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VIRGINIA'S CALL TO HER YOUNG MEN.

Lacy F. Paulette,

Winning oration in the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, May, 1911.

"GOD always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples." To substantiate the truth of this statement, made by one of Virginia's orators, it is not necessary for us to delve into the annals of Roman or Grecian history, neither does it lead us to search among the excavations of the Orient, and to the laborious task of deciphering the hieroglyphics which we may find there amid the ruins of buried cities. We may find this statement amply verified in the history of this Commonwealth. Looking back over her history for two centuries, we find that Virginia had a man ready for every great crisis in her own development, as well as for many in the development of the nation.

When the colonists were smarting under the lash of unjust taxation and the scorpion-sting of tyrannical oppression, and a voice was needed to fill with enthusiasm and stimulate to action the people of America who were chafing under British rule, Virginia furnished one in the person of Patrick Henry, the "tongue of Virginia." When later the Continental Congress looked for a man who could voice the sentiments of the American people in a document setting forth their rights, Virginia furnished one in the person of Thomas Jefferson, the "pen of
Virginia.” When Congress was in need of a man competent to command the American army, and with a poorly equipped, ill-fed, straggling band of men win victory and independence for the American people, Virginia furnished one in the person of George Washington, the “sword of Virginia,” whose ability as a soldier and statesman played such an important part in the cause of American independence and in the establishment of a government that it won for him the title, “Father of his Country.” When years later this young nation was sadly in need of some great genius to interpret satisfactorily the Constitution, Virginia furnished one in the person of John Marshall, the greatest jurist who ever graced the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. When we look back over the pages of history, so full of the achievements of Virginians, we are proud to be called her sons.

But what message does this echo from the past bring to Virginia’s young men of to-day, and what answer have we to this message? As we stand upon the threshold of the twentieth century and contemplate the problems of the future will we meet them in the same spirit in which our fathers met those of the past? If we do not we will prove ourselves unworthy of the heritage which they transmitted to us in a liberty-loving republic.

The time has come when we must cease to slumber in the valley of inglorious ease and feed upon the reputation of those who have climbed the rocky steeps to the topmost peaks of Fame’s great mountain, when we must cease to live upon the merits of the past. Not that we should forget those who have achieved such great things for the nation and State—Forget them! Ah! When Rome forgets her Cicero, when Greece forgets the names of Socrates and Demosthenes, when united Germany refuses to honor the memory of Bismarck, and when England blots from the pages of her history the names of Wellington and Gladstone, then, and not until then will we forget these heroes and statesmen of the past. But if we wish to honor their memory we must strive to be as good as they were, and a distinguished orator has well said, “To be as good
as our fathers we must be better." Our fathers battled against overwhelming odds and achieved great things. We have greater opportunities to-day, and fewer obstacles. Were we permitted to take the telescope of foresight and view the star-decked canopy of the future, we would see emblazoned there in glowing letters the one word, OPPORTUNITY. And from the eastern shores, caressed by the waves of the Atlantic, ringing over the rugged heights of the Blue Ridge, and echoing back from the snow-capped peaks of the Alleghanies, comes the clarion call for the sons of Virginia to seize these opportunities.

Where will we find some of these great opportunities? We do not expect another revolution, nor do we expect the strong bonds of this union ever to be broken by a bloody civil war such as that which drenched this State in human blood. God forbid that this country should ever witness another such conflict! Such crises are not necessary to develop the spirit of heroism and statesmanship. There are other problems and other fields of activity in the life of the nation and State in which the young men of Virginia may show the same spirit which impelled those men who espoused the cause of American independence and State's rights. There is the field of agriculture, there is the field of education, and there is the field of civics. All these are calling for energetic and competent young men to come in and accept positions of leadership.

Greater opportunities exist in the field of agriculture to-day than ever before in the history of this Commonwealth. There has been a growing tendency on the part of young men during the last decade to leave the farm and seek their fortunes in the city, and as the result many of the best farms in the State are going to waste. The time is coming, if not already at hand, when farming will not be looked upon as an humble calling to be followed only by those who are incapable of doing anything else, but as one commanding the attention and energies of the best men in the State. There is the revolution which calls for the heroic efforts of the young men. There is the opportunity for many of Virginia's sons to win honor akin to that which our fathers won around Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill.
Occupying the position which she does, midway between the ice-clad, frigid, regions of the North and the flower-decked, tropical regions of the South, Virginia possesses a climate and soil second to none for the variety of her products, and the call comes for her sons of the twentieth century to assist nature by scientific methods and the use of improved machinery, and bring from the soil of the Old Dominion the abundant harvest she is capable of producing. If her sons will heed this call, those who visit our State in future years will see acres of ripening grain waving in the breezes, and broad meadows from which the winds will waft the odor of new-mown hay. Then will the coffers of our State be filled to overflowing, and for the young men who will devote their energies to bring about these Utopian conditions in the field of agriculture there is a place of honor in the history of this Commonwealth.

There are greater opportunities in the field of education. We are in the midst of a transition period in which the people of our State are manifesting a widespread interest in education. The one-room huts which have borne the names of school-houses and in which our fathers received their meagre education, are being replaced by commodious, well-lighted, and well-ventilated school buildings, adapted to the most modern methods of education. And wherever we see one of these modern high-school buildings we will see the children flocking, eager for an education. Each of these new school buildings dotting old Virginia's hills is a new opportunity for her sons, and the call comes for the young men of Virginia to equip themselves, and help train these boys of to-day who are to be the leaders and rulers of to-morrow.

This field may not offer such lucrative positions as are to be found in many other fields of activity. The work of education does not offer to young men an opportunity to amass colossal fortunes. But it offers to young men of lofty ambitions an opportunity to lift up humanity to a higher plane of living. Those who will heed this call and devote their lives and energies to the great work of education in our State will erect a perpetual monument to their honor in an unsurpassed system of educational institutions in Virginia.
If the opportunities are great in the field of agriculture and in
the field of education, they are equally as great in the broad field
of civics, a field not confined to the boundaries of this State, but
stretching out over the whole United States. There never was a
time when there was greater need for able men in this field of
activity; “men who will not barter their consciences for public
favor”; men who will not be content to drift with the current of
public opinion, but who will help mould public opinion; men who
have “deep-rooted convictions, fixed and lofty aims”, and who
have the courage to stand alone in defense of some great prin-
ciple.

There are many grave problems in this field of activity. There
are great social and economic problems to be solved. The great
warfare between capital and labor must be settled. Political
factions are warring against each other to such an extent at
times as to threaten the safety of the nation. There is the great
influx of the foreign element into our domains, bringing its con-
glomerate mass of error, superstition, and anarchy with their
attendant problems. These are some of the things confronting
the American people of to-day, and Virginia will be expected to
furnish her share of the statesmen who are to solve these prob-
lems. Will she do it? It depends on us, her sons.

