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## The Messenger, Vol. 39, No. 1

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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XXXIX.

OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1

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## TWILIGHT BY THE SEA.

*V. R. Robertson, '11.*

### I.

Dusk—and the wide grey sky  
Sinks down to meet a ghostly sea  
Of foam-topped billows, phantom high,  
And long, low surges beating endlessly.

### II.

Grey lies the long dim shore,  
Strange, waste, and desolate;  
And still the steady roar  
Comes on and on, with echoing steps of fate.

### III.

Mists and a point of fire  
Adown in the purpling west—  
The sand hills looming higher—  
Mist wreathed the surges wash. There is no rest.

## VOCATIONAL SHORT-CUTS AND THE WAY AROUND IN EDUCATION.

*Ruth McGruder Thomasson, '11.*

**A**MERICAN commercial genius, American inventive brain, and the distinctly American skill in organization of human masses, have, perhaps, been the mightiest factors in building up this new nation of colossal strength, and none the less potent have been these qualities in the vital matter of shaping the nation's ideals. Hence it is that, along with our most laudable efforts to reach out and extend education to the masses, there is making itself felt a materialistic, vocational tendency in our educational ideals. Education, we might say, is being brought down, or across, to the people, and some of us are wondering if much of that which is finer and deeper is not being lost to the nation by this tendency to leave the way around.

Unquestionably, it is true that long ago the so-called "culture aim" in education, partly by its over-emphasis of the classics, but largely by the dull, monotonous method of their presentation, did much to establish a far-reaching prejudice against these studies, and, very naturally, there followed a reaction. Not only is it this departure from the classics, however, which constitutes the materialistic trend; there is a more vital matter—namely, the increasing tendency to eliminate such liberal, academic foundation as is offered in the high schools and colleges, and to substitute some definite vocational training.

As a result of the reaction against the classics, there has been a decided change in our high school courses. In the larger and better equipped schools Latin is no longer required, and other courses, supposedly equal in value to the Latin course, are optional. Now it would be far from me blindly to decry this movement, for we must make some concessions to the variety of needs represented in our public schools. Of course, the majority of pupils do not look forward to college entrance, and many of these would doubtless forfeit a high school training rather than take the

required Latin. Yet I believe that those pupils who reject Latin thereby suffer a real loss—not only the loss of mental development, but the loss of a certain appreciation and deference for the best things of the past, and of a consequent intangible uplift of ideals. In short, they miss the inspiration of “the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,” for the spirit and wealth of a people’s life can best be imparted, not through their history, but through their literature.

Shall we then, once more, require Latin in the high schools? Manifestly, no! but we should strive to give its study a new impetus. Let the elementary and secondary teachers encourage, rather than disparage, Latin, and let every effort be made to vitalize the Latin instruction.

It would be impossible to estimate the potency of a teacher’s personality, or of a teacher’s attitude toward various subjects, when once confidence and trust have been inspired in the pupils. By reason of this influence, too often it is true that teachers transmit to their pupils their own mistakes in education, and frequently the teachers of the more inviting subjects will add to the Latin teacher’s difficulties by disparaging that study. Consequently the pupils delightedly follow the way of least resistance. On the other hand, in a school where the principal and his corps of teachers take a favorable attitude toward Latin, there is a manifest tendency on the part of the pupils to choose the Latin course.

More essential than encouragement, however, is the vitalization of Latin, and here the matter of better text-books and better arranged courses is no less important than method of presentation. This question cannot be fully discussed here, but, in brief, all possible life, interest, and variety should be infused into the work of the first two years, for in the Cicero and Virgil classes the well-prepared pupils are readily led to find vigor and beauty, even as in English literature. By all means, there should be some light reading as an intermediate step between first year work and Cæsar, and all along the way it seems to me that some sight reading should be given, that the pupils may never lose sight of the fact that literature, not grammar, is their ultimate aim.

But not Latin alone seems to suffer a decline; along with it

other subjects not directly vocational, whose attractions and benefits are not wholly on the surface, are being slighted. Even now prominent educators are found who advocate the omission of algebra from the high school. I would not under-estimate the value of those modern subjects which have done much to vitalize our curricula. As some one has said, "we wish to give life, and to give it ever more abundantly"; but the best of life, vigor, and power is not always found along the most alluring pathways, and we should beware of robbing the child of mental development by removing all the difficulties.

In spite of all these concessions to the demands for vocational training, nevertheless the frequent cry is that the present high school course is a waste of time. Does it equip the American boy to earn a living? Does it train the American girl for house-keeping and motherhood? These are the questions asked and answered in emphatic negatives in some of our popular magazines and in many a social group. Mental strength, ideas, and ideals, I suppose, are considered of little value in the business of life, and nothing short of the most direct road to the land of "get-rich-quick" will suffice. Our high schools could not have as their aim the training of *men* and *women*, and, at the same time, give the *quickest*, most practical, business equipment. The latter must be left to the business and technical schools, and these, by their slight entrance requirements, are enticing many from the high school "way around." Consequently, while yet without foundation, pupils decide to specialize; they take some short, vocational course in the most expeditious manner; they become more or less independent financially; and then, with benign complacency and pity, they smile upon those who, forsooth, are wasting their time by taking the longer road.

We are justly proud of the superb minds which have given America her marvelous material progress, but surely we would be great also in art, in literature, in statesmanship, in citizenship—*i. e.*, in a higher and broader plane—and, in the words of Gilbert Murray, "the time has come which demands a deeper and more solid—and, therefore, a slower—education. Great insurgent forces are at work in the United States, and citizenship will require in the future finer training and vision than in the past."

## SACKCLOTH WITHIN THE GATES.

*E. W. Ramsay, '10.*

ANY, many years ago, within the high walls of an oriental palace, there was born a prince. The great king determined that the lad should know of no sin, no sorrow; that all should be fair and beautiful, a world of happiness, unalloyed. And so the boy grew pure and innocent, loving and beloved. At length there came into his heart a desire to see the world beyond the courts and gardens of the palace, to ride forth, and learn for himself what was happening in the great beyond. So the king proclaimed that the streets be decked in flowers, that tears be replaced by smiles, that the land be gay and happy for one brief day.

