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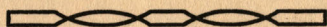
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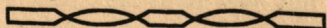


SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

C. L. Stillwell, '11.

I love this silent stillness 'neath the Autumn's flaming sky
Where sombre clouds with rosy cheeks are stealing
Far, far away into the vast unknown;
Borne calmly on the wings of eve; revealing
To me each timid touch of memory, known
When quiet reigns in solemn glory 'neath the Autumn sky.

I love this peaceful grandeur, where the Autumn's setting sun
Enflames the sky, and writes in letters golden
Along the mist spun shrouds of heaven's sea
A call to pause, and dream of evenings olden
When all the world had only bliss for me,
And only splendor seemed to lie beneath the Autumn sun.



THAT TURKEY.

R. S., '14

IT was the day before Christmas. The autumn cold had driven all the turkeys home for food and shelter. The largest was a tall turkey, whose feathers glistened in the sunlight like burnished gold; for this reason my little brother, Jesse, who claimed him, called him Red Wing. There was some noise among the turkeys down under the old wagon-shed and hearing it,

This turkey strode down like a monarch of old,
His plumage a-gleaming in purple and gold,
And the hue of his mail was as fair unto me,
As the soft after-glow of a sunset at sea.

He stepped boldly into the midst of the convention and was stopped by a sage old Tomas. Feeling wronged at this affront he accosted him:

"By thy long, gray beard and glittering eyes, now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

Tomas replied, "Tomorrow is Christmas Day and some of us, perhaps you, must be killed for the farmer's feast—so all of us are sad."

"What, kill me?"

I know full well 'tis Christmas Day,
But all the world would stare
If I should grace the festive board
And be the festive fare.

At this, old Tomas shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. Red Wing's grandmother drew her left foot up to her heart and hid her beak under her wing—and wept. His mother asked what should be done. He said "If that cook tries to get me, I'll make the gravels rattle in his crop like dry beans in a tin can. And if fighting won't do, we shall fly; and wings leave no trail."

Having delivered this noble speech with one breath, he drew back his head, ruffled his feathers, stepped three steps and mumbled like young thunder. But his advice seemed to be good, so it was agreed to wake early the next morning and fly away to a more congenial clime. But in that darkest hour that comes just before dawn, Red Wing was deroosted and decapitated almost in his sleep.

Now hear the merry dinner bells, brazen bells!
What a world of pumpkin pies their melody foretells!

The guests stepped into the dining room, and that same turkey was

There on his back supine.
How was he cooked so fine!
Glad was this heart of mine!
All the guests wondered
Dumplings to right of him,
Dressing to left of him,
Gravy all over him
Fluttered and floundered.

Wild was the charge we made;
All of us stopped and staid;
Fond hopes were all repaid;
None of us blundered.

When the repast was about finished, Jesse having picked the last fibre from the *drum stick*, looked up with gravy all over his face, and said, "After all, a cooked turkey is better nor a raw un, ain't it?" I had my mouth full of gobbler, but I swallowed part of it and said, "Umph—humph."

THE WORLD OF MEN.

W. H. V.

IN those artless days of young boyhood when you sat staring into the fire dreaming on your future and yearning for those far-off college days, you did not think much about the great enigmas that baffle yet fascinate the human mind. In the summer you could frolic under the trees and gaze into the infinite blue above, and never stop to sigh because the world suffered in the throes of pain. In the winter you sat in a cozy room watching the snow fall and drift into high banks against your window; you could hear the sweet voice of mother and it never occurred to you that somewhere in this strange, old world, somewhere a shoeless boy was trying to sell his newspapers, somewhere in the great city an honest man was struggling through that blinding snow trying to find a job. You did not even know what a city was.

Your mother was a good woman; she taught you to do right and shun wrong, and when a problem of duty perplexed you, you nestled into her arms and whispered it into her loving ear. Your father, well, he told you never to deviate from the old ideas of the fathers. And you wondered why he should teach you this. You did not imagine such a thing possible.

Then one bright day you left home, not without a tear in your eyes and a lump in your throat. And then hundreds of miles away from home you wrote to an anxious mother of strange experiences within the college walls, of very serious and intellectual looking men who expounded text-books every day, and of crowds of superior looking young men who had spent a few years going through the daily routine of rooting up forgotten lore. And you admired it all. It stimulated you into dazzling the history class with facts that were never before known. Of course, you wanted to appear as intellectual as the rest; you could not bear inferiority. You were not burdened with a streak of blue blood, but you were an aristocrat of nature. They laughed at you—those boys with superior look-

ing faces. They were always ready to smile at you when you turned your back and you felt it. Then the pain began. You began to feel that the world was a cruel animal, always seeking whom it may devour. Then began the struggle. The world that was once a beautiful place you had become suspicious of. You were fast becoming what the philosophers call a pessimist. And you did not like it, for the boys sneered at you all the more.

You were not so eager for text-book facts now. You wanted to take the city into your curriculum as one of the more advanced professors told you to do. You began to neglect your Biology and Mathematics and Greek; you wanted to touch that vast reality—the world of men. It dawned upon you slowly that the College was nine-tenths a monastery and the other tenth a convent, perhaps. You ventured to tell one sympathetic, superior looking fellow that, but he pushed you aside and declared it was blasphemy. You wondered why, as you have never ceased to wonder.

Three years sped by and you are now a senior. This is the year you had longed and hoped for when a mere boy. You are now twenty-one and you have seen something of the world. You had not been particularly brilliant in text-book knowledge. You had no desire to be. You had come to see things differently. Once the world was a valley of smiles, a land of golden dreams, but you know now that half of its long dreams are only bubbles that burst at the first current of air.

One day you had gone into that part of the city where preachers seldom go—into the slums. It made your heart ache. You came back to college and once again you felt a tear in your eyes and a lump in your throat. You found your room-mate quietly smoking his pipe. You almost hated him for his ease. You told him what you had seen, you told him of children that go hungry to bed, of mothers who spend the whole day at the wash-tub, of fathers wandering over the vast city looking for work, of dingy, dirty hovels into which so many of humanity crawl, of cold shivering boys standing on the street corners crying "Evening Journal," of preachers, teachers and philanthropists you had passed on the fashionable streets, and they were all stout and portly looking gentlemen. You wondered

how it was that a Christian was superior to a Pagan. And your room-mate—he was a senior too. He sympathized and whispering something like “It will come alright in the end,” settled down again to get up his Political Economy. Then you understood his true nature; he was the conventional, good man; he never grew thin thinking about such things. He wanted his college degree and spent all his time and energies toward getting it. The other boys called him brilliant. Why, he knew pages of Homer by heart. Yes, and he had actually won the Mathematic’s medals two years before. But you know him too well. One day you had asked him how it was that minus by minus gives plus and he did not know. He had taken it on authority. He never questioned anything—he was a good man.

In your Junior year you were thinking on those great problems of philosophy that baffle the human mind. The profound mysteries of God and man, life and death were luring your mind on and on and on. You were travelling through an arid, silent desert, but the quest was an enchanting one. What was the end of it all? You had declared that nature was God, that life and death were only relative things anyhow. You became a metaphysician when you observed men superficially. But when you went deeper into the human heart, you tore away from the impractical and gave yourself up to men. You soon saw that beneath all the grass and sordid artificialities that encrusted the human soul there lay a divinity that was unsearchable.

You were elected to become class orator. Your heart was too full to write anything. But they all thought that you were a cynic. And when at last that eventful night came, you told them what you had been thinking. But few men ever think, they only delude themselves into believing that they do. You told them what you felt, what you thought and what you had seen, but they all looked so bored, all the professors and superior looking young men too. But with the haunting vision of blear-eyed children and tired mothers in the factory, you went out again into the world of men.

THE BROKEN WING.

C. L. Stillwell, '11.

HE was a cynic not simply because he loved himself, nor because he wanted people to think he was very, very brilliant—or—a kind of smouldering genius—some will suggest. No, he had lived among men and women, we must remember . . . he had gone the ways of the world, and the world is a heartless thing.

Of course, he was not to blame that his father and mother died when he was still a lad and left him more money than he knew what to do with. The first question that presented itself was how to spend it, and he took himself to a big city to be among men and women. Little is known about him in the interval between this and his twentieth year. . . .

It was one December night and he had now grown into a man—rather fond of “wine, woman and song,” I am told. But then we must not forget that he had a fortune to spend and the city was just what he needed.

Through it all, he never lost his love for flowers, and nature in all her garbs. He would often take a book to the woods, away from the noise and disturbances of the city. Sometimes he would lie beside a brook and watch the sunset, or read a poem or two, and gaze at the petals of a wild rose all because he was still young and inclined to write poetry. I’ve heard him say that he could stand a slice or two of God, if as some preachers said, God was in a flower; and he always carried a pocket testament. For the sake of argument, Christians said. I’m inclined to think otherwise, but I don’t know.

But to come to that night in December. It was at a theatre party with a lot of—sports, I suppose, and ladies. Their talk grew tiresome to him and he decided to watch the play. Then he watched the play because he couldn’t help it. Something had attracted his attention—something in short skirts and red frills.

He watched every movement of the delicate figure with a somewhat sacred gaze—a little bit too reverent for such as he, I have heard whispered. Be it so. But beneath the roughest exterior—.

From her he learned her history. And such a history! He heard how she had been left alone in childhood—alone, friendless, fragile. He pitied her and she thought his emotion—almost childish emotion meant something more—all because he was so good to her; and she couldn't understand. It had been a bitter struggle for her until she went to the city to be among men and women; to delight audiences who cared nothing for her and less for her reputation. But she had never lost the innocence of childhood and probably his kindness saved her now.

He looked deeper than the rouge that accompanied her stage career, and he saw there a beauty that emanated from a pure soul. Every night, he was in the same seat and after her act there would be lunch or a moonlight ride or a stroll in the park.

His pity awakened in her what she had thought long dead—a feeling that someone in the world cared a little for her; that there was one pair of eyes which always suggested hope, and maybe something else. Of course, such eyes could not help creating a passion in her bosom, and that passion is what the little gods always term *amor*.