When we make a summary of the statesmen whom Virginia
has furnished in recent years, and whom she now has in the
field, we must confess with humiliation that she is not living up
to the reputation made by our forefathers. 'Tis true we have
had our late-lamented, silver-tongued orator and statesman, John
W. Daniel. 'Tis true we now have our accomplished and cultured
statesman, Andrew J. Montague, our conservative and painstaking
govrnor, William Hodges Mann, and our energetic, pro-
gressive and efficient senators, Claude A. Swanson and Thomas
S. Martin, but there are not enough such men in our state, and
it behooves the young men of Virginia to seize the opportunities
which are presented, and enable Virginia to produce her share
of the statesmen of the twentieth century.

If Virginia is to maintain her position of honor among the
states of the Union, we, her sons, must enable her to do so. We
can do this, not by reclining leisurely on the moss-covered slope of antiquity and gazing up at the white-capped clouds of past accomplishments floating over us, not by drinking dry the cup of fame bequeathed us by our fathers, but by grasping the liberty-engraved ensign of the Old Dominion, and bearing it aloft where it will be free from the taint of lethargy, illiteracy, and political corruption. Inspired by the heritage transmitted to us by men whose lives were dedicated to the cause of liberty, justice, and truth, let us carry the same spirit into the solution of the problems of the future, and as Wendell Phillips has aptly said, "Sit not like the figure on our silver coin looking ever backward."

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo! Before us gleam our camp fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate, winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future’s portal with the Past’s blood-rusty key."
THROUGH the windows of the quaint little village church floated the drowsy hum of the bees as they buzzed among the clover and daisy blossoms that dotted the church yard. The grasshoppers and beetles whirred in their noisy flight, and from a distant cluster of oaks came the rasping, discordant notes of a jar-fly. All nature seemed but half awake and the preacher's monotonous tones blended with the subdued murmur of a drowsy, summer day.

In one of the back pews sat a handsome, dark-haired boy of perhaps sixteen, listening attentively to the sermon. Above the whir and click of the restless fans rose the minister's voice as he repeated the text from John 15:13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The aged pastor mentioned instances where friends had given their lives for their loved ones, and his tender words thrilled the boy as he told of One who had given His life not alone for His friends, but also for those who persecuted Him. The boy listened earnestly to the discourse, thought occasionally his eyes wandered down the aisle to a pew occupied by a middle-aged man, a tiny child, and a young girl with beautiful, deep blue eyes and golden hair.

Finally the organ sounded the doxology and the congregation filed slowly out. As the girl passed the pew in which the boy was standing she glanced up, their eyes met for an instant, and she was gone. Outside the crowd thinned as the people separated, some to their homes near the church, and others, who had come from a distance, to their vehicles. As the boy got outside he saw the girl and her father walking toward a runabout to which was hitched a beautiful, black horse.

"Who are they?" he inquired of a friend standing near.

"Oh, that's Mr. Grey and his two children," was the rejoinder. "He's president of a medical college and is prominent in other
things too. He is up here on his vacation. Uncle Seth knows him and says he generally goes to the seashore but he came up here among the hills for a change."

"That's a fine horse they're driving," observed the boy.

"Yes, he's a dandy," his friend agreed. "I'd give a lot if I had him."

"I guess you would, Phil, but you'd have to have twice as large a potato patch as you have this year before you could buy him."

"Yes, and more too, but I'm going to have one like him one of these days just the same."

"Here's hoping you will, but I've got to go now. Going my way?"

"Thanks, but I'm going home with Uncle Seth to-day; see you later."

"Good-bye!"

The boy walked slowly homeward thinking on the events of the day, and often as he pondered on the main thoughts of the sermon there would arise a vision of a fair young girl in white with wonderful, blue eyes and rich, golden hair. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," the boy repeated slowly. "My I wish I could do something noble like some of those folks I heard about! I would be willing to die, too, if I could do what they did."

The road was long and dusty and the heat waves danced and shimmered in the dazzling light of the July sun. Far off in the west dark thunder-caps were beginning to loom up like pirate ships on the blue of the sky. Near the boy's home a tiny spring flowed out from a crevice in an ivy-covered cliff and on down across the road. It had hollowed out a little pocket among the mossy stones and the boy drank gratefully and climbed the road to his home.

The next Sunday found him in his accustomed place in church and again he saw the girl in white and her father come in. After the services were over the pastor met Dr. Grey and introduced him and his daughter to several of his congregation. He was standing near the boy and with a twinkle in his eye he called him over and introduced him, for the boy was a great favorite of the
old man, but for once in his life he could scarcely talk, and she, 
too, appeared unusually silent. The old pastor patted Dr. Grey on 
the shoulder. Dr. Grey smiled back and then they turned to 
meet others who were coming up.

The boy and the girl walked out together and in a few moments 
felt quite at ease, the first bashfulness soon disappearing. They 
were engaged in a lively conversation when her father came up,
and after exchanging a few pleasant words with the boy he drove 
off. The boy watched them out of sight and then turned home­
ward. He was not thinking of the sermon he had just heard but 
only of her. How musical her voice was, how light and airy was 
her walk, and how winsome were the dimples in her cheek when 
she smiled! Every time their eyes had met his heart had fluttered.
And the soft little hand she had given him when they parted! 
Could it all be real or had he been in a dream?

The next day was a busy one on the farm. The boy worked 
with a will but they wondered at his unusual quietness. In the 
afternoon he went down to the village for materials to repair a 
fence.

"Hello Jim!" he greeted the grocer's little lame boy. "How 
are your rabbits getting along?"

"Oh fine," said Jim. "They are so gentle now they eat out 
of my hand, and I can pick 'em up 'most anywhere. Come on out 
in the back lot and see them."

"All right, I will just as soon as I run over to the postoffice and 
get the mail. I think there's a —— say, look quick! What is 
that coming?"

"I don't see nothing 'cept a lot of dust," said Jim.

"Yes it is, Jim. It's a runaway and there are two children in 
the carriage! Look how the horse is coming! It's a black horse. 
It's—— O God, it's my—— it's my——," his voice was drowned 
in the thunder of hoofs as the black horse, wild-eyed and foam­
covered dashed up, the yellow dust rising in billows beneath the 
pounding of his hoofs and the mad whirl of the wheels. Two 
frightened children, a young girl and a tiny boy, huddled together 
on the seat clinging frantically to the swaying vehicle.

In an instant the boy was in the road and with one hand man-
aged to catch the bridle of the frenzied horse. He hung on desper­ately as the huge creature dragged him along trying to shake him off. Failing in that the brute slackened his speed, and rearing up beat down upon the boy with his hoofs. The boy groaned as again and again the cruel feet pounded him in dull thuds but he still retained his hold on the rein. The speed had greatly slackened, and the boy dumbly wondered if he could hold on to the end. Already his breath came in little short gasps that cut like knives as he drew them in. The terrible hoofs had done their work and his will power alone was enabling him to keep his hold. Could he last a hundred steps more, fifty more, ten more?

