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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XXXIX.

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No. 8

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## THE COQUETTE

*Ike, '15.*

I excelled in the roguish arts,  
And toyed with the love of men;  
Too well I played the game of hearts,  
And laughed at love's confessions then.  
For all the empty vows I brought,  
And all the faithless words I said,  
Upon my heart a cursed change has wrought—  
I cannot love; my love is dead.

My love is dead; and 'pon this day  
I sit through all the dreaded hours,  
And wander back along my heartless way,  
And sigh amid the withered flowers.  
I am a woman now—full blown,  
But cold, calm, impassive dread  
Tells me that the gods of a mother's home  
Despised and left me—alone.  
I cannot love; my heart is dead.



## RIAH.

J. M. D. Olmsted.



FOREIGN girls differ from American girls in mistaking attention for intention. Such was the *dictum* of a certain Rhodes scholar, who had deduced this law from experience. How far the epigram is true may be seen from the case of Jones.

Jones and Smith, both Rhodes scholars, were spending part of their vacation on a walking trip in Switzerland. It was Sunday morning. The day before they had made thirty miles, the last half of the journey being a climb from the Rhone valley to the Lenke Baths, three thousand feet above the river. There were only two other persons in the dining-room of the little hotel—one a rather striking young woman of twenty-three or four; the other an older woman, evidently mother or chaperon.

"She's an American," said Jones, looking up from his breakfast of a roll and cup of coffee.

"No, she's not. Just hear her German. American girls can't talk German that way."

"I believe she is American, just the same."

"Why?"

"I can't explain it. I know she understands every word we are saying about her." In a lower tone he added, "I think she is beautiful."

"Pshaw, man! You're no judge if you think she's beautiful. Striking, perhaps, but beautiful—never."

"To me she is beautiful. Some way I feel a mysterious drawing to that girl. I know I shall see her again, and we are going through some adventure together."

"What on earth is the matter with you, Jones? This is the first time I ever saw you look twice at a girl. I don't know what to make of you. Love at first sight! Oh, you woman-hater!"

With a laugh, Smith lead his companion from the room, and in half an hour they shouldered their knapsacks and began the climb up the Gemni Pass.



A month later, after seeing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and sampling the beer at Munich, they decided to return to Switzerland and find a quiet place for a month of hard study. They chose a little village on the bank of Lake Lucerne, at the foot of the Rigi. Out at the edge of the village, in the midst of an apple orchard, they found a typical Swiss pension, the very spot for quiet.

The *pensionnaires* might well have been called a mixed crowd. There were two Polish women, who were medical students, and smoked cigarettes all day; a school teacher from Berlin, who informed everybody daily, "My father was a general and my brother a captain"; a German Protestant minister, from Jena, who had rebuked the cigarette ladies, and, consequently was given a wide berth. We all have our faults, but we do not care to be reminded of them. Besides, there was a worn-out English army officer, carefully nursed by a faithful wife; several middle-class Parisians and several Russians. Among the latter was a young girl of eighteen, with an exceedingly stout mamma. She had just finished a course in French literature at the Sorbonne, a fact of which the mother was exceeding proud, though she herself could not speak French. German was the official language at table, though French gave it a hard struggle for supremacy. Jones knew no German, but could speak French; Smith, no French, but could manage German; so, between them, they got along famously.

Jones, always polite, and wishing to improve his French, fell into the habit of talking often to the Russian girl. She informed him one day that her name was Riah (pronounced like the last part of honest Maria).

"Do you know what that means in Russian?" she asked, with a simper.

Of course Jones didn't.

"It means 'Paradise.'" And she ran and hid her burning face on her mother's ample shoulder.

Jones grinned, and it began to dawn on him that matters were getting a little uncomfortable.

The next day Riah had her seat changed at the table to that opposite Jones, and then began a comedy for the other *pensionnaires*. Smith kicked Jones under the table, and whispered:



"For heaven's sake, man, just catch that dying-calf look. Riah is sure stuck on you—ow! How did you do it?"

"Shut up, you fool!"

"Oh, Lord! I shall choke if she does it again."

Jones looked up and caught Riah giving him a languishing smile. Smith snorted dangerously. Jones turned red, and began an animated conversation with a girl to his left, who had been studying music in Paris. Riah looked grieved, then sullen. Finally she slapped her mother and left the table.

This was a sample of what went on for a week. Did Jones and Smith go for a walk they came on Riah and her mother. Did Jones steal into the parlor for a book, there was Riah to way-lay him. It grew to be a weariness to the flesh, and the poor victim could stand it no longer.

"I was only ordinarily nice to her," he would moan. He made up his mind to leave the pension. As he passed through the hall on his way to ask for his bill he stopped short, with his mouth open—there was the beautiful girl of the Lenke Baths, asking the matron for rooms! He listened long enough to find that the arrangement was satisfactory, and then ran to his friend's room.

"Smith, she's here!"

"Go 'way. I'm working. Who?"

"The girl at Lenke. I knew I should see her again."

"Got your things packed?"

"I'm not going now, you bet. Isn't it fate?"

The new arrival attracted much attention. Jones had been right. They were Americans, but for eight years Miss Brooks and her mother had lived in Germany. She was studying for grand opera.

There followed a most glorious month for Jones. Study was thrown to the winds. Tennis, swimming, boating, *tete-a-tetes* with the charming Miss Brooks occupied too much time. Poor Riah! How she moped! Sometimes Miss Brooks would make Jones be nice to her, and the dying-calf glances would be called forth to such telling effect that the victim was reduced to abject misery, and could only be revived by a special favor from the American girl.



Any one who has been to Switzerland and not seen the sun rise from the Rigi has missed the gem of the collection. Pension Mueller could not afford to miss it. A date was set for the event. The Berlin school teacher informed the Polish medical ladies that her father was a general and her brother a captain, and that she was going to wear her brown walking suit, with etc., etc. The medical students were going to lay in a supply of cigarettes. But—Miss Brooks decided not to go. Jones also thought he would not go. Riah likewise followed suit.

The day before the trip there arrived at the Pension Mueller a fine-looking young German, evidently a very old friend of Miss Brooks, to judge from their greeting. Jones told Smith, in forceful language, what he thought of Germans, when the new-comer, who answered to the name of Ludwig, carried off Miss Brooks for a walk under the very nose of the Rhodes scholar.

At dinner Miss Brooks announced that Ludwig had made her change her mind. She would go with the party. Jones remarked that it was very fortunate that he had had his shoes hob-nailed only the day before. Riah looked rather sour, but, out of devilment, Jones gave her a melting smile, and poor Riah! the seventh heaven for hers. She grew so excited she could hardly eat, and kept kissing her mamma, with much injury to that dear lady's clothes from the food knocked out of her hand.

At the stroke of midnight Pension Mueller started up the Rigi *en masse*. They were led by a little Swiss boy, who carried a pole, from the end of which dangled a huge red Japanese lantern to show the path. It was a very dark night and no moon. In the shuffle of starting Jones lost out, and Ludwig drew the winning card, while the lisping voice of Riah at his side asked him if he didn't think it was "*magnifique*." He walked grumpily along, while Riah bubbled beside him. He refused to even help her. She did not mind doing all the talking, and seemed perfectly happy. Soon she said, "Won't you take my hand?"

He supposed she wished to be helped over a rough place, and held out his hand. She took it, and he was electrified to hear Riah shout to her mother, whose extra pounds kept her at the tail-end of the party, "Oh, mamma! Mr. Jones is holding my hand!"



There was a shout of laughter, which might have raised the dead, and Jones flung away the little hand from him, and fairly ran on ahead. Loudest of all he could hear the guffaws of Smith, but the sounds which pierced his heart were those which came from the American girl—his American girl, as he had come to think of her. He could have killed Riah—yes, and Ludwig, too, for Miss Brooks had just translated Riah's French into German, and he was roaring with a loud, "Ho! ho!" For hours Jones kept ahead of the party. He couldn't bear to return to them, even in the dark. What an everlasting fool Riah was! What would Miss Brooks think? His other thoughts are not a matter of record.

At length the whole party stood on the summit of the Rigi. Among them was a certain disgruntled Rhodes scholar, who refused to leave the side of his fellow Oxonian, and who replied to questions in a monosyllabic growl. Riah was utterly crushed, and, with swollen and red eyes, looked pitifully from her mother's side towards Jones. He never saw her. She might have been the dirt beneath his feet. Miss Brooks was talking German with Ludwig, and this was, of course, a further thorn in Jones's flesh.

Presently it grew lighter. Guests from the hotel came out, clad in blankets, teeth chattering. A cold grey light covered the world. Every one shivered. In every direction stretched mountain top after mountain top, like the endless waves of the sea. At their feet lay Lake Lucerne. Several other smaller lakes appeared, black in the early light. To the right was the whole range of the Jungfrau, in cold, snowy whiteness. Suddenly there was a shout from all the people, and, way off towards the east, appeared the rim of a yellow disc. Moving perceptibly, it increased in size, until in an incredibly short time there was Old Sol completely risen from his bed, ready to run his daily race. A murmur went through the crowd, a long-drawn "Ah," and some one shouted, "The Alpenglow." Every one turned and looked toward the Jungfrau. She was colored a delicate pink, which deepened into a rose before their eyes, and soon all the snow mountains on that side were bathed in the splendor. The color faded slowly. The Jungfrau resumed her old white mantle. Mists began to film



the little lakes, and, before long, they were above a sea of clouds, whose fleecy billows swirled round the base of the Rigi, and rose until they were lost in wisps, like the grey hair of an old woman in the wind.

They say Dame Fortune is fickle. She certainly had been unkind to Jones, but now she showed him a smile. He started the descent with Miss Brooks by his side. Ludwig was supporting Riah's mother. It is the easiest trick in the world for a couple to get separated from a crowd if they really wish to, and Jones was wishing for that very thing. Miss Brooks glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He knew too well what she was thinking about.

"You probably think I'm all sorts of a fool," he began. "You don't know how fussed I was."

"I could imagine any one would be fussed, as you say, to be caught—well, red-handed?" She laughed.

"But you don't understand. I don't like Riah. I can't stand her. I was trying all the while to walk with you."

"Why the idea!"

"You know it's the truth. Haven't you seen, can't you see, that it is you I care for—"

"Please stop, Mr. Jones; I am so sorry you spoke. I really had no idea that our good times were going to end like this. I suppose I should have told you, but I did not think it necessary. Ludwig and I have been engaged some time."

Jones looked at the girl blankly.

"Don't look so distressed," she said, gently, laying her hand on his arm. Then, with a twinkle in her eye. "There's Riah, you know."

"—— Riah," said Jones fiercely, which, you will admit, is not the proper way to speak of "Paradise."



## TO SUCCEED IN JOURNALISM, KEEP AWAKE.

*Evan R. Chesterman, B. L., '96.*

**I**N every newspaper office where the editorial and reportorial staff is of any size worth mentioning one may find two classes of men who do the writing—the college-bred men and the men who, despite more limited educational opportunities, have learned to express themselves with force and clearness. And it would not be fair to say that the college-bred men invariably have the better of things, or that their scholastic training always puts them ahead of their associates.

But, all other things being equal, I would choose the college-bred men if I had the picking of an editorial or reportorial staff. By this I mean the men who have actually had training within college walls, or the self-educated journalists, whose vaulting ambitions, though unaided by learned instructors, have given them the equivalent of college training. Certainly breadth of view-point—the corollary of culture—is the best of all qualifications for the individual about to enter journalism. Whatever may be said about the atmosphere of newspaper offices, it must be conceded that the worst of them, at least, frowns down on narrowness, and encourages liberality of opinions. And, above all things, they are intensely human. Journalists, indeed, might, one and all, adopt as their motto the rather trite words of Terence, "*Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto*"—I am a man, and nothing which relates to man can be a matter of unconcern to me.

But this does not mean that newspapers wish to have "copy" about common-place men and common-place things. Their so-called "yellowness," in most instances, might be more euphemistically described as their hunger for the unusual. And the unusual is quite as apt to be good as bad. Even unusual crimes at least have the virtue of being infrequent, and hence the reporters should be pardoned for giving so much space to them. Be sure of one thing—editors do not print papers with the idea



of offering the same *menu* of news any two days in the week. They would even ignore murderers if homicides were more frequent.

And, while editors are loath to exploit common-place everyday happenings, they are equally loath to pass common-place manuscripts, which, though accurate as to matters of fact and correct as to diction, are deadly dull when it comes to attracting attention. It follows, therefore, that the conscientious writer, with the greatest ingenuity of literary style, will produce the most pleasing and the most readable article.

