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THE MESSENGER

VOL. XXXVIII

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No. 5

A LOVE SONG.

Frank Gaines, '12.

Blue of the infinite far,
Blue of the sunny summer skies,
And dreaming depths of blue beyond the unseen star—
But not so tender as the blue in tiny veins above her eyes,
Oh, not so witching as the blue within the laughter of her eyes!

White of the long sea spray,
That breaks on the desolate land,
And melts into misty whiteness away—
But not so softened as the whiteness in the snow-white of her hand,
Not so subtle as the whiteness in the arm above her hand.

Red of the western sky,
When the sun o'er the last cliff dips,
Red that flames up to God on high—
But not so red as passion-redness in the fever of her lips,
As the crimson blood that surges in the clinging of her lips.

THE RETURN.

G. V. McManaway, '12.

IT WAS LATE afternoon, and the loneliness and quiet of the Canadian woods seemed doubly oppressive and unbearable. Suddenly conscious of this, Lewis Ravenal turned about and started listlessly toward his camp in the valley below. All day he had hunted in this land of plentiful game, yet his rifle contained still the charge with which it had been loaded when handed to him by his guide down there in the camp that morning, for Ravenal, in his languid, deliberate way floundered along totally heedless of the game which from time to time had gotten up before him. Twelve months sooner he would have exulted with all the eagerness of a youthful sportsman in the opportunities in which this land abounded, but now he was changed; the enthusiasm and reckless animation which had made him a favorite with old and young had been replaced by a perpetual melancholy that bordered on moroseness, and all because of a woman.

He had met her four years before when, fresh from college, he had begun practicing law in the city of which she was the belle, and from the first he had loved her madly. With all the impetuosity of his nature he had thrown himself into the struggle for her hand, and with the close of the second year, none of the former host of her admirers remained to oppose him save one, and the contest became doubly intense. This remaining rival was his senior by twenty years, but, to offset his age, he brought wealth and position, and so evenly did these balance with youth, that for another year the outcome was in doubt. Finally the deadlock was broken and youth was declared victorious, but even ere the victory was realized, a titled fortune hunter appeared and Ravenal was forced to surrender his hard-earned prize. Career and ambition forgotten, he no longer valued the reputation he had made for himself in law, or his seat in the state legislature, but shrinking from the companionship of his friends he had

eaten his heart out in silence and alone. Yet through it all he remained loyal to her who had wrecked his very life. No one could censure her in his presence, and so blind was his love for her that he was totally unable to see how far she missed being the ideal he had thought her. Thus it had happened that he was sent by his physician to the Canadian woods to hunt, and haply to find—the health and grip on life that he had lost.

As he picked his way through the snow, his thoughts dwelling on that dead past, he suddenly realized that there was other life stirring in this frozen wild. Through an opening in the spruce trees before him, he saw three wolves running side by side toward him, and at some distance behind them slunk a fourth.

Immediately he understood. Only yesterday the guide had told him that the mating season had arrived and the wolves were running in packs no longer, so with a sympathy for all lovers, he resolved to let the wolves pass him unharmed and then continue his way to camp. When they had come quite close, he was able to distinguish clearly between them. The size and coat of the wolf which ran between the other two proclaimed it to be a she-wolf, while all the others were undoubtedly males.

They came on steadily, and as he watched, the she-wolf sprang suddenly ahead of her two running mates, just as they were crowding in on her from either side, and with her body removed they came violently together. At once a fight began which in fierceness and skill Ravenal had never seen equalled. He loved a fight, and, immediately forgetful of self, he became deeply absorbed in the tragedy being enacted there before him.

The wolves were excellently matched, and it could be seen at a glance that the fight would be a long, hard one. The numerous scars on his head, and the dulled shade of his furry coat showed one to be an old wolf of many battles. His leaps were not so nimble as his opponent's, and he fought with the calmness and deliberateness that was suggestive of self-confidence and patience. His plan was evident; he would for the present be content with defending himself from those merciless fangs which were threatening him from every side, and later, when his enemy had tired, he would finish the fight with ease. The other was a youngster.

He fought with a daring and fierceness which was splendid, and Ravenal, with his love for aggressiveness and action, championed his cause from the first. He was the handsomest animal of the four. Tall, broad-chested and muscular, his was an ideal build, and his glossy gray fur looked as fresh and soft as if it had been newly washed.

But as he watched the combat with its skillful attacks and equally clever defense, suddenly Ravenal realized that the fight was not new to him. Somewhere he had seen that fight just as it was taking place there before him, but where it was he could not for the life of him remember. It too had been for love, and the she-wolf had looked on amused and unconcerned while the warriors engaged in that fight to the death for possession of her. His efforts to recall more vividly the particulars of that other fight were interrupted by a sudden indignation which flared up within him. Why couldn't that she-wolf choose her mate without this needless waste of blood? Didn't she know that the survivor of this fight would be so crippled that his skill would be impaired for life? Better had she chosen the weakling of her pack, and gotten him whole and sound, than to risk the future with a maimed leader! Already the old wolf carried one fore leg limp and useless, and his rival's muzzle and shoulders were horribly cut and torn, but the she-wolf was gently smoothing down the hair on her glossy sides.

"She's a heartless devil," Ravenal muttered. "What fools they are to fight for her!"

Then the end came suddenly, and he saw his young champion stand triumphant. He was not surprised, for that other fight he remembered so vaguely had ended that way, and he had known from the first that the young wolf would win. But he was startled by the happenings of the next few seconds, although he realized a moment later that he should have been prepared for this also. The young wolf had paused over the body of his fallen foe, and buried his muzzle deep in the warm blood welling from its slashed throat. And while he stood drinking in the pleasure of his first great victory, the fourth wolf, who had followed all day at a safe distance, but had crept in closer and closer as he saw his

rivals weakening, took advantage of his opportunity and struck. He was in, had slashed the unprotected throat, and was out again, in the twinkling of an eye, and then two lay gasping on the snow.

When the murderer sprang back from his victim, the she-wolf met him with a friendly whine, and together they turned from the bloody scene and started to find their winter home. He was an undersized, scrubby weakling, but the welcome she gave him as lord and master was as demonstrative as she would have given to either of the two fallen had they been the survivors of the tragedy.

With an oath Ravenal brushed aside the limbs before him and sighted along the barrel of his rifle for a vital spot in the side of the fleeing murderer. But ere the trigger was touched, the rifle moved again, and when its report rang out, 'twas the she-wolf that crumpled up and lay still in the snow, while the other, without even a glance at his stricken mate, scampered out of sight to safety.

"Go, you dirty coward!" stormed Ravenal, "living is worse punishment than death for such as you!" And then in a half apologetic tone he mused again: "But I had to kill her, for she wasn't even worthy of him."

Then suddenly his mind cleared! He understood. He remembered now where he had seen that fight before and recalled all of its minutest details. He had been one of the fighters, and she—slowly the acknowledgment was forced upon him—she had been the she-wolf!

A little more than two years had passed since the fight in the Canadian woods, when Lewis Ravenal, just returned from his bridal tour, was showing his young wife the marvels of the little home he had prepared for her. Every article in each room called up some memory or had some associations connected with it which he was anxious to share with her. Last of all they entered his den, and with the enthusiasm of a school-boy he showed her the curios and trophies that he had been collecting all his life.

"Is this a souvenir of your Canadian hunt?" she asked presently, stopping before a table in the center of the room and gently stroking a large wolf skin which was stretched over it.

"Yes," he replied, lifting the skin and holding it so that the large head rested in the hollow of his arm. And leading her to the window, he drew her hand tenderly over the fierce, battle-scarred head of the wolf, as he looked out reminiscently at the gathering twilight. "Sometime I will tell you his story," he said slowly. "He came to me when I had lost my way and was wandering aimlessly about without hope. I had lost even the desire to live, but he brought me again to the trail which has led me back into life, and to you."

THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH.

Frank Gaines, '12.

*I wonder if they ever saw
A woman's hair, or in her eye
Read the eternal mystery,
Or ever saw a woman die?*

*I wonder, when all friends had gone,
The gay companions, the brave men,
If in some fragile girl they found
Their only stay and comrade then?*

—Richard Le Gallienne.

I SUPPOSE all of us will subscribe to the very comforting doctrine that every man has two natures. But sometimes—Christ forgive us—we do not show the better one to the woman we love. Indeed it often happens that we ourselves are totally unaware of its existence till very late. And the discovery comes after the sunset, when we have been ushered into the darkened land that a very gentle ancient has termed “the Valley of the Shadow.” But when the Discovery has really come the Shadow is a very, very little thing—Life’s purpose has been fulfilled anyway. In this fable of how a man found the good, and the help he received, a moral may lurk. In fact, I like to think that beneath the coldness of mere type there may be detected the faint chiming of that eternal music in which human life puts Paradise to shame. But if the music’s there, it’s only there for “him that hath ears to hear.”

A man married. He went into this conventional state because it suited his interests. Modern life is not a particularly excellent culture-ground for romance. Moreover, the woman on whom his decision fell was of a timid, clinging type, easily pacified and very little inconvenience. He had known her long and graciously showered kindnesses upon her, at the same time pitying her, with

that marvelous tenderness that superior intellects show, because her outlook could only admit one thing upon its horizon. . . . He did not dream that it was possible for that one thing to be himself. . . . You have the story now, haven't you? . . . She could do nothing but love. She could love only one. She loved him . . . and he? Well, as I remarked, his wife was very little inconvenience. He never tried to conceal anything. She never reproached him. It is wonderful to me how little women can know so much and yet only a quiver of a lip and a pillow that's wet in the night betray their knowledge.

