

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 37
Number 5 *The Messenger*, Vol. 37, No. 5

Article 1

2-1911

The Messenger, Vol. 37, No. 5

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(1911) "The Messenger, Vol. 37, No. 5," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 37 : No. 5 , Article 1.
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THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXXVII. FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 5.

Deathless.

Frank Gaines, '12.

O Mother, majesty is thine!
Though ashes be the sacred shrine
Still stirs the unseen breath divine.
The flame that o'er thy classic form did roll
Sears not thy living soul.

O Mother, charred and formless stone
The fountain is; but yet pours down
The stream of haltless Truth thine own.
Destroy thy elegance, still shalt thou stand,
Thou art not built with hand.

The Fire.

Dr. F. W. Boatwright.

ON Christmas morning, about twenty minutes to four o'clock, Ryland Hall, the oldest and largest dormitory at Richmond College, was found to be on fire. The eastern end of the fourth floor was already in flames and columns of dense smoke were issuing from the bell tower and its twin neighbor. The alarm was quickly given, and the fire engine from the station one block away was soon on the campus. A second alarm was immediately turned in and brought six additional engines, a hose company, and two trucks. The sky was clear, the temperature below freezing, and the air was almost motionless. But the dry pine timbers of the great roof burned fiercely. The roar of the flames soon drowned the whirr of the steam pumps, and the fire advanced steadily downward and westward. The eastern end of Ryland Hall appeared to melt in the cauldron of flame, and it seemed but a few minutes until the whole northeast corner had fallen into the basement, burying the President's offices beneath tons of bricks and blazing timbers.

The firemen, unacquainted with the interior of the great hall, had seemed slow in making their first efforts effective. Soon, however, they were putting up a splendid fight to save the central building and the Jeter Library. Steadily they fought the flames that again and again burst forth from the roof or the windows of the fourth floor of the central building. More than once the main tower and the entire structure seemed doomed. For a few moments the

flames shot up from beside the fire wall adjoining the Library, and threatened to overleap its parapet.

Meantime professors, students and alumni were emptying the Jeter Library and the Thomas Art Hall of their contents. Paintings, statuary, and fifteen thousand books were hurriedly carried to professors' homes or piled on the campus out of reach of the sparks. There was very little confusion, and willing hands worked swiftly. Before it was certain that the Library building could be saved, the chief contents had been removed to places of safety. Then in the grey dawn of Christmas morning, we could only stand and impatiently watch the seven great streams of water battle with the flames. The firemen had gathered courage of desperation, and were carrying the great lines of hose into most perilous places. At last only smoke and steam issued from the window portals and the gaping wounds of the roof. The fire was subdued, but the rising sun illumined a scene of wreck and ruin. It was a sight that carried sadness to every son of the college. Only the thought that soon a greater and stronger college was to rise in the western suburbs of the city could console us for our loss.

A called meeting of the trustees' committees on Finance and Buildings authorized the president of the College to provide temporary dormitories and lecture rooms, and to arrange for re-opening the college after the holidays on schedule time. It was officially reported that 67 students lodged in the Ryland Hall, of whom all but eleven were at home at the time of the fire. Steps were taken also to provide help for such students as might need assistance in order to remain in college.

It is now possible to report that not an hour was lost from class work on account of the fire, and that no student withdrew from College on account of his losses. Including

the thousand dollars contributed by the College, about \$2,500 was raised for the students' relief fund. This sum, most of which was sent to the president of the college, was distributed under the supervision of a committee of professors, and was sufficient to meet the most pressing necessities of the students. Many residents of Ryland Hall* lost practically all they possessed, and the spirit they have shown has been worthy of all praise. In a number of cases, students have refused aid for themselves, preferring that their allotment be given to some still more unfortunate comrade. An itemized report of contributions and a general statement of disbursements will soon be published by the faculty.

The origin of the fire is unknown. Possibly it started from a Christmas firecracker. The loss on the buildings was covered in part by insurance, and on this loss the College received \$26,810. On the contents of the literary society halls, the fraternity halls, students' property and some other items of value there was no insurance.

It has been decided to remove the debris of Ryland Hall at once and to restore to temporary use the first three stories of the central building. This work will be pushed, and will be completed before the end of the present session. Ample dormitories and class rooms will be provided for the greater student body of 1911-12.

* From 1854 to 1873 this four-story dormitory was the main building at Richmond College, but since the latter date has formed the north wing of the main building. It was erected during the administration of Dr. Robert Ryland, and a few years ago, at the suggestion of the writer, was named Ryland Hall, in honor of the first President of the College.

Two Bottles.

(With apologies to Mr. Conan Doyle.)

F. W. P.

ON Christmas morning, our college world was startled by the cry of fire and I awoke to find the whole of Ryland Hall in flames. However, in a short time the fire department had it under control, saving a large part of the building. The few students remaining here, professors, and the gathered throng at once began to ask questions as to the origin of the fire.

Conjectures ran rife, theories of all kinds were advanced; some, who perhaps felt they had been slighted, said it was the result of a banquet held the night before by a few "friendly spirits," while others said there had been a "session" that had lasted well into the night and a careless person had thrown a cigarette in some waste papers and started the fire.

The noise and light aroused us in Memorial Hall and I hastily dressed and joined the crowd, watching the flames and listening with interest to the discussions and theories advanced by the sages present. To me such an occasion is always one of amusement rather than sadness—not that there is joy in the loss—but from the talk and wild theories advanced by idle spectators. Perhaps my viewpoint comes from the summer spent in the mountains with Sherlock Holmes a few years ago. For during this summer I came to know him very well and through our long walks together

I learned much about his methods and the cases he had solved.

Soon after meeting him we went to see the ruins of a summer hotel that had been destroyed by fire, a few miles from where we were staying. While looking at the ruins I asked him if he had any idea as to what really caused the fire. For several minutes he stood quietly scratching in the sand with his stick, acting as if he had not heard my remarks, and I was upon the point of repeating the question when he suddenly straightened up as if from a dream and said: "No, Jordan, this fire has left no causes. If it had been in a city I think it would be simple, as in most cases the fire is put out before it advances far enough to destroy the cause. On the other hand most fires leave some evidence—just as all criminals leave some clew—only you must know how to find that clew."

Standing before Ryland Hall on Xmas morning, this conversation came back to me and I resolved to send a message at once to New York, asking Holmes to stop off here the next day, while on his way to Florida for a month's rest. By three o'clock Christmas afternoon I had his reply saying he would be glad to help me and at the same time assuring me that he felt certain he could help me if he were able to see the building before it was disturbed.

He arrived here at 7:45 Monday morning. He alighted from the train, and his first words were: "Now, Jordan, let's get to the scene of the fire as soon as possible."

"But you have not had breakfast, Mr. Holmes."

"There you are wrong, Jordan, I had breakfast in Washington and the solution of this fire—if it is possible—will make further food unnecessary just now."

As there was no cause for further delay we went at once to the remains of the once glorious Ryland Hall. Making

our way through the tower to the fourth floor, I conducted him to the North end of the hall where it was thought the fire had originated. As we approached the north end the debris made progress difficult, but finally we reached the door leading to the dormitory wing of the building, here further progress was stopped as nothing remained but the walls. "Here," I said, "the fire is thought to have originated, but if it started here why is this flooring not burnt up?"

"That is very simple," he replied, "because this passage leading from the tower creates a draft and with this door open it would drive the blaze into the dormitory and it continued to burn northward while this side of the door did not catch enough to burn before water was turned on it." He stooped down and examined everything carefully and then finally in his tireless search he again came to the door where he found two bottles; these he picked up and examined carefully, and with an exclamation stood up saying: "Let's get out of here, if there is any clew—I have it." Silently we made our way back to my room in Memorial Hall. I had already secured a supply of his favorite cigars—after much manipulation to raise the price—and while he was seated smoking I was nervously awaiting his theory, but he would say nothing about the fire. Mr. Holmes persisted in recalling memories of the summer in the mountains and questions as to my future work. I could not wait, so I ventured to ask him a direct question as to the use he could possibly make of two old empty bottles in finding out the origin of the fire.

