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THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXXVII.

JANUARY, 1911

No. 4

THE WAY DIVIDETH.

Frank Gaines, 12.

Voice of the sweet old song,
Lure of the golden stream;
 These are forgone! These are as dead!
Gall of the binding thong,
Thorns and the hot blood stream,
Curse of the heartless throng,
Night and the dead star beam—
 For I have said, oh! I have said.

Joy of life's symphony,
Youth and up-winged love,
 These are forgone! these are as dead!
Dark of the vast above,
Pain by the pleading sea,
Life with the soulless drove,
Dust of the roads to be,
Ache of the last hope's rove,
Ashes of phantasy—
 For I have said—God, I have said.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

W. H. V.

THE day was hot and sultry and you felt it. You were continuously reaching for your large handkerchief and those around you could detect in your eye an uncertain timidity that sometimes sank to despair. You wanted to matriculate and had been waiting around the President's office all day watching the other boys, some timid-eyed like yourself, others bold and noisy, whose only distinctive traits were a loud mouth and loud pants rolled three inches above their ankles, and there were still others—sad-eyed and sober looking fellows. You wondered why. Was it their temperament or was it that a mighty B. A. was looming on the horizon of this their fatal year?

You had never seen such a mixed aggregation of fellows. You were afraid. There is a streak of fear in every man. Perhaps the word cowardice would be a shock to our masculine vanity. You had no one to sympathize with you. You feared the coming of the next few days. And then in a moment of desperate courage and forced optimism, you stood on the stone steps outside the door and whispered to yourself something like, "Shucks! they don't know me yet, I'll be all right in a day or two." Then you went inside and ran into an elderly looking gentleman, with dark grey whiskers. It dawned upon you that he was one of the professors—the professor of History you found out later. You sat down with him to talk over your work for the session, "to make out your ticket" as the old gentleman expressed it.

You were anxious to accomplish something. You had come fresh-hearted from a little town, where every day you could go into the country and listen to the song of birds—the song of the only divinity in nature. You had lived under the shadow of the tall trees all your life and they had become a part of your existence. You knew no music but the pipes of the great

god Pan, no poetry but the quiet moan that drifts over the mountains from the sea. The old gentleman seemed very sympathetic, and you told him all this. Yes, you were vigorous and felt equal to any mental task.

"Five classes," you had said and the kindly professor leaned across the table and said with a serious air:

"Don't you know that you are not coming to college to be turned out a walking encyclopedia. The aim of a true college course is not to cram a man's head with facts, it is rather to develop his power to think. Education is not an iron-clad process, a finality; it is, as with everything else, a development. Your college course would be a sad failure were you to spend all your time and energies toward getting a sickly little degree. Why, there is enough to be seen in Richmond to last you four years in the seeing. You just take three classes this year, and next year, when you have learned how to study, take four." You mutely submitted. You couldn't say anything. You had lost your breath.

You started the year with a vim and a go that delighted the anxious home-folks. You were a hard student, but you also read books that were not in the college course. Books are faithful companions. When you get tired watching the throbbing, living tide of humanity sweep by—a stream that has its undercurrents, you can betake yourself to your books and spend a quiet hour with the master minds. Yes, books are noiseless, spiritual things. The personality of a living soul shines in its many colors from out the dry and dusty pages. Who could read the jovial essays of Lamb, without feeling a tingle of joy? Why, the old pages colored dark with ages and glaring at you with its mysterious old letters, have in them a hidden meaning—a meaning as deep as a human soul. Books are to be read in the silence of your room, not under the trees or beside the still waters. Books are art, nature is living and real. In the presence of nature, books are an absurdity. A tiny flower is a reproach to a volume of Keats. But books oftentimes mean the awakening of a mind, the enlightening of a soul. And this is what it meant to you. When you were at home, you had not thought much about the really serious things.

The serious things did not mean much to you even when you had completed this, your first college year, but you got a few short glimpses of that vast sea of human thought that moans forever in its eternal struggle with itself, and beats upon the shores of your intellect in an unending hiss of mockery. But you learned one lesson from them, you learned tolerance. You discovered that there were too many ideas to be fettered to the choice of one. And what is tolerance? You may believe anything, laugh at the surest conclusions of modern science, reject a rational investigation of the historical foundations of your own faith, scorn the truth-seeking spirit of Higher Criticism, but so long as you give the other man the privilege of believing just the opposite without hating or ostracizing him—this is tolerance. Tolerance is fundamental. There is only one thing not to be tolerated and that is intolerance.

But there is more in the spirit of tolerance than the mere clash of dogmas and creeds. There is a tolerance that extends to the very depths of human personality. Go to a reception with its hot room and bright lights, its painted dolls in frills and laces, its clean shaven bipeds with stiff and starchy shirts, go there, I say, with a silken shirt, a soft collar and a pair of shoes as yet ungreased with dirty blacking, and if you cannot stand the foppish comment of dolls and the silly sneer of bipeds in dress suits, you will leave through the first open door.

You are a human being who longs for a larger freedom from such irksome conventionalities. You do not care for anything but politeness, sympathy, and wisdom. You soon found out that although conventionality is really, in practice, the vital part of a woman's moral code, there is also, as one author expresses it, "but scant inspiration in a thousand derby hats" on Broad Street.

You went to the theatre to enjoy the art of a great actor. You took a seat, but you were not dressed like every other man in the box—in a dress suit and white gloves, and the people turned upon you with their opera glasses and lorgnettes and then turning to one of their friends whispered something like this, "Who is that beggar over there?" That's intolerance of human

personality. You found out that there were some petty aristocrats like that on a smaller scale.

Yes, this is your first year and you have learned a free-hearted tolerance. It is the first lesson of every truly cultured soul. Artificialities were repugnant to you. You wanted to see free men with free minds. You told one fellow that, and he merely patted you on the back and said you were not really serious. They never understood you, and you could never understand them.

But when the warm days of June came around, you went home with no enviable class mark, but with the inner consciousness that your soul had caught a glimpse of its own true self and the infinite sea of human thought upon which it had embarked.

MADOC.

S. H. Ellyson, '10.

MEN were afraid of Madoc. He was known through all the hills of Wales as Madoc the Mad. For he could crush things with his hand. And his heart had a great voice and a tremendous knob of red hair and bristly whiskers with which to express itself. Also there was a pair of gray eyes beneath shaggy brows which had not been interpreted.

And his favorite pastime was to sing that world-famous song, "Hay, tiddle-de-ump-te-tiddle-de-dee!" through his nose. Let the humorous laugh. But men of those days did not laugh.

Thus he sang in the woods and on that day it meant that he liked to smell the morning air and hear the birds. For his ear was quite as tender within as anyone's.

And there were children playing on the edge of the forest. Some were gathering fuel for the morning meal. And as the woods began to thin and brighten he came upon them in great playfulness.

And he cried unto them with great bellows so that they, instead of laughing, dropped their sticks and fled with frightened cries. But Madoc in his simplicity did not perceive that it was fright that made them flee, but supposing all was play, came charging after, filling up the woods with his playful roar and bringing all the anxious housewives to the doors. When they saw their children's panic, they lifted up their voices in shrewish wail and cried against the astonished Madoc.

And one old thoughtless mother shrilled, "So this the way you treat children, that you scare them into fits, Madman!"

And another screamed, "Go chase the bear cubs to their dens, bold Madoc!"

So they cried and were not afraid, being women possessed of tongues.

And Madoc stood amazed and stared at the storm, and turned

aside and went down into the valley losing himself in the bushes.

And his face was sad and he no longer walked erect, but slouched along under the dark bushes of a creek-side, and there were no birds down there.

But in a space he shook himself and thus cast off the shadow as easily as he had put it on. His heart gave ear to the murmurs of the water and he, mumbling in his nose, proceeded on his way. His gray eyes sparkled as he swung along, and they twinkled at a peeping squirrel, and they twinkled at a saucy crow, and they twinkled at the sunlight on the water.

The path turned and led him up a steep. And through his increased breathing, the buzzing increased to a twanging whine, and the whine to a loud rumble and the rumble to a roar, until, at last, when he stepped triumphant on the summit of the hill his throat opened and the wild battle song of his Welsh forefathers burst heartily from his breast.

Savage it rang across the hills that lay beneath him and as he swung down the descending path, his strength was taut with the zeal of it, and his eyes blazed in the joy of the passion. Mightily he whirled the sturdy staff of oak in his hand and he slew the young bushes in his path. Thus did he exult in his joy, his savage joy, in the joy of his ancestors and in the joy of his strength.

But suddenly as he proceeded he came upon a strange sight. And he stopped and growled as does an animal at the scent of danger, for it was a fearful spectacle. There was a movement in the bushes to his right and the bushes were bruised and trampled. And among them there quivered a dark mass, a mass of flesh, of legs and arms and twisted bodies. And there were two convulsed faces, white from loss of breath or from anger and their teeth gnashed and they bit each other.