But back of the literary style must be that indefinable something known to the men of the "fourth estate" as "a nose for news." This "nose for news" is really a pair of eyes that perceives the unusual, even though it be hidden below a crust of the conventional or normal. The work barely begins, however, even after the reporter or the editor has sensed the unusual. It is one thing to get a "story" and another thing to write it. When it so happens that both the "story" is unusual and the manner of its writing is unusual, then the man who produces the "copy" may expect his pay envelope to fatten.

As one who has sniffed printer's ink for two decades or more, I should say that the college-bred man, provided he does not let his diploma give his head elephantiasis, will quickly have the better of his less cultured associates. Sooner or later he will be able to utilize practically everything he has learned—and a good deal he has only partially learned. Necessarily, he will have a broader vision and a finer vocabulary than his co-workers, and his imagination and fancy likewise should be more active.

On the other hand, he will have little time for retrospection or for reflections on what men have done in the past. His work will always have to deal with the living, palpitant present, and he must think—not dream.

To sum things up, new ideas, well dressed, are the things exacted of him. And they must be born of sympathy for his fellow beings and a thorough understanding of the needs, the weaknesses, the virtues, and the hopes of human-kind.

It is difficult neither to be a morally good nor a mathematically accurate reporter, provided one watches and listens, but



it is not so easy to be an entertaining reporter. And to be a bore, with a colorless, "wooden" style is to madden the editor, and ultimately to lose one's job.

So, before entering journalism—and the same may be said of other vocations—solemnly resolve to do one thing—furnish original ideas. Let your individuality and your personality so shine in your "copy" that the porcupinish editor will shed his quills, rise up, and call you great.

Remember always, too, that the better your English and classical training the better will be your literary style. But, above all things, bear in mind the fact that journalism is not the calling for brains that sleep. Nor does it deal with Rip Van Winkles.

It is the profession of all professions that puts one in touch with people who do things, and it requires its own men to reflect this same spirit of achievement. Moreover, the reporter must have the eyes and the ears that recognize greatness, and the spirit that ever craves action.

If you need rest, don't try to be a reporter.



## GOD IS LOVE.

*Helen Monsell, '16.*

That early twilight hour that blends the sweetest  
 Of the past day with all the night holds best  
 Was darkening when, forthcoming from the lowlands,  
 We paused upon the mountain's highest crest.  
 "Who, in this deep, strong air of evening,  
 The non-existence of a God could fear?"  
 The strong man cried, "A God alone could give one  
 The strength that He imparts unto us here."  
 His daughter smiled, "'Tis not through strength I find Him,"  
 She dropt herself upon the grassy turf,  
 "I know my God, for fields and hills proclaim Him;  
 Without a God how were there such an earth?"  
 "Or such a sky?" the artist spoke in rapture,  
 "The fiery flag the setting sun unfurled  
 His hand in peaceful stillness now is folding,  
 And rests in benediction on the world."  
 "I see it not," our blinded maiden whispered,  
 "Yet never have I felt my God as now;  
 I feel Him in the breeze that plays around me,  
 I feel His kiss the wind prints on my brow,  
 I heard the feathered songsters sing His praises,  
 I know He is, from all of Nature's signs,  
 I hear Him in the night sounds all around me;  
 Hark, 'tis His voice a-breathing through the pines."

A silence fell; each soul to overflowing  
 Was filled; though each could only feel in part  
 The glory of the world that spread around us,  
 That part, with gratitude, filled every heart.  
 And with that gratitude there came a longing  
 To fully know that heavenly power above,  
 To whom birds, trees, earth, air, and sky bore witness;  
 And low the blind maid whispered, "God is Love."



We bowed. It was the love of God around us,  
The God of Love whose emblems moved us so,  
Yet each one saw that love in different aspect—  
What if one soul the boundless whole could know?  
Alas, that whole lies far beyond our knowledge;  
To human eyes He but a glimpse can give,  
And this the meaning of Mount Sinai's thunder,  
"Ye cannot see the Lord, your God, and live."  
The oxygen that gives life's vital power  
Must be diluted ere we breathe it in;  
Unmixed with dross, in fire it would consume us,  
And so, alas! we mix His love with sin.  
But in the perfect life of the Hereafter,  
When we have passed beyond death's dark abyss,  
Ah, then we know that God is Love forever,  
Is Love, and we shall see Him as He is."



## THE REFORMATION OF PETER PAINE.

*H. D. Coghill, '16.*

**H**ABIT is a mental rut, worn by the wheel of experience—a bad habit, a rut perdition bent. If you don't get out, to perdition you go. Cigarette, coffee, coca-cola, cocaine, cocktails, cock-fighting, or what you will—habit makes you return to it like Ephraim to his idols, a dog to his mislaid dinner, or a hog to his favorite wallow. So say philosophizing preachers and preaching philosophers; and so, in substance, said Peter's wife. (Not the help-meet of St. Peter, but the long-suffering spouse of Peter whose surname is Paine.)

Now the Peter in question, although he passed the hat in Sunday services, and made groaning response at the proper time during prayer, and was otherwise regarded as a pillar of piety, had worn deep the rut of profanity. Let the widows of Asshur, Ascalon, Jerusalem, or plain little old Athens or Elberton, Georgia, wail theirs and their offsprings' need of food and raiment, and Peter Paine was first to tote them a full hamper; let the cry come forth from foreign fields for funds to call the heathen to repentance and righteousness, and Peter's name led all the rest on the subscription list; but let one of the "heathen" members of the construction gang, of which he was foreman, offend, even unto a jot or a tittle, and for thirty minutes the air smelt like a chemistry laboratory after a sulphuric acid experiment by a green student. Peter was a poor pray-er, treading heavenly heights with stumbling step, but, when it came to the other extreme, the smoothest devil in Milton's hell had nothing *on* him. His pastor warned him; his good wife pleaded with him; his small son envied him. Neither pastoral prayers and warnings, nor wifely tears or pleadings, availed aught; nor did his wife's pointed remarks concerning the effect of his evil example on his small son's vocabulary boost him out of the rut. Habit held him hard and fast, and it seemed that nothing short of a mental and moral earthquake would accomplish a reformation.

One serene Sunday, while in his religious rut of passing the



hat, Peter, with the latter article loaded, was stepping solemnly pulpit-wards to the tuneful strains of the "cottage" organ, when suddenly the onward progress of his No. 9's was impeded by Bill Jones's coon dog, caught napping between the mourner's bench and the pulpit steps—a time-honored custom of country dogs in country churches. After several misplaced atmospheric passes in quest of the unknown, Peter, amidst a rain of coin and the protesting shrieks of the offended canine, crashed his hundred and seventy-nine pounds of bone and muscle against the frail pulpit stand, overturning it, together with the baptismal font (a small china water pitcher). The minister, his head bent over the Scriptures in holy meditation, was knocked to his knees prematurely for prayer, and baptized anew as the flying font shattered against his astonished cranium, scattering to the four winds his laboriously-garnered sermon on universal peace.

Then and there Peter Paine, forced by dire fate out of his religious rut, discussed that canine, his kith and kin, his ancestors and descendants, even unto the tenth generation, in language more picturesque than pious, and, his ears assailed by protesting whispers, scandalized titters, and the guffaws of the ungodly, picked himself up, turned, and strode silently out of the church.

The following day the minister visited Peter during business hours, and, appearing unexpectedly, inadvertently heard another sample of lurid eloquence—for Peter, in his well-worn profanity rut, was merely bossing his heathen with habitual linguistic skill. Whereupon, taking advantage of his pastoral right to save unruly rams willy-nilly, the preacher told him, in Scriptural parlance, that the devil was waiting around the corner for him; that, unless he mended his speech, Providence would surely visit him with a horrible judgment, a celestial castigation like unto that of Sodom and Gomorrah, and, like them, too late, he would repent in fire and brimstone. Peter listened with averted eyes and said nothing. As soon as the minister left he pondered over what he had just heard, and, bearing the stern admonition in mind, tried to trim his speech. After receiving half a dozen expurgated orders, the "muckers" and "skinners" looked at him in astonishment. What was wrong with the boss? He seemed soft all of a sudden. A few minutes later the walking-boss bobbed



up, found the cut blocked with scrapers, and thirty niggers and dagoes killing time, while Peter seemed unable to handle the situation. The walking-boss was a man of economical tongue, but every word he spent burnt like caustic. Sore from the roasting, Peter dropped back in his rut, his good intentions vanished, and devils chuckled in glee over a substantial addition to Hadean paving supplies; but Peter had "muckers" and "skimmers" going like the architects of Erebus in less than forty seconds!

Peter lived on the Georgia side of the Savannah. Daily he was ferried across to the construction work on the South Carolina side. While the railroad on the South Carolina side was rapidly assuming form, Georgia soil was as yet untouched save by surveyors' instruments, and the bridge was still a thing of lines and curves confined to blue-prints.

One climactic day, besides Peter and the ferryman, the boat carried six mules, and, while in mid-stream, the ferry rope snapped in twain, and, unmanageable in the swift current, the unwieldy craft struck a rock, and was carried partly over it. As it tilted, the mules, acting by the law of their mulishness, crowded to the lower edge where Peter was standing steering with an oar. Forced further on the rock and overbalanced, the shallow vessel shed the mules into the water, Peter meanwhile taking a back dive for health's sake. He came to the surface emitting strangled oaths, treading water violently, and grabbed a mule's tail, but let go when the mule sank beneath the surface. He narrowly escaped being crushed by another, and caught the ear of a third, but struck in the solar plexus by one of its fore-feet, had to release his hold and float on his back until his wind returned. Meanwhile the current was speeding him far down the river. Breath recovered, he attempted to swim ashore, but, not having mule-muscle, the current was too much for him, so, alternating change of stroke with floating, and, throughout it all, laboring heavily in water-weighted clothing, he sped with the stream to, he knew not where, barely keeping his head above water, now and then sucked under as he passed over a swirling eddy-hole. His strength was failing fast; he would have to give up soon. He tried to remove his clothing, but, despite the stories he had heard of swimmers removing cumbersome clothing while battling waters,



despite his efforts to free himself, he was successful only in shedding his boots, and in this act swallowed a gallon of water (so it seemed to him). Soon came a time when he felt that he could hold out no longer. In motion-pictures he reviewed past wickedness. He thought especially of his habit of profanity. Why hadn't he reformed? Maybe drowning was to be his punishment in this world, and what awaited him in the next he knew not, but he had an awful suspicion. Surely this must be the judgment the preacher had warned him of. Was it too late to repent? He began praying: "Oh, Lord, I ain't fit to die. Spare my own miserable life, and I hope me die in hell if I ever cuss again! Oh, Lord, save me this time, and I'll reform—I'll never swear another cuss-word—I'll never even say 'dog-gone it' or 'plague take it.' Oh, Lord—" Here his mouth filled with water; his strength failed utterly; the waves closed over his head. He was drowning—No! His knees struck bottom! He was saved! Surprised, he rose to his feet; rose up out of the water into the blessed sunlight! Half-strangled, he inhaled the pure air in sobbing breaths. Ah! It was good! Self-possession restored, he looked around; he looked down; he was in the shallows. He was amazed. Through the clear rippling current he could see the gravel bottom. The water was only three feet deep; he would be able to walk ashore. Then an expression of self-derision and unutterable self-disgust spread over his face, and, with habitual vigor, his voice rent the peaceful atmosphere—

"Well, I'll be damned!"



## PROHIBITION A SOCIAL NECESSITY.

*W. T. Hall, '14.*

**T**HE strength of a nation does not lie in forts, nor in navies, nor yet in large standing armies, but in its happy and contented citizens. The glory of a nation consists not in the wealth of its traditions, nor in the broad areas of its dominions, but in the character of its people and the quality of its institutions. The future of a nation does not depend upon the supremacy of its arms nor the abundance of its resources, but upon its children and the homes in which they live. And I arraign before the bar of experience the legalized saloon as the greatest destroyer of our happiness and glory, and the enemy of these things that are dearest to the hearts of the American people.