Slowly he felt his clasp slipping, slipping — —. There was a great plain and thousand of people were standing around. He could hear the confused roll of voices that seemed to be chanting something, and far across the plain were beautiful mountains to which he was going. He felt so light, so free, he knew he could just glide over the plain and be at rest, but something was holding him back. He turned and saw a girl standing with a pathetic smile and pleading eyes beseeching him not to go. Still a great longing had seized him, he was so tired, and over in the mountains was a cool, sparkling spring where he could drink and lie down on the green moss. He felt the hand by which she held him slowly unclasping and again the hum of voices — —. Slowly he opened his eyes. The trembling horse was being held by the strong, village blacksmith, kind hands were bathing his temples, and his aged pastor was kneeling by his side, holding the hands that were already becoming cold and looking tenderly into the eyes that were fast glazing. With a faint smile he recognized the old man, and his lips moved slowly. The man bent low to catch the faint whispers and heard softly, as from a voice far off, “Greater love—hath—no—man—than——,” and the voice was still.

Great tears fell from the tender eyes, and the pastor’s strong voice was broken as he repeated: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” And by the side of the road a little figure in white knelt in the dust sob­bing as if her heart would break.
LAKE DRUMMOND.

Macon E. Barnes, '11.

Where memory's shadows are falling
So soft on the silence of years,
Lake Drummond has gathered her trophies
And buried them under her tears.

No struggle nor marching nor battle
Has pierced the calm of her rest,
Nor echoes swept over the forest
From man in his endingless quest.

But, glimmering now on her waters,
Long fingers are pointing us back
To ages when nature was reigning,
A queen o'er a wilderness track.

Then peace of her primeval morning
Had folded the wild creatures in,
And there in the long, clinging grasses
The Indian, close to her kin.

Perhaps in the centuries coming
Gray toil will march over her shore,
And, gone where the past is forgotten,
The lake will be dreaming no more.

So, far down beneath her dark waters
That mourn o'er the ebbing of years,
Lake Drummond has gathered her trophies
And buried them there with her tears.
THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

R. W. N.

THEY had been meeting often since that night her father had driven him out with words which sent the hot blood racing to his temples, when his arm had been raised to strike only to find a frail body between him and the object of his wrath. The love which had been strong was only strengthened, but to-night she was gently reproaching him, and her clinging, helpless affection seemed to stir the brute within him to something like repulsion.

"But when, Jim? You know"—the lips would quiver, the eyes would fill.

"I know, but how am I to help it? We are both to blame and you can see that I still love you, why can't you be reasonable?"

"Oh, you love me, Jim, but—— Oh, I wish I had never lived to grow up."

A shade of pain crossed his face. "Mary," in a gentler voice, "I don't like to hear you talk so. Did anything happen——"

The sentence was never finished. Her father met them and at a glance the eyes of the two men flashed with hate and rage. The quarrel was short. Indeed, it was so short that he could never afterwards remember how it all happened. But one picture burned its way into his brain and even in all his homeless wanderings in another land it seared his very soul. To his dying day he would never forget that lonely, orphaned girl, kneeling beside the still figure of a dying father.

* * * * * * * * * *

A man comes down the gangplank from a steamer just docked from Liverpool. Tall, with bent shoulders and a large, square head covered with iron-gray hair, he towers above all around him. His walk is rather unsteady and his hands tremble. The deep-sunken eyes, thin, drawn lips, and face over which the shadows
come and go, tell of one who has passed through the depths, one whose life still hangs in the balance which flutters between utter failure and mere existence, not success. Oh, how he had loved her down in his heart! And there had been twenty-five burning summers and icy winters since that night and not one word!

He tried to tell himself he did not know whither he was bound, but there was no uncertainty in the journey back to that little New Hampshire village. If she would only forgive him, he could not ask more, but her last words kept ringing in his ears—she must never know. He must go back even if he could do nothing but catch a glimpse of her; she might even be in want and he was rich.

When he alighted at the little station he found the village thronged with the folk from the surrounding country. There was a feeling at first as if he could not bear the gaze of a single human being, but no one noticed the tall stranger who slowly left the station. His eyes searched ceaselessly for that face. He could not understand the crowded streets and the fear of all mankind kept him ignorant. But the crowd went on and he followed. To the gray, stone courthouse! A shiver passed through his frame, but no one halted him and he was soon in the courtroom. In a sort of daze he had eyes only for that one face which he sought for with a strained earnestness, but to no purpose, she was not there.

Suddenly he heard the judge, "Prisoner at the bar, stand up." A young fellow slowly arose and turned his face—Oh, God! her eyes! They merely swept over the stranger but his trembling body shrank under them. He clutched the arms of his seat and listened.

"James Hughes, have you any reason to give why sentence should not be pronounced on you?"

"Judge"—the tones almost froze his soul—"I never had a chance, I guess I was naturally mean. My temper got the best of me and I was half crazy."

"James Hughes, you have been tried before a jury of your peers and they have adjudged you guilty of slaying the mother
who bore you, and therefore——" There was some dis­
turbance in the rear of the courtroom. The tall, gray-haired
stranger had crumbled up like a leaf in the blast of a furnace—
but sentence must be passed and the judge kept on to the end—
"and may God have mercy on your soul. Sheriff remove the
prisoner."
"MINE RVY," said Uncle Jud, as he drove the cows up to the "cuppin, “don’t you mind thar boy o’ Hiram Johnson’s thar went off ter college?"

“Course I do. Hain’t I knowed him since he wa’n’t more’n that high. What about him?”

“He’s got ’em,” observed Uncle Jud solemnly.

“Got em!” exclaimed Aunt Minerva. “Land o’ goodness, Jed Thomas, what do you mean. What’s Rufus got?”

“That’s more’n I rightly know, he’s been actin’ kinder strange like, ’pears to me, fer sometime, an’ now he’s got ’em.’

“That ain’t tellin’ me nothin’; what’s he got? Hez he got married, or the measles or a yoke o’ steers or one o’ them automobiles like Doctor Blake over at Simpkin’s Corners? ’Pears like you could tell what he’s got.”

“Minervy, you don’t exercise your patience enough. Wasn’t I a-tellin’ you fast enough, only you jumped at conclusions too fast. Patience air one o’ the crownin’ virtues uv Christianity. Now thar war Hezekiah Skeggs as allus said how that when——”

“Jed Thomas, will you hesh up about Hezekiah Skeggs an’ tell me what air ailin’ Rufus Johnson ef you’ve got anything ter tell. I’ve got plenty o’ yerbs ter make boneset tea an’ the like ef its anything the matter with him home remedies would reach.”