Out of the palace gates rode the young prince, intoxicated with the joy of living. All went well until, at length, one old man—ill, miserable, and deformed—broke away from his place of hiding and fell at the feet of the prince. They hurried him back again, but the mischief was done; at last the young prince knew that behind the flowers there was agony, death in life, filth, and sorrow. The fair illusion could exist no more, and the prince returned to the palace with food for pondering. His great heart yearned to alleviate some of the suffering of the world.

To-day the people of India worship the good prince, Buddha, as a god. It was he that opened the gates of the palace and allowed the sackcloth to come within.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the heart of our greatest city there was born a girl child, amid luxury and superficial pleasure. Her creed was pleasure; her religion a fulfillment thereof. As a child her sobs were soothed with sugar plums; as a woman gaiety drowned the petty trifles that annoyed. Beneath the shams and follies there was a soul that clamored now and then for a chance to assert its will—a soul that was stifled and forgotten.

At length, into the girl's life there came a man who seemed



to command the soul to come forth, and it came. He was not like the other men that flocked to the great stone house. He knew something of life, and helped to lift from her eyes the veil of illusion. He knew Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, dipped a little into Schopenhauer, read Heine, saw the idealism of Hauptmann's realism, and appreciated Sudermann. But, best of all, he took for granted that the girl's mind was not entirely deadened, and led her out of the narrow sphere of the palace—out where the people sat in sackcloth, out where life was real and horrible. They broke loose from convention, and the girl saw in the man a great soul, able to rise above her world and its painted pastimes.

At last some things happened—the girl scarcely knew what; but the man was gone, and the old life renewed. She read his letters, one after another, and tried to excuse everything. Her heart was not bitter towards him, but towards God, life, and the world. Society called her again, and she went back, the same girl, though a little older, a little more serious, and, withal, a little cynical. Her life filled up again with the old round of empty gaiety; she was never alone; for the sake of her own soul she feared to think.

And so her little life went on, with its stream of monotonous variety. Her set accepted her as she appeared to be; no one cared to see beneath the smiles and jests. At last a woman crossed her path—a woman who had suffered, and was acquainted with sorrow. She looked into the steady grey eyes and understood. The girl read the sympathy, and, shivering, drew back, but the woman followed, and brought the girl to love her. As the winter became spring and spring summer the friendship grew between these two—a friendship that neither dared convert into intimacy. The woman yearned to hear the girl's story—yearned to show her how full of folly was her course; how many great hearts there were that were ready to take her in where a real life might be lived. Nevertheless the girl went her way, never volunteering to lay aside the reserve that was eating out her very heart.

It was the hottest night in June that she consented to go with her friend down into the worst part of the city. She shivered at the thought, but she went. Children played queer games—

children in miserable rags, ill, and uncared for; men and women lay drunk in the parks; the lame crawled in the filth, and begged of each passer-by. Crowds gathered, engaging in some drunken brawl; women screamed, and besought their husbands not to kill them.

"Why do you live here?" the girl asked. "You can't do them any good. Come away."

The woman smiled, and tightened her clasp upon the girl's hand.

"You are mistaken, dear. I can do something for these people. Already I have sent 150 ill children to the country."

A sneer curled on the girl's lip as she hurried on.

"You have sent *them*, but think of the ones you can't touch. And think of the filth those will return to. God intended some to be poor, else He would have endowed more with the ability to make money. These people are as happy as we, I guess, because they know nothing else. Take me away! Oh, God! Take me away!"

They found a subway station, and were soon brilliant in the New York of light, laughter, and mirth. The woman said little, for she had learned that great life lessons are not taught in a day.

The girl tried in vain to erase from her mind the experiences of the night. The suffering of others brought back the old gnawing pain in her heart—the pain she was endeavoring, day after day, to forget. People were poor, dirty, and miserable through their own fault, she told herself. It was certainly not her place to be wretched with them when life held so much that ought to be beautiful. Oh, yes, the girl was an apt pupil of the popular school of optimism—the school that teaches one to believe in happiness whether it exists or not; to smile at the sight of pain, and console the sufferer by telling him that his imagination is to be blamed. Hers was the philosophy of the day; she belonged to that class of people that looked on the bright side of life because they intentionally hid the dark.

The girl was still restless and vaguely unhappy the next morning. She rose rather early, and was wandering aimlessly down the avenue, when the music attracted her to a large brown-

stone church. As she entered the minister was announcing his text: "For none might enter into the king's gate clothed with sackcloth." (Esther iv., 2.) This wasn't what she wanted to hear—this message from the great Scotchman, whose gospel of comfort was said to soothe the troubled heart. But the mystic sweetness of the man filled her soul with reverence, and she listened. It was a message of sympathy and of love, coupled with stinging reproaches. As the burden of his mind grew heavier, the minister's voice rang out clearer, ever throbbing with the passion of earnestness. "Ah, New York, New York," he said; "you have too long barred the sackcloth without the gates; too long you have hardened your hearts to the suffering of the less fortunate. There are thousands who think poverty a fault, and misery a sin against society. Suffering is to be grappled with, not shunned. Throw off the cloak of artificiality; live a life that is genuine. Don't run away from your sorrows. Meet them, and let the lesson make you better men and women."

The girl stifled a sob that made her eyes dim and her heart ache. The man was looking at her—yes, reading her story, and telling the world that she was a coward—a woman shallow, unloving and unloved. She would run far away from every one, and make herself forget the world and its people, where life would be hers to use rightly or mar. But what was the man saying? She listened again.

"Ah, who is our brother? Who is he that Christ died for, the king within the palace, clad in purple and fine linen, or the beggar in his sackcloth covered in ashes? Who is the brother of the prince of the palace? Who but the miserable wretch at the gates?"

The girl's head fell into her hands, and the tears came at last. The minister ceased speaking; the great organ murmured softly, and then grew silent; yet the girl did not stir. The congregation filed out, thoughtful for the moment, but ready to forget the message in the cares of to-morrow. Suddenly the girl started; some one was speaking to her.

"It isn't too late to open the gates," the minister was saying, and she knew he was right. The girl staggered into the street, and turned towards the home of the woman who loved her and understood.

A MOOD OF THE NIGHT.

*Frank Gaines, '12.*

I.

The stars are dim to-night,  
The great long road is empty, silvered white,  
The whip-poor-will moans, lonesome in the trees,  
A cast-sod breath—  
Sweetness of death—  
The fields of clover cut give the faint breeze.

II.

I cannot see afar,  
And yet I know that on the meadows are  
Glistenings of dew upon each flower sweet,  
And golden rod,  
Carpet of God,  
And unseen glories of the night complete.