He smoked on for a minute or two and then replied: "I don't know—I have an idea. It will take time and I must leave here in an hour as I must be at Palm Beach tomorrow.

In a week or ten days I shall be able to tell you if these bottles have anything to do with the fire or not."

We went down town, had lunch and then he boarded the "Florida Limited," leaving me no wiser than before, except for an idea that seemed to me to be utterly foolish, and I was much inclined to think him a fool, too.

Two weeks went by and not a word; then I began to feel that Holmes knew he had taken up a fool's theory and was so disappointed that he would not even write me what he had found out—if anything. Another week went by and I now gave up all hope; but much to my surprise on the following Tuesday I received the following letter, which explained it all:

Palm Beach, January 16, 1911.

My Dear Jordan:

No doubt you have concluded that I had given up the attempt to solve the cause of the fire. Such is not the case, however, as it has taken more time than I had at first supposed.

A careful examination of the bottles showed that they were unusual and of French make. This necessitated my getting definite information to supplement my own theories. The facts learned were that M. Froissant, who conducts a Cafe in Paris, had a special bottle that he used for his champagne. This bottle was treated with fer-ignitic acid which caused the glass to become hard and flinty, this was so done that the neck of the bottle alone remained like ordinary glass, enabling one to break the neck of the bottle easily and smoothly without breaking the rest of the bottle. This however caused a peculiar phenomenon: when these bottles came in contact with each other they would throw off sparks like two electric wires.

How these bottles came there I can not say, but someone probably kicked them on the fatal night and the sparks ignited the loose paper that was evidently laying around, while the magazines underneath did not burn because of their compactness. What followed everyone knows.

This I think solves the mystery beyond a doubt. At least I hope it will settle the question and cause no one any trouble.

Very sincerely yours.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Who it was that stumbled over the fatal bottles we do not know. The fire was the result of an accident or Provi-

dence and no questions on my part could elicit any information as to who had put the bottles there. Some were positive that they had seen the bottles there many times, so I reached the conclusion that someone had picked them up down town, intending to roll them down the hall. This is supposition, however, and it is over and nothing can restore things as they were.

We Co-Eds. Say---

IT was most exciting—that first day on which we came back to our old quarters.

My goodness! how we did chatter and gesticulate—each endeavoring so frantically to make the others understand that the fire was “perfectly awful.” Miss Campbell alone, was rather quiet and silent. But, you know, Virginia had lost her job. Yes, she was Head of the House Committee and now there is no longer a committee because we haven’t got room for it.

Honestly, we would like to tell you just about how cramped we really are, but Miss Norment—that little blue-eyed rat with the Southern drawl—came and begged us so hard not to. “Because,” she said, “you might make the boys feel bad and they might think we minded giving up our big house and you know we didn’t.”

And anyway—some of us girls, especially the seniors, are awfully glad to be back, for oft in the past we have made merry within these walls.

To be sure, we’ve had to economize space. You see, the girls wear those Ding-a-Ling caps to college, fold them up and put them in their coat-pockets, keep their coats on and take their books with them. So, with their books, hats and coats thus provided for and the girls themselves in class or the Library, there is plenty of space left in the day-room.

But nobody tries to study here—except Miss Brugh and Miss Sands. And they have learned so well to concentrate their minds that no uproar can disturb them. They find it impossible, however, to concentrate in the Library.

This, too, is true. The older co-eds—those, you know, over a year old—say that being situated so close to the Refectory is rather convenient. Listen to one of their reasons. The Freshmen, with the curiosity characteristic of the young, often rush in breathlessly and ask the Senior some such question as this:

“Please, who is the boy that wears a gray hat and a gray overcoat and has awfully brown eyes?” The Senior in the other house could not answer her sister, but all she has to do now is to wait till two, and the inquisitive rats, if quick enough, can point out that boy as he dashes up the refectory steps, and thus learn his identity. Miss Anderson says she has seen more boys since Christmas than in all the days of the Fall Term put together. Oh! Celeste wanted to know the other day if the boys were *required* to eat fast!

You know, we co-eds are very optimistic about that fire—we realize well how much worse it might have been. Now, Miss Morisette, for instance, wonders what she would have done if the alcoves had burned up—those alcoves, she says, she thought of first. Everyone knows Helen has two English classes and one of these requires much Library work.

But Miss Ramsay actually suffered. His Xmas present to her was lost—perished with the postoffice. It’s well she considers that it’s not the gift but the giver that counts.

Miss Gregory didn’t lose a thing but she is terribly distressed. “In the spring,” she laments, “the flies are so bad and the odor of cabbage wafted from above is nauseating.” Miss Coffee suggested that the campus would be most pleasant in the spring. Miss Gregory couldn’t see it that way.

But little Miss Lancaster was worried most of all on hear-

ing about the fire. She rushed to the 'phone and tried to ring up the President's Office. She wanted to know if the marks were saved!

And didn't you hear about our chaperon being burned to death? Yes, she's gone, but not forgotten. Miss Davis can give you notes from her daily lectures on this subject—"Our Chaperone"—can tell you more about her than anyone else can, except Miss Campbell.

Seriously, the co-eds are sincerely glad to have the opportunity of helping you boys by giving up our spacious mansion over yonder and we'll tell the world as much.

Minor Matters of the Moment.

W. V. H.

I USED to room on the third floor of Ryland Hall. I don't now. Owing to the sudden change of temperature Christmas morning, I decided that it would be better for my health to find a new habitation. But, seriously, have you all heard about that fire? I have. I came very near feeling it, as I had nothing between me and it but a bathrobe. And oh, you bathrobe! Guess if it hadn't been for you I would have gotten my epidermis scorched. But listen, let me tell you something about that holy Christmas blaze.

While complacently sleeping Christmas morning about 4 o'clock I was awakened by some one on the fourth floor who was emitting some of the most terrible yells that I ever heard from the throat of man. I never shall forget the utter hopelessness of that voice. Every quivering tone vibrated with horror unspeakable. I remember I was just finishing a complicated dream about the Math. A. examination, and was being lost in its entangling intricacies. I had gotten to the place where I had "flunked" was about to be turned into a den of devil-dragons. Then came that awful scream that set me free—but, ah, such freedom that it was! I jumped up in bed and looked about to see what it all meant. To my consternation I found myself enveloped in the most impenetrable smoke imaginable. Then the yelling grew louder and the first impression made on my mind was that the end of time had come.

Parting the smoke with my hands, I jumped out on the

floor with a zest that I seldom display on ordinary occasions. I reached for my bathrobe. Then even in this the most perilous of moments I was struck forcibly with the thought how exceedingly ridiculous I would look meeting the Lord in a bathrobe.

But then I heard the word "fire" and it dawned upon me that Ryland Hall was burning down. This supposition was strengthened, however, by a distinct roaring and crackling of flames which I heard above my head. Gracefully slipping into my bathrobe, I reached for her adored picture, which I knew to be on the mantel-piece, although I could not see it in the darkness. By this time the smoke was stifling and now for the first time I began to realize the seriousness of the danger with which I was surrounded. A chilling fear crept over me—a fear inexpressible. Would not that smoke stifle me before I could go from the third floor to the ground? Was that massive roof ready to fall in? What if I should find all escape cut off when I opened my door and entered the hall? These horrible questions crowded their ugly forms upon my mind and demanded answer. I sickened at the thought. I dared not answer them for myself. I was even afraid to open my door to look into the hall. Who knew the hidden dangers behind that door? A child entering the dark, I was afraid to know the truth. In this wild moment of speculation, I began to figure the probable results of jumping from my third story window. What were the chances of escaping death by this? But I couldn't bear the thought of striking the stone beneath. It hurt my nerves and I abandoned the idea.