And Madoc leant over and with his crushing hands picked up this writhing mass and pulled its parts asunder. And behold there were two men. And they were faint from the struggle and let their heads hang back and they gurgled in their helplessness. So that he let them fall to the ground and there they moaned. And Modac looked at them in wonderment,

for he never had understood how men could kill one another. For though he had tasted blood, 'twas only in self-defense.

At length, having rested, the two enemies sprang up and would have grappled again had not Madoc held them apart so that they reached with vain fingers at one another. And they cried in their anger, and weeping in helpless rage cursed the meddler who interrupted the course of justice.

"Who put thee to rule over us, Mad Madoc!" wept one and the other said, "Curse you, let me at him!"

But he would not and shaking them, he commanded one to go one way and the other to go another, which they did, for they feared him. So they left him and one cried, "Curses be upon thy strength, thou meddler!" and the other said, "Mayst thou find a master in thine old age!"

He was alone and he stood and shook his shoulders and sighed. And his spirit cried within him and he groaned at the necessity of things. So he was sore in heart, not because men would kill one another, but for something he could not express, which was their hatred of him. For he loved men greatly and he was grieved that they thought hard of him. And he loved children greatly and he was sad that they feared him. And he worshipped all women from afar, and they despised him.

So he turned and sought the little path that led to his hut and when he was come, he called his old war horse and Robin came and sniffed in his ear. And he leant on his neck and the grief left him as a mist dissolves in the sun. For his heart was as a pool that reflected what it had received.

DICKENS AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

L. F. Paulette.

THIS subject is best illustrated by Dickens' two most interesting novels "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby." In order fully to appreciate these two books we must first get a fair conception of the national situation in England in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Charles Dickens grew up at a time when the social and political life of England was sadly in need of reform. The poor people were oppressed and half starved. The high price of food led the parents to place their children to work in the factories in order that the half starved families might have one more loaf of bread a week. The working class of people were in a condition not much better than barbarians. Men, women, and children had to toil from fifteen to eighteen hours a day in an atmosphere such as horses and cattle are never doomed to inhale. The schools were in charge of men of the lowest type; ignorant, sordid, brutal men, to whom few considerate persons would have intrusted the board and lodging of a dog. The tone of the law courts was low, and the whole administration of law and justice savored of barbarism. There was a shameless waste of public money on needless places, and extravagance in all departments of the government. The working people were crushed between Church and State. Ignorance, hunger, and nakedness was the result of such tyranny. It is readily seen that there was need for reform; reform such as Bright, Cobden and Peele advocated, and the question is, what was Dickens' attitude towards, and what part, if any, did he take in the reform movements?

At the age of ten Dickens was working in a blacking factory while his father was confined for debt in the Marshalsea prison. His associations in the factory gave him his first insight into the miserable condition of the working class of people. Having suffered in his own person with them, he had a sympathy for

the poor and the oppressed, and it is perhaps due to this early experience that his subjects are drawn so largely from the life of the English common people. His experience as a reporter, which gained him admission to the gallery in Parliament, gave him a contempt for the Parliamentary style proper.

While Dickens' novels were certainly not written primarily as works on social reformation, they are often concerned with the attack or defence of some moral principle. His personal experience gave him opportunity for a wide and varied knowledge of English life, and this knowledge evidently made him desire to help in some way the working people who were crushed by the tyranny of the corrupt financiers and politicians. He broke away from the romanticism of Scott and portrayed vividly the life of the upper and lower classes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

When we read "Oliver Twist," and catch the general line of thought, "social oppression," it seems evident that it was written with a purpose. The aim of the author, it appears, is to put before the readers a picture of the "dregs of life," hitherto never exhibited in their loathsome reality by any novelist. This novel sets forth in a realistic manner, by means of a number of caricatures, the badly managed workhouse and the corrupt police court. In the second chapter he begins the attack on the workhouse in a simple way when he refers to the old woman in charge of the branch-workhouse, as an "elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week—and appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use." Bumble and his methods of dealing with the children in the workhouse is a caricature of the hypocrisy of the beadles, the working of the poor-law, and the method of administering the so-called charity. Mr. Fangis is a caricature of the incompetent and merciless magistrates and the corrupt police courts.

A stroke is aimed at the miserable condition of the poor working boys when he introduces the scene in the workhouse, where the authorities are on the point of turning Oliver over to Gamfield to learn the trade of a chimney-sweep. This Gamfield enjoyed the reputation of having bruised three of

four boys to death. This seemed to please Bumble, and in his estimation Gamfield was a fine master for Oliver.

"Nicholas Nickleby" seems to have been written with a purpose as well as "Oliver Twist." The purpose seems to be to show up, in their true light, the cheap Yorkshire schools which were in existence.

Mr. Squeers is the representative of a class of blockheads and impostors, who, although they had proven their unfitness for any other occupation, "were free, without examination or qualification, to open school anywhere." We get an idea of how these schools were conducted when Mr. Squeers was demonstrating to Nicholas, who has become his assistant, his method of teaching. Squeers asks the boy, "What is a horse?" and when the boy answers, "a beast," Squeers says, "As you're perfect in that go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down," That he would do this is evident from the "rubbing down" he gave Bolder. Squeers is typical of the so-called schoolmasters in Yorkshire, whose chief qualification was the ability to wield the cane, and his school is but a type of those which actually existed where thousands of minds were deformed by incapable pettifoggers who claimed to train them.

This picture was so true to the actual life and condition of the Yorkshire schools, that more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster laid claim to being the original Mr. Squeers, and one went so far as to actually consult legal authorities to know if he had sufficient grounds on which to rest an action for libel.

Now the characters in "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" are not wholly the product of Dickens' wonderful imagination; they are true to life, and are typical of the social conditions in England in his life time. He was by nature a keen observer of life; and his own practical experiences had brought him to a close knowledge of its realities and its hardships. While serving as reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* he became familiar with certain conditions and certain localities in London as well as the surrounding country. And in his observations he saw in many forms that there was one fact, the tyranny of man over man, and he struck at it whenever he saw it. The workhouse was

the first thing he struck at with his reformer's battle-axe. He hated oppression in any form.

Even though he takes liberties with the literal facts of life, he gives a very vivid picture of the corrupt conditions of the social and political life in England in the early part of the nineteenth century. And though a great many of his characters are not real—are not impressive as real men, women, and children—they are typical of their vices and virtues; they are real murderers; they are real thieves; they are real hypocrites; and they are real gentlemen.

When all is considered we must come to the conclusion, that even though his novels were not written ostensibly as books on reform, Dickens was thoroughly familiar with the need of reform, and heartily in sympathy with worthy reform movements. He was certainly a great preacher and a great moralist, and no doubt these two novels did much to awaken interest in social and political reform, by calling the attention of the people to the things which needed reforming.

THE MESSAGE OF GERTRUDE.

Boyce R. Fitzgerald, '11.

THE special train pulled slowly into the station and stopped with a hissing of air brakes. From it, poured a stream of gayly decorated humanity, come to the little inland city to see two great football teams play for the championship of the east.

Oliver adjusted his tie nervously; then took a position of vantage and scanned the hurrying crowd for Gertrude. Several times he thought he saw her, and a smile came over his face—one of those foolish smiles that you smile in spite of yourself when you see someone you think you know. Each time, however, the smile faded; she proved to be somebody else's girl.

As the crowd thinned, Oliver grew more and more perturbed, and by the time the last few stragglers had hurried past, his face wore an expression of deep anxiety. He looked in the station and then boarded the train in spite of the indignant protests of an insignificant little brakeman. He walked the whole length of it. Gertrude was not in the station. Gertrude was not on the train. Where on earth was Gertrude?

To understand how serious this question seemed to our young friend, Oliver, you must know the few facts in the case.

Oliver was in his third year at the University. Gertrude was utilizing her high school education in teaching a little country school some forty miles away. Oliver had thought a good long while before he invited her down for the game, and a much longer while since she had accepted his invitation. Gertrude had waited a long while for the invitation, and no time at all before accepting it. Afterwards she had some moments of misgiving. She was a country girl, born, bred, and immured. The trip had a glamorous attraction for her, but the thought that something might happen filled her with dread. Suppose Oliver didn't meet her at the train. The idea of being alone in a strange town appalled her.

Most of this Oliver knew; the rest he guessed.

It might be worth while to add that Oliver and Gertrude had known each other since childhood, and that the folks down home were ready to give them their blessing at any time.

Oliver scratched his head in perplexity. Finally it dawned upon him that the train came into town at the other depot first. He could not remember that he had included a mention of this fact in the very explicit directions he had written out for Gertrude. The stenographic speed of his recording angel was put to a severe test during the next few minutes as he (Oliver) went up the street.

At this point we are obliged to use the time-worn narrative expedient of telling what Gertrude was doing in the meanwhile.