III.

A stillness of life's noise,  
A summons from some far-off, unseen voice,  
A paradox of anguish in the breast;  
Labor—full ease,  
The pain of peace,  
And that last rest, which we call restlessness.

## MISTER EDITOR.

*Edward B. Pollard.*

**T**HE editor is a very important man in modern life. So, when the present editors of THE MESSENGER requested some of its former editors to send a contribution to the "Alumni Number," who could refuse and be guiltless?

THE MESSENGER has surely had a long and enviable career. It should be accounted among the important educational factors which have made Richmond College so widely useful and influential.

It is not surprising that a very astute citizen, recently deceased, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, should have bequeathed a handsome sum of money to endow a Chair of Journalism in one of her large universities. This is the day of the printed page. Its influence, for good or for evil, is undisputed. One function of Christian education, in any age, is to enable men to subdue the available forces of that age, and direct them to the supreme ends of service. That journalism has yet realized its highest possibilities for social service, none will claim.

The ministry of a journal like THE MESSENGER is manifest. To be able to express one's self clearly, strongly, effectively, and, when it is appropriate so to do, beautifully, is one of the noblest of all arts. It is not simply a fine art—it is a useful art as well. Through such a medium one may cultivate the imaginative and the reasoning powers, which are so necessary to the best intellectual equipment.

There used to be a tradition in the College that when THE MESSENGER was first established the editors went to Professor H. H. Harris—that genius of a teacher—and asked him to suggest a motto for the new venture in journalism. Quickly there came to his mind (so full of literary allusion, and always so suffused with the spirit of humor) the words of Shakespeare, and he answered, "Maiden meditations, fancy free." The boys appreciated the wit, discerned the appropriateness of the suggestion, THE

MESSENGER was launched with that motto flying at the mast-head, and for many years those words appeared upon its title page. To chasten and refine the imagination when too bold and luxuriant, to arouse it when it is weak and sluggish, to cultivate a taste for literature, to furnish another opportunity for the attraction of mind with mind, a palladium for the interchange of ideas, to be an agency for the development of a healthy *esprit de corps* in college life—all these, and many more, are the functions of a college journal. Correspondingly, also, these suggest, of course, the good which the student may derive from such an instrumentality right at his hand. Criticism has been brought against some forms of modern athletics that they develop a few experts, but that the great body of students is comparatively untouched, except as enthusiastic on-lookers. But, in the long run, a few cannot rise far above the level of the many. So on the literary side, the editing of the college journal cannot be what it should be unless the student body give their support, in writing for its pages, and in every way lending encouragement to the venture. The jet rises no higher than the reservoir that sends it forth.

Let it be added that such a magazine as THE MESSENGER may easily become the preparatory school for that fine sense of social and civic obligation which, when recognized, is the newspaper's supreme task and opportunity. James Russell Lowell, a generation ago, glimpsed it, and, in these words, set it forth: "What a pulpit the editor mounts daily; sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within the reach of his voice, and not so much as a nodder even among them. And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priest-craft can shut from the laity—the open volume of the world, which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title *poimen laon* (shepherd of the people) which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century, and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain, stared at by the elegant tourist, and crawled over by the hammering geologist,

he must find his tables of the law among factories and cities in this wilderness of sin, called progress of civilization, and be the captain of our exodus into the Canaan of a true social order."

But if this ideal is to be realized, the commercial spirit, which so often subsidizes, and sometimes even bestializes, the modern press, must be curbed, and the public welfare made primal.

Public journalism is a public trust, not a private deal. The editor must make his paper a real organ, not an echo. He is to be a real editor, not an organ-grinder; a leader, not a weather-vane. The counting-room and the sanctum must be on different floors. If this is to be attained, some of the old-time *personality* must be felt on the editorial page. Men speak now of the impersonal character of modern journalism. Who knows who are the editors of the great newspapers to-day? Who cares? Once the New York *Tribune* meant Horace Greeley, and the *Sun* meant Charles A. Dana, and *Harper's* reflected the character and editorial genius of George William Curtis. The power of personality can never be lacking in any enterprise without serious, irreparable loss. It is the venture into which self-hood flows most freely that most enriches and blesses the world.

*Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa.*

## TO RICHMOND COLLEGE.

*Rev. W. Thorburn Clark.*

I stand and gaze upon thee, Alma Mater;  
(Dear old Alma Mater, it is with feelings,)  
My heart is deeply stirred with sentiments  
Of love and pride. I only meditate  
Upon thy glorious past, and, with prophetic  
Vision, look into a still more glorious  
Future. Long and noble has been thy career,  
And from thy halls of learning have gone forth  
Many, both sons and daughters, who to-day  
Rise up and call thee blessed. Thy children,  
Scattered far and near, in distant States,  
And lands across the sea, by noble deeds  
And useful lives, extend thine influence  
Beyond the boundaries of thy native heath.

Though years have passed since first  
Thine infant steps were taken, the passing  
Of the days but lends thee strength and beauty.  
Some, whom thou hast nourished, have grown feeble  
In life's battle; but still thy bow abides  
In strength. The bloom of health is on thy cheeks,  
Summer in thine heart, and the crown of youth  
Is on thy forehead. To thee, has been revealed  
The secret of youth's fountain, sought in vain,  
By Ponce de Leon.

But, strong as thou art,  
Thou canst not walk alone; thou need'st the help  
Of those who love the work that thou art doing.  
From where the Alleghanies pierce, with lofty  
Peak, the azure sky, to where old ocean  
Rolls its billows along Virginia's shore,



Let all, who Christian education love,  
Bid thee lean on them. And, as the hands  
Of him who led the hosts of Israel  
Were upheld by Aaron and by Hur, thus  
Giving the people of the Lord that day  
The victory, so let thy hands be amply  
Staid, that, unhampered, thou mayest perform  
Thy mission.

Thou hast  
Outgrown thy present home, and justly earned  
The fair estate soon to be thy dwelling-place,  
With spacious buildings and broad acres,  
And the music of the James hard by. Yet  
Ever hallowed will be to us the spot  
Where now thou dwellest, although residence  
Or business mart may claim it for its own.

In reminiscent mood we look  
Upon the closing day, proud of thy past  
Achievements; but we turn our ardent gaze  
To meet the brightness of the rising sun  
Of Greater Richmond College—more majestic—  
And pray that from thy classic halls, in future,  
As of yore, may go forth our sons and daughters,  
To make their lives a blessing to the world.