The general use of alcoholic liquors is a serious danger to public health. This is not a theory, but a demonstration that is final. While sweeping the heavens with their telescopes in search of other worlds, and with the test-tube and crucible compelling the world of chemistry to yield up its secrets, the scientists have turned their unbiased reason and cold logic on the drink problem. The report of the great international conference on alcoholism, held in London in 1909, was that alcohol is a poison, and its use should be restricted in the same way as the use of other poisonous drugs. These conclusions were reached independently, after experiments had been made, not only upon the human organism, but also upon lower animals, trees, and plants, in various parts of the world. This is, indeed, striking at the root of the matter. Science has won for itself the honor of being the trusted and beloved pioneer of civilization. Its aim is not the founding of religions or the governing of nations, but to seek the truth, and only the truth. The use of alcohol weakens the power of resistance and causes disease. It defrauds a man of his vitality, weakens the intellect, destroys self-control, produces forgetfulness of social duties, deadens his moral and spiritual sense. Its effects are multiplied by being visited upon posterity, causing the



father to send out into the world imbecile, diseased, and deformed children. Investigation shows that of the offspring of non-drinkers 82 per cent. are sound, while of those of inebriates only 17 per cent. are healthy. Many of our great business firms have forbidden its use by their employees. In striking at the individual the liquor traffic is undermining the foundation of our nation. A few weeks ago Dr. H. W. Wiley, former chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, in Washington, declared that the conservation of all our nation's health is more important than the conservation of all our natural resources combined.

But probably the greatest blight of the saloon is on the home. The father is corrupted, his manhood overthrown, his fidelity destroyed. The children are robbed of their birthright, poisoned before their birth, foredoomed to disease. I believe that generations yet unborn have a right to be well born. Nothing is so sacred as a human soul. There is nothing so sublime as the morning of a young life. The nation's life never rises higher or falls lower than its home life. No duty of the citizen is more sacred than that of its preservation. He who dares assault our womanhood or disturb the sanctity of our homes insults the nation, and deserves nothing less than ostracism and death. These pillars of our social structure tremble and collapse under the Samson-like grip of the saloon. If I could gather into my lips the language of angels and consult cherubim and seraphim for forms of speech, I could not picture the anguish that has been wrung from mothers' hearts or the wretchedness of drunkards' homes, caused by this nefarious traffic.

This direful curse retards the production of wealth. Its physical, intellectual, and moral effects incapacitate the individual. The natural results of drink are inefficiency, carelessness, sloth. We find ourselves at a loss for words fully to describe the awful condition of thousands who to-night are roaming the streets of our big cities, out of work, penniless, homeless, hungry, living lives of lust and depravity, yet no one will deny that the bulk of it is caused by drink. Thus it violates the fundamental principle of industrial prosperity of the laborer. The first duty of a business concern is to see to the welfare of its employees, as our Government did in the war with Spain, and is doing in the work



on the big ditch at Panama. The liquor traffic makes the plea of being a great manufacturing and business enterprise, and thus a benefactor to the country; but in reality it is the arch-enemy of economic interests. It violates the basic principle of supply and demand, creating an abnormal desire for an injurious and wholly unnecessary luxury. The steel mill and the cotton mill take the raw material and convert it into useful and necessary articles, and are, accordingly, a benefit to society; but it takes no mathematician to calculate the loss in the liquor traffic, which, while affording a market for a small per cent. of our farm products, its manufactured article is fraught with such disastrous results. Where is the economic justification for the maintenance of such a national peril? It is the height of financial folly and business stupidity to uphold such an enterprise. All the gain that can be shown is evident only in crime, disease, and death. We are sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

The liquor traffic is either for or against the social welfare, for or against the common good, and, upon this proposition, it must stand or fall. It is clearly a social evil, in that it is detrimental to the health, wealth, morals, and institutions of society—yet, cursed of God, it stays—yea, prospers and rules. Upheld by the Government only because of a few paltry dollars of tax, permitting it to look up into our faces and grunt, "I am your offspring." The cry of politicians and subsidized newspapers is, Revenue, revenue; but the entire revenue of the Government, all the wealth and glory and unlimited resources of our nation, cannot recompense the loss of character nor requite the ranks of manhood caused by the legalized saloon. Behold the paradox of the age! Behold a State that, for a mess of pottage, will sell its birthright! Behold a people that will sacrifice their virtue for gain! Behold a Government that, for a share in the profits, will presume to legalize and sanction, and even attempt to civilize and make respectable, an institution that is sucking its life-blood! What is a nation profited if it gain the whole world and lose its own life?

We point, with pride, to our numberless institutions for aiding the poor and the suffering. Let pestilence or famine cast its blighting pall over some distant country, and our Government will rush its Red Cross evangelists, with ships full of good things



to supply the needs of the hungry and suffering. Our Government votes millions of dollars every year to help in stamping out death-dealing diseases. It is inconceivable in this enlightened age, whose keynote is social efficiency, and whose watchword is fraternity, that we will long allow the flag of the free to float over a business that can only prosper by the downfall of its citizens.

Is he a wise physician who treats only the symptoms of disease? It is noble to build hospitals to alleviate the sufferings from typhoid fever, but it is wiser to stop the sewer that poisons the fountains of the city with germs. It is charitable to keep an ambulance at the foot of the cliff to pick up the mangled bodies, but it is Christ-like to go to the top of the precipice and prevent the fall.

If you are doubtful as to the overthrow of the liquor traffic, lift up your eyes and read the signs of the times. From Washington and from distant States there comes the shout of victory along the battle-line. The enemy is on the retreat. Once he occupied the trenches of respectability, of personal liberty, and of usefulness. To-day he holds none of these. He holds only the trench of political power, and this is being vigorously assaulted.

I rejoice that the time has come when the American people cannot be moved by a vain Utopian dream or a baseless poetic fancy, or swept off their feet by a wave of sentimental emotionalism, but who can be stirred only by reason, patriotism, and love. For, when we weigh this question in the scales of justice we will wrap a regnant conscience around a spotless ballot, and fight back every shameful compromise in glorious victory. And the future historian will smile through his tears as he records our triumph.



## FATHER WILLIAM AND THE YOUNG MAN.

B.

I.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "And snow-y the fuzz on your chin.  
 Now, I'm thinking of going to college some day;  
 Now tell me just how to begin."

II.

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,  
 "I delved in the classical lore.  
 In the seven-hilled city I took my abode,  
 And there o'er my studies I'd pore (snore and swore)."

III.

"Now, pray, Father William," the young man said,  
 "Let your wisdom now counsel me more;  
 Your experience and judgment shall show me my way,  
 As I ramble in wisdom galore."

IV.

"First, beware lest, in cutting your classes too much,  
 You sever your classic connection.  
 More than *five cuts a week* is not thought to be best  
 By those who give *mental direction*."

V.

"Next, never let *class work* at all interfere  
 With a good *athletical* record,  
 For the hero who's borne off the gridiron will find  
 That his pathway with roses is checkered."

VI.

"Beware of the 'cops' when at midnight you march  
 In line in a grand celebration.  
 Don't burn up the town, or you'll find yourself down  
 With Justice John's *choice delegation*."



## VII.

"In the library, next, you should exercise full  
Your powers of *vocal expression*,  
And don't heed the *rap*, which is merely a tap  
To give you a short breathing session.

## VIII.

"Next, in *checkers* and *dominoes* try to excel—  
In most any room you will find them.  
They are fine mental exercise—bother the books!  
And if any one raps, pray don't mind them.

## IX.

"A harmless amusement, yet greatly enjoyed,  
Is to buy *coca-cola* per dozen.  
One *sets up* the bottles, the rest are employed  
In *bending* them down by *inflection*.

## X.

"The co-eds. come next, and my warning is done,  
Save to *frequent* the President's office.  
Use as much of their time as you possibly can;  
Well, you'll learn, youth, for you're but a novice."


## XI.

The old man sighed deeply, his story was done.  
The young man his thanks proffered highly.  
He went on his way, and yet to this day  
Father William's old eyes twinkle slyly.



## THE COURTSHIP.

By "Dick."

“HE time has come," the student said,  
 "To talk of many things;  
 Of rugs and carpets and door-mats,  
 Of prunes and engagement rings."

They had just arrived. It was a big game, the usual championship base-ball game between R. M. and R. C., so, of course, the co-ed. and her devoted follower were in evidence.

"Oh," she said (her name was Alvino), "how do you like Dr. Gaines and his solid geometry. I always think him just grand when he stands before the black-board with a long stick of chalk pointed toward the ceiling. I often imagine he is like General Well—Well—"

"Well what?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, General Wellington," she replied.

He sympathized with her, even tried to assume a look of knowledge. For they were in love, this big aimless bunch of non-plus energy and the sweet little co-ed. of catch-as-catch-can at knowledge and retain-all-you-hear-in-class. Strangely dis-similar in nature, yet true love was an element of the game.

Continuing along the same lines, he remarked, as he gazed timidly at his pink socks to see if any holes had appeared: "Did you make the math. course?"

"Why, sure I did, but, oh! we must stop talking 'shop' now, for there's the umpire, and we will just simply give all our attention to the game."

William (that was his name) looked at Alvino, and most any one versed in the art of eye-reading could have seen thoughts in William's orbs of a proposed outlay of twenty cents for ice-cream at the corner store.

"Play ball!" the umpire shouted—in fact, he yelled the words in such a loud tone of voice that it frightened Alvino. She gave a little nervous sigh, and remarked to her escort: "How perfectly



rough he is. I just know he nearly scared our boys, and I almost wish that I had remained in the library."

Now William was not exactly sensitive, but he decided to take it personal—that remark about the library. He considered it very much out of place, so he remarked, "Of course, if you really prefer the stuffy old book abode to this cool grand-stand seat (student ticket), why I will accompany you thence at once." Saying which he tried to contract his forehead muscles so as to deepen the lines between the eye-brows, as he knew that lent a certain effect to his words, having seen the "heavy" at a ten-cent show use the frown to great advantage.

"Oh, William," answered Alvino, "you don't think I meant that"; to which Bill only mumbled that he supposed he was a poor thinker, and, anyway, he didn't like for folks to be saying things they didn't mean, and it was very poor policy, he concluded, deepening the wrinkles.

"Oh! Billie, Willie, Bill, William, I should say. You know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the whole wide world—no, not even for the Dominion of Canada."

Now William knew that the terrestrial domain known as Canada wasn't at all the whole world, but, being as he was always a poor geography student, he decided to let the valuation placed upon him remain as it was.

But now the game had commenced in earnest, which was more to Bill's liking, and, as he was well informed concerning the game, he decided he would explain all the fine points to Alvino. So, with the air of a domesticated hen showing her one chick how to pick up gravel, Bill began: "That one at the bat, that's Beale; he is a good old scout and is captain of the team. He can sure play the game. Hit her Beale, slam it on the snout, and make it pout, and don't get out, and"

"Oh!" exclaimed Alvino, "what's it all about? What makes you shout?" At which reprimand Bill thought of his determination to tell his friend all of the points.

"A hit," he cried, as Beale was caught out at short. "Did you see that? It was larceny—simple, grand, compound, and felonious larceny. Who would a' thought that sap-headed wobble-kneed runt of a short-stop could jump so high? Why, a



sunset-red bunch of terra cotta, he couldn't do it again for all the money in the mint in San Francisco. It was pure luck, Alvino (she nods her head affirmatively)—the kind of luck that follows an aviator who is buttoning his shoes at a height of three thousand feet, loses his balances and falls, only to catch a clothes-line with the buttoner and slip safely to the ground. It's luck, simply luck, that keeps the boys behind in their games."

Alvino answered that she supposed it was, and tried to command Bill's attention by likening it to the time Blucher arrived late at Waterloo; but William was also talking, rather yelling.

"Look, just look; didn't old Lewis hit that one for fair. He's gone to second, on to third, and he's going to make it. Slide you—you ain't running; slide, you turtle, slide, I say. He is what? Ow! Come on, Alvino; I guess we might as well go; there is no justice in this game. Out, thunder! he was as safe as a United States bond."

Alvino wanted to know if the game was over and who won. Bill didn't say much, only sat down again, but any one could see that he was hurt. His confidence in Alvino had received a severe jolt. Before he had decided to ask Alvino to go to the game with him he had debated about the front row and the fellows. There they were, all of them, some smoking, some chewing tobacco, others eating peanuts and cracker-jack; none had their coats on. Yes, that was his sphere. Undoubtedly he had loved this little co-ed., this blue-eyed sweet lump of automatic history quotations; this little dear, with cheeks like cream skimmed from the milky way, who could do all kinds of geometry with languid ease; this little girl, with teeth like pearls, who could even count with Roman numerals. But that was yesterday. She was so unsophisticated in all base-ball mannerisms. Her only concern about the game seemed to be that some one might be injured while playing. But Bill was game; only he would excuse himself for a few minutes and go down front with the boys, and, during some very exciting moment, bum a cigarette from Henry Powell when he wasn't thinking. And he would give a couple of yells with those boys, and then return to Alvino. So he excused himself.