“Now, Minervy, ye’re off ther track agin, hits this way. Y’ know Rufus war allus kinder curious like ’bout religious subjects. Fust he jined the Methodists an’ was a gettin’ along purty well when along come some o’ them Seven Days Adventists. They kinder got hold o’ Rufus an’ persuaded him he orter go to church on Saturday instead o’ Sunday, so Rufus didn’t ’zactly pull out from the Methodist, but he got ter hangin’ with them Adventist fellers. The fust Saturday came wuz ’long about harvest an’ Hiram an’ his folks wuz a workin’ like blazes ter
git the crops cut. They missed Rufus, couldn't find him nowhere, but they war so busy they didn't hev time ter hunt him up, so they cut on till 'long about dinner time, an' here come Rufus driving along, a-bringin' the preacher home fer dinner. They hed to drive along by the wheat field, an' Hiram spied them a-comin' an' came up ter the fence an' sez kinder riled like, "Whar in tarnation hev you been all day, Rufus?"

"Been to preachin'," sez Rufus. "I've been enlightened on the subject of the Lord's Day, and hev found out thet what we call Saturday is the Sunday that we should keep holy unto the Lord. I have brought Brother Donahue down to bring the true light to my loved ones," an' he went on to say how he was pained like fer them ter be gropin' in darkness an' desecratin' the true Sab­

Wal the ol' man didn't give him time ter finish, an' ef he is purty strong at leanin' toward the Methodist church, he shore did go back on his raisin' then an' thar. Rufus warn't more'n nineteen then, an' Hiram yanked him out o' the buggy an' cut drive on him with a pair o' leather galluses ter beat the band. He never stopped talkin' neither, a-tellin' him an' the preacher what he thought o' sech doings. The preacher tried ter interfere, an' Hiram fetched him a cut with the buckle ends thet made him say somethin' thet sounded sorter curious like fer a preacher, so he took off down the road while the ol' man finished with Rufus. Rufus never said much—he'd a kind uv resigned look like he war a martyr ter his convictions, an' purty soon the ol' man sent him onter the house.

Rufus never said nothin' nor the ol' man neither thet day, an' I spoz e Hiram thought he hed him purty well broke. The next mornin' of course war Sunday, an' Hiram wuz allus purty reglar about goin' ter church an' takin' all the family, but when he got them together they couldn't find Rufus nowhere. Wal, they went on without him, an' when they druv by the wheatfield, thar was Rufus in his overalls a-cuttin' wheat ter beat the band. The ol' man didn't say nuthin' but tuck the buggy whip an' started arter Rufus. Rufus seen him a-comin' an' thought ez how the ol' gentle man was a lookin' kinder flustered like, an' so he didn't stop ter
offer no explanation 'bout swappin' Saturday fer Sunday, but he tuck off 'cross fields hard az he could tear, an' the ol' man right arter him. Hiram hed got purty close to Rufus afore Rufus seen him, but when he did, he lit out fer fair. He war gettin' a purty good lead on his dad an' looked around to see how fur off he war, when all of a sudden he hit a stump hidden thar in the wheat an' down he went like the walls o' Jerico.

Hiram jest about caught up with him by the time he got himself together, an' he fetched him a cut thet came a whistlin' through the air like the ol' Scratch. Jist the cracker got him, but he jumped clean over five strands o' barbed wire fence. Hiram hed made sech a lunge at him thet he popped into them wires an' busted clean through 'em. He got tore up wuss then ef a couple o' wild cats hed got him, an' he left a good half o' his Sunday clothes a-hangin' ter the fence. Time the ol' man had righted hisself, Rufus hed got ez much start ez he had at fust, an' him a-goin' like blazes.

They wuz now inter a field thet hed been plowed fer peas, an' they wuz a floundering around wuss than the ol' spavined mare in sleet time. They soon got 'crost that, an' struck a brier patch. Time they got through that, they wa'n't care'n much 'bout whether it war Saturday er Sunday an' the things I reckon they wuz a-sayin' ter themselves wouldn't a sounded well in print on either o' them days.

The ol' man gained considerable on Rufus ez he follered in the path Rufus broke through them briers, but he hit hard luck on tother side uv the brier patch. Ther wuz a purty deep mire-hole thet Rufus in some way got over, but the ol' man hit squar ez a pancake. Wal, when Hiram come out o' thet mud-hole, his own mother couldn't a told him from a tar baby. Them rags wuz a hangin' down dejected like, a drippin' black mud an' lookin' like a huckleberry pie gone wrong, but he never let up more'n long nuff ter git the mire outer his eyes an' mouth afore he war off arter Rufus agin.

They hed got clean off'n Hiram's land by then, an' over onter Jim Prescott's place, an' ez luck would hev it, thet bull dog o' Jim's seen them a comin' an' came tearin' crosst the fields ter
meet them. There warn’t no gettin’ away from him neither, for
he made a grab at Rufus an’ took out nigh ’bout all the gable
end o’ his overalls an’ a good slipe o’ meat with it. Rufus
yelled like a house wuz on fire an’ took up a black gum that war a
growin’ in the swamp like.

When the dog got Rufus up the tree he took out fer the ol’ man.
Hiram fetched him a cut with the whip, but that didn’t stop him
an’ in he came, grabbin’ a right smart chunk out o’ Hiram’s laig.
Thar warn’t no other tree in sight an’ so Hiram shinned up thot
gum, still a holdin’ on ter his buggy whip. The dog he set down
on the ground out o’ reach o’ the whip kinder resigned like, a
waitin’ fer them ter come down.

Hiram allus wuz a man ready ter turn his hand to the fust ad­
vantage come along, an’ he thought while he wuz a waitin’ he
might ez well be chastizin’ his son, so he commenst lettin’ drive
fer who laid ther rail.

It happened that there wuz a big hornet’s nest, ’bout big ez
thet milk bucket in the ol’ gum that neither hed seen, they’d been
so busy like. Wal, one o’ them licks went a leetle wild an’
smashed inter thot nest, an’ out come them hornets ez thick ez
hops. Thar wuz Rufus an’ his dad, with the tree full o’ hornets,
an’ the ground full o’ bull dog. They wuz shore between Silly
an’ Carryribdis, an’ wuz torn by conflictin’ emotions like. I
dunno what would er happened ef things had gone on much
longer, but ez luck would hev it, one o’ them bugs headed fer
the pup an’ caught him back o’ the ear. The dog lit out fer
home er splittin’, an’ Rufus an’ the old’ man dragged down an’
crawled away out o’ reach o’ the hornets, too dead beat ter say a
word. They came on back, en the family found them both in
bed when they got home from meetin’."