*Parksley, Va.*

## TWO ROSES.

*Walter Frazier Beverley, '11.*

## I.

**L**ITTLE old Prince's Flats lay far below the long ridge on which he stood. It stretched its crooked length up and down the valley, and looked, to the man far above, like a bit of string carelessly dropped from the hand of some giant. Around them was a vast thicket of blooming rhododendron, thickly interspersed with great round boulders and tall, sharp-pointed cliffs. The clothes of the young man were not in keeping with the other scenery about him. He was faultlessly dressed in a business suit of light brown; a Panama hat set on the back of his head, with the evident purpose of displaying the pompadour cut of his dark brown hair; a high, close-fitting collar, black tie, and trousers with an extra turn at the bottom, revealing hosiery of black silk. He looked, for all the world, as if he had just stepped from the latest fashion plates of styles for men. For Richard Lauder was continually conscious of the fact that he was the most brilliant, as well as the youngest and the most handsome, of a large class that had been graduated from his medical college in Richmond the previous spring. Nothing, not even the shadow of death, could eclipse that fact, or cause him to waver one jot from his pose as the petted child of genius.

An expression of unutterable woe overspread his face, and was quickly followed by a self-satisfied smile on his realizing how well he was enacting the drama of this most momentous occasion. He heaved a great sigh, and looked down at the .32 Winchester in one hand and the black leather medicine case in the other. Then, for one long half-minute, he stood silent and still as a statue, and gazed into vacancy.

Suddenly the automaton awoke into life and action, and sprang quickly up the long sloping rock. Stretching his neck hither and thither like a wild turkey, he at last spied, far out on

the edge of town, the little green cottage where he had lived since he could remember, with his fond old mother. A slow, sad smile parted his lips, and two large tears began a solemn march down either cheek. He was but a boy yet, even if he had carved bodies of dead men, broken the hearts of belles of high and low degree, and, as he thought, drained the cup of life to its bitterest dregs. He received the tears with a white linen handkerchief, which he then stuffed inside his collar to protect its spotless perfection, for the day was warm.

"Half-way to Saddle Rock," he said to himself very softly, as if offering consolation to a heart-broken friend; and, turning his back on Prince's Flats and home, he started down the other side. On the next mountain, high above, towered Flag Rock, a gigantic cuboid mass surmounted by a great red flag. To the left of this, still higher and further away, a sharp crag, apparently not large enough to serve as a foundation for the smallest pair of feminine feet, pierced the very sky.

If one place can be said to be more suitable than another for what he was about to do, Richard Lauder had surely made an excellent choice. After scaling cliffs and leaping ravines, he reached Saddle Rock, the end of his journey, in the late afternoon. Many were the times he had been there before, and he was not surprised to find the rock not a tiny point, but an immense stone saddle, on which a camping party might ride, roughshod, over golden hours, lunching, laughing, and making love in commodious comfort. As he sat on the very horn of the Saddle, resting and dreaming of the occasions that had found him there in the days gone by, the realization that never before had he been there alone came to him with such suddenness and force that he caught his breath quickly. The heavy, dreary loneliness of the place settled down on him, and he felt that it could not be endured were it not for its wild, ineffable beauty. Lonesome Gorge, a chasm a hundred feet wide, and hundreds of feet deep, lay below. Its tallest trees did not reach half-way up the perpendicular stone sides. A dense evergreen mass screened its bottom from the eye, but the ear could make out the mournful music of the branch far beneath, as it crooned the dirge of dying hours. Here and there a bush of flaming sumac clashed with the

dark, cool green of the pines, and one gray dead tree thrust its sere branches above the heads of its fellows.

The young physician laid his Panama on his rifle and medicine case. Not a breath of air ruffled his dark brown pompadour. Unconsciously his senses took in the gloom and grandeur around him. His conscious mind was busy with other things than inanimate nature—with the events and forces that had brought him to this place.

The night of his graduation the Prince's Flats *Weekly* informed him that John Smith, "our brawny young blacksmith," and Rose Hilton, "one of our most charming young ladies," were shortly to enter into a very intimate alliance, which literary freaks, for a thousand years, have often alluded to and vaguely hinted at in some such phrase as "And they lived happily ever afterwards," or words to that effect.

Richard and Rose had read Cæsar together several years before this, and somewhere about the thirteenth chapter of the fourth book, Rose, having a large bit of gratitude in her nature, and being a very affectionate child, had, in consideration of the many idioms he had "looked up," and of his many other kindnesses, solemnly promised that some day she would return the favor by allowing Richard to translate her name into his own.

But— Anyway, Cupid is crazy, and, being, as I think, chief consulting architect at the creation of man, so arranged things that in the long run A inevitably loves B, and B as inevitably loves C, thus erecting a cruel triangle. That is why one can detect the eternal note of sadness in the happiest of wedding bells.

Richard Lauder had hurried home to see his fond old mother, of course. Was it his mother's declining health, the ominous prophecy of the irregular behavior of her heart, that caused her son to mope around half-dead, and pass his best friends on the streets of Prince's Flats without seeing them? Devout followers of the sacred cult of Cupid, shake your heads in gloomy silence, and be not irreverent. Perhaps it is neither irreverent nor irrelevant to state just here that during all those weeks before the wedding Richard hoped against hope that a horse would kick the village blacksmith's brains out, or that Rose's heart would

just naturally turn back to its old love, or that the God of the Machine would come drifting down leisurely, as is its usual custom. Rose was sorry, oh, so sorry, for poor Richard. And once she cried so much about it that if there had really been a God of the Machine, and if he had had the least bit of gentleman about him, he would have appeared on the scene with all the easy grace and knightly courtesy that you read about.

The wedding-bells tolled—or rang, I mean—and Dr. Richard Lauder, the petted child of genius, who had carved dead men, broken fragile feminine hearts, and drained the cup of life to its dregs, wrote the following note to his fond old mother on the morning of the day that finds him here on the verge of Saddle Rock with the Winchester and the medicine case:

“Mamma, Dear:

“I can’t bear to live in Prince’s Flats a day longer, even with you. I have never told you before, but the fact is that I would sooner die than render medical services to the posterity of John Smith. It makes me sick to think, for instance, of trying to bring John Smith, Jr., through a severe case of measles. I am going far away, never to return. With all the heart that I have left full of love for you,

“Your affectionate son,

RICHARD LAUDER, M. D.”