The lucky seventh arrived, and there was great excitement



among the rooters. Alvino was sitting all alone, William-less. She was really and truly concerned about Bill. There he was, standing on a bench, yelling like mad, his arms akimbo, his face red from exertion, coat gone, and sleeves rolled up to the limit. She was amazed. Could this be William, her William, who only the day before was in one of the library alcoves listening to her as she softly read poetry from English C. No, surely, that wasn't the Bill she knew. But it was Bill she saw, his head above all the others. His voice was hoarse. It had a sound like the call of elephantine bull-frogs on moonlight nights way down in the lowlands.

Now it was the ninth inning. Bill had bet a dollar. That was due to the excitement. But he didn't get a cigarette, because Henry wasn't excited, as he appeared to be; besides, he had missed a cigarette after the last game, and couldn't account for it. But Bill was rooting hard. The score was tied; if R. C. didn't score this inning the game would go into a tie, and, having bet the "one bone," Bill was prone to be superstitious about anything savoring of the unusual. It was just then luck perched upon the shoulders of the R. C. men, and the winning run was scored. The "Spiders" went wild, Bill went wilder, and Alvino, after waiting a long time, went home, alone with a young ministerial student.

After a thousand or so hand-shakes and a dollar's worth of milk-shakes and cigarettes, Bill felt fine. Some one then asked him if he didn't take Alvino to the game.

"What Alvino, oh! Yes, I remember now; have you seen her? Well, I guess I am a failure at this love game, and I—oh! here's the captain; have a shake, mine's vanilla."



## THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

*Jesse Clarion Duke, '14.*

**H**OW long would it take the united Christians of Europe and America to abolish the scourge of international war, and, what is nearly as bad, the insane rivalry of the great powers to increase their armaments? When we reflect over the fact that one modern battleship costs as much as all of the college and university libraries in the United States, we must believe that the followers of the "Prince of Peace" could well afford to join hands with the international Socialist movement in its endeavor to abolish militarism. And then, there are the great nation-wide social evils, caused by the maladjustment of our economic relations, which the large number of Christians in our country could destroy in several years of organized effort. I have seen thousands of Christians in my city go into raptures over the necessity of "saving the souls" of Fiji Islanders and Congo negroes, while viewing with indifference the industrial conditions in the city, which forced girls, many of them from the country, into a life of shame *via* the \$3.50 per week department store route. We need less theology and more sociology in our Christianity. More love and help for our neighbors, and less worry as to whether they are "going to heaven" or not.

It was to meet this status of disinterestedness and lassitude in regard to social problems among church members that the Christian Socialist Fellowship was organized at Louisville in 1906, with the following objects:

"Realizing that the social message of Jesus applied in an age of machine production means Socialism, we declare the object of our Fellowship to be:

"To proclaim Socialism to churches and other religious organizations; to show the necessity of Socialism to the complete triumph of Christianity; to end the class struggle by establishing



industrial and political democracy, and to hasten the reign of justice and brotherhood—the Kingdom of God on earth.”

Unlike the European Christian “Socialist” movements, which is denounced as being neither Christian nor Socialist, the Fellowship accepts the principles of international Socialism, and endorses the Socialist Party. Through their organized and individual efforts, the Christian Socialists immediately began a campaign of education, agitation, and organization among church people, which has made it one of the most powerful forces in America making for Socialism. The Fellowship publishes a splendid bi-weekly propaganda magazine, and distributes hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, leaflets, and books every year. It is mainly responsible for the present interest in social problems by the churches, and also for the rather indulgent attitude of the radical labor movement towards the churches, which have been viewing with indifference their struggle for a higher life.

There is also the Church Socialist League, a recently-organized society, which confines itself to work among the Episcopal churches. It is pledged to Socialism, and has many prominent Socialists in its membership, among others the Rev. Dr. F. S. Spaulding, Bishop of Utah. It publishes a monthly magazine.

In the political side of the American Socialist movement the Christian Socialists have been well represented by the following ministers elected to office by the Socialist Party: Mayor Lewis J. Duncan, Butte, Montana; Mayor J. Stitt Wilson, Berkeley, California; Mayor George R. Lunn, Schenectady, N. Y.; City Clerk Carl D. Thompson, Milwaukee, Wis., and W. R. Gaylord, of the Wisconsin Legislature. Nearly every Socialist “local” includes at least one minister and several Christian Socialists in its membership.

The outlook of the Christian Socialist movement is very bright, notwithstanding the quiescent attitude of the great majority of Christians to-day. Slowly, very slowly, but surely, the churches are emphasizing the sociological side of Christianity, as is evinced by the establishment of social settlements, institutional churches, medical missionary stations, social service commissions, and similar activities. The platform of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ in America, adopted at Chicago



in last December by representatives of thirty-two million American Christians, practically commits the churches to Socialism, both in its ideal and practical aspects. The churches have a wonderful opportunity in the present social crisis, and many will take advantage of it. In the present call, not only for Good Samaritans, but also for Social Revolutionists, who will clear life's highway of its robbers, let us hope that the ministers and laymen of to-day will not follow in the footsteps of the priest and Levite of the Carpenter's parable.



## ABSENT.

*Ike, '15.*

Chasing shadows tease the sun,  
And sullen glooms the murky day;  
Life, an infinite of gray,  
Tells me sadly she's away.

Full well I know the world is sad;  
Though Spring may smile, she is not glad;  
For can't you hear the moaning bees,  
The sad south wind amid the trees  
That woo the drooping flowers?

No more I linger by the brook  
Where once I rambled—line and hook;  
Complaining now o'er somber stones,  
Or wildly rushing to the shoal,  
It strikes a chord upon my soul  
Of pain—a mighty, humming, haunting lay  
That seems to tell me she's away.

What matters since she is not here?  
Her touch, her voice, made all life dear.  
The skies were blue, for were her eyes,  
The days were bright because she smiled.

No wonder that the south wind sighs;  
That I, Springtime, she called her spirit child,  
And many treasures of Time's zealous hours  
We pilfered 'neath the vines and bowers.  
But the earth is brown and sear to-day,  
And my heart is cold and drear away;  
What matters since she is not here?

Do you tell me in the mead  
Presumptuous souls within the seed  
Dream in hope of fruit and flowers?

What gaiety that Spring takes on  
Of buxom breeze or boisterous showers,  
Of blush or bloom of waking bowers,  
Or feathered flutterings of lilt and lay  
Can recompense that she's away?



## PHANTOM FLIGHTS.

*"Ted."*

**T**HE boarders sat listlessly about on the porch of the hotel—just the ordinary conventional crowd to be found at any mountain hotel in late August—the young men in their neat white shirts and flannel trousers; the ladies in delicate, feminine kind of ornamental adornment, which makes some perilously attractive and others woefully repulsive.

It was the twilight hour, the time for little lazy talk and confidential gossip. A sporty little man (I suppose you'd call him a man) talked conventional nothings with two charming young ladies. The conversation wandered aimlessly about, as if in an effort to land on something substantial, until finally it came back to the one great topic of Cedar Brook mountain resort—viz., the strange young man who arrived at the hotel some two weeks back.

"He is so queer, so reserved," said little Miss Kirkpatrick. "He never goes with the crowd. I've never seen him at the dancing pavilion. Why, one would think he'd get tired of his own company, and certainly of that perfectly horrible little dog of his; but every day he goes out alone, with the ugly little animal trotting contentedly along by his side."

"Yes," chirped Miss Curtis, "his actions are awfully queer. I'll bet there's some mystery, some great secret, about his life that he is hiding from us. And his eyes—oh! such queer eyes—dark gray, and when he looks at you you can't feel quite sure whether he sees you are not. Sometimes his eyes seem soft, with a calm melancholy; at other times they are wild and glaring in their intensity."

"I think he's a fake," volunteered the masculine part of this trio; "he's simply posing. Yesterday I was walking through the woods, over by Lone Peak, and, as it chanced, I was alone. As I passed the spring I stopped to pick a flower. I heard some one, just a little way in front of me, talking in a quiet tone: 'Well,



Gyp, little pal,' he said, 'they have already begun to speculate on who we are; but, ah!—' Just then I sneezed, and the talking stopped. I walked on and overtook this man, with his detestable cur. I believe he knew I was there all the time, and tried simply to create the impression that he is eccentric. Who would ever walk about the country talking to a little old yellow dog when there are such fine-looking women around."

The cute things smiled their appreciation, and (under their breath) remarked, "What an ass!" Miss Kirkpatrick was about to make some other remark concerning this peculiar young man, but just then the person in question came sauntering leisurely up the walk, with his much-discussed dog running by his side. For some reason the conversation on the porch suddenly turned upon the next German. Donald McCrawford, with a courteous "Good afternoon," walked to the other end of the porch and sat down. Gyp coiled up by his chair. The two remained thus until the supper-bell rang.

On the next day he made his accustomed walk. So things continued for a week. The mystery that hovered around this inoffensive young man increased until it became almost unbearable. He simply let people alone, and seemed mutely to ask the same favor of others; but one cannot live to themselves and be normal to others. Hence the gossip continued in the form of conjectures, until finally something happened which set all tongues to wagging.

Donald had just finished breakfast, and was standing listlessly in the front doorway, as if waiting for nothing in particular to happen. The stage-coach was coming up the long driveway, and Donald watched it indifferently. In the meantime the other guests came out. The coach stopped in front of the door. An old lady was helped out first, then a young one, evidently her daughter, alighted from the vehicle. Then it was that some one noticed Donald. His face was pale, and he was staring at the two arrivals with wild eyes and an expression almost of alarm upon his features.

The lady and her daughter started toward the house. Both saw Don at the same moment.

"Oh, Don!" exclaimed the young lady, as she stretched out her dainty hand to him.



"You bad, bad boy!" said the mother. "We have found you at last."

That was all the interested listeners on the porch heard, for the three went inside. Some time later Miss Curtis went to the register and read:

"Mrs. J. H. Fontleroy, Edgefield, Mass.

Miss Clara Fontleroy, Edgefield, Mass."

"Ah! The woman in the case," Miss Curtis assured herself, as she went to her room.

That night Don and Clara were seated in a cozy corner at the northern extremity of the veranda. No one was in hearing distance. They were alone at last, and Clara said:

"Oh, Don! How could you do it? How could you leave me as you did? What is wrong? You said you loved me, and I believed you, and yet you ran away. And you left such a curious little note. You said: 'Good-bye, little girl; I must go, never to return. You will think this strange and cruel of me, but it is because I love you that I must go. Where I'm going I cannot tell. I don't know; I don't care; but I must go. It would be an injustice to you for me not to leave. Some day you'll know why, and then you will forgive and pity your devoted, Don.' There! you see I know every word of it. That is all you said. You left us no clue as to where you had gone nor what you intended to do. We were puzzled, mystified. I thought probably there was some mistake; so I began searching for something that would indicate your course of action. I finally located you here. Oh, Don! What does it all mean? It is so strange. Tell me, dear, what is it?"

"Clara, every word you say cuts me like a knife. I have caused you much pain, and I know I must seem hideous in your eyes; but I can't help it. I can neither explain my action nor change my determination. I told you in that note that I love you; every word of it said as much. I repeat it now. I love you with all the power of an intense soul; but, Clara, I can never marry you. I must leave again, and for your own sake."

"What is it, Don? Some other woman?" (A woman's first thought under such circumstances.) "Tell me, tell me any-



thing to relieve this suspense. I believe I shall go crazy if you leave in this way."

Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Curtis came out on the porch at that moment, and Clara, consequently, did not notice the pained, almost deathly expression which came over Don's face. He introduced them, talked for a few minutes, then excused himself.

Don walked as one dazed. He called Gyp, who, for some reason, had left him. The ugly outcast of the canine family came racing madly to his master. They mechanically walked out of the big gate, and took the road toward Lone Mountain. When alone, out on the great mountain, a calmness settled on Don; but it was a calm despair.

"Gyp!" said he, "you've been a faithful pal. You've stuck by me all the way. You trust me, and nothing can shake that faith. So, little dog, I'm going to tell you something—something that has ruined two innocent lives. I guess I was born a pessimist, Gyp, for, from the very first, life has seemed to me to be one gigantic mistake, an eternal tragedy, a wonderful work marred in the making. The great tragedies of life are those we cannot battle against, those we cannot cope with. Oh! the thousands of souls that are damned before they ever see the light—just the victims of crushing circumstances. Now, Gyp, you know what is wrong with me. I'm living in the shadow of a great cloud that was created two months before I was born. Mother, my own mother, lost her mind, went completely mad, and died shortly after my birth. Now, Gyp, I grew up a strange, melancholy youth, and, at times, I had strange moods, which I could not understand. Two years ago I met Clara, and fell madly in love with her. A month ago I learned, by accident, of my mother's affliction. I knew, then, what my peculiar moods meant. Gyp, I realized that *I was going mad!* Ever since that horrible moment I have not been normal. It is coming, Gyp! It's coming! I cannot fight it off. Would to God I were brave enough to end it all. But, oh—let's go back, Gyp; let's go back."