In my confusion of mind I realized two things fully: I knew that I must get out of the building and that I had no time to lose in doing it. I determined at once to go through the hall at all hazards. So jerking the door open

I saw that the floor above was in flames. Crouching closely to the floor to enable me to breathe, I felt my way to the fire escape, where I was joined by other wayfarers emigrating to cooler climes. With these I made no acquaintance except with one good old pilgrim who greatly admonished me not to step on his fingers.

Safely we reached the ground, and robed like holy monks of old, we stood in a circle about the building; and with sanctimonious and solemn faces, silently we watched the liquid, lurid flames of fire mingle with the tremulous light of the ghastly moon and leap to the weeping stars.

* * * * *

As I have nothing else to do today, I am comfortably sitting in my new study in Whitsitt Hall, just reflecting. Sometimes I think about that fire and I am almost forced to smile. But in some ways the fire was greatly disappointing. In the glowing accounts of the fire which appeared in the Richmond papers, not once was my name mentioned as one of the heroes who escaped from the burning building. It's an outrage! I have been grossly insulted and I demand an apology. Think about it, utterly ignored! But still another thing that adds to my troubles. I told you (or I believe I did) about that picture which I rescued from my room. Well, I was carrying it around next day at ten o'clock and happening to have my attention called to it, found that I had gotten a darned old blotter instead of her picture. It's too bad. But I am not going to worry. What's the use? It's all over. And when we grow old and look back over the pig tracks of time, doubtless we will cherish it all as a fond memory.

The Autobiographical Element in the "Mill on the Floss."

Lucien Hall, '12.

SOME of the best novels in our language have contained the autobiographical element. Among these we may place George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss." But while we may consider it autobiographical we must not confuse it with a true presentation of the early life of George Eliot. We must not confuse it with a history of Facts concerning the girlhood of Mary Ann Evans. Such a statement as that would be far from correct. We may, however, consider it as a "vivid embodiment of the early impressions" of its author; we may look upon it as reminiscences of her early life—somewhat confused through the lapse of years, but still a representation of her childhood.

A biographer of George Eliot has said that the novel comes more out of her life than from her reminiscences, and we must give some credit to the statement. At the time George Eliot was writing the novel, she seemed to be laboring under a strain. She had just given to the reading public "Adam Bede" and this had made her renowned throughout all England. Her temperament was one that shrinks from being a public character. And so she felt the responsibility leaning upon her. On October 16th 1859 she wrote to John Blackwood:

"The great success of "Adam" makes my writing a matter of more anxiety than ever."

She appeared to be conscious of the weight of the responsi-

bility to the public and this undoubtedly had a depressing influence upon her.

And then, again, the year seemed somewhat dreary for her. Life was becoming too solitary. This is evident from her journals and letters of the period. On July 23rd, she had written to Blackwood, her publisher:

"When 'Maggie' [she had intended calling her novel "Sister Maggie."] is done and I have a month or two of leisure I should like to transfer our present home into which we were driven by haste and economy, to some one who likes houses full of eyes all around him. I long for a house with some shade and grass around it. I don't care how rough."

This letter and the preceding show the head "aching" through which she was passing during the writing of the "Mill on the Floss." From all this we might expect somewhat a dreary story, and our expectations are realized as we continue the development of the plot with its sad situations and its Greek-like tragic ending.

With all of her life, however, that she reflects in it, we must not forget the essential part of our story, and that is, it has an autobiographical element—not written out of the "heart aches of grown-up Maggie," but from the memories of her girlhood.

The initial chapter of the novel seems to be an awakening of the author from a dream. Her memory seems to have carried her back to the past when suddenly:

"I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair and dreaming that I was standing in front of Darcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon, many years ago."

And we may assert that it was from such a dream that the beginning of the story was made. Her memory, perhaps, caused her to dream and she penned the reminiscences of

those days that carried her and her brother up to that time when:

"They had gone forth together into their new life of sorrow, and they would never more see the sunshine undimmed by remembered cares. They had entered the thorny wilderness and the golden gates of their childhood had closed behind them."

It is up to this point that the autobiographical element occurs in the book—from the passing of the golden gates we find little if any of the autobiographical element.

George Eliot, or, as we had better call her at the present Mary Anne Evans had a brother three years her senior. In the "*Mill on the Floss*" we see the same relation between Maggie Tulliver and Tom, her brother. Mary Ann Evans was devoted to her brother in their youth—she would follow him around and as he would trudge on his way she would lag behind in puppy fashion. Maggie Tulliver, we know, was fond of Tom and where Tom went she would follow. When Mary Ann was still young she was sent to a girl's school and, her brother Isaac Evans, was sent to a boys' school. It was the long looked for delight for her to come home on Saturdays when she should see Isaac. Tom and Maggie, too, went off to schools, and we know with what anticipation Maggie looked forward to seeing Tom and to learn from him all that had transpired since the short separation. Mary Ann and Isaac, like Maggie and Tom, were playmates. They would roam through the country fields around the Geritt house and fish in the neighboring streams.

Sketches of the life of George Eliot tell us that she was the favorite of her father, while Isaac was his mother's pet. Mr. Tulliver's fondness for "his little wench" and the affec-

tion of the mother for Tom is a strong resemblance between real history and the fiction.

In the setting of the story a comparison may be drawn. When George Eliot was four years old, her father moved to the Geritt House. This home and surrounding strongly resemble the description of the home of the Tullivers in the "Mill on the Floss." To the back of Mary Ann's home were the paths leading to the Round Pool, the rockery Elms, and to the Geritt Hollows, better known in the story as the Red Deeps; the meeting place of Maggie with Philip Wakem. It was through these surroundings transferred from the mountains where flowed the brown canal down to the seashore where flowed the Floss—it was through these identical retreats that Maggie Tulliver trudged along, lagging behind her brother. Often Mary Ann and Isaac Evans wandered from home through the fields to fish in some stream as even Maggie and Tom Tulliver cast their baited lines into the Ripple.

There is one book that Mary Ann had in her possession when she was a girl that Maggie Tulliver had and read when she was a child—Defoe's "History of the Devil" had a place among the books read by both. You recall how Mr. Riley is surprised on seeing the book in Maggie's hands. Even so, a like incident may have really occurred to George Eliot and she had remembered it when she was working out the story.

Mr. Evans—the father of George Eliot—married the second time a Miss Pearson. The three sisters of his wife—Mrs. Everard, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Garner lived in the vicinity of the Geritt House and occasionally visited the Mrs. Evans. Beyond doubt, as has been often pointed out, these Pearsons were the prototypes of the Dodsons in the "Mill on the Floss." Mr. Evans probably heard a

great deal of the traditions and the family affairs of the Pearsons as Mr. Tulliver in the story heard at the family gatherings of the Dodsons at Darcote Mill.

The biographers of George Eliot tell us that during her childhood she was very jealous in her affections, easily moved to tears or smiles, of a nature capable of the keenest enjoyment and keenest suffering, very affectionate, and proud and sensitive to the highest degree. To say that the author of the "Mill on the Floss" had revealed her own character in the character of Maggie would perhaps be going too far. But if we recall some of the traits of Maggie and compare them with the characteristics of George Eliot, we will see a striking likeness. Consider for instance Maggie jealous on the occasion when she pushes poor, white, little Lucy into the cow-trodden mud. It is also a characteristic of Maggie to smile or cry upon the slightest impulse. Her affection for Tom throughout the story, her proudness and sensitiveness, for instance, displayed before the Dodsons just before she cuts her own hair, are other similar characteristics of Mary Ann and Maggie.