This he had slipped under Mrs. Lauder’s plate in the dining-room about 1 o’clock that day, and slipped away up Twilight Trail toward Saddle Rock.

So he sat at sunset, dangling his long legs over Lonesome Gorge. His medical case was full of deadly poisons, and his Winchester full of .32 cartridges. An ancient oak leaned far out over the chasm, and one great branch was within ten feet of the horn of Saddle Rock. The boy looked up at that, and spoke aloud to himself the second time that afternoon, “I wish I had brought a rope,” and then, after a painful pause, “No, that wouldn’t do, for I intend to go straight to the bottom of Lonesome Gorge.”

A cow-bell clanged drearily a mile back of the gorge. He listened, and became more melancholy than he had been since,

as a bare-foot boy, he had hunted "Old Pied." The bell seemed to come nearer, and then,

"Sook, Hef—Soo-o-k."

From afar off, and very indistinctly, floated the thin, quavering voice of a woman calling a cow. After each long wail it seemed that the word "Rose" was added in a lower, pleading tone.

At last he started into the work before him as if it were a very critical surgical operation, and must be done quickly or not at all. He cut and trimmed a small straight stick with a short fork at one end, and began to practice touching off the trigger of the gun as he held it by the barrel, with the butt against the rock. When he was satisfied with the ease and accuracy with which he could do this, he pulled his Panama hat on his head and consulted his watch. Coolly he counted his pulse, and, observing that it was slightly above normal, knew that it was caused by the laughing face of the girl's picture over the watch crystal, and not by any fear of death. He turned the hands of the watch up a half-minute, and stopped it there. He calculated that at the end of the next half-minute he would be lying peacefully on the rocks below.

Nearer and nearer came the cow-bell, now clanging wildly, as if the cow were running at full speed. Apparently the young man did not notice this. He stepped quickly to the edge of the rock, climbed down a little way to a perilous niche, put the medicine case in his pocket, to resort to in case the fall and the shot did not take immediate effect, leaned over Lonesome Gorge, and, putting the muzzle of the weapon against his heart, let the forked stick rest lightly on the trigger.

Precisely at that instant the cow with the jangling bell rushed madly from the rhododendron out on the ledge of rock that formed the rear of the Saddle. A young calf, gaunt and awkward, galloped ahead, and a tiny old woman in black swung on the cow's tail, screaming breathlessly,

"Rose! Rose! Stop, Rose!"

The sharp, quick report of a rifle snapped twenty feet ahead of the runaway cow, as her first-born kicked its hind legs in the air, and, rushing playfully onward, tumbled abruptly into the abyss below.

## II.

Old Granny Reeves lived all alone in a little cabin below High Knob on Twilight Trail. She tended an old new-ground, which she had cleared up just after the War, and what, with digging and selling ginseng, picking and selling whortleberries and blackberries, and tanning and selling an occasional opossum hide, she managed to eke out a livelihood. She had bought a young heifer not long before John Smith married Rose Hilton. Every afternoon she went cow-hunting in the old Kelly fields and the adjoining woods. But Rose—that was the cow's name—rarely went far, owing to her intense affection for her calf, which Granny Reeves kept penned near her cabin. In an evil hour the calf managed to escape from its pen, and ran off into the mountains with its mother. The old lady had promptly gone after them and found them, but getting them back home became a considerable problem. For reasons known only to her bovine mind, Rose preferred to charge straight for Saddle Rock, instead of returning peaceably to High Knob. Granny Reeves caught her by the tail, and would not let go, because she was a fine young heifer, and Granny Reeves was determined to stay with her now that she had her once more. When she heard the rifle shot she probably did not realize that she was in the neighborhood of Lonesome Gorge. Rose stopped still in her tracks, twisted her head around to the left, stuck her nose in the air, batted her eyes very rapidly, and sank slowly to the ground. Granny Reeves tripped and fell full length on the Saddle, and Richard Lauder hurried to her side. He had killed Rose to save the life of her owner.

The old lady was panting breathlessly.

“Young feller,” and she stared up at him, pointing a trembling finger, “what in the world do you mean by shootin’ my heifer down like this?”

The young man smiled grimly. “Because she would have gone over anyway, and would have taken you with her.”

“Over whar?” queried Granny Reeves.

“Over Saddle Rock. We are within ten feet of the edge now.”

She gasped, and her eyes grew big with terror. Then she

began to moan: "You orter let us gone. I worked five year for money to buy that cow with, and now she's gone, and I'm gittin' old, and I ain't got no man to help me, and no sons, and no nothin'. Poor old Granny Reeves, she'll soon be in her grave, and nobody to keer."

At last he quieted her, and then he told here there were more cows and more money, and that she must let him take her to his home for the night.

"Plenty more cows," she began to wail again, "but ne'er another Rose." She turned her dim old eyes full upon him and stared.

"Ne'er another Rose," he whispered, and gazed long at the shadow of Saddle Rock, which the great red sun was photographing on the opposite wall of Lonesome Gorge. When the palsied voice of Granny Reeves broke through his abstraction a minute later, he heard her saying, as if to herself:

"Yes, you air jest pime blank like my poor dead Charlie. Only he didn't have sich fine clothes, and he allers had his hair combed."

Lauder smiled, and broke in, "Let me help you up, Auntie," but, as he started to lift her, she screamed in agony.

"It's my ankle," she said.

He examined the injured member. "Yes, and it's a fine thing I happened to be up here. I am a doctor, and, though I haven't my materials along, I can set it for you, I think. Now, don't you think about your ankle, and tell me all about Charlie." He made a rough bandage from his shirt sleeves.

"So you air a doctor? Well, Charlie, poor little feller, he allers wanted to be one, too. He was my only child, and died forty-one years ago, the 15th of this month. That's a pretty long time—O—O—O—yes, that hurt a leetle bit—but there hain't been ne'er a day since he went away that I've forgot him. They say I almost went crazy when he died, and I wouldn't have cared ef I had a gone with him. I've got all his books and the tickets he got for standing head of the school. An' there's a leetle bookmark that he put in his speller to mark his last lesson. I loved him more'n myself or anything else in this world."

"And what killed him?" the doctor asked, very tenderly, and the interest in his tone was not pretended.



