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AN EASTER AFTERTHOUGHT.

V. D.

Strange, is it not, of all the multitude
Of His companions strong who might have been
At Easter dawn, the gentle Lord first smiled
On Mary whom men call the Magdalene?

In stillness sweet and solemn He came back
And joyous, singing birds in reverence hushed;
The King who loved all flowers only saw
A lily which men’s feet had bruised and crushed.

Unto Hell’s Victor, O these mortal hands
So weak, can offer nought of noble deed,
But, for Thy pitying smile, good Lord, we bring
The sin and shame that makes our hearts so bleed.
THE GREATEST OF THESE.

M. W. B.

THE little schoolhouse squatted alone on the hillside. The limbs of the great hickories locked over its roof and through their leaves the spring breeze stole with a soft murmur which blended into the swish-swash of the falls. The voices of the children had died away, save an occasional war-whoop that pierced the loneliness. Madge locked the schoolhouse door and sank on the stoop. In all of her twenty-one years of struggle, of disappointments, of petty joys and crushing sorrows she had never felt so helplessly alone. To-day of all days she had expected to be happiest. Through the years of self-sacrificing toil she had endeavored to make herself more worthy to fill the position that David Richards would give her. In her heart she knew that she had succeeded, that she was no longer the mountain girl to whom the boy had poured out his ambitions, whom he had learned to love when a lad with red suspenders and she a mere tot of a girl whose sun-bonnet scarcely reached his elbow. Her father was old Jake Turnbull who sold his illicit liquor to the whole community, while the Richards had a large brick house twenty stone-throws away. Turnbull grovelled before his neighbors, feared, reverenced and honored them as far above him and out of his reach. David smarted under the yoke of his environment and writhed beneath the lash of unalterable circumstance, yet two fires had burned within him, ambition and love for Madge. At last he ground his teeth, turned his back on the mountains and fought. How he had fought and how he had succeeded!

But Madge’s battles had been more bitter. He had directed her and she had toiled until at last she had completed Stone Gap High School and secured a first-grade teacher’s certificate. She was not the Madge he had left at the Richard’s gate seven years ago, she was not the Madge he had seen during her second year at Stone Gap, nor the Madge he found waiting for him that
summer she was eighteen. The wild red of her cheeks had faded to a faint pink, the sparkling black eyes were softer and the rebellious curls had been taught to lie still. To-day of all days she should be happy, for he was coming again, yet to-day of all days she was most miserable as she sobbed all alone on the stoop of the old schoolhouse. David had continued to write to her, had never ceased to applaud her achievements, yet she felt that it all amounted to no more than a friendly interest, that the old ardor had cooled, that new ambitions, new visions had shut her out of his life. Ambition was surely his god and he would place his all, even her, upon that icy shrine. But she was a willing sacrifice, for she loved him. How her every nerve tingled with the joyous realization that it was in her power to set him free, to bid him aspire and attain while she remained buried in her mountains among her people!

"Madge, little Pal," he had written, "wait for me at the old schoolhouse. I'll reach Stone Gap at noon and then come up with the mail. I've such wonderful things to tell you. We must all get away; we must forget that we are from the mountains. I hate them and everything connected with them. Just think what an easy road this life of ours would have been if we just hadn't had such a fight at the start. Never mind, we'll talk it all over and I'll cuss about it some; then we'll put it all behind us and leave—forever!"

The words whirled through her brain till she reeled. He hated the mountains he had said, and everything connected with them. Then he hated her because at heart she was still the little mountain girl who used to lower the gap at sundown for the cows to pass, who fed the pigs, tended the chickens, milked old Nancy and even aided her father to hide his still. She loved the life with all her ardent soul. She loved the people and God's serene blue mountains. She felt that David could not hate it all without hating her, as she was a part that completed God's plan. She lifted her great eyes to old Spear Peak and drew in a long draught of spring's tonic.

"Ah, mountain," she murmured, "I love you, but most of all, I love him. God, how I love him! Help me to do what is best for . . . not for me . . . but for him!"
"Halloa . . . who-o! Halloa!" was the clear call that came from far down the road. It was time for the mail cart and time for David. Madge started, and for a moment her form trembled. Then, leaping to her feet, she placed two fingers on her lips and answered the call with a shrill whistle. She could see the cart now and a straight form by the side of the stooped old carrier.

"Hey, girl, I knew you'd be here!" he called and jumping down ran to meet her. "Isn't this just a bully day. And I've had the most wonderful ride and hasn't my little Pal changed? I really didn't know I'd be so glad to breathe mountain air again."

"I hain't got no mail fer you, so I'se jes' agoin' ter drive on an' let ye git shet o' me. Joy be wi' ye, Dave an' Mag. Two peart chil'ren ye aire, peart chil'ren," said the old man with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, and he and the old horse went their way as if nothing had happened or ever would.

"You know, David, I believe he's happy though there's nothing to make him so. But I like the excitement. Now tell me all. Begin where you left off three years ago. I'm going to sit and listen. It's your say now—one, two, three, start!"

There had been struggles, of course. Some had baffled him; some he had baffled. The girl sat very still and listened. It was all so wonderful and the boy was so full of hope, so exuberant, so ambitious. The old, deep flush came back into her smooth cheek and the wild luster into her eyes. This was the David Richards who had loved her all the years, this the boy who had lifted her above her surroundings, and had opened to her the gate that leads to a new appreciation of life's possibilities.

"But look at the sun, little Pal. You have a mile to walk and I two of them. You've heard it all now, that is, all I know. But we are just starting. Life hasn't been tried yet. Every man has just one life to live, just one man to make and he ought to do all he can. Perhaps it is a game of chance. That's certainly what some say, but after all, the fit survive and I've
worked too hard already to let anything keep me from working
a little harder."

"It's glorious, Dave, glorious, and you shall succeed. God
will give you strength to make you succeed. Good-night, boy."

"Thanks, little girl, and we'll have lunch under the falls to­
morrow. It's Saturday, you know. And you'll put that white
cheese on brown bread like you used to and we'll both bite from
the same apple, won't we?"

"Yes, that we will, and I'll spread the cheese on thick and
you bring those early peaches from the left corner of the
orchard. It's lovely, lovely; good-night!"

She smiled radiantly, but a great lump rose in her throat as
she slammed the gate and ran up the tangled path. He had not
once told her that he loved her. He was not really thinking
of her at all. She knew now that the boyish love had become a
sort of habit and that now the all-consuming passion of his
life was Success. She felt that she could never help him to rise
and some woman out in the great unknown world was better
suited for him. She knew how to prove her love and she would
do it. A convulsive sob shook her strong, young body, and
the white teeth brought blood from her lips, but she smiled
triumphantly.

Jake Turnbull sat on the steps of his low, frame house, smok­
ing the long corncob pipe.

"Wal, gal, ye're late," he drawled. "Wuz ye by ye'self?"

"No, that was David Richards with me. He's home now.
He has finished college, you know."

"I lowed it was time he was a finishin'. Whar's he goin'
now? Ye and him is lowin' ter marry, hain't ye?"

"No, I'm not going to marry him ever," Madge replied
firmly.

The old man turned and glared at her through the twilight.

"Wal, why hain't ye? Ye hain't a likin' Tom Crawford's
boy, be ye? Madge gave a short, nervous laugh.

"No indeed, I shall never marry anyone. I shall spend my
life teaching in the mountains."
Jake rose and shook the tobacco from his pipe, drew his chair into the house, grunting as he shuffled in—"Wal, ef that don't beat the devil!"

The girl dropped on the step, pillowed her head on her arm and lay very still. The frog croaked dismally by the clogged stream for a moment and then a deep hush enveloped the mountains, but the stillness was broken by the long, low sob of a woman.
LEVEN years ago last fall there appeared upon our campus and within our halls an old man. For ten long years he went in and out among us, teaching us the philosophy of man in the class-room and the philosophy of God in the chapel, and showing forth the divine proportion of the two in his own life. He came bringing rumors of wars and controversies that had divided the Baptist hosts of three States and shaken the Baptist world to its utmost confines. As we looked upon this gentle, old man with his kind and noble countenance, with his simple, unassuming manners, as we saw him digging among the flowers he loved so dearly, as we marked his quiet walk and conversation we could but wonder and question. Was this the onetime storm center of yonder conflict? Was this the figure that loomed so large in the smoke of battle as the stern champion of truth as he found it?