Perhaps he played out before his day. A man may laugh at the laws that govern this life, but he can't laugh away the penalty. The machine can only stand so much wear, and doubling the speed but brings on the weakness the sooner. At any rate he went down fast. A dry cough could not be shaken off and the doctors told him he was in the grip of the plague that men call white. Then his friends dodged him as though he were unclean, and at last he went off to the camp in the hills to make his last stand in the fight.

It was of no avail. He knew it when he went there. It did not even seem to delay the end. And that end was approaching—was very near.

Then the woman came to him. He had not expected her, he had no claim upon her. Rather bitterly he was thinking to himself that now she would be free—would joy in her freedom. But she came and told him that he should come home, now at the last. He laughed—harshly perhaps, and replied that he had no home.

"But you have a wife."

Then he rather vehemently refused.

"Why, woman, if I went with you, you would take it too."

She did not attempt to answer his argument. Instead she smiled wearily and said as simply as she could:

"I am your wife and I want you home."

It was then that a great Light broke upon his soul. He set his face homeward, knowing he was going there to die. But that Light made the path of decline beautiful to his eyes.

.

They had been home some time. He was steadily failing, yet she had, thus far, kept up wonderfully. But one day when she was by him she coughed, in spite of herself. He looked into her eyes. They both knew what the sign meant. And he was thinking that he had murdered her. A tear was in his eye—the first, doubtless, ever there.

He took her in his arms. His lips fell just beneath her ear, passed across her cheek until they found her mouth, and rested there. Their faces were very close together, but both faces were sad, and somehow, between them they felt the cold Shadow.

She freed herself, took his hands and looked at him. Then she broke into a little laugh—a laugh triumphant. And the Shadow vanished.

THE FUNCTION OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

J. E. Welsh, '12.

IN recent years the college has been taking a larger and more important place in the business, social, and political world.

We live in a time which requires the college trained man. For this reason the multiplicity of college problems are all becoming more and more interesting to the public at large; anything which concerns this essential institution of modern civilization deserves thoughtful and serious consideration. It is our purpose to discuss one of these phases of the many-sided college question, the function of the small college.

By the term "small college" we mean the institution whose student enrollment rarely exceeds three hundred and fifty. We see three major advantages which can be claimed for the small college: first, it brings the student into closer contact with his fellow-students and members of the faculty; second, by its location it is more conducive than the larger institutions to the up-building of a righteous character at a time when the mind is plastic and the life impressible; third, the atmosphere of the small college inspires the average student to participate in the various college activities which go to form the all-around educated man.

Let us take up briefly, then, the first of these advantages which the small college offers, the personal contact with fellow-students and members of the faculty, which is the privilege of the student. To live in the midst of a number of men varying from one hundred to three hundred and fifty affords an excellent opportunity for the study of human nature. To study with men, to play with men, to eat with men, to oppose together the same common enemy, to study the peculiarities, eccentricities, and characteristics of individuals, all this helps us to know men. Perhaps the advocate of the larger college and university may say: "Is not this same opportunity offered at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylv-

vania, etc., in a larger sense?" We believe, however, that a student dwelling in a small college can become acquainted and know better the necessarily limited number of men in attendance at a small college than the thousands that roam the greens of our large universities. The university is a world, and not a small world either, within itself.

Then, in the small college the student knows his professor better and the professor knows him better than in the university. Many students in our larger institutions attend several lectures per term and acquire the remaining necessary knowledge at the hands of a tutor. This method is employed but very little in our small colleges. Here the student meets his professor from day to day, often walks with him and sometimes visits his home. This close personal contact with the man at whose feet the learner daily sits is of untold value to the young man or woman and after all has been said and done the people we meet have much to do with the shaping of our careers and destinies. Many branches in a college curriculum are dull and uninteresting in themselves, but become enjoyable and profitable when the truths are daily elucidated by great personalities such as are often found in our smaller institutions. If we were to interview the men who have turned the wheels of progress, perhaps every one of them would tell us that contact with intelligent, vigorous, enthusiastic personalities had much to do with their success in life.

The small college performs a great function in our educational system when we realize that it is especially fitted to be a great constructor of noble and righteous character. We venture to say that the prime object of education is to develop, mold and train the character of the individual. One of the striking things in the world of education of the twentieth century is the remarkably youthful age at which students are prepared for college. It has not been many years since we considered the student progressing favorably who graduated from the high school when he was nineteen or twenty; now many of our colleges are graduating students at twenty-one and, in many instances, even younger. The first stay at college gives many a boy and girl their first absence from home. It is here that the young man enters upon

one of the critical periods of his life; it is here that habits and traits are often formed that elevate the life, that make the individual useful or else degrade the soul and make it a menace and a drag to human society.

Environments and surroundings have much to do with our temperaments and characters. The locations of a majority of our small colleges are in the rural districts or small hamlets. It is true that small colleges are to be found in our large metropolitan cities, our own college for example, but on the whole we believe all will agree that the small college is found without rather than within the large city. The rural districts and hamlets do not present to youth the temptations and trials of the city. Hence with the absence of the manifold temptations of the city comes a desire for strong, continuous work which is often the precursor of noble purposes and the foundation for the erection of a stalwart character.

The student of the small college generally participates in some one branch, at least, of college activity. Men are inspired to leadership and usefulness in a small college who would be more reticent in a great university. For illustration, we cite the work of the literary society. Hundreds of men have affiliated themselves with the literary work of the small school who at first appeared awkward, green and incapable of development. In the large university, where so many men are brilliant and accomplished, the inexperienced freshman would feel his inability so keenly that he would never take an interest in anything. His ambition and hopes would be dampened and the result would be an injustice and a discouragement that might be fatal to the development of the student's innate possibilities and capabilities.

Take athletics for instance. How many men would be candidates for the football team at Yale University who had never seen a pigskin before entering college? In the small college, however, the inexperienced man is taught the game and given an opportunity to learn the science and later become a star. At the large school so many experienced men from high schools, academies and small colleges are at the disposal of the coaches, that to teach and train a new man would be, except in very rare cases, a mere

waste of time. The new and inexperienced student realizes this, perhaps too much so, and the result is he does not participate in the sport. What is true of these branches of college life is true of others.

The small college has a unique and distinct function to play in the intellectual, spiritual and physical development of our young people. It is an institution that cannot well be merged into the university. It is an institution that reaches the poor boy, who has not had the advantages of the rich man's son, in a manner more cordial and inviting than the university, with its thousands of students, could scarcely hope to do.

THE MANIAC.

G. W. Blume, '13.

Ah, still ye creep, ye phantoms lank and gray,
Ye reach your bony talons and ye seek
To pluck from out its casement drear and flay
My quivering heart, and stay the bursting veins
That roll their liquid fire into my brain
That seems—but hark! was that my victim's shriek,
And whence that gurgling echo? Such he made
When black with death, his eyes dull staring, slain
He gasped his last where the sombre bog did reek
With noisome vapors, and his soul went up—
Or down—to join that horrid, ghastly train
That never leave one but to haunt again.

But hist! there comes with slow and measured tread
A specter, pale, with fleshless jaws and eyes
Dull gleaming as a baleful adder's; dead
He seems, yet stalks, the very king of death.
His rattling bones grate harsh, the weird wind sighs
And rustles through his raiment, coming still
Now full on me has fixed that hideous glance,
More potent than a Gorgon's, and all Hell
Is in his face—what wouldest thou dread fiend?
Did I not send thee one to be my stead?
Is not my victim found among the dead?
Ah! Devils—ha ha, ha ha ———.

THE FIRE-DRAGON.

H. B. R.

THE burning sun of a hot September day poured down upon the city of Soochow. The canals were covered with a dull iridescent coat, and the buffalo-cows up to their necks in the water panted for every breath. Not a breeze stirred a ripple in the water or produced a flutter in any of the flags or signs over the shop doors. The narrow streets with only the tiny strip of sky visible between the housetops were stifling to a degree unusual even for a walled Chinese city. Few people were on the streets except the groups of coolies, stripped to the waist, who bore along, slung by ropes from bamboo poles upon their shoulders, the unmourned coffins of the dead. They were pitiful sights—these coffins—without followers, without ghost-money, being carried outside the city walls. They told the tale of a blasting heat; the cholera raged. Through the open doors could be heard the clashing of cymbals and the sound of wooden “fish-heads,” beaten by the Buddhist priests to drive off evil spirits, and above this deafening din the steady, monotonous roar of their loud rhythmic prayer for the dead.

Everywhere the cholera was raging, carrying off men, women and children, rich and poor alike. In vain had everything been done to stop the course of the dread demon. Always, as to-day, the temple was thronged with people praying for release. The Buddhist high priest had made his round of the city with his great sleeves hanging through the windows of his sedan chair, hoping to carry healing on his wings; but to no purpose. There remained but one hope—the Fire-Dragon. Years ago, in time of fierce disease, the first Fire-Dragon had flashed through the country, breathing out fire and incense and leaving behind it

the purifying frosts. Now in times of fearful plague, when all other means failed, the priests implored the aid of the gods again by carrying through the streets of the city a dragon made of lighted lanterns. But it must be a last resort, for though if it made its way unbroken through the city, the frosts would come and the plague be broken, yet if it failed not only would the cholera remain but those who had it then would die. To-night, at last, in accordance with the loud prayers of the people, this final means was to be tried, even at such perilous risk. To-night the priests would carry out the Fire-Dragon.