There was nothing else for him to do. Pity and reverence are not love, and pity and reverence were all he had to give. Possibly, he was to blame. He should have forced his heart to beat a reponse to hers, but he didn't.

Henceforth, the seat was vacant, while others over on Cheap-side watched with glittering eyes the little discs of gold slip from his fingers. They watched and sniggered, but what was that to him? Back at the theatre there was love, while he had only pity and reverence. Glancing back upon his life as we do now, we know that it was a mistake not to place his reverence upon something else. . . . For instance . . . the creeds . . . or the Acts of the Apostles.

But all things change, and so did he. He suddenly broke away from his surroundings and tempting acquaintances. It was time

It was long afterward—during his junior year. His life had been a sad one since he left the city. There was nothing in the world for him after that. He realized it as well as you and I.

He met her at a dance. She had grown more womanly and there was a sad expression in her eyes he had never noticed. Before, it was only about her lips. She wore a white rosebud in her hair and he had always loved roses—especially about a woman. They were so suggestive of innocence. Innocence was his *summum bonum*.

Perhaps, if they had been left alone under the influence of that music, he would never have made the sacrifice. Her partner came at the wrong moment—as partners always do—and he went off into the garden to smoke and dream. You will recall that he was inclined to write poetry.

Partners don't last always, and he had her once again all to himself—for one dance. She leaned lightly upon his arm, and this time it was not pity and reverence that took him off his guard. Pity and reverence are not a substitute for love.

It was a brave sacrifice. He found her in the lawn, awaiting him. She was always awaiting him, when he came.

"You . . . you are so beautiful tonight"
he whispered.

And he opened his arms.

For a moment, she fluttered in them like a caged bird. Then, he turned abruptly. Not a word was spoken. Only the gate creaked on its hinges and her eyes, in which there was a look of sadness, followed a bent figure down the road.

For he had lived among men and women, we must remember he had gone the ways of the world, and the world is a heartless thing.

HEART'S DESIRE.

To

By W. V. Hawkins, '14.

The earth is hushed in slumber's silent peace,
And stillness bids the weary heart release;
The zephyrs breathe in midnight's calm repose
The breath of summer's blushing, bursting rose;
While lightly o'er the silv'ry, dashing spray,
With Love I sail in mystic dreams away,
Where fond hopes bloom and live again,
And life is one, glad, sweet refrain
Of song that floats in joyous strain—
My land of Heart's Desire.

Sail on! O heart, in search of soul's request,
Where golden day is one last sweet caress;
Sail on! O heart, in search of soul's request,
Where heaving billows long have ceased to moan,
Where dark'ning cloudlets there have never blown;
But o'er that smiling, sun-kissed lea,
The laughing, singing streamlets dance in glee
And run forever to the shore.
Where can this land I search for be?—
When thou dost love as I love thee
I've reached my Heart's Desire.

ITALIAN HISTORY AND ATMOSPHERE IN ROMOLA.

E. L. Ackiss, '10.

THIS subject naturally divides itself into two divisions, namely, the Italian History in Romola, and the Italian Atmosphere in Romola. I shall endeavor to consider them separately in the order named.

Romola is a story of Florence and begins in that city in the spring of 1492. There is a strong historical vein that runs through the entire book, and the plot is interwoven in the life of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. A keynote of the times is sounded in the very first of the book, in which the common folks gossip of the coming of a Pope Angelico who should bring a new order of things, purify the church from simony, and the clergy of scandal. The death of Lorenzo de Medici is also brought out and the confusion incident to the death of an old ruler and the accession of a new one. The history of the Bardi as given by Eliot accords with historical facts, but has been elaborated at some length by her.

I shall now give account of the life of Savonarola, as indicated by the story, rather than by history, calling attention to discrepancies with historical facts, if any, occur, since the whole story is based upon his life and works while in Florence. He had come to Florence about two years before the opening of the book, viz., in 1490, and had by dint of hard work pushed his way to the front before the people. His power cannot be estimated, but the beginning of the reform effected by him is clearly indicated in the opening chapters of the book, both as regards his power in the civil as well as clerical world. The author cleverly indicates the attitude of the people under Savonarola's first sermons by the gossip on the street corners and in the shops. His main drawing cards in the beginning were his astounding prophecies. His powerful personality is shown at the death of Romola's brother, Dino, and again when

he arrests Romola's flight and induces her, a kind of scoffer and a free thinker, one of the most cultivated minds of Florence, not only to return to her husband, but to accept Christianity. The rich and poor, educated and ignorant alike, fell before his intense magnetism.

Lorenzo de Medici was succeeded by his son, Piero, who, because of his license and prodigality, was cordially disliked by his subjects. Rumor had it that he had been corresponding with the King of France with a view to disposing of some of the places under his rule, which was seemingly confirmed by his meeting of the king near Pisa. This seemed to be further confirmed by his surrender of several fortresses to the king, and when Piero attempted to return to Florence, he was almost literally stoned from the city by its inhabitants, while the Signoria tacitly sanctioned it. The incident of the demands of the French King, who, when it was intimated by the Signoria that they were exorbitant, threatened to sound his trumpets and the famous reply of Piero Capponi, "Then we will sound our bells," is cleverly worked in by the author, and the reception of the action by the Florentines is indicative of their attitude towards the French.

The political state of Florence after the expulsion of Piero and the departure of the French King may be shown by one of two quotations:

"It was a game of revolutionary and party struggle. How are we to raise the money for the French King? How are we to manage the war with these obstinate Pisans? Above all, how are we to mend our plan of government so as to hit on the best way of getting our magistrates chosen and our laws voted? . . . 'Till those questions were well answered, trade was in danger of standing still, and that large body of workmen who were not counted as citizens, and had not so much as a vote to serve as an anodyne to their stomachs, were likely to get impatient. Something must be done."

And it is in this chapter, the thirty-fifth, that we see Savonarola beginning to take an active part in the politics of his time, and he begins to preach to the people just what kind of government they must have to promote good, and telling them to choose

what is best for all, viz., "choose the Great Council." He was the prime factor of the government and laws of that time and he did not hesitate to preach sermons on the leading issues, for the people lent him their ears and acted upon his suggestions. Even the Signoria in council quoted him on different measures. He attached the rates of taxation and loans made by the government, and the Grand Council was the child of his creation.

One remarkable fact, however, is that the discoveries of Columbus apparently had little effect on Florence, for we find his name and discovery mentioned but once, and then insignificantly.

The network of plots, numberless spies, and private agents which flooded Florence at this time is brought out with clearness, particularly with reference to designs on Savonarola. Like all famous men, Savonarola had many enemies, and they multiplied with rapidity in Florence. He did not deign to notice attacks made upon him from pulpits, but calmly pursued his course, preaching against the evil times and for reform. He organized bodies of youths, dressed in white, to go through the streets and collect "anathemas" from the people, and to otherwise shame them of their show of tawdry finery. After they had collected a large quantity they burned them on the streets, and made speeches to the passersby. The incidents arising from these collections are amusing. By strenuous effort, the Medici party elected Barnardo del Nero, gonfaloniere, and in April of that year, Piero de Medici thought the time was ripe for an attempt to re-enter the city. After laying plans, he set out for Florence, but upon his arrival found the gates closed against him and the people in arms. George Eliot assumes the position that Barnardo was innocent of any complicity in the plot; at least no such complicity is proven, but history does not make positive statement in either direction. However, after a tremendous struggle between the opposing factions, Barnardo was sentenced to death and executed by the Eight, but only after a threat of private vengeance upon the opposing four Priors if they did not give in. Savonarola, though besought, declined to interfere in the course of law, intimating that it was for the public good. His continued preaching and success

in holding the people to him made his enemies the more bitter and determined to get him out of the way. He had been preaching too freely to suit the Pope who now entered into correspondence with him, and later, leagued himself with Savonarola's enemies. The outcome was that the Pope forbade him to preach, and in May, 1497, excommunicated him and all others who should hold intercourse with him. For a time Fra Girolimo preached to even larger crowds and held conferences with the priests of his order, but in time the papal bull had its effect upon the people and under the influence of the Compagnacci, a band of profligate, dissolute young men, organized by Girolimo's most bitter enemy, Dolfi Spini, to combat the friar on all sides, he began to lose hold upon the affections of the people. In addition, the Pope sent a Franciscan friar to preach against him. The Franciscan friar challenged Girolimo to an ordeal of fire to prove who was the true priest, which challenge was accepted by Fra Domenico Buonvicini, a fast friend and disciple of Girolimo's, much to Fra Francesco da Puglia's disappointment, who wished only to discomfit Savonarola if possible. The ordeal was not gone through with, however, on account of the obstinency of Savonarola in persisting that Domenico should carry the Holy Sacrament, and the Franciscans persisted equally as stubbornly that he should not. A rain came on and put an end to the disputing, and while Savonarola was apparently the winner, still the challenge affected the people as the Franciscan had desired, for the people, greatly disappointed at not seeing the ordeal, placed the blame on Savonarola, and he was hooted at and insulted on his way back to the convent. Eliot implicates Savonarola in treasonable correspondence with France, but I can find no verification of same in history. The following Sunday, Palm Sunday, was Savonarola's last sermon to the people. On Palm Sunday night the people who had heard him that morning, excited to violence by the sneers and gibes of the Compagnacci, together with many others, charged down upon the convent, and after a struggle took Savonarola and his two closest disciples and dragged them to prison. They put him to torture and wrung several confessions from him and published them. When the Pope heard of it, he sent congratula-

tions to Florence, and later sent two judges who were to try Girolimo. As they took him to torture again, he retracted his former confession, but they wrung the unwilling words from his lips, and then in a farcical trial the two judges condemned him of heresy. He was executed on May 23d, 1498, after being degraded of his robes.

With probably a few exceptions, the author has taken the leading characters and men of Florence and woven them into her story with a marked success, and only in a very few particulars is the story unlike the history of Florence during the period which it covers.