Mankind's chief amusement and avocation is the study of the individual. A man is always on trial in the courts of this world. So we tried this old man and little by little we came to know him and to understand him. As he appeared before us in the class-room we studied him as we did our book. We found the warrior in him. We found that he loved to tell of those terrible four years of blood and internecine strife. How his old voice would grow deeper and deeper till we seemed to hear the thunder of cannon and the charge of horsemen! He had no apologies to offer. To him war was a stern necessity, a necessary evil, and preparation for war an imperative duty. How often we heard him say in effect, "Ah, gentlemen, it is very good to have your peace conferences and your Hague Tribunals but give me a strong army and a good navy and I will feel safe." Few knew human nature better than he and he spoke from that knowledge when he said those words.
That he was a lover of peace none of us doubted. He loved it so much that he was willing to fight for it, and that others might have it he gave up his high place at Louisville and came to lead among us that quiet life he loved so well. For he was a scholar, a student by nature, more content to pursue truth and find it than to take a city. His was not a passion for bloodshed and reckless deeds but a passion for the sacredness of sound principle. On account of that passion he passed through four years of war, endured imprisonment by the enemy twice, seriously impaired his health, and later was the animus of a religious controversy which was not ended until he desisted in the interest of peace.

And so we found him in class-room and on campus a gentle scholar, with the simple dignity of old age, seeking peace and finding it; a kindly old man, appreciative of the weaknesses of human nature, appreciative of pathos and humor and willing to give and take. He was no man to philosophize in the doleful shades of a library upon the tendencies of humanity or to lament the weaknesses to which humankind is heir. He felt them himself, gloried in some and fought others. Seldom does God make such a man, seldom do we find so perfect a balance of human and divine. Stern when duty called from a cannon's throat, but perfectly content to stay among his flowers and dig. Utterly human, gloriously divine—that was Doctor Whitsitt.
THE VOICE OF THE RIVER.

*Virginia A. Robertson, '11.*

O river, you're always calling to me
And endlessly echoing the voice of the sea,
   So goldenly gleaming
   Where the sunlight lies; streaming
Still on to the sea,
The restlessly billowing sea.

Your murmurings musical ceaselessly tell
Of that far away, moaningly mournful swell,
   Where the long, dim surges
   Chant dead mariners' dirges
On the sorrowful sea,
The sobbingly sorrowful sea.
THE CITY OF DREAMS.

B. R. F., 'II.

"How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams;
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!"
—Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus.

NOT in the glorious land of the morning; not in the silent realms of the dying day; not in the torrid domain where King Sun holds absolute sway, and not in the ice-bound regions of the far North, but in the fair land of youth, and like that

"Phantom city whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting Shadows of palaces and strips of sky,"

rises from the stream of my life a fairy city of dreams.

Ye youthful who would fain for one brief moment penetrate this mysterious dream city—to-day, while the zephyrs breathe gently about you and sky and water are softest azure, to-day, when you may see not only the beautiful dream city but its reflection in the bright river of life that flows about it—pass beneath the magic portal and enter my fairy home, the city of dreams!

Not always does the light stream thus softly over gleaming spires and dazzling fairy structures stretching far, far away under the dome of clearest gentian to the distant horizon, nor does the tranquil stream, reflecting in its azure depths the bright dream city, flow alway thus peacefully. Sometimes those mighty edifices look up sullenly and gloomily to a sky black with storm clouds and the great stream rushes madly onward, as if longing to bring to absolute destruction all in its path; but it is ever the city beautiful, the city of dreams.

At first it seems but a vision of brightness; gaze more closely and you will see that we stand on the dividing line between two
distinct parts of the city. Yonder, brilliant and clear, lies the older part, the city of the past; before us, and lacking, not the brilliancy, but the distinctness of the other as though a mysterious veil shrouded the reflection in the stream below, lie the dreams structures of the future.

Come, let us draw nearer to this magnificent splendor that we have been viewing from afar, but beware! Attempt not curiously or flippantly to enter these sanctuaries of the heart, lest in response to your sacrilege they should be locked in everlasting secrecy. In many of the shrines are secret dreams, so sacred that the door is forever shut against all who might intrude; you may but gaze at their reflection in the stream and conjecture what are the secrets that they guard. Here, however, is one whose door yields lightly to our touch. Let us enter. It is the portrait gallery. Some of the pictures near the entrance are bedimmed and faded with years. Here is a face that startles you with its searching gaze, there an expression that strikes you with terror; here a smile that seemingly impels you to linger, there a vision of loveliness subdued by a sadness. These and many others you would fain study more deeply, but do not resent my leading you onwards, for there is one in contemplating the beauty of which you will forget all the others. Yonder where the sunshine falls in a soft radiance is the face that is dearest of all. A queenly head, a firm, gentle mouth, eyes that bespeak a pure, calm soul,

“A countenance in which there meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;”

when you see such a face you would linger that your soul might absorb some of its transcendent loveliness and purity.

But time flies and we must on. Hark!

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."
It lures us on until we pause within the portal of a vast cathedral. Invisible is the organ, invisible the master musician. The sweet cadences rise and fall, now tremulously low and melodious; now almost imperceptibly growing louder until they burst forth unto a grand song of triumph. Then suddenly a change! The song is broken in the midst of its triumph to be completed in a sad strain of failure and sorrow.

Let us depart. This plaintive strain is making you too sad, and you have yet to view the saddest scene of all—a scene of shattered dreams, of ruin and desolation. When from the portals you gazed upon the city you thought it a fairy paradise, resplendent in the morning sun; even the ruins caught the splendid lustre of these brilliant palaces of light and were trans­fused with a borrowed glory. But, all is not gold that glitters. Ashes alone remain of the glorious dream structure that was tried in the cleansing fire and came forth not pure gold, purged from its dross, but merely ashes. Yonder lies a confused, un­recognizable mass, the ruin of a forbidden dream, the shrine of the dearest idol, shattered by the terrible, wrathful thunderbolt. There the waters have washed ceaselessly against the insecure foundation and have at length resulted in its fall. There, and there, and there storms have wrought with infinite skill—their work of desolation.

Desolation! We shrink from thee; let us turn and step over the threshold from the past into the future. No; let us be content with all that we have seen; remember the beauty of the good and the desolation of the evil, and dream of the city of the future. Are you yet unsatisfied? Would you lift the veil, penetrate the mystery of the future? Beware, lest—Ah! it is too late. The dream city is almost imperceptibly fading, fading. It has vanished.
WHEN HE WAS A CHILD.

T. H. B.

SHE was doing a little stunt in vaudeville. The young preacher thought she looked rather youthful and tender, and fancied he saw a girlish kind of smile behind the paint. Oh yes, the preacher occasionally dropped into vaudeville. His pious fellow-ministers up at college didn’t approve, and his little flock away off in the country would have held up their hands in horror unspeakable, but even a preacher may be a real human being. And he was interested in that smile.

Anyway the next night he had her in one of the fashionable restaurants observing that smile very closely. He noticed again how young, what a child she was. If she hadn’t had a good voice I doubt if she could have succeeded on the stage—she was so slender. When she took a twenty-cent cream, he ordered a coca-cola. It may have been to steady his nerves or it may have been because he didn’t have but a quarter, I don’t know. But again the next night he scraped up another quarter and—well, you know how such things go. The end of the week with the end of her engagement came very, very quickly.

It was a year later before he saw her again. In that year a girlish kind of a smile haunted him. Sometimes his country congregation wondered why he stopped in a sermon and looked far off; again he himself wondered why, when he stood by the sea, the cold breeze across the waters reminded of the coldness of a hand he had known, why the distant blue seemed but the blue in tiny veins on eyelid and cheek and brow. Ah, but the preacher was so young.

This time she came in a musical comedy. She didn’t have one of the leading parts, but she was in the company. * * * It was very late at night and the preacher poured out the whole story, but the little girl shook her head. No, she could not—he must think of his position and hers—she would not fetter his life of usefulness—he was destined for the hill tops,
hers must always be an existence on the low-lying plane of the unclean. The preacher grew importunate. He offered to give it all up, to sell his soul, his birthright in eternity for her. But she was immovable, she was not worth the price and she laughed with a forced little laugh which hurt her.

Then the preacher went down on his knees; and he prayed with a pathetic little whine in his voice, "O Girl! * * * just to-night. * * *" They say that when a woman loves a man his words fire her blood like red wine, and * * * * The preacher was very young and looked boyish when he left that night. But the girl grew suddenly old when he passed out into the darkness.

College presidents certainly are a nuisance when they catch up with us. I don't know how it happened but somehow it all got out on him; it was reported that the president was about to call a faculty meeting. Then the young preacher wrote to the little girl—God pity him—and she wrote to the president. I guess no one but that official knows what she said. It may have been something about old friends or perhaps it referred to a spiritual adviser. Anyway it was all a lie, but lying is a tiny sin for people on the stage. And sometimes I think God loves a white lie. So the president called the young preacher up and congratulated him on his splendid work in the ministry, his glorious prospects and his unstained character.

