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THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXXVII.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 6

TO A SUICIDE.

T. O. K.

I.

The pitiless, cold winds of March
Upon your tender ears did beat
The cry of little children from afar,
The wail of homeless women on the street,
Cheers for life's victor and the thud of prison bar.
Now come no more the sobs of March.

II.

They say that when the fates above
Would sport, they cause a mortal man to love
All mean and lowly things that men condemn,
And hate exalted sham he cannot stem,
And writhe in bitterness and pain
That when the comedy grows stale and spent,
Even the Gods may pity and relent
And grant unto the lonely man
Courage of heart to end it all.

III.

Some day when from the Infinite
A dearness glorifies life's great unfit,
And life's unhappy love and loss,
The world shall say, "He fell beneath his cross
But here, at last, he proved the man."

IV.

The pitiless cold winds of March
That killed thy soul, brave man we hear
And shivering we start—but God, we fear!
Oh to hear no more the sobs of March!

THE TYRANNY OF LABOUR UNIONS.

L. F. Paulette.

LABOUR Unions, as we know them to-day, grew out of a spontaneous effort on the part of wage-earners to better their condition. They were formed to secure better wages, to gain better conditions with respect to working hours, and to provide for protection against dangerous machinery. The purpose of Labour Unions, in general terms is, to advance the interest of the working men who form them, and perhaps the most important aspect of their work is educational.

The motive which prompted this concerted effort on the part of wage-earners to better their condition is a worthy one; it is even commendable. They have a right to organize in order to secure legitimate compensation for their services, and to place themselves in a position to make contracts with the corporations which will not be to their disadvantage. It was difficult for the individual laborer to do this. But if the unions wish to obtain favor in the eyes of the public they must use lawful means in their dealings with capital. If they resort to violence, intimidation, or boycott, they have no right to expect anything but the disapproval of law-abiding citizens.

The monopolistic tendencies of the labor unions during the last few years, are likely to prove detrimental, rather than beneficial to the best interest of the labouring class as a whole. They endeavor, by means of coercion or intimidation, to bring all the working men under their rules and regulations, or to limit the number of apprentices in a given trade, thereby securing a virtual monopoly for their members, and advance their wages to any point which the demand for their services permits. When unions are instrumental in maintaining higher wages for American workmen in all branches of industry their influence is beneficial, but when they serve to secure a monopoly of the labor supply in a particular trade, thereby obtaining abnormal wages for the labourers in that particular trade, the result is

obtained, as in the case of other monopolies, at the expense of the consumers of the country. Then the labour unions may not be surprised to meet the same criticisms which are levelled against trusts or other monopolies.

Some labour unions, in their efforts to bring the wage-earners of their trade or calling under the rules of the union, show a tyrannical spirit, which tends to deprive the labouring man of the liberty to which he is entitled under the laws of the country. The laws of this country gives the labourer the right to work for whom he pleases, whenever he pleases, wherever he pleases, as long as he pleases, and for whatever compensation he chooses to work, so long as in doing this he does not interfere with the rights of others. Public opinion favors, and public welfare demands the utmost freedom on the part of a citizen to pursue his lawful calling, and when labour unions, by means of coercion or intimidation, cause a working man to refuse the employment by which he may earn the necessities of life for his family, they disregard that spirit of liberty for which our forefathers fought during the Revolution, and which is embodied in the constitution of the United States.

But the most tyrannical spirit of the labour unions is not shown towards the labouring man whom they are supposed to benefit. It is much more manifest in their dealings with capital. They would deprive the manufacturer, whether he be individual or corporation, of the very rights which they claim for themselves. They would dictate to him whom he shall employ, the wages to be paid, and the number of hours which the employee shall work. The manufacturer has a right to control his business as he thinks best, and in a way which will bring him returns commensurate with the capital and energy invested in the enterprise, provided he does so in a manner not inconsistent with the rights of others.

The favorite method to which the labour unions resort to obtain redress for a real or imaginary wrong done by a manufacturer, is the strike, during which they not only disregard the rights and interests of the manufacturer concerned, but they utterly disregard the public welfare, and the rights of individuals, who may occupy a neutral or unsympathetic position.

Take as an illustration the great anthracite coal strike, involving a loss to the coal mining companies of about \$46,000,000. Did this affect only those who had their capital invested in the coal mining industry of Pennsylvania? No, it affected the transportation companies; it affected the labourers in the coal mines, causing them to lose over twenty thousand dollars in wages; it affected the innocent public throughout the country. The fiery-eyed dragon—misery—reached out its talons and gripped the rich and poor alike. The loss sustained by the coal mining companies, the labourers thrown out of work, and the transportation companies, can be estimated in dollars and cents, but the actual suffering of the public occasioned by the shortage of coal in the dead of winter, and the resulting high price of fuel, cannot be measured in terms of money.

If the evils of the strike are bad, those of the sympathetic strike are worse. If the union involved cannot secure what they wish they will call a sympathetic strike, in the face of which all kindness, consideration and liberality on the part of the employer go for nothing. His workmen may be entirely satisfied, yet they strike and paralyze his business to show their sympathy for some other workman in another part of the country, who has been subject to ill usage on the part of his employer. This is carrying sympathy to an absurd extreme. Had the program gone through, as planned during the Philadelphia strike last year, the shoe factories of Lynn, the carpet mills of Yonkers, the silk mills of Patterson, the steel mills of Pittsburg, and the packing houses of Kansas, would have ceased to operate in order to show their sympathy for the street car men in Philadelphia. This sympathetic strike is aimed at the entire public, thus confounding in its disaster the innocent many with the guilty and responsible few.

They utterly disregard the health and comforts of others. They will stop the milk wagon and turn a deaf ear to the pitiless cries of the hundreds of helpless infants whose lives are dependent upon their daily supply of fresh milk from the dairy. They will order the grocery man and the butcher to refuse the absolute necessities of life, regardless of the hungry families of those who have done them no injury. For the advantage of the few

involved they will imperil the life of multitudes and destroy the comforts of the rest. There is nothing uplifting in any such method of dealing with capital, indeed, nothing moral on any scheme of ethics. It is downright selfishness and cruelty, unjustifiable on any grounds.

Statistics show that these strikes are increasing in number every year, and the loss of life and the destruction of property which accompanies them should arouse the economists of the day, and make them and the peace-loving people of the country do all in their power to put a stop to this warfare between capital and labour. Instead of having one monopoly to contend with, as was the case before the organization of labor, we now have two, and like savage beasts they wage their atrocious warfare, at the expense, discomfort and inconvenience of the innocent public. And the intelligence of the twentieth century rise up against such a method of settling difficulties.

The laboring man will best get justice, not by resorting to violence or intimidation; not by mob rule and the destruction of life and property; not by means of guns and dynamite; but by winning the favor and co-operation of the citizens of this republic to such an extent that we will have as the result, legislation adequate to protect the rights of the wage-earner.

WHAT MAN LOVES NOT.

M. W. B.

HE saw her and declared her beautiful; he met her and thought her charming; he called and *knew* that he loved her. And yet he was not an exceptional man. Not at all; he was merely a man. The *ego* was very pronounced. Nor was that strange, for I have said that he was just an everyday, commonplace *man*. But the wonder was that the girl could return his love, for she had proved herself rather unapproachable. However, his dart had pierced the vulnerable heel and the girl, like Desdemona, fancied that in him her ideal lived. So she fancied and fancied and, womanlike, was finally convinced. Hers was an intense soul and when she had satisfied herself that *Reason* was appeased, she proceeded to love blindly, unconscious of the infirmity. His love filled her soul and made her happy. She thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night. No, not of him, but of what she had pictured him to be.

Her love for him magnified his *ego*.

"Why, man," he confided to a friend "it's great to have a woman like that love you. It makes you feel you're somebody. She's the kind of wife a man's looking for, the clinging vine type, you understand, the kind that defers to your *superior* judgment. Just today she asked my advice on some charity hospital plans she's got on foot. She's the kind that'll have your slippers toasted for you. How's that for a future, old chap?"

The friend smiled but said nothing. He had known the girl a long while and dreaded to disillusion the enthusiast. The *man* straightened his necktie and went to the pool-room, the picture of contentment. It is true that he was a little disconcerted because the *girl* had given this evening to a charity-board meeting instead of to him. He began to think the matter over and soon decided that there were too many meetings. She

must give them all up for *him*. Yes, he would speak to her about it. At ten he called her over the 'phone.

"Back, are you? . . . Successful meeting you say? . . . What about a spin tomorrow afternoon? . . . Oh, hang the Thanksgiving box. The poor won't miss it. . . . Well, if you must. . . . All right, I'll call tomorrow night. . . . Good-bye."

It ruffled the man not a little when he turned away from the 'phone and saw his friend standing within hearing distance. It was still more inconsiderate for that ever present friend to make no effort to conceal an amused smile. Well, after tomorrow night things would be different. He would show the world how a clinging vine could be trained to cling. It was all a trying mistake tonight, but tomorrow—

The man happened to be a physician and it also happened that he was called early the next morning to the Children's Hospital. One little girl clung to a flaxen-haired doll and her pale blue eyes glowed with happiness. There were flowers everywhere and every little face was beaming.

"Who brought you your doll, little girl?" asked the *man*.

"A beautiful lady," the child replied, "who comes everyday. I don't know her name, but we all love her so!"

The nurse told who she was and the *man* looked troubled. She had been coming every day and had never told him. It was indeed strange!

"The children adore her," the nurse went on, "and so do we. They say she's very rich but gives all her time and money to others. And honestly, I don't believe she knows the meaning of the word *selfish*."

Bur the *man* went home still troubled. His "Castles in Spain" were collapsing and his *ego* was being threatened.

That night he told her once more that he loved her, that he wanted her as his *solace*, that he must have her always near him, to talk to him, to read to him. Oh, yes, it all sounded very well and the *girl* listened spell-bound, not realizing how selfishly he had asked all, promising to give nothing in return. Oh, well! It was not at all strange. He was just a man and she a very extraordinary woman.