Wong Zoen Yien had lain on his face for hours in the inner shrine of the temple praying for the deliverance of his only child, his beautiful daughter. He remembered well the day his little Soo Vi, his Beautiful Rose, had been born. How he had loved the tiny, soft lump of humanity! His neighbors had pitied him because it was not a son. Then in a few years his wife, whom he had loved shamelessly, had died, leaving him alone, alone but for Soo Vi. And now the gods were going to take her away from him. What if she were already dead! His face paled and his heart all but stopped beating at the very thought. He had been afraid to leave her, but he had also been afraid to stay. Perhaps by prayer and fasting, and gifts of rice and fish, and money and jewels, the wrath of the gods might be appeased. He was rich and his gifts to the temple had been in accordance with his wealth. What more could he do that the great god, Buddha, would answer his supplication?

So on his face in the shrine he prayed, with his heart in a room opening on a small court in a distant part of the city. It was a room with thick walls and high ceiling where the heat was, perhaps, a little less intense than in the houses of the poor. There lay a Chinese girl, beautiful still, though her eyes were dulled by fever and her face drawn and pinched by the cholera demon. Near her were those who, next to her father, cared most for her,—her old *amah* whose charge she had been since she was born, and her grandmother who perhaps really loved her. From outside in the courtyard came the crash of the cymbals and ear-splitting "fish-heads," and with each new blow

Soo Vi opened her eyes and moaned. As day went the girl grew rapidly weaker; her grandmother knelt near her and the old *amah*, huddled in one corner, rocked back and forth moaning, "O Soo Vi, Soo Vi, my little Soo Vi." Darkness came, and soon after, the cessation of sound in the court, the increased noise of cymbals and the priests' chant in the streets, the loud cries of prayer and mourning of a throng of people, and their dying away in the distance told the watchers that the Fire-Dragon had passed. Then suddenly Wong Soo Vi sprang up in bed with a piercing shriek and fell back apparently dead. The grandmother leaned close over her and—could she believe it?—Soo Vi opened her eyes, smiled, and sank into untroubled sleep.

When night had fallen the priests had started with the Fire-Dragon on their tour of the city. Wong Zoen Yien had followed in an agony of fear lest it should not be successful. Suppose, after all, it should be broken! Down the Querssee and San Cho Lee it slid, a moving track of fire, eating its way through those narrow streets but destroying nothing. In and out of the baked alleyways it crawled, humping and lumping itself along, turning and twisting like a thing alive. Its body was bright with the lights inside, a venomous green from the tip of its tail and the ends of its crooked toes to the edge of the wide gaping red and black mouth from which poured a luminous smoke of incense that made the stifling air more suffocating still. Added to the fiendish din of the priests, rose the wailing prayers of thousands of followers, and the cries and moans of the sick and dying who had dragged themselves into the doorway and the streets to catch a glimpse of the hellish monster, that would seem to be breathing out fire and pestilence instead of the peace and deliverance they expected. Now the round of the city had almost been accomplished; now the procession had almost reached the temple yard once more. Then from the midst of the pandemonium, there suddenly sprang up a cry so piercing that for a moment all other sounds seemed lost, and there was not a person but instinctively clapped his hands to his ears. All eyes turned to the centre of the dragon whence the cry had come. Another cry, and a priest tottered

and fell, a victim himself to the pestilence. But the long queue and silken gown of Wong Zoen Yien were in the midst of the shorn heads and coarse garments of the priests, and he had snatched the lantern—a sacred lantern—from the hands of the reeling priest. The long line was unbroken. The lantern was in its place. The dragon had won.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE LIBRARY— A WELSHMAN'S GIFT.

Dr. C. H. Ryland.

ONE of the serious losses of Richmond College resulting from the vandalism of the Civil War was the destruction of the library. The president of the college, fearing injury during the suspension of exercises of the institution, had caused all of the books to be carefully packed in boxes and stored in the building. When the United States troops took possession of the city, a negro regiment was stationed on the grounds and in the buildings of the college, and the premises were thrown wide open. Every piece of apparatus in the laboratories was broken, the boxes containing the books were all torn open, and every book and pamphlet, the accumulation of thirty years, was destroyed or removed. When the friends of the institution met to devise plans for reopening the college they found every department stripped of its equipment.

By some means the destruction of the library aroused sympathy in a most unexpected quarter. Rev. Edward J. Owen, of far-off Missouri, proved the friend in need. He packed up and sent to the college his private library, consisting of 2,597 volumes, estimated to be worth the sum of \$5,000. As might be expected, these books were not all adapted to college use, but it was an inspiring gift and stimulated the trustees to make immediate effort to refill the empty shelves. The college in its long history has found many friends, but no more thoughtful and generous than this noble patron. His name should be enshrined not only in the history of the institution, but in the heart of every lover of education.

Edward Jarworth Owen was a native of Wales. We do not know what drew him to this country, but he came in his early manhood. His literary education was acquired in his own

country, but his theological training was received in a seminary, which had a brief career, in Covington, Ky. Upon graduating there he became pastor in St. Louis, Mo., and subsequently arose to the presidency of William Jewell College. Here, after a brief but distinguished career, his health failed and he died. Dr. Owen is described as a man of "astute mind, varied learning, considerable research, and great energy." He was a noble illustration of the Welsh character. His ministerial gifts, his warm religious impulses, and his intense devotion to the views held by the Baptists, were strong and distinctive. In recognition of his talent and broad scholarship the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him. Dr. Owen's gift made a profound impression upon our people not only because of its value, but because it came from a stranger whose heart was touched by our sorrows and losses. The Virginia Baptists were at the time much depressed by their poverty and embarrassments, but when the news went out of this most unexpected help, they not only understood as never before that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," but were inspired with hope and went to work in earnest. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the gift of Dr. Owen prompted others to make helpful contributions. I recall that Sheldon and other prominent publishers in New York were among those who rendered valuable assistance in refounding the library.

It will please our friends to know that by careful and persistent work we have at the college now an exceedingly valuable library department of 20,000 volumes. It is an up-to-date laboratory for the whole college. As the years go by and the college grows, the earlier work and the names of the earlier donors should not be forgotten. It would be an appropriate act if the trustees should erect a suitable memorial to Edward Jarworth Owen.

[Dr. Ryland will write an article for our next issue on the erection of the present library building.—Ed.]

MAN PROPOSES, BUT—.

G. W. B.

A MONTH ago I was plumb certain that I was goin' to make Henretta my wife, but I ain't certain of it now by a long shot; she's too big a fool, or leastwise she's got some fool notions. You see, it's all come about this way. I've been sparkin' up Henretta right sharp now for nigh on three year, and showin' her a heap of attention, takin' her to all the camp meetin's and pertracted meetin's an' picnics an' sech that has been around here for some time. Folks was sayin' as how we'd make a good match, an' old man Williams said he'd make me a weddin' present of a fine shoat the day I got married. An' I had heard that old Granny Balkins had promised Henretta a goose-feather comfort an' two goose-feather pillows when she got married, so I came to the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was to unite our hearts an' int'rests an' settle down on a house and five acres of good farmin' land I had saved up.

With my head and heart full of these matrimonial affilliations, I resolved to pop the question to her the very next Sunday night. I'd sorter got some points from old Daddy Gruber that's been married four times an' orter know, but I didn't let on to him what I was askin' him for.

Well, when Sunday night came round, I slicked up in my best clothes and went on over to see Henretta. Henretta was all diked up in a brand new calico dress, an' she had given it a kind of cobble effect that sat off her queenly figure to perfection.

Henretta was all smiles an' seemed as glad to see me as if she hadn't seen me for a month, although I'd walked home with her that very mornin' from meetin'. She sets down on a sofa an' I draws a chair up middlin' close, but I'd been gettin' scared from the minute I got there, an' for the life of me I couldn't begin.

Finally I managed to ask how their sick calf was gettin' 'long, an' she told me, but still that didn't help much. I felt sorter chokey at the throat an' wasn't makin' much headway. But after I'd asked how the hens was layin' an' how much they'd sold the yearlin' heifer for, I managed to get over on the sofa with her, under pretext of gettin' her to show me some of her folks in the family album that I wasn't carin' beans for about that time. Well, I was tryin' all the time to think of some good way to begin, but the blamed album didn't last until I'd thought the thing out. After a painful pause, the thought struck me that the old man would soon be callin' bedtime as it was gettin' pretty close on to nine o'clock, and what I was agoin' to do I'd better do quickly. I grabbed hold of one of the arms of the sofa to resussiate my fallin' courage, an' had leaned over real close to Henretta to whisper some lovin' words in her ear when she let out a yell loud enough to sour the milk, nearly deafenin' me, an' up she hops on the sofa, drawin' in her skirts and pointin' over in a corner. I naturally jumped up somewhat alarmed to see her carryin' on that way, but I looked the way she pinte, and there wa'n't nothin' 'cept a little mouse runnin' behind the rockin' chair. I got to laughin' at her an' was tryin' to calm her fears, strokin' her hand gentle like, when that fool mouse took a notion to come our way. Henretta grabbed me like I was a ticket for heaven, an' commenced jumpin' up and down on the sofa, squealin' worse'n a drove of hogs. This must have scared the mouse, for he ran under the sofa. I never saw a girl get as active as Henretta did then. She bounced off that sofa like water off a hot stove an' up she went on the table, all the while beggin' me to get somethin' an' kill the pesky beast.

Seein' that she was gettin' kinder nervous and wrought up, I got an umbrella an' tried to poke it out from under the lounge. When I did hit it, the blamed thing came a tearing right toward me lickety-split. My face was right down on the floor, as I was lookin' under the sofa, an' not wantin' it to run in my face I naturally jumped back, but in doin' so I hit the table an' it and Henrietta both came a-tumblin' down on me, sounding like the whole house was smashin' up.