"Funny thing," continued Granny Reeves, "Charlie had a little dog that begun to act quare long about the time he took sick. It would foam at the mouth and have a fit occasionally, and Charlie done the same way. For his sake, we tried to doctor the dog, and, after while, it died, too."

"Didn't any of the rest of you die like that?"

"No."

"Strange, very strange. The boy and the dog must have died of rabies. Now, you take this medicine and go to sleep. I am going to carry you to my home."

Darkness had fallen, and a full moon was just peeping above Chimney Rock. Richard lifted the old lady in his arms and started home. As he went he pondered Granny Reeves' lot in life, her love for her boy, and all that she had said. As he started up the next ridge there came into his mind the letter he had left for his mother, and, for the first time, he began to consider its probable effect on her. He struggled upward with his burden, and all his past life flitted before his mind's eye. The fact that his mother had mortgaged her home to send him through college presented itself repeatedly for consideration. At the top of the ridge he wondered again what effect his note had had on her.

It was midnight when he reached home. From the gate he saw that there was a dim light in the dining-room. Almost ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, he tried the door, and found it unlocked. He pushed the door open, and stood still on the threshold. An untasted supper was on the table, and Richard's mother was at her usual place, her arms extended beside her plate, and her silvery head resting face downward on them.

In an instant he carefully deposited Granny Reeves on the floor, and crept softly across the room. He raised his mother's plate. There lay the melancholy message, folded just as he had left it. He put it in his pocket to light his pipe with in case Mrs. Lauder's matches happened to be scarce. He shook her shoulders gently, and she sprang up with a start.

"Oh, Richard," she began. "You scared me. Where in the world—"

"Sh—Mamma, sh—" he said, as he took her in his arms. "You'll wake my patient over there. I gave her an opiate, and

she's been sleeping heavily all the way from Saddle Rock, but I want her to sleep till morning. Then I am going to telegraph to Bluefield for a nurse."

Then, while they put Granny Reeves to bed, he told her the episode of the runaway cow, and did not tell her that his own life had been saved also. It occurred to him that that was only a minor incident in the story, and not worth mentioning.

After this he asked his mother where his pipe was, and she told him. He asked her where his tobacco pouch was, and she told him that, too. She also gave him a match.

"I am going to sit out on the porch, and smoke and think some. I am going to go to work and build me up a big practice here, and I am going to begin to-morrow. That old lady is going to live with us."

And he smoked a little, and thought a great deal in the moonlight on the porch.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

*Ike.*

Torn with wind and swept by storm,  
Thou standest still in no alarm,  
    While oceans seethe and foam.  
Out! out! into the death of night!  
Piercing well with shafts of light,  
    Guiding the pilot home.

Guarding still with wary eye  
Sleeping sea and tranquil sky,  
    The home of man and gnome;  
Watching while the weary sleep,  
Watching still when mermaids weep,  
    Smiling the pilot home.

# THE MESSENGER.

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## EDITORIALS.

Every person who goes out from a college owes to it a debt of gratitude. There they have gleaned strength and wisdom with which to fight the battles of life. It is the duty of every alumnus to keep up the ties that bind him to *alma mater*, and thereby keep fresh in his mind the obligations and debt of gratitude due. THE MESSENGER is essentially a College enterprise, but

it should prove, and is willing to be, one of the strongest links that binds the alumnus to his College. Manifestly, it is to the best interest of the College to keep the alumni interested and awake to their responsibility. With this dual interest in mind, the editor decided to ask the graduates of the last few years to contribute all of the articles for a number of *THE MESSENGER*. We were sorely disappointed by the manner in which they responded. This number is largely the production of our alumni. We offer it for your perusal and thought. We also take this opportunity to most gratefully thank those who so unselfishly co-operated with us, and made this issue possible.

Long the policy of the college magazines has been to evade all matters political—yea, even quasi-political. Far be it from us to break such a praise-worthy precedent, though we are not slaves to custom, but, as we have the opportunity, pardon us while we express our regret that one of our great American leaders has shown too plainly his unbridled and inordinate ambition. Four years ago he solemnly declared his intention of retiring from active political life. The public took him at his word, revering him as a great thinker and reformer, and wishing him all success and good-will in his advent in the editorial world, where it was predicted he would have, and where he has achieved, notable success. But this life was tame—too tame. Soon he began to plume himself for new political flights. So affairs dragged along until the time approached for the party, the tenets of which he professed, to name a candidate for the Chief Executive. He went to the party convention an avowed and honored candidate. (We don't blame him on that score.) But, after accepting the party platform, chagrined at his defeat, when he learned that the majority and not the minority ruled, he set up the bitter wail of "reform," and forthwith "bolted" the convention. He drew up a platform, the principal plank of which was "ego," and submitted it to the people—his people in convention assembled. He is a great man, one of the greatest of the century, but that makes his actions all the more contemptible. After accepting from the hands of his party the highest honors in his

State and his country, he, not because they have changed, not because he has changed, but because he desires to be honored, deserts. His party is not built on principles, but on Roosevelt. It cannot live as it is. The life of a great party cannot be the life of a man, particularly when, at the slightest pretext, that man would cast them aside if he thought he could better his state. Well might his former colleagues say of him, "Just for a handful of silver he left us, just for a riband to stick in his coat." A fitting epitaph for this once great man would be—

"Glory your aim, but justice your pretence,  
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires  
The mischief your ambitious pride inspires."

With this issue ends our term of bondage. It, however, has been a period of hope and joy, not unalloyed with pain and disappointment. We have made errors, and hope VALE! profited by them. If we have, in any way, helped you—if, in any way, helped Richmond College—it gives us joy, and repays us for the many struggles in the wee small hours in Number Six. The editor wishes to thank all for the kindness with which they have pardoned his deficiencies; to thank those who have so nobly contributed to the cause, particularly the associate editors, who have labored so faithfully and earnestly by his side; and wishes particularly to acknowledge the debt of gratitude due Mr. Blume, who always had something more material than sympathy, and Miss Marian Ryland, Dr. Stewart, Professor and Mrs. Metcalf, who so generously gave their advice, time, and talent. We give up all of the privileges and pleasures with deep regret, feeling that "the things which we have seen we now can see no more," and regain our freedom with a sigh.