“Well, I don’t see yit what Rufus hez got, Jed Thomas, unless
it war them hornets. ’Pears from hearin’ you tell it thot he got
them all right.”

“Minervy, you’re a jumping at conclusions already. What
I’ve told you wuz jest the preamble a leadin’ up ter what I
war a goin’ ter say.”

“Well, Jed Thomas, ef you’ve got anything ter say, I wish
you'd say it. I've done milked three cows already an' I ain't hearn nothin' yit except 'bout Hiram tryin' ter lick Rufus, an' a whole lot o' mix up an sech."

"Wal, Minervy, you allus wuz impatient like, an' wantin' ter see the finish uv things. Hits like lookin' in the book o' Revelations ter see how the book o' Genesis air a comin' out. As I wuz a sayin', Rufus an' his dad quieted down like an' he kinder quit them Advent fellers, but 'twant long afore he got ter readin' about thet feller Darwin, an' his monkey tricks, an' got hold o' some kind o' books about elephants an' bugs an' lizzards an' sech bein' frozen up in the rocks an' makin' all sorts er prehistorical tracks an' scratchin' around like. Ter hear Rufus talk' you'd a thought the hull creation wuz turned loose out o' the ark right here 'round Shuckville. Ez the critters cut up thet way I don't see why Noah didn't drap the hull cargo overboard anyhow. But I guess its all fer the best ez them big things a walkin' round an' bein' so heavy like they stuck in the mud an' turned ter stone an' hez given some folks somethin' ter write en talk erbout, an' its well fer everybody ter hev somethin' ter keep them busy. I don't set no store by sech stuff though. I ain't never seen no alligators an' elephants an' sech varmints yet in any land I've ever plowed, an' what's more, I ain't expectin' to. But Laws! it wouldn't be no use ter talk ter Rufus. What good hit'll do him er anybody else ter find whether a toad frog, er the hull menagerie tramped over his dad's place when it was miry enough fer the hull show ter get sunk in the mud like, I can't see. Thet's what he's got."

"What's he got?"

"Its them notions. I'm powerful feared the boy's mind hez turned, er goin' off ter school hez put crazy notions in his head like. He's dug all over his dad's place a trackin' some kind of er thing he's got a picture of, thet looks like a cross between a muskrat an' a giraffe. He calls it a "dinner sours," an' it would shore scare an honest man ter death ef he met it arter dark. Hiram air terrible upset about it an' shakes his head solemn like when he's a talkin' about Rufus. But it 'taint no use, Rufus is sot in his ways, an' its got ter run its course same ez measles.
All the family air powerful cut up about it an' Rufus' Uncle John hez been talkin' 'bout sendin' fer some kind ov er specialist, an' his Aunt Mandy is a calcerlatin' ter git the presidin' elder ter come over from Skeesport an' pray with him. She's got an idee thet he's sorter possessed like. I'm a thinkin' thet it ain't any of it goin' ter do any good. Hits got ter run its course, an' 'twill all stew out o' him when he's a diggin' up tracks some o' these warm August days. While he's got 'em its a goin' fer fair. What you think he's up to now?"

"I dunno."

"You mind them curvy like scratches on thet flat rock near Sawyer's Hill, this side o' the postoffice?"

"Yes, what o' them?"

"Wal, Rufus hez got it into his head thet they wuz made by some kind uv a anti-bellum serpent er some sech, an' he's a goin' ter track hit."

"Well, it might er been fer all I know, Jed Thomas."

"It mighty he', wal, I guess not."

"You guess not, Jed Thomas, I'd like ter know what you know erbout it?"

"I reckon I orter know somethin' erbout it," said Uncle Jed impressively, "bein' as I seen them marks scratched in thet there rock when we moved the Baptist meetin'-house in eight-seven."
HE signs that point to the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for presidency by the Democratic Convention should be of especial interest to the college man. The present Governor of New Jersey has been closely identified with the college world since the his early student days at Davidson College. From this institution he went to Princeton, where he graduated in 1879. The following year he was enrolled among the law students at the University of Virginia, and then he practiced law in Atlanta from 1882 to 1883. Johns Hopkins claimed him from 1883 until 1886, when he was given his doctor’s degree. Changing his role from that of a student to that of a professor, he affiliated himself, first, with Bryn Mawr, and in 1888 with Wesleyan University. In 1890 he accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton, later the chair of politics, and in 1892 was elected president of the university. This position he held until 1910, when he left it to become Governor of New Jersey. These facts make him interesting, not alone to the students connected with the institutions cited, but the college world.

Governor Wilson is a man of broad scholarship and wide training. He belongs to no section of the nation, for, as Colonel George Harvey, an ardent champion of his, says, “He was descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and is now delivering from political bondage the state of New Jersey.” To this we might add claims that other States have upon him, including the student days in the “Old North State.”

Theoretically, Governor Wilson is an ideal candidate for nomination for the presidency. His clear insight into contemporary politics, aided by a thorough knowledge of the political and economic history of our nation, a life-study of government, and a
close observance of what is going on to-day, and authoritative writings on such subjects make him in many respects a candidate worthy of the highest commendation.

The nomination of Governor Wilson would apparently unite the party. William Jennings Byran, who still has a great following, strongly endorsed him as the hope of the Democratic party in the West. The great chain of Hearst papers have treated him cordially. The Democratic papers throughout the nation have given him editorial space.

Woodrow Wilson stands for progressivism. His progressivism differs from former President Roosevelt's "new nationalism" in that it holds that important progressive measures for the reform of state government should be enacted by the state and not by the national government. This progressive doctrine has been given the name "new stateism," and, though opposed by the "machines" of both parties in New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson has succeeded in carrying it out by a personal as well as a gubernatorial influence on the legislature. The Employers' Liability Act, more drastic election laws, the commission form of municipal government with the local option feature, and a reorganization of the public school system are among the most important accomplishments of the "new stateism" in New Jersey.

The most glaring fault of our governmental system that has loomed up in the view of the advocate of this "new stateism" is the inefficiency of the state government, and consequently the tendency toward nationalism. And so Governor Wilson holds that in order to check this centralizing tendency there must be reforms along new lines to make the states adequate and efficient instruments for the free expression of the will of the people, so that state governments shall be responsive to this will of the masses.

This was the reform that Wilson desired in New Jersey, but in order to accomplish it a "system of bossism" had to be overthrown. This "machine" had become one of the most powerful and crushing of the "political rings" in our nation. The "system of bossism" carried with it the friendship of the corporate interests who hold it easier to help elect a friendly aspir-
ant for office than to contend with an unfriendly office-holder. The situation in New Jersey that confronted Woodrow Wilson and his Democratic allies resembles a situation in our own state which, if not at present the result of the unholy alliance of party bosses and special interests, is at least the result of a pre-existing friendship.

