its Influence on Spanish Literature” seems to be a product of wide reading and much preparation. “Uncle Billy Payson’s Flying Machine” does credit to the imaginative power of the writer and is well told. “A Jump at Conclusions” is not up to the standard of the rest of the book. The author plainly did not have a story to tell and that fact, it must be remembered, is essential in telling a story. The poem “Night-fall” contains some real sentiment. “Firehawks versus Night-hawks” is purely local and holds but little interest for the out-

sider. We are surprised that "A Frontier Scene" should have won a place among your pages. It is hardly an anecdote, certainly not a story. We cannot see how the breaking of a bottle of liquor over the horse's head would tame him into submission unless by killing him, which would certainly not reflect much credit upon the "hero's" broncho-busting qualities. We have only one general criticism to make of this magazine—unbalanced proportion of articles. Out of twelve articles you have five which could be classified under the head of essays, while you have only two poems and three stories. Another fault which is hardly more than lack of judgment might be found with your clippings. Don't go to a second hand joke book from which to choose your clippings, several of the present issues smack strongly of this, but rather exercise care in choosing and get the best from the best source:

The cover design of this book is especially simple and striking.

The contents are not so good as they might be, but this is probably due to the fact that *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. you have not settled down to work in earnest.

"A Simple Creed" is a rhyme with some good thought. "The Influence of the Classics upon Modern Civilization" is excellently written and synthetically worked up into a strong essay. In "Clara" we have the painting of an ideal maiden, hardly human, but a fit occupant for a well-built air castle. We are impressed very strongly with the fact that Clara is the subject of the poem by the appearance of the name eleven times in twelve verses. "Fallen Leaves" is well written and shows some poetic temperament. The six lines with the caption of "Football" should have been transferred to the joke department or else consigned to the editor's waste-basket. "The Call of the Hour" deserves especial commendation for the interesting subject primarily and the pleasing style with which the author treats his subject. As a general criticism we will say that in technique your book can hardly be improved upon, but there is a lamentable lack of quality and distribution of the contents.

We miss our old friend the "Gray Jacket," but in its stead we are pleased to welcome "The Skirmisher."
The Skirmisher. The general appearance of the magazine is poor, yet we believe you will improve in this particular. As to the contents they are good though scant. "The Passing of the Rat" by the very nature of the rhyme gathers speed as it progresses. If it voices a popular sentiment, as we suppose, it is good. "A Fire at V. P. I." is a realistic narration of an incident, though hardly a story. Once more Tennyson's grand poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" has been maliciously parodied. "Multiform Specialty" is an excellent article. The author strikes a blow at that evil which is to make machines of us rather than men. Is he right?

We have not time nor space to take issue with the writer, but consider his appreciation of his subject as wholesome and good. "When I Remember and You Forget" is hardly more than a rhyme although there may have been some real personal inspiration behind the writing. There are only three things more that we wish to say. First, be careful what you print in your "Firing Line." Is it not better to make a fellow-student who may be guilty of the offenses of which you speak, feel that he is doing his college injury and himself injustice rather than to censure him publicly in your college periodical? Don't make your magazine a "Yellow Journal," the publication of which is to be feared, but make it something to be looked forward to with pleasure. If such evils exist, then remedy them among yourselves, by other means than through the agency of your magazine. It is a matter of college spirit, not of college notoriety. Second, your "Bum Jokes" are of a high order. Third, we desist from criticism of the technique of your book in view of the fact that this your first issue and that you will improve in the feature with the aid of other publications.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: "The Pharas," "The Georgetown Journal," "The Wake Forest Student," "The Hampden-Sidney Magazine," and "The Skirmisher."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

G. H. WINFREY, *Editor*.

S. A. Slater, B. A., '07, is practicing medicine in West Virginia.

A. H. Straus, B. S., '07, is professor of bacteriology in the University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.

S. H. Templeman, M. A., '05, is pastor of the Northside Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

Miss Julia Peachy Harrison, M. A., '07, expects to take her Ph. D. at John Hopkins next session.

C. C. Campbell, B. A., '05, is assistant professor of pathology in the Medical College of Virginia.

L. W. L. Jennings, B. A., '03, paymaster, U. S. N. and Miss Lucy Brooke, of Culpeper, Va., were married last August. Jennings was one of the brightest contributors the "*Messenger*" ever had. To the happy pair the "*Messenger*" extends congratulations and good wishes.

Miss Mary Hawes Tyler, M. A., '07, is professor of history in the Barton Heights High School.

Miss Lily Frances Trevett, B. A., '09, is teaching school in Barton Heights.

J. L. Stringfellow, B. A., '09, is studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

Roscoe Spencer, B. A., '09, is studying medicine at John Hopkins.

Thomas Marshall Alderson, LL. B., '74, is United States District Judge, Western District of Virginia.

George Bryan, LL. B., '81, is President of the City Bar Association, Richmond, Va.

Royal Eubank Cabell, LL. B., '02, for several years postmaster of Richmond, is now collector of Internal Revenue.

Minetree Folkes, LL. B., '94, is attorney for the Commonwealth, Richmond, Va., while his brother, E. C. Folkes, LL. B., '96, represents the same city in the State Senate.

In the recent four cornered race for the Democratic nomination for Congress, in the second district of Virginia, E. E. Holland, LL. B., '81, was declared the nominee.

Following the defeat of his opponents, Mr. Holland's nomination was made unanimous.

William Moncure ("Buck") Gravatt, LL. B., '05, is practicing law in Blackstone, Va.

J. K. Hutton, B. A., '07, is teaching in the Richmond Academy.

ARE YOUR SOX INSURED?
We Sell the Kind That Are

Genuine Holeproof Sox

Guaranteed for Six Months. \$2.00 a Box of
Six Pairs

Gans-Rady Company

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume



Cottrell & Leonard

472-478 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods!

To the American Universities and Colleges.

Illustrated Bulletin, Samples and Prices upon Application

The Nowlan Company,

921 East Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Leading Jewelers,

Carry the largest assortment of Fine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Sterling Silverware, Gold and Silver Novelties, &c., to be found in the South, and when quality is considered, their prices are the lowest.

All Correspondence Given Careful Attention. Goods Sent on Approval, Express Prepaid.

Learn Wireless and R. R. Telegraphy

Shortage of fully 10,000 Operators on account of 8-hour law and extensive "wireless" developments. We operate under direct supervision of Telegraph Officials and positively place all students, when qualified. Write for catalogue. NATIONAL TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Memphis, Davenport, Ia., Columbia, S. C., Portland, Ore.

THE HANDSOMEST AND BEST EQUIPPED LAUNDRY IN THE COUNTRY.

The Royal Laundry.

Visitors always welcome.

309-313 North 7th Street.

The Regal Shoe.

Made in 1-4 Sizes for Men and Women,

\$3.50

Specials \$4.00 and \$5.00

WATKINS, BIBB AND MALONE
611 East Broad Street.