Mary Ann, we are informed, was awkward and accustomed to be silent and observant in presence of her elders. As we peep into the home of the Tullivers on a visit of the Dodsons and see Maggie seated back in a corner it reminds us strongly of Mary Ann at school in a room with the other girls older than she. The others have crowded around the stove and the "little Mama," as her schoolmates called her, is out of the ring, over in a corner like her portraiture of Maggie in the Mill on the Floss.

And then a biographer of George Eliot asserts she showed that trait that was most marked in her through life—namely, the absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be all in all. The devoted-

ness Maggie had for Tom, and the latter part of the story displays this characteristic, said to be prominent in the girlhood of George Eliot and predominant in her womanhood.

So strongly do some of the characteristics of Maggie resemble those of the biography dealing with the childhood of her creator, that at times we must almost doubt the statements that they make, and suspect that they themselves went to Maggie to secure the data of the early life of George Eliot, yet so many concur in the same statements that we must come to the conclusion that George Eliot possessed the wonderful facility of painting without ruining by too much shading, or coloring, the character of her own self as a girl.

And so the relation of brother to sister, the parents to the children, a part of the setting of the story, the Dodsons as prototypes of the Pearsons, and a good many similarities in the characters of Maggie and Mary Ann Evans, all go to make up the autobiographical element in the "Mill on the Floss." But all these autobiographical elements are based not so much on real experience in family life as in her recollection of her feelings then. Fictitious elements are mixed with the real, as Mr. Cross says, and we cannot trust it for true history. We must consider after all has been said the "heart-achings of grown-up Maggie that entered into the story, and at times replaced the autobiographical element.

Lines on the Broken Bell.

W. B. Miller, '12.

For us no more the dear old college bell,
The gentle call of duty e'er shall tell—
"Distress! Distress!" the last sad call e'er spoken—
By mingled flame and flood the bell was broken.

The Mark of Cain.

G. W. Blume.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high,
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."
—Coleridge.

HE alone had known of it and now he lay, white and still, while a crimson thread slowly trickled down the distorted face from a wound in the temple, writhing, and coiling among the deep lined features like a fiery serpent.

He had looked at me; and now though the eyes were set in their cold vacant stare, yet they seemed to follow me. They fascinated me in such a manner that I could not gaze away and was as powerless as a charmed bird before a serpent. An irresistible force seemed drawing me to him. I tried to break away, but every movement only served to bring me nearer to that ghastly face. I threw myself to the ground, but still the glassy gaze of those eyes froze me as would the glance of a Gorgon, and I gradually glided closer and closer to the face of the dead man. My nerves gave way and shaking as with the ague, I shrieked and cursed in my agony of terror, but still I could not break the charm of those horrible eyes.

My last paroxysm of anguish brought me directly over the body of the murdered man. My face bent toward his, my eyes were almost torn from their sockets by the uncanny power of that awful gaze, and I laughed a horrible laugh as I thought of the kiss of the dead man when my face should meet his. My hand was beside his head in the

little puddle of blood that was slowly forming. In my frenzy I put it to my head to shut out the dreadful sight. As the thickening blood touched my forehead in finger-spots the spell was broken, and I fainted beside the body.

The daylight was slowly fading as I started from my stupor. Averting my gaze, I crept away into the woods to find some place in which to securely conceal the corpse. The bushes whipped my face as I passed, and clutched my hair with a lingering, weird clasp, the tall tree trunks loomed out black and foreboding, and the early twilight cast dreary shadows in the thick recesses of the wood. Long, snaky roots reached out and tripped me as I passed, and my clothes were torn and my hands bleeding from the briars that infested the way. Soon I came to the brink of a small cliff, lapped at its base by a little winding stream. Feverishly, I threw myself down on the edge of a deep pool to drink, but the water reflected my drawn and ghastly face and on my forehead was *the Mark of Cain!* I frantically dashed water to my head and scanned my features in a pocket mirror. The stains were still there, glowing as if they had been branded in with a hot iron. I rubbed sand in the skin until it chafed off, but still the mark burned deeper and deeper—into my very brain until the whole universe seemed dyed in crimson streaks of blood. I staggered along among the brush and rocks and at last came upon a cavity in the cliff that answered my purpose. I hastily retraced my tortuous way until I reached the body. Lifting the stiffening corpse to my shoulders, I struggled down the steep incline until I reached the cleft, in which I deposited the body. As I threw the corpse down, the cold fingers of one of the hands raked my throat, and sent a thrill of nervous terror down my spine. At every sound I started, and every shadow made my heart beat

like a trip-hammer under the spell of the unknown horror that engulfed me like a soft, suffocating garment.

I dared not look behind, but plunged on and on into the dismal vastness of the forest, all sense of place and direction gone, and with but one motive, to get as far away from that unhallowed spot as I could. But still the unknown presence followed me. It was right behind me, and if I turned, it would paralyze me with its look. I knew how it looked—all pale and ghastly, with eyes that glowed like red fire coals and long snaky hair that stood on end, and claws that were even now reaching for my throat. My breath came in great sobs as I stumbled on, and rattled in my throat as had the death rattle of my victim. The blood beat into my ears like the strokes on an anvil, and I longed to lay down and rest for one brief instant, but there was ever that presence, always haunting, always just beyond its reach of me. And the forest creatures—the shrieks of the wild animals, the cry of the owl, and the stealthy glide of the snake from my path added to the uncanniness of the place. The shades of the forest deepened into night. The stars came out, but every star was a fiery eye gazing into mine, the fireflies twinkled, but every flash seemed crimson through my blood-shot eyes, but no horror could equal that of being always followed. Something brushed my throat—a bush—I struggled on and still on, another time—and my hand in trying to tear the clutch from my throat encountered only a branch, but I could breathe only in gasps. I knew—yes, the phantasm had overtaken me. Every nerve was a live wire and every hair stood on end as I shrieked out prayers and curses, but still the clutch tightened and when I came to a high embankment I threw myself over; wishing only for death. Something soft caught me—the top of a fir tree, I think, and I rolled down

the bluff into a crevice, inside of which was something cold and soft, and every sinew froze as I realized the touch of the dead. With frantic terror I threw myself down the hill and plunged into the thicket, but still I could feel that awful haunting presence and the clammy grasps of those cold fingers. Three times that night I fled from the terrible spot, and three times my circlings in the dark brought me back into the presence of death.

At last I knew as I crawled away that I must turn and face my pursuer. Powerless to resist, I turned, and my eyes met eyes of greenish red coals that pierced my very brain like throbs of forked lightning. The bristling hair gleamed with a dull phosphorescent glow, and on the lank features a bloody mouth gaped. The long, snaky fingers tightened their clasp, and I fell at its feet as if dead.

How long I lay there I do not know. It may have been hours, or days. I do not know how I got out of the forest, I don't know how I got here—why am I in this padded cell, why do my fingers seek to grasp your throat through these bars and to strangle you while I look with eyes that will pierce your very soul, why will the warden not let me wash these awful spots off my forehead that are setting my brain on fire—can't you see them—but what—stranger, don't, don't leave me—O God! my throat, the clutch—and those eyes—those eyes!

Observations and Prevarications.

P. A. L. Smith, Jr., '12.

THE Professor had just finished calling the roll and had stepped out of the room for a minute, whereupon I faded through the door, adjusted my overcoat, and turned me townward. I overtook a classmate who obviously had similar designs; he was singing:

"Anybody here seen Wilson,
Lately of Ryland Hall?
He was turned out without any clothes;
If it had been cold, it's a cinch he'd a' froze.
Has anybody here seen Wilson,
Attired for a Hottentot ball?