Now to the casual bystander it would not have appeared that Gertrude was doing anything at all remarkable. But to Gertrude herself, her conduct seemed unconventional to the point of being extraordinary.

When the train stopped, she hastened to alight, too excited at the thought of meeting Oliver to notice that only a few of those who were evidently coming to the game alighted with her. Five minutes she stood upon the depot platform looking for him. In those five minutes her state of mind changed from a glow of expectancy to one of most distressing despair.

A harmless looking policeman was wandering about the station with an apparently aimless air. Gertrude summoned up her courage and asked this quaint person if he had seen Oliver. The minion of the law was unable to recall having done so, but inasmuch as his line of work had caused him to meet many students informally, whose names he troubled not to remember, he thought it safe to answer in the affirmative.

It seems he had seen him that very morning. No, he had not mentioned that he was expecting an out-of-town guest.

The policeman was sympathetic; Gertrude grew confidential. She accepted as sound his advice that she go to the hotel and there await her truant swain. The policeman told her to take the car. Gertrude assented, but in her heart was a lurking distrust of street cars. She walked, instead.

Five minutes after she had set out for town Oliver arrived,

pale and shaken. No vestige of Gertrude was to be found. It was horrible.

Oliver, too, sought the aid of the upholder of the law. In three minutes he had learned all there was to be learned, and some more. He took the car.

At the hotel—no Gertrude!

With a nameless fear clutching his heart, Oliver set out to search the streets. At last he turned the right corner. Half way down the block he saw the little check-suited figure he had been picturing to himself so vividly for days.

He raced over the intervening distance. She turned to him with a glad cry.

"Gertrude!"

"Oh, Ollie!"

"What is it, dearest?" he asked in a voice vibrant with emotion.

"What do you think?"

"Couldn't guess."

"The Smiths are going to build a new porch, and paint the whole house over in the spring," she said.

NIGHTFALL BY THE RIVER.

W. V. Hawkins, '14.

I near the river's cool and peaceful brim,
As soft and low it purls and twirls away;
While o'er its brink the sun sets faint and dim,
And gilds in flame each purple, sparkling spray.
A weird enchantment haunts the evening air,
As flees the light of fast departing day;
While now the gleams of trembling sun-set glare
Fade to wavy seas of misty gray.

Now hushes all of daylight's busy throng;
The dark, deep shadows shroud the river's foam.
The lazy red-bird chirps her drowsy song.
And Nature calls her weary children home.
The shadows creep now o'er the murky lea,
While droning music from the river's breast,
The calling from a far-off singing sea,
Lulls the sleepy, new-born stars to rest.

FATALISM IN THOMAS HARDY.

J. F. Gulick, '10.

THERE have been many ideas of the relation existing between the Creating Force in the universe and the things created. One of these is that the Creator, whether an impersonal law or a personal God, made a world and established certain fixed laws for its government, started it going and then sat apart and let it "go." Another idea is that God created and rules the universe with his own sovereign will. Men and things are but the puppets of his own game to be moved upon the board of life as suits his will. If he desires to bring sorrow into men's lives, he does it, if he prefers to give joy, he gives that. Men are in the hands of an absolute Force and has no power either to raise his voice or lift his hand in his own behalf. The third idea is that God created men and continues to work with and through them; that he co-operates with man in his struggle for advancement; that man's will has a part in the recreating of a better world. Of these three ideas Hardy believes in either the first or second. A central thought running through many of Hardy's novels is that God lacks all human sympathy. He sits apart from human affairs and rules his vast machinery of worlds by abstract impersonal laws of gravitation, motion, and matter. Hardy then stands aloof from his characters and views them as he believes God views the world; he neither sympathizes with nor condemns them.

Then again Hardy seems to show that God does everything for his own sport. God is above men only in power. His character, passion, and whims are those of a man. Hardy therefore is thoroughly Paganistic. God is but a human being raised to absolute power. He is devoid of any element of human sympathy. The gods were not always wilfully malicious; they were merely careless of human suffering. When the whim seized them the gods did as they pleased. If this meant the ruin of some man then the worse for him. The gods wen

on with their sport. Tess seems to have been the plaything of "The President of the Immortals" as the Greeks called him. Eustacia, Thomassin, and Bathsheba were led blindly into difficulties which no human foresight could prevent. And why? Simply because God chose to treat them in such a way is the conclusion that must be drawn from Hardy's treatment of them. These particular persons were not sought out upon whom God desired to inflict sorrow. It just happened that he chose them. Robert Browning brings out the thought in "Caliban upon Setebos":

"Thinketh such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
Nor kind nor cruel; He is strong and Lord,
'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
'Let twenty pass and stone the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple spots
Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
'Say this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
As it likes me each time I do; so He."

There was no reason why one crab should have his pincers pulled off and another not. Why should it be the twenty-first? Just because it happened so. That same fate applied to Hardy's characters. Tess was singled out not for any particular reason by the gods. The whim seized them and they selected Tess as the object of their sport. Other characters likewise were in a similar circumstance. Eustacia said she tried to be a splendid woman, but destiny was against her. She felt that she did not deserve her lot and rebelled against the cruelty that put her in this ill-conceived world. She had been injured and blighted and crushed by things beyond her control. "O how hard it is of Heaven to devise such tortures for me who have done no harm to Heaven at all."

The element of fate at times becomes almost oppressive. Men and women are hopelessly doomed to sorrow. All the forces of weather, environment, and other men unconsciously but truly seem to shape the lives of those they touch. There

was a destiny shaping their ends in spite of all their own efforts to rough hew them. That destiny was not a benignant one; it was a pitiless, cold, heartless force.

A strong element entering into Hardy's character and influencing them, if not deciding their fates in some cases, is that of nature and environment. His characters are greatly influenced by the solemnity of the earth itself, by some relentless force always at work behind the veil of things. Clym Yeowbright and his companion furzecutter trudging homeward after the day's work, the maidens around the dairy of "Dairyman" Dick, and Tess toiling in the harvest field near her home, are all so closely associated with the fields and surroundings as to be inevitably influenced by them. They are inseparable from their environment. They harmonize with it. In the opening chapter of "The Return of the Native" we find an old sailor trudging along in company with the "Reddleman" over the dusty road of Egdon Heath. The old sailor is a wornout man; the "Reddleman" was a man engaged in a wornout occupation, and on each side of them were the wornout fields of Egdon Heath. This is but one instance of the close relation existing between Hardy's characters and their environment. That environment then has a hand in shaping the character and temperament of those who are embosomed by its influence. The hills, taverns, cattle, soil, and sunshine, all have their part in shaping the destinies of Hardy's characters. So closely are they associated that we feel men are an offspring of Nature, an evolution from the soil. The kinship of persons to their surroundings makes them dependent upon those surroundings. Environment has its effect upon character and personality. Men become a part of all they meet, and all they touch becomes a part of them. They cannot separate themselves from it nor act independently of those outside forces. Then are they responsible for their lives? Hardy leads us to answer in the negative. Eustacia Vye answered it thus:

"Do I hate man? Do I hate people? No, I hate that which made man. I hate Nature and the God of Nature."

Hardy puts his characters in positions which they cannot alter. Conventionality, custom, and ignorance keep them there.

Their social position and environment are fixed qualities in their lives. Eustacia and Thomassin were placed in Egdon Heath, amid surroundings that would shape their lives. Poor, helpless, beautiful Tess finds her home in the shiftless home of John Durbeyfield. Then her lot is cast among the maids of "Dairy-man" Dick's dairy and finally she is thrown into such poverty as compels her to marry the man she hates in order to escape and release her mother and sister.

Var Vale in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," plays an important part. In its nature and influence, it acts as some great heartless god. "Amid the oozing fatness and warm ferments of the 'Var Vale,' at a season when the rush of juices could almost be heard below the hiss of fertilization it was impossible that the most fanciful love should not grow passionate. The ready hearts there existing were impregnated by their surroundings." Such surroundings and such an atmosphere were largely responsible for the ruination of Tess Durbeyfield. Caught in the spirit of that vale, and possessing such a temperament as hers, caused partly by the nature of the atmosphere, she was as helpless as an infant. She was not responsible for the feelings of Angel Clare's heart, nor for her own passionate nature. There was something in the atmosphere that made it the proper medium for an interchange of sympathetic ions between her heart and his; but that same something kept her from telling the awful secret of her life that must ever be the barrier between her and marriage with Angel Clare.

According to Hardy, some great ruler, separate and apart from man's interest and welfare, created man and the circumstances attending his life. If those circumstances led to his ruin, he must bow to the inevitable. He was as powerless to break the bonds of circumstance as was little Adam Durbeyfield to change his home from this earth, this blighted star as he called it, to another planet where things would be better.