## CAMPUS NOTES.

*J. W. Edmonds, Jr., '13.*

Again do we welcome the advent of a new college year. Our slumbers are now often disturbed by a prolonged "Whoo-lay-hee-hing—lay-hee" of some midnight wayfarer through the halls of Memorial Hall. On every side are collected groups, discussing foot-ball prospects and politics. Towering like a Titan, we see the venerable form and benign countenance of P. Wilson. He is telling what games we will win, and how we will win them. (Here's hoping.) P. is also the authority on the new rules. See him. Suddenly Metty appears. We are "awfully" proud of "Metty," now that he has entered the world of text-book writers. Yes, Metty has appeared in the limelight with his most appreciated literature. Read it. "Boaty" is more jubilant than ever over the prospect of the college year and the progress of work at Westhampton. He deserves much praise and reward at the hands of the friends of the College for the unselfish way in which he has promoted the interest of the new College. Another form that we see and welcome with pleasure (not that we are not glad

to see all of the Faculty) is that of our country-man, Dr. Loving, with his "Now, Mr. ———, do you think so?"

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Frank Louthan had called on a lady fair for three successive nights. A little bird tells us that Frank stays late. So, naturally, the young lady was sleepy and the conversation lax. Finally he made an opening with "Don't you ever wish for death?"

"Whose death do you mean?" the young lady asked.

He took the hint, and hasn't been back since.

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Dr. Thomas is to be congratulated upon his success in the Department of Biology. The course now takes three years. Doctor can, with all justice, be called the "Father of Biology," as he also was of Chemistry.

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Meredith: "Koontz, why are you going stag to the German to-night?"

Koontz: "Because I haven't got the dough (doe)."

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We are particularly glad to welcome into this august assembly our new Professors, Dr. Montgomery, of the Department of Latin; Dr. Olmsted, of the Department of Biology, and Mr. Chichester, of the Law School. Professor Montgomery has taught for the last several years at William and Mary College; he is a Doctor of Philosophy of Johns Hopkins. Mr. Olmsted is a graduate of Middlebury College and of Oxford, England; he taught last year in Shorter College. Mr. Chichester is Master of Arts of the University, where he also graduated in Law; for several years he taught in the Law School there. They come to us with the heartiest best wishes of THE MESSENGER staff and the student body at large.

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Foot-ball prospects seem very promising, although we have



lost several of our veterans. Mr. Dunlap, as coach, and Mr. Griffin, as assistant coach, promise to do the best possible, and that is by no means hopeless.

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Serpell would dance but he *can* not.  
Wicker would dance but he *may* not.

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Brown, who sold books last summer, says he is an authority on dogs. Experience is the best, but a hard teacher.

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Lives of co-eds. all remind us  
That we can ride a pony, too,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
The glorious news that we got through.

---

Mintz (M. L.) announced his intention of going to Europe to several of his deacons, who immediately started a purse for the young divine. At the public presentation the chairman regretted that it was not larger, for he said, "Had it been more, our beloved pastor might stay longer." Vigorous applause. Wonder why he resigned his church.

---

Henry Taylor (talking in his sleep): "Yes, I know I'm drunk, but don't tell anybody."  
Be sure your sins will find you out.

---

Charlie O'Neill to Walter Moncure: "And who was that pretty, dark-haired girl on the left end of the front row of the choir?" (Moncure's wife is dark-eyed, and sings in the choir.)

Moncure: "I don't remember whom you mean, but, by the way, have you met my wife?"



*J. E. Welsh, '12.*

Soon the crack of the bat and the thud of the ball as it drops into the catcher's big mit will cease to ring in our ears, and in their places will resound the boot of the pigskin, as it sails through the air, and the excitement attending the foot-ball scrimmage.

Yes, Richmond College man, the foot-ball season of 1912 stretches out immediately before us. Our colleges are represented on the diamond, the cinder path, and in the basket-ball cage; but the game of all games in the college world is the battle waged on the gridiron.

The first call for candidates has already gone out, and many young men, anxious to bring glory and honor to *alma mater* have responded. Sad to say, in Richmond College there has been a sore need of unison of spirit. We trust that during the days of the coming season all personal differences and altercations may be made subservient for the accomplishment of one end, the turning out of a winning eleven.

To the freshmen who are entering the halls of this venerable institution for the first time, we would say that not in years have such grand prospects for new men to win places on the 'Varsity presented themselves. A number of last year's team will be among the missing. Throckmorton, Meredith, Taylor, Ancarrow, Cason, and Lankford are missing from the back-field candidates. In the line, such men as "Baby" Benton, "Big" Gill, "Bill" Decker, and Harris, who won a place on the All-Eastern Division team, will wear the "Red and Blue" no more. Around Captain Tyler, R. C. Duval, and Riley, Richmond College must build her 1912 team. The task is a big one, but we believe it can be done.

Coach Dunlap returns to Richmond College after an absence of two years. We believe in Mr. Dunlap we have a coach who

will not only give his best, but a man who is capable of securing the best from the squad. Let every man who possibly can don the foot-ball togs and cleated shoes and appear for practice. Not only upon the shoulders of Coach Dunlap and Captain Tyler rests the burden of moulding a winning team out of the material on hand, but upon the shoulders of every matriculated student a portion of this great responsibility rests. May the old war-cry of "Richmond College expects every man to do his duty" burn within us, and quicken us to an earnest realization of our duty and obligations. The best advertisement that any college has is its athletics.

Richmond College student of the session of 1912-'13, a great host of alumni are watching, with eager eyes, the progress of old "Red and Blue" in the athletic world. If you desire to make glad the hearts of those who have exulted with old Richmond in the sweets of victory, who have manfully drank with her the dregs of bitter and galling defeat; if you desire to make known the name of Richmond College where, at present, it is not known, then give Dunlap and Tyler all of your support, all of your playing ability, all of your rooting support, and, above all things, all of your loyalty. If you do this, when the curtain shall drop upon the 1912 foot-ball scene, whether victory or defeat be our portion, we shall have that consciousness and satisfaction which attends all those who put forth their best efforts in whatever sphere of life it may be.

The foot-ball schedule is as follows:

- October 5th—Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.
- October 12th—Randolph-Macon College (exhibition), at Richmond.
- October 19th—R. L. I. Blues, at Richmond.
- October 26th—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va.
- November 2d—William and Mary College, at Richmond (championship).
- November 9th—Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney (championship).
- November 16th—Rock Hill College, at Richmond.
- November 23d—Randolph-Macon College, at Richmond (championship).