They left the mountain and sought the hotel again. Don went straight to his room, took paper and ink, and began to write. He had decided to tell Clara all. Long into the night he wrote. He told everything. How he had tried to save her, how he had



determined that he would never marry, how every day the grim spectre stood more horrible than death, and mocked him with its immutability. "I told you I must go, and now you see why, little girl, and you will not detain me. Good-bye. I *must* go. Good-bye."

He folded the letter, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and then, with a wild, unearthly laugh, he stepped out into the hall, little Gyp followed him, whining pitifully, for his master was treading the way that led to the hills and the wilds.



## "BOYS' CORN CLUB OF VIRGINIA."

*Hon. T. O. Sandy.*

**T**HE Corn Club boys have demonstrated the possibilities of the soil by the crop yield of an acre, and not only have they demonstrated the possibilities of the soil, but they have shown a greater possibility, and one that is the all-important factor of American institutions—that is, *the possibilities of the American boy.*

We have enrolled for 1913 in Virginia three thousand boys. What does this mean? It means, if we can get fifty boys interested in farming in one county, so that they will stay there, we shall have increased her greatest asset and wealth-producing power—her young men. It means more; it is by this means that farming generally is improved, as has been done all over the South; so that, if more farm products can be grown with the same labor and on the same land than has been done before, there will be another gain to the county's wealth.

It is good to demonstrate, by actual weight in yield, the possibilities of our soil in the way of producing corn; it is of great value as an object lesson to the neighborhood in which the acre is grown; but it is better still to have the boy able to intelligently explain how it was done and why, and this is what the Corn Club boys are required to do. After they have made their yield, they write a history of their crop, showing fertilization, preparation, and cultivation, and this is frequently given to the newspapers, who carry the knowledge to others on the farms.

The largest yield in Virginia for 1912 was 167 bushels, at a cost of production of 22½ cents. In recognition of this, the young man making this yield was given a trip to Washington, D. C., by the Southern Fertilizer Association; a trip to Columbia, S. C., to the National Corn Exposition, by the Lynchburg Chamber of Commerce, besides several money prizes he won in his county. This Corn Club boy also made a speech before the Southern Educational Conference in Richmond, telling the Conference how he made his corn.



The second largest yield in the State last year was 137 bushels and 38 pounds, made at a cost of 18 cents per bushel. There were forty-four boys making 100 bushels and over to the acre, at an average cost of 21 6-7ths cents per bushel; thirty-four boys making 90 bushels and up to 100 bushels; fifty boys making 80 bushels and up to 90 bushels; thirty-one boys making 75 bushels and up to 80 bushels, and 230 boys making 50 bushels and up to 75 bushels.

In the year 1912 the Corn Clubs of the Southern States reached 80,000 boys. We aim to teach these boys the principles of agriculture and horticulture in a definite and practical way; to teach love of plant life and the value of the soil; to dignify labor, and make it intelligent and effective; to give purpose and direction to youthful lives at an opportune time; to teach earning, owning, and accounting, and, lastly, but not least, to develop manhood.

The Boys' Corn Clubs serve a dual purpose, for very often we are able to reach their fathers through the boys, when otherwise they are unapproachable. It has been said, and truly said, "A little child shall lead them."

It is most interesting to keep up with these boys making large yields of corn. Some of them are in agricultural colleges, perfecting themselves as leaders for the rural life in their States.

Again, this work is not confined to corn raising, but applied to other farm crops. While we impress upon our boys the advantage of producing a big crop of corn, we particularly emphasize that the soil should be so cared for in the production of the crop that the acre is always richer in the elements of plant food, or in those things that are necessary to grow crops, than it was before it produced the big yield. This kind of farming is called "rotation of crops," "increasing soil fertility," "conserving and increasing the elements of plant food," etc.

A few bushels of corn and a few boys lead us to large, wide thought and aspiration. Large results from small beginnings is the course of nature.



## THE SUMMER NIGHT.

*Ike, '15.*

Life is hushed; 'tis summer night,  
The world is drowned in floods of light;  
I lean upon my window-sill,  
And gasp—a pain of beauty too intense  
Takes my breath, and holds me in its spell;  
Fills me, thrills me, transports me hence  
To everywhere, to that lone pine  
That leans dark against the moon,  
To that dim uncertain hill a-far  
That breaks the night with lines of gray,  
Grows deep, now dim, and fades away,  
And rises still again as oft the moon  
Creeps from some lost belated cloud,  
Or rifts the bank and shimmers through  
And launches full into the blue.  
Lo! Is all the earth asleep?  
Intent, I hear, from dismal bogs,  
A million croaks and creaks of frogs,  
That wake the hush with sleepy throbs,  
And pulse in one long, deep basso.  
And, list! from toward the grassy old rail fence,  
There comes, in haunting, chilling trill,  
The notes of some love-lorn whip-poor-will.  
Ah, near the gate—and nearer still—and on  
The weird whispers freeze into my soul,  
As I alone think of other nights, long gone  
When she—but “whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.”  
And my heart stands still.



## THE CHANCE.

B.

**I**N a low, squalid back room of a disreputable-looking saloon, dimly lighted by a half-burned candle, two men sat at a table, playing cards. The flickering light danced wierd shadows across the smoke-stained walls, and lit up the faces of the two players. The elder of the two was a deep-chested, heavy set man, with grossly-repulsive features and restless, piercing eyes, that glanced furtively from beneath heavy, over-hanging brows. The younger was smooth-shaven, sharp-featured, his thin lips showing but a thread of scarlet. His eyes were cold, steady, and compelling, yet at times they glowed with the subdued light of hidden fires within.

The elder man had been drinking rather heavily, and an empty bottle lay on the floor beside his chair. As he stooped to pick a card from the floor, a mass of papers dropped from his inner coat-pocket. With an oath he gathered them up, and, as he was arranging them, a photograph slipped from the rest of the papers and fell on the table. The younger man picked it up carelessly, and bent towards the light to examine it. It was the photograph of a pretty young girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen. The looker glanced at it casually the first time, then with a start, which he instantly repressed, and when he again looked up it was with only a cold, emotionless glance of inquiry, as he handed the photograph back.

The other gave a short, ugly laugh.

"Who is that girl?" came from the younger man's lips, in which not even the scarlet line showed.

Something in the tone checked the other's coarse laugh.

"What?" he said, curiously. "Oh, her? Why, that's a little souvenir of a small love affair I had back East when I went there some time ago. Nothing serious, though—didn't last longer than my trip, but—" He didn't finish, but the ugly smile that distorted his face was more expressive than words.

The younger man leaned forward, his eyes gleaming green in the candle-light.



"So you're the man," he said, in a smooth, low tone, which, nevertheless, seemed to cut through the air like a knife.

The color fled from the bloated face of the other, and he made a quick movement toward his side. In a flash the younger brought his hand up, and the black barrel of an automatic pointed at the other. "Up," he said tensely.

His companion threw up his hands. The young man leaned over and took the other's weapon. Emptying the chambers, he tossed the gun back on the table.

"So you're the man," he repeated, his gaze never leaving the coarse face. "For two years I've been in every hell-hole on the Pacific Coast looking for you, and at last I've found you. You can rest your arms, if you wish; there's just a few things you will hear before—" The other shifted uneasily. "A little over two years ago," began the young man, "in one of the smaller towns back East, a boy and his sister lived in a cozy little cottage down by the water. They were alone in the world, and each was happy with the other, and with no other love between their tender affection. After a while a stranger from the West, who seemed to be a wealthy cattle-man, came to town, and met the sister at some social affair. Their acquaintance soon ripened into a deeper affection, and he came often. The brother stifled the hate and jealousy he felt toward the man who was receiving a deeper affection than he held as a brother, and he welcomed him in the house with a smile, even while his fingers itched to bury themselves in his throat. Then—" the smooth voice went on with not even a tremor, "then a day came when they went off to a larger city to be married and to purchase a traveling outfit. Against the wishes of the brother they left, and many lonely days passed, with no word except a card she had written telling of their safe arrival in the city. At last the brother could stand it no longer, and went to the city to look for her. He found her—" The fingers holding the gun twitched spasmodically, and the smooth voice trembled slightly. "Then," he continued, "the boy brought her back home, and cared for her as tenderly as in the other days; but a merciful God soon took her, and she died with a prayer for her brother and a prayer for the dog who—you fiend of hell!" cried the younger man, springing up, his whole features working



as his eyes blazed a fury of passion. "I wanted to kill you like the dog you are as soon as I saw you, but your kind of life has changed your features somewhat, and I did not feel sure before I had played a while. Then the joy of having in my power what I've hunted for two years was too great to break suddenly. Even now, when every fiber in me is aching to pull this trigger—" The other's face became ashy, and he glanced about as a cornered animal, but the speaker never took his gaze from him.

"Pick up those cards," he said, shortly.

The older man obeyed.

"The life I've learned to lead in looking for you," said the other, "has made me love the game of chance, and it was chance that brought you my way to-night. I'm going to give you a try at that same chance that I've followed, and, if it turns in your favor, for the sake of that prayer that came from a broken heart, I'll let you go, but, if we ever meet again, well—" The voice was again calm. "Discard all but the face cards."

The hands of the other trembled as he did so.

"Shuffle them. You have eleven chances to one. I ought not to give you such odds, but her latest breath was a plea that I would spare you. If the third card you deal off is a jack of spades you die. If not, you live till we meet again. Deal."

The other, his face strangely old in the murky candle-light, slowly lifted the cards from the top of the deck.

The third one was a jack.



# THE MESSENGER.

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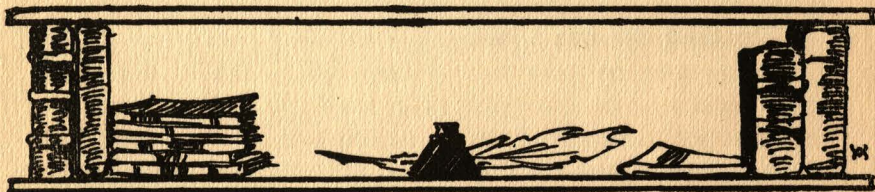
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## EDITORIALS.

THE MESSENGER is about to go to press for the last time this session. After a short vacation, the same routine will begin again; new faces will fill the places left vacant; new hands and new hopes will learn to do the tasks devolving upon them. And so the College lives, ever renewing its youth.



But what of the class of 1913? They will not be back with us next fall. THE MESSENGER will miss their presence and their labor, and wants to take this opportunity to thank many of them who have aided with their pens, and all who have aided with their purses. But is this the end? We hope not. We shall not say "good-bye." Just now the class is bound to the College with the strongest ties—ties that will hold for years to come, and often even grow stronger. *And THE MESSENGER is the strongest tie that binds.* For, through it the class will remain within the College life, and still be kept an integral part with us in feeling and in spirit. We don't intend to lose you. Our first issue of next session will locate you, however scattered. We shall note and tell of any distinction that shall come to every member of the class. We believe that the class organization shall continue unbroken, and that the class will re-unite from time to time, and visit *alma mater*; that, as the class branches out and grows, it will give part of that growth to the College; that four years spent here will not be merely an episode, but the foundation of a system that will continue on—a source of inspiration that will not cease to flow.

We, the editors, have used your articles in the past; we hope for better ones from you as alumni, in the broader fields of experience in the future. We want to keep in touch with you; we want you to keep in touch with us. *And THE MESSENGER is the strongest tie that binds!*

With this issue of THE MESSENGER we are beginning a series of Vocational Essays, written by our alumni. Each month we shall get one or two of our alumni, who have made noteworthy success in some line of endeavor, to write a short essay, dealing, in a purely personal way, with some phase of their work, or some incident or experience in connection with their life's vocation. We believe that this series of essays will be intensely interesting to the students, for the alumni have responded well to the petitions of the editors, and we have promises of articles from doctors, lawyers, preachers, bankers, and various other professions. These should be not only interesting,



but instructive, and especially to those of us who shall enter these same fields of undertaking. Besides, it gives us a wider knowledge of our alumni, and lets us know what success Richmond College men are making after they leave our walls. And it draws us to them, and brings them closer to us, with a result that is mutually beneficial.

We are fortunate in having Evan R. Chesterman, B. L., '96, begin this series with an essay on "Journalism," a profession to which so many college men are now turning their attention. Needless to say, the writer advises from a full and successful experience, having himself—as he says in his letter to us—been intoxicated with printer's ink for several years, a malady resulting therefrom for which there seems to be no cure.