Hardy never blames his characters. He puts all blame upon their creator or surroundings. Sin may be hereditary. If so, then why is a man to blame for what generations long past did? He says that Tess was to pay the penalty of the sins of some of her D'Urberville ancestors. "Though to visit

the sins of the fathers upon children may be morality good enough for divinities it is scorned by average humans. Tess' people acquiesced and said 'It was to be.' "

Hardy's characters never understand their fates. Indeed how can they if their lives are in the hands of a whimsical Fate? They all look up through the dim veil of life in search for the heartless causes that create control it, but receive no answer "save the echo of their wailing cry." We see peasants toiling beneath the gray skies and amid the barren hills of Egdon Heath, seeking from nature the means of sustaining a life which they fain would be rid of. We see the relentless developments of fate which overtake them and see their acquiescence in calamity as a thing inevitable. Sometimes they complain and feel that their lots are too hard, yet are powerless to change them. Beneath the surface of their lives we catch their subdued cry expressed in "In Memoriam":—

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Hardy sees no element of grandeur and splendor in human life. He takes the peasants of England and gives us the dark side of their struggles against the odds of fate. The pictures he paints are doubtless true ones. The inhabitants of Egdon Heath are as real personages as any in England. They are true to life; men and women among whom Hardy has lived most of his life. Their sorrows are common to all men. But Hardy adds to the hopelessness of life when he assigns as the cause of sorrow merely the whim of a sovereign God. There are many Eustacias in the world. There are also many Tesses in life. She is but a type of hundreds and thousands of her kind in the world today. But was she and are her thousand sisters the puppets of "The President of the Immortals" or the victims of fiendish Alec D'Urbervilles and weak Angel Clares? We believe the latter.

In many of Hardy's novels we feel that he has carried the tragic element too far. In "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the

heroine is hanged; in "The Return of the Native," perhaps his greatest novel, two of his characters are drowned; in "Far From the Madding Crowd," Troy is shot and Boltwood sentenced to be executed; he is pardoned however. None of these characters were villains. Wildeve, Troy, Boltwood, Eustacia, and Tess were ignorantly and consequently helplessly brought into ruin. They were the victims of the "giants of circumstance." It was that Unsympathetic First Cause who stood behind the scenes and watched the struggles of the helpless mortals and amused himself sporting with human affections, lives, and happiness. Hardy, therefore, does not blame his characters. He lays the fault upon the shoulders of some indistinct colossal Prince of the World who has framed their characters and rules their lots. When we think of life in that light and think of that Prince as a heartless tyrant, we then feel the hopelessness of our struggles against evils. We feel that it would have been better not to have been born. We half envy the little unwelcome child of Tess, who came like the spark of a tiny shooting star across the sky of earthly existence and then was gone. We struggle against fate "as a lonely sparrow fluttering against the window pane."

Abraham Durbeyfield thought he discovered the cause of man's sorrow. As he and Tess drove the old horse along the road to market he looked up at the stars "beating amid the black hollows above, in serene dissociation from human affairs." He wondered how far away they were and whether God was on the other side of them or not and asked Tess:

"Did you say the stars were worlds, Tess?"

"Yes," answered Tess.

"And are they worlds like our's, Tess?"

"Yes, except some are sound and some are blighted."

"We live on a blighted one, don't we, Tess?"

The whole cause of sorrow to Abraham Durbeyfield lay in the fact, that we happened to land upon a blighted world. That accounted for John Durbeyfield's getting drunk; that made Joan Durbeyfield bend weary weeks and months over the wash tub; that made it necessary for Tess to leave home to go to a relative to marry a rich husband; that was why their

only horse was accidentally killed. It was because they lived upon a blighted world. He gives us the picture of a spider in a dark corner doomed to starve simply because he was placed where there were no flies. According to Hardy, that is life.

Again he asks, "Why were the children of John Durbeyfield doomed to such a home? If the heads of the Durbeyfield home chose to sail into difficulty, disaster, starvation, disease, degradation, and death thither were all those half-dozen little captives compelled to sail with them—six little helpless children who had never been asked if they wished life on any terms and especially on such conditions as were imposed by the home of the shiftless Durbeyfield." Hardy takes pains to emphasize that behind it all was a great First Cause.

There runs, then, through Hardy's novels one central thread of Fatalism and with it "an eternal note of sadness." We cannot get away from it. The laws of nature, circumstances, climatic conditions, and ancestry all contribute to the fating of the lives of Hardy's characters. When Tess Durbeyfield, therefore, caught in the hands of remorseless fate, was ruined Hardy did not condemn her, nor did he condemn those laws which made her pay the penalty of her murder. Justice must be done; it was done although it fell upon a helpless girl, not because she deserved it, but because environments which she did not choose and circumstances which she could not control led her to her fated end, in a word simply because "The President of the Immortals" must have his sport with Tess.

HIS LITTLE GIRL.

A. O. S.

THE two men glared at each other across the table on which the lamp with the green shade burned with a sickly sort of radiance. The clock on the mantel ticked monotonously. For fully two minutes no other sound broke the silence. Then the taller of the men leaned across the table, and his eyes gleamed red in the dim light.

"You cur!" he said softly as if to himself.

The other started back with a quickly indrawn breath.

"Cut it," he said, with a pitiful attempt at indifference. "What's the use in raising a row? I didn't hurt the girl. I—I didn't know you were loving her. Why, for the love of God, man," he continued, his voice becoming shaky as the look in the other's face caused that strange feeling of emptiness in his stomach, "I haven't done anything."

"So," said the taller man in the same smooth voice, "because your damned sensuality failed to find an outlet, because your hellish intentions resulted in failure, you think you are innocent. Did you ever stop to consider that when a woman's character is once questioned, society kicks her?" And he laughed bitterly, a harsh, unmirthful laugh that had something of madness in it.

The other grasped at a straw. "Society kick *her*? Why, she's never been in society. Good God, man, you know what she used to be—an actress. Ha, ha, that's a good one. Come, now, stop this joking. I was almost afraid you were serious. Ha, ha, ha, that *is* a good one." But there was something more than mirth in his laugh.

The taller man ignored him entirely. There was a strange dreamy look in his eyes. He stood silent for a moment, then turned and looked at the trembling figure before him with a sneer.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—why, I never thought much about it, but I guess so. Why?" His voice was almost a sob.

"Simply because in about three minutes I am going to put you in a position to know the facts," replied the taller man serenely. And he drew from his pocket a small revolver which gleamed in the lamplight.

The other man fell upon the floor with a sob.

"Great God, man, don't kill me!" he shrieked. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, have mercy!" and he wept like a child. Fear makes a man loathsome. He stretched out his arms; and his face was sickly white.

The taller man looked down upon the cowering form with an expression of infinite disgust and hatred. His eyes were still red. Then he fired three times at the thing before him. It fell over in a shapeless mass; and the carpet was crimson beneath it.

The man drew himself up to his full height and turned to the table with a sigh in which there was something of relief. He laid down the smoking revolver quietly, put on his hat, and with a glance at the thing on the floor, he left the room.

"I have killed a man," he said to the sergeant at the police station. Then he fell to the ground unconscious.

Well, our modern legal system sometimes deviates into justice. The man was finally acquitted. The papers of the time were full of the details of the murder and the trial. Everybody concerned therein was brought into the limelight of publicity. The ladies' societies were given an unlimited subject for gossip. A question mark was stamped after the names of all the figures in the trial. Justice demands that in every trial some form of punishment be administered, you know.

But the man did not care. He breathed the air of freedom, and his whole being thrilled with the joy of living. What cared he for gossip as long as he was free—free to go to the little girl for whom he had sacrificed everything but life and almost that? Yes, he had killed a man, but there was one pair of eyes—blue eyes—that would not see the mark of Cain.

He had planned to see her in the morning, but the open fire and his pipe changed his mind. He threw down the paper

whose glaring headlines told of his acquittal; and told also of how his absence from the market had occasioned the loss of his fortune. He had laughed at the account, for what cared he for money? His little bank account of which no one but himself knew was enough for *them*. Love doesn't need a palace.

He left the room and hastened towards her home. As he mounted the steps to her apartments, he heard the town bell strike one. It *was* rather late. But, then, *she* had no sense of false modesty. Love doesn't stay for conventionality. Besides, he knew that she was waiting for him.

As he reached for the bell, the door to her apartments opened from within and a man stood in the doorway. He was attired in evening dress, overcoat on arm and opera hat in hand. His cigarette gleamed dull red in the dim light. His voice was smooth and even as he spoke.

"Well, what are *you* doing here?" said the man in the evening dress.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS AS JOURNALISTS.

Frank P. White, '12.

THE present day prominence of many men who began their career as writers or reporters for papers and have now become famous as novelists leads us to look back to the beginnings of journalism seeking to learn how many of the celebrated authors were at some time in their lives connected with journalism. Upon examination we find that the majority of the great English novelists were either on some paper or connected with the various magazines of their day as editors or assistants. It is not until after the passing of the first quarter of the nineteenth century that we find journalists becoming great novel writers; the reason is simple, as there were no journals for them to write for. With the advancement of the printing art, newspapers began to develop and magazines to be published, and the men they trained became afterwards writers of novels.