"I had a call to the Children's Hospital today," he said. "You had just left and the poor little unfortunates were all talking of you. It's a grand work I know, all right for old maids and suffragettes, but you are made for other things. When a woman marries, husband and home should be her first, her only thought. You can give it all up for me. Can't you, dear?"

The *girl* looked into her lap—her cheeks burned crimson and she toyed nervously with the corner of her handkerchief, but she was silent. The *man* could not know that the light was breaking and misunderstood. Well, he was only a man and intuition not his heritage.

Later he met his friend at the club.

"Well, old chap, a cigar! By the way, I saw her and we had a splendid evening. I believe she'll give up all that charity rot and be the kind of wife our grandfathers tell of."

"Times have changed," said the friend, and bit off the end of a new cigar. "I want you to come with me tomorrow night and hear a great speech."

They went. The friend explained on the way—

"The working women have nine-hour days, the men, eight. Some members of the Legislature are trying to pass a ten-hour bill for women. A few of our best citizens are fighting it."

A man was speaking when they entered and the crowd was hissing him. A woman rose next, a woman whose very bearing commanded respect. Her eyes were mellow and trustful. There was in them that great faith and love that the *man* had mistaken for dependence. Her audience was *with* her when she began to speak; they were *hers* when she ceased. As a result, the bill was defeated. But the *man* was troubled. He left his friend and went home in the girl's carriage.

"I heard your speech," he said.

"And you didn't approve," she replied faintly. "I am so sorry you came."

"If I had known I should not have come. You were eloquent, but you should think of what it means. You make yourself conspicuous. You must never do it again."

"I was not thinking of myself," she said brokenly. "I know

something of the suffering of those women, how they are being dragged by poverty and weariness into crime or death."

"But you love *me* enough to give it up?" he asked.

"I wonder," she said quietly "what *love* means to a man. I once thought that *love* was a mutual giving up, a synonym for *self-abandonment*. Yet you say that you love me. Love means a blending of interests. We have been mistaken, sadly mistaken. You must forgive me and I shall forgive you. Good-bye. It is better so.

"Yes, better so," he echoed and sought the club.

His friend was smoking as usual. The *man* took a cigar, and lit it.

"I went home with her," he ventured at length.

"Yes?"

"And it's all over."

"Yes!"

"She's a fine woman and I do admire her."

"Yes." (It was the friend's habit to agree.)

"This old world couldn't wag without her, but that type is made for us to respect and admire but not for us to love."

"Yes, yes," said the friend and sighed.

YOU AND I.

Henry W. Wilkins, '11.

WE came into this green old world naked, we go out with a soul that has bared itself to the universe.

Life is a process of coming and going, and our first and last condition is nakedness. Go out in the morning with the blue sky above you and the sun rising like a god's chariot above the dark outline of the distant trees and then note the absurdity of your artificialities.

But every man is a tiny world.

Some little corner of his personality lives in its own dreams, and cherishes its own lovely illusions stronger than any fact of the outer world.

But the world is no mental abstraction.

It's a reality.

Yet the world is largely a reflection of the man. It was an old Grecian philosopher who once said "Man is the measure of all things."

Yes, we reach about in the dark, until one day the consciousness of our own valuing powers dawns in upon us. And then the world seems terribly real—a magnificent fabric born of our mental life, but real matter, life giving objective forces none the less.

On that day of mental dawn, you look before you and there is the eternal I, you look after you and you see that unquenchable I, you look all around, above you, below you and there is reflected in every corner, in every mysterious crevice of the universe that fearful I, I, I, I, I.

A brilliant Frenchman once wrote that "Art is a piece of the universe seen through a personality."

So is life.

Life sees itself in the unmisted mirrors of the world.

No man can escape himself.

Go to the bleak, barren hills of some far-off distant land and the I is with you.

Go to the lonely, burning deserts and the I will leave you not.

Go to some unknown isle and crouch low in some dark and unseen cave where the waves of the sea moan unceasingly and the I will haunt you there.

Throw yourself over some dark, dreadful abyss and mangle your body into lifelessness upon the rocks below and the I lives on, mingled in the great processes of the world.

What you have done remains as an imperishable part of what the world has accomplished.

The human life lives on even after the gaunt spectre of death has sneered it off the great life stage. It bequeaths what it was to the world's engrossing drama.

We are tiny worlds in ourselves, but the ever-present human I leaves its best and worst to the evolutionary movement of society.

Strange paradox indeed! If human beings are essentially egoistic, they are inevitably altruistic.

We live in ourselves, but we give ourselves to the great world outside of us.

The consciousness of the ego rises with the consciousness of the alter.

It is just as natural to be altruistic as it is to be egoistic, and it is just here that we merge ourselves into the great life process, the evolutionary movement, the ever-changing cosmos.

Just as the invisible atoms of that piece of matter are distinct individualities and the whole mass crushes them to its own uses, so we, living in the quiet of our own personalities, by the constant friction of wills that emit character, by battling with the elements, become an integral part of society, of the whole cosmos.

Then it dawns upon us that we are a part of this gigantic scheme of things.

Life is one.

We cannot escape the alter.

Go to your room away from men and sit beside your fire with

a book, and the brain and personality of the author becomes a part of you.

Go to your breakfast and the life energies of a hundred souls, the slavery of fathers, the haunting care of mothers, the cry of babes is the cost of your bread.

Man does not live by bread alone, he lives by human toil and blood.

Go into the rainy streets at night and the glare of the street lamps that guide you will remind you that it cost men great drops of blood, the stifling of a thousand souls in gas tanks—the tragedy of countless high desires.

Fly from the city and its stream of living men, and the train that carries you means a million years of progress, struggle, human achievements and labor.

Go to the country and wander all day in the cool shades of some orchard and even as you wander you will see the farmer toiling with the earth.

You cannot escape the alter.

Life is a unity.

There are conflicting desires, unlike opinions, different personalities, but the world evolves by these differences.

If the lowest man is enchained in slavery, he will enslave those who fancy they are free.

The hand of the unfortunate and fated reaches out and drags us from our light into his dark.

There is no salvation for the individual.

If you would be free all must be free.

You must emancipate all.

The chains that bind the poor man to industrial slavery will bind you in your fancied freedom.

While there is a man who dares not think, intellectual slavery threatens you.

While woman's virtue is a commodity, no girl is safe. They are slaves to fear if not to degradation.

While one man is a slave, none are free.

Life is a unity.

You cannot escape it.

Sordid?

Yes, but how can you expect a beautiful, spiritual life to bloom when such things are real?

We will never know the worth of true spirituality until the means of human existence are secure.

Worry the live-long day about the next meal or the landlord's rent and if you give any thought to virtue, nobility and high desire, you will not be of us humans.

You will be an angel.

Life is one.

The ego is imperishable, but the alter is man's interpreter, too.

Modern man is only possible because humanity has struggled through the terrors of unknown land, of centuries of achievement and eons of toil and sweat.

Modern man *is* because the ages *were*.

The past has produced us, made us what we are. Mock not the days of stage coaches.

Life is one.

Forget not that the prince is a slave while the pauper is enchained, that the millionaire is never safe while the mass is economically insecure.

All are governed by the same blind laws of progress.

The millionaire can no more escape the mocking slavery of his money idol than the laborer his long, weary hours in a sweat shop for scarcely a living.

Not some, but all need emancipation; religious emancipation as well as physical, industrial as well as social.

If you would be an hero, you must grind yourself to nullity in the great life process, in the magnificent march of man.

Not all the theatric and spectacular sacrifices of our heroes from the Man of Sorrows to our latest victim can equal the conscious sacrifice of a man to the great unified life process. He who sacrifices best is he who comes into harmony with it best.

Living is man's greatest sacrifice.

He then leaves himself, his energies to the world.

It requires greater courage to live for the world than to die for man.

Tom Paine and Voltaire lived, Socrates and Jesus died.
Tom Paine fought and lived for human liberty, Jesus died for it.

It's all a great struggle—darkness, ignorance and vice on one side, virtue, truth and enlightenment on the other.

But the struggle leads on to greater things.

The old dies that the new may live.

Man is linked to man.

Life is one.

ALMA MATER.

W. V. Hawkins, '14.

(Winner of prize for best college song.)

Come, sons of Richmond, let us sing,
And lift our hearts in praises now;
And choicest garlands with us bring,
And place upon fair Richmond's brow.
And rally, loyal sons and true,
Beneath old Richmond's Red and Blue,
'Round our dear Alma Mater.

She's old Virginia's precious gem,
And beams her gleaming light afar;
The radiant jewel of heaven's realm,
Our beacon light and guiding star.
And may her name forever live;
To her our hearts, our lives, we give,
To our dear Alma Mater.

Death can not sever, nor can time,
The tender love we have for thee;
We worship at thy hallowed shrine,
And keep thee close in memory.
And here's love's vow that we'll be true
To dear old Richmond's Red and Blue,
To our dear Alma Mater.

When hearts that love shall cease to beat,
And cross o'er to the victor's shore,
We'll lay our trophies at thy feet,
And give thee praise for evermore.
If aught our lives shall ever be,
All we owe to old R. C.,
Our own dear Alma Mater.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER: A MONOLOGUE.

B. W.

Time: Commencement Night, 1941.

Place: 52 Ryland Hall, if it had remained standing.

THIRTY years ago to-night—it's a long time, my boy. Strange things have happened since then. Well, as I was saying, thirty years ago tonight, I came into this old room, gave a violent yell or two, picked up a worn-out shoe, staved it at my room-mate's head and knocked his derby across the room, then sat down to the comforts of my cob pipe. Of course, he swore a time or two, but it didn't amount to much. He often had to let off a little surplus energy that way.