The preacher wrote her and thanked her, then he wrote no more. For he was a boy when all this happened, you remember, and now he was turning man and must put away all childish things. Nevertheless, it was with a disquiet heart that the little girl came to that city for the third time. But the young preacher had finished at college and was off at the theological seminary.
Toward the close of the nineteenth century the Romantic Revolt in French Drama had lost the spirit of Romanticism and had degenerated into prose tragedy, violent, improbable and materialistic, and into light comedy of manners intended only to amuse. The future of the French Drama looked very dark when in 1898 a new Romanticist, an idealist, a poet dramatist appeared in the person of Edmond Rostand. He was unmistakably revealed as such by the production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which met with great success that year. *L'Aiglon—The Eagle*—followed a year or two later, and in 1910 *Chantecler* appeared. These three masterpieces have made him peerless in modern French Drama. Briefly, concretely, and informally as possible, I wish to discuss Rostand as dramatist—Rostand in *Cyrano, L'Aiglon* and *Chantecler*. Inasmuch as these plays are not universally known, it is necessary to put most of the time and emphasis on the plots and characters themselves.

These three plays have in common two elements of greatness; namely, a sublime conception and a poetic treatment. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, with which most students of French are familiar, is the story of a great love, a love which annihilated self and all selfish interests, and remained to the end supreme. It is a tragedy of romance, inspired and permeated by one lofty soul. *L'Aiglon*, on the other hand, is a tragedy of character, the tragedy of ambition baffled by environment, fate, destiny—whatever you call it—in short, baffled by weakness of character. *Chantecler* is a poetical allegory, and in view of the solution is not, conventionally speaking, a tragedy; yet I think Rostand meant it as the tragedy of the cruel awakening from a fond dream.

*Cyrano de Bergerac*, a brave, dauntless Gascon cadet, but afflicted with a most enormous, disfiguring nose, was passionately
in love with his cousin Roxane, a fashionable Parisian *precieuse*. Sensitive in the extreme, Cyrano never dared to speak to Roxane of his love because he knew she would scorn anyone who was not handsome. Moreover, Roxane soon told Cyrano in a cousinly way of her love for Christian, another cadet, who was handsome but the essence of stupidity. Cyrano thereupon buried his own hopes, and through pure love for Roxane henceforth did all in his power to serve the love of Roxane and Christian. He formed a friendship for Christian, and then they made that extraordinary compact which was nothing more nor less than that Cyrano should furnish the soul and Christian the handsome face with which to win Roxane for Christian, while Cyrano was to remain in the background unrewarded. Cyrano was a poet, a romanticist, an idealist, but Christian was not gifted with words or with a great soul to shine in the absence of words. Hence they agreed that Cyrano should write Christian's letters and make love for him, while he never dreamed that these letters were to come straight from Cyrano's heart.

Finally Roxane and Christian were married and immediately afterward the cadets were ordered off to war. Christian and Roxane tore themselves apart, and Cyrano promised Roxane to look after him and to see that he wrote often. The soldiers went to the siege of Arras; famine set in; death stared them in the face, but twice each day Cyrano risked his life to cross the Spanish lines and carry a letter, supposedly from Christian, for Roxane.

At last Roxane, in love as never before because of Cyrano's wonderful letters, could stay away no longer and came to her husband's post. She begged Christian to forgive her past frivolity in loving him for his handsome face; she declared that she loved his soul, and would love him, were he as ugly as Cyrano. And it was Cyrano's soul, remember, and not Christian's. Christian realized this, and in bitter self-disparagement he confessed it to Cyrano, discovered his love, and then unselfishly urged him to speak to Roxane. It was a terrible temptation for Cyrano. But just then the enemy came; the battle was fought; Christian was mortally wounded. "I can never tell her now,"
said Cyrano and stooping down he whispered into Christian's ear, "I have told her all, and she still loves you." Christian died happy, and Cyrano had triumphed over self in this supreme loyalty to his friend.

After Christian's death Roxane entered a convent. When she appeared next in the play she had been there for fifteen years. In the meantime Cyrano had been living in poverty, the same hater of sham and cringing dependency, and his life was often in danger from many enemies—the enemies of his truth and honor. Through these years he had never failed to visit Roxane every Saturday evening, and yet he had never told her that he wrote the letters, had never spoken of his love.

One day as Cyrano was walking along the street, he was struck and cruelly wounded by a missile thrown by an enemy. Some friends cared for him, and he was told that it meant death for him to leave his bed. On Saturday, however, he took his life in his hands and went to Roxane. The convent garden was dusky, and she did not notice his condition. Cyrano again read to her Christian's last, farewell letter. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and he realized that he was now saying his farewell; Roxane began to suspect something; she looked into his face, and the truth dawned on her. "It was you," she cried, "who wrote the letters!" But Cyrano denied it again and again as he swooned over in death. In the final death-struggle he imagined himself fighting the old shams and cowardice which he had fought all his life.

"Yes, you have torn everything from me, the laurel and the rose! Take them. In spite of you there is one thing I shall take with me, and to-night when I enter God's house my salutation shall sweep the blue threshold with something free from stain, free from creases, which I shall carry in spite of you, and that is"—as he smiled into Roxane's eyes—"my plume"—his Gascon honor and loyalty.

*L'Aiglon* is shorter and more simple in plot, and yet a deeper, more tragic note is struck. The hero is the little Napoleon II, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon and Maria Theresa. Little is known of him, yet it is an historical fact that he was carried to Austria when three years old, and brought up among Germans
with the hope of crushing all Napoleonic ambitions; that he was always homesick for France; that his health failed and he died in Austria when he was twenty-one. The rest is Rostand's romance.

The Duke at the Austrian court was guarded jealously from all military training and all the history of his father, because Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, feared the name of Napoleon. The Duke, nevertheless, secretly learned of his father's wonderful deeds, and the wild Napoleonic longings for glory asserted themselves in passionate yearnings for France. He was not, however, wholly a Napoleon. As Metternich tauntingly told him, the racial melancholy and feebleness of the Spanish race had come to him from his mother; his brow did not bespeak energy, but languor and yearning; his eyes were sorrowful and dreamy. He was a temporizer and dreamer; the Napoleon in him was imprisoned by heredity and training, and, saddest of all, he realized it and struggled against his destiny, but was powerless.

Finally, a conspiracy was formed to place him on the French throne. The Duke in a moment of strength asserted himself and was to leave with a band of friends. But at the critical moment, when a bold dash beyond Austrian reach was necessary, the Duke remembered that his cousin, the Countess, who had taken his place in disguise at the ball, would be in danger of her life and he insisted on returning to rescue her. "To leave her were to cast my soul away," he cried. They told him that for success and triumph it was sometimes necessary to sacrifice a woman, but he refused to listen. He forgot his vision of kingly glory in France and lost so much time that the Austrians came before his troops met him. Then in a wild flight of imagination he thought he was on the field of Wagram. The clashing of armor and the shrieks and groans of the wounded came to his ears, and as he listened there came into his gentle, poetic soul the conception that this was the expiation for the blood his father had shed; that he had been denied glory and offered up that the battle of Wagram might have, pure and unstained, the name of Victory.
He yielded to his destiny; his soul was too gentle and idealistic for martial deeds; the Austrians took him back to his prison; he died and was buried with hated Austrian pomp and ceremony.

A little different from these tragedies is Chantecler, the poetical allegory. The characters are the inhabitants of the barnyard, over whom the cock, Chantecler, is supreme. Chantecler was famous far and wide for his wonderful crowing and the secret of it was that he believed in his soul that the Dawn could not rise without his aid. He is typical of the dreamer and idealist, and because of his dreams, because he thought he saw beyond the practical and material, he had many enemies, many who were skeptical of his part in calling the Dawn.

One day a beautiful golden pheasant-hen, typical of the frivolous self-centered woman, fluttered into the barnyard and captured poor Chantecler's heart. Finally she lured him off to the woods and became so jealous of his love for the Dawn that she insisted on his singing but one song each day. Chantecler pined for his barnyard duties and in secret practised his song many times a day. The pheasant-hen discovered this and determined to disillusion him. She would have a nightingale sing for him; he would forget time, and the Dawn would rise without his call. The moonlight night in the woods was idyllic; the nightingale sang; Chantecler was enraptured; the Dawn rose gradually without his noticing it; it burst forth in glory and he was awakened. Then he knew that he was not instrumental in bringing on the Dawn.