In treating the Italian Atmosphere in *Romola*, we will have to deal more in generalities than specific passages or quotations, for Eliot differs from many writers in giving her novels a distinct, concise setting and atmosphere, as hers grows upon you as you progress.

In the first place, she pictures the city of Florence as it was in 1492 and causes a spirit to revisit it, clothed after the fashion of that period, thus giving an idea of the garb of the average Florentine. The long hanging black silk robe doubly lined, falling in graceful folds about the body, known as the *lucco*; and the plain cloth cap with a long strip of drapery, called a *brechetto*, which strip serves as a scarf when occasion arises. These few ideas, together with the description of the dress of *Romola* when she is betrothed to *Tito Melema*, a white silk garment bound with a golden girdle, which fell with large tassels, and hints from time to time of *Tito's* dress, gives us a general idea of the usual fashions of that day of the better class of people, while the dress of *Tessa* before *Tito* gave her means to dress better is typical of the poorer classes, the *contadina*.

The market scene in the second chapter is a typical one, which indicates the Florentine love of gossip and curiosity, for there we find all leave their wares to the mercy of the omnipresent small boy to listen to a discussion of a supposed vision. They are a very superstitious folk, shown by the way in which they drank in the story of the vision, and later in the book we find the masses take in such tales as eagerly as did those in the market. In going through the market mules are found standing here and

there adorned with tassels and red, and carrying milk, herbs, salads, etc., while their owners are nearby exchanging tidbits of news with a neighbor or friend.

The barber shop is the news emporium, however. There all the important matters of the day are discussed, and indeed one may keep up with the times by merely keeping up with the news brought to the shop. It is there the identity of the stranger Tito Melema is established; then his rapid promotion, and later his plots and end are handled by the chief gossip, Nello. The narrow streets and lanes, low houses and shops stand in sharp contrast to the magnificent cathedrals and other religious buildings. The description of San Giovanni gives us a hint of the architecture of such buildings:

"The inlaid marbles were then fresher in their pink and white and purple than they are now, when the winters of four centuries have turned their white to the rich ochre of well-mellowed meerschaum; the facade of the cathedral did not stand ignominious in faded stucco, but had upon it the magnificent promise of the half-completed marble inlaying and statued niches which Giotto had devised one hundred and fifty years before; and as the campanile in all its harmonious variety of color and form led the eye upward, high into the pure air of that April morning, it seemed a prophetic symbol telling that human life must somehow and sometime shape itself in accord with that pure and aspiring beauty."

For the interior of a house of a well educated and cultured Florentine, we may examine the home of Bardo Bardi. We find books of culture on the shelves; bits of Italian statuary, and a few Greek statues. Some famous paintings on the walls indicate the art of that time, and we find treatises and works in the library.

We may also take the home of Dolfo Spini as typical of the less learned but aristocratic class, with its free and easy manners, books, pictures, and statuary are conspicuously absent, while Dolfo's pet dog stalks around through the rooms. The peasant home life and the home life of the poorer class in the city are shown in the home of Tessa before Tito takes her away,

and then her home when Romola seeks her out after Tito's death.

The fondness of the Florentines for the spectacular is indicated by their attendance and enthusiastic support of festivals and parades. And while easily excited to turmoil, there is a kind of stateliness that broods over the city when its people are at peace. We find such descriptions as:

"And midsummer morning, in this year 1492, was not less bright than usual. . . . The sky made the fairest blue tint, and under it the bells swung so vigorously that every evil spirit with sense enough to be formidable must long since have taken his flight; windows and terraced roofs were alive with human faces; sombre stone houses were bright with hanging draperies; and boldly soaring palace towers, and yet older square towers of Bargello . . . seemed to keep watch above; and below, on the broad polygonal flags of the piazza, was the glorious show of banners and horses with rich trappings and gigantic ceri, or tapers, that were fitly called towers—strangely aggrandized descendants of those torches by whose faint light the Church worshipped in the catacombs. Betimes in the morning all processions had need to move under the mid-summer sky of Florence, where the shelter of the narrow streets must every now and then be exchanged for the glare of the wide spaces; and the sun would be high up in the heavens before the long pomp had ended its pilgrimage in the Piazza di San Giovanni."

The temperament of the people is shown by the quick change from one state of mind to another. The French saw how quickly the sound of the bell could transform the apparently slow going and peaceful Florentines into an army of determined men who would defend Florence at any and all hazards. This is also brought out by the way in which Savonarola could sway the multitudes until they hung, sobbing breathlessly, on every word; and the way in which the masses listened to Savonarola preach to them in peace on Palm Sunday morning, and, stirred up by a few Campagnacci, clamored for his blood on Palm Sunday evening. Nor are they forgetful of a wrong once com-

mitted, if we may take Baldasarre and Ceccone as typical examples.

When we sum up these characteristics of the old inhabitants of Florence and compare them with the middle class of Italians today, we are impressed with the fact that the people seem to be very much today what they were then, especially as regards their temperament and character. And so far as the atmosphere goes, were it not for the leading incidents in the story, we would not have to use our imagination very much to make the story a modern one instead of one in 1492.

THE LEAST OF THESE: A YULE-TIDE PARABLE

Walter Beverly, '11.

*And gleaming snow
Makes of the world a fairy show.
Merry bells are ringing;
Angels glad are singing,
And Christmas joy is throbbing in the air.—FAIRY.*

“CHRIST-KILLER!”

A crowd of school children, boys and girls, some large and some small, hurled this epithet into the teeth of Benjamin Cohen as he stopped running, and turned, pale and breathless, on the merry young mob of Gentiles who surged about him and all at once became quiet before his flashing eyes.

“Swine!” he shrieked but once, and then went down under blows from a dozen fists. They kicked him into the snowy street and left him there to gather up his scattered school books. The girls stood shivering on the sidewalk, chewing their gum and giggling. One of the tallest boys, his head thrown back and his arm flourishing like a Fourth-of-July orator, stepped forward and began to declaim to the oppressed and down-trodden remnant of the dispersed tribe:

“Your daddy jews money out of us Christians and burns us up with his rotten goods, does he? And ’en here you come to our Christian school ’n get the lessons by heart and take the honors ’way from us white folks. I say you’ll never do ’er! Git home! Christmas time hain’t no time for Jews like you to be paradin’ their all-wool suit at half price ’round us. Git, you nasty Shenie you, or we’ll kick your brains out!”

The Jew continued to fumble in the slush for his grammar and practical arithmetic, and like that Great and Good Jew whose birth is celebrated annually throughout the civilized world, he answered never a word.

This is not a fairy story. I wish it were. It all happened in Christiansburg on this good earth of ours, even among the grand old Virginia hills. Time: the year of the first decade of the twentieth century, A. D. And the same thing has been going on among grown-ups even, ever since this great world was a bawling, savage infant. At various times the man down in the snow has been Protestant, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Jew or Gentile. It is a fact, too, that the man in the snow would like to change places with the man on the street. Perhaps the whole thing is just a matter of birth and training, after all. I hope it is. I introduce this aside just to keep the parable from smacking too much of a mere story.

Now Benjamin Cohen was human, I suppose, and like Shylock, he had feelings, albeit he was a Jew. Moreover, he had in him the making of a poet and a dreamer. The right sort of poets and dreamers is a dynamic force in human societies, you know. For instance, there are Socrates, Jesus, and Rousseau. Benjamin pored over Hebrew literature from Moses to Isaiah, and from Isaiah on down through those major and minor prophets of whom some of us have doubtless heard at Sunday-school. He even out-Jewed his sly, bigoted old father, and secretly read the New Testament from cover to cover, never once glancing in the back to see how it was going to end, like our fair sweet-hearts do when they read their—literature.

If you had told him about Tolstoi's doctrine of non-resistance, he might have said to you in his naive manner: "Why that is just what Jesus and I believe." Just the same, he could sell goods, for what Jew cannot? Nevertheless his unusual thinking and reading indicate an ideal world in Benjamin's soul utterly unknown to the people among whom he moved. They never dreamed that a Jew's mind could be so constituted. Even the father knew his own son but superficially. This partially accounts for the sensation caused by Benjamin Cohen's almost inexplicable behavior on Christmas day of that last year of the first decade of the twentieth century. I refer to things he did of which I have not yet told you. For it is true that the Christianburg Jews—they constituted but one family, the

Cohens—as well as the Gentiles thereof, were so annoyed as to be speechless for many minutes, and that ever afterwards when they mentioned the name of Benjamin Cohen, they did so in hushed whispers. And the little children would stop in their games and cease laughing for a whole minute when they recalled that Christmas day.

It was in this wise. When Benjamin got his books again under his arm after he was thrown from the street he made a dash for a near-by church. In at the open door he darted, and then he stopped suddenly, for there was a Gentile voice in there also. It came from the pastor's study, back of the baptistry. The Jew listened, awe-struck, for a man's loud, solemn words fell on his ear.

"He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men."

The voice ceased. There was a long pause. The boy stood there in the back of the church, his head bent and his mind wrapped in profound meditation. The voice began again:

"But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; and with his stripes we are healed."

The Jew knelt in the aisle for a moment and arose and went his way. The ferocious Gentiles had deserted the street and he reached his father's store in peace.

The next day was Saturday and there was no school. He sold many pairs of shoes of every size and much woolen goods at a bargain. For how can a Jew keep the day holy when the heathen merchants among whom he wanders desecrate the Sabbath and keep Sunday instead? Thus do the children of Abraham shatter the decalogue. But whilst Benjamin was selling, his mind was soaring. Late in the afternoon he got the old Jew to let him off and while the Gentiles were at supper he stole down to the book store.

"Have you a book called 'In the Imitation of Christ?'" he asked.

The clerk stared at the Jew and proceeded to find a copy of the book in question.

"Are you sure that is what you want?" he asked wearily.

Clerks do not usually take so much interest in the wants of their customers, but this one's curiosity got the better of him. With wide open mouth he gazed at the boy, who turned abruptly after paying for his purchase and walked away.

