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ON THE SEASHORE.

Helen A. Monsell, '16.

A salt breeze is blowing; the tide, as it rises,
Is slowly submerging this vast strip of sand;
The moon is o'erclouded, the stars shine but dimly,
A sweet sense of sadness envelopes the land.
The calm breath of summer lies over the water,
And, with its soft soothing, bids all worries fly;
'Mid the rhythmic roar of the waves on the shore
We're alone, the great Ocean and I.

Stilled by the distance to almost a murmur,
Soft snatches of waltzes float down to the shore,
And, mingled with musical voices and laughter,
It deepens my lonesomeness only the more.
While on the horizon, where small lights are gleaming,
A vessel, with wide spreading sails, passes by,
But here, 'mid the roar of