Wilson has told me all about it. (I wasn't in town when the fire occurred.) He says a little prudence is a dangerous thing. When the sound of excited voices and rushing feet disturbed his slumbers, he arose, stuck his head out of the door (which same, by the way is a most effective method of defense) and when he saw trunks being thrown out of the windows, boys sliding down from the windows after them on improvised ropes constructed out of sheets, blankets, etc., saw the crackling flames leaping up the stairway; heard the yells, curses, and prayers of the students, mingled with the shouts, orders, and blows of the Richmond fire warriors he wisely concluded that it was some of the boys trying to play a joke. I couldn't help thinking when he told me that, how distorted his sense of humor must be.

Say now, straight, wouldn't you hate to be a poor innocent rat curled up in bed and have him play a joke on you?

But to return. Assuring himself that the boys were only indulging in some harmless form of giving vent to their exuberance caused by the nearing of the holidays, he ejaculated an "a hah!" which is his conception of a laugh, and went back to bed, chuckling to himself about his forethought in putting furniture against the door, so that if the joke was to be pulled off on him, the perpetrators wouldn't catch a "solid ivory." The firemen wanted to run the hose through our friend's room, and presently began splintering the door with their axes, and all the while the occupant kept piling furniture against the door. When the firemen eventually waded through, they found our friend backed into a corner armed with a ball, bat, and an old case knife. When he tumbled to the fact that the College was almost burned down, he grabbed a pair of kid gloves, one shoe, a sack of Bull Durham tobacco, and jumped off the fire escape. He said he knew if he attempted to walk down he would grow dizzy and fall. He's afraid to light a cigarette now.

Here's the place to find the sporty kids—since December twenty-third. The gents furnishers are rent with conflicting emotions. They are undecided as yet whether to congratulate themselves, extend their *sincere* sympathy to the losers in the fire, or kick themselves. They will decide this about thirty days from date of sales.

Some optimists declare Mr. Cawthorne's violin was burned; others, inclined to be gloomy, say he saved it. Did he? We want to know the worst.

Elevator boy in Mutual Building to Grey Garland, who is on his way to Dr. McNeill's office: "Goin' up?"

G. G. in Dr. McNeill's office: "Dr., I won't have to

take the Contract examination, which was lost in the fire over, will I? I am satisfied I made it."

Dr. McN: "No, you will not, and in consideration of your nerve, I'll give you a LL. B. tomorrow morning!" (Joke.)

Editor's note.*—The writer cites Psalm 116: 11 as his excuse for the above.

The White Spot.

Macon E. Barnes, '11.

THOUGH the man was tall and strong, he shivered and pulled his worn coat closer around him as a cold winter wind swept across a vacant lot full upon him. The icy slush of the crossings had chilled his feet even through the heavy thick-soled shoes.

Now and then a snowflake drifted down and blotted itself out in the mud. There were no shops in the suburbs and the curtains of the dwellings were drawn close to keep warmth and brightness within. A street lamp showed the face of the single pedestrian set and sullen with a glint in his eyes that spoke of sinister workings in the soul beneath.

A bit of paper fluttered out in front of him and danced along with the wind. How white it was against the black mud, how it skimmed and turned and swirled yet never stuck fast. The man looked at it and, perhaps seeking an outlet for his general feeling of discomfort and ill will, reached out his foot to stamp it down. But a puff of wind tossed it up nearly into his face and then sent it scurrying just beyond his feet. It tantalized him in a vague way. He stooped to pick it up, but 'twas gone. Then he laughed. How odd to be fighting the one little spot of white in all the surrounding blackness. Let it go.

It danced up against the lamp post and the wind flattened it out against the smooth black surface. The man secured it and half ashamed, paused to examine it.

"Little Grace," he muttered; the look on his face changed

from repulsiveness almost to tenderness. The bit of paper was only an advertisement with the laughing face of a little girl on one side. Only a fancy picture but it brought back to memory the little sister that had once been the brightest joy in his life. Standing there in the cold, damp shadows he forgot all but the wee bit of a tot that was still playing about the door when he left home. She would be just grown now; was she still on the old farm?

His heart gave a great throb of longing to see her, to see the old home—everything that had been dear to him before he lost the power of caring for such things. Here he was in the familiar town, two hours' ride on the train, a short walk across the country and he would be home again. He had not come here with the intention of going home; that was far from his thoughts. But the old landmarks had stirred tender recollections that he had thought impossible, and now as the little pictured face smiled at him in childish innocence an agony of home-sickness rushed over him. From away across the fields came the sound of a church bell ringing for evening prayer. It seemed a call from the bell at home saying: "Come, come, come," till the last notes trailed off into silence and he found himself walking swiftly in the direction of the station. "Ah, fool," he muttered as he bought his ticket just in time to catch the outgoing night train, but even though ashamed of it he could not crush the feeling of gladness. "Just the one trip," he argued, only to catch a glimpse of little Grace. He might disguise himself as a tramp; easily done he thought. Let circumstances direct. He might see them with the curtain raised, sitting in the dining room. That would be sufficient, the morning train would carry him back into the black abyss of the life that he shuddered to think of when he thought of Grace. Could he be her brother? How beau-

tiful she would be grown up; and he drifted from recollections of her early childhood into fancy pictures of her young ladyhood. Scarcely realizing it a prayer welled up from his heart that God would not let her come into contact with the life that he had seen. So as the train sped on through the darkness the man held the scrap of paper in his hand and lived again in a world from which he had slipped years ago.

"Boynton," the old station where no one now knew him was reached. A glance at the few familiar landmarks, scarcely recognized among the new buildings looming in shadowy indistinctness around him, a hundred questions crushed down from his lips and he found himself facing a bleak wind along the road to the old farm house. But the cold no longer affected him as his feet clicked swiftly over the frozen earth.

Home was almost in sight. Just around the bend, through the trees and there it would stand on the hill across the fields. There were rifts in the clouds, the moon was trying to break through, ah it would show him the old place. His heart thumped as he emerged from the trees. A terrified glance, a long gasp and he broke into a run. It was not the moonbeams showing him the house. A red flash glimmered on the roof and died away, only to leap up bigger and redder than before. The wind fanned it down till it ran along the shingles like a glistening serpent. There seemed to be no one stirring. Great Heavens! were they all asleep.

The man dashed up with a dozen excited neighbors. The flames had enveloped a part of the roof and were playing around the walls till the whole house seemed about to be swept away in one gale of a wind of fire. What was that? A white face at the window just beneath the tottering roof. "Jump, jump," they shrieked, but she fell back

fainting or overcome by smoke. "Grace, Grace! My God, little Grace!" He was up the reeling staircase and into the blackened room before they divined his intention. Strong arms received the inert body swung far down from the window, but the rescuer did not follow. In a blinding rush of smoke he dropped from sight, the roof toppled in with a crash and the red flames roared fiercely in the night!

Musing in the Firelight.

Romulus Skaggs.

WE had a fire; we just had to have one to appreciate the climax of a phenominally long cold "spell."

Rats, frats, and faculty are all of the opinion that it was a warm fire and a glorious Xmas gun. In point of fact, Richmond College stands alone in its warm celebration of our favorite holiday. There is not another college in America, so far as the humble writer knows, that even attempted a celebration on so grand a scale.

Cheerfully did the fellows contribute their waste paper, old letters, derby hats, superfluous Sunday clothing and, in fact, everything except their bathrobes to the fierce and frantic flames.

Did the dear public come out to see? Yea, and more. From the library all the leather-bound embodiments of the illustrious dead assumed ghostly limbs and straddled over the campus, lead by the fair and mummified Princess of Egypt from the museum, and the inimitable plaster-of-Paris statue of the great god, Pan, playing bellicose strains on his enchanting lute. It was a glorious hour!