It took most a minute for me to untangle myself, but I was plumb mad at that little mouse for rufflin' my dignity in such a manner, so off I went after him again, an' chased him around the room about three times, upsettin' a chair or two at each revolution and raisin' cain in general. On the third round as I was gettin' pretty close, I slipped up on the end of a rug or some fool thing and slid into some brac-a-bric kind of a concern that had everything Noah ever had in his ark and then some in the way of shells and dishes and a big china vase an' every dern thing you could think of. Well, when that thing hit the floor you'd a sworn the walls o' Jerico was a-comin' down the second time.

Henretta was up on the sofa havin' fits an' raisin considerable fuss, but what ever made that fool mouse take a notion to run down the back of my neck is more'n I can see. I got sorter uneasy then for fear it would try to gnaw out and commence on the wrong side, so I commenced a-rollin' over an' over on the floor to kinder confuse the mouse an' take its attention off'n gnawin'. I was hopin' too that whirlin' around would make the mouse dizzy. But the derned thing got right in the middle of my back between my shoulders an' his claws felt so cold and scratchy that I jumped up an' commenced dancin' around wusser'n a mule in a yaller jacket's nest. Then Henretta came to my assistance an' commenced throwin' some books and things at where she thought the mouse was, but I requested her to stop after she'd thrown Webster's Dictionary an' the album an' the family Bible, not to mention half of the China vases an' one of the table legs that was broken off. Then she suggested heatin' up some hot water to scald the blamed thing, but I didn't want it in there while the water was a-heatin'. Next she got a pocket knife an' jabbed at the mouse several times but it looked to me like he always dodged it. She got her scissors an' was goin' to cut a hole for it to get out, and had got a right good hole in my coat when the derned brute wiggled an' she thought it was comin' out after her, an' up she went on the sofa with a squall that made the lamp flicker.

Just then the old man who had been down at the barn an' had heard all that fuss came a-tearin' in with a lantern in one hand an' a pitch-fork in the other, thinkin' I had gone crazy an' was

tryin' to murder Henretta. He came a-chargin' at me, his coat-tails stickin' out an' with the pitchfork, a-lookin' like the old boy himself. Seein' that it wan't no time to try to argue, I made a break for the door an' managed to stumble into the only thing that hadn't been broken, a china press with a whole stack of dishes they kept to look at instead to eat out of. I hit it hard enough to sort of topple it, an' the old man came along just in time to hit it as it fell. The thing had glass doors, an' by the time he had crawled out of it, there wa'n't a sound plate in the whole machine.

While he was crawlin' out I tried to offer some explanation, but he was so mad an' was naturally deaf, so I s'pose he thought I was still ravin' an' wanted to get back to kill Henretta, so off he came again, callin' to the hired boy who had just come runnin' up, to let the dog loose. Now I knew that bull pup wa'n't any perticular friend o' mine, so I put on all the steam I could, but the old man kept up amazin' well.

I was a-lookin' 'round to see how close he was a-gettin' when all of a sudden I run into a five-strand barbed wire fence. Before I got through, the old man fetched me a jab with that pitchfork that I'll remember to my dyin' day. Havin' the light he got through the hole in the fence I had busted through and so didn't lose no time. The light didn't help me much an' I had to go slow for fear I'd hit somethin' again, so the old man kept right behind me, through he was a-puffin' like a horse with the heaves.

Just then that infernal dog caught up with us an' took a plug of cloth out the seat of my britches about six inches square, includin' some of me. Just then, all of us, being pretty much occypied an' excited-like, and not noticin' where we was goin', got to the edge of the ice pond, an' all three of us rolled down about an eight-foot drop into the water. Instinct sorter guided me an' I made for the shore nearest my home. The lantern had gone out, but the old man and bull-pup follered me out. They started up the chase again, an' havin' no light we ran 'round in circles, me comin' near fallin' in the pond two or three times an' that dog reachin' up every now an' then for a fresh piece to chew on.

By an' by the angels must a-took pity on me, for I got a straight course to'des home. The old man soon petered out, an' the first rail fence I ran into furnished me with a good club an' I nearly killed the dog. I started back to find the old man but it was so dark I knew 'twould be just like huntin' a needle in a haystack, so I went on home the best I could.

I never did find that mouse. He must have crawled out while I was in the pond, or dropped out at some of the openin's that bull dog made for it. As it was, I was laid up in bed three days, an' was stiff and sore for two weeks.

When the old man found out his mistake he was so blamed mad over the busted furniture that he wouldn't make no apology, an' is talkin' about suing me for house-breakin' an' battery. Henretta thinks about the same of me as I do of her, an' its been over three weeks sence I've seen her. The way things are a-lookin' now, I ain't likely to see her anyways soon, either.

CHINATOWN IN NEW YORK—A CHINAMAN'S VIEW.

Ah Fong Yeung, '10.

A native of Canton, China; now a graduate student in Columbia University.

I T has always been my aim and purpose to study the real conditions in all the places where I have lived, and to find out the facts with my own observation instead of learning them from second-hand material. Since I have been in New York a large part of my time has been spent in the Chinese quarter. So I have chosen to tell you something about the much defiled Chinatown where most of my countrymen are spending their time in New York. When I was in Virginia where I lived my latter boyhood days, away from any of my own race, I often used to eagerly search the columns of the newspapers for any news of my own people that I might get my hands on. Such headlines as these met my gaze: "A Raid In Chinatown!, Tong War Renewed!, Opium Found!, Gambling Dens Exposed!" and others even worse, with nothing to say of any of the good that has been accomplished by the better class of people there. I had to let myself think that the Chinese in America were the worst human beings ever created. From what the newspapers said, I had to believe that they were disgracing their homes and the land that gave them birth, and degrading the sense of honesty and moral standard of the people wherever they made their appearance. I said to myself then that no wonder the American Government had adopted a policy of exclusion against the Chinese. Such was my impression of the Chinese in America before I had

the opportunity of seeing Chinatown and of having personal talks with the Chinese of all classes. I had expected to find in Chinatown a "Plutonian Region," unfit for men to enter. But a day or two after I became a New Yorker one of my friends accompanied me there and introduced me to some of his friends; at the same time I met some acquaintances of my father and a few school-mates of mine. My ideas were much changed, and my former attitude to Chinatown and the Chinese in America has gradually disappeared, and I began to realize the injustice done them by the newspaper men.

They have worked neither in truth, nor honesty, nor have they considered the good that has been accomplished by the majority of the people there. No, for the public will not read it. These things will not create enough sensation for the American minds, therefore they must have something to arouse excitement. Though I have been in New York for only a little over one year, yet within such a short time I have myself worked with them for the good of the Chinese in this city; I have seen the opening of schools for the laborers and heard lectures given on subjects of the present time for them. The newspaper reports are one-sided and do not carry the general news of the Chinese to the public. They only convey the wrong doings of the lowest class of the Chinese in this city, and make things appear worse than they really are. Whoever believes everything that the newspapers say is just as far from the whole truth as I am now from my native home.

I do not say that Chinatown has no evil and that every person there is good. Great wrong does exist, but much of the evil could be handled by the law. What can we do to stop the illegitimate practices when the officers of the city stand right in front of the evil-doers' doors day after day without taking any steps to prevent them? The majority of the Chinese are law-abiding and look with hatred and disgust on the evils that exist. There are lawyers of much culture, skillful doctors, devoted teachers and missionaries, students full of enthusiasm, merchants always glad to put their incomes to use, and many steady laborers; all are

ready to put down the nuisances, if they can get the real support of the law. There are men in Chinatown of high morals, whose honesty is known to all who have any dealing with them.

The Chinese merchants are always ready to help their fellow-countrymen. Realizing the ignorance of the lower class, the Chinese students, just before Christmas, began to make plans to help them in the line of education, believing that they could in this way put them in the condition to mingle more with the outside world. The students were able to help them mentally and intellectually, but were not financially in a position to do so. Realizing this the students thought of the merchants, and a meeting of these two classes resulted. The merchants immediately subscribed for this cause, and in less than two hours, a sum of about one thousand dollars was collected, and schools were at once opened for the laboring class. Without the aid and co-operation of the merchants, this undertaking would have been a failure. At present the leading Chinese are meeting day and night to formulate plans to get funds for the relief of the famine districts in China. Already they have contributed a large sum, but they are not satisfied, so an entertainment will soon be given for one week in Chinatown and articles are to be contributed to be sold and the money thus gotten will be sent directly to the famine districts. These and other things similar to them are constantly being done by the Chinese in Chinatown.

The general opinion of the American public is that every Chinese is an opium fiend. If you knew the history of the introduction of opium into China by England; if you knew how bitterly the Chinese government opposed the drug; if you knew how much hatred the Chinese public have for the English, who forced that poisonous drug into the throats of the Chinese by their mighty warships and the sound of cannon, you would change your minds completely. No, the Chinese are not opium fiends, no more so than the American are drunkards, and I dare say, from what I have seen with my own eyes, that the Western people suffer more under the influence of alcohol than the Chinese under the influence of opium. A raid in Chinatown and vicinity recently re-

sulted in the disclosure of only two opium dens, and they were not in Chinatown, but in the districts of Americans. In almost every instance of smuggling, it has been proven that the Americans had something to do with it. The Chinese cannot easily leave or enter the United States, so it is impossible for them to smuggle in anything without detection. Then how did the opium come in? I have talked with a few of my friends since the raid and all of them have told me that the custom house officers in Cuba smuggled it in, and in turn sold it to a few covetous Chinese. If so, I maintain that the guilt must then be divided between the two. As to the use of opium, Hamilton Wright, the government expert, said that Uncle Sam uses more opium per capita than the Chinese. Less than two per cent. of the Chinese in Chinatown are under its influence; during the last few years many have stopped its use entirely.