A second article in this series is written by T. O. Sandy, of the Farmers' Co-Operative Work of the United States Department of Agriculture. Under the title of the "Boys' Corn Clubs of Virginia" he has given us insight into an entirely different field of endeavor, but one equally as interesting, and even, we dare say, more important.

For several years we have felt the need in College of a new system of control and supervision of our athletics. Under the old system we have been putting out poor teams, running into debt, and getting generally unsatisfactory results all around. The remedy for this has been found in the creation of a new Athletic Council, composed of three members of the Trustees, three alumni, two members of the student body, and one representative from the Faculty. This new Council has now gone into office, and will have general oversight of our athletics.

What does this mean for us? It means that our athletics in the future are going to be systematized and put upon a responsible, business-like basis. It means that our coaches are going to be selected earlier, and that the student body will have a voice in the selection. It means, further, that the managers of our teams will hereafter be responsible to this Council, and will act within limits prescribed for them. And, finally, it means that



we shall have the experience and active interest of our three alumni members—often athletes themselves. We feel that the change is good and was necessary. Besides, a system somewhat like this has proven highly successful at the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee, and various other colleges and universities noted for their success in athletics.

It is highly fitting that this Council should have been created *now*, for we have just one more year upon the old campus here in which to raise our standard of athletics to that new and higher standard of the greater Richmond College. We have just one more year in which to round out teams which will do credit to that magnificent new stadium now nearing completion at Westhampton. And this new Athletic Council is the motive force in whom we have placed our faith to accomplish that desired end.

While we have been putting our athletic house in order, we have been neglecting another phase of our College work, which stands badly in need of some sort of system-  
 A DEBATING      ization, and *now*, in these last few days, is  
 COUNCIL.      the appointed time for action. We refer to  
                  the creation of a Debating Council, which  
 shall have entire charge of our inter-collegiate debating and supervision of our inter-society debating. This is a need which but few realize who have not taken part in the tedious proceedings preliminary to a contest. Many a debate is won in the committee rooms in the matter of selection of judges, time, and questions. The task is one that calls for real skill and experience, and should no longer be intrusted to a hap-hazard committee, selected on the spur of the moment, with no previous knowledge of such affairs. We were fortunate this year in having a chairman with business tact, ably assisted by Dr. Anderson; but if we want to win in the future we must at least insure ourselves against poor management by a chance committee.

We would propose a Council of six men, three from each society, to act with a member of the Faculty. Said committee should be in office during the whole year, and actively carry on the necessary correspondence and make the necessary arrangements incidental to a debate. The time to create that Council is



now, so that next year there will be no hesitancy in starting our annual debating. The directory of THE MESSENGER stands open for the names of this Council. Other colleges lead us in this matter. There is unanswered correspondence awaiting this Council, and business to be attended to *now*.

To a department already bubbling over with life and interest, the Ellyson History Prize has added new zest in the field of history and political science. This prize, which is offered for the best original paper in either history or political science, has been a wonderful incentive to the students in subjects which

WORK THAT OUGHT  
TO BE  
PRESERVED.

are naturally interesting. Real, enthusiastic work has been done. Our library and the State Library have been searched for old records and manuscripts. Old, musty newspaper records and files have been perused, and much valuable fact brought to light that would otherwise have remained hidden. Several of the students have made trips to the Congressional Library in Washington in this search for final authorities and documents nowhere else to be found. Public officials, men in historical work, librarians, and authors have been sought for information. And the result of this energy and labor has been that some remarkable papers, abounding in new facts, and dealing with subjects before untouched by writers of history, have been turned over to this department head. Many of these papers are valuable from a historical and educational standpoint, and should be circulated in print. But they are not. Instead, they have been handed back to the student, and by him rolled up and placed away in some drawer, to be forgotten. This is all the satisfaction that a student gets for the long hours of toil—that the head of the department has seen his work, and all the information and new facts that he has brought to life are again buried in a pigeon-hole.

And the summary of the whole matter is that there is a *crying need* in our College for an endowment fund, the interest of which will insure an annual publication of about ten of these best papers. Such a publication would scatter broadcast valuable historical matter, and bring to the student, as well as the College, the recog-



niton that such work merits. It is needless to point to the publication of such papers—for the last ten years, at Randolph-Macon, under the John P. Branch Historical Foundation, or to the Crump Historical publication at Trinity College, North Carolina, and to like magazines in other colleges and universities in the near Southland. They have but come into their own, while we, with better advantages here in and around Richmond than any of these, are—well, hoping to soon come into our own.

Social efficiency is the watchword of the century. This is an age of democracy, brotherhood, and mutual helpfulness, and the man who would heed the call of Y. M. C. A. the times must fit himself to help his fellows. This means that a man must be so trained and developed that he can enter into the life and interests of every person, not a class of persons, of every sort and condition, and help that one to a nobler life—in short, he must be “well rounded,” “four square,” “socially efficient.” He must not neglect any side of his nature. In view of this, permit me to utter a word in behalf of our College Young Men’s Christian Association.

Aside from class work, which, of course, is first, there are, in what we call college life, three phases—intellectual, physical, and religious. The intellectual phase finds expression in the functions of the literary societies, the physical phase in those of the Athletic Association, and the religious phase in those of the Y. M. C. A. and the chapel service. The demands of social efficiency call upon us to be interested in all of these college activities.

What is the Y. M. C. A.? It is not a “Jasperian” organization, and never was intended to be such. Indeed, it is the opposite. It was organized to fill a need of young men in our cities who would otherwise become drifters, to be a religious clubhouse, to preach the gospel of the triangle. It was organized in the colleges to fill this same need of the students. Every college man knows the vacant feeling that comes into the boy’s life when he leaves his home and church, where, perhaps, he was engaged in religious duties, and comes to college, where there is no special religious work for him to do, and where there is no mother



or pastor to help. Our Y. M. C. A. endeavors to respond to this want. We do not, we cannot, expect to train preachers, equip personal workers, or to manufacture, or even inspire, foreign missionaries, but we do want to leaven the College lump.

Our Y. M. C. A. needs the support of every student in College. We need to make the closing session at the old campus the best, in order to grasp our opportunities at Westhampton. The Trustees have promised us a modern \$30,000 building out there, equipped with post-office, lounging rooms, etc. Next session we are to have our alcove in the library especially devoted to the Y. M. C. A. Why cannot we make it the central organization in College. Every student cannot be expected to be an active worker. A man who devotes a large part of his time to athletics or the literary society has all the active work he can do. But, though every student cannot take an active part in every phase of college life, he can be interested and support every phase. If you are coming back to College next year, bring along one dollar for the support of the Y. M. C. A., and plan to reserve forty-five minutes of the week for its meetings. I know of nothing that will so contribute to the good of the College than for every student to do these two things.

—W. T. HALL.

There are many advantages which come to the College from being in the city. Not the least of these is the large opportunity we have for attending the many conferences which gather here and listening to the

A GREAT EDUCATIONAL speeches and proceedings of the delegates

CONFERENCE. assembled. Just recently we have had with us one of the greatest Educational Conferences ever held in the South. Just what this Conference was and did is best told below by Dr. Metcalf:

The Conference for Education in the South, which met in Richmond April 16th–18th, brought about fifteen hundred visitors to the city; the total registration reached nearly twenty-five hundred, counting the local members. The general meetings were held in the auditorium of the John Marshall High School, and were presided over by Mr. Walter H. Page, our Ambassador



to Great Britain, in the absence of the President of the Conference, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of New York. The Conference consists of a number of sections, concerned with various forms of vital educational work.

The farmers had meetings to discuss live rural problems, such as co-operative marketing, local credit associations, and making country life more attractive. The business men had their conferences to consider financial and civic questions; the tax experts discussed that puzzling matter; the country preachers considered the country church as related to the farm; the editors got together for talks on immigration and agricultural development; the college women formulated plans for the uplift of social conditions and the maintenance of educational standards; the negro problem was considered on its educational side; and the superintendents of schools met and talked over their troubles and their triumphs.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Conference covered a vast variety of interests. Indeed, it has become the educational clearing-house of the South. It looks toward eminently practical results in the stimulation of communities and individuals to clearer thinking on present-day needs and the solution of vital problems. The emphasis this year was on the enrichment of rural conditions through co-operative effort. The coming together of so many men and women of earnest ambition for real service to their localities will prove immensely stimulating to all kinds of education. The very association for a few days of such personalities, to say nothing of the speeches and the resolutions, will bring courage and uplift to the individual and through him and her to the people back at home.

A State-wide society has recently been formed in our chapel, which should be of interest to all of us, and especially to the English students. The aim of

THE VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. this organization, as its name indicates, is to search out folk-lore ballads in Virginia. Dr. Metcalf, Dr. Montgomery, and others of our professors were instrumental in the formation of this society, which is briefly, but well described by the Secretary, Dr. W. A. Montgomery.



A meeting of those interested in the collection and preservation of ballads and other folk-lore in Virginia, and the States recruited by immigration from Virginia, was held in the chapel of Richmond College in the afternoon of April 17th. Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Poe Professor of English in the University of Virginia, explained the purpose of the meeting. Formal organization was perfected, Professor Smith being chosen President and Professor Walter A. Montgomery, of Richmond College, Secretary and Treasurer. A committee reported a constitution, which was adopted.

The annual meeting of the society was set to coincide with the Thanksgiving meeting of the Virginia State Educational Association, and all persons joining before the 1913 meeting shall be known as charter members.

This organization should be of especial interest to the students of Richmond College, representing, as they do, every section of Virginia. Many of the students must have heard at least one version of a standard ballad, for no State in the Union offers so rich a field for the student of folk-lore as does Virginia. But no State has been so little worked. Of the three hundred and five English and Scotch ballads, most of them originating in the fifteenth century, collected and formally numbered, many must survive in Virginia—more, we believe, than in probably any other State. Professor Child, however, in his *English and Scotch Popular Ballads* (1882-1898), reports only four variants from Virginia. These are "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight," "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet?" "Lamkin," and "The Lass of Port Royal." Within the last month, however, more than this number have been reported, three being discovered which have, as yet, been brought to light nowhere else, and the search has only begun. We urge every student of Richmond College to help, by sending to the Secretary any version of any ballad he may know, to place Virginia at the head of the list. Everybody can and should co-operate. All credit will gladly be given by the officers of the society for any communication sent them.

A prospectus of the society, its aims, nature, etc., with a very valuable list of the fifty-six ballads already found extant in Virginia, prepared by Dr. Smith, will be sent on application to the Secretary.



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**Resolutions for President F. W. Boatwright and Family.**

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Whereas, God, in His Divine providence, has deemed it wise to call to his eternal reward the Rev. Dr. R. B. Boatwright, the father of our beloved President, and

Whereas, the bereavement of one who is so closely and so vitally associated with us as a student body is, in a large measure, our own bereavement, and finds a tender response in our hearts; be it

*Resolved*, That the student body of Richmond College extend to our bereaved President and his family expressions of their sympathy and esteem in this hour of their loss; and be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be placed in the hands of President Boatwright and his family, and a copy be also inserted in THE MESSENGER.

Done by order of the student body.

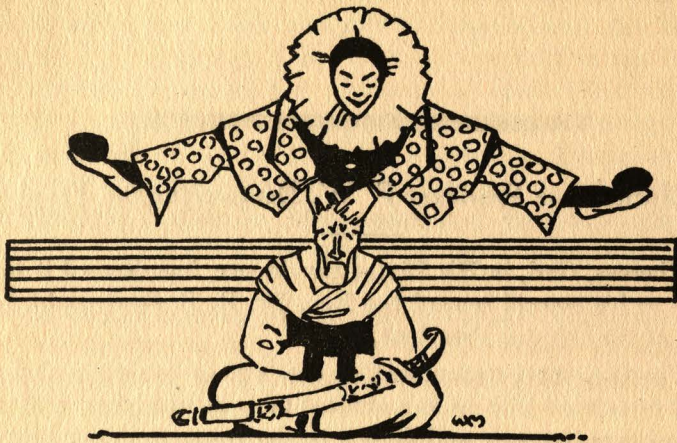
Signed by committee:

E. C. PRIMM,  
F. C. FLETCHER,  
H. B. BYRD,  
R. E. BISCOE,  
C. G. JONES,  
W. H. BRANNOCK.

*Richmond College, April 22, 1913.*

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## CAMPUS NOTES.