It was a cruel blow for the little dreamer's ideals, but he bravely pulled himself together, left the pheasant-hen and returned to the barnyard to the dead level of merely heralding the Dawn. The light of his ideals, however, could not be wholly extinguished; he still believed that he was the cock of a remoter sun, and that if he sang and sang as best he could the stars would come out, and there would be no dark night. "Then," said he, on grey mornings when poor creatures waking in the twilight dare not believe in the day, "the bright copper of my song will take the place of the sun." When he left the pheasant-hen, he had said to her, "I love you, but I should poorly serve
the work to which I devote myself anew at the side of one to whom it were less than the greatest thing in the world."

It would be difficult to compare this last, the allegory, with Shakespeare—it is on the order of Aristophanes—but it is undoubtedly true that the first two are in conception, character-delineation and poetic treatment comparable to Shakespeare. The conceptions and the characters have been apparent from the stories—Cyrano, of poetic soul, sensitive temperament and supreme fidelity; and L'Aiglon, the dreamer, the second Hamlet, conscious of the conflict between the Napoleon and his gentler self, but powerless to overcome destiny. The tragic solutions evolve inevitably. All this is evident from the translations, but nothing short of reading the plays in the original can give any adequate idea of the beautiful lyric verse and the exquisitely poetic settings. The scene from Cyrano de Bergerac in the convent garden amid the falling autumn leaves, and the forest scene when Chantecler is enchanted by the nightingale's song are undoubtedly the most beautiful, but there are innumerable other gems.

From this collective consideration of these works it is quite manifest that the predominant note in Rostand is poetic idealism. He does not deal with great problems of humanity; he does not rise to the heights or descend to the depths of the grandeur of the realistic German dramatists, but his idealism has a universal appeal. You will note that in all three plays one character overshadows all others, and that character is in every case more or less a poet and an idealist, and furthermore, each one suffers for his idealism—pays the penalty which is inevitable when the idealistic and the unsympathetic practical clash.

As to the relative merits of Rostand's works, Cyrano has the most complicated plot, and possibly the widest human appeal; L'Aiglon, on the other hand, is the deepest, the most tragic, the nearest akin to Shakespeare; and, while all are full of poetry, Chantecler is the one in which poetry is most predominant.

Stanley Young said of Cyrano de Bergerac, "The whole is bathed in that element which alone can render the thoughts
of men proof against the rust of years—poetry." This, it seems to me, might be said of all Rostand's works, and small wonder it is that dramatic critics are awaiting a revival of French Drama, of romantic, poetic tragedy—under the inspiration of Rostand's productions.
THE DOUBTER.

Frank Gaines, '12.

We never knew his pain or the heart's scar
From his old battle for one fixed star,
And his dead prayers to God—He seemed so far;
   So Faith drew close her sacred cowl
   Lest it should touch his hideous soul.

We said his soul died in the endless night;
Faith damned him then, and Faith, we said, was right;
Yet the fool dreamed of th' never breaking light—
   Dreamed once, and when it all proved vain,
   There in the darkness just loved men.
THE PRIDE OF DUST.


He looked from the second window upon the crowded street below. On, on, and stretching into the distance so far that it hurt his weak eyes to look, surged the restless throngs of people rushing in the never-ending race for existence. For a while Graham Irving studied the faces that passed before him and amused himself by speculating on the existence of true worth behind their distorted ego. He smiled as he thought of the paltry hopes and desires of life that engrossed each in his own little universe of affairs and urged him on to action. And as he thought he lost himself in reverie until the coming and going of humanity swam before his eyes, grew dim and indistinct and ran together in confusion, and there was only a vague tramping of feet, a din, and the dark bulk of the moving mass.

A sudden ring of the door bell brought Graham Irving back to a consciousness of his surroundings, and reminded him that he was yet a living part of the universe. It was the post-man who entered, and the returned roll of manuscript which he brought assured Graham that the editor of the San Francisco Monthly thought him a very insignificant part of the universe, or at least, that his short stories were not highly essential in the scheme of things.

Irving took the roll nervously and threw it down upon a table to join its fellows which had been sent home by the various publishers. It was no surprise to get his stories back. In fact, he rather expected this, for the work which he had submitted had come back so regularly that it began to seem to him a part of the natural order of things. Yet this last rejection made him feel sick as never before as he looked at the mass of valueless manuscript which lay heaped upon the table. It represented four years of useless toil; it brought back the remembrance of sleepless nights, and reminded him that in his
haste to gain wealth and to win a reputation as a writer, he had sacrificed his health. But there was another thought that forced itself upon his mind, a thought that made him start. He tried to dispel it, but it gnawed his brain and made him sick, soul-sick. The rejected stories told him he was getting farther and farther away from the girl who had been the inspiration of all his labor. Again he revolved in his mind the events of the past four years. They all centered about a girl. She had refused to marry him on account of his poverty and social standing until he should make good, and he had come to the city to get rich and to win a name for himself. He had determined neither to write a letter nor to return until he should meet with success, then he would go back and claim her. But the long years had passed and he was no nearer than at first to the goal of his aspirations.

The thought made him restless and he rose and stalked across the room. In the mirror opposite him he caught the glimpse of a haggard face that resembled what was once a man. Its expression sent a chill into his soul as he looked into the hollow eyes. Somehow he could not associate the man in the glass with that one with the boyish face who had come to the city four years before.

"No, Huck, that can't be you," addressing himself by his old college name, "there's a missing link in the chain of evolution."

He tried to smile at the thought, but it was a faint, sickly smile that died half formed upon his thin lips. He knew he had worked too hard. That was it; he was tired, how tired he had not known till now. He had been tried before, but never like this. It was the accumulated weariness of years, the weariness that came from the sleepless nights and from the multiplied toil of days.

His eyes felt heavy and he threw himself upon the couch beside him and soon began to doze. Wrapped in oblivion to all about him, Graham Irving was living life again. Soon the morning sunshine of his early life loomed upon the blackness, illuminating it with the rays of memory that came stealing back from happy hours of former years. Curiously he watched the
pictures flash one by one upon his semi-conscious mind. Suddenly there rose a familiar cottage in a cluster of oaks and he bade the fleeting vision stay. Yonder was his home; and there were the familiar fields, the brooklet, and the green meadows stretching far in the sun. In a meadow that seemed to stretch endlessly green, he saw a girl—a blue-eyed girl in white—gathering the violets that dotted the grass and the narcissus that drooped in the golden sunlight. He knew her; he wished to join her, but a mountain of manuscript rose up before him and cut off the vision. He tried to surmount it and climbed a precipitous cliff but the mass gave way and he fell back, buried in manuscript. With difficulty he freed himself and attempted to force his way over, but he was confronted by a dozen magazine editors, who gathered up the rolls of manuscript and beat him back until he was exhausted. Suddenly there yawned before him an interminable gulf, and they hurried him up to the brink and shoved him down. For an age he fell through the blackness of space, then his hand caught something that checked the descent. It was the side of the couch upon which he lay.

"Damn them," he hissed, and woke to find the sun gleaming through the window. For a moment he sat on the side of the couch looking about him. His face was blank and pale. Slowly a look of determination crept over his prominent chin. It was the expression of decision. He would go back home; he would see her, tell her that he had failed; he would take a rest, go to Europe when he could get the money and finish his course in landscape painting. He could make a living by that at least.

He was dressed ready to start when the postman handed him a letter addressed to Martin Ashberry Willis, his nom-de-plume. He opened it carelessly, and a slip of paper fell upon the floor. He picked it up and read mechanically, "Two Thousand Dollars." It was a check from the New Prospect Magazine. The editor had accepted his stories! Half dazed he looked and again framed the words with his lips. The sum was not large, but it assured success as a future writer. Yet deep down in his soul there was a pang of disappointment. His heart said that there was still desire. He did not feel that delicious
thrill of pleasure that he had always imagined accompanied sudden success. He knew the secret. Success had come too late.

"I have given health, happiness, ah, life itself," thought he, "and for it all I get this. After I can no longer enjoy they mock me with a feast, but to me it is only husks."

For a moment he stood in deep study. In his breast surged a fury of contending thought. It was one of those decisive battles between pride of self and that respectability that comes from material success. To and fro he walked across the room looking steadily at the floor. It was a hard fight, but pride won. Then a glow of happiness that came from a deeper self-respect beamed for a moment on his haggard face.

"I have done it all," he was thinking, "for a girl who would not marry me for my own worth; she loves wealth and position. I have sought those things to please her, and they are within my grasp. But that wealth is not I, it is not even a part of me. I am the same Huck Irving that I was before, only I am he minus health and strength." And his eyes flashed as he went on, "I have been a fool, a blind, infatuated fool. If I knew that she would not marry me now in rags I would never marry her—never!" and his fist came down upon the table with an emphasis that shook it violently.