On the other hand, what impression do you suppose the Americans have made on the Chinese in Chinatown? As to my own opinion, I think that the Americans are the greatest and best people of the world. Since I have been in America, I have met with kindness unparalleled. But mind you, this is only my own impression and not that of the Chinese who know only Chinatown. I must say that they certainly have a bad opinion of America. If you would take a walk around that part of the city at night you would see things done by women and girls that would shock any person; the streets are filled up with drunken men almost day and night, yet the police shirk their duties knowingly! In China, women are not allowed to walk the streets, and any indecent and unwomanly act is forbidden, either on the streets or in public places. So the gay life of great New York would be something strange to them; drunkards are unknown, and officers found guilty of disobedience are punished with death. The guides and some of the sight-seers often act dishonestly and practice deceit upon the merchants. So this expression is almost a by-word among the Chinese, "Fan Gwai Joke Chu" meaning literally "Foreign devils catch pig," that is, "Foreigners are deceitful and dishonest."

The greatest evil in Chinatown, of course, is the Tongs. Let me give you the facts concerning them. The first Chinese immigrants to arrive in San Francisco were those of the laboring class, whose principal occupation was mining. Through faithfulness to their employers, they soon outstripped the immigrants from Europe, and much jealousy and hatred toward the Chinese arose among the European laborers. Their hatred went so far that they used force and violence against the unoffending and unsuspecting Chinese, and a large number were killed and driven away. For their safety and protection, the Chinese grouped themselves together, as the first instinct of all men is self-preservation, and in this way a strong organization, resembling the merchant guilds of the Middle Ages, was soon formed for mutual helpfulness and to resist any form of danger that might arise against them. This organization started with the best motives. It is unknown in China, but is known to the Americans to-day as the Tong.

These men, you must remember, belonged to the lower class, and meeting day after day and night after night, it was natural for them to start something for their amusement when they were not employed in their work. Then too they were here in America to make money, and the best and easiest way, in their eyes, to obtain it was to gamble, for I regret to say that the lowest class of the Chinese people are experts in this line. Therefore the first thing that they thought of, I think, was gambling. This is true not only with the Chinese, but it is true also with the Americans, and I know that Americans gamble more money away on the race tracks and prize rings in one year than the Chinese do in their "fan tans" in five years. I do not say that the nature of men is to gamble, for the Chinese philosopher, Lo Tzi, said that the nature of men is originally good. But I do say that it is hard for men to resist temptation, especially when they are brought up under bad influences and gambling, it grieves me to say, is one of the greatest evils in China.

Having informed you as to how these organizations were created and the men who composed them, I will now mention briefly

some of the causes of the trouble between the Tongs. As the Chinese immigrants increased, the Tongs increased with them. All of them were for good purposes at first, but gambling will always create trouble. Some Tongs have become stronger than the others, and naturally the stronger ones wanted to monopolize all the gaming privileges to themselves; the same spirit actuating them as is actuating the nations of the earth in their efforts to control Chinese commerce. The stronger Tong always wants to control all the gambling business, thus constant fights have occurred. Another cause of these Tong fights are the immoral women imported and controlled by certain of the Tongs. There are other Tongs which are unwilling to see such practices, and they have attempted to rescue the women, and then the aggrieved Tongs immediately declare war against the one that has committed this act. Sometimes they fight for smaller reasons, sometimes even on account of personal differences between members of the different organizations. Two men will have a fight and his Tong brothers will take it up. Likewise if one Tong wrongs another, all the other Tongs will join the one that has suffered the wrongs and force an apology. In this way many fights have been averted by the sense of justice of some of the Tongs.

You will ask why they continue the bitter fighting. What excuse can be offered for this lawlessness? Can this Tong trouble be stopped? I answer, "Yes!" It pains me much to say that it is on account of the inefficiency of the New York police in dealing with them that we have to stand aside and see it go on. How true it is, what the Chinese philosopher, Lo Tzi, said, "True words are always unpleasant to hear." Though unpleasant the truth will come out sooner or later. As soon as His Excellency, Mayor Gaynor, assumed control of the city government, the department of police that has charge of Chinatown began the faithful execution of its duties. All the immoral women were driven out of that quarter, and the gambling houses were closed. Immediately the Tong trouble stopped. Last spring the head of that police department was changed and gambling dens were immediately resumed by the Tongs. What, in your minds, does this

show? I would not breathe anything against any man but it does seem unusual to me.

Before the beginning of the American and Chinese holidays at Christmas and New Year, the Chinese Public Chamber called into conference the merchants, missionaries and students, who met continuously for two weeks, trying to arbitrate the differences. Having first secured the promise of the Tongs for a cessation of fighting until some settlement could be reached, we got each Tong to file in its demands and complaints. One wanted the restoration of a gambling den just taken away from them. Each wanted an enormous amount of money for the lives of the men killed by the opposing Tongs, and both, as is usual the world over, were having trouble over "the eternal feminine." In one case, there was a woman who had deserted a man in one Tong and had become the wife of a man in another. Money had been spent on her in bringing her over and keeping her in America. It was decided that a sum of two thousand dollars must be paid to the jilted lover for damage to his purse and wounded affection by the successful suitor himself. One Tong demanded a roast pig, the meaning of which among the Chinese is the acknowledgment of superiority. Christian men and Christian youths held sway, and our efforts were crowned with success.

If we had left this trouble for the police to deal with, would they have put a permanent stop to it? They could have done so by holding the malefactors strictly to the laws. They did not do it. Are you surprised that the fights went on, when I tell you that the best friends of one of the Tongs are the police, detectives, and lawyers, who receive money from them and have become their real protectors? Often I have seen with my own eyes the head man of a Tong give a dinner to just these three classes of men. Directly after the fight, I heard one of the Chinese restaurant managers say that though he was sorry to see the fighting, his business had been better. I have myself seen three fights; not once was there a single policeman in sight anywhere. I believe the officers are paid to avoid them. Without the Chinese laws to protect us, we have nothing to hold down this lower class,

being without authority ourselves. New York City fails to give us the protection that we need, that we would get at home, to suppress the lawless element. Men are arrested, it is true, but not the guilty ones. Freedom from bribery and faithfulness to duty on the part of the New York police is what we need in Chinatown, and when we get that we hope to render a wiser account in the stewardship of our fellow-brethren to the people of this great republic.

THE MANACLES.

Ike, '15.

The babe to the moon holds a finger
To grasp the beams that come,
And it coos for the zephyrs to linger
As they toss the bright curls in fun;
But they heed not the cry of its calling,
And they go on their way—for they must—
For the will of the star's entralling,
Man's will is the will of the dust.

So youth with its song and its dreaming
Wings off on the mist of the morn,
Where the sun pales not in its beaming,
Where bliss eternal is born;
But the flowers soon droop and they wither—
Ere noon all withered away—
In the grim grip of death they quiver,
For man is a tenement of clay.

"I'll search for the goal of ambition!"
Cries man, and his heart beats strong;
"I'll conquer the spheres in my mission—
Not to gods shall the sceptres belong—
For the spirit of man victorious
Shall clash on the fields of fate,
Shall rise triumphant and glorious,
Shall stand 'mid powers elate!"
But his heart grows cold and it falters,
His sword and his sceptres but rust,
Desire burns low at the altars—
Man's will is the will of the dust.

"I'll live through the cycles eternal!"
Cries Fame in the thick of the fight,
"I'll go when voices diuturnal
Call far to the summits of might;

A star shall I claim for my wages,
 The voice of to-morrow is mine,
 My name shall be writ through the ages,
 Shall live in the stones of time ! ”
 But hushed is the shout of the paeans,
 Obscure is the name on the bust,
 The shafts crumble down with the eons—
 Man's will is the will of the dust.

“We'll rule in the city supernal ! ”
 Cried once proud angels of light,
 But were damned to the regions infernal,
 To depths of abyssmal night.
 And the chains no spirit could sever,
 And doom was the price of their mirth;
 'Twas decreed that angels forever
 Should grovel on the face of the earth.
 And a soul grew bold in Eden—
 Grew bold with the gift of his breath—
 But rue was the price of unheeding,
 Ah, this was the manacle, Death !

"E'EN IN OUR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES."

G. W. Blume, '13.

CHEERLESS and drear had been the reeking, misty, summer months. Rain after rain had fallen until the whole land was water-sogged. The foliage of the trees and the grass of the fields had blackened and rotted, breeding loathsome fungi and pestilential vapors that poisoned the dense, oppressive air. Everywhere were signs of decay. The cattle sickened and died from grazing on the rotting vegetation, great sickness prevailed among the people from breathing the polluted vapors, and ever and anon the church bells tolled dolefully.

At last I, too, succumbed to the noxious gases, and slowly wasted away under the ravages of a mysterious fever that baffled the skill of the best physicians. Daily I grew worse, and there were intervals when I became cold and bloodless, and would appear as dead. These periods of inanimation became longer and longer as the disease progressed, until at last life ceased to exist in connection with the body, and my body was dead.

I longed to go, I knew not where, but the weight of that dead body held me back as the leash ropes hold in check the straining balloon. I felt as if I were standing in the midst of an unexplored country over which hung a dense mist.

I regretted leaving the earth. Listlessly I watched the burial preparations, the slow procession to the church, the crowd of assembled friends, and wondered why they mourned so over that body from which I was even now straining to be free. Only when I was being lowered into the grave did I reflect on the awful loneliness of my abode, and how I would miss the companionship of mankind. They *must* stop the ceremony, I *would* come back to life! As the preacher read "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes—" I

shrieked out that I would not be entombed and *would* live again, but he paid not the slightest attention to the voice that seemed to die even in my throat. In desperation I tried to dash the book from his hand, but the leaves only rustled as if stirred by a light breeze. Frantically I besought the aid of each of my friends in turn, but they seemed too engrossed in sorrow to heed my voice.