That journalists should become novelists would naturally follow. A good reporter comes to know human nature, he acquires a keen discerning eye that catches the details, and his trained mind enables him to picture these events so that you readily grasp the meaning, and his vividness makes you see the thing as he saw it. I do not mean though that a good reporter can always become a great novelist; there are a great number of other things that have to be considered, which have no place in this discussion. Dickens tells of journeys made over rough roads at night, through the country, in order to have his account of some country political meeting appear in his paper the next morning. In "Barnaby Rudge" several of the characters make just the same trip to London; so why may we not say he is making use of these early experience of his life in his book? For certainly, no man can describe such a journey as well from his imagination as he can if he draws from his own personal experiences. By the use of personal experience he can undoubtedly

give the incident more force and make it more real than if he draws it from his brain.

Charles Dickens is the first journalist to become famous as a novelist. At twenty-one he dropped a sketch called "Mr. Minns and His Cousin" in the letter-box of the *Monthly Magazine*. They published it and other sketches by him, which were afterwards put in the collection of "Sketches by Boz." But they were unable to pay him anything for them. The *Monthly Magazine*, however, aided him to secure a place on the *Morning Chronicle*, in 1834, as Parliamentary reporter, while he contributed at the same time various sketches to the *Evening Chronicle*. As a reporter he was a success, due no doubt to his indefatigable energy. He contributed to these papers and to the *Examiner* from time to time until in 1846 the *Daily News* was started and Dickens was chosen its first editor. As an editor Dickens was not a success and in a short time he resigned. In 1849 his work as a magazine editor began with the founding of *Household Words* and for ten years it was edited by him; but in 1858 he had a disagreement with his publishers, and the following year we find him editor of the new publication "*All the Year Round*."

His novels overshadow his work as a journalist, but this work had a great deal to do with his novels, as it gave him that training which made many of them possible. By it he also gained an education and a wealth of experience that would have been impossible for him to have acquired in any other way.

Another man, a year older than Dickens, started out in life with no means of making a living save by his pen; his success as journalist was much slower coming than that of Dickens, but when his life work was over he ranked equal with Dickens and some may give him a higher place. William Makepeace Thackeray began his career as a journalist in 1837 as a member of the staff of *Fraser's Magazine* and continued on the staff of some magazine until his death. He was never directly connected with newspapers, except in his early life when he invested his inheritance in a newspaper venture and became almost a beggar. The first contributions were short, witty sketches followed by the "Yellowplush Papers." He remained on the staff of *Fraser's*

for about six years and at the same time contributed a number of sketches to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In 1843 he was taken on the staff of *Punch*, started two years previous to this, and it was during this engagement that his "Snob Papers" were published. He remained with *Punch* ten years. Upon the founding of the *Cornhill Magazine* he accepted the place of editor, occupying this position until his death. It seems to me that we are safe in saying that his later novels and their leading characters are the outgrowth of his early experience in sketches contributed to the magazines; at least that the effect of them was great in his heavier work. Considering him in this way I think we can understand Mr. Bliss Perry when he says: "Thackeray was always trifling and yet always serious."

Edward Bulwer-Lytton comes in as a journalist but in a different manner from that of the other men whom we have met; by birth he was of good family and fortune, but by a marriage unpleasing to his mother he was forced into journalism. He wrote for a number of the London papers, continuing these connections for several years. A few years later in life he was selected as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. His work as a journalist did not interest him much, no doubt, as he was very fond of country life, retiring to his country estate upon the death of his mother.

Samuel Warren, a physician-lawyer, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1838-40, the "Diary of a Late Physician," which attracted considerable attention, afterwards writing several novels of some small merit.

Another novelist of some merit, but not as well-known because of the over-shadowing fame of his brother, is Henry Kingsley. He contributed much to periodical literature and was for some time editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*.

George Meredith in his early life was a war correspondent of the *Morning Post*, acting in Italy in that capacity during the war between Germany and Italy, covering the campaigns with much ability owing to his full knowledge of the country. He was also a contributor to *Chamber's Journal*, in which much of his early work appeared.

Women are not found in the early stages of journalism but

still there are some few names and among these we find George Eliot. Her work was of the more serious nature, and during the year 1850 she was taken on the staff of the *Westminster Review*, to which she contributed essays and book reviews. There is, however, a woman who comes before George Eliot, whose fame entitles her to memory—Mrs. Alfred Gatty, who for a number of years conducted a magazine for children.

James Hanny, a contemporary of Henry Kingsley's, who was editor of the *Edinburgh Courrant*, and a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, has done some work as an essayist and novelist that will secure for him at least a passing thought in the study of English journalists as novel writers.

Rudyard Kipling's career as a journalist began during his college life while editing the *College Chronicle* of the United Service College, in England. Returning to India, after finishing at college, from 1882 to 1887 he was on the editorial staff of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*, following this work he is found as the assistant editor of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, in which position he continued until 1889. Since then he seems to have had no direct connection with newspapers. That Mr. Kipling has used his experience while doing newspaper work is brought out in his excellent story: "The Man who would be King."

THE LOST CHORDS.

Mary F. Barnes, '11.

ALL day I had tramped through unfamiliar country and wearily threw myself upon a stone to rest. Looking up, I saw before me a garden and beyond it one of those old mansions which were so numerous in former days. For a long time, I sat there pondering upon what must have been its past glories. Perhaps some curse had fallen upon it, leaving it thus desolate and uninhabited except by the owls and bats. There were many evidences of former splendor, but now the weeds and long grasses were untrodden in the yard. There were dark suggestions of ghosts and goblins lurking in its walls and of skeletons and other awe-inspiring sights in hidden corners to debar the curious from approaching.

An intense desire to investigate the place came over me and, yielding to the impulse, I pushed my way through the shrubbery and tangled undergrowth until I reached a low wall which surrounded the lawn. Easily climbing this, I found myself standing upon what might have been sacred ground, where the hazy moonbeams enabled me to see everything bathed in a mysterious, shadowy halo. The whippoorwill in the distance was singing his mournful refrain and now and then, as if in reply, another creature of the woods set up a wail.

This place "Has had its scenes, its joys, its crimes," I thought, "But that is its own affair." I had no right to disturb its repose, but impelled almost irresistibly, I struggled on through the matted growth of vines, shrubs and choked flowers. Here and there crouched unpruned cedars, and now and then I stumbled against the remains of a rustic seat.

At length, I reached what had been a gravel drive and following it, came to the old house. Here in the fanciful moonbeams, I could see groups of happy youths and maidens assembled on the great piazza, their merry laughter ringing through the halls. Gray-haired matrons tripped about in their stiff black silks;

curly-haired children pattered up and down the broad steps. Still dreaming with the ghosts of the departed who had wandered there, I went from room to room. Down the little, winding, secret stair-way, I stole where only one moonbeam slipped in through a crack in the wall; and back and forth through the house till my soul was filled with the spirit of the place.

It seemed I could not leave the dining room. Fascinated by the shadowy presence of grand banquets and gay banqueters, I strolled around the high-panelled walls till I lost all reckoning of the night as it slipped by. Away in one corner, I found a tiny iron rod running from floor to ceiling. My heart throbbed excitedly; could it be that I had discovered a secret panel? If so, what was lying behind it? Could I open it; would I find some dreadful secret left for so long to the mercy of the wild creatures? Long I pressed and thumped the panel, seeking to open it. It began to swing back; overwhelmed with surprise and eagerness to see behind it, I could scarcely stand. Age and rust had impaired the hinges, but nevertheless it slowly opened. At last I gazed into the hidden spot, a shallow enclosure, containing two small packages. With careful fingers, I removed the cover from one, and there in my hand, lay a tiny locket and a curl of gleaming hair. The locket contained two miniature portraits; one of a beautiful girl who must at one time have worn the severed curl, the other of a youth his face aglow with manly courage and daring. Here were the fragments of a beautiful romance that I had stumbled upon. The other package was a tiny note written in a delicate feminine hand.

"Dear Jack:

Please forgive me for the pain that I have caused you. The lost chords cannot be struck again."

Helen."

Thoughtful and loathe to part with these treasures that were not mine, I put them back in the enclosure and shut the panel into the gray wall. My fancy lingered about this mysterious Helen and her rejected lover that had so carefully preserved these trinkets. Were they still alive or had they long been sleeping and almost forgotten? This must have been a glimpse

into the tragedy whose shadow now brooded over the place. Could the mystery of the panel be solved, then would be solved the mystery of the deserted mansion. Wondering if I would ever find a clue, I left the spot for the owls and bats to reign supreme in their habitation.