Then an idea came to him. An hour later found Irving dressed as a tramp with a violin under his arm, speeding on his way to the station nearest to her home. Reaching the house, he went to the back door and one of the servants answered his call. He asked for something to eat, and soon the girl herself came to the door. He began with the conventional life story.

"I was once the richest man in San Francisco. I was then the editor of the Herald, and had plenty of friends and was loved by the richest girl in that town. But I lost my money, and then my place in society went. At last I was deserted by friends, and worst of all by the girl whom I loved more than life. Today I am nothing but a penniless wretch."

She listened to his story with indulgence, very much amused at this, one of the usual fabrications for arousing pity. She
looked at his rags. To her they represented a lack of nicety—a kind of repulsiveness that she had read about in books. But it was not pity, for real pity was foreign to the world in which she moved. Still there was something about his appearance, perhaps the expression of his face, that held her attention.

"And did you love the girl?" she asked roguishly when he had finished.

"Yes, madam, loved her more than life itself," he answered sadly.

"And she ceased to care for you after you lost your wealth and your position in society?" she demanded, looking at him inquisitively.

"Yes," he replied simply, looking into her face.

"Why, that reminds me of a story which I read to-day in the New Prospect Magazine," she went on, "in which there was a young man who loved a wealthy society girl, but she refused to marry him until he should acquire a certain fortune and win a reputation. In order to make himself worthy of her, he toiled for a long time, and finally met with unexpected success. He returned to marry the girl of his affection, broken in health and she refused him. The title was Life for Love. It was written by a man named Willis, I believe. It was a sad story."

"A sad story," he observed, looking away with a far-off expression in his eyes. "But did he want to marry her when he returned?" he queried, as he turned and riveted his eyes on her.

"Oh certainly!" she responded, "wouldn't you have wished to marry her after so many years of labor to make yourself worthy of her?" And she frowned at him.

"Never," he cried, "never!"

"But why?" she asked, smiling at the pride of such a man.

"Because I would want to be loved for what I am, and not for what I have; that money would not be I," he answered bluntly.

"Well, play the violin for me," she demanded, as if anxious to change the subject.

The ragged tramp played an old Italian song. The music was sad and pathetic and she listened silently to the pleading
and moaning of the strings. Graham Irving had his eyes fixed intently upon her face; he saw that she was moved.

"That music reminds me so much of a young man who once lived in this community," remarked the girl. "He was a violinist and a landscape painter, and wrote some. He left four years ago, and no one has heard from him since. He used to play that piece for me quite often. I think it is charming—it has such a beautiful sadness in it—or something." As she spoke she affected an air of indifference, but her lips were white.

"And was he your lover?" he asked carelessly.

"Well, no—not exactly—that is, he came to see me at times and—"

She colored slightly and did not finish.

"And did you love him?" He looked at her, and the dark lashes fell and half veiled her large eyes.

"He was a friend, and then he was talented; but he was poor—out of my class you know," and she fingered at a ring nervously.

"And what was his name?" he demanded.

"Graham Irving." There was a perceptible quiver of the lips as she framed the words.

"I am he," cried the wayfarer, "that same Huck Irving, once that lover of yours. The story about which you told me was my own. Here, I have brought you this; it is what you love, and it is all that I can give." And he threw down a roll of bills at her feet.

"Oh 'Huck!'" she exclaimed, drawing back and looking wonderingly at him, "and this is you?"

"It is," he answered with a cold indifference that chilled her soul.

"Oh, you have worked so hard!" She was gazing at his hungry, haggard face.

"Ah, how hard you do not know, and I did it all for you—for you."

She was looking into his lack-luster eyes with quivering lips that did not speak. A moment passed—a painful moment of suspense.
“And you have come back to marry me and to hold me to my promise?” she queried, putting out her lips poutingly. She saw his lips move and slowly frame the word, “Never.”

“Oh,” she whispered, drawing nearer. Her eyes met his in one long, pleading look. For a moment they stood in mutual silence; then he turned abruptly and walked away. White and motionless she watched the bent form disappear down the dusky road in the stillness of the twilight.
THE SOUTH AND THE PANAMA CANAL.

R. W. N.

Soon after Columbus crossed the Atlantic and gave to the world two new continents, a plan was laid before Chas. V. of Spain for the digging of a canal across the isthmus which joins the two Americas. This plan did not materialize, nor did that of a company chartered by the Scotch Parliament in 1694 for the same purpose. The French interest in this artificial waterway dates back to the early forties, but not until the latter part of the nineteenth century did it result in actual work. A company was formed and would have succeeded, if it had not been drained by the most stupendous system of systematic graft which has ever assailed any corporation. The company failed and work was stopped in 1889.

In 1902 the United States obtained a title to all the rights of the New Panama Canal Company with the work already done. England had acknowledged in 1901 the propriety of this government's building and controlling such a waterway, a right which had been before denied; so nothing remained to be overcome except the stupid and mercenary objections of the bigoted Columbian government. In 1903 this obstacle also disappeared, when the state of Panama declared itself a free and independent republic and ceded to the United States a zone ten miles wide across the isthmus. The next three years were spent in formulating plans and in getting into motion the machine which was to perform a task which had baffled human effort for centuries.

To-day we stand almost in sight of the completion of this stupendous undertaking. The prophecy of Goethe, the German poet and scientist, that some day the United States would find this work necessary and would then dig and control this connecting link, is about to be fulfilled. We are told that by 1915 the canal will have had one year's preliminary trial and will be ready to be thrown open to invite the commerce of the world. The anticipation of this event will bring to the mind of any
thoughtful man a whole series of questions. What will this mean in the politics of the nations? What will be its effects on international commerce? What has the United States to gain or lose from it, politically or commercially? To answer all these would be impossible, but perhaps the question which is uppermost is, "What will be its effects on our own Southland, on the country where we were born and reared, on the country where many of us expect to spend the time and energies of our lives?"

Even the answer to this question can only be outlined.

There are a large number of benefits which the South will reap from the Panama Canal in common with the other States of the Union. If her coasts are assailed by hostile ships, a call will bring the navies flying the stars and stripes from both of the great oceans which will meet at Panama. The rescue will be sure and quick. She too must bear her quota of the expenses necessary to build and equip the canal. Many of her sons are to-day employed in its construction. But what are some of the aspects or influences of the canal which are peculiar to the South, which mean something to us in our everyday life?

There is a well known saying in regard to the South which has almost become a maxim. "Cotton is King." This is a statement comprehended only by those who have visited those States where this crop is the staple, only by those who have gazed upon miles and miles of snow-white fields, who have seen the bales piled upon the wharves of the principal shipping points, and the mills run by the power from the inexhaustible rivers. It is the pride of the Southland; what affects cotton stirs her to the bottom. We are already the cotton growing country of the world, and are destined to become the principal manufacturer. Here in the South we make a rather coarse grade of cloth, a grade which is especially adapted to the trade on the west coast of South America and in the Far East. China and Japan are looking for some one to clothe their countless millions. Even struggling against the difficulties relative to disadvantageous position we have been able to compete with the East Indian cotton, and have built up a growing trade in the Pacific. Three-fifths of the bulky staple necessary to meet this trade has been transported to the Pacific coast by rail, an expensive and
tedious process, and still we can undersell the producers of India. The canal will give us a direct sea route for the largest ships from New Orleans and Galveston to Pacific ports, hence water transportation, which is always by far the cheapest other things being nearly equal, with a minimum amount of handling for our cotton. Moreover, at the present date only one acre out of ten available for the fibre is so cultivated. In the face of these facts even the most sanguine could hardly venture to set bounds beyond which this trade might not expand.

To-day the sleeping giant of the Orient, the entire Mongolian race, is stretching and stirring forth to his awakening to civilization and enlightenment. From a commercial standpoint, the first sign of this upheaval has been the growing demand for iron and steel for the East. The locomotive is to-day winning its way throughout that vast empire which contains one-fourth of the people on the globe. American agricultural implements are being used to produce the food for this multitude. Here is indeed an unlimited demand. The iron industry of the South, especially in the States of Alabama and Tennessee, is still in its infancy, but no interest faces a more brilliant outlook. In 1878 fires were lighted in the first furnace in the Birmingham district and by 1900 one-fifth of the iron mined in the United States was produced in the South, a marvelous growth. We find iron ore, coal and limestone, all absolute essentials to the finishing of the product, within rifle range of each other, and for this reason it may be produced here more cheaply than at any other point in the known world. Here is unlimited supply. The Panama canal, with its cheap transportation to the Far East, furnishes a channel through which supply can meet demand. Without a direct water route the exportation of this heavy commodity is financially impossible, but with it the South is in a position to reap the harvest from a rich market.