The heavy clods were fast heaped upon my coffin and at last the procession went slowly away and I was left alone. Sometimes in my dreams I had had glimpses of how I would feel after death, but I never experienced the sense of loneliness and desolation I now suffered. I continually had a vague desire to go away from my present haunt, but I realized that the body was responsible for my presence there. To add to the horror of the thing, even after death the disease did not cease its ravages on the corpse, and as the days passed the body became more gruesome and repulsive.

I was often possessed of the feeling that the body would sometime assume life and I should again live, but as the days went by and dissolution became more complete, the ties that bound me to that exact spot were loosened and I had greater freedom of movement. Often I could go as far as the church door and watch my friends come to services. I would speak and attempt to clasp their hands, but they would make no response, and would pass on in. Sometimes they came to strew my grave with flowers and I would stand by while they spoke low and tenderly of their deceased friend.

One evening she came too. Within a month of the time the fever first seized me we were to have been married, but now—"Jack," she was saying, "why did you have to go? Only God can know how I loved you, dear," and as she talked on in her tremulous, low, sweet voice the large tears rolled down on the headstone. My heart was almost bursting, and I strove to clasp her in my arms and kiss her. Her lips paled as they met mine, and her frame shuddered as with a chill when I touched her, and from the startled expression in her dark brown eyes I knew that she realized that her spirit was communing with mine. She came often after that, and her eyes were deep and dark and

mysterious, and the roses paled in her cheeks, until finally her father and mother took her abroad that she might forget herself and me in the gay whirl of life elsewhere.

My radius now allowed me to go over the spots in my native town which in life were my familiar resorts. I never could understand why I was visible to the dogs of the village that would sometimes bark at my approach, and yet was invisible to my associates. Over and over again I visited my home and places about town I used to frequent, but there was always present a vague, unsatisfied longing, a desire to pierce the mystery of the surrounding haze. Gradually I began to feel that there was something for which I must search, where to seek it, or what to look for, I knew not, but yet if I found it, I would secure a vague happiness. Whether this happiness was to be the possession of some coveted treasure, or a solution of my mysterious surroundings, or a permission from some power to return to life upon earth or what, I knew not. Daily the conviction grew that I should search for and find this mysterious something.

After a time I felt the ties that bound me to the body snap, and I knew that I was free to enter upon my long search. For days and days I have roamed about and the fog and mists have lifted a little, and I see sights and know things you mortals do not dream of, but yet I have no rest, and must on and on until I find that mysterious something that is to determine my destiny. I am so lonesome with nothing to do but wander to and fro, Mortal, can you not tell me what I seek—only hint it? And I clasped his hands in mine in my earnestness.

"Gee, it's getting cold," said the man to himself as he shivered and drew his coat more closely about him. "How mournfully the wind sighs in those pines; I can almost fancy I hear voices talking; this solitude is grand and awe-inspiring, but after all it gets on one's nerves, and companionship is what we really crave."

Getting down from the rail fence on which he had been sitting, the stranger drew his cloak about him and picked his way through the marshes in the direction of the distant town whose early lights had already begun to twinkle in the twilight, and I was left alone. Long I pondered over the stranger's words. Could it be

that some hint, some suggestion of the mystery I strove to pierce lay in his words? Suddenly there dawned upon me with a great rush the conviction that companionship was what I sought! For this I was to pass through restless years until my time of waiting should be past. Ah, blessed mortal, I know now! Whose companionship should I enjoy but her's who should one day come to me? I shall wait and seek, and at last I shall find my Elaine, and together we shall wander through the dim, misty fields, and together we shall watch the mists slowly dissolve and the shadows clear away.

THE MESSENGER

Entered at the Postoffice at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

Right at this time anything pertaining to the class system is particularly timely. A glance at the last article in this department shows that an active interest is present in college, which has resulted in one more step in the right direction. And as we write, the air is full of rumors of wars that center about a

certain Freshman Banquet which the future may bring; only time (and the "rats") can tell. Therefore, we have added one more to the list of our attempts on the class question, and so, gentle reader, bear with us once more patiently, yet withal thoughtfully, for soon we must pass on in that "innumerable caravan" of "has-beens."

The class system here can never be a complete success so long as no real qualifications exist which one must comply with in order to claim membership in a particular class. The requirements based simply on length of stay in college have always been unsatisfactory, men are often unable to determine themselves to what class they belong. A large number in the academic school take a degree course in three years, some in five; all of these find themselves in a somewhat anomalous position, with a claim for membership in two classes and no precedent to enable them to decide between the two. The point system which is used to record credits for degrees offers a splendid opportunity to rectify the trouble. A regular schedule could be arranged by the faculty, in co-operation with the students, with which the class to which a student belonged could be determined by the number of points recorded to his credit in the office of the Registrar. The schedule for the law men could depend on the number of subjects completed. Then to say that a man belonged to "19—" would mean something; it would stand for a certain amount of progress made and not for the number of sessions already spent in college or the proposed year of graduation. It would tend to discredit the straggler who always has a little work to "make up" in this or that department. If the double check of this system and the formal approval of course of study was applied to all candidates for degrees, the student who has no chance of graduating but who still votes in the senior class elections would be almost eliminated. Give this plan some thought, and we believe you will be driven to the conclusion that it furnishes the only logical solution to the present difficulties.

We are publishing below a letter from an alumnus which explains itself. To many the name of the writer gives sufficient

authority to what he says. Those who are acquainted with his career are certain that he knows whereof he speaks. We can only heartily commend his views and wish that more alumni and students had the real live interest that he has evidenced.

JANUARY 12, 1912.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I have just read in THE MESSENGER an editorial account of the defeats under which Richmond College has been smarting for the past few years, and it makes my athletic, as well as scholastic, heart bleed for those under-graduates *who really have* the good name and fame of the old college at heart. Will you accept a few words from an alumnus who has tasted the bitterness of defeat, as well as the exultation of victory while fighting under the standard of Richmond College? It were worse than foolish for me at this distance, both in years and space, to attempt to place the trouble, but a few questions might help. Can it be that not enough of you men now in college have a sufficiently burning desire to see Richmond College in the front ranks? Not that she should *always* be *first*, not that she should win in every contest, but do enough of the students earnestly desire that she shall be well in the front ranks, with victory often enough to keep the respect and the wholesome fear of her natural rivals? If not, *why* not? That is for you and the present student body to answer.

The trouble cannot be due to lack of numbers, that is too self-evident for discussion; are we willing to acknowledge that it is due to lack of brains or brawn? Has not R. C. in the past, when her students were fewer, stood well to the front both in the forum and on the field, and can it be that her students of today are a weaker lot, mentally or physically? It is not reasonable to suppose so. Can this decadence be due to lack of funds? Hardly, because there is much more money available for athletic needs at present than during the years of '96 to '99, of which I have personal knowledge. A lettered sweater in those days was a curiosity (on our teams), jerseys were almost unknown except when furnished by the individual, and the collection of shoes would have graced any rubbish pile. The A. A. was always

in debt and one year we were tremendously fortunate because an alumnus gave us a hundred and fifty dollars with which to hire a coach for one month! There was no cup to be fought for, and yet that year we licked R. M. well on her home grounds, split even with H. S. and chewed up W. & M., being in turn chewed up by V. P. I. and beaten (not badly) by V. M. I. (Excuse so much reminiscence, old men are even garrulous!)

How about your scrub teams for the last few years? The scrub team is *the* most important factor in turning out a good varsity team from year to year, and the reasons are not far so seek:

1st. It takes the best kind of college spirit to make a scrub and a scrub team stick at their work every day, and the college that has a good set of scrubs is the college where the right sort of *spirit* is present and can be seen and known of all men! To the honest, plugging scrub belongs all honor, and the college at large should not be slow to recognize that fundamental fact. Those men who do not or cannot engage in athletic sports should render honor and encouragement where due and these emoluments are not due least to the scrubs. The management also should bear in mind the real value of the scrubs, and do all in its power to encourage them.

2nd. A strong scrub team is absolutely essential to the first team in order that actual practice of theoretical and signal work may be had, without which actual practice no team is worth a puff when put against a live rival. Richmond College with the numbers present should put on the field every day (for football practice as well as baseball) at least three teams, and if your leaders in college life will see to *that*, you need not fear results, nor need you fear any college in the State. A large number of scrubs means great college spirit and great college spirit will bring out many scrubs; figure out for yourself which is cause and which effect

3rd. The men who have "scrubbed it," *honestly* this year, if they have kept their eyes and ears open, their bodies pure and strong, will make the varsity material next year, not only thus reaping their own outward reward but also helping the varsity reap honor and respect for Richmond College.

The right sort of college spirit must make a man rise above the petty bickerings and selfishnesses peculiar to all college life. A man should consider that his fraternity life has done him harm if it makes him less loyal to his college, or if for his fraternity's sake he should do, or allow to be done, something that is not for the good of the college as a whole. You undergrads will pass that way but once. "Take it from me," as one who has passed through those hallowed paths, that if the undergraduate will make this rule and *hew to it* all through his college days he can look back upon them during after-life with infinitely more satisfaction than the man who slides along one-sidedly. "I am a student of Richmond College and *nothing* that is of interest to R. C. is foreign to me." We could enlarge upon that motto (we alumni), I believe, and show how each student, whether he be ministerial, law or academic, whether he be as strong and valiant as Hercules or the veriest cripple, whether he be an old, bald-headed married man or the freshest youngster from some "prep," we could show from our vantage point of years that each and every man taking the above thought for his motto would be infinitely happier, and more useful to his college during his college course, and would also be able to look back through the years to come without the regrets that many of us now feel because we left undone those things we ought to have done.