* * * *

Sunday morning dawned without any signs and omens so far as could be afterwards ascertained. The snow was deeper and the air keener, but withal it was a lovely Christmas morning.

The school teachers and the church people had arranged for Christmas exercises in the assembly room of the Christiansburg High School. A visiting minister of the gospel was to close the exercises with his wild, rhapsodic lecture on "The Second Coming of Christ." The boys had gone after cedar and holly and the teachers had worked all day decorating the room with this natural scenery. I thought it all very pretty. There was an old-fashioned Christmas tree loaded with presents for the children. But this Christmas would have been forgotten like all others, had it not been for a remarkable incident that fastens the occasion in my memory forever.

In the midst of the joyous chatter about toys, picture books, and all the usual accessories of the glad day, the door opened and Benjamin Cohen stepped into the room. The countenances of the teachers fell, for they knew that no present had been prepared for this unexpected guest.

The Jewish boy walked silently into the midst of those happy folks, and gazed sadly at the boys and girls who had chased him down the street the previous Friday. At length he paused, searched the room with his eyes until they rested on the principal of the school, who was none other than the teller of this tale, and beckoning me to him he called in a calm, weird voice utterly unlike any I have ever heard before or since:

"Follow me!"

I followed him down to my desk to see what he would do next. The eyes of everyone there were fixed on the Jew. I felt a thick, restful silence about me, and it seemed that something momentous was about to happen. The sudden ceasing of the many voices brought about a death-like calm that soon

became embarrassing and oppressive. I longed to hear the boy speak again. He did so.

He stood beside the Christmas tree, its thorny leaves and red berries just touching his long, dark hair. With his left hand he made a gesture toward the audience, and with the other he reached me the book which he had bought at the book store the day before, saying:

"It is a little Christmas gift for you, my teacher."

And then it was that I observed an unearthly light in the child's eyes. I took the book mechanically and was speechless for the moment. Someone raised a window blind, and the morning sunshine poured into the room, making a patch of gold about the visitor's feet. A white dove flew through the transit over the door. Whence it came I know not, nor am I curious to know, but it flew straight to the holly bush and perched on a branch above Benjamin's head. The boy did not seem to notice this second comer. He turned to the crowd and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Have I been so long a time with you, and have ye not known me? For I, the King of Israel, am he that was to come in these latter days."

He paused and gazed tenderly at his former enemies. The faces of the smallest children had become grave. The older boys and girls dropped their heads like condemned criminals. Their hearts, I think, were beating loudly and guiltily.

But Benjamin Cohen lifted his hands as if to bless the throng, and concluded:

"Peace be unto you."

Yes, children, this is a true history of what happened in the town of Christiansburg on Christmas day of the last year of the first decade of the twentieth century.

WATER.

E. P. Wightman, '08.

IT is curious to note how little is known, by the average person, of some of the most common things of every day life. One is so accustomed to seeing and making use of these things that one fails to give them any particular attention. It might be said that their very commonness breeds contempt. There is hardly any better example of this than water, a very remarkable and extraordinary substance. It would be difficult to overestimate its great value to the human race, and its far-reaching importance in matters scientific. "In its various forms it has been dealt with by some of the most eminent of scientists, and the subject, like the boundless ocean, is so wide that there are few branches of scientific research in which it does not claim attention."

First of all, what is its source? According to the astronomers and geologists, the earth is nothing more than a condensed and cooled portion of a vast nebula, "which must have been thousands of millions of miles in diameter, similar to many now adorning the heavens." This nebula was a mass of self luminous, gaseous matter, very highly heated. Of course, water, as such, could not exist in this, but was dissociated, or separated into its constituent parts, the two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Above a temperature of $2,000^{\circ}\text{C}$ these gases do not combine to form water, whereas the earth, in the molten, to say nothing of gaseous condition, must have had a temperature not less than $6,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. However, the earth finally cooled sufficiently for the water to form as steam and then to condense to the liquid state.

For a long time, in fact until about a hundred and twenty-five years ago, it was thought that water was an element. Aristotle named it as one of four elements, earth, air, fire and water. This view of the composition of so-called matter held sway for several centuries. Even after it was broken up, water

still remained as an element. It was not till 1781 that it was found to be something else by Priestly, who showed that when hydrogen is burned, water is the outcome. His ideas were in conformity with the Phlogiston Theory which held sway at that time. By the experimentation and study of later workers on the subject, this theory was overthrown and water was proved to be a combination of hydrogen and oxygen in the proportion of two parts by volume of the former to one part by volume of the latter, or by weight, two parts of the former to sixteen of the latter. The proof is as follows: Known quantities of hydrogen and oxygen are exploded and the water formed is weighed, or the amounts of gases used up are measured. Also water is decomposed by electrolyses and the hydrogen and oxygen thus formed (the only things formed) are measured.

The heat given off in the combination of the gases is enormous, indeed, it is the most exothermic of all chemical reactions, 68,376 calories or heat units being evolved in the combination of 16 grams of oxygen with 2.005 grams of hydrogen. A calorie is that amount of heat which will raise one gram of water one degree centigrade.

An oxyhydrogen blowpipe is an arrangement for utilizing this heat energy, by bringing the two gases together in such a way that they will produce a sharp, intensely hot flame. The apparatus is so fashioned that the gases are conducted separately to the exit, where they are to be lighted, thus avoiding any possibility of explosion, which otherwise takes place, if they are mixed. By means of such a flame a temperature of 2,000°C can be obtained.

Having learned that water (or its components) is older than even the earth itself, that its constituent parts existed practically at the beginning of things, and also that it is not an element, but built up of two gases combined in a definite proportion, the next thing to be taken up is water in its various forms. These are quite numerous, but may all be classified under three fundamental heads, gaseous, liquid, and solid water. The fact that it can exist in these three states is not so remarkable, as it is possible to transform every known substance, elementary, or combined (provided the latter do not decompose) into these

three states of aggregation, but that the three should all be within the range of *ordinary* temperature is rather extraordinary. There are only a few common substances of which this is true, e. g.—ammonia, benzene, etc. It will be seen, moreover, that water has a good many other noteworthy properties. As compared with other substances it is nearly always exceptional, and stands at the extremes.

Gaseous water.—Steam and atmospheric water vapor belong in this category. It is not till we go to some of the arid desert regions of our earth that we realize the importance of the latter. Where there is no moisture in the atmosphere, there can be no clouds formed, and hence there can be no rain, which means of course that such a place must be devoid of life; for example, the Saharah, the deserts of Asia, of Western United States, etc. Yet the presence of moisture can be very disagreeable, as in hot, humid climates. The amount in the atmosphere varies considerably, depending upon the complex conditions of climate and topography, therefore no general data can be given.

Steam! The very word signifies the sublime, the wonderful! What could we do at present without it? How many thousands of mills, shops, locomotives, etc., derive their power from it? Power? Let us stop and consider—*one gram of water in the form of steam occupies 1,700 times the space that a gram of water in the liquid form does.* Is it any wonder that steam is a mighty agent? There is nothing that can withstand it, if a sufficient quantity is confined, as was the case when the volcanic mountain of Krakatua was almost completely annihilated.

Steam is that condition or phase of water which is in a state of equilibrium at temperatures above $100^{\circ}\text{C}.$, at ordinary atmospheric pressure, 760mm. of mercury. Below $100^{\circ}\text{C}.$ the number of molecules of water—these of course being in rapid motion according to the Theory of Kinetic Energy—which are thrown off from the surface of the liquid, are less than the number which pass back, or condense from the free gaseous state into the liquid. Therefore steam is not stable there, though some vapor does exist at all lower temperatures, as would be expected. Pressure raises the point of equilibrium just spoken of, the temperature of boiling being increased directly in proportion to

the pressure. Up to certain temperature, the critical temperature, $360^{\circ}\text{C}.$, water can be made to remain in the liquid state, by applying sufficient pressure. Above that it can exist only in the form of a gas, no matter how great the pressure. It is possible, by using a small enough quantity of water and *sufficiently strong* apparatus, to determine the critical temperature and pressure quite accurately.

The amount of heat absorbed in the transformation of a unit quantity, one gram, of water at 100°C into steam, that is, its heat of vaporization, is 537 calories (this is exactly the same in amount as its heat of condensation). It is easy to see, then, why it takes so long to boil away a large quantity of water. The amount of heat to be absorbed is so enormous that it requires a considerable time for it all to be absorbed. If we had a flame that would supply 2,000 calories of heat a minute and we wished to evaporate to dryness one litre of water, assuming that there was no loss of heat from other sources, such as radiation, etc., and that we began at a temperature of 20°C , it would require about five hours to complete the evaporation. It may be said here that after the water once reaches a temperature of 100°C , it remains there until the whole of the liquid boiled away, whatever the amount of heat applied, in excess of that required to keep it at the said temperature.

Liquid water.—Very much more interesting and important than any other form of water is liquid or “wet water.” In this form it is the most fascinating of all chemical substances, besides being the most useful. In the first place, it forms seventy-five per cent. of the human body, and without it *nothing* could live. It covers about two-thirds of the earth’s surface to an average depth of about 12,500 feet. It is the best solvent known. Here again life as well as nearly all branches of science would be at a standstill if it did not exist. As will be shown later, it is an essential to almost all chemical action. It occurs as rain, fog, dew, river and ocean water, spring water, etc.

When the vapor of the atmosphere condenses around small particles of dust in the air, it forms a cloud, or if down at the earth’s surface, a fog. Whenever these small particles of moisture run together, drops are formed and fall as rain. Dew is

nothing more than water which has condensed out of the atmosphere onto cold objects. Only so much moisture can be held in the air at a given temperature. If this is lowered, as would happen after the sun goes down, the dew separates out.

If pure, water is an odorless, tasteless and in small quantities colorless, transparent liquid. In bulk it becomes blue in color and very nearly opaque. It never occurs *pure* in nature, the nearest approach to it being rain water, after it has rained for some time (at first the rain gathers up a large amount of impurity from the atmosphere), and melting snow. Water can readily be purified by distillation. For ordinary purposes, one distillation is enough, but for certain scientific work a special method of redistillation must be resorted to. In this degree of purity it is almost a non-conductor of electricity.