But after all, in the last analysis, the most important industry in the South is general agriculture. We are all of us in one way or another directly connected with the farm. In order to preserve the fertility of the soil, large quantities of fertilizers are necessary and in the manufacture of these fertilizers many tons of nitrate of soda are used. This chemical is found abundantly
only in Chili. The artificial waterway would cheapen materially the freight rates on this import, hence it would be of great and immediate value to every progressive farmer.

The beneficent influence of the canal on our products and the markets for them might be taken up article by article, as has already been done for a few, but enough has been indicated to show the general trend. What has been said of iron and cotton is true of lumber, with all its by-products and manufactured articles, of naval stores, and of coal, all of which the South possesses in superabundance. Shipbuilding, for which we are especially fitted, would receive a tremendous impulse. Authorities are unanimous in saying that the railroads of the Southern States are in a class by themselves, in that the canal will prove to them a blessing unmixed with evil.

All this means that the industrial development of the South will be hastened, that her mighty rivers will be harnessed and made to produce the commodities which constitute the commerce of the world. Factories will spring up on every hand to supply the calls from the shores of the greatest ocean. Large fortunes will be made and great industries developed. While the canal will add another to the already long list of influences which tend to make us a people with manufacturing and commercial interests, it will also do much towards completing our agricultural salvation, and will speed on the day when magnificent cities will be surrounded by prosperous and well cultivated country districts.
HIS TWILIGHT SONG.

Macon E. Barnes, ’11.

SOFTLY the strains of the violin drifted through the twilight stillness. Sweet and slow the notes came across the shrubbery and vines as if loth to leave their homes in the melody land of strings and wood held so tenderly by the old man. The bright fringes of passing daylight and the pale edges of night were wrapping him throbbing with unheard music in fold after fold. The stars and the twilight were singing to one another and to all the deaf, unheeding throng of humanity; as if his soul were quivering with their melody he longed to tell it to the world through the strings of his instrument. He stood there on the porch and played. His song was the twilight, full of whispers of leaves and night trills of birds and far-off notes of cowbells, full of tones of falling water, full of last rays of sunlight and first long shafts of moonlight, full of sweet good-byes and mothers’ prayers and infants’ dreams.

Then the music changed; a strain came, deeper and richer than that which had gone before. Another and another came stealing in, the old man was playing his life piece. Unlike some who have mutely sought and suffered he could pour forth the story of his soul in the language of his violin. Now he was telling of the first dreams of youth. The song was of the hills and the cataracts, the winds and the mists of his mountain home, and the first awakening of ambition in his boyish heart. The violin had taught it to him. His father found all of life in the rocky soil; the people around him lived and toiled not dreaming or caring for what might lie beyond the blue hills that shut them in. But David, alone on the mountain with his violin, felt the call of destiny that makes men kings. He felt that there were wider and higher and greater things than they knew of, he and his people; he came to believe that all his heart longed for might be found in the wide world beyond the hills. So he poured out to the winds and the streams his pent up longing for the greatness which might be attained if he could only break the bonds which held him in. The longing and the hope grew as the years
of boyhood sped away, this hope of being something, he knew not what, but something that the spirit of the hills and the violin had called him to be.

A summer resort was built near David’s home; people rich, fashionable and gay poured in, people that told him of the outer world, and of musicians swaying vast audiences. A professor came who grew interested in the boy. David’s heart thrilled with rapture when he learned of the great masters and thought that sometime he might play their songs and come into contact with those who would guide him up to the heights. He would play to people who did not know the great and would tell them of the wonders to be seen if they would only climb up, up, up. That was his message and he would soon go forth and learn from those who had trod the path before.

The night was just such a one as that in which he stood and played alone on the porch when boyhood slipped into manhood and the work of his life had begun. Up the mountain side he had trudged toward the pleasure-seekers’ village. Hark! Someone was playing on a violin. He drew near to listen and to look for the musician. There she stood, on the second story balcony scarcely visible among the trees and the vines, a slender girl. She was leaning over the rail out into the night, and was playing, oblivious of all save the music. David stood spellbound. He knew that music, it was the same he had so often played when he had stood alone on the mountains and yearned till his heart ached for that which he could not express. Scarcely breathing he stood enthralled by the melody which was floating from her soul into his. Sympathy that he had only dreamed of realizing when he should touch the chords of the masters was stealing upon him like a benediction from the violin in the hands of the shadowy maiden. Ah, no! The masters could not have known, only another soul yearning, hoping, striving like himself could know; the masters would have reached the top, their music would be of the victory won, the glory of the heart’s desire accomplished. The moon came up and shone full on her pale face. Gently the strains swelled into a burst of inspiration. Then the music ceased and the girl stood for a moment gazing at the stars as if seeing through their mystery into a hidden land beyond.
David almost unconsciously raised his violin and stepping into the moonlight played the response of his soul to hers, played the song that had so often thrilled him when alone with the hills and the streams, played it as never before, played it to a human heart full of the same hopes and yearnings. New notes stole in, notes that seemed almost of a triumphant paean. On and on his violin sang till the music seemed to end itself and David realized suddenly with all a mountain boy's timidity that he was standing in the moonlight with her eyes fixed upon him. Panic-stricken he dashed away, down the path to his home.

No lesson might he take now from the professor; he had learned the greater lesson, the lesson of his own life. The ecstasy from the understanding and sympathy of another soul thrilled him till he could only sit in silence and gaze for hours into the night. He was no longer a boy, he was a man with a glorious ideal before him, with a purpose which would make his life great and noble and good above all he had dreamed before.

At last David went out into the world beyond the blue hills, and only at intervals did he come back to the mountains of his birthplace and walk up the path by the cottage where she had played. The years passed on and the struggle was hard; sometimes he longed to give it all up and to lose himself among the hills, never to return. But that was only in hours of discouragement; he was learning the path the masters had trod, and when he played their songs as he felt they would have played them, the great solemn joy overbalanced all discomfiture of toil and hardship. All through the years of learning and climbing one vision, one hope had lured him on. The vision of the pale girl playing her lonely reverie on the mountains hovered over all his dreams; the hope of one day hearing it again and playing his response sweetened his labor as nothing else. Had not God tuned their souls in harmony to strike together notes of unguessed music?

His great opportunity came sooner than he had expected, the opportunity to begin his message to the world. Ah, the eager hopes and expectations he felt in the few days preceding his first appearance before a large and critical audience. He had only a short notice, for the woman who was to play had cancelled
her engagement on account of illness and David had secured the place. But on the last afternoon the manager sent for him. The lady was well enough to play that night and they wished him to yield gracefully to her. He was overwhelmed. Here was the beginning of his career, his first real opportunity. He knew he could succeed if they would only give a chance, but now—he must wait, wait.

The night came, but David sat in the audience. The violinist entered. He shivered and rose from his seat, he would have known her anywhere! It was she, his maiden of dreams, he had found her at last! God was good; out of his great disappointment had arisen his greater joy. And how she played! There was none else who could call forth such notes, thrilling like an echo, from a land above and beyond. He forgot the place, the audience, everything but her; he was listening again to the song of the moonlight night on the mountain. It was all the same but blent with something new he could not understand, something unfathomably sweet, now swelling into a paean of triumph, now dying away till it seemed the last, long, lingering caress of a soul drifting beyond the ken of mortals.

The musician staggered and the violin dropped from her hands. Others were quickly assisting her off the stage, but David had the instrument before anyone had thought of it. He was possessed with the one thought, to make her recognize him as he had recognized her. There was only one way. He turned toward her and began his song, his song he had learned among the mountains and trees and cataracts, the song he had played to her when her soul called to his. She remembered. She looked and smiled faintly.

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David had lived his life and sung his song—not the song of ideals attained he had dreamed of in the morning days—his song of unfulfilled longing, of unsatisfied striving after perfection guided by the spiritual vision of her who was gone. Now as he stood on the porch in the twilight he felt that his work was almost completed. Sweetly, solemnly, the strains of the unfathomable future crept into his song, and the night closed around him.
TO THE FIELDS AWAY.

Ike, '14.

From throngs of weary men I come
   At the call of the fields away,
Where violets spring, and the honey bees hum,
   And the earth's in tune to May.

From tramping feet, from crowds forlorn
   I flee for my soul's release,
Where the waving grain and the rustling corn
   Bid all life's cares surcease.

I long to dream where brooklets fall,
   Where lisp the sighing trees;
I long to roam where woodlands call,
   Where leaflets beckon in the breeze.