*L. V. Lee, '13.*

And so we come to the last issue of *THE MESSENGER* for the session. Every one is "boneing" for examinations, and secretly thinking a great deal more about Commencement, and the round of pleasures that it brings with it. So we will print below the program for the Commencement exercises, in so far as they are definitely known at the present time.

The Commencement exercises begin on Sunday, June 8th, at 8:15 P. M., in the College chapel, with the baccalaureate sermon, which will be preached by the Rev. Curtis Lee Laws, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Monday, June 9th, will be "Class Day." The exercises of the graduating class will take place in the chapel at 8:15 in the evening. At this time the histories of the Academic and Law classes will be given, and each class will be represented by their orator.

Tuesday, June 10th, is "Alumni Day." Annual meeting of the Trustees. Laying of the corner-stone of the Administration Building on the new campus at Westhampton. Alumni banquet.



At this banquet the graduating class is the guest of the Alumni Association.

Wednesday, June 11th, will be "Commencement Day."

11:00 A. M.—Academic procession.

11:15 A. M.—Commencement Address, by ex-Governor W. W. Kitchen, of North Carolina.

Conferring of Honorary Degrees.

8:15 P. M.—Closing exercises. Awarding of medals, honors, and degrees.

10:00 P. M.—President's reception.

The Sophomore Class will entertain the Seniors on the night of Saturday, May 31st, at a lawn *fete* on the campus. This will probably be one of the most enjoyable occasions of the whole Commencement.

After the Randolph-Macon slaughter in the first championship game the supporters of the "Red and Blue" had a big parade. The forces gathered just after dark in front of Memorial Hall, and a sightly-looking bunch they were, and proceeded to wait upon the President at his home. Dr. Boatwright appeared upon his porch, and addressed the crowd with a few words of congratulation and encouragement. The parade then proceeded down town and made things lively for a while. Upon returning to the campus, they were notified that the President was holding a reception. Needless to say, ice-cream was flowing like a "river of joy," and every one took a big swim. After the swim a bonfire was built, by which the fellows "dried out." There was little rest for the weary until the wee hours of the morning—but everybody was happy anyway.

#### POPULAR ELECTION RETURNS.

We print below a sample ballot, with the names of the three highest contestants in each instance:

1. Best Foot-Ball Player—Riley, George, Coburn.
2. Best Base-Ball Player—W. Lewis, W. Wiley, Beale.
3. Best Tennis Player—Jack Duval, Gray, Joe Snead.
4. Best Basket-Ball Player—Tillery, Leubert, Brock.



(Miss Harding received greatest number of girls' votes for this position).

5. Best All-Round Athlete—O'Neil, Johnson, ———.
6. Best Student—Miss Geopfarth, George, O'Neil.
7. Most Intellectual Man—George, ———, ———.
8. Most Intellectual Girl—Miss Lancaster, Miss Spiers, Miss Geopfarth.
9. Prettiest Girl—Miss C. Harris, Miss C. Anderson, Miss H. Gary.
10. Handsomest Man—Claude Collona, ———, ———.
11. Best-Dressed Girl—Miss Baldwin, Miss Rothert, Miss C. Harris.
12. Best-Dressed Man—Dietz, Peake, Hayne Seay.
13. Most Conceited Man—Wicker, Brannock, Dietz.
14. Greatest Calico-Rusher—H. G. Duval, Dietz, Coghill.
15. Most Popular Girl—Miss Sydnor, Miss Clendon, Miss C. Harris.
16. Most Popular Man—Jack Johnson, ———, ———.
17. Biggest Bluffer—Mr. J. J. Wicker, Jr., ———, ———.
18. Favorite Book—Bible, Pocket-Book, "Life."
19. Favorite Novelist—Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray.
20. Favorite Novel—Ivanhoe, Adam Bede, Vanity Fair.
21. Favorite Poet—Tennyson, Miss Helen Monsell, Wordsworth.
22. Favorite Actor—Hall, Irby, Dunford.
23. Favorite Actress—Miss Marion Monsell, Maude Adams, Miss Mary Shine.
24. Favorite Recreation—"Empire," Tennis, Loafing.
25. Biggest Flirt—Miss Spratley, Miss Sands, Miss Stiff.
26. Ugliest Man—"Lighthouse" Taylor, Crymes, "Doc" Ingram.
27. Smoothest Politician—Mike Crowell, ———, ———.
28. Most Popular Professor—Dr. Metcalf, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Stewart.
29. "Crankiest Crank"—Jordan, Rabbi Wilkinson, "Doc" Ingram.
30. Most Bashful Jasper—Biscoe, C. A. Tucker, Ellett.

The election, as a whole, was a huge success, considerably over a hundred votes having been polled. The honors in every case, except where blanks occur, were hotly contested. Numerous



parties for "politics" were organized on the spur of the moment, and got their "machines" into perfect working order for such short notice.

Many very humorous ballots were received. For instance, one read as follows: "Favorite book—Bible; favorite recreation, Poker."

The theory of reciprocity was well worked out on two ballots. One was the ballot of an awfully pretty girl, judging from the way a good many people voted, and the other ballot was—well, we won't name him.

A student in the Chemistry Department voted for a class-mate in one instance as Miss  $C_2H_5$  ———, and a little further down on his ballot was a vote for Mr.  $O_2$  ———. Chemical affinities have never yet been altogether solved.

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An enthusiastic "rooter" for the Faculty ball team on "Field Day" was heard to give Prof. Van Landingham the following piece of advice, when that star dropped a ball: "Oh, put a little 'English' on it, Doc, to make it stick."

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When Coach Griffin was presented to Mrs. Boatwright, she very innocently said, "Why, I've heard so much about you, Mr. Griffin; what position do you play on the team?"

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THE SUBLIMITY OF DUTY.

"*I love you,*" she said, when I asked her to wed—  
My heart beat with joy—my pulse, how it sped!

But, she added, with a sigh, "*Like a sister.*"

Now wasn't it right, and only polite,  
And was I to blame, and was it a "shame,"

When, in leaving, I stooped and kissed her?  
For "duty sublime" is never a crime,

Especially one's duty to his sister;  
And it's a safe bet I do not regret

That I stooped that day and kissed her!

—H. D. C.

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Another "Co-ed.": "They say that Mr. Wiley's arm is



awfully sore. I'd be willing to give him my arm if it would do him any good."

*Suggestion*—Mr. Wiley says he would be satisfied with even your hand.

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Crowell (translating French): "Er—I—I—"  
"Bobby": "Well, I is right."

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Professor Olmsted: "How are cocoanuts distributed?"  
Allan Hart: "Er—by the wind."

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Overheard at the Richmond College-Randolph-Macon game:  
A "Co-ed.": "Don't you know they say there was no one present when they were practicing for the rally?"

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Four contests have already been held in the Literary Societies, two in each one. In the Philologian Society the Best Debater's Medal was won by W. V. Hawkins, and the Medal for Improvement in Debate by Allen. The Declaimer's Medal was carried off by J. J. Wicker, in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and the Reader's contest won by L. V. Lee.

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The Inter-Society Debate was held in the chapel on Thursday evening, April 21st. The subject was, "*Resolved, That an easier and more expedient method of amending the United States Constitution should be adopted.*" The affirmative was upheld by C. R. Angell and W. V. Hawkins, of the Philologian Society, and the negative by R. E. Biscoe and A. L. Jones, of the Mu Sigma Rho. The decision went to the affirmative.

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Metcalf (acting critic in the Literary Society): "Mr. ——— has a habit, which is a little tiresome, and I wish he would correct it. Every time he raises his head he raises his book sort of automatically, as if he had a string tied to his head and to the book too; so that every time he raises his head up comes the book."

Straus ("the witty"): "Mr. President, I can offer a suggestion that will cure that."

President Saunders: "What is that, Mr. Straus."

Straus: "Why, cut the string."



President Saunders (appointing judges for a debate): "I will appoint as judges Messrs. ———, ———, and er—ah—Mr. —"

Vice-President (seeing Fatherly hiding behind the post): "Mr. President, I would suggest that you appoint Mr. Fatherly. He seems well posted to-night."

Mr. Fatherly was appointed.

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The Orator's Medal was won this year by Mr. W. T. Hall, from a field of four contestants. Mr. Hall also received one decision of the three for the State Orator's Medal, held at Hampden-Sidney College.

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The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their final concert on the evening of April 19th in the College chapel. An attractive program was rendered and was well received by the large audience present. The past season has been a most successful one for the clubs, who wish to thank their patrons throughout the State.

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"EVERYBODY."

Who always blooms just like a rose  
In summer heat or winter snows?

"Everybody."

Whose smile is always quaint and sweet?  
Who's blithe and gay, and always neat?

"Everybody."

Whose eyes of brown, deep as a pool,  
Make me act sometimes a fool?

"Everybody's."

Who loves me not whose love I crave,  
Whose "yes" to win her "no" I'll brave?

"Everybody."

To those who say I misbehave  
When thus of *her* I madly rave—  
*They* never gazed down in her eyes,  
There visioned dreams of love's sunrise;  
*They* never prest her dainty hand,  
And hoped that she would understand  
Some day.





*"Jag."*

The end of the base-ball season is rapidly drawing to a close, there remaining only one, or possibly two, championship games to be played. Coach Griffin has worked hard, and well, to give us a team of championship calibre, and, as this goes to press, we still have a fighting chance to win the championship. But the strong combination which Griffin had built up, and in which we had justly pinned our hopes for winning the cup, was broken by the failure of three men to make the required class standing. One of these men has since made up the work, and is back in the game, but the other two men, both pitchers, are out, and the brunt of all the championship games has fallen on Wiley, who has, so far, acquitted himself well.

From April 15th through April 19th the team made a northern trip, invading northern Virginia and southern Maryland. On the 15th we started the trip off well by winning from Fredericksburg College by a score of 7 to 3. The team had on its batting clothes that day, and drove Jones from the mound, overcoming a lead which the home club obtained in the early innings. Hulcher pitched a steady game, and was well supported by the entire team.

After a bright start, rain caught us the next day, and we played the Maryland Agricultural College on a muddy field, swept by a chill wind. The "Aggies" were too much for our boys, who were helpless before the offerings of their twirlers, only one hit being registered to our credit. Wiley pitched a very good game, striking out eleven men, and allowing only six hits, which would win a majority of games. But errors behind him helped run the score up to 7 to 1 for the home club. We were simply beaten by a better team.



On Thursday we journeyed to Tome Institute. The beautiful eminence above the Susquehanna, enclosed by beautiful buildings and dotted by tennis courts and lawns and athletic fields, seemed to enchant the team, for they went down in defeat before a vastly inferior team. This was the only game on the trip in which the umpiring was bad, and it was simply fierce, it being responsible for three of the seven runs scored by Tome. But, aside from this the team failed to hit. Flannigan, our port-wheeler, twirled for us, and, while he was not hit hard, and struck out some ten men, he was very wild, and to this is due the large score of 7 to 1.

On Friday the team continued to play off form, and Rock Hill College won 7 to 4, after we had led them 4 to 3 for seven innings. Hulcher was in the firing line for us, and pitched what should have been winning ball. In the seventh inning, for no apparent reason, the team blew up, Lewis, on third, being the chief offender, with three errors. After this the team settled down, but the damage was done, and we were unable to bat their pitcher, as in the first innings.

But on Saturday our boys came back into their own, for they trounced the much-renowned Mount St. Joseph nine 11 to 7. It was a great game, won against a good team, and the reason was simply that the team batted the ball all over the lot, hammering two of St. Joseph's pitchers from the box, and treating the third one to a merciless pounding. And while we were swatting the ball Wiley was working slowly and steadily, mowing down the heavy hitters of the home club, who were baffled at his offerings. The seven runs they got were due to our inability to field the bunts of the Marylanders, which was the only kind of consistent hitting they could garner off Wiley's delivery. Eleven clean solid swats were credited to us, one of these being a home run by W. Lewis and two two-baggers by young Wiley. It was a glorious ending after three days of defeat.

The championship race opened with us on May 6th, with Hampden-Sidney in Richmond. Just before the game Hulcher and Dixon, pitchers, and Scales, catcher, were ruled off the 'Varsity for low class standing. It was unfortunate for the team, but the blame cannot be placed elsewhere than on the men themselves.



With these three men in the game we would have undoubtedly won. As it was the game was prettily played and hard fought. For seven innings the College held Hampden-Sidney scoreless, having made one run herself in the first inning, but in the eighth and ninth the visitors pushed over one run in each inning. Bad throwing by George, who was catching, in place of Scales, an error by Beale at a critical moment, and one timely single gave the game to Hampden-Sidney. Wiley pitched masterful ball, and richly deserved to win. Two hits was the utmost that the visitors could get off his delivery. Moore, likewise, pitched good ball, allowing only five hits, which he kept scatterd. He pulled himself out of a hole on two occasions, when one little single would have won the game for us. Both teams put up a remarkable game in the field, and altogether it was a good contest.