The moon was passing out of sight, leaving the world in darkness. Even the night birds had ceased to call. I could hear only the winds moan and the rustling of the leaves underfoot, as I retraced my steps. Every feature of the two faces was indelibly stamped on my mind and I resolved to trace the history of the fascinating couple if I could.

I soon learned that the place was owned by an old man who had left it to ruin and decay while he wandered no one knew where. At intervals, he returned and visited the old mansion, but held no intercourse with the neighbors. People had almost ceased to speculate about what brought him there to dwell for days in solitude. Some thought he kept a treasure hidden there—but I thrilled when I thought of what the secret really was. It was not mine. I had probed into it; so I kept it locked within my breast. He must be the owner of the noble, manly face in the locket and his must have been the heart-seering tragedy that drove him to shun his fellowmen. There were indeed some half-forgotten whispers of a love story attached to him, but they were as misty as was the romance I wove for myself.

Years sped by before I found a convenient opportunity to go back to the old place. The moon was shining just as before, filling the whole earth with dreams of love and life, even the whip-poor-will had not forgotten to peal forth its lonely note. Again, I wended my way toward the deserted house, wondering if I should find it as it had been when I left before. I walked faster when I thought that perhaps I might open the panel once more and look upon the faces as they had been full of youth and beauty.

I soon came in sight of the lawn and stopped in amazement. There before me instead of the mass of tangled undergrowth and vines that I expected stretched a landscape garden where a fountain sparkled in the moonlight. Almost without think-

ing what I did, I drew near to the house which had also undergone a remarkable change. No fancy this time. What had been the abode of wild creatures presented every aspect of a beautiful Southern home. Lights streamed from the open windows across the piazza. Then a sound broke the night silence and drifted out to me; a woman was singing a sweet old song. I stole up to catch one view of her as she sat at the piano. Another surprised glad thrill came over me as I gazed upon a replica of the face of the locket.

THE ONE WOMAN.

W. J. Young, '07.

Upon the hills I watched at morn
The fiery coursers of the Dawn,
Afront the splendid chariot ran
Her clarion minstrels in the van,
And rosy-footed Eos danced—
The tiny stars first blinked and glanced,
Then paled and sank at Gaea's bar,
Before a flaming, pristine Star.

* * *

Incrusted i' th' gold of Cere's crown,
Among the lily-pads, I found
A Gem, as 'twere, an angel's tear,
And such as mortals never wear,
Perfumed with myrrh and lily-dust,
Whose opalescent, crystal busk
Held captive there the sun's first ray,
The hostage of the coming day.

* * *

Where statesman, king and potentate
August assemblage, Earth's true great,
Converse in Audience sublime,
On History's page, the Forum of Time,
The *naïf Esprit* of a shepherd's bower,
Whose wealth contained a single flower,
The rarest gem, a pristine star,
A WOMAN, th' world could never mar,
Unconscious, innocent and rare
This beauteous daughter, and fair
Of Hebe, forever lovely—sung
Her graces—still and ever young—
By minstrels for a thousand years,
The hopes of men, and vain careers;
Of venturous knights, and heroes bold;
Of fire-side tales, and magic told—
A Will-o'-th'-wisp, eludes their grasp;
And me in dreams She beckons last
To stilly regions of the moon,
Where wanders She, untamed, alone,
Unseen by aught save those elect,
Whose mortal eyes—a special sight—
Are given by Divine decree,
Her classic face, to adore and see.
"Possess her!" cries my heart in pain,
"Yea, tempt the stars, thy Love to gain."

* * *

Ah d-r-e-a-m-s! — Reality and Life?—
Desire, a Vision, Struggle, Strife.

THE MESSENGER

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EDITORIALS.

The old year is dead. It has passed into the realm of departed time. It has gone with all its joys, all its sorrows, leaving behind it nothing, save memories and, perhaps, regrets. Perhaps it meant much to us. Perhaps it was filled with events some of which will come back to us in future days as the sweetest of memories—memories that come trooping back when we dream before the fire or watch the silvery, fragrant clouds of smoke drift upwards from our pipes. Yes—there were, no doubt, some things that came to pass in 1910, which will grow beautiful and more beautiful as the years float

by—we always color with the roseate hues of the imagination those things which pleased us most, you know.

Then there is the possibility that some things came to pass which will not come back as very pleasant memories. Perhaps they are like those things which gnaw around in the secret cells of the brain and startle us out of our sleep at nights and fill us with that nameless dread which used to creep over us as children when we went into dark rooms alone. Yes, we imagine you understand those kind better than the others. There are more of them in life. Well, whatever the old year may have meant to you, it's dead. Let there be no post-mortem.

The new year lies before us with all its possibilities. The time for the traditional "resolutions" is at hand. Deep down in your soul you are resolving that this year shall be the best of your life. Perhaps you have even written out the good and noble things you are going to do. Yes, you have done it before. Of course you won't live up to your resolutions. You know it. And yet there is perhaps no harm in indirectly lying to oneself if the action gives a momentary thrill of pleasure.

Listen! You need not write it out, but there is one resolution you ought to make this year—a resolution to fall in love. Wait a minute. Don't laugh until we have finished. You know there are many kinds of love, and when we say "fall in love", we don't necessarily mean fall into all the kinds there are. For instance you might fall in love with one of the opposite sex. You wouldn't have to make a resolution to do that however. Such a fall is usually unaccompanied by a set plan or design. But for a clearer analysis of this kind of love, you had better see the poets. We don't claim to be an authority on the subject. Then you might fall in love with your college. That would not hurt a good many of us. It would help the college perhaps. Still another object for your affection might be your work. Yes, there are many kinds of love—all good. But the kind we mean is broader, nobler, higher than any we have mentioned. If you want to make a resolution for the new year that will lift your life up to a higher plane and make your whole being thrill with the joy of living, then resolve to fall in love with humanity. That's a sweeping resolution, but it's great.

Society has, no doubt, taught you to hate the "under dog." Conventionality has, perhaps, inclined you to sneer at those people who, with all their uncouth looks and lack of etiquette, are in reality the foundation upon which society is builded. If that's the case, you need to make the resolution. Fall in love with humanity. Fall in love with the hordes of factory children—future citizens of this great, free republic—whose white faces and tired, tired eyes are enough to haunt one to his dying day. Fall in love with the man who fails. We have a false idea of failures anyhow. History does not record the bitter, silent battles that man wages with himself. We never think that, perhaps, a failure may be nobler than a victory. If man hereafter shall walk the "streets of gold" and be rewarded with eternal bliss, there will be a section in that place of joy, far more beautiful than all the rest, called the "Land of Failures." Fall in love with the beggars, the tramps, the people in the gutter. Get away from your false ideas of humanity; get away from your false ideas of sin and justice. The day is coming when men will have reached a plane where no distinction will be made between the man who half-crazed with hunger, cold and want, takes the life of another, and the woman who murders her unborn babe; where no distinction will be made between the wretch who steals a loaf of bread and the millionaire who under the name of business steals the means of livelihood from poverty-stricken mothers and dying babes. And the day is also coming when men will realize that a human being is a human being no matter how unlucky he is; that "A man's a man for a' that." Fall in love with humanity.

Was the football season a failure? We take the liberty of borrowing the opinion of the president of the Athletic Association, when we say that it was not. In view of the numerous defeats we suffered, that statement may, to some, sound far-fetched. But there are other ways in which a football season may be a success than in the winning of the majority of the games played, and therein the past season was successful.

**The
Reformation.**

Definitely, we mean the student body stood by the team.

There is something inspiring about the frantic joy of rooters when their team sweeps down the field for a victory. There is something thrilling in the spectacle of a winning team being carried from the field on the shoulders of their shouting fellow students. But there is something far more noble, far more manly in the loyalty of a band of rooters who, when their team comes off the field covered with dirt and sweat and blood and with the sting of defeat burning in their hearts, stands up and gives the raw old yell.

We lost; but behind all the clouds of defeat shines the sun of a new and better era—an era of truer college spirit. In the history of football and Richmond College there will be recorded the fact that the reason of 1910 witnessed a reformation in loyalty. And that's a fact that ought to send the blood tingling through your veins and make you forget the past defeats in the hope of future triumphs.

Like all great movements in history, there was a leader in the reformation here, and he is known to the students as "Tip." Men like "Tip" don't come by the dozen. Let's give him all the credit he deserves.

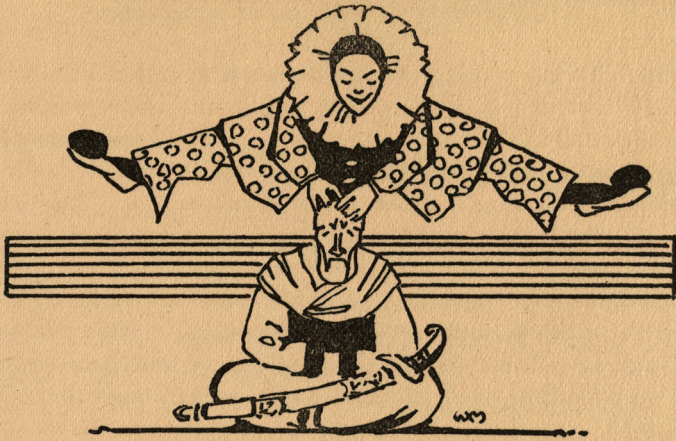
OUR DEBT TO THE CO-EDS.