Water is only slightly compressible. For every atmosphere (15 lbs. per sq. in.) of additional pressure, it is made smaller by .0005 of its volume. The effect of pressure upon its freezing point is also exceedingly small—only .00757°C lowering for each atmosphere. Nevertheless, it can be prevented from freezing by a pressure of 138 tons to the square inch at 1.11°C. Any further lowering of temperature requires a proportional increase of pressure.

The boiling point is effected to a much greater extent. Under a normal pressure of 760mm. water boils at 100°C, or rather, this value is arbitrarily assigned to it under these conditions, and all other values of temperature are referred to this and to the freezing point as the standards. If the pressure is changed, the raising or lowering of the boiling point is directly in proportion.

Egg albumen coagulates only very slowly at temperatures below 100°C, and as the atmospheric pressure on the top of high mountains is quite a bit lower than at their foot, we see from the above why an egg takes so very much longer to cook up there, if it cooks at all.

Water is a powerful refractor of light. This can be best shown by holding a stick in it in a slanting position, so that part of it protrudes above the surface. The stick appears to be bent. As interesting curiosity which makes use of this principle is

the fish-eye camera, which makes things in front of it appear just as they would to a fish under water, that is, instead of a limited view of the scenery, or whatever it may be, everything within a radius of 180° is shown in the picture. The camera is a box filled with water; in the back is placed the plate and the light enters through a small hole in the front.

Most substances, when dissolved in water, lower its freezing point. That is one reason why salt is used in the freezing mixture in making ice-cream. Besides lowering the freezing point, these substances also raise the boiling point. Much could be written concerning both phenomena, but space does not permit. Suffice it to say that the relationships established by a study of them are some of the most important of all science. Of course every substance has its own effect, and the amount of each must be taken into account as well.

When an acid, base or salt is dissolved in water, it is dissociated, that is, the molecules of the substance are split up into two parts, each part being charged with equivalent quantities of opposite kinds of electricity. These charged particles are called ions, and a compound which yields ions is called an electrolyte; all others, such as sugar, for instance, are called non-electrolytes. Solutions of the former will easily conduct an electric current, while solutions of the latter will do so no more than the pure water itself. Of all common liquids which dissociate substances, water has the highest power. It is dissociated itself only to the very slightest extent.

A fact which can be explained only by the Theory of Electrolytic Dissociation is this, that whenever an acid in solution is acted upon by an equivalent quantity of a base in solution, both solutions being dilute, and no matter what the acid or the base, the same amount of heat is liberated in the reaction. The only thing here which can and does take place, is for the hydrogen ion, which is the essential part of the acid, to combine with the so-called hydroxyl ion, the essential part of the base, to form a definite quantity of water, the same in every case, and hence giving off the same quantity of heat. The other parts of the acid and base remain unchanged, as ions, in the solution. In concentrated solutions, other factors come into

play which necessarily cause the amount of heat to be variable.

We see from the above that water, instead of being a side issue in chemical reactions, as we have been prone to place it, is really the most important and fundamental thing in them. Moreover, it is made up of what constitutes both acid and base and yet has not the slightest trace of the properties of either. It is perfectly neutral.

When a soluble solid, no matter how great its specific gravity, is placed in the bottom of a vessel and is covered with water, it will, in time, diffuse through the entire liquid until the whole is perfectly homogeneous, even though the force of gravity is pulling continually against it, tending to keep it at the bottom. Diffusion is said to be due to osmotic pressure, but as this has never been explained satisfactorily, we are about as far from answering the question as to its cause as if we had left it alone. All we know is, that if we separate two solutions of different concentrations by a membrane that water will pass through the membrane from the more dilute to the more concentrated solution, which, if the latter side is enclosed, will set up a pressure on that side. This is called osmotic pressure, and there are certain laws governing it, but its cause is as yet unknown. Diffusion is not a property of water only, but of all liquids. However, it has been studied in the case of water more thoroughly than in any other.

Another property of all liquids which has especial interest where water is concerned is surface tension. It is this property which causes a liquid to rise in a capillary tube and also aids in the formation of drops (pressure of the atmosphere likewise tending to reduce the liquid to the smallest most stable geometric shape possible). It is due to capillarity that the minute blood vessels of living animals are supplied with blood, that sap rises in a tree, that a blotter sucks up ink, that moisture tends to come to the surface of the earth, and that a good many other essential things of a similar nature take place. In fact, we could not do without this important force.

Solid water.—Here we have snow, hail, frost, and ordinary ice. "Snowflakes are assemblages of minute crystals of ice formed from the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. They

vary in size from one-fourteenth of an inch to one inch in diameter. The smaller ones are formed when the temperature is very low, but the larger ones not until it is near 0°C ." They always assume a hexagonal shape, and from each corner of the hexagon protrudes a ray at an angle of 60° to the ray on either side of it. This fundamental form is the same, no matter how much the crystals otherwise vary in shape.

Snow is only white to the eye because of the great refractive power of the crystals, which when examined under the microscope are seen to be transparent. It forms whenever a cold enough wave passes over a moist atmosphere, the water condensing out as crystals. Hail, on the other hand, is formed when rain passes through a region of the atmosphere sufficiently cold to freeze it. Just as dew condenses out of the atmosphere on a summer night, on a winter night, when the temperature is below 0°C , frost forms.

Water, when it cools, retracts until it reaches a temperature of 4°C , and then it begins to expand, slowly at first, till it very nearly reaches 0°C and is about to freeze, then it increases very markedly and suddenly in volume. The specific gravity of ice is only .920, whereas at 4°C , pure water has a specific gravity of 1.000, this being the unit of specific gravity measurements. If water contracted all the way down to its freezing point, as most liquids do, in one cold winter every river, lake, etc., would be frozen up and would stay so, because of the ice being so much heavier than water and sinking to the bottom.

In freezing, water gives off a very large amount of heat, nearly eighty calories for every gram of ice formed. The amount of heat liberated in freezing a gram of water, stating it in other words, is sufficient to raise the temperature of eighty times its weight of water from 0°C to 1°C . Now we see only why there is always a "warming up" just before a snowstorm.

When gases are allowed to expand suddenly, they cool themselves, taking heat from all surrounding objects. Also if a substance, like ammonia, which at ordinary temperature is a gas, can be condensed by cooling and pressure to a liquid, and the pressure is removed, it will immediately begin to evaporate rapidly, and in so doing absorb a large amount of heat from

everything around. Such a principle is used in the preparation of artificial ice.

Ice is often seen to have considerable dirt in it. If the water were stirred while freezing, so that the crystals which separate out would be small, they would also be perfectly pure.

So much for solid, liquid and gaseous water. There are still one or two interesting things in connection with water, however, which do not bear directly on any one of these three heads.

Certain compounds have the power to crystalize with a greater or less amount of water—"water of crystallization," as it is called. Most of them can lose this water (or part of it) by heating them, and without detriment to the substances themselves. Examples of such are copper sulphate, sodium sulphate, alum, calcium chloride, etc. Some of these, like calcium chloride, if allowed to stand in the air, will attract moisture and become wet. They are said to be deliquescent. Others like sodium sulphate tend to lose their water of crystallization on standing open to the air. They are called efflorescent. There are still other compounds, called anhydrides, which take up water readily from the atmosphere, but not as water of crystallization, but by so doing, form a different compound, an acid. Phosphoric anhydride (phosphorus pentoxide) is an example of this kind, and it is the finest substance known, for dessicating purposes. Dehydrated copper sulphate and calcium chloride are likewise extensively used.

Sugar, oxalic acid, and a number of other substances lose water on being heated, but here the loss is quite a different one from that above. The compounds themselves are completely changed, showing that the water was in direct combination with them and that it was a fundamental part of them.

Many people know that water forms a large part of the human body and of the nourishment of the same, but few know what an enormous percentage of the whole this is. "A human body weighing 150 pounds contains about 113 pounds of water (75 per cent. as was stated above), and require daily for its sustenance, either as a liquid or combined with food, 5.5 pounds of water. This equals more than half a gallon."

One can see from the following table from what a large part of the water is derived:

Bacon.....	22%
Eggs.....	65
Butter.....	11 to 16
Richest Milk.....	87
Cucumbers.....	97
Salmon.....	75
Beef.....	73
Cabbage.....	89
Potatoes.....	75
Cheese.....	25 to 50
Strawberries.....	90
Apples and Grapes.....	80

It would take volumes to tell of all the effects of water as a dynamic agent in geology—of the action of frost, of percolating waters, of rain, of waves, of rivers, glaciers, lakes, oceans, subterranean waters, etc., of all these and more on the exterior and interior of the earth. As justice cannot be done to any one of these topics in a few words, they can only be mentioned here.

The all importance of water to dynamical reaction has already been spoken of above, but in conclusion, one or two examples will help to show still further how really essential it is.

Concentrated sulphuric acid and metallic sodium will react with the most explosive violence if brought together in the presence of only a trace of water, but if proper precautions are taken to exclude every particle of moisture, drying them thoroughly first and then bringing them together as quick as possible, there will be no reaction whatever. The fuming of hydrochloric acid and ammonia in the presence of each other is proverbial in the chemical laboratory. They combine to form ammonium chloride, which appears in the form of a white cloud. Here again there is no combination, if the two are perfectly dry. Soda and tartaric acid (both solids) can be intimately mixed together, in solid form, without undergoing any reaction. But as soon as water is added, a tremendous effervescence takes place. Many other cases might be cited, but these, as well as what has gone before, will, I hope, give some idea at least of the all importance of this wonderful yet common substance.

WHAT?

Pauline Pearce, '11.