No, I thank you, Joe, I'll just sit in this chair close by the window here. It's hot to-night and I want to get thoroughly cooled off before I go down to the chapel. Excuse me; I was about to forget you smoked. Have a cigar? These are fine ones. Strange you should graduate on the thirtieth anniversary of your father's and my graduation. I have often longed before to get back—to be even on this side of the ocean again. And to think that your father shouldn't have lived to see this night! Well, the ways of Providence are full of wisdom, they say. I'm glad you got your father's old room. We loved this old room, Joe. They used to call it the "Devil's Den" in those days. I suppose it's been purged before now. We planned many a time within these walls to create new worlds, dethrone the Almighty and so on. I've often wished that some of our conversations had been recorded with a graphophone. They would have whiled away many an idle hour for me over in the Philippines.

Yes, I wish you would light the lamp—thank you. Ah! this looks natural. I see you have the same old flowered curtains on your wardrobe, that we used for four years. You see those ink spots? One night your father and I had a dispute about a

certain girl. Your father lost his temper and threw the ink bottle at me. It missed me all right, but there happened to be no stopper in it, and those spots are the result—they've told their tale, or rather kept their secret for thirty-two years.

That old door doesn't seem to have changed one bit. Your father nailed those strips of board over the key-hole so we could play cards instead of studying Math. and Chemistry. I suppose nothing like that ever happens now, eh? Wonderful, delirious days were those. I wish you could have known your father then. I think he was never himself again after he left college. Well, he saw life differently from the way I looked at it, so he went his way, and I mine, but I tell you, my boy, that was the sorest trial of my life.

I see you have a new carpet instead of the old one we left. There were only a few threads left between the holes when we got through with it, anyway. Much of this furniture looks familiar. I believe—yes, that's my old rocker, all patched up with cord. The result of another of our escapades. We were feeling fine, got to wrestling, rolled over the chair and broke one of the rockers. There it stands to tell its tale. Strange, isn't it? And that table—ah! see those marks? Yes, here are my initials, and your father's. I cut them with a pen-knife your mother gave me for a birthday present, once. The knife has long ceased its usefulness, but I see its marks remain. I guess you'd sell that table, wouldn't you? I'd give you my arm for it if you'd ask it.

Oh, no, this chair's very comfortable, I thank you. You may hand me a match if you will. I've let my cigar go out. I see you use a new kind of tobacco—we used to keep Tuxedo boxes strewn around the room in our college days. Yes, I've heard this is an excellent brand, but I'd ask no more than to find my cob pipe lying around here and a box of Tuxedo hid away.

Well, it's getting late; we must go down soon. These pictures on the wall all seem new. We couldn't afford such art then. Ah! this picture on the mantel—I suppose it's your mother, is it not? Of course she has aged since I saw her, but I could never forget those features. And that young girl—she's your sister,

I see. Yes, her mother over again. Just like she looked the night I went to see her after I made that ninety-yard run in the championship game with Randolph-Macon. It won the game and I found myself a hero. Your mother laid her hands on my shoulder and said, "I'm so proud of you, Bob." She was beautiful, very, very beautiful then, and those were happy days, Joe. I shall never forget them.

This is our book-case, standing in the corner where we left it. Yes, here are our standbys, "Origin of Species" and "Reveries of a Bachelor." Don't let me detain you if you have to go. I'm liable to tarry just a little too long tonight. I see the door we left swinging to that washstand is gone. But there are those brass headed tacks I drove in there one Sunday. The oil cloth covering is badly worn, I notice.

Ah! the clock is striking. I must go down. I want to buy that table, understand? Yes, they used to call it the "Devil's Den," but I believe it's just plain 52, now. Remember, tonight. Have another cigar?

A COUNTRY HAY RIDE.

G. W. Blume, '12.

“HEY stranger, goin’ along this ’yere way very fur?” inquired Squire Joshia Perkins reining up his team as he passed a way-farer who was evidently from the city, judging by his dress, but who was having a very disagreeable time floundering along through the mud with his heavy suit case.

“Cayse if ye war,” continued Uncle Josh, as he was familiarly known, “ ’lowed as I might’n give ye a life.”

“My destination is the farm of Mr. Solomon Hicks whose——”

“Hey?” said Uncle Josh, who was exceedingly deaf, “Whur be yer a goin’?”

“I just now briefly informed you——” began the city man.

“Berkley Farm, ye say, hey?” cut in Uncle Josh. “Why stranger that’s three mile the other side o’ Spoutsville. Ol’ Seth Smith, he keeps——”

“Why, my dear sir, you misunderstand me,” said the city man. “The home of Mr. Solomon Hicks is the culmination of my——”

“Hey, who?” inquired Uncle Josh, bending close to the stranger’s mouth.

“Solomon Hicks,” yelled the other in a voice that made the old team start off in a lope.

“Woah ’er Nan, O yes, ol’ Sol Hicks, yes, wal, wal, he an’ I war boys tergether, both us’uns went tergether on many a ’coon hunt, and ter every huskin’ bee an pertractered meetin’ in fifteen mile uv here. Now Sol and me wuz——”

“Beg your pardon, but how far is it to Mr. Hick’s house?” inquired the stranger.

“Nigh onter a mile and a haf,” informed Uncle Josh. “As I war a sayin’, one day Sol and me wuz startin’ over to Sawyer’s ville fer to——”

"What's that over by those dilapidated remains of a——" began the traveler.

"Yes, been 'er rainin' right smart here lately," answered Uncle Josh. "Roads air gettin' purty miry."

The stranger was silent for a minute.

"Young man, where air ye comin' frum?" inquired Uncle Josh.

"From Petersburg."

"Hey?"

"Petersburg."

"U—hum what county air it in?"

"I'll be blessed."

"Pulasky?"

"No," yelled the other. The team stopped obediently.

"Gid-dap here Nan, go 'long thar Bill, y' 'tarnal critters," urged Uncle Josh. "Wal, stranger what d'ye work at down that, kin ye plow?"

"Well, hardly, I pursue the vocation of collector."

"Wal, what do y' do fur a livin'?"

"I'm a collector of rents and——"

"Conductor, hey, kin ye run one o' them kind er keyers I've hearn Hiram Crawford's niece tell about, electric keyers, I believe?"

"Can't you hear?"

"Kinder skeered y' say?"

"You blamed old turnip," muttered the irate traveler, "you certainly are a curiosity."

"Yep, it do need greasin'" admitted Uncle Josh, "pulls extry hard in these here mud holes."

"Say, stranger," said Uncle Josh after a pause, "what be yer name if I moughtn't be so bold as ter ask?"

"E. Percivalle Somerset," answered the other.

"Hey? Yep, I uster could when I war a boy, and could turn han' springs 'n skin ther cat, but the rheumatiz hez stiffened me up and I ain't active like I uster war onst, but I war askin' fer yer name."

The stranger took out his card case and handed the old man

a card. Uncle Josh took it, scrutinized it carefully on both sides and finally inquired, "Where's the show, hey?"

"What!"

"What's this a ticket to?"

"Well, I'll—hey, you cabbage, save that till next summer and send it to the Weather Bureau at Washington, and they will send you six thunder-showers carefully packed in excelsior, guaranteed under the——"

"Hey?"

"What do you take me for—something to feed your cows?"

"Hey?"

"Oh you conglomerated concoction of idiocyncrasies."

"Yep, we had a good crop last fall. The ol' woman put up nigh onter a hundred quarts besides havin' a plenty fer the table and sich."

"Look here, old man, how much farther before I reach my destination?"

"It shore do," agreed Uncle Josh, "seems as though they're wuss in fly-time then any other time o' the year."

"Mary had a little lamb, its fleece——" began the stranger.

"That was what I war agoin' to ask y', what be yer comin' out here in the summer fur?"

"I'm on my vacation."

"Who vaccernated ye?" questioned Uncle Josh. "It never would took on me."

"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's——"

"Yep, they do keep up a powerful fuss, mighty good tree-dogs howsumever, the boys all tell me; hev a chaw?"

"No thanks."

"How long yer goin' fur ter stay?"

"Tell me not in mournful numbers

Life is but an empty dream,

And the——"

"Wal, I'll be swiggered! ejaculated Uncle Josh, "much obleeged, I hadn't noticed it was on-hooked befur." Uncle Josh pulled in his team and carefully climbed over the dashboard and fastened the trace-chain, "Ef we hadn't er been goin' down grade, we'd a' noticed it befur now."

"Air ye married?" inquired Uncle Josh as he clambered into his seat.

"No."

"Mighty purty gal next farm ter Sol's. She air shore the belle uv Simmon's Creek."

"Ah, I see, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes.'"

"Yaas, yaas, the ol' man's dead. Died more'n three year ago. He had just et a hearty dinner uv dumplin's en sech, and wuz fordin' Crockett's Run, when his hoss stumbled an' threwed him off'n into the water. Poor Jeb, they never found him. Some es orter know sez them dumplin's wuz what held him under."

"I reckon that's a near joke, isn't it?"

"Yust the next farm t' yer."

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I——"

"Hey?"

"Hey! yes Hey!"

"Hey?"

"Eat it, you potato, I'm going to walk the rest of the way."

"Hey?"

A CERTAIN DRAMATIC REALIST.

Henry W. Wilkins, '11.

THE drama makes its appeal to the crowd, not to the individual. Because of this it is not possible to fashion it by the same rules that govern other arts, all of which are individualistic in their appeal. This is the first lesson for young and aspiring dramatists to learn, for, unless he recognizes this distinction of appeal, his aims in the realm of drama are doomed to failure. Tennyson, the poet of perfection; Shelley, the dreamer of ethereal worlds; Browning, the master of the mind; Stevenson, the teller of delightful tales, each failed when they tried to make a real drama.

Those mighty figures in the dramatic realm—Sophocles, Shakespeare and Moliere—have understood the real drama's appeal, and hence they, with an unfaltering insight into the mysteries of their art, have written frankly for the multitude. The lyric poet has to please none but himself, the novelist addresses himself to individuals, and he may choose the individual he shall write for, but the dramatist must please the many and is therefore at the mercy of the mob mind. It is a matter of group, social and mob psychology with the dramatic artist.

The eyes of a crowd are quicker than their ears and thus there is some psychological basis for the maxim that in the theatre action speaks louder than words. This also gives the reason why plays of which the audience does not understand a single word are frequently successful. Sarah Bernhardt's performance of *La Tosca* has always aroused enthusiasm in London and New York, where the audience as a whole did not understand one word of the language.