On the 10th the team journeyed down to Williamsburg, and clashed with William and Mary for the second championship game. Wiley was again sent to the mound, and pitched good ball with the exception of one inning, the first. Our team put up a poor fielding game, Beale at short being especially bad on throwing. Our boys likewise failed to hit. Scales, who had been re-instated, played well, his batting being the feature for our team. His home run, scoring Flannigan, who had walked, was what kept us in the ring. It is no wonder that the score stood 6 to 3 in favor of William and Mary, for their team played gilded ball in the field, and supported their twirler at all stages of the game.

But on Wednesday, May 14th, joy filled the heart of all the "Spiders," for we trounced Randolph-Macon 12 to 6. Yea, verily we did trounce them from the very first minute of play until the last man was out. The team lighted on Ferguson in that first inning, and, just as our forefathers did in Revolutionary times, pounded him to the tall timber. Eight runs were scored in the first three innings by a broadside of hitting, clever bunting, and daring base-running, mixed in with two perfectly executed "squeeze plays." And, for once, Randolph-Macon was up in the air! Brown, who succeeded Ferguson in the box, was touched up for four more runs, making our total twelve for the game. Wiley, meanwhile, was forced again to take the firing line, pitching



his third championship game in a week. In the first six innings he was invincible, but was hit some in the last three innings, after he let up a bit, we then holding a commanding lead. Ancarrow on first, and Lewis, in left field, played great ball, while the whole team worked hard. It was a season of delight for the "Spiders," and a day long to be remembered—not to mention the night after.

Saturday, the 17th, the team went to Hampden-Sidney for the second game with her. It had rained hard the night before, and it was cloudy when the team left. Nevertheless the game was begun, and four scoreless innings were played before Jupiter Pluvus poured down his disapproval and put an end to hostilities. Neither team got a man past second base. For the fourth straight game Wiley was sent in to pitch, and only one hit was made off him in the four innings. We had made three hits off Moore when the rain began.

Just as we are going to press to-night, May 21st, the College is celebrating the winning of a second championship game from William and Mary, after ten innings of the hardest and most exciting sport. The score, 8 to 7, indicates the see-saw nature of the game. Harry Duval opened the contest, and pitched five innings of very creditable ball, retiring in favor of Wiley, with the score tied 4 to 4 and a man on third. Wiley continued his good work of the previous games and pitched steady ball. The team ran the bases well, and batted Addison hard and timely. A home run drive to deep centre field by young Wiley featured the contest.

There yet remains one game with Randolph-Macon, on the 21st. We still have a fighting chance for the cup. The team is working well, and this game will be hard fought. Just what will be done about playing over the Hampden-Sidney game has not been decided.

Coach Griffin deserves much credit for the showing that he has made under adverse circumstances. He is popular with the men, and thoroughly liked by the team, which will fight for him to the end. And, whether we win or lose the cup, we have but commendation for the coach.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

This body held its annual election on May 5th, and the



following were voted into office: Prof. W. A. Harris, re-elected President; J. W. C. Johnson, '13, Vice-President; C. H. Willis, '14, Secretary; R. E. Biscoe, '14, Treasurer. Mr. A. B. Carter was elected manager for the track team, and D. B. Culbert baseball manager. The Executive Committee elected for next year is composed of the following men: J. W. C. Johnson, Richard Beale, C. H. Willis, Dean Cole, R. A. Brock, Jr., and J. A. George.

#### THE NEW ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

Under the advice of the Trustees of the College, athletics were placed on a new basis, to be controlled and supervised by an Athletic Council, composed of three alumni—R. N. Pollard, R. H. Pitt, Jr., and Randolph Cardoza; two of the Trustees—T. B. McAdams and A. W. Patterson; one from the Faculty, Dr. W. A. Harris; two members of the student body—R. A. Brock, Jr., and J. A. George, while Dr. Boatwright was also made a member of the Council.

This new Council intends to put athletics upon a more substantial basis, to run them in a more business-like manner, to circumscribe the action of the managers, to select the coaches—in a word, to become the executive power in athletics in the College.

#### FIELD DAY, MAY 16TH.

As usual, Field Day was a huge success. To the chairman, Mr. J. W. C. Johnson, is due much credit for a varied and interesting program and for the orderly arrangement and carrying out of the events. The last few events were marred by an afternoon shower, but the morning was fine, the athletics in good trim, the contest sharp and clean, and everybody in good spirits. The medal for earning the largest number of points was won by W. E. Durham, a freshman of no mean athletic ability. He scored twenty-one points, while his two nearest competitors, O'Neil and Tilley, tied for second place, with thirteen points each.

Miss Lucile Cullingworth was sponsor, and the maids of honor were Misses Celeste Anderson and Ethel Boudar.

The feature of the day was the ball game between the Faculty and the foot-ball team, which resulted in a victory for the former, by the score of 2 to 1.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

*D. S. McCarthy, Jr., '14.*

This balmy blessed evening we will give to cheerful hopes and dreams of happy days.—*W. C. Bryant.*

Brocke Woodward, B. A., '07, graduates with the degree of Mechanical Engineer this year. He stood first from a large number of his class who took the test given by the Peerless Motor Car Company, and was awarded a position of assistant engineer with that company.

J. Stewart Barney, '95, is one of our prominent alumni in the business world. His reputation as an architect has increased, until his designs are seen from New York to Virginia. He has planned many of the State buildings of New York and some of the municipal buildings of New York city. There are several churches and residences in Richmond designed by his hand.

We were glad to have with us during the month just passed Julian Hall, B. A., '11; Russell Merideth, LL. B., '12; Fritz Jones, B. A., '11; Charlie O'Neil, B. A., '12; Vaughan Gary, B. A., '12; E. P. Tyndall, B. S., '12; Charlie Phillips, B. A., '12; Henry Taylor, B. A., '12, and Elwood King, B. S., '12. King is teaching at West Point, Va., this year.

It is about the time the alumni were sending to the Athletic Committee (Messrs. F. C. Riley, J. A. George, or R. L. T. Beale) the names of likely candidates for the athletic honors of Richmond College. If you know of a man in any prep. school or elsewhere with athletic ability, let these gentlemen know his name. How about it, Mr. Alumnus? Get busy, and help us push things. We need your aid and co-operation.

The Richmond College Alumni Association is making a great effort to get a large number of alumni back at Commencement.



They are sending out about seven hundred and fifty type-written letters, one to each alumnus, setting forth the attractions and special features of the Commencement exercises. These letters are signed by Sam L. Templeman and W. A. Harris, President and Secretary, respectively, of the Association. They ask that as many of the classes as possible have re-unions on Alumni Day, which is to be held on June 10, 1913, when the corner-stone of the new Administration Building will be laid. Besides this, there will be some other special features for this day, and all of this will culminate in the annual Alumni Banquet, which will be held that night. Not only will this day be a pleasure to the alumni of the College, but I am sure each and every one of the student body will welcome back the men who were powers in College when we were mere freshmen, and I believe that the pleasure they have in meeting their class-mates will be equalled, if not excelled, by the pleasure that we, the under-graduates and Seniors of 1913, will have in seeing them again.

Several of our alumni have shown their interest in the College by giving prizes to certain departments for good work or for extra papers on some research. We have already three prizes given by alumni, and another has been added this year. They are as follows:

The Tanner Greek prize, given by Col. W. E. Tanner, '56, to the best Greek scholar.

The Jennings Spanish prize, offered by Lieutenant L. W. L. Jennings, B. A., '03, of the United States Navy, to the best student in Spanish.

The J. T. Ellyson prize to the History and Political Science Department, for the best paper on some phase of Virginia history. This prize was offered by Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson, '67, who is a very prominent alumnus and a member of the Board of Trustees.

And, lastly, there has been added this year the E. P. Wightman prize. This prize is offered for the best written and most scientific paper offered by any student in the Chemistry, Biology, or Physics Department. E. P. Wightman was a B. S. of 1908. He then went to Johns Hopkins University, and there took his



Doctor's degree, specialized in chemistry, and is now with the Carnegie Research Station. He has also been offered a fellowship at the University.

The Educational Conference of the South met in Richmond April 16th-18th. Richmond College was well represented in this great work by a large crowd of alumni, who took an active part in the programme, and by a greater number who attended the meetings.

Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, M. A., '05, was one of the leaders of the Conference on Taxation.

R. H. Pitt, '79, took part in the Conference on the Country Church, his subject being "*What Can the Country Church Do to Stimulate Reading and the Intellectual Life in General?*"

R. C. Stearnes, M. A., '87, was in the Interstate Meeting of County School Superintendents. As the State Superintendent of Virginia, Mr. Stearnes gave a summary of the other reports.

T. O. Sandy was one of the leaders in the Farmers' Conference.

Among the committees our alumni were as follows: A. W. Freeman, B. S., '99, chairman of Publicity Committee; J. H. Binford, B. A., '96, chairman of Exhibits Committee; A. H. Hill, B. A., '87, chairman of Committee on Registration, and J. C. Harwood, B. A., '92, chairman of Committee on Entertainment.





M. L. Straus, '15.

The mainstay of a college magazine are its poems and short stories. Not that we contend that essays, descriptions, and other articles are not essential, but we uphold the fact that poems and short stories are what attract the most attention in a college as well as any other magazine. Especially is the short story prominent. That new form of literary art has been developing rapidly for the last half-century. It is brimful of action. It contains surprises. It stops neither to describe a scene nor to ponder over character development. It is a form of literature which presents us a rapid succession of scenes, connected together by a thin thread of material. How, then, do college students treat this field of art? Do they butcher it, or do they glide serenely through it, leaving us little gems of art? This time we direct our efforts to the short story of the college magazine, and before we have finished our discourse we hope the above questions will have been answered.

Last month, in discussing the editorials of the various magazines, we turned last to the editorials written by the ladies. The editor was so upbraided for such conduct that he decided to deal first this time with these easily-offended "authoresses."

In *The Acorn*, a magazine published by young ladies of Meredith College, N. C., we have two short stories. "A Red Necktie" is cleverly worked out, being a story in which the reader is conclusively shown that man and woman are equally obstinate. The author, however, indulges in too much description, which is the fault of many short story writers. The action should be too swift to allow this. The other story in *The Acorn*, "After the Manner



of Women," we think is far the better of the two. We wish to compliment the authors of both of these stories on the fact their plots are much newer and more original than the ordinary college short story plot.

There are three good short stories in *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*. Of these, "The Man in the Dark" is by far the best. In this story the life of a man is turned by the actions of a simple, innocent child. Some may doubt the influence that even a child is able to exert on a grown man; but, when they stop to consider that a child has not known the temptations and evils of the world, it is not wonderful that one may be purified by merely looking at so pure a being. "The Duel" is a humorous story, the scene being laid in a college. It struck us as being a little loosely constructed, otherwise it was quite enjoyable. "A Tenderfoot's Exploit" is a bear story, almost worthy of Teddy Roosevelt himself. Although a much-hacked theme, nevertheless it was written in a pleasing and interesting manner.

"Musca It Ut Solicitet," a story in *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, is the best humorous story of the month. A man dreams that he is a fly, and, as such, greatly annoys his rival while making love to his girl. For instance, when they are about to kiss, he comes right between their lips, to the great disgust of both. The other story in this magazine is not so good. "Who is Who?" deals with the much-used plot of introducing two sisters of exactly similar appearance. Also the author is rather hazy in the treatment of his subject.

*The Wake Forest Student* is an excellent magazine, and its short story department is well maintained. "Bottom Boy No. 23" is a story of a small factory boy, and the writer succeeds very well in portraying factory life. "Let No Man Put Asunder" deserves great praise. We consider it a beautiful, as well as powerful, story. "Sam, the Deserter," is



a story of the Civil War. There appear to us one or two impossibilities in its plot, and it is not up to the other stories. "The Exile's Return" is, indeed, a short story, but it is good. Not a word could be left out of this story. We like this compact way of writing.

*The Randolph-Macon Magazine* presents the best short stories of the month. There is a wide diversity of subject, and all are treated excellently. "The Girl of the Hills" is a love story, in which a man has to make something of himself before the girl will marry him. "The Picture" relates to us the story of a lunatic in a most striking manner. The other two stories, "The Pink Sun-Bonnet" and "Old Hank's Last Fight," are deserving of praise.

On the whole, we were pleased with the short stories, and think, as well as hope, that many of these authors will be successful short story writers.