This corrupt partnership between the special interests and the bosses of the Republican machine was condemned by Wilson. His own words on the system best express the character of his politics. "The system is tri-partisan. It constitutes the most dangerous condition in the public life of our state and nation. It has for the time being virtually destroyed representative government and in its place set up a government of privilege." In the New Jersey campaign the Democratic forces, led by Woodrow Wilson, made clear pledges to the people. When the party came into control these pledges were kept and thus not alone was a local victory for the Democratic forces secured but a national victory for the party and the New Jersey governor.

Governor Wilson believes there has sprung up an alliance between special interests and the national party now in control. He holds that this alliance the Republican party can not hope to break and that it remains for his party to accomplish that task. In addition the former Princeton professor believers that we must get rid of the idea that a corporation is a person who is to be punished for corporate wrong-doing and that the law must go back of the corporation to the individuals that manage.

In regard to his "new stateism" that by some might be defined as an extreme belief in state's rights, though jealous of the power and authority of the individual States, still he thinks "it is no longer possible with modern transportation to discriminate the interests of the states as they once could be discriminated. Interests once local and separate have become unified and national and must be treated by the national government."

The governor of New Jersey believes in to-day and the interest of the present. He strikes a key-note popular with college men when he says: "The young men of the country are not interested in old disputes. They want to know what we are going to do now and what we promise for the future."
He sounds another popular note when he calls attention to the fact that too often the welfare of state and nation is sacrificed for party success. "The success of the party is not the thing that should be first in our thoughts but the service to the country. We should be eager for the opportunity to serve."

Such is the progressivism and a few of the beliefs that Woodrow Wilson backs. Each day seems to add to the probability of his nomination and present conditions point toward a Democratic President for 1912-16. If the right man is nominated, and should his election result, the Democratic party is destined to control for a period extending from twenty years to a half century. Measuring Woodrow Wilson by his doctrines—not necessarily fads and fancies—and by his work as governor of New Jersey, he appears commensurate with what is needed by the Democratic party. Champ Clark, Oscar Underwood, Dix, Judson Harmon, Folk and Gaynor, all are good and worthy rivals for the nomination. Hearst and Bryan might have been mentioned, but the New Jersey governor appears to be the strongest. President Taft, although weakened and disheartened by the recent defeat of reciprocity in Canada, will probably again head the Republicans. The Insurgents might secure enough strength to nominate their inspiring and resolute leader, La Follette. Colonel George Harvey, in a recent article in his _North American Review_, upon the hypothesis that the nomination by one party predestinates the nomination of a man from the other party of opposite characteristics, holds that if Taft is nominated by the Republicans, Wilson will be by the Democrats, but if La Follette is the Republican nominee, Harmon will be the Democrat against him.

But we believe that Woodrow Wilson, not from any antithesis to Taft or likeness to La Follette, commands the nomination of the Democratic party. We believe he commands it because the American people are awake to the character of the man and his politics. For in his own words, "A new day has come. Men and measures are scrutinized as never before. We are upon the eve of a new era of political liberty. If the Democratic party sees this opportunity and takes advantage of it, without selfishness,
with patriotic enthusiasm, with the ardor for the things a new age is to bring forth, it will reap not mere party success but a glory which it will itself be glad to see merged and identified with the glory of the nation itself.”
THE LAST FIRE.

Macon E. Barnes, '11.

SLOWLY the blaze died down. The logs had roared and crackled till they filled the room with the glowing red light that Miss Arinthia loved and she sat on the low stool and revelled in their glory. Now their dancing light only made fitful shadows in dark corners, flickered over the furniture and caressed her lovingly.

It was dying, the last fire of winter, and with it were dying memories of the vanished past, memories that came with the leaping flames and would vanish with the last ascending puff of smoke. To-morrow the fire would be dead and forgotten and the hearth swept, to-morrow the warm sunlight would awaken flowers to blossom and birds to song, to-morrow the land would be filled with spring, and human hearts—ah, did the face of the woman sitting in the firelight reflect the promise of the morrow for human hearts?

She was not old. The lines across the forehead and around the tender mouth were not deep; they only spoke of burdens borne uncomplainingly. The few silver threads among the brown spoke only of a sorrow that had saddened and sweetened a bright, young life.

Down in the flames she was seeing pictures of her life that was vanishing. There was her childhood, gay and happy, with not a care nor cross that left a trace on the panorama of her dreams. They were all long, sunny days, filled with frolicsome pranks, or sombre nights when she had sat by the fire and listened to wonderful stories. How dear to her had always been the times when she could lose herself in the spell of the roaring logs! Budding womanhood had found her dreaming in their golden light precious dreams so full of hope and high resolve. There she had painted a life guided by duty, led in the paths of right by noble thoughts and high ambitions, but all was brightness and happiness therein. There was no room for pain or sorrow or disappointment.
Yet when the sorrow had come, the test that had tried her soul as by fire, it had not found the dreamer wanting. To-night she saw again her bowed head as the firelight shone upon it in that terrible time when she had struggled and cried, “I cannot, I cannot.” She saw herself again as she had risen and stood in the glow with courage not to forsake the lot that duty had thrust upon her, but to take up her burden bravely. Had it paid? Had it been worth the giving up of happiness? But had she given up happiness? No, a thousand times, no! Happiness, the only true happiness, which springs from an unstained conscience had been hers. And now her heart welled up in thankfulness that she had had strength to walk in the path where duty led. At the close of the winter she sat in the light of the fire that had driven away cold and cheerlessness and gloom and knew that even so the light within her had brightened the winter in her life.

Now it was all past. The long, long dream with the dying fire was the ending of all that had gone before. In her hand she held the letter that had brought the promise of her springtime of joy, the joy that had been delayed a little as the late warm days of April, but the joy that would be all the richer and more glorious because of the winter before. The flames were gone and the embers were glowing in the darkness. To-morrow the fire would be dead and forgotten and the hearth swept. To-morrow the land would be filled with spring, and human hearts with joy.
Summer is over. It is hard for mankind to remember that the green on her breast is slowly fading under the quickening breath of Autumn. The boy regretfully watches the summer girl, his vision in white, transformed into a different creature by the changes which Dame Fashion has decreed when August melts into September. Your old straw hat has been carefully laid away
to await the time when Spring will call it forth again. You have
rested, not all of you in the shade of the trees, but change is a
rest and you have rested, and now the call to arms rings in your
ears.

Many have heeded this call. In the halls the host is already
gathered; strange faces are mingled with familiar ones, the re-
cruit is present as well as the veteran. To all the MESSENGER
extends the heartiest of greetings. We are glad to have you here.
Perhaps the plans for the future are as numerous as the individ-
uals but there is a motive which should move all alike, the
earnest purpose that this college shall result in something bene-
fitting and lasting in your lives. If you have come for business
you have not come in vain. We do not wish to "preach" but
there is one thing we would say. Be a broad man, a college man;
live, do not simply exist. There is much to be gotten from class-
work; this college has no place for the man who cannot find
the time to study. There are student organizations and student
enterprises to be carried on; no one is looking for a man who
does nothing but grind.