## ALUMNI NOTES.

W. B. Miller, '12.

Ah! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;  
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

—Thomas Moore.

(It is our desire to give in this issue a record of the members of the class of last June, but, as some of us are rather fond of keeping our own counsel, we shall have to pay the penalty of not appearing, at this time, in THE MESSENGER. We trust that our successor in this department will be able to complete the list in the next issue.)

“Baby” Benton, B. A., has changed his mind since his election as Editor-in-Chief of THE MESSENGER, and will teach Latin in Fork Union Academy instead of returning for his M. A. His genial smile will be much missed about the College grounds and his avoirdupois upon the gridiron.

William M. Black, B. A., who was of us, though not with us, is now engaged in pastoral work with one of the Norfolk churches.

“Big” Davis, B. A., will profit by his coaching experience, and will teach in Columbia College, Florida.

Horace R. Eckles, B. A., has also accepted a position in Columbia College. He will teach Science and German.

“Bill” Decker, M. A., has decided to give his life to the ministry, and will enter the Louisville Seminary this session.

Miss Sadie E. Engleberg, B. A., will be a member of the faculty of the John Marshall High School, of this city. She is Professor of History.

"Bob" Estes, B. A., has decided not to teach this year, but will enter Colgate Seminary, where he will also take work leading to a Master's degree.

J. Vaughan Gary, B. A., will teach in Blackstone Academy, with "Fritz" Jones, B. A., '11.

"Billy" Gilliam, B. A., has accepted a position in the Chatham Training School, Chatham, Va.

John M. Harwood, B. A., will be principal of a high school in King and Queen county.

Allan R. Hawkins, B. A., has returned to his native State, South Carolina, where he will have charge of a high school before he enters upon his calling of statesman.

Julian S. Lawrence, B. A., will uphold the honors of Richmond College as a graduate student in Columbia University.

Charles N. Lawson, B. A., will "teach the young idea how to shoot" in the high school at Sparta, Virginia.

G. V. McManaway, B. A., has returned to his native heath, and the high school work in Petersburg will doubtless prosper under his hand. He has charge of the department of history at the aforesaid institution.

Will B. Miller, B. A., has decided to stay out of Seminary this year, to remain with his church work in Chesterfield county.

"Beef" Montgomery, B. A., will delve into Hebrew and Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond.

Charles T. O'Neill, B. A., will exercise his mathematical mind among the students of Fork Union Academy.

Harry E. Owings, B. A., will try New England life in the Newton Theological Seminary.

T. Broun Powers, B. S., will show the men of Cornell what "Spiders" can do along the lines of graduate work in Science.

Miss Mary M. Percival, B. A., will venture into the rugged regions of Beaver Dam, in Hanover county, to have charge of the high school at that place.

Miss Amy Kratz is with Miss Wood at Highland Springs.

A. F. Robertson, B. A., didn't get enough of Richmond in three years, and will be, so far as we have learned, the only applicant for M. A. this year.

James F. Strother, B. A., is engaged in business in the city of his *alma mater*.

Henry M. Taylor, B. A., will go with Benton and O'Neill to Fork Union, where he has the department of Modern Languages.

E. P. T. Tyndal, B. A., has also joined the ranks of the promoters of education, and will have charge of the Cartersville High School, Virginia.

Harry VanLandingham, B. A., will let the Glee Club have a little peace while he studies in Peabody Institute of Music, Baltimore.

J. Ernest Warriner, Jr., B. A., is determined that R. C. V. shall be represented in the large Universities, and he has volunteered to hold up the honors in Johns Hopkins. He enters the School of Medicine.

"Froggie" Welsh, B. A., will show the Crozer Seminary people what sort of "stuff" the class of '12 is made of.

G. Herman L. Winfrey, B. A., will be one of the efficient teachers of John Marshall High School, city.

Miss Jessie M. Wood, B. A., has been honored with a position in the Highland Springs High School, in the immediate vicinity of her home.

Wesley Wright, B. S., has decided to take up advanced work in Chemistry at Johns Hopkins.

Peyton Lewis, B. A., '09, and "Jasper" Harris, B. S., '11, are matriculated at the University of Wisconsin. Peyton has been chief "dopester" around College for many years, and will be sorely missed. He is taking post-graduate work in pharmaceuticalchemistry, and Jasper is planning to be an engineer.



*G. V. McManaway, '12.*

Has it ever occurred to you to take a complete volume of your magazine and study it as a whole, or have you formed the careless habit of considering each monthly number a complete unit within itself? Until you have made a relative study of the different numbers of a year's production, you will make little progress in your attempt to strengthen your publication—be it a daily, monthly, or quarterly.

We made it our purpose last session, as we worked up our monthly reviews on the magazines that came to our desk, to notice the relation between the last number of each publication and its predecessors, and, at the close of the session, we had proven, to our own satisfaction, that all magazines, considered from this standpoint, may be classified into two groups. In the first class are those magazines which begin the session with weak numbers—unreal stories, unpoetic poetry, and essays which, to say the least, are not wisely chosen—but which gradually, month by month, improve their numbers, both in detail and as a whole, until at the close of the session they have a very creditable publication. They give evidence of having made a study of their weaknesses and short-comings and of having given heed to the comments of other magazines. They are the much-talked-of "Progressives."

In the second class we find those magazines which begin, like the others, with weak numbers, but, unlike them, they come to the close of the session with numbers almost, if not quite, as weak as those with which they began. It is true that the majority of this class do make marked improvement during the session,



but, owing to exhaustion, spring laziness, or the demoralization resulting from a too early realization of the ideal for which they strove, they weaken perceptibly at the end. To which of these classes does your magazine belong? And to what extent are you responsible for it?

Although we realize that it is exceedingly difficult to get out as excellent a number of any magazine at the beginning of a session as may be produced later, yet we think that this old excuse has been greatly overworked. It should be possible for an editorial staff to take up its work just where it left off at the close of the preceding session, and the first numbers ought to be just as good as the best numbers of the preceding years. Then, with the gradual improvement which comes during the session, a magazine would have a chance to grow steadily from year to year. Let us disillusion ourselves of the old idea that our magazine must necessarily begin every session at a low ebb, and let's make this the best session yet, by "hitting our stride" at the start.

THE MESSENGER extends its best wishes for a most successful session to all magazines to whom it goes, and acknowledges, with gratitude, the encouragement and inspiration it has received from them in the past.