The mind of the crowd also has a keen susceptibility to emotional contagion. Read Sheridan's *School for Scandal* at home alone, and although you will likely appreciate its delicious humor, it is difficult to imagine you laughing over it yourself.

Lose yourself in a theater crowd and a hearty laugh will be forthcoming. But if the crowd is more emotional than the individual, it is at the same time more sensuous. It has, as one critic aptly expresses it, "the lust of the eye and of the ear—the savage's love of gaudy color, the child's love of soothing sound. It is fond of flaring flags and blaring trumpets. Hence the richly costumed processions of the Elizabethan stage many years before the use of scenery, and hence in our own day the success of pieces like "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Rose of Rancho." Color, light and music are elemental and this is the reason for the vogue of musical comedy with its pretty girls and gaudy scenery, its fairy dances and tripping melodies. The mob craves the sensual and the real.

The stage is life because life is a stage. In this is found the origin of the stage instinct. The stage is a miniature world with actors as the men and women. The Greeks represented the gods as seated on the brow of Olympus watching the clash of human wills, the play of cross purposes that makes up the whole fabric of our life. The world was a drama, an amusing tragedy for the gods who awaited with ironic smiles that fifth act in every life called Death. One critic suggests that "the whole story of Eden is theatric. The curtain goes up in a paradise. It falls with the triumph of the serpent and the stentorious judgment pronounced from an unseen god hidden in the wings of consciousness."

Thus the drama is a miniature re-enactment of the fated form of the world and only by its fidelity to life can we measure its grandeur. To life, not as it lives in our dreams, nor as it looms in our moments of supreme idealism, not as we have it in those days of unguarded hope that weaves lovely utopias in the land of nowhere, not as Shelly would see it in the fair clime of sunlight nothingness, but life as it exists in the cold, terrible, unmisted world, life as only the ruthless intellect can see it—feelingless and mysterious, ghostly and grim, as sinister as the portals of hell touched by the cold glory of our god-like outreachings. This crushing, hopeless game of chance, this whirlpool of fate caprices, this ageless parley with the fearful, heartless fates, the unmeaning, eyeless, unmoral, noiseless

forces that threaten to crush every purpose, every ideal, every god-like murmur into nullity at any moment—this whole meaningless game of chance; this is the theme of every great play.

All the great dramatists have watched with tearless eyes this world game, this "tale told by an idiot," and every great drama has played this game, this thwarting power of circumstance, this stinging fang of a tearless necessity. The Greeks interpreted all in the light of destiny, Shakespeare in the light of fatality and Ibsen in the light of law. Destiny, fatality, law—all mean the same thing.

Brunetiere has declared that "there can be no tragedy without a struggle; nor can there be genuine emotion for the spectator unless some other deed greater than mere physical life is at stake." You will remember that George Eliot said the same things some time before. That a tragedy is only realistic and vital when it crushes the soul and by soul is meant all of man's aspirations, ideals, emotions and aims. Now it is in great soul tragedies that Ibsen deals. They are soul dramas. His idea was spiritual realism. To make his idea clear he used symbols.

Ibsen has been called the preacher of anarchy, has been shunned as the debaser of the moral coin. The man who would question his angelless blood and the brutal deviltry of his soul was an infidel and an anarchist. His enemies have tried to frighten us with names and labels. If Ibsen is a pessimist, like all sane pessimists he believes in the ultimate goodness of mankind. If he is a realist, yet his dramas glitter with the golden chords of imaginative symbolism. And George Brandes aptly says that "A Pegasus was early killed under him, but there remains a rich remnant of poesy." But his poetry is incidental, his spiritual anarchism necessary.

Born among the bleak, barren hills of Scandanavia, his alert imagination ever heard and felt in his environment those wild, enticing groans of the dying Balder moaning around the snow-white brows of the mountains. The gods of the north, those tragic symbols of human destiny wandered white with the chilling realities of an uncertain future around his humble home and

ever they beckoned him out into the wintry wilds that he might discover his true self. But discovering himself was not all, he must go farther and become the ardent exponent of that anti-Christ doctrine—express thyself. Ibsen was not like other people, he was a revolutionist and worst of all for himself, unconventional. But all revolutionists are queer people.

Ibsen's youth was embittered. He was always that same proud, aristocratic nature, reticent; he waged war with life for over half a century. It was a terrible struggle and like the misunderstood Richard Wagner, that charming, though masculine wizard of sweet sounds and the supersensuous Alex Dumas, he fought stubbornly for his artistic ideals. When Richard Wagner made his music a terrible masculine protest against the established order of society and religion the world held up its hands in holy horror. You will remember that Dumas' "*La Dame aux Camelias*" was prohibited for over a year, and "*Diane de Lys*" for eighteen months. "*Le Demi Monde*" written for the *Theatre Francais*, was styled "impossible, dangerous and abounding in monstrosities." Not only had the young dramatist to contend with general disapprobation, but even the *parlirre* rose more than once in anger against this unscrupulous and shameless moralist. His only sin was that of exposing the conventional ideal of woman to ridicule. For this same thing, Ibsen was laughed out of doors by the higher critics. Oh no, they would not suffer the killing of romance. How terrible! it stifles the poetry of life. What shall we do with our ethereal Shelley or the poetic legend of our dear old Tennyson? But realism has not entirely stifled poetry, it has merely changed its character and withal made it more human. There are "no more great heart-throes, sublime meeting-grounds of sentimental rhetoric—neither vague romantic melancholy, with its passionate metaphysics, dithyrambs or blasphemies, nor triumphant hymns of faith and outbursts of turbulent theatrical despair." Ibsen saw this. How impossible in the old iron-clad drama, the chains of which Ibsen so heroically broke, how impossible were such expressions as Luther's "I overturn the world in drinking my mug of beer," or Cromwell's "I have a

king in my sack and a parliament in my pocket," or Napoleon's "Let us wash our soiled linen at home."

Ibsen's belief in the all-pervading individualism of his is rather naive and antiquated. Emerson and Nietzsche were his spiritual kin. Yet the magnificent egoism of Max Stirrer in his "My truth is *the* truth" was far in advance of Ibsen. A cry went up from Ibsen for freedom. Schiller, Goethe, Dumas before him had felt it. Every true soul feels it.

Ibsen was the master of the drama, his art is delicate and beautiful. The truth is his shibboleth. He lifted the ugly to heroic heights; the ignoble he analyzed with the cold ardor of a moral biologist—the ignoble, that "sublime of the lower slopes" as Flanhart put it. And in our modern drama no influence is so strong, so sure, so lasting as that of Ibsen's. His ideas infect the young man, his art grips and lasts, and it is to Ibsen that we owe certain revolutionary departures in the world of dramatic art that have been made for the best.

THE OUTCASTS.

Walter Beverly, 'II.

THERE are only thirty-seven stories worth telling and thirty-six of them are unprintable. I have told the other so many times that I am tired of it, and for once in my life I intend to tell the truth, and thus experience a novel sensation. Between the lines I have put a story intended for those who have ears to hear.

Have you heard of the Little World? It is included in the circle of the Great World, and lies just within its threshold. Now you know where it is, hear what it is.

It is occupied mainly by the Gang. Preceptors, prophets, lawyers, and a few Scribes and Pharisees also tarry there. The kings and princes of the place are furnished mostly by the prophets and their clique. Sometimes one of the Gang sneaks in and takes up the sceptre. The little World may have been a republic, but the Plague of Politics has made it an oligarchy.

One day an invisible wolf, Financial Stringency, broke into the kingdoms, and singled out an illustrious bard and a subtle philosopher, both doughty members of the Gang. These were Sweetsinger and Germanicus. That night at the Assembly of those who speak speeches, these men tearfully told the cruel story, saying that they were going on a long journey to the Great World, and would never come back again. We had seen men at the end of their Fourth Year leave, and we knew that that was sad, but to see fellows leave at the beginning of their Fourth Year—can you wonder at the sadness of our sad, sad souls, and do you marvel that the lips of both Sweetsinger and Germanicus trembled a little, and that tear-drops glistened?

The King sat in his great chair, and bade the two farewell. We worshipped this King, for though he neither could tell tales, sing songs, nor make philosophies, he towered head and shoulders above us all. His name was Orna Mentor. Right

glad was Orna Mentor to see Sweetinger go, for he believed that then he himself might be called to rule over the Kingdom of Singers and tale tellers. From his birth, Sweetsinger had aspired to such a position.

We laughed, and told King Orna Mentor to go back to his wars and help us wage our battles against our enemies. We told him that his ear was not fine enough to distinguish good songs from bad ones, and one of his followers, a man of great influence, arose and said that our King's great ear never failed to detect every note of the bugle in a battle, and that therefore he would gracefully rule over those who write with pens and pencils.

All men know that as soon as Sweetsinger was gone, King Orna went to work and laid the foundation of a revolution designed to set himself on the coveted throne, whether or no. Most of us declared ourselves his men. There were a few others besides Orna, Sweetsinger, or Germanicus even who were able to sit on this throne, deemed by many the most honorable one among us, but through sheer modesty they came not out. Politics ravaged the land. Things were going Orna's way.

Before the Coronation was to come off, Sweetsinger came suddenly back to the Little World, and said that he had left the wolf on the other side of the Red Sea. He said also that he was now ready to take the sceptre and hear the songs and stories of his people. Greatly surprised was he to learn that our good giant, King Orna, was running for that office himself.

Those of us who believed in Orna's sagacity, thought that he would now retire and give place to Sweetsinger who had toiled faithfully in that work until his head was grey. Orna himself did not even profess to sing songs or tell tales—he did not even interest himself in these things. Never in his life had he written anything except epistles and a few essays—these last only at the stern command of the King of the English Department. His essays were good, but I do not love soldiers who fight only under the sting of the lash.

King Orna won out. The law of the Survival of the Unfit was verified once more. Such is life in the Little World. A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. Is

Orna also among the prophets? Can any good come out of Nazareth? Stand still and see what will happen. Selah.