I KNEW that it was useless to protest, so I quietly folded the paper and laid it upon the table. It was foolish of me to have trusted to her common sense in my effort to overcome her superstition. The fire had gone almost out while we were talking. The greyish ashes on the coals accorded too well with my mood. The girl sitting before me was again inconsequently chatting about nothing. I knew that I smiled when she made some inanely bright remark, that I answered her gaily and never let the ball of conversation drop. But all the while I scarcely knew what she was saying. My whole mind was fixed upon determining some way in which I might accomplish my purpose without her assistance.

The grey of the ashes irritated me so that I felt compelled to do something to make the fire burn more brightly. It looked so much like I felt that I could not abide it. I savagely chunked it with the paper until the flames leaped and danced up the chimney.

I watched them intently. I had forgotten all about the girl. I suppose that she left the room in anger when she found that I was not giving her any of my attention.

There was no light in the room save that given out by the leaping flames; but that was sufficient to enable me to read again the fateful paper, to read it slowly and thoughtfully, to realize what it all meant.

The fire-light played strange pranks as it flickered over the writing. I read it once again. In some incredible fashion the meaning seemed changed. At the bottom were the two signatures that conferred upon me the right to enter the great stone vault and penetrate its secret passage. I took out the old yellow paper that had first set me upon this quest and carefully re-read it. It said that nothing could be accomplished until the legal owners of the vault should give their consent in

writing to the quest. The outline of the vault and its strange exit were indelibly impressed upon my mind. The end of the passage was what I sought. What if the paper told the truth and I should find the second vault? I was too excited to feel any premonition of what the result might be.

The moon was shining brightly as I crossed the lawn to the vault. It stood a dark blot upon the whiteness of the surrounding country. There were no trees near it. Its gloom and solitude never failed to send a shudder through whoever looked upon it. It was always thus dark and gloomy. On even the brightest of days it seemed ever in the shadow.

The moss-covered door could scarce be found, so like the grey of the stone was it. It had no lock, but was kept closed by its own weight. With some difficulty I pulled it open. I drew a deep breath, then stepped inside. Suddenly, with a dull thud, the door closed behind me. I shuddered in the darkness and in the mouldy, clammy cold. I strained my eyes but could see nothing. I moved cautiously forward. A slight sound arrested me. I waited; but again the silence was absolute. I moved forward, turning slightly to the left. Again that peculiar sound, more pronounced this time. My hair began to stand on end. There was some moving presence in the vault! I turned in terror to retrace my steps.

As I touched the door one cold and clammy hand grasped mine and another was laid upon my forehead. My presence of mind and my reason fled. I do not know what happened. The next thing that I knew I was standing on the lawn and Marie was laughing at me.

"The next time that you want to probe a family secret you had better take a light," she said gaily. That was all that she would ever say about this adventure, except to tell me that she had known all along that the old passage had been sealed up ages ago.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

J. H. J.

WELL, I hardly can tell what I'll say before I get through. The smoke streams from my mouth, after it has been separated from great gaubs of nicotine, and my thoughts shall follow that smoke into the unknown. At least I may scatter words here that have some semblance of meaning. But never mind.

You know what Mr. Wentworth says about words—printed words? Not that mathematical piece of protopeasm that wrote Wentworth's Plane and Solid Geometry; he may be dead and forgotten for all I know—but Franklin E. Wentworth, that great Socialist leader. He says they are *dragon's teeth*. Now did you ever hear of such a thing? I blurted out, "You're a liar," because I had seen lots of words, but never any that looked like dragon's teeth. The whole thing seemed so absurd. But when I read all he had to say on the subject he turned the lie on me. In fact, he had my whole mind concentrated upon his pages and I felt like a scoundrel for ever doubting him. Let me quote you a passage from him:

"There are few things so beautiful as a printed page. See the little hieroglyphs—dragon's teeth—sowed in rows with such nice precision. Can a printer be criticised, can a maker of books be criticised for loving his work?

"And what a growth may spring from a page's sowing—nay, a word's. The hieroglyphs may be so set in a single word that they will tear your heart out.

"A man may read a word and sink to the earth in a swoon; he may read another and leap with shouts of victory."

Now, I believe every word of that. And you do too. You may say its "tommy rot" and stuff like that, but you listen. Some time in your life you have walked with padded feet, while all in the home was still. You have waited for the word to come from the sick-room that would give you hope or send you into a hell of despair. You felt you could bear it no longer.

Perhaps you were a little boy then—or a little girl. You seized Tabby and went off to the wood-pile on the south hillside, there to cry over your griefs and be comforted by that sympathetic purr, purr, purr. Yes, one word could have made you sink into a swoon or leap with shouts of victory. You crept back to the house; slowly, quietly, crept back to the house. Everything seemed strange, somehow, and you heard whispered among the servants, "Dead." Can you not understand? I can.

After you had gone to college and become a football enthusiast, you learned to know the value of words. You knew your college would win. It would have been the worst kind of blasphemy for you not to know that. You must feel you had won even if your colors had suffered the ignominy of defeat. Of course. Yet, you could not persuade yourself that defeat was impossible. It was the last quarter of the most important game of the year. The score stood 6 to 5 in your favor. There was only one-half minute more of play, and the opposing team had the ball on your one-yard line. Once, twice, your team had held for downs. But the enemy was so big. The oval was so easy to go over sometimes. You were breathless. The third time it left the center's hands and even before your team issued from the mass of human fishing worms, the whistle blew. You had won. "Time up," thrilled your frame like music of the spheres. For it is written, "A man may read a word and sink to the earth in a swoon; he may read another and leap with shouts of victory."

And Mr. Wentworth says further:

"Sharp teeth indeed are these little characters of Cadmus', sharp to gnaw at our vitals.

"A single line of type may change the current of a life-stream—a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters."

Sharp teeth they are indeed! And it was so easy for one word to change your life stream. You may not acknowledge it, but it's true. Possibly it was spoken by your mother; that magic, that sacred word that was a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters. Or maybe your pastor uttered it from the sanctity of the pulpit, or again, it may have been whispered in the classroom—whispered because it was too heretical for all ears. It

was meant for only yours, and that because your heart was receptive, and you had longed to break away from the old chains that had bound you from infancy, but you were afraid. It turned you into a new channel—a channel of thought—that word that was a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters.

Yes, there are many pent-up waters in this old corner of the universe. There is room for many a dyke; for those waters are restless. Yet, it is so much easier for them to follow the old grooves that have been worn by their father waters. It is for you to utter a word, or carve a line that may be that magic, that sacred thing which is to change their current.

Now, I have written this because I had nothing else to write—because the editor-in-chief wants words. My pipe has gone out. My thoughts have dropped. But there is one thing else. I want to tack on a moral. Possibly the dragon's teeth have bitten you—have gnawed at your vitals. Then bite others. Scatter "words, words, words." For Mr. Wentworth says:

"Oh subtle little letters! Between thy very lines the quickened soul may glean oftimes a meaning."

THOSE THINGS WHICH COMPENSATE.

T. O. K.

I.

The message of your tears!
Beneath whose glist'ning lay
A paradox of soul—
Unspoken hopes and fears
For him who treads the way
To life's ultimate goal.

II.

The shadow of your heart!
Dark'ning the glaring sun
And soothing weary eyes
Strained after Final Art
And weary feet that run
Toward where the Honor lies.

III.

The whisper of your song!
Dimmed in the after day,
Whose music does not cease
When strains of time are wrong
But down the songless way
The harbinger of peace.

IV.

The sympathy of prayer!
Your love's courageous call
Out of the long ago
For your boy everywhere
Till God and heav'n and all
The Mother—Prayer echo.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

THE Virginia Student Convention, which was held at Richmond College from November 4th to 6th, proved to be the largest convention of its kind that has ever been held in the State. There were more than one hundred delegates in attendance, representing twelve Academies and Colleges. All of the sessions were held in the College Chapel. The morning and afternoon sessions were open to delegates only, as these meetings were devoted entirely to the discussion of College work. At each evening session an address was delivered, and large audiences heard each address.

The object of the convention was to get representative students from the various Colleges together and discuss problems confronting the College Associations and to formulate plans for the extension of the religious life of the College. The State Executive Committee were fortunate in securing such speakers as Dr. W. D. Weatherford, General Student Secretary for the South, and Dr. J. Lovell Murray, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Dr. Murray is a strong man among College students, and is known in every Christian College by his works on the Missionary Department of a College. It is sufficient to say that the name of Dr. Weatherford is associated with that of John R. Mott. Like Dr. Mott, he is a speaker to College men that cannot be equalled in the South. Other speakers of the Convention were Dr. J. D. Reavis, returned Missionary from Africa; Rev. John Little, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Colored Mission, Louisville, Ky., and Dr. D. Clay Lilly, Pastor of Grace Street Presbyterian Church, Richmond.

It was a rare privilege to have this convention meet at Richmond College. It has meant a great deal to our College Y. M. C. A., and its results are already being manifested. Such a convention is just what our College Associations need, and it should be held at some College once during each school year.

The problems of the College Y. M. C. A. become more perplexing every year, and this convention is one of the methods of solving them. So let every College Y. M. C. A. in the State lend its support toward making this a permanent organization with annual meetings, and it will mean much toward the propagation of the religious life of our Colleges.

A. O. LYNCH.

THE MESSENGER

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EDITORIALS.

Selfishness and fear are unquestionably the greatest factors in determining human actions. In the ordinary course of our uneventful lives the first of these is, of course, the most important. When a man fights his innate selfishness and acts independently of it he is what we might term noble.

The Library, etc. These beautiful generalizations we have formulated are the prelude to a rather homely example of one of them furnished by the existence of a certain state of things here at our college, and of which we wish to say a few words. Definitely, we mean the way in which a large number of the student body make use (or abuse) of the privileges afforded by the college library.

It is a difficult thing to grasp, but we are almost forced to believe that some men at Richmond College look upon the library as an indoor playground constructed for their especial amusement. Where this idea originated we are unable to say, but that it exists is proved by the way in which some students here give vent to their hilarity and humor in the library to the great joy of all who are sincerely trying to make use of some reference work. Now we are not preaching. We are not going to quote the Golden Rule. But we must say that such actions as hurling paper missiles from one alcove to another or bursting forth suddenly into loud screams of laughter are, to say the least, childish.