The athletic record mentioned in your editorial prompts most of my letter to you, Mr. Editor, but let us also hope that the day has gone forever when we shall see R. C. men pulling down debating cups and winning oratorical medals, such as Bagby did in 1898 when he brought to us the State and all-Southern honors. I do not believe that day has gone, but only that the clouds temporarily darken the sky.

I will not take up more of your time to go into the question of coaches, or the feeling and co-operation between faculty and students, whether they may be improved or not, but if you will just drive home among your leaders the point I have tried to make about the value of the scrub teams, in *all* branches of athletic (also scholastics), I believe one stone will have been placed, and a key stone too, towards building up a more inspiring future for the athletics of Richmond College.

One more word—why not make *some* use of your alumni in rounding out your varsity teams and training your scrubs? You have enough alumni now to call upon to give a few days each during your athletic seasons, who might be used to some advantage by your head coach, more particularly with the green men, leaving the head coach to give his time to the varsity. Of course the alumni cannot all come, but there is not one of them who would not feel honored by an invitation and gladly give a day or two if it is possible. May we look for a better day and a happier editorial in the December MESSENGER for 1912.

Yours very sincerely,

BURNLEY LANKFORD.

[We gladly publish the following.—ED.]

There was a time when the Law School of Richmond College was a very minor part of the institution, and then it was that the practice of merging the two classes into one in the senior year grew, grew and became a precedent. Today every possible advantage of such a union has gone, and yet the two classes, moved, possibly, by a natural aversion to what is new and untried, or what is more probable, never having given the matter serious thought, still follow a custom that is based neither on justice nor common sense.

This is a matter that every student in the college must become interested in, either now or at some future time, and each one would do well to turn to the January issue of THE MESSENGER and read the clear and concise statement of the case given by the editor.

At a meeting of the Junior Law Class (1913) on January 26, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, the interest of the Law and Academic Schools of Richmond College are separate and distinct, and

WHEREAS, we deem it unwise that the Senior Law Class should lose its separate identity by being merged into the Senior Academic Class for organization, therefore, be it

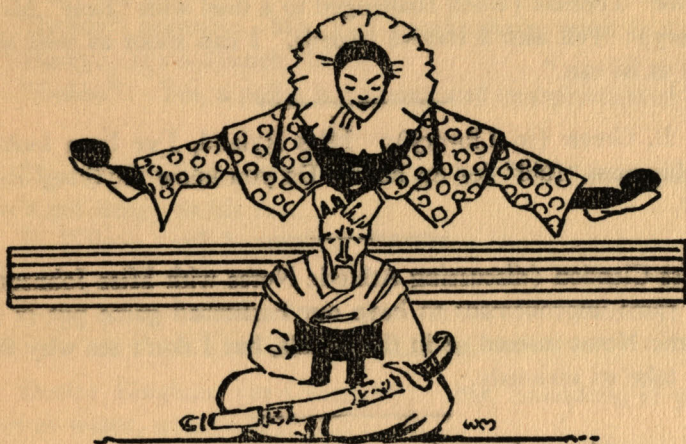
Resolved by the Law Class of 1913:

I. That it is the sentiment of this class that the Law and Academic classes of 1913 should maintain their separate organization, elect their own officers, and have equal representation in the exercises of commencement.

II. That officers of the Annual should be elected by the two classes in a joint session in which the President of the Academic Class shall preside.

III. That a copy of these resolutions shall be communicated to the Academic Class of 1913.

This puts the matter squarely up to the Junior Academic Class, and it is believed that they too will give the plan their indorsement and active support.—R. C. D., *Junior Law Class*.



CAMPUS NOTES.

H. R. E., '12.

The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society has evolved a novel scheme for preparing for "open" nights. See "Jack" Duval for information.

Crymes: What are the black keys on a piano for?

Crabtree: To play on when your hands are dirty, I suppose.

Frightened Co-ed: What is that fearful noise that comes from the Refectory every day? Is it a lion?

Bureau of Information: It is only the Davis Twins; they have "no language but a cry."

J. T. Phillips (aside to Ed. Gwathmey, in History): Who was Brutus Iscariot anyway?

Laurence: Did you see that show at the Empire last week?

O'Neill: Yes, the cynic effects in that last act are wonderful!

"Doc" Thomas (when challenged to a duel with "Beef" Montgomery): Tell him I choose swords. I can shoot as well with them as he can."

C. B. Green (in Library): Miss Ryland, I've been looking for this man "Ibid" for an hour. Do you know anything about him?

Miss Clendon (discussing Athletic Notes with Miss Johnson): It is some improvement to have our basketball game put in the Athletic Notes instead of in the Locals, but I don't see why they can't take us seriously.

Every wide-awake student and alumnus should read the two communications in the editorial department of this issue; they are worth while.

Doctor Loving had demonstrated a hot air engine to Physics A, and then he took up a small steam engine: "Yes, and I can work this one by blowing through it," he said, and proceeded to do so.

Lassiter (eager to learn): Is that a hot air engine too, Doctor?

Coach Martin (at Blues' Armory): Now, Vaughan, you take about twelve laps, just to warm up.

Vaughan Gary: Do you mean me?

Coach: I wouldn't ask anything impossible. I meant Dick Vaughan.

Throckmorton (dressing to go to a wedding): I can understand now how those people must have felt, about whom the Bible says, "Then the prophets rent their clothes"; I rent mine too.

Mintz (preaching about the day of Pentecost): And on that day they baptized three thousand convicts.

"Bobby" Stewart: Mr. Van Landingham, what is a pullet?

Harry: It's a French chicken.

"Bobby": Yes, a pullet is a young and unsophisticated hen.

"Larry" Martin: Meredith is a regular Mercury this year, he's got wings on his feet.

P. Wilson (still hopeful): I'd like to have some too; where did he get 'em?

Larry: From eating those eggs over at the Refectory.

Doctor Bingham (in Chemistry): Mr. Saunders, if you put ice in water, what will it do?

"Little Tip": Sink.

"Froggie" Welsh (addressing Y. M. C. A.): Herodotus tells us of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of a donkey.

Voice from the Crowd: You needn't be afraid, this bunch has been tested.

"Jack" Johnson: The grub at the Mess Hall last month was as big a failure as Corley's Track Season last year.

Harris: How's that?

"Jack": The meat (meet) was too tough a proposition.

The co-eds were entertained at a delightful dance given by some of our Social Luminaries on Wednesday, January 10th. Everybody who attended enjoyed it, and there has been some talk among the co-eds of reciprocating and making it a monthly affair.

OVERHEARD AT THE DANCE.

Bill Luck (a novice at the art): Have you any idea what time it is?

Long-suffering Partner: Oh, it's only ordinary valse-time.

On Friday, January 19th, the two literary societies, Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho, held a joint meeting in celebration of Lee's Birthday. A number of representative students attended and enjoyed a lecture, "Lee as a Citizen," by Prof. D. R. Anderson.

Sophomore Co-ed (dancing with Coach Martin): Oh, have you met the new Coach yet?

He: The Coach! No, who is he?

She: The Track Coach. I'd just love to meet him, but don't you know, I've heard he's just simply awful!

He: Well, here he is, look at him!

P. S.—Owing to the immediate application of smelling-salts, the young lady is now recovering from the shock and will soon be welcomed back into the midst of her friends.

"Jack" Johnson (at Woman's College, about 11:30): If there is anything I do dislike, it's catching cars.

Girl: Yes, I notice you keep putting it off.

Duval (critic in literary society): The gentleman needs a little more force in his debate. Perhaps Eve did not have to use much force when she debated with Adam about the apple in the Garden of Eden, but we have to use force to win.

Gary (very brilliant): Didn't Eve have to raise a little Cain before she won her point?

P. S.—Quick, Watson, the carbolic acid!

The German Club gave its third dance of the season on the evening of January 26th, at the Hermitage Club. Though the night without was dark and cold, it made the warmth and beauty within the more enjoyable. Those of the fair sex were of the fairest, in whose beauty the ardent swains found joy untold. After a German figure, led by "Coach" Larry Martin, all adjourned for a sumptuous supper and after it 1 o'clock came all too soon.

During the month of February the Thomas Lectures will be held twice a week in the Biology Laboratory under the auspices of the Society for Original Research Work and the Suffragette Club. All students cordially invited.

Among the visitors on the campus the past month were Miss Frances Coffee, who came to the Frazer-Ware nuptials, J. G. Barbe, and F. L. Harris.

Just as we go to press the news comes of the death of Col. W. H. Stewart, the father of Prof. R. A. Stewart. THE MESSENGER extends its sincerest sympathy to Dr. Stewart and the other members of the bereaved family. We publish below resolutions of sympathy.

We, the students and former students of Dr. R. A. Stewart, have heard with deepest sorrow of the death of his father, Col. W. H. Stewart. Because of our regard for Dr. Stewart, we desire to offer to him an expression of sympathy in the following resolutions:

I. We deplore this loss, which through our association with him becomes, in a sense, a personal sorrow to each one of us.

II. We feel that the death of Colonel Stewart is not only a loss to his family and immediate circle of friends, but, in a larger way, to the State and the South because of his long and honorable connection with the Confederate Veterans.

III. We pray for Divine consolation upon our friend, his son, and the surviving members of his family, in this hour of their bereavement.

W. B. MILLER,
FRANK GAINES,
G. V. McMANAWAY,
Committee.

February 10th, 1912.