The glare of lights, the din I scorn;
   In the fields I long to be,
Where the purple hills stretch far to morn,
   And the wide world whispers, "Free."
The interests of a college are identical with those of its student body. The two are one and in no case should they be divorced. We wish to enter a vigorous protest against a state of affairs which imposes a special and unnecessary hardship on the students to whom the college must look for its chief reward, those to whom her degrees are awarded. A student works for a degree for a period varying from two to five years, and yet he cannot com-
plete this work until two or three days before he is expected to take his place before the public among those who graduate. His work may have been ever so excellent, yet he cannot be sure that the coveted prize has been won until about fifty hours before he must walk up the aisle of the chapel in cap and gown. Loved ones at home may have been preparing for weeks to attend the commencement exercises when that son or daughter receives the diploma from the hands of the President, but they must wait until the very moment of starting for the glad news to come, and alas! the message sometimes tells of defeat and of another year of struggle still ahead. We have often heard that final impressions are the most lasting ones. If this is true, does our college hold as pleasant a place in the memories of her sons as is usually pictured in such glittering terms? That very last week of struggle, anxiety and suspense can never be forgotten; the memory of delightful months of true study and growth is marred by the galling end. The senior enters upon the exercises which should mean more to him than any in his whole college career too weary in mind and body either to enjoy them or to perform his active part before the critical public.

Such conditions ought not to exist while there is a remedy which is both simple and effective. If the graduating class were allowed to stand the final examinations only one week earlier than has been the custom the desired and needed reform would be accomplished without lowering in any way our standards of scholarship. Moreover, there would follow other desirable results. The man about to leave college would be given an opportunity to strengthen the ties which alone must connect him with his fellow classman throughout the years; it would give a prestige to the senior class. This plan has its difficulties, every plan has, but if the law of the greatest good to the greatest number is obeyed it must be adopted. We appeal first to reason and would not use the experience of others except to substantiate the correctness of our claim, but this plan has been used by other colleges and has stood the test. Some of our faculty have expressed themselves as favoring it; may the day be not far distant when they all will concur in this view and we shall see it in use.
The session of 1910-'11 will soon go down into history, into the unchanging realm of the Past. To all this thought brings mingled feelings of joy, regret and sorrow. The daily round of college life is about to be broken into rudely, and—you welcome it. From the freshman to the senior, all long to get away from the never ceasing grind, to leave the sound of the class bell, to escape from the sleepy lecture room. The demands of duty, when she bids you delve in musty tomes and get from thence the truth, falls on the weary; even the cry of conscience is stilled by the desire for rest. Summer is calling and must man be poet to respond?

The close of the session will throw the last spadeful of earth on the grave of many an opportunity. In the busy swirl of things you have allowed moments to pass and have not heeded their promise of a golden harvest. Now the granaries are empty, and you sit with listless hands while your minds rove back to the fields where you did not labor. "It might have been" has ever brought regret to humankind, a regret which can only be assuaged by the night of eternal forgetfulness.

Sorrow, real sorrow, oppresses the soul of the thoughtful senior as he paces for the last time the halls he has learned to love. His college career has meant much to him and now—it is over. Strangers will occupy the places he has filled; new faces will look on familiar scenes; little time will pass before he is a stranger in this, his second home, the abiding place of his Alma Mater. But he has been a faithful servant; the diploma which bears his name testifies that for long years he has toiled and wrought and success has crowned his efforts. With a full heart he turns from the past and faces with joy and hope the life to be lived in the outer world. He has learned his duty, it but remains to do it.

A session is about over, but the return of the sombre quarter of the year will bring many back to take up the work so readily put aside. New recruits will come to strengthen the thinned ranks; the veteran, refreshed by a season of peace, will go out to do battle. The defeats of the past can be made the prepara-
tion for the victories of the future; deeds already done should be stepping stones to higher things. Go, fill your souls with the things which are without, but whether you go for a season or to return no more we have one farewell thought for all:

Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new; That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.
CAMPUS NOTES.

"Dick" Richards.

We all know that history repeats itself. Friday, April 21st, 3:38 o'clock P. M., eastern time, the dreaded cry, "Fire, Fire," broke upon the calm afternoon air and in seven minutes one fire company, twenty-seven co-eds, two hundred and seventy-nine male students (there should have been two hundred and eighty, but Henry Powell was at the Lubin at the time) and about seven hundred citizens gathered together. P. Hubbell, Esq., and J. B. Smith, ditto, were the heroes of the fire. It is said the Mr. Hubbell put one foot where the fire was and it was a case of where the fire had been. Messrs. Smith and Hubbell with true heroic modesty informed the multitude below that it was nothing, only a small blaze, and that all danger was past. Our joy was immense as we recalled the fatal catastrophe of Xmas.

First "Jasper": I think that co-ed simply looks awful in her clothes. They do not fit her at all.
Second "Jasper": But just think how much worse she would look if they did fit her.
Casey Kershaw says that the Cold-Brew (simplified spelling) combination is too much for him.

The Co-Ed reception of April 4th was a great success. Such receptions are prone to bring the students closer together and strengthen the tie that binds us. Indeed the students were very close together at one time, as there were about one hundred crowded about the ice cream table. Someone told our Rev. Mr. Ingram that the cream was "spiked"! He withheld as long as possible but finally said that he guessed he would try some of those alcoholic icicles. Fortunately he was not transformed into an iceberg. Everybody had a big time and we owe many thanks to the co-eds and faculty for a most pleasant evening.

Mrs. Harris (passing Johnson and others standing in front of St. Luke's Hospital): Is anyone sick in there?

We wonder if it is because Doc Thomas anticipates his sheepskin that he is wearing mutton chop whiskers?

English A: Mr. Harwood, what have you read?
Harwood (somewhat embarrassed): I have red hair.

The Joint Orator's Medal was won before a large audience on April 14, by L. F. Paulette, Philologian. In the Declaimer's Contest of the Philologian Society, held on April 21, the medal was carried off by A. H. Camden. Both societies had their Reader's Contest on May 5; J. S. Lawrence was the successful contestant in the Mu Sigma Rho, and W. B. Miller won the Philologian medal.

Rev. E. K. Cox was preaching at the Orphans' Home during the past month and in his sermon he told the little folks that "the good die young." Is it strange that he had very, very few converts?
Billingsley: You certainly were fortunate in recovering your watch after it had been in the ruins so long. It seems to me that the heat would have melted the gold.

Wilson: Oh, I suppose the main spring kept the watch cool.

Miss Morissette: Mr. Benton, who is Champ Clark anyway, is he a football player?

"Baby" Benton: No, Miss Morissette, he never aspired quite so high. He is only the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

William E. Dodd, Ph. D., Professor of American History, University of Chicago, favored us with two very enjoyable lectures on the 24th and 25th. His subjects—"The Lower South on the Eve of Civil War," and "Jefferson Davis."

Paulette (warming up to his speech in Public Speaking class): When Rome forgets her Cicero and her Plato——.

A few days past the learned Judge Barnes was passing near the co-eds' quarters. One of the co-eds noticed that the miniature judge was puffing vigorously at a cigarette. Feeling an interest in the great jurist, the co-ed thought to make him throw the cigarette away, so she put the tips of her fingers to her lips and quickly removed same. The learned counselor noted the action but misunderstood the motive. Being fully aware of his manly charms the judge thought the lady was trying to flirt with him, so he casually saunters up near the window and is there told to throw the vile cigarette away. Of course all is plain to him then. As he left he was heard to mutter,

"There are a million surplus co-eds that are willing to bear the yoke,
But a co-ed is only a co-ed and a good cigarette's a smoke."

Dr. Metcalf (lecturing to his Sunday-school class): The next lesson is in Second Chronicles.

L. T. Hall: What did they want to skip to the New Testament for?
The Annual Debate with Randolph-Macon was held in the college chapel, April 28th. The question—"Resolved: That the commission form of municipal government should be adopted by the cities in Virginia." The debate was good, very good. Randolph-Macon won the decision. But then the "Spiders" can't win everything.

No more free cigarettes, no more free milk shakes; in fact no more politics. The election has come and gone, and again the days of peace are here. But it was a glorious race. When the call for volunteers went forth, four of our loyal sons responded. From this four one would be chosen for the exalted position of manager of next year's baseball team, the free born voters of Richmond College were to present to one of the four the highest honor that could be conferred on mortal man at this institution. After two ballots the race had narrowed down to Mr. Lodge and Mr. Eckles, politician by profession and politician by association, respectively. Both gentlemen were excited, really all the students present were excited except Mr. "Baby" Benton, but then he is an old hand at the game. He was quiet, very quiet, and only once did he speak during the final count and that was to say "S'Death," but the general impression is that some one stuck "Baby" with a pin. The successful candidate, Mr. Eckles, won by a minute majority. We all feel certain that we have an exceptionally good manager and know that he will give us a championship team.