Out in the Great World there is a singer who worships Kipling's Great God of Things as They Are, and this singer has sung the following song. I sing it with you as a farewell hymn, for it is true, and I promised to tell the truth just for the nonce. It is called

The Survival of the Fittest.

The unfit die; the fit both live and thrive—
Alas! who say so? they who do survive.

So when her bonfires lighted hill and plain,
Did Bloody Mary think of Lady Jane.

So Russia thinks of Finland, while her heel
Falls heavier on the prostrate common weal.

So Booth of Lincoln thought, and so the High
Priests let Barabbas live and Jesus die.

THE FIT SURVIVE.

V. D.

Breath of the West
Cold on her breast
And bloodless lips and white have now their rest.

She did not die. We slew her there
And laughed and fingered her black hair.
The practised preacher prayed the God beyond the dawn
Pardon for her, and manfully subdued his yawn.

Sure, let her die. Is not hell made bright
For feeble women who can only give
Their little bodies to the sin they cannot fight?
There are good women and the fit survive.

Cold on her breast
Breath of the West
Cold, cold it blew,
But not so cold as godly men and true.

THE RELEASE OF EVELYN.

C. R. A.

THE rain spattered mercilessly on the pavement as the man opened the front door. He walked to the edge of the porch, turned, then staggered back to the girl in the doorway.

"God! Evelyn. You don't—you can't know what this means. Don't send me off like this."

The girl drew herself to her full height and bit her lip.

"You are sending yourself off," she muttered. "I warned you."

Once more he moved to the edge of the porch and this time he descended a step. He paused and raised the torn umbrella which he had taken instead of his own without noticing his mistake. The girl closed the door, and then with a sudden movement threw it open again and rushed to the man on the steps.

"Archie . . . Archie, you can see me no more after this. We have been dear to each other, Archie."

The man released her when the steps of an approaching policeman caught his attention.

"Evelyn . . . good-bye . . . " and he stepped out into the rain.

The girl stared through the closed door into the darkness. A tear fell on her hand and thus aroused her. She drew the curtain and went to her own room. She sat watching the hard red coals glimmer in the surrounding darkness, and cast a faint glow upon the walls. She was aware of the rain all the time, and she found a great sympathy in her heart for the man that was trudging homeward through it.

The girl was pretty, accomplished. She was a great favorite. Yes, we may add, she was almost always sincere. Four years before she had met the man whom tonight she had refused. He had been extravagant in his attentions to her through all

his college course. And, as she told him, she had warned him. "I can give you nothing but friendship," she had told him. "That is yours, absolutely."

But the man was an optimist—poor fool. He had hoped. He had toiled, struggled through disaster, and conquered many obstacles. And now that wealth and fame had come to him he became momentarily insane, and fancied that a woman could change her mind. But I told you he was an optimist.

The girl was truly sorry for him. We have only to witness the tears that moistened the hearth, and the kisses that found their way to his picture which she always kept on her mantel.

Sometimes a woman thinks. The girl glared into the fire and thought. Had she been wrong? Should she not have made him discontinue his visits long before—as soon as she had learned—? But then it was as hard for her as it was for him. We must not laugh at her for being too conscientious.

It is true she cared as much for him as he for her. Oh, that was not the reason she had sent him away. But she believed in heredity. It wasn't her fault, either. Her father had believed thus also. And the girl couldn't forget that the man's father had been loose in his moral life—there was the rub. It was those youthful days, the sowing of the father's wild oats that she feared. They might bear fruit in the man's life. She was right. Of course, she hadn't told the man so. She couldn't.

The girl loved often after that, for she was only a typical girl, after all. I have said she was pretty. She grew into even a more beautiful woman as she neared twenty-five. She loved often, but only once was she absolutely foolish in her love. Only once did she lose entire control of herself. Her betrayer was a meek, innocent looking man in a long black coat. "Damn him," I always say when I think of him. Some of you will be inclined to blame the girl. So may God, but I justify her.

She soon grew accustomed to her new surroundings. True, the loud laughs of the girls, the dense cigarette smoke and the clinking of glasses were disgusting to her. She often thought of the man in those days. After all, he was different from other

men. He would never have allowed her to sink so. Why had she not heard a word from him in all those years?

She lost much of her beauty, as was to be expected. But the tenderness and gentle manners of her youth never left her. And so the days and nights dropped one by one into the vast sea of infinity. They were swallowed up as she wished her life could be. Each day was like the preceding one. There was no change of routine until one autumn night.

The bell rang and she opened the door.

She knew at once that she had seen the man on the outside before. A slight scream slipped through her lips. The man almost sprang inside.

"Evelyn . . . God, is it you?" he cried as he drew the tiny revolver from his vest pocket.

SOCIALISM AND TWENTIETH CENTURY ART AND POETRY.

C. L. S.

THE poet or the artist of the twentieth century finds himself surrounded by an air of individualism and realism, and here, after all, is the only true art. "Nothing is so sacred as human life." Go with me into the forest and I will show you what for centuries inspired masterpieces of art and poetry. But no longer can we lie undisturbed in the woods of primeval gloom and gaze at the star-fed sky. The woodman's axe has lain the giant oak prostrate at his feet. The huntsman's rifle has chased the bear and fox to their hiding places in the mountains. What once filled the lover of nature and romanticism with visions of a world high above the sordid struggles of life, now have almost disappeared. On the other hand, I have but to walk with you down Broad Street on a late Saturday afternoon, and I will point out to you that little newsboy, dirty, ragged, and shivering in the cold, and you will laugh at me when I tell you that here is the field for the romantic poet and artist of the twentieth century.

In these days of factories and aeroplanes, of monopolies and Wall Street greed, you will scarcely believe that such a thing as idealism in art and poetry is possible. But let me define what I mean by idealism. It seems to me to mean this: a glimpse of something divine beneath the outer surface of an earthly substance which we can feel and handle. This definition also seems to include romanticism. Modern idealism combines realism with individualism. Realism gives us an unconscious impression of something that is distasteful to the aesthetic sense. In that newsboy; in that factory girl, gazing with sad, dull eyes at the street lamps as she comes from her loom where she has been all day instead of running free in the wild flowers, and revelling in the light of the sun, which is big and powerful enough

to give life for all; in the grimy face of that man as he walks into the store around the corner to spend his meagre earnings for meat and bread; yes, in that well dressed, flush-cheeked owner of the factory as he sits in his counting-room with his revolver beside him—in these we have a picture of twentieth century realism. Far from idealistic, you say. But listen: that is not all. A reformation is coming. That reformation is due in part to Socialism. It is Socialism that fills that boy, that girl, that man in overalls, with a feeling that he is more than a slave or a brute. It is Socialism that inspires them with the thought that a man's a man of whatever thickness his skin. Another thing Socialism does; it combines realism with individualism. Hence, Socialism is our new idealism.

There may be in your minds a conflict of thought caused by this rather free use of the terms, idealism, realism, individualism. I think I have made clear what I mean by the first two of these terms. Let us now get the meaning of individualism and then see how Socialism influences these phases of art and poetry.

If we consider the old definition of individualism, viz.: that a man can be individual only when he holds himself apart from his fellows, we learn at once that Socialism is antagonistic to the very principles of individualism. Socialism, upon the face of it, is common good for a common people. But this need cause no confusion. Individualism, as I take it in the modern use of the term, is that which makes a man himself—a distinct individual—even when surrounded by, and merging into the mob. Indeed modern society has no standing room for the man who holds himself aloof from his fellows, too good to associate with them. The snob has long since ceased to wield any considerable influence in politics, religion, business, or society. Socialism banishes snobs from its midst. It scorns that man who worships "Blue Blood" and licks the sole of the millionaire's foot. But the man who dares to stand up for his rights, if need be, in the face of royalty, is welcome. That is just what Socialism encourages. It says to the man with the sledge and the empty dinner-pail, "Why standest thou here all day? Arise, there is greater work for thee to do. Strike for thy

freedom. Strike, O toiler, strike." Not that Socialism discourages honest labor. That is just what it doesn't do. But there are thousands, yea, millions of common workmen whom it is anxious to help. Many of these workmen have high ideals, ambitions to become something, but they don't know how. Thousands of them desire an education and lack the means. Socialism offers them the opportunity they have long needed. To the men who want to learn, it scatters literature of the purest, highest, best, and gives them free access to soul-stirring lectures. But what about the rabble—those who could not learn if they would? To them, also, it lends a helping hand; it makes labor conditions as bearable as possible. If Socialism did nothing more than educate men of the type which the world calls self-made men—if it did nothing more I say than educate men of this type who can put many of our college mummies to shame in open debate, its influence upon art, literature, society, would never be forgotten. Yes, if it did nothing more than fill that man who stands ten hours a day over a brick-press, with the knowledge that his labor counts for a trifle more than the bulging of the rich man's coffers, its worth to the nation would be as far reaching as the currents of air.

Thus Socialism fosters individualism, and individualism reaches out its arms and grasps the poet and the artist, finding them often, as I have hinted, enveloped in realism. More than a hundred years ago, our darling Bobby Burns walked

" . . . in glory and in joy
Behind his plough, upon the mountain side."

I can fancy nothing more thoroughly realistic than the sudden lurch of the plow, as the steels struck stump after stump, lifting the poet plowman off his feet. And yet, what dreams came to him as he watched row after row of the beautiful upturned earth lie silent behind! What art he found in it! What beauty! What mysteries seemed to unravel before his enraptured eyes. And even he, poor, tired man as he was, after the work of the day mingled with men, ate with them, talked with them, drank with

them—became one of them, but never lost his individuality; never was anything else but Bobby Burns. Romance is not what a person or a thing is. It's rather what that person or thing may become. Burns might have seen only the rocky side of mountain farming. But never. He applied his individuality to the realism around him, and as a result, we remember him as a distinctly romantic, idealistic poet, the author of such lines as these, and I can recall none that more fully embody the principles of Socialism.

“Then let us pray that come it may,
And come it will for a' that
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.”