But now the fire has devoured the last offering of the zealous worshippers, and the once bright light gives place to a lurid glare of embers. The pendulum of patriotic zeal swings back and drops a man in a bathrobe onto a trunk which oversight has saved from the flames. Reflection seizes on him and, with elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he stares into the burning embers and thus recounts the cost: "Where is my sanctum sanctorum? my tennis racket? my favorite pipe? Where are my thou-

sand letters from Nellie? my mother's Bible and my rooter's horn? Where are the brown trousers that once added grace, cover' and comfort to this mortal coil? Where is the rascal that started this fire and the seven cents that were in my match-case on the mantel-piece? O, my poetic spirit, would that thou had'st never seen this day!"

Here he shed huge tears of pure petroleum, and being of Buddhist religious persuasions, stood up and stretched his long arms toward ethereal space whence all his wealth had gone and uttered thus his last orison and "swan song" previously prepared by him as his extreme unction.

"Nirvana, the mansionless haven of spirit,
By virtue, by merit
We're taken to thee above life;
Thou art void of the storms of
Life's fitful commotion.
Death's leveling potion
Translates us to pleasure most rife.

Accept me, Nirvana, and smother my weeping
In undisturbed sleeping;
I pray for perfection of rest.
Oblivious alike of my soul and my neighbor
Beyond toil, beyond labor—
No rights and no duties—how blest!

Nirvana, absorb all my knowledge of being
And I shall cease seeing
Conditions that harrow my soul,
And give me that infinite sleep
Without dreaming—
That unconscious seeming;
'Tis perfect repose, I am told.

No longer I'll list to that horrible moaning,
That tortuous groaning
That comes from humanity's fold,
For now I repose in thee
Float in thee, gloat in thee,
Purest of Purity,
Nirvana, Abode of the soul.

This Wayward Dream of Mine.

J. H. J.

'Tis dark, 'tis void, 'tis vast, 'tis wild
This wayward dream of mine,
'Tis fraught with woe, with care, with fear,
This wayward dream of mine;
Into the dull void vale of years,
Into the mysteries deep and grave,
It seems to lead a step, then cease—
This wayward dream, this dread nightmare;
This wayward dream of mine.

Thou canst not lead to light or rest,
O wayward dream of mine;
Thou canst not give one hope or cheer,
O wayward dream of mine;
God—could I reach one other thread!
God—but the hope is gone, 'tis gone!
O heart, thou canst but bleed and break.
Thou ne'er canst find that lost, lost thread,
Of this wayward dream of mine.

THE MESSENGER

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Christmas dawned bright and cheerful on the campus. A nice bonfire started in some mysterious way—some way in keeping with the spirit of Xmas—and before the sleeping inmates of Ryland Hall knew what was going on, the beautiful little flames had gained great headway. Playfully they danced and gleefully did they consume all the worldly possessions of about sixty-seven students at Richmond College—a little Christmas joke of the Immortals, as Thomas Hardy would, perhaps, say.

Everyone knows by this time the full details of the fire. To the college itself the loss is not large, but it is impossible to estimate the harm done the individual students.

Personally, we have far more sympathy for the man who fails after a struggle than admiration for the man who triumphs. The fire has produced, in a sense, a certain crisis in the lives of all the men who were burnt out. To many, it means a bitter struggle to continue their education; and in that struggle there will be some who will fail, some who will succeed. For those who fail we should have just as much admiration as for those who succeed. Some men, you know, can succeed without much trouble. Some people attribute it to the stars. We don't know.

There is one class of men, however, for whom we should have no admiration—the “quitters.” There is a great difference between a failure and a “quitter,” you know. The latter is color-blind. The story of the fire at Richmond College is fast becoming history. When men shall read hereafter of that event, let them not say that the yellow flames of the fire became imprinted on the souls of those who were the victims.

Athletics at present are in the background, and another college enterprise is coming to the front—*The Spider*, '11.

The Annual It is not our purpose to rehash all the beautiful trusims about college spirit, the power of the student body alone to make a success of any college undertaking, the need for help, etc. If you haven't brains enough to realize those things without being told, then you haven't brains enough to be of any help to this year's Annual. The graduating class nominally publishes *The Spider*, chiefly because some one has got to nominally publish it in order to keep sacred the precedents

of the college. But it is in no sense of the word devoted to that body alone. An ideal Annual should be the reflection of the thought, feeling, activities, achievement of the general life of the college as a whole. It doesn't require a very synthetical mind to generalize on the facts and say that everybody in college has got to do their part in the work. If the student body has an idea that the Annual Staff can, unassisted, put out a good publication, they will be a disappointed crowd on June 1st.

There is one thing to be emphasized in connection with the Annual: the value of making your criticisms *now*. Every year the faithful few toil and labor and when June comes around the Annual appears. Then the sages of the college begin their critical work, which no doubt adds greatly to the sum total of human knowledge, but which does not help the Annual in the least. If you have any criticisms to make, now is the time to make them. Don't wait until June, when it is too late. If you have an idea tell it to the head of the department it is concerned with. If he acts upon it you will have helped the Annual, and if he doesn't, you will have had that delicious feeling of having been a martyr. You can't lose.

The time to begin work on the Annual is already here. Why can't we people at Richmond College catch the enthusiasm of the day—that invigorating spirit of progress which is characteristic of the twentieth century? Why can't we realize that the past is good for nothing save to improve upon? Why can't we get behind college enterprises and push like—the mischief? Is there anything contrary to morality, piety, high ethical sensibility, sanctification, or decency in getting out the best *Spider* this year that has ever been published? Is there any sin in breaking all records? If so, let everybody get real devilish and try it.

If George Washington never told a lie and if George Washington was the Father of His Country, there's something radically wrong with the principles of heredity.

For the information of all parties concerned, *The Messenger* desires to state that on January 19th and February 22nd, the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and George Washington will be celebrated in some parts of their native State, Virginia. So little notice is ever taken of these two "holidays" around Richmond College that it is mentioned here, "lest we forget."

There should be a law prohibiting women from *assuming* roles in life, unless they are accomplished actresses. Otherwise they make such a botch of it.

"Intuition is what a woman uses for a brain." From "A Fool There Was." How about it?

A member of the "Anti-Co-ed. Club" when asked if co-education was a success, replied with great vigor that it was—as a joke.

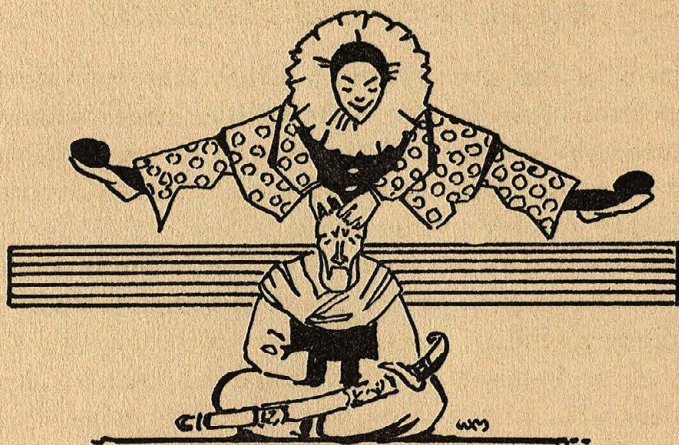
A man's goodness may be measured directly with his ability to hide his faults.

All "perfect" men should be confined to a padded cell.

On Friday evening, January 20th, at the Academy of Music the Richmond College Dramatic Club presented Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

Financially, the event was not of the nature to cause any serious disturbances in the money markets of the world;

but as an artistic piece of work the show was a masterpiece. In an amateur sense, it was an "all star cast," with Miss Monsell, Mr. Wilkins, and Mr. Beverly as the particularly brilliant lights. Like every other college enterprise here, the Dramatic Club is in need of a greater support from the student body. Here's hoping that the future of the club will be replete with yet greater achievements in the histrionic art.