In looking over the files of the *Messenger* of the past year, I was struck by the great number of articles contributed by the Co-ed Department of the College—articles often superior in quality and interest to those written by their masculine competitors. In five copies picked up at random, I found that thirty per cent. of the contents was the work of the Co-eds. Now this speaks wonderfully well for the young ladies, but how about you, young man, who can write, but simply lack the necessary energy and College spirit to enter the field against such worthy rivals. As has been said over and over again, the magazine is not intended to develop a half-dozen writers who are versatile and verbose enough to fill its pages; its purpose is to tone up the literary side of college work by giving

the ambitious student the goal of publication, and it is our representation to the other schools of the State. Time-worn! you say. Yes, verily, but true nevertheless. Why cannot we have a magazine that represents the whole college, and not the five or six faithful ones who have made it what it is. How much better it would be if the *Messenger* were handicapped by want of space to print the excellent articles presented than to be as now handicapped by lack of available material. The magazine needs your work; you need the training that this work will give. For this double reason do not spend your precious time making New Year's resolutions to be broken before the year is many months old. Sit down instead and write us an article on some vital college problem. If you have the genius of poetry surging in your breast, then turn it loose and let us have the product. If your bent is severely practical, then write on practical things, for at best this old world is very matter-of-fact. It has been said that there are the elements of a story in the soul of every man. Perhaps yours may interest and amuse and bring forgetfulness to some one who is weary. Anyway, try it. In whatever line your literary talent lies, exercise it. Who knows but that you may be an undiscovered light in the literary world.

The *Messenger* owes a great debt to the Co-eds. They have stood by it when others have failed, and their efforts have sometimes turned failure into success. The editors cannot repay them for this—they can only be grateful. Now young college man, with your firm belief in the superiority of your sex, it is your time. Can you stand by and see one-tenth of the student body do one-third of the work for the college magazine, and that one-tenth Co-eds? Is it fair? Does it appeal to your sense of justice and right? Think it over and act accordingly.

The Assistant Editor.



CAMPUS NOTES.

Wm. Bailey, Editor.

For the last month Richmond has been the heart of the world, and Richmond College Campus a vital spot on that.

Beginning Monday evening, November 21st, Dr. F. M. Chapman, Curator of Ornithology and Natural History in New York University, delivered in the College chapel a series of lectures on bird life. An enthusiastic audience greeted the popular lecturer each evening and followed him throughout his romantic search for the pelican and flamingo. When they were found at last in their native haunts a vivid study in realism ensued.

During the same week of the lectures, the President of the United States looked in on us from the Franklin Street side, Moisant and his fleet cast several shadows upon our territory with their glittering "snake-doctors," and many educators attending the State Educational Convention were seen on the Campus and in the library with their college friends.

The Committee on Social Life gave their first reception. Thursday evening, December 1st. This is a rare privilege given to the student body and many were present to meet with the professors and their families. Incidentally, many students came to know one another for the first time.

The following evening the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologian literary societies had their first public meetings. Each vied with the other in the magnificence of its assemblage. The former's programme consisted of readings, declamations, current topics, oration and debate; the latter's, of readings, declamations and oration. The Philologian society was fortunate in having some excellent music, both piano and vocal solos, rendered by Miss Toone and Mrs. Browning respectively, and recitations by Miss Dudley. Both societies served refreshments. Members of the societies, as well as visitors, pronounced the meetings a success, and we hope that our friends may be present upon other similar occasions.

Dr. Lyman Abbot, editor of the *Outlook*, paid the College a visit, Tuesday evening, December 6th. It is seldom that Richmond College students have opportunity to hear one so well known from the editorial world. As he talked of Life one could not help but feel that he was sitting at the feet of a sage.

Sometimes a person can laugh because others laugh, not because he sees the joke.

Instructor Morgan (in Biology class): Now the blood is the internal medium of the body. What is the external medium?

B. M. Davidson: The skin.

Corley (making microscopic examinations in Biology Laboratory): Dr. Baggarly, what is this invisible line I see around the amoeba?

"Baby" Benton is like the fellow who kicked the cat because he was mad at himself. "Baby" has weighed the various causes of our recent failure in winning football honors and by a process of elimination has concluded that the co-eds are to blame for it all. Is it possible that they wield such an influence here! At any rate, "Baby" has become suddenly silent and it is understood that the Executive Council made him chairman of the Committee of Escort merely to keep him from having a chance to *speak*.

Greer: Saunders, did you ever eat any Welsh rabbit?

Saunders (A. W.): No, where'd he ketch um?

Dr. Harris (in Greek class): Mr. Wilkinson, can you give us a concise definition of pedagogy?

Wilkinson, J. S. (after thinking several moments): Pedagogy is the science of the feet.

Pugilist Greer (looking through Bulwer-Lytton's works): Hubbell, I can't find Ben Hur.

Otto Lynch happened to drop in just at that time and he was sorely in need of assistance also. "Greer, how do you spell Goethe?" he asked.

Greer: G-h-w-r-d-y.

"Heine" Edmonds (to W. H. Rogers): "Rat," what is Miss W's first name?

"Rat": Fraulein, I s'pose, 'ats what dey call 'er.

Mr. Dietz is fast gaining a place of distinction as college *tease*, and is keeping up well *he* thinks, with all college cases. He says that those who do not live in glass houses can throw stones with impunity. We are told, however, that it is a great source of anxiety to him that Jack Duval proved to be such a formidable rival in the number of girls he *tried* to bring to the open meeting of the Society. Here's to the perseverance of the saints!

The following conversation was overheard in the refectory just before the open meetings of the literary societies.

Nondescript (to Mu Sig): What question are you fellows going to debate that night?

Mu Sig: *Resolved*, That football should be abolished.

Nondescript: That is an old, worn-out subject, is it not?

Mu Sig: Yes, but we want something light, the Co-eds are going to be present.

Case under discussion in Senior Law class—False Accusation.

Dr. McNeil: Mr. Barnes, you are a brainy man, what is your opinion of the case?

"Judge" Barnes immediately filed action against *him* for slander—without ever expressing his opinion.

Dr. Stuart (commenting on domestic life in France): The French take all the scraps left over and put them in one vessel from which they make a very delightful dish.

W. B. F. Cole: That's the way they do at the refectory.

Dick Richards being called upon for a speech just after his election to the assistant managership of the football team spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Athletic Association:—I am highly gratified that the *Prohibition Party* has won.

Scene—Wright's Drug Store—Enter three Co-eds.

(Time—examination week.)

First Co-ed: A dope, please.

Second Co-ed: I want a dope also.

Third Co-ed (Miss Reams): Well, I don't. You can give me a plain old coco-cola.

"Isn't it funny," we heard someone say not long ago, "how that very taciturn Mr. Gilliam has changed? We used to see him in the library all the time last year *boning* over huge law books. We still see him in the library but he is occupied *quite differently*."

"Tip" Saunders: What is the favorite college flower?

Sadler (trying his best to be witty): *Mike Rose*.

Coach Long (from "out West" in dead earnest): *Coffee*.

Most popular college song on Campus during week preceding Christmas—*More work for the Undertaker*.

Special—At the last moment comes the news that Mr. E. W.

Sydnor has made a New Year's resolution of particular interest since it will *affect* so many of the student body.

The particulars are these—Mr. Sydnor was in the College library Saturday morning, December 17th, engaged as *usual*. One of the *other* Co-eds stopped him as he was going out to get his dinner and called his attention to the unfairness of his talking *all the time* to *one* Co-ed. Mr. Sydnor was “up in the air” for a moment, but, being a fairminded man and a firm believer in the doctrine, “deal justly,” he vowed solemnly then and there that *he* would no longer allow *his time* to be monopolized by *one* Co-ed but would give *all* the *other* girls an equal chance. *Requiescat in pacem.*

Alumni Department, H. S. Winfrey, Editor, (Continued in next issue by request of Mr. Winfrey.)



ATHLETICS.

G. W. S.

THE war is ended and the battle-scarred warriors of the gridiron are now leading the lives of "grinds"—making up for some of the time they spent on the field. In the eyes of some, the football season was a failure, but far be it from us to think so. It is a hard matter to explain defeat and we will not try to go into detail and tell the whys and wherefores of the record of the past season. True, the season was a disappointment, but we have no apologies to make. We hope and believe that the season just ended is the preparation for one of the best seasons in the history of Richmond College.