Thus, we have seen what Socialism stands for. How then does this affect art and poetry? Its influence upon them is gradual, but sure. Poetry and art are bound up in and grow out of the conditions of an age. It was this that caused Homer to sing of the wild, sad sea, and Virgil of arms and heroes, gods and goddesses. Let us now turn to America in the twentieth century. The poet flying over the Rockies in an aeroplane, will write of rugged peaks, with their cracked cliffs, and their streams of pure crystal water meandering, reptile-like, down to the grassy plain. The artist will continue to paint the daisy and the peach-tree in bloom. We shall be given still the pleading passion of the mocking bird in haunting lyrics, and the wailing of the pine in the still, cold night will be pictured to us in enchanted words. All this is true. These are idealistic and romantic pictures from idealistic souls. But let us return to that boy—the little waif that cries in his grating voice, “Leader, Journal, Leader,” for I stated at the beginning that in realism and individualism is the only true art. These poems and pictures of the mountains, streams and meadows may live for ages. But the streams change, the stones from the mountains groan

down in avalanches, and the meadows lose their verdure. How about that boy? Stop for a moment to consider him. His heart can possess high ambitions, noble aspirations. He can love, and love of the human heart is the one thing that appeals to every age. Think for a moment what that boy is, and then think deeply of what, under the influence of Socialism, he may become. Yes, already we can see the approach of the bright light of Socialism, and when it comes we can say with truth, that here in this newsboy on Broad Street, lies the field for the romantic poet and artist of the twentieth century.

THE COMEDY OF A CO-ED.

B. R. F.

"Where have you been, my rosy maid?"

"I've been having a caller, sir," she said.

"OH, that accounts for it, does it?" teased Molly, as Rose blew into the room. "Or is it that most becoming yellow bow that brings the flush to your cheeks? 'She knew she was looking her loveliest; the idea carried her away and her beholders with her,' as the words—"

"Stop it, Molly," laughingly, from Rose. "You know it isn't the yellow bow. Anyway, a beau in the parlor is worth two in the hair."

"Ah, here we have it, at last! Was it Tommy Sutton again? What has he invited you to, now? Have a care, Rosy!"

"Well," tantalizingly from Rose, "it didn't happen to be Tommy, this time. It's the Sigma Chi formal for the sixteenth of January."

"But who?" anxiously from Molly.

"New man—Mr. Lawson—met him at that reception you wouldn't go to two weeks ago, do you remember?"

"H'm, only the eighteenth of December, and two dates for after the holidays—hop with Tommy, date unknown—formal for sixteenth—new gallant. Oh, but Rosy," in a sudden after-thought, "what if the two should come on the same night? Wouldn't that just be the irony of it? What would you do about it?"

"Do," returned Rose, "I—oh, but it wouldn't! That would be too absurd!"

This is the way the affair looked just before the holidays.

After everybody was back at work, however, and in spite of the usual "roughhouse" between 9:30 and 10, every night, the mid-semester gloom was beginning to settle down over the Hall. Matters began to assume a startling and suggestive definiteness. One night after the holidays, Rose had spent the evening, as usual, in entertaining a caller in the large Hall

parlor—each a tete-a-tete, here, a small island of joy in a hungry sea of publicity—she came upstairs, to her roommate, looking as “melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.”

“What is the matter?” asked Molly, sympathetically, as soon as the door was closed.

“Oh, it was only Tommy,” with an attempt to be nonchalant; and,” solemnly, “the hop is to be on the sixteenth!”

“But what did you do—did you tell him?”

“No-o,” weakly from Rose. “I just couldn’t, right to his face.”

“You accepted?”

“Yes. Anyway, Tommy asked me first.”

“But you’ll have to refuse Mr. Lawson.”

“Yes, I suppose so—oh, bother it all, anyway!”

The next evening brought Mr. Lawson and new complications. Rose, as she acknowledged to Molly, after the interview, did not know what to tell him. She therefore told him nothing. This disturbed Molly. She had had previous proofs of Rose’s inability to state plain, hard facts to a man. Now if she were to manage the business—but all she said to her roommate was:

“See here, Rosy, you can’t go to both parties. Now what are you going to do about it?”

“I believe,” hesitatingly from Rose, “I’ll tell Tommy to come up tomorrow night, and I’ll tell him that I can’t go with him. I know him so well—it’s only a hop, anyway—but he really did invite me first. Yet the other invitation was for a definite date.”

She did so, but it did not seem to help matters any, and a few days afterward she confided to her roommate:

“Tommy has suddenly become very severe and haughty and says that my decision will prove the value of our friendship. Does not insist on my going with him, of course—merely speaks of friendship and looks self-righteous, the bear!”

“Just like mere man. He comes dancing up to you, with a perfect open pea-pod smile—that is, just so long as he holds the trump card. But when there is a bit of spice in the situation——”

“Molly!”

"When there is a bit of spice, then—the reverse of the Cheshire cat—the grin disappears, leaving mere man, in all his horrible-ness. And he sticks to his point, I'll tell you, with all the malicious insistence of a mosquito."

"Well, to the point, Molly."

"Well?"

"It's just this way. Mr. Lawson hates to give me up, because, as he is a freshman, this is his first formal. Of course, the other fellows will have their eyes upon him to see what sort of showing he makes. And to be turned down by his girl, in the end, after he has told the fellows whom he is going to take—I can see just how he would feel."

"And Tommy is so awfully sensitive. If I go with Mr. L., Tommy will just bow his way out in the most frigidly polite manner, taking it for granted that I don't care for his friendship. And yet I'd like to go to the Sigma Chi formal—I suppose I ought to consider it an honor to be invited, since I'm not a "frat" girl; and if I turn Mr. L. down——"

"Of course! Well, why don't you go to Professor Flat about it?"

"Do you think it would do any good? I've been asking everybody."

"I know it—a veritable 'Ancient Mariner' performance. She stoppeth one of three; and neither eight o'clocks nor quizzes will excuse the poor victims. Then after going through the whole thing, you settle down to a few moments' quiet, until the fit is on you again."

"But, Molly——"

"And you aren't able to study, or to rest; and you are getting as pale as the salmon we used to have for lunch, under the old regime. Lots of people have been asking what is the matter with you. And as a piece of brutal truth, I happen to have a topic and a quiz waiting for me, besides some choice outpouring of my heart, for Comp—don't daily themes weigh on one's spirits!"

"But that isn't much to the point after all. Nice, cute little freshman, or hypersensitive senior, who harps on friendship.

Which shall it be? As the poet says—I have forgotten his name—likewise what he said, but no matter——”

“Molly, can’t you be serious for just one moment?”

“Serious! What have I been doing all these days? Just because the lugubriousness of my countenance couldn’t match yours—yes, I’ll be serious, if you’ll stop being a silly. Leave that role for the other sex—they’ve had longer practice.”

This was the usual depth of conclusion reached in the discussions. Rose’s perturbation grew daily, hourly. The matter had ceased to be a question of ethics. It had resolved itself into the problem of choosing one or the other of the two men. Telephone messages, noonday calls, special delivery letters—one of the men could not be reached by telephone—were part of the daily program; and, of course, there were discussions. It was ceasing to be a joke, when, one afternoon, Rose came upstairs to her roommate with the words:

“Well, I’ve done it!”

“Mr. Lawson?” from Molly.

“No, I ’phoned to Mr. Lawson that I’ve decided to go with Tommy.”

“But what did he say?”

“What could he say? Molly, I feel sorry for him. I almost wish——”

“What, after it is all settled? You need a strong-minded friend to keep you in the way of your resolutions. And what you need besides is a good rest. This fool performance has worn you out a lot more than mid-year’s would tire a much more conscientious person.”

“Yes, but I don’t wish to tell Tommy that I have decided to go with him.”

“You think it will tickle his egoism?”

“Oh, but he isn’t really conceited——”

“I didn’t say that—but when is he to hear the news?”

“Tonight. He’s coming to call.”

He came, but the news affected him in a most unexpected manner. Rose had not been in the parlor for more than fifteen minutes when she came hurrying back to her friend.

“Molly, what am I to do?” she wailed. “Tommy says I

really ought to go with Mr. L. I just wish I had decided the other way, at the start."

"What am I to do?"

"Do? why, tell Tommy that matters must be left as they are. Where is he—downstairs?"

"I left him there."

"You'd better hurry back. When such as he decide to carry out their plans, not even the Discipline Committee can stop them."

Rosy therefore hurried downstairs only to find that Tommy had disappeared. Nothing seemed to be going her way. She was beginning to wish she had never been invited by either of the men, when Tommy suddenly returned. The final report of the controversy was made to Molly after Tommy's departure.

"He went over to the Sigma Chi house," explained Rose, "just as soon as I left him. He says Mr. Lawson is a perfect gentleman——"

"Oh, yes, they all are—the dears!"

"Well, you needn't slap them when they aren't looking."

"Oh, I'd just as soon advertise the fact."

"Anyway, it's settled. Mr. L. was pretty much in the dumps when Tommy found him, but he was a perfect——"

"Gentleman. Why shouldn't he have been? It was Tommy who was doing the martyr act."

"And they shook hands."

"And you are going with Mr. L. Well, I hope this is the last of it."

But it wasn't—quite. Two nights before the sixteenth, Molly, who was reading the *Leader*, suddenly glanced over at Rose, with a funny little smile. Rose was making up for lost time by burying herself, up to her head, in a pile of books and papers.

"H'm," remarked Molly, carelessly, "you certainly did have a lot of trouble for nothing."

"Now, don't begin all that again, Molly."

"Don't lose your headpiece, Rosy. Guess again."

"What?"

"The hop has been postponed."

DREAMS.

C. L. Stillwell, '11.

I dream of Ages long, long dead,
Of visions bright with sage's lore;
Of wisdom's firm and lofty tread,
Of honors won forevermore,
And these are dreams of thee,
My Alma Mater,
Ay, these are dreams of thee.

I dream of fame thy sons have wed,
Of struggles where thy heroes fell;
Of banners o'er the spot they bled,
Of deeds they wrought that live to tell;
And these are dreams of thee,
My Alma Mater,
Ay, these are dreams of thee.