ATHLETICS.

G. W. Blume, '13

Owing to the continuous bad weather that has prevailed since Christmas, all forms of out-door athletics are at a standstill. With no adequate gymnasium for basketball, and with the ice and snow covering the out-door court, all attempts in that direction are frozen up, waiting for more balmy weather.

The Richmond Blues have been kind enough to let us have the use of their armory for indoor track work, and a promising squad of men have been down every evening for practice under the supervision of Coach Martin, the man who has made such an enviable reputation in track and field sports while at the University of Virginia. The kindly and encouraging criticism he gives is bringing out the good points of many of the applicants, and there is no reason why Richmond College should not be heard from in the coming track meets.

The applicants for the team are as follows: R. W. Vaughan (Captain), Gary, Meredith, Wilson, Tillery, Ancarrow, R. I. Johnson, Beale, Trainham, O'Neil, Goldsmith, Crockett, Edmunds, Ellett, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, Gardner, Mattox, Jones, Newton, C. H. Willis, R. M. Willis, Miller, Davison, Mercer, Lewis, Wingfield, and Smith.

From this squad we ought to turn out a strong relay team, and we will make things interesting, to say the least, in the dashes and the mile run. Meredith is doing well in the dashes and somebody is going to have to hustle to pass him. Dick Vaughan is showing his old-time form in the distance running and will come near winning a few points for old R. C.

On February 10th George Washington University holds a track meet in Washington at which the principal universities and colleges throughout the eastern section of the United States will compete. We will be represented by a relay team which will be selected from the following men: Gary, Wilson, Meredith, Ancarrow, O'Neil, and Mercer.

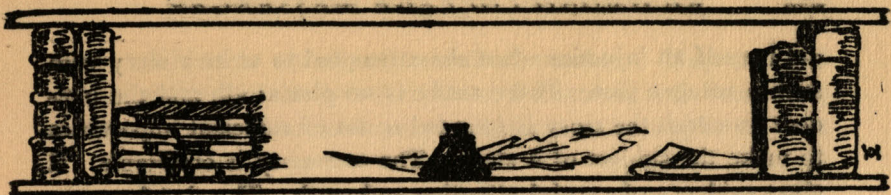
On February 24th the Richmond Blues and Richmond College hold a joint track meet at the Horse Show Building in this city. This will be the biggest event of the season in the way of athletics, and much interest is being shown in the approaching contest. Manager Benton has already secured the entries of a number of schools, colleges and universities, and more are to follow. In fact there will be hardly an institution of any size within any reasonable distance of Richmond that will not be represented. Let every student of Richmond College be on hand at the meet and bring with him his big brother or someone else to help him from getting lonesome. If each of us do our part there is no reason why the coming meet should not be the biggest thing in athletics Richmond has yet pulled off.

In some way the weather man over on Church Hill must have heard that the co-ed freshmen had challenged the co-ed sophomores to a basketball contest. Even the hard heart of the weather man may be prevailed upon with the proper allurements, and so he condescended to let us have a cold but clear day for the great event. Needless to say, every available point of vantage was crowded to its utmost capacity with strenuous swarms of struggling rats and sundry surly sophomores. The details of the event were well looked after. With Coach Coffman as combined ball-tosser, coach, referee, umpire, and head linesman; with Little Tip and Father Riley as timekeepers; and Baby Benton as chief of police and general nuisance, all went merrily as a marriage bell.

The game was hotly contested from the start. For a long time neither side scored, and the contest was in doubt. There was plenty of snap and ginger in the whole game, and it was far more evenly contested than the score, 8 to 1 in favor of the Sophs, would indicate.

There are a few of us old cranks left around college that love any form of athletics for athletics' sake, and we are glad at the interest and enthusiasm these young ladies display in so strenuous and healthful a game. The players were as follows: For the Rats—Misses Johnson, center; Clendon and Gary, guards; Light and Engelberg, forwards.

For the Sophs—Misses Hoover, center; Barnes and H. Gary, guards; Monselle and Anderson, forwards.



EXCHANGES.

G. V. McManaway, '12.

It is with a feeling of sadness and genuine regret that we begin this our last review of the magazines which have brought regularly to our desk breaths of that atmosphere which lies beyond our horizon, for through them we have breathed in the college spirit of every State of the South and caught refreshing whiffs wafted to us from beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

Our task has been a pleasant one. When we were able to praise, we did it gladly, and when we were forced to censure, we did it with a "it-hurts-me-worse-than-it-does-you" attitude.

We have one regret—the real culprit has escaped unscathed. The non-contributor has been directly or indirectly responsible for every weakness that we have been forced to call attention to, and yet, because of the seclusion into which he has thrust himself, he is, as an individual, beyond the reach of the exchange editor. But before taking this final leave of him, however, we can at least relieve our mind somewhat by casting at him that dreaded taunt of childhood which his childish actions so richly deserve: "You're a coward; you're scared."

In this connection we turn to *The Acorn*, a magazine whose quality exceeds its quantity. Of the three stories, we think "A

The Acorn of Misjudged Knight" is best. Its characteri-
Meredith College. zation is especially worthy of praise, since the writer has succeeded in writing of chil-

dren as they really are, a thing hard for most young persons to do. The plot of "Miss Mary Decides" has become somewhat worn, but the story is well written and interesting. The occasional changes of tense tend to detract somewhat from its smoothness. The writer of "The Girls From No. 29"

did herself an injustice when she attempted to write a story with such a meagre plot. There really is no plot at all, and the incident on which the story is founded is not of sufficient importance to make the subject of a story. The one essay is creditable. It gives evidence of careful attention and work. The sketches contain some good bits of description, but the magazine would be more nearly complete had another essay been substituted in their place. We will not attempt to criticise the poetry of *The Acorn*—because there is none. Ditto the alumnae department. Also the exchange department. Likewise the athletic department. The editorial department contains one editorial which voices an appeal to the students for literary and financial aid. Very good; but there should have been more in order that the department be balanced. It seems to us, therefore, that the editors are somewhat responsible for the thinness of the magazine after all.

The *Southern Collegian* is a type of a well balanced, interesting college magazine. Its most attractive feature is its stories, and of these, "The Crisis" excels in vividness and atmosphere. "The Unique Experience of Mrs. Black" is interesting because of its weirdness. Its plot is well conceived and well developed. "A Page From a Freshman's Diary" is unreal and uninteresting. We fail to understand how it got into print. The essay "Use of College Endowment" is logical, and makes interesting reading to the college world. The verse, although not up to the standard set by the stories, deserves praise. Perhaps we were wrong in saying the magazine is well balanced, for the departments are not up to the mark. The exchange department is very short and does not attempt to review but one magazine, while the athletic and alumni departments are entirely lacking.

Without hesitation we pronounce *The Wake Forest Student* the best magazine we have seen this month. We were inclined to view "Letters from the Trenches" as a mere space filler at first glance, but having read them and then counted the three poems, six stories and two essays which the magazine contains, we realized that the "Letters" were really a val-

uable addition to an already excellent number. They are real letters written in the trenches about Richmond and Petersburg during the Civil War, and carry with them an atmosphere of the war which history cannot afford us. We recommend them to our readers. The atmosphere which these "Letters" create adds to the charm of "Mose," the story of the undying love of a slave for his master, and his faithfulness to him even unto death. Such stories are always dear to the heart of Southerners of the young generation as well as the old, and this one is particularly well told. The dialect is perfect, so far as we can judge, but we do wish the writer had left that last paragraph off. Readers like to form their own estimates of the characters they read of, and we feel sure that none would have failed to place Mose with the heroes of his acquaintance. The Southern spirit is summed up in the poem "The Southland." It contains some excellent expressions and has the smooth rhythm and music that the theme suggests. This also ran too long however, for the last two verses not only add nothing to the beauty or completeness of the poem, but their change in meter produces a jarring effect at the end. The other stories are up to the standard of those found in the best college magazines, and "Booreen Mookergee and His Clock" is especially original in conception and interesting. The departments are thorough and full of good matter.

We acknowledge the receipt of our regular exchanges.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. Welsh, '12

Rev. Goodwin Frazer, B. A., '00, and Miss Virginia Ware, B. A., '10, were united in marriage at the Third Christian Church, Richmond, on January 24. They left on a bridal trip and upon their return will reside at Locust Dale, Va., where the groom is pastor of a large field.

A. T. Griffith, B. L., '09, is practicing law with his father at Honaker, Va.

A. W. Robertson, B. L., '08, is practicing law at Beuna Vista, Va.

E. W. Hudgins, B. L., '08, is practicing law at Chase City, Va.

Paul E. Hubbell, B. A., '11, is taking special work this session at Wake Forest College.

J. G. Barbe, B. A., '10, was married on November 1 to Miss Mary Habner of Bristol, Va. Mr. Barbe is pastor of the Baptist church at Fergusson's Wharf, Va.

Carter A. Jenkins, M. A., '05, is pastor of the Spurgeon Memorial Church of Norfolk, one of the most progressive churches in that city.

Robert C. Ancarrow, B. S., '10, is in business in Richmond with his father.

J. B. Terrell, B. L., '09, has charge of the supervision of the graded and high schools in the Department of Public Instruction of Virginia.

P. T. Atkins, B. L., '09, is practicing law at Modras. Ore.

"NEAR GRADS."

Irvin Williams is at present employed by the C. & O. Railway in Richmond.

W. J. Morgan is at Crozer Seminary this session.

L. F. Paulette, winner of the orator's medal, 1911, was recently married and is now pastor of several Baptist churches in Norfolk County.

Sidney Sutherland is in business in Richmond.