Campus Notes.

Wm. Bailey, Editor.

DOUBTLESS it will be of some interest to those students who have not heard as yet, January 20th, 1911, of the startling calamity that has recently befallen our dear old college—Richmond College. After extended investigations and numerous consultations with those who ought to know, even the *Three Wise Men*—George, Hall, Halstead—who descended the fire escape early on Christmas morn minus their “gold, frankincense, and myrrh,” the poet and musician, Cawthorn, who tarried upon the roof to impersonate the Nero of old, at the burning of Rome, it has been found that Ryland Hall and the fourth floor—*hall of mystery*—of the central section were ruined by fire and water early Sunday morning, December 25th, 1910.

Besides the bare loss of property, many valuable and highly prized relics were destroyed. However, it is consoling that some articles of *priceless* value were saved, of especial worth several sealed kegs which, tradition says, contain a

prophecy of the second flood and that they were thrown overboard in the time of the Deluge and lodged, upon the *subsidence of the waters*, in the *attic* of Richmond College where they have been closely guarded by the successors to the keepers of the Sibylline Books.

Estimate of the damages have been made and it is known that the College lost heavily, but the students' loss is simply appalling, reaching almost to infinity according to a summary of the itemized accounts, including perfumes, talcum-powders, etc., turned in to the President's office by the sufferers. However, sympathizing friends and the authorities of the College have shown a generous spirit and as a result so many new suits and *loud* shoes were never seen upon the campus at one time in the previous history of the institution. And the cheerful smile upon the faces of the *sufferers* is noticeable, and, often have they been heard to remark, without a trace of a tear, to a compassionate friend, "Yes, 'our troubles are *sometimes* a blessing in disguise.'" It may be remarked that the relief fund amounted to something like three thousand dollars.

Some few Hivites with their long faces and tattered garments were about the Campus the first week of the new year, but, when they were offered work on the brick pile they disappeared forthwith and were seen at the theater shortly afterwards with indications of plenty.

At present there seems to be general lamentation among the occupants of the two remaining dormitories that they did not take rooms in Ryland Hall last fall, especially when the *sufferers* come around rattling their surplus *dough*.

History teaches that it takes some great event or crisis to call the Muses from their sacred retreat. The editors of the *Messenger* need not fear a dearth for many years. One of the leading poets already is busy upon an elegy

entitled, "Sorrow for the Dead"—referring of course to the *Cimices Electularii*. Cawthorn has two masterpieces under way; one an autobiography which will appear under the title, "The Hero"; and the other, a lyric of exceptional harmony—"My Violin."

It is hard to call the fire a misfortune when we find so many profiting thereby; even the professors look pleased and one, of whom some old alumni still tremble to think, declares that he has the best lecture room it has been his privilege to occupy since his connection with the College.

And now out of the ruins may we see RICHMOND COLLEGE with added grandeur reappear westward.

"Doc" Thomas says that he is going to continue making bombs in spite of the fact that they are dangerous. He adds with a show of grim resolution—"If the Lord wants me to die I'm going to die and if the Lord wants me to stay on this earth I'm going to stay."

"How perfectly sweet of you!" a co-ed remarked.

"I believe you are *trying* to make a fool of me!" "Doc" exclaimed.

"Why the very idea of my *wasting* my time in such an attempt," she answered soothingly.

A few mornings ago a spirit of levity broke out among the members of the class in Junior Physics, and, upon Mr. Miller's asking a question, the whole class having laughed at so *simple* an affair, Dr. Loving took the occasion to urge the class to abstain from laughing at a fellow-student as if he were a fool when he asked a question, and added that he himself would be very careful not to laugh. At the conclusion of this the whole class excepting Mr. Miller was very quiet and serious. Somehow, the speech appealed to that

gentleman and he applauded not only with his hands, but having due consideration for *one* rule laid down by Dr. Loving that, *applauding with the feet is entirely out of order except under very extraordinary circumstances*, chimed in with his feet and sweetened it with a giggle.

It is hardly necessary to add that the rest of the class and the Professor too roared.

Nearly every man is subject to errors and very, very few are free from conceit.

Observation No. 1: "Bill" Decker, making an announcement in the refectory: "This afternoon at *seven forty-five* the Philologian Society will meet in junior Chemistry room."

Observation No. 2: "Bill "Decker presiding over same society makes an error and realizes it; redeems himself as follows: "The *gentleman* begs the Society's pardon."

According to W. B. Miller, many college men are planets and each has several *satellites* revolving round.

Evidently the situation of the co-eds is becoming precarious. A few days ago, Mr. E. K. Cox remarked to a couple of fellow-students: "I tell you it would *humiliate me* to have a co-ed for a sweet-heart."

G. W. Sadler (leaving library at 6 P. M.): "Fritz, if I'm going to study any in the afternoon, I've just got to quit coning here.

Fritz: "Same here."

Are not their reasons the same?

Yes, the wedding bells chimed for Lawyer Garrett *very* soon after the Fire. Some say it was policy but Broudy

reports that the gentleman stays on the Campus more than ever. That must be *policy* too.

And now, *gentle reader*, if these columns have been worth while, yours is the honor; *you* have made yourself ridiculous; *you* have told it; as the recorder *I* thank you. Have I been partial? Remember it is the *unique* character that *attracts*—and every one should like to be *attractive*. And to my successor I yield this position with a feeling of regret. Here is your opportunity to add many years to your life, provided you take an assumed name—which single act has released me from five libel suits and three duels. And should you feel a scarcity of wit, don't be discouraged, but seek out several young and jolly correspondents, for then, if you hear your column praised you can murmur with satisfaction, *I did it*, and if you hear them abused, you can murmur with satisfaction, *They did it*.



Athletics.

G. W. S.

NEVER before did prospects for the track look better at the Spider camp than they do at present. The track department has been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Hagaman as coach. Mr. Hagaman's ripe experience makes him eminently fitted for the position.

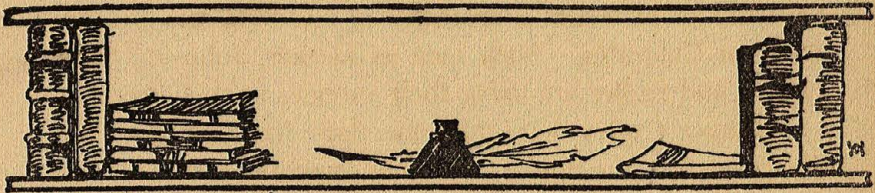
A greater number of men are turning their attention to track work than in former years, the squad having numbered as high as thirty men. These cold, bleak afternoons find Captain Taylor and his men in the running togs, getting in shape for the meets which are to come. With such a combination—the coaching of a skilled man and the ability of such men as Captain Taylor, Vaughan, Sutherland of last year's relay team, Meredith, Tyler, Strother, Gary, Beale, O'Neil, Cook, Trainham, Steele, Orchard, Simpson, Biscoe, Wilson and others there is no reason why the Spiders should not give a good account of themselves when they are pitted against their rivals.

Mr. Hagaman is also taking particular pains with the

weight men. He is especially adapted to training men in this line as he made a specialty of handling the weights when at Columbia. Such men as Decker, Johnson, Cole, Carter, and Sadler are using their energies in this direction.

Manager Corley has only one date fixed as yet. On February 4th, the Spiders will be represented in the George Washington meet and in all probability will run the Hatch-etites a relay race. Five men will be taken on this trip—four men for the relay and possibly one man to handle the weights or the pole.

It has not been definitely decided whether the regular annual indoor meet will be held in the Horseshow Building this winter or not. There is some doubt as to whether or not the building can be secured. This meet will be held as usual or an outdoor meet will be held in the spring at the State Fair Grounds. Some of the authorities are inclined to the latter, and in all probability this event will be pulled off in the spring.