Among the interests which should claim your attention we take
this opportunity to bring forward the MESSENGER, the col-
lege magazine, the literary representative of this college. Will
the MESSENGER represent you at your best? The answer
lies with you, all of you from freshman to senior, men and
women, those who have already used the pen with a master's
touch and those who have not. The MESSENGER will repre-
sent you if you make the MESSENGER. Furthermore, the
editorial staff is always in need of manuscripts of all kinds; any-
thing that is yours in the real sense, that bears the stamp of your
own mind and thought, is acceptable. Our college life is many-
sided, our magazine can be made so. Get in line with the few—
we grieve to use that word—and push.

This session promises to bring the opening of a new era in
the history of Richmond College. A plan is
Class Organization now on foot, backed by a number of repre-
sentative students, and endorsed by the
faculty, by which the students of Richmond College will be put largely in control of all matters pertaining to student life and student activities, i.e., by which they will govern themselves with the co-operation of the president and the faculty. A constitution has been drawn up by the students, and amended and approved by the faculty, and it only awaits the ratification of the student body through the four classes.

A glance at this constitution will show the importance of class organization both in the actual ratification and in carrying out the provisions, should it be ratified. The student body of Richmond College is about to take a step the importance of which is far above anything which has ever preceded. With the several classes rests the decision in the matter. The constitution should not be indifferently thrust aside; it represents what is best in the thought and experience of our own and other schools. The constitution should not be indifferently adopted; a defect may mean unending trouble and misgovernment. To use expressive slang it is "up to" the classes, jointly and severally, to adopt, to change or to reject the proposed plan.

No body which is poorly organized and whose connection with it members is only nominal and not real can ever hope to accomplish much in a deliberative way. The strong deliberative body is the one which is well organized, and well officered, whose members feel a responsibility to it and an interest in it. If the classes of Richmond College are going to use intelligent judgment in any matter they must organize quickly, they must choose their officers wisely, not to be mere figureheads but real officers, and they must be classes, not simply names which represent a group of persons who are supposed to possess certain requirements for membership in the group in question. The reasons for class organization and class spirit are numerous and many of them are well known. We forbear to mention all but we call attention to this crying need of the present with the earnest hope that the men and the women of the college will rise to meet it and cope with it.
"Dick" Richards.

The editor of this column wishes to intimate that this will be a red letter year at Richmond College. We make this assertion after careful observation, and on additional information gleaned from many points of view. So if the students do not fall down on the job, the wide, wide world will know that we are here.

Ingram (on arrival from North Carolina): This must be a holiday, most everybody seem to be wearing shoes.

Welsh: And please tell me why you came to college?
Rat: Mother said I came here to fit myself to be president, Uncle Bill said I came here to sow my wild oats, Sister Hazel said I came here to get a chum for her to marry, and Pa said I came to bankrupt the family, but say, have you seen anything of my football truck?
John Edmonds (on beach one beautiful moonlight night): If the Milky Way were beer, would you dip'ер?
She: Yes, if the moon were full.

The Y. M. C. A., took the initiative this year and tendered a reception of the new men. Needless to say that the occasion was a great success and the admirable leader of this college organization deserves much praise for the forethought he exercised in arranging the program for the evening. All of the speeches were good, and especially is this true in regard to the talk by Prof. Anderson.

Knight: Sometimes, Deitz, I am compelled to believe that you are a confirmed old pessimist.
“Little” Deitz: Sir, I have but one religion, I am a Baptist.

Telegram—
Son: I have taken appendicitis.
Father: Drop it at once. I told you straight English course.

Manager Gary (to husky looking rat): Say, old fellow, I want to give you a football suit.
Rat (in fine, metallic voice): You will please pardon me, but I have never worn a custom made suit in my whole life, I must have a tailor made. Whereupon the manager sent for Mike Rose.

Bailey: Can someone tell me what is a floater delegate?
McManaway: Why not “Baby” Benton.

The joint reception held in the chapel by our two societies was up to the mark. Many new names were added to the membership rolls of the two organizations.

A Co-ed: Don't you know that sometimes Mr. Meredith reminds me of St. Helena. (Perhaps she meant St. Elmo).
“Bill’ Decker (splashing around under shower bath): My goodness, but it is great to be back here again under this cool water; that trip home from college was over the dirtiest railroad I ever traveled over.

“How—” the Co-ed asked, as she leaned across one of the highly polished tables at Wright’s Drug Store, with an appealing, passionate look in her clear gray eyes, “How, oh how, can you treat me so?”

“Well, to tell the truth,” answered the big Junior, “I pawned my five-dollar watch this morning.”

“That being the case we will have another cream.”

Koontz: Hi, there, Rat.
Some Rat: I ain’t no rat.
Koontz: You are a rat, so da, da.

Speech is silver, silence is gold, but in these hot political times sixteen to one shots are quite numerous around the campus.

Manager Gary: I think it is a blooming shame that every man on the second and third teams haven’t new suits, some of the fellows out there look like scarecrows.

Sympathetic Student: I think so too, the idea of using that same old truck from last year!

Manager Gary: Well, I have done my best, but say, haven’t you got some second hand Latin books for sale?

P. S.: A latin book is good even unto the fourth generation.

Stillwell (going out for a summer career selling a book, to friend): I am going to stick at the job, the world hates a quitter.

Friend (to Stillwell, returning a week later): What did you stop for, I thought the world hated a quitter?

Stillwell: Yes, but it hates a book agent a darned sight worse.
FOOD FOR POLITICAL FANATICS.

Benton: I'll win.
Garland: We'll win.
Co-eds: You had better watch us (like we have'nt been doing it all the time).
Benton: If I am defeated, I'll never run again.
Garland: The working class will support me, I am one of them.
And so it goes on until the final count when someone’s dream will be shattered. So unto my successor I give my blessing.
ATHLETICS.