The following were elected for the General Athletic Association: as President to succeed himself, Prof. Dickey by the "White Ribboners"; as Vice-President, Mr. "Baby" Benton, by all parties present without a dissenting vote; as Secretary, Mr. "Froggie" Welsh by the Socialists; as Treasurer, Mr. Charles O'Neil, by the Fusion party; for the Executive Committee, Mr. "Bill" Decker, Mr. "Jack" Duval, Mr. "Tip" Saunders, Mr. "Peachy" Laurence, and Captain Henry Taylor. With such men to watch for the best in athletics at Richmond College we ought to wake up and make 'em all take notice next year. We have remained dormant long enough; we face next
year's session with a depleted treasury; we suffered by the fire, as our football goods helped make the blaze. But such a little matter should not dampen the ardor of a real "Spider." Let's get behind and push. Amen.

Richmond College, 7, Randolph-Macon, 4. Keep the good work up, and on to the Championship.
Baseball is the all-absorbing topic of the day. The track has had its day, now the diamond reigns supreme in the world of sport. The college thus far has played eight games. Six of these were lost and two won. The Richmond professionals were played when the Spiders had had little practice. Then came the game with the Union Theological Seminary which the local team took, the score being 4 to 1. The Carolina trip included games with Guilford, A. and M., Trinity and Wake Forest. All of these schools have exceedingly strong teams, and the supporters of the Red and Blue were not at all discouraged when the team returned wearing none of the laurels of victory.

Next in order came the game of games. The little lads from Hampden-Sidney came to our town; they came with the reputation of heavy hitters. On the Saturday before they had battered the William and Mary pitcher all over the field, but when they went up against that fellow Baldwin——! In nine innings not a single one of them got a hit, not a single man reached the second bag, only one man went to first on balls, and eight men fanned the air—some record for a college pitcher. Not only did Baldwin pitch a great game but he had good support, but two errors having been made by his team mates. Every man
was there with the goods, believe me! The final score was 2 to 0. This was the first championship game the Spiders have played.

On Tuesday, the day following the game with Hampden-Sidney, the strong team representing A. and M. of North Carolina played the Spiders at Broad Street Park. Up to the sixth inning the Tarheels had scored only two runs on two hits but in the sixth they landed on Wiley and piled up nine runs. However, Wiley pitched a good game with the exception of that terrible inning.

On Tuesday, May 2, we play the second in the championship series. The Yellow Jackets will be our guests at Broad Street Park. We are planning a warm reception for them. Don't let's make any prediction—but here's hoping the Spiders will play the game that they did against Hampden-Sidney.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. H. Ellyson, Editor.

As Spring matures into a reality and the spring lamb gambols once more upon the lea, poets are popularly supposed to begin to feel all sorts of queer itchings and pangs and passions and forthwith to sprout wings. The effect of this phenomenon is to create a vast amount of fluttering which, as the season wears on and the wings attain their fuller angelic proportions, increases to a mighty flapping, and finally to a full, strong flight to the empyrean heights of pure poetry and song. So I pass over with indulgent excuse this past month's fluttering, flapping efforts, hoping for better results and more sustained flights in the exchanges yet to come.

With two very brilliant exceptions the exchanges of this month have been more or less disappointing. Some have disappointed by not appearing at all and others by imposition.

The first of the delightful exceptions is the short story number of the Sweet Briar Magazine. This particular magazine has reached a high plane among tellers of tales. There is hardly a story in it that is not refreshingly unusual in handling and in plot. I wish especially to commend the latter quality—that of unusual plots. This age is generally satisfied with a story—if it is new. The world is obdurate, the story must be new. As a child of this age I am satisfied with the stories of this issue. It possesses an unusual virtue among college magazines. May this tribe increase. I admire the first two stories together, since they appear to have been written by the same author with the same naive style and irresponsibility for the
plot. "Gloria Victis" and "Rosanna of Lone Mountain" are strong in situation and sustain the interest well. The chief attraction about "The Taurie Festival" is its description. The story concerns us little, but it leaves a vivid picture, which after all is the true test of a good short story. The verse by R. B. W. is the best in the exchanges this month. The "Song of the Snow" is fine!

The other exception was the Wake Forest Student. The surprise comes in the essay department. Four The Wake Forest such essays do not come together often. All Student. are masterful and well written. They overshadow the other material and the final impression is that of a review. The short stories are not so good. There is much young wit in "The Earth and the Foolness Thereof." "The Rose and the Thorn" needs bracing. "Frank Morgan etc." deserves favorable mention. "The Three Express Packages" needs an excuse. It is too bare. It doesn’t even make you shudder; it merely disgusts. "To Be Rude, O, I Meant Not" is charming and worthy of anyone’s scrapbook.

The Tattler for March has three good stories. "The Village by the Sea" is the best. It has the charm of old blue china. Kipling’s poem has proved an inspiration to many a writer, both of prose and poetry, and in "Mother o’ Mine" we have it again, the same old theme, but the peril is safely passed—it is far from being threadbare and is a success. "Sissy" is fine characterization. There is one springlike verse that pleases—"O’er the Hills of Romany." I note a lack of essays—even of the class-room type. The stories should be matched with essays and poems. You need balance.

The Hollins Magazine for March began with promise in the little poem "Hodiernae Rosae" and the essay on "The Humanness of the Saints." But, The Hollins Magazine. alas, it proved fickle and sulked into mediocrity. "The Bible Wonder-Book" gave some comfort and "Elinor the Fair" helped leaven the heavy mass. The latter is a story that at least sustains interest. The Contributors Club is a very charitable organization, but I
doubt the wisdom of having such a department. If the *Hollins Magazine* was merely for Hollins' Campus it would be a helpful department, but the magazine has not been and is not going to be, I trust, a local affair. It should represent the best in the school and not be an indiscriminate practice ground for all comers. The club certainly does not add to the literary flavor.

There is a mystic borderland which lies
Just past the limits of our week-day world,
And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved, a year, a month, a week, a day,
And parted from with aching heart, yet knew
That through the distance we must lose the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread of memory.

But yet, so near to us we feel that land,
So sure are we that those same hearts are true,
That when in waking dreams there comes a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow,
We feel that just by reaching out the hand
In written word of love, or book, or flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own once more
Across the stillness, in the same old way.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

J. B. Hill, M. A., '10, was with us for a few days recently. He has had a successful year as a professor in the Chatham Training School at Chatham, Va., one of the best preparatory schools in the State.

Our jovial friend, Ah Fong Yeung, B. A., '09, is a student in Columbia University, New York. He has been honored with the position of Editor-in-Chief of "The Chinese Annual," published by the New York Chinese Students' Club.

Thomas Gresham, '90-'92, has prospered in his career as a business man, as evidenced by the fact that he has established a scholarship in the College.

Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, is now Professor of Chemistry in Georgetown College, Kentucky. Last summer he traveled in Europe with Professor Metcalf.

Mr. W. S. Forbes, of Richmond, though not an alumnus, is good enough to be one. He has recently given three thousand dollars to establish the first fellowship created in Richmond
College. He has dedicated it to the memory of Raleigh C. Forbes.

George T. Waite, M.A., '08, of Brokenburg, Va., is completing his third year at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

We greatly miss our friend, Wythe D. Anderson, '04-'08, who has been Secretary to the President of the College for the last four years. He has accepted a position as Assistant Clerk of the Public Schools of Richmond.

J. F. Gulick, B. A., '10, has just closed a very successful year as principal of a high school in Dickinson County. He spent a few days with us recently. He will probably return to the same position for another year.

Walter E. Pearson, '93-'94, is now one of the prosperous citizens of Portland, Oregon.

R. S. Owen, '00-'02, has recently resigned his pastorate in Washington, D. C., to accept a call to succeed Dr. A. B. Woodfin, '59, in the Baptist church at Waynesboro, Va.

D. J. Carver, M. A., '05, is teaching in a government school in Nanking, China.

George Ragland, B. A., '96, is Professor of Latin in Georgetown College.


Goodwin Frazer, B. A., '02, graduates this year from the Louisville Seminary.

T. E. Peters, B. A., '09, spent a few days among us lately. He is still engaged as Director of the Campaign for Greater Alderson Academy, Alderson, W. Va., but hopes to enter the Louisville Seminary next session.

D. K. Walthall, B. A., '93, has recently accepted the pastorate of the new twenty-five thousand dollar Presbyterian church at Waynesboro, Va.