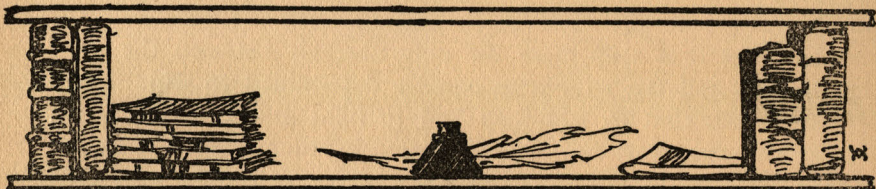
On November 19th, we met and were defeated by the warriors from the ancient capital. They came up realizing that there only chance for redeeming themselves and their past record, was to defeat us. They played like demons and, too, fate seemed to be on their side. We outplayed them in every stage of the game except punting. Statistics show that we gained more than three times as many yards as did the Willaimsburgers, but the game went to them by the score of 18 to 6.

On the following Saturday, November 26th, we met our ancient rivals, the "Yellow Jackets." Realizing that victory from the Spiders meant the cup—the championship of the Eastern League, they came, determined to win. The Spiders, with defeats of former games heavy upon their shoulders and

knowing that they were the only obstacle between the Ashlanders and the cup, were equally determined to win. They knew too that to win they had to fight and they did fight, even to desperation at times. Dame Fortune seemed to decree that victory should go against us, and the Yellow Jackets went home victorious. To quote from the *Times-Dispatch*—"As a matter of fact, without attempting to detract from the victory of the Yellow Jackets, the Spiders had put up the best article of ball, and only the fates were responsible for the scores of the opposition."

Since football season is over, a goodly number of men have turned their attention to track. The old men who are back are Captain Taylor, Sutherland, and Vaughn. Quite a number of new men are out practicing daily and from them should be picked men to fill creditably the places made vacant by such men as Bristow and Sydnor.

There has been some talk of putting out a basket ball team, but it is not likely that this will be done this season, because we haven't the sufficient equipment, gymnasium, etc.



EXCHANGES.

W. A. Simpson, Editor.

If you will allow me to lay aside my critical temperament and my appreciative mood for one moment, I shall explain how I, the Fiction Editor, got into this place. Possibly you want to know first what has become of your regular tormentor? You will rejoice to know that he is just now grunting and sweating under a weary load of Fall Examinations, and if I tell you that he sends his love, you will, no doubt put on that withering, sarcastic mask which you borrowed from Simpson himself. But believe me, this little wasp really has only your good at heart, and when he comes back to you next month, there will be a softer light in those once chilling grey orbs of his, and that incisive smile will have become blunted into a broader, more genial one. The exquisite agony through which his demon professors mean to put him will have convinced him that

“There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That is scarcely behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.”

But you must not think that this is the refrain of my melody. I am going to tell you plainly what I think of you, pointing out the best in you, as well as the worst. I am going to be Abstract Justice, for this, I believe, is the whole duty of the critic.

Hand me my appreciative mood—it is a brand new one—and having put that on, give me next my critical temperament, which I adjust so that its graceful folds hang from my shoulders in a most carefully careless manner—a kind of academic effect, you see. And now if the University of Virginia Exchange

Editor will lend me his infallible lorgnette I shall gaze far out over the sea of college journalism and tell you what I descry on those seething billows. Relapse into infinite silence, for the oracle is about to speak.

The *Lesbian Herald*—isn't that a beautiful name? Lesbos was the birthplace of one of the few women whose genius ranks them with the greatest genius of mere man.

The Lesbian Herald. It was there that burning Sappho loved and sung—it was the home of the lyric poetry of the Greeks. At least that is what the En-

cyclopedia says. Does this magazine deserve such a name? In the December number we count twelve editors and thirty-six pages, including covers and advertisements, making an editor for every three pages. Ah, Lesbians! that is rather slim—can you not with someone conspire, grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, shatter it to bits, and remold it nearer to the heart's desire? I should think so. Appoint one good editor-in-chief, give her a few efficient assistants, translate about two-thirds of your present staff into ordinary contributors, and you will see the beginning of a new era. For in "Christmas Charybdis" H. R. A. has given you a story certainly as good as anything in college literature this month, and far from amateurish. The sympathetic insight into the characters that move through the story is unusual in this class of periodicals. Jean, the quiet Freshman, is a fascinating study of the heart of a very real college girl, and the reader is not swamped in a slough of trite sentiment. either. Alzada, an indolent girl, talented and attractive, affords a striking contrast. She presumes to take care of the Freshman, but Jean appeals to her better nature and inspires her to "squeak through" the dreaded Latin examination, as she expresses it. H. R. A., are there not more writers there like you? Your story is specific proof of genuine literary talent among your contributors. "A Bird in the Hand" is the unpromising title of a rather clever love story, written by one of the editors. In an original manner it tells again how woman really respects a man of common sense more than a brainless dandy. John, though "correct in opera hat and fur-collared coat" deigns to

stoop and drag from the snow the lost turkey to take home to his mother. Kate is disgusted, apparently, when John insists on carrying the bird aboard the car, but when a boy appears in the nick of time to relieve them of the horrid thing, her iciness melts. She becomes sugar and honey and unexpectedly answers John's pending matrimonial query by sweetly ejaculating something about "'our' turkey next Christmas." "And all he knew was that the car was full of people." Just like a woman! Just like a man! There is one lonely essay. It deals with Washington Irving in a scholarly, attractive manner, convincing the reader of the rather unusual fact that this author knows her subject. One parting word I give you: your two stories and your one essay and your Christmas lyrics are all of fine quality. Something better than your present state would be a few more contributions just as good in one issue.

Here is another visitor with a pleasant name—The *Sweet Briar Magazine*—and a robust youngster too, although it has just completed the first year of its existence. We are delighted to know you—large and healthy as you are, and with such an able board of editors to bring you up in the way you should go. Your poems evince skilful technique and poetic talent of no mean order. "The Ballad of October," with its lyric swing and clever repetition of the two lines alternately closing the stanzas, is something to be proud of. "Indian Summer" is a little ten-line gem with fine choice of word and appealing flavor. The contents of the magazine are well balanced. The stories are all good, but the best two of them, "He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last" and "A Substitute for Cupid" are marred by a striking similarity, very annoying to one who reads both the same day. A common and prominent feature in them is an exploitation of Halley's Comet. The coincidence is no doubt accidental, as far as the authors were concerned, but the editors displayed bad judgment in running the two in one issue. The Comet must have made a lasting impression at Sweet Briar. "Celia in the Sea-shell" is of meagre length but is a strong bit of psychological analysis, and that is ample excuse for its appear-

ance. The dilettante editor is too prone to look askance at any piece of writing that has no well developed, definite plot, and ignore the fact that the short-story falls into three main divisions, or possibly more: the character story, the plot story, and the atmosphere story. I charge nothing for this information. "At the Command of the King" is delightfully woven out of ancient materials, and by the seductive flow of its rhythmic sentences, its original treatment of the old, old story—not of love, however, but of the magical, mystical Star of Bethlehem—it compels us to hearken to a tale of mediaeval romance. Beneath its welter of chivalry and age-old human passion is the strong under current of that imperishable course of "PEACE on earth and good will to men." Gazing at the Star, Arundel could not slay his rival. It is a beautiful story.

The *Tattler*—what an ugly name for such an attractive visitor! Your cover design is perhaps too glaringly colored, and lacking in neat simplicity—but that is no doubt the printer's fault. Otherwise, the mechanical make-up is good. The reading matter is entertaining and very creditable. In "Old Man Dobbs of Lonesome Valley," we find something noteworthy—a mountain story devoid of the bad spelling and butchered English that the amateur fondly calls dialect. We are gratified to see someone discover something in the mountains besides quaint talk. The atmosphere of the story is skilfully fused into the narrative, and there is about it an idealistic effect that is very alluring. "A Change of Heart" is not a theological treatise, but the human story of a live little girl who charmingly "gets religion" and bewitchingly loses it. "Love Suffereth Long" is readable, but lacks the compelling charm of "A Change of Heart," for instance—"Beside the Sea" is good poetry, and yet we wonder why the author abandoned rhyme with the fourth line, where she takes up blank verse in earnest. The best poem is "The Girl of My Dreams," by D. D. S. It has a ring of sincerity and a lofty ideal along with genuine poetic thought and language. The verses "All Things Are Not Real," although beautiful, seem to have left something unsaid. It is a somewhat lengthy poem

and the reader naturally hopes to learn what things are real, but the author does not say. The poem as a whole leaves no impression of totality on the expectant mind.

And now, farewell! I have tossed you all more bouquets than I intended, but that is because I selected the best December magazines I could find to criticise, and found very little in them to criticise adversely. And let's all make 1911 the best year yet!

We acknowledge the usual exchanges together with two new ones: *The Tattler* and the *Sweet Briar Magazine*.

Fiction Editor,

Walter Beverly.