R. C. Duval, Jr., '11.

Athletics at Richmond College for the first term means football—nothing more, nothing less. At the present time the future gridiron warriors are getting into football togs, and every afternoon the campus presents a lively scene as the wearers of the moleskin work out the first soreness and limber up for the work ahead. Of course it is too early to make any predictions, and, as real scrimmage work has hardly begun, it is impossible to size up the new men until they are seen in actual play. The members of last year's team on the field are, Taylor (captain), Ancarrow, George, Benton, Decker, Tyler, Lutz, Lankford, and Duval. Throckmorton, who played on the varsity in 1906, is also back, and with Blume, Cole, O'Neill and Quarles, of last years scrubs, and the abundance of new material, the prospect seems bright for a winning team. Some of the new men who will try for the varsity are Justis, Harris, Wicker, Taylor, Jones, Brown, Erby, Woodward, Duval, H., and Cason. The first game of the season is with Maryland Agricultural College on Sept. 30th, and this will serve to give the coach and student body an opportunity to figure out the chances for landing the coveted trophy when the season closes on November 25th.
Coach Honaker, Virginia’s heady quarter of last year, arrived on the campus September 20th, and has been out on the field with the men ever since, not only telling the candidates how to play the different positions, but jumping in and showing them the way it is done at the U. Va. He is a believer in hard, consistent work, and, in the short time he has been here, has shown that he has the knack of handling men and will get their best support and help. It is a rather striking fact that three out of the four colleges in the Eastern Division are being coached this season by University of Virginia men, and this will only add to the intense rivalry that always exists.

And now a word to the freshmen. Will you be an active supporter of your team or a negative quantity in the athletic life of your college, leaving the other fellow to battle for the Red and Blue? Of course there are many students who for good and sufficient reasons are kept away from the football field. What we have to say does not apply to them, but to the man who could play if he desired. We have talked to several men on the campus—big husky fellows too—trying to induce them to don the suits and help the team, but lo and behold!—the game is too rough and they might get hurt. We wonder if any of these big fellows have ever seen Shorty Lutz or little Ancarrow smash headlong into the burly line of A. and M., or George Washington—totally forgetful of danger or “getting hurt.” Football is not a game for lady boys, mollycoddles, or any man whose masculinity does not ring true, and if you are in this category, then my advice to you is stay close in your room and let the other fellow feel the thrill of the contest or the maddening joy of victory. If, on the other hand, you are a normal healthy man, with good red blood coursing through your veins, courage in your heart, and a store of vital nervous energy in your makeup, then football is the game of games for you, and the danger will be far outweighed by the benefit that you will derive. Diagnose your own case and act accordingly.

During the Commencement last June President Boatwright announced that the faculty and trustees of the college had granted the petition of the students in that an athletic fee of five dollars
should be exacted from each matriculate at the beginning of the school year, thereby forming a fund for the support of the college teams. The petition was signed by nearly every student on the campus and the news that the plan would be put into operation this year was received with great enthusiasm. The payment of this fee makes the student a member of the Athletic Association and gives him free admission to all games played by the college teams. It is believed that the adoption of this plan will do more to put athletics on a firm financial basis than anything else that could be devised, and if it succeeds in getting the whole student body out to the games it will indeed be a long wished for consummation. Every student under this plan will be a member of the Athletic Association, and this, too, will arouse interest and make this body the strongest student organization in the college.

The football schedule follows:

September 30th—Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.
October 7th—Fredericksburg College, at Richmond.
October 14th—Randolph-Macon College (exhibition), at Richmond.
October 21st—Georgetown University, at Richmond.
October 28th—Hampden Sidney College (championship), at Richmond.
November 4th—Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington.
November 11th—William and Mary College (championship), at Williamsburg.
November 18th—University of Maryland, at Richmond.
November 25th—Randolph-Macon College (championship), at Richmond.
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

W. B. Miller, '12, Editor.

“Where is now the merry party?”

It is our purpose to make this issue of especial interest to the class of nineteen hundred and eleven by answering the above query. So far as we have been able to secure information we are giving a directory of the class for this year. Those from whom we have not heard are doubtless doing creditable work, and perhaps are too busy to keep us posted.

Herman Bailey is now professor of history in the John Marshall High School of this city.

Miss Macon Eubank Barnes is a member of the faculty of the Alderson Baptist Academy, Alderson, W. Va., one of the best schools of that State. Mac Louthan, ’08, is now principal of this school, and T. E. Peters, ’09, is in charge of the campaign for raising funds for new buildings.

A. B. Bass was on the campus several days recently, and is now a student in Colgate University.

Walter Beverly is the principal of the high school in his home town, Norton, Va.

A. H. Camden fell into Cupid’s snare, and on September 12th the die was cast. His wife is with him at Fork Union Academy, where he is associate professor of mathematics. We extend to them both our sincerest good wishes.

Miss Virginia E. Campbell is teaching in one of the private schools of Richmond.

T. E. Cochran spent several days on the campus before leaving for Lake City, Fla., where he professor of mathematics in a college.

Miss Frances Folsome Coffee is teaching latin in Greenville Female College, Greenville, S. C., of which Dr. D. M. Ramsey has been recently elected presidnt.
Clay Cole is one of the professors in Richmond Academy.
E. M. Crump holds a professorship in the Chatham Training School, Chatham, Va.

“Bill” Decker is back for his M. A., and is continuing with his usual interest in all phases of college life.

T. C. Durham, after spending part of the summer abroad, is teaching with Miss Coffee and Miss Ramsay in Greenville Female College.

Duval Bros. are now students in the Law School. Jack has charge of the Refectory, and Mac is again doing good work on the football team.

A. B. G. Edmonds is engaged in the newspaper business with his father at Accomac, Va.

Miss Lina Gregory is teaching in the English Department of the John Marshall High School.

L. T. Hall was in evidence about college the first of the session, and is now principal of the Stephensville High School, Stephensville, Va.

F. W. Jones is principal of Hayes Store High School in Gloucester county. He paid his respects to old R. C. during the opening days.

J. L. King is principal of the high school at West Point, Va.

Miss Sarah H. Lewis has returned to her native state, Kentucky, and is teaching in one of the schools of that section.

D. A. Louthan, who took his degree in absentia, is continuing his work as a medical missionary in China.

A. O. Lynch visited the scenes of his college life en route to Fork Union, where he is professor of English. He also has general charge of the Y. M. C. A. work of that academy.

W. L. O’Flaherty spent the summer in the city doing private teaching, and is now with Camden, Lynch and Shumate as professor of Latin at Fork Union.

Miss Pauline Pearce is principal of one of the high schools in Caroline County.

Miss Eudora Ramsay spent the summer abroad and is now with her father, Durham and Miss Coffee as a teacher in the Greenville Female College.
“Rat” Rogers is principal of a high school in Prince Edward County.

G. W. Sadler saw things nicely started here and then left us to enter the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. Miss Nellie N. Scales is teaching in one of the schools of Richmond.

A. L. Shumate completes the Richmond College group on the faculty of Fork Union.

R. G. Smith is teaching in a private school in Richmond.

E. W. Sydnor is principal of a high school in Mecklenburg county.

J. H. Terry is at Crozer Seminary.

Miss Ruth Thomasson is teaching mathematics in the high school at Waverly, Va.

B. B. White is principal of a high school in Henrico County.

P. T. Woodward is with his father in his law office, preparatory to a law course here next year.

We will give a directory of the law graduates in the next issue.