There is another thing worth noting. Sometimes students obtain books which they wish to read in the library, and when they have finished them they leave them on the table or the radiator or any other support that happens to be within reach. Of course they do this in order that they may save the person who next desires it the trouble of going to the desk and asking for it. But in their great desire to be kind and courteous they fail to consider the fact that it is impossible for the librarian to guess just what table or radiator or window-sill or gas jet you have placed the volume on, and hence great delay and trouble is occasioned.

Then very often a student does not finish a book, and wishes to obtain it again soon after. Very simple. He hates to bother the librarian, so he conceals the volume behind a bookcase or in some other out-of-the-way place, and nine cases out of ten he forgets all about it. Of course it is very easily seen how much trouble he saves the librarian.

It seems to us that all the trouble grows out of thoughtlessness and, perhaps, out of that selfishness which is inborn in us all. The library is here for a definite purpose, and if you pervert the privileges afforded by it, you destroy its utility. Get all the good out of it you can in any way that you desire, as long as your way does not infringe on another's rights to do the same thing. Personal liberty is not based on selfishness. Think it over.

It is not necessary for a man to have before him a fixed and definite code of ethics in order that he may enter into the full spirit of Christmas. It is not necessary

**The Spirit of
Christmas.**

that his thoughts be limited by the fetters of some dogmatic belief in order that he may experience the full joys of Yule-tide. There is something about the Christmas season that breeds happiness. We know not whether it is the expectation of receiving gifts or whether the renewing of family ties is the cause, but unquestionably it is so.

Nature is at her loveliest in the springtime. In that season ambition and sentiment struggle in the human soul for supremacy. Summer brings the fullness of life. Then it is that the vital forces are most potent. Autumn comes with all her serenity and peacefulness and rich coloring, bringing with her that bitter-sweetness which arises from the realization that the old year is dying and, perhaps, our springtime ambitions with it. But after all it is the winter time that means most to us. The greatest institution of the Anglo-Saxons is the home, and it has been the cold blasts and icy snows of winter that have made the home. And with all the inconveniences of low temperature, you are somehow compelled, if you have any Anglo-Saxon blood in you, to love the winter season, and to feel when Christmas comes that indefinable spirit of happiness which springs from the glowing flames of a fireside.

Yes, the true spirit of Christmas is happiness, and it doesn't require a text-book on theology to make us realize that the easiest way to be happy is to bring the smile of joy to the face of another. If you don't believe this, try it. Therefore, to say what we have already said in another way, the spirit of Christmas is giving and giving means spending. There is something inspiring in the act of a man who spends his last dollar like a king, and there is something both inspiring and noble about it when he spends that dollar on someone else.

Christmas will soon be here. To the average man it will bring happiness. There will be men this Christmas who will close the year as bankrupts because they believed that giving

meant happiness and that happiness was the highest good. The world is better for such men.

If you are still living after the fall exams. and your nervous system is not in such a state as to require your presence in a hospital, go home and be happy. Here's wishing you a merry, merry Christmas.

All good acting is not done on the stage. For proof of this watch the Sunday promenade on the avenue.

It is a debatable question as to whether some people's "struggle for existence" is justly rewarded by a harp.

Excluding all stump speeches and Fourth-of-July orations to the contrary, is America, after all, a free country?

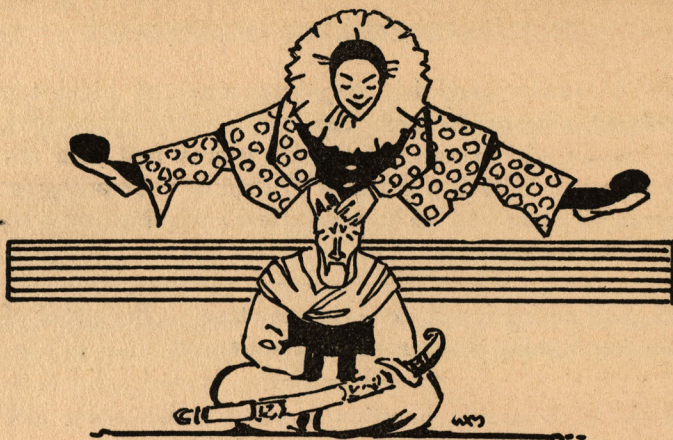
Some people really believe that the great sociological problems of our nation can be solved by a Wednesday night prayer-meeting.

It is unquestionably a woman's privilege to be admired. But, seriously, is that all God intended her for?

Is there really any advantage in being civilized? If so, what?

We would like to know the name of the man who first advanced the theory that a student's mental efficiency could be indicated on a percentage basis, term examinations furnishing the data for the calculation. If he is still alive a padded cell is awaiting him.

There are some men in some colleges who believe they are eligible to the Hall of Fame.



CAMPUS NOTES.

Wm. Bailey, Editor.

"And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in."

O'Flaherty (behind the old squad at the close of the recent game between the two medical colleges): H-h-h-o-l-d 'em, R-r-r-i-chmond!

Dr. White: Mr. Thomas, turn off the gas in the stock room, please.

Doc Thomas: Don't call me mister, Dr. White; call me what the boys do.

It is reported that Sydnor and MacManaway can furnish information concerning the ghost party recently held on the Campus.

Coach Long (Fritz lying unconscious on Hampden-Sidney gridiron): Fritz, are you all right now? What day is this?

Fritz: (rambling): Sunday morning.

Coach: What are you doing, boy?

Fritz: Playing Hampden-Sidney to beat the D——l.

Mr. E. K. Cox was seeking information concerning the requirements of a "Super" in the Ben Hur play, as he, with several other students had decided to act in the official capacity while the play was here. Dick Richards volunteered the information.

Richards: "All you have to do is to paint your face with brick dust, look mean, say one cuss word, and drink a whole mug of beer at one gulp, just to show that you are a good soldier."

Cox: "My goodness, Dick, you know I can't do that, I'm a minister.

Richards: "Well then you just slip me your beer, you can pretend to say the cuss word."

The following verses were handed to the editor with apologies to all the well-known poets in college:

Miss Morrisette took to class a box of candy
Little Harry found it lying handy—
And ate it.

Mr.— (at a football game): They have played three quarters. I wonder what our chances are!

Miss Sands: Three already! Well, how many quarters are there in a game?

Miss Virginia S. considers puffs an indication of advancing years. Having wearied of her place of distinction as the youngest co-ed, she has invested.

"Just wait till Saturday!" she exclaimed, "and you'll see if I'm such an infant. Eudora, where did you get your puffs?" "From Lubin," was the prompt reply. Did she mean Lueberts?

They say that the co-eds are rushing Dr. Dicky. It is not considered a la mode to have a reception or a literary society meeting without him. Is it because so many degrees are depending on Latin? We choose to think not.

Dame Rumor tells us that the Executive Council, whose duty it is to control manners and morals of co-education, is doing fine work.

Freedom of speech, they tell us, is a thing of the past. We fear for the press also. The August body of "Women Students" has passed its sentence declaring it improper for young ladies to cross the campus minus veils and kid gloves. Paul is their apostle. It is said also that plans for the erection of a covered passage leading from the Co-Ed Cottage to Ryland and Science Halls are under consideration—for the campus paths are thoroughfares too conspicuous.

Miss Davis's derby is the sensation of the day. We think the feather an excellent addition. Try it, boys!

"Big" Davis (as referee of game between Richmond School for Blacks and Petersburg Colored College, addressing the dusky captains of the pig-skin-chasing aggregations prior to the game): "Now, fellows, etc."

Wanted by Oneil and Gresham—A detective to solve the "Pauline Mystery."

Clay Cole: Lend me your cork-screw, Vaden.
Vaden: Prof. Loving has it.

Craft (entering Fork Union on recent football trip): "There lies the Garden of Eden!

Strother (coming away): "It's all clear now; Eve ate the apple so as to get kicked out."



ATHLETICS.

G. W. S.

Football is still the all-absorbing topic of the day. While some are turning their attentions to track and tennis, football reigns supreme in the world of sport.

Since the last "MESSENGER" went to press, the Spiders have engaged in three gridiron battles—one with George Washington University, one with Hampden-Sidney and one with A. and M. College, of North Carolina.

In the game with George Washington on the 29th of October, the Spiders showed up in "big league" style; they showed that they were capable of playing *real* football. While the game will go down in the annals of football as a victory for George Washington, it was indeed not a victory. At the very best the score should be a tie. This is true because of the fact that what counted as the last touchdown for George Washington should have counted as a touchback. The score, which was reported as being 21 to 15 in favor of George Washington, should be 15 to 15 (in favor of Richmond College). The game, so say football authorities, was one of the best ever witnessed at the Broad Street Park. Richmond College had her best line-up on the field and the men played with a snap and dash that is not always seen.

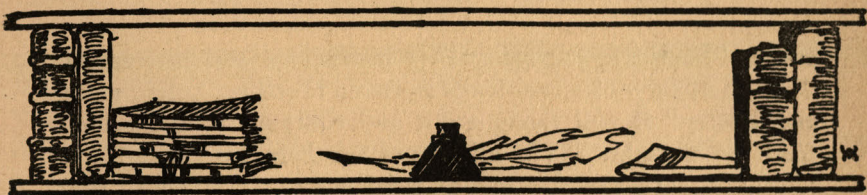
The following Saturday, November 6th, the team with a bunch of rooters started for Hampden-Sidney to play the first cham-

pionship game on our schedule. The team was sadly handicapped in the loss of two of the regulars, Capt. Sadler and Duval. Both of these were unable to accompany the team because of injuries. Besides this, Richmond had a day off. The men failed to show the spirit of determination which was so much in evidence on the previous Saturday. Hampden-Sidney put a better team on the field *that* day than did Richmond College and—the best team won, the score being 18 to 0, in favor of the Presbyterians. With the loss of that game went down our hopes for the championship.