Exchanges.

Wm. A. Simpson, Editor.

AS the time draws near for us to relinquish our duties as exchange editor, we are overcome with a multitude of feelings. To feel that we must sever those pleasant connections which we have enjoyed for the past few months with our sister magazines is indeed sorrowful. They have been enjoyable for the most part, but nerve-racking in some cases. If we have lauded where praise was due; if we have been frank, unprejudiced, impartial, sincere in our criticisms; if we have told you what Exchange *thinks* about you and not what conventionalism demands or friendliness impels—if we have lived up to what light we have, then we can “wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down to pleasant dreams.” If we have discouraged any writer it is not because we took any pleasure in “blowing” you up, but because we wanted you to learn the fine art of re-writing before publication. If we have failed to see the point in your joke, to realize the immortality of your essay, to feel the beauty of your poetry, or to perceive the faultless structure of your story, we beg pardon. We have said that we were overcome by a multitude of feelings at this parting, but of remorse no, not a tremor.

We welcome *The Chisel* to our table. There are many manifestations of diligence and enterprise between the covers, still the quality is much below the level. The verse of this issue is conspicuous for its absence. The jingle "Christmas" might profitably have been committed to the waste basket. It possesses neither beauty of rhythm, cadence of lines or originality of thought. The best thing in this issue is "The Waifs of the Street." The sketch has the value of being well written and not too full of false sentiment. The novelette "French Tresses" amused us. Mythology is full of glowing descriptions of goddesses, but we have never yet realized that they could descend to earth and assume earthly form. But, alas, it seems that "E. D." thought so when she painted Nell Morrison and devoted one whole previous page to her personal glory and adornment. She is the "model of all that is fairest, truest, sweetest, and most gracious in womanhood" and above all that climax of impossibilities "patient of contradiction in argumentative discussion." Yet this creature could actually be so naughty as to estrange herself from her Apollo on account of three spirals in her coiffure. Horrid! We admire the sketch "What the College Ought to Do for the Woman," because it strikes a blow at woman suffrage from the woman's point of view. The victory of Allan Rutledge is well worked out. We wish to commend the "Chisel" on the excellence of its departments and would suggest improvement in the Literary department.

There is little of real merit in *The Mercenian* for January. The sketch "Tolstoi" is too brief to do justice to the "greatest Russian of them all." "The Wrong Side of Right" is original, yet poorly treated and improbable. The "Last

Laugh" is evidently a desperate attempt to smuggle into the magazine, under pretense of being a story, an article which is hardly readable, certainly not a story. Both of the poems are good. The magazine as a whole is much below the standard of a university magazine.

The January issue of this magazine presents a pleasant appearance. The temperament on the *The William and Mary Literary Monthly* whole is light still that can not be said to be a fault. The verse is good, "Phantoms" carrying off the honors.

Both essays contain some excellent thought. The story department of this issue is sadly below par. We are unable to rank any of the four attempts as stories. Evidently A. F. E. had just laid Poe's volume aside when he penned "The Strange Case of Jack Leslie—A Tale of Mesmeric Power." The story deals with that most difficult of themes, duality of character, which to our certain knowledge only two men have ever treated successfully—Edgar Allan Poe and Robert Louis Stevenson. When all points are considered the author has fallen from his ideal in that there is absolutely no evidence or attempts at probability. "A Modern Dante's Dream" is ingenuous. In a novel way we are made to feel the glory and unending fame of William and Mary's alumni list. We recollected that Patrick Henry once graced Williamsburg with his genius, but we never knew that Columbus, Shakespeare, Henry VIII., Pythagoras, or Caesar were "stood" at William and Mary. It seems also that when in ages past, William and Mary was co-educational, Cleopatra, Dido, Anne Boleyn and Pocahontas learned domestic science and dress-making in the primitive capital of Virginia. There is an endless strain of loyalty expressed in no less than 950 rahs for William and Mary from Cleopatra down to Thomas

Jefferson. The remaining stories, "As They Judge Us" and "The King of Beasts," are passable sketches. The former is clever though short and the latter is only an incident worked into a fair story. To our mind a single incident or situation however interesting, unique, or pleasurable does not make a story. More is needed than a mere quibble on words or a witty anecdote to make a good story.

At last Randolph-Macon has got down to business and has turned out an issue of which she may well feel proud. The muses must have *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*. donned Santa Claus' disguises and stealthily sneaked into the Yellow-Jackets' midst. Or was it the intoxication of a football victory? Or was it the anticipation of sipping nectar from the gurgling waters of a loving cup? We do not know and could not wish to know, nevertheless you have come back with a creditable issue. No one but an Exchange can realize the misery of having to read what we are pleased to style a "bunch of rot," and this is what many magazines persist in printing month after month. This issue of *The Monthly*, however, is practically free of this literary quinine. Tasteful arrangement, excellent quality, real work, snappy editorials—these are some of the features that go to make the Christmas issue of *The Monthly* "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." "The Old Doctor's Sabre" and "The Man" struggle for first place in our estimation. The first of these will bear a second reading and is well styled and original. It deals with that grand old theme "Fidelity" in a singularly pleasing manner. "The Man" is a somewhat older theme, yet not half so trite as many "love" stories that we read every month. The unity of time, which is so often abused, is well preserved. Most of the verse is good, of which there are seven selections. "Love's Christmas Gift" is well

worked up for a love story. The link between the two threads of narrative is not strong enough to bind them into a consistent whole. The author apparently falls down in his attempt to paint the happiness of the united family circle and consequently can not leave them to secure the inevitable marriage. There is no "This-so-sudden, Ferdinand," and Gwendolyn element in the story, but in its stead a calm reassuring "I haven't given you a Christmas present yet, will I do?" she said. "The Message of the Wild" is excellent for a sketch and is full of a true sentiment between the little town boy now grown old and his mother nature. "The Meaning of Life" is in more serious vein as its subject would indicate. The thought is excellent and elegantly expressed. The article would make an excellent oration, yet does not lose its force when transmitted to paper. We notice the Editorials are chock full of jubilant, joyous, gurgling glee over the outcome of football. Here's hoping you may "gurgle some more," but we have an idea that it will be under different circumstances.

Alumni Department.

"These are my jewels."

G. H. Winfrey, editor.

May we be allowed space enough here to express a request that anyone hearing anything of interest concerning our alumni would be kind enough to let the alumni editor know it? A moment's thought should make clear the fact that it is an extremely difficult task to keep up with the alumni without the aid of the alumni themselves or their friends. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Not only ought items of news concerning our alumni be interesting to those connected with the college, but should also serve the useful purpose of keeping the college and alumni in closer touch. We add this for fear "a word" may not be sufficient.

We have here a few items of interest: Ex-Governor A. J. Montague, '82, was appointed one of the trustees of the ten million dollar peace fund given by Mr. Carnegie. This is quite an honor. Some of the biggest men in the country are to be found on this board of trustees.

Mr. Howard Bayne, M. A., '72, LL. B., '78, is making himself known in New York politics fighting Tammany Hall.

Mr. George Ragland, B. A., '96, has recently accepted a professorship in Georgetown College, Ky.

Rev. L. P. Warren, '92 has recently accepted the call of Second Baptist Church of Richmond.

We all have heard probably of the death of Mr. George A. Schmeltz, '73, of Hampton. The college has lost one of her most honored and loved sons.

Just as the *Messenger* goes to press, comes the news of the death of Dr. William H. Whitsitt. The whole college mourns his loss. To his family, the *Messenger* desires to express the deepest sympathy.

With his death, there comes to everyone who knew him the realization that one of the noblest and best men ever connected with Richmond College has passed into the Great Beyond. The good that he did will live after him. He had the strength of his convictions, and, like Emerson, we believe that men of that stamp are above the world in which they live.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