I dream of Future full of toil
Where sages grave and heroes strong,
Shall meet to reap the golden spoil
Of Age's wisdom and her throng,
And these are dreams of thee
My Alma Mater,
Ay, these are dreams of thee.

THE MESSENGER

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The shattering of an ideal is a tragedy. We always build our hopes upon a foundation that we cannot see destroyed without a feeling of unutterable despair. It is strange, perhaps, that this should be the case, for, to use the style of a great orator, we all realize more or less that life is a narrow vale between the barren peaks of disappointment. Yet still we hope, and still we create ideals as though we were compelled by some unseen power—some siren voice—to feed the monster, Disappointment.

We had an ideal when we first entered upon our editorial duties, and we want to tell you about it. They say that truth is beauty, and we shall take them at their word and be very frank. There is no bitterness in our confession, only a gentle regret.

Well, to start with, we had an idea, for back in those days when we first took up the pen, that the principles of natural selection applied to the editing of a magazine as they do to Natural History. We thought that the fittest should survive, and we determined that if the "fittest" were few in number, we

would nevertheless hold firmly to the motto, "quality before quantity." We realized that this was a high ideal, and so we went about preparing ourselves for the process by which we had determined to edit the magazine. At that time the words poem, essay, short story, sketch, etc., were rather vague terms to us, and we studied carefully to better acquaint ourselves with the true nature of each of these forms. Then we started to work.

Three or four months later we sat by the fire one evening and saw the ghost of our former ideal pass by, a bent and broken figure. For we had aimed high and, unsupported, we had fallen. The editing of the magazine had not been a process of natural selection—a survival of the fittest.

It had been a simple process of putting everything in that had been received and then going back and finding some old discarded manuscript and sticking that in also, in order to keep the magazine out of the "high school size." We confess, as we lay down the pen, that we have been cowards. We have not had the strength of our convictions.

We believe that it is conventional for out-going editors to thank the student body for their support. But we are going to dare to break the rigid laws of customs, and say frankly that we do not thank the student body for their support. We have not had the support of the student body. Every issue of the *Messenger* for the last eight school months has been the product of a bitter struggle against lack of interest and lack of college spirit. Whatever of goodness there has been in the magazine has been put there by a faithful band who have stood by the *Messenger* and made it what it is. These are the people who deserve thanks, and we are grateful to them with a gratefulness that comes from the realization that without their support there would have been no *Messenger*. To that larger percentage of the student body who have not raised a hand in support of a leading college enterprise we can only say that perhaps the work in the future *may* atone for the lack of interest in the past.

But there is one thing that sends a chill over us. It is only a thought that flashes through the brain at times when we are struggling to get enough manuscripts to press to call them a magazine, but it's a serious thought. Suppose that all this lack

of interest in college enterprises is a sign that college spirit here is dead. We know that it has been asleep, *but suppose that it is dead!*

Well, it is finished. To the incoming board of editors we extend our best wishes for success. But listen. Don't expect anything; then you won't be disappointed. We have said our last say. "Ring down the curtain; the farce is done."

It perhaps sounds barbaric but it is no foolish doctrine that there are certain kinds of men and women who should be exterminated, or at least denied the right of marriage.

One of the most marvelous things in the Divine Plan is the existence of one thousand three hundred and forty-five separate and distinct diseases. No human being could have ever been so ingenious as to think of such a variety.

It takes a rather unusual esthetic sense to believe that truth is beauty. Isn't it rather closing one's eyes to the realities of this world that makes life worth the living?

There is an old axiom which says, "To the pure all things are pure." In the face of that statement, isn't it rather strange that the people who pose as the most pious and moral in a community are always the first to see the indecencies and vulgarities in a play?

Even if Cook failed to reach the Pole, he should be given a place in the Hall of Fame. Such a magnificent liar deserves the esteem and admiration of all his countrymen.

In New York there are places where little children work until their bodies droop and parts of the brain sicken and die and disease creeps into their systems and eats and eats until the body stops resisting and rots away. Yes, this occurs in the largest and most cultured city of a Christian nation. You know, little children have no Guardian Angels in New York.

Guardian Angels don't flourish where trust magnates rule. Surely, it is time to send some more missionaries to China.

Politics at Richmond College would furnish ample material for another "Idea."

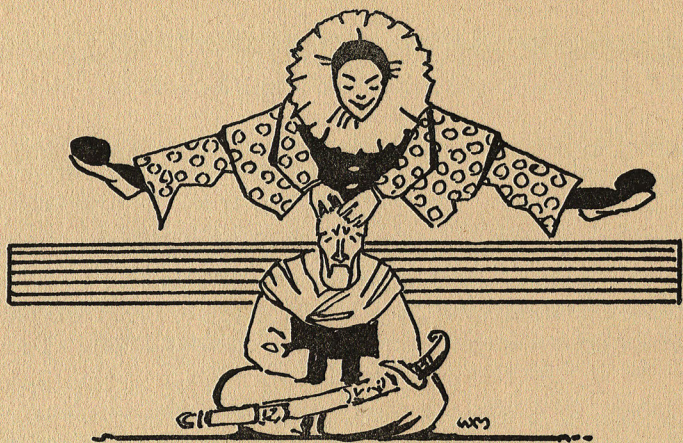
There is a great storm brewing on the horizon of our present social life—a storm which is going to sweep this land from ocean to ocean. The slaves of America are going to break the chains which have been forged by the upper class and, joining forces with the factory children, the down-trodden working women, the hungry men who are starving in the midst of plenty, are going to form a mighty army. That army is going to strike terror to the dirty souls of those lazy rich people, those social parasites, those men and women with no cares save the choosing of new clothes and the knowledge of "small talk"—that crowd before whom we bow down and worship as the upper class. Before the army they will shudder and sicken with fear, for there is no fear like the fear which is aroused by the revolt of those whom we once ground under foot. When that army of beary-eyed men, women, and children once realize their power there is nothing in heaven, earth or hell which will stop their mad rush for revenge. Remember the French Revolution!

Is it a breach of "modern" etiquette for a woman to be courteous to a mere man even before an introduction?

A beautiful woman is the redeeming feature of the universe.

"Instill in the minds of our young the necessity of building a character that will win the respect of all; this is vastly more important than a great fortune."—*Marshall Field*.

Strange, is it not, that such a beautiful little bit of sentiment as the above was written by a man who made millions by paying his women employees so low that many were driven into prostitution in order that they might live? Oh, what a tragedy lies behind some of the pious bits of advice from our multi-millionaires.



CAMPUS NOTES.

"Dick" Richards.

Great WITS are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

The Suffragette Lecturer (warming up): I say, take the Co-eds away from our colleges and what would follow?

"I would," answers the lusty voice of George Washington Sadler from the rear of the room.

First "Jasper" (in conference with friend who has been down country preaching): Did you have an intelligent congregation last evening?

Second "Jasper": I had a twenty-five dollar house. (Were they intelligent?)

"Bill" Decker (at refectory Sunday morning, in a sad tone of voice):

"Every little stew has an oyster all its own,
Every little oyster by a microscope is shown."

The Mu Sigma Rhos took the first of the series of debates

from the Philologists. The latter society, as usual, put up a good fight.

"Rainbow" White: Say Holcombe, did you read my sketch in the last *Messenger*?

Holcombe (usually healthy): Yes, White, and would you please pass me that bottle of smelling salts.

Cox (wishing to appear a little wicked): Say, Bill, have you ever read "Three Weeks?"

"Bill" Bailey: No, but it took me twenty days to read "Vanity Fair."

IN MEMORIAM:

No more will John Johnson in the basement stand,
And pull the bell cord with his black hand,
No more will we hear the whisk of the janitor's broom,
As he sweeps the cob-webs from the student's room.

Brondy says if he falls down on his senior tickets, it will only be another case of "The Lite That Failed." (What "Lite?") The Israelite.

Barnes (somewhat religious): McManaway, do you believe in infant baptism?

McManaway (otherwise): You are too old for that, I recommend the shower bath.

Dr. Metcalf (English B., calling on "Sugar" Wright): Mr. Wright, would you recite the memory verses asked for?

"Sugar" Wright (Absent mindedly): High, Low, and Game, the Jack wasn't out.

Craft (aspiring to be track team manager, in conference with his campaign manager): I say, Luck, I guess it would be a good idea for me to join Chapel Service, as I want to know all the fellows possible. I wonder what the initiation fee is.

Luck: I don't know, but do not suppose that it is over five

dollars; so you can tell them to take it out of your contingent fee.

From Stillwell's Note Book:

"One September day, I chanced to stray, into Old Richmond College,
The one sole fact, that caused this act, was a general lack of knowledge,
But to be fair, I do declare, I am certainly glad I came here,
But Jr. Chemistry, caused me misery, and Math. is a constant fear."

Dr. Dicky (meeting Sydnor the morning after the fire): Good morning, Mr. Sydnor, and did you lose your Frat. Hall in the fire?"

Sydnor: No, sir; the Chapel was saved, only a few of the hymn-books were ruined by the water."

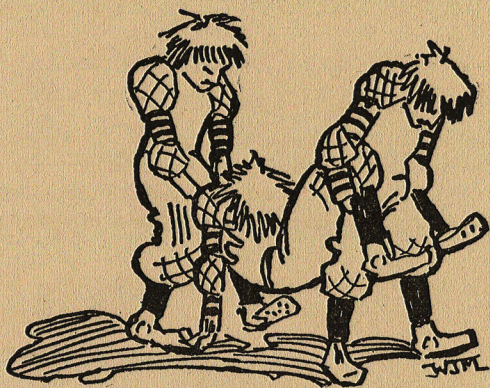
Latest as to origin of fire: That Cawthorn's pony kicked a bottle of fire water over on a box of poker chips.

The fast Co-ed basket ball team played a match game with the Woman's College a few days past. Of course, there was betting on the outcome of the game. One of the players said on her return from the field of battle that she heard some one say the odds were on the other team, but she did not care as another said the "Oddities" were on our team. It is simply a matter of choice; or should we call it the balance of power?