On the following Friday, November 11th, Coach Long with an aggregation started for Raleigh, where we played A. and M. the next day. When the bunch left the C. and O. station, there were six regulars among them—Capt. Sadler, Duval, Tyler, Johnson and Carter being on the crippled list. Besides this, Fritz Jones, the heady quarter, was taken desperately ill going down on the train and was unable to go in the game. The team played good ball, but they were too light to hold the strong Tarheels. We congratulate ourselves that the score wasn't even greater than 49 to 0.

Two games remain to be played—both championship—one with William and Mary on November 19th and one with Randolph-Macon the following Saturday, November 26th. There are still several of the 'varsity men out of the game on account of injuries, but we are hoping to put an aggregation on the field that will make it interesting for William and Mary.

There is a rumor going the rounds that the Randolph-Macon team has disbanded, and this has caused no little excitement and talk on the campus here. This report comes as a decided blow to Richmond College and we sincerely hope that it is without foundation. Here's hoping that our old-time rivals will meet us at the Broad Street Park on the twenty-sixth.



EXCHANGES

Wm. A. Simpson, Editor.

In our exchange column last month we spoke of the lack of reviews between Southern College publications. At that time we did not draw any distinctions between the University type and the preparatory college. Our idea was to aid each other in the hope that we might raise some standard type of magazine in the South, for at present we have no standard.

We are not offended, but rather surprised, at the exchange of one of the larger magazines of the University type. We are at a loss to interpret his attitude. If he purposes to reach down and lend us a hand to scale the mountain we are grateful. But if he means to step down and pat us on the back with a patronizing nod of the head, we shall squirm under his caresses like the child who frets at its mother's too fond kisses.

Now, we need encouragement, help, and criticisms. We cannot survive if we do not have all. But we shall always challenge not the criticism, but the attitude in which we are reviewed. Otherwise, when all is said we are thankful to the great unknown creator of the universe who permits us to sip the life-giving waters of the "Periau" spring at the foot of a mountain of omniscience, on whose summit we can discern the University of Virginia.

What strikes us as the most salient feature of this magazine is its originality, and by the way we are not the first who have said this. The contents consist of verse, essays, short stories, and sketches. All of the verse is excellent. "Song" and "Dream-Gardens" are beautiful in rythm. "The Bridge Builders" is possessed of a rugged strength of poetic beauty which gives it a claim to fame. Of the

*"The University
of Virginia
Magazine."*

essays "Southern Journalism" is instructive and interesting. "On An Apparent Inconsistency Between Matthew Arnold's Life and Poetry" is well thought out and contains some excellent food for thought. "The Library of Southern Literature" is a just appreciation of this monumental work. It is a pity that such a story as the "Sphinx" should have been marred by such a weak ending. It is a debatable question whether it is true to life for a man after six years of toil to expect a fickle woman to remain true to him. To the author of the "Tear of Life" we wish to say candidly that we think he would succeed more signally at verse than at short story writing. "Blood of His Blood" is a miserable failure. Could we have looked over the author's shoulder as he wrote, we would have suggested cow's blood, which is often used in such cases, as a fit substitute. But then he would probably say you would not have a story. Exactly! The sketch is at best a stirring newspaper article, certainly not a story.

We are not pessimistic, affected with indigestion, or too antagonistic when we say that the Randolph-Macon Magazine has fallen much below its usual standard in "The Randolph-Macon Monthly." the November issue. The jingle "Southland" is patriotic, but not poetry. "Andromache's Complaint" is uninteresting. "Genevieve" is the lament of departed love, and we sympathize with the author in his bereavement. The sketches "Work" and "The Great Passion Play" are fair, although the latter is not just the kind of sketch which we think ought to be included in a College magazine. "Soliloquy of an Oak Marked for the Saw" is a fair plea for conservation of natural resources, yet the author would have his hands full if he attempted to make such an emotional harangue over every oak "marked for the saw." "The Forgotten Girl" is poorly constructed and badly executed. After we have married off fair "Myrtle" to the noble, good, beautiful, manly and deserving Richard Manning and the fickle Brewster, smoker of cigarettes, idler, lady-killer, yet a jolly good fellow—then we return to the deserted maiden whom we left on the steps at the beginning and dispose of the remaining heroes of the story by a dramatic life-saving act. Some excitement, but no story.

"Dreams" deserves commendation. Still we question A. Chuckle whether his attitude of humanity is just or not. We cannot believe that man enters this old world an optimist, full of ambition and the intoxication of triumph and leaves it a disgusted pessimist and cynic, judging all the world selfish and full of failures. We are sorry to note a singular coincidence between the story "One of the Legion" and the theme of a moving picture which we (Exchange) happened to have seen in Richmond. We are sorry because of the fact that the dramatic scene added entirely ruined the story. Would it not have been better as the picture had it, to let Colonel Rey die loyal to his country and jealous of his honor with his badge of honor on his breast than to give it to a reformed sinner. There is one thing that we wish to say to "Solid Ivory," don't imitate; create! Thus endeth the lesson.

The best thing in this issue of the "William and Mary Literary Magazine" is "An Adventure," which is an excellent story in the making. One criticism which we are forced to make concerns the distribution of *"The William and Mary Literary Magazine"* articles. Out of ten articles, you have five selections of verse. All of these are good, still a more judicious "sandwiching" would add to the value of the book. You lack an essay, but in its stead "Tommy Rott" has given us a treatise on Machiavelli, which is good. We cannot judge "The Yellow Streak" as yet, because we are ignorant of the big sensation which the aforesaid gentleman is going to raise. Here's to him.

The contents of the November issue of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine are scant and not up to the standard of past achievements. All of the verse is light and fanciful, *"The Hampden-Sidney Magazine."* yet in reality not deserving to be called verse. "The Place of the Skull" is grewsome. It does not seem to us that the hero and heroine could live happy ever afterward on gold, which has been accumulated by "pillage and plunder, robbery and murder." The "Tail of My Dog" has the virtue of being original, and not so boring as many stories we are forced to read every month.

"The Power of Music" is well worked up and is the result of wide reading and good sentiment.

The distribution of articles in the Hollin's Magazine for October is good, although there are too many of what we, for a

better name, will call sketches. These are
"The Hallins not short stories, whether so intended or not.
Magazine. "Up in a Villa" is well constructed, and but

for a tame ending would have made an excellent story. "The Adjutant" is hardly a story, everything considered. Poetic justice would ordinarily have demanded that Bridges get his deserts and the adjutant receive more than a Rah! Rah! Rah! for his righteous pains and immaculate character. We wish to commend your poetry. "His Gifts" far excels anything we have yet seen in College publications. There is room for improvement in the technique of the magazine. Just a bit of advice to short-story writers, *i. e.*, the best short story is that one which is not predominated by a love element and which requires no love interest to hold its parts together.

This issue of the Carolinian contains some very readable matter. "A Mountain Maid's Revenge" is very original and

is well worked up. "Nan's Pardner" does
"The credit to the imaginative power of the author.
Carolinian." Of the verse "The Winter's Night" is probably best.

We take great pleasure in perusing this magazine, for it is one of the best that has come to us as yet. It abounds in stories,

good, bad, and indifferent. "The Recon-
"The Wake struction of Korea" is unique, as advertised,
Forest Student." and it is also intensely interesting. "Uncle

Alex's Judgment Day" is, if we do not mistake, only a vivid re-eternalism of a time-worn anecdote. Verse in this issue is notable for its scarcity. The magazine presents a neat appearance and is to be commended for the evident enthusiasm shown in its pages.

Now as Yule-tide draws near, that time of all the year when the "kids" hang up their stockings expectantly, when the blushing "calic" frets under the mistletoe awaiting the "frosh," when all the world is gay—come now you fellows that can write,

and steal just a little time from your joviality to pen a few choice lines for your College magazine. They need it, they will appreciate it and probably you will be glad to see the name of A. Mutt signed to a thrilling short-story or a sentimental poem. So to use those time-honored words, "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," we bid all our sister colleges God speed on the new year's work.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The University of Virginia Magazine, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Carolinian, The Mevcevia, The Lesbian Herald, The Emory and Henry Era, The William Jewell Student, The Pharos, Winthrop College Journal, The Gold Bug, The Buff and Blue, The Georgetownian, The Hollins Magazine, The Wake Forest Student.*

ALUMNI NOTES

G. H. Winfrey, Editor.

A. T. Ransome, B. A., '10, principal of the Amherst High School, paid Alma Mater a short visit Thanksgiving week.

W. G. Payne, M. A., '09, Superintendent of Schools of Highland and Bath counties, was also with the fellows again for a few days during the meeting of the State Educational Association here.

S. B. Bragg, LL. B., '06, is practicing law in Norfolk.

G. T. Waite, M. A., '08, for three years full-back on our football team, expects to graduate from the Louisville Seminary this session.

O. W. Underwood, '06, is studying law at the University of Virginia.

E. P. Stringfellow, '10, is in business in Bluefield, W. Va.

T. H. Smith, B. S., '10, is professor of mathematics in the Fork Union Academy.

W. R. D. Moncure, B. A., '09, is teaching history in the same school.

E. L. Ackiss, B. A., '10, has entered the Seminary in Louisville.

W. R. Beverly, B. A., '10, is in the printing business with his father, in Richmond.

J. H. (Teddy) Bristow, '10, is engaged in the clothing business in Greenville, S. C.

E. W. Hudgins, L. L. B., '07, is practicing law in Richmond—being a member of the firm of McNeil, Hudgins and Ozlin.

Miss Helen Baker, B. A., '07, is teaching in the Woman's College, Richmond.

W. W. Pierce, LL. B., '10, is practicing law in North Carolina.

R. C. Ancarrow, B. S., '10, is studying civil engineering at Cornell.

A. B. Bristow, B. A., '05, is principal of the Front Royal High School.

Roscoe Spencer, B. A., '08, is in the Johns-Hopkins University, studying medicine.

J. A. Byrd, LL. B., '09, is a candidate for the State Legislature from Accomac.

G. L. Doughty, B. A., '06, is practicing law in Accomac.