A rumor spread around the campus that there were to be several "exceptions" chosen by the Anti-Co-ed Club.

Miss Sands (to one of many attendants): I never was so excited in all my life. I just knew they would except *us*.

Attendant (without due humility): But they didn't.



ATHLETICS.

G. W. S.

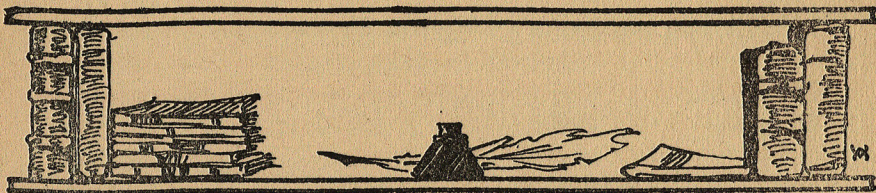
A GENERAL feeling of disappointment was felt in and about the college, when it was learned that the relay team which went to Washington on February 4th, returned without having participated in the George Washington meet. The Spider team left the camp in fine trim and hoped to return with victory perched above their banner, but alas! about the time at which the events begun it was discovered that Strother, one of the members of the relay team, was not registered in the A. A. U. His registration card had expired three days before. The representatives of the Red and Blue were scheduled to run the quartet from the Maryland Agricultural College, and from all accounts, had the race been pulled off, the Spiders would have been the victors.

Notwithstanding the fact that they were disappointed in not running the men from M. A. C., the Spiders came home and went vigorously to work to get in shape for the meets which are to come. The team was sadly handicapped for some time in the loss of Captain Taylor, whose father's death kept him off the track for more than a week, but the whole college rejoices at his return.

It has been definitely decided by the president of the Athletic Association and its executive committee to hold an out-door meet some time in the spring instead of the annual indoor meet. The ball park has been secured, the sanction of the A. A. U. has been obtained and the meet is assured. Manager Corley is hard at work getting arrangements made. This meet will be one of the biggest events ever undertaken by the Richmond College Athletic Association, and it should mark a new era in track athletics of the college. In this meet, the leading colleges and universities of Virginia and Carolina are hoped to be represented.

There has been a good deal of talk as to the advisability of the holding of a dual meet by Richmond College and the Blues. The Blues have a splendid armory in which the meet could be held. They also have a good stock of athletes, many of whom are old Richmond College stars. The Blues are very anxious to hold the meet, as are the Spiders. Coach Hagaman thinks the idea a splendid one, for it will give the men something to work for.

Some of these warm days find the baseball artists out on the diamond limbering up their stiff joints, and they are a goodly sight to behold. Material is good and plentiful. From the way things look now, some of the old stagers will have to hustle to win places on the team.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. H. Ellyson, '12, Editor.

CRITICS very seldom agree with anybody—entirely. Their views may coincide with others in some things, but fortunately God has made everybody different and the ever changing, ever interesting personal equation passes before us, to amuse or to nettle. Please remember that, when my comments are not pleasing to you. Remember that I'm just one little personal equation—that there are plenty of others probably more pleasing to you. You should take what I have to say as a curious result of that equation and be at least interested in it as a writer should be. Well, if you don't, I shall. And I expect to derive the greater part of my pleasure in this position from the mere joy of contemplating the numerous personal equations that pass before me. They will all be interesting—not one will be dull. And I shall turn them in my hand and hold them up to the light, and look at them through my own eyes and then write down my own equation—every time. And if you don't like it—well, there won't be any kick. Pardner—I always was a crank, anyhow. And if you do like it, why, restrain yourself—there are probably others that think differently about the matter. But pray, never, never, never, attribute my displeasure to anyone else, to the college, my predecessors or fellow officers. For fear of it I am not going to hide behind any editorial “We.” Wreak it on me, maybe I'll need it.

So, let's see what we have here. Somehow in the change of hands a number of the exchanges are missing this month or they may not have arrived. I hope the latter is the case.

But I find the *Hollin's Magazine* for December on my desk unnoticed in these columns. Now, that's a pity because it is a very good magazine and as feminine as it can be. It has a great deal to say and some of it is worth saying and well put. I notice a very good sort of notion as to structure in the longer short stories. Most of them show a directness of approach and development that is refreshing. Some of them are so good in this line that their rather old plots may almost be forgiven. "Achoo—Achoo" is well named and is almost professional in handling. I'm sorry it reminds me of so many other similar plots. But I only think of that after I have read it. The plot is quite sustaining in the lady's hands. "1028" is a little too obvious however. "The Tides of Blomidon" is a good piece of character study, but the story has the same objection as above. I am glad to find no crimes committed in the name of poetry. All are good and "The Solitary Pine" with its unusual verse is well done. I wish particularly to commend the essays as being about the most original part of the magazine. I do not detect a single whiff of the class-room—good!

Hampton-Sidney's verse is better than its prose this month—it is more original. "The Song" is dreadfully disappointing. After such a first verse it is a shame to lose the muse. Fickle muse! "The Rebellion of the Red Bugs" should not have been surrounded by such a love story. Mixed drinks are not allowed in dignified literary clubs. Besides this draught wasn't well mixed. But the Rebellion proper is a very good character study. The essays are very interesting and as this is unusual in a college magazine it should be commended.

The *Furman Echo* or "The Saving Power" is not up to the standard. It is hardly worth while publishing a one-story, one-essay magazine. I sympathize with the editors but not with the college spirit shown in the result. Judging by a personal acquaintance with your president, I wonder how there can be so little college spirit in evidence. The long story shows a good deal of labor and is well constructed, but the character of the girl is not always convincing—she is a little too sophisticated in her remarks at times. It is a good story in the rough.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

W. B. Miller, Editor.

THE man whose interest in his Alma Mater reaches its climax on the day of his graduation has never entered into the true spirit of college life. *He* has no *Alma Mater*. To him the college is merely a plot of ground, a group of buildings, a body of heartless professors, and a series of *facts* to be mastered; the student is an unfortunate wretch to whom Fate has decreed a term of imprisonment behind college walls before he shall be permitted to enter life and place his name upon his country's honor roll. Not to such men is this Department dedicated. Few men of their own year remember them, and the world has never heard their names. The Alumni Department is rather a record of some of the invitations "Come up higher", which the world is constantly extending to men who have entered into the spirit of living while yet in college.

Rev. J. W. Morgan, B. A. '99, was the guest of the editor and others a few weeks since. He is a growing man. He took his B. D. at Crozer in '02, and after spending some years in the pastorate in North Carolina and West Virginia he took charge of a church in the edge of Indiana and spent a year in Sociology at the Louisville Seminary. He is now pastor of the First Baptist church of Henderson, N. C.

Hon. Edward E. Holland, B. L. '81, was recently elected to Congress from the Second District of Virginia.

Louisiana College, the Baptist College of Louisiana, of which Claybrook Cottingham, M. A. 1900, is President, was destroyed by fire shortly before Christmas. Some of us know how to sympathize.

Rev. E. M. Pilcher, B. A., B. L. '94, was honored in February

by being elected to the Presidency of the State Bar Association of Virginia.

The historic walls of the Refectory smiled down upon one of its former Managers when the Rev. H. M. Fugate, now pastor at Farmville, recently paid a brief visit to "the scenes of other days."

Rev. H. W. Tribble, B. A. '84, is having great success as President of Columbia College, Lake City, Florida.

R. A. Anderson, B. L. '95, has recently been re-appointed Post Master at Marion, Va., by President Taft.

Rev. Caldon T. Willingham, B. A. '99, who recently withdrew temporarily from active missionary work in Japan on account of the ill health of his wife, has been re-appointed by the Foreign Mission Board, and will very soon take charge of active work in that country.

Robt. A. Hutchison, B. L. '96, of Manassas, Va., has announced himself as a candidate for the legislature from his District.

Rev. M. C. Frazer, B. A., '04, is now in the pastorate at Madison C. H., Virginia. He has been on this field about twelve months.

Chas. C. Pearson, M. A. '04, is absent on furlough this winter from his work in the John Marshall High School of Richmond and is taking graduate studies at Yale.

Rev. John W. Cammack, M. A. '01, after a successful period of work for the Louisville Seminary campaign, has accepted the position of Associate Editor of the Religious Herald. The readers of the paper are much pleased with this addition to the editorial staff.

Sands Gayle, B. L. '97, of Buckingham, Va., has announced himself as a candidate for re-election to the State Senate, and it is understood that he will have no opposition in securing the nomination.

Rev. Walter E. Gibson, B. A. '97, of Middleburg, Va., has recently entered the field of Authorship. Judging from the name of his book,—*"The Marital Messenger"*,—he was probably active in the work of the college magazine while student here. His book is making quite a "hit" and his friends are much pleased with his success.

Charles M. Graves, B. A. '96, is having a successful career in New York city as one of the editors of the New York Times. He is well remembered in Richmond as city editor of the Times-Dispatch.

Friends of the Rev. C. W. Trainham, B. A. '88, will be pleased to know that he has decided to decline the very flattering call extended to him by a church in Alabama, and will remain at Marion, Va.

J. Henry Miller, M. A. '74, one of the most distinguished alumni of our Law Department, has recently removed from San Francisco to New York City and now has an office in Wall street.

Testimony to the proposition that all men are mortal is constantly being brought before us. We note the names of some whose decease has not appeared in these columns:

Rev. Chas. E. Stuart, B. A. '97, of Ashland, Va., died in this city, as all our readers probably know, just on the eve of the holidays.

R. L. Williams, B. L. '99, Commonwealth Attorney at Marion, Va., fell asleep a few weeks since.

Rev. Chas. Henry Pack, 1900, one of the most prominent preachers of West Virginia, passed away at Clarksburg, W. Va., December 22, 1910. He had been a successful pastor for some years, but at the time of his death was in charge of the Educational Campaign Fund for Broadus Institute.

Rev. M. E. Parrish, M. A. '88, has been called to the realm of higher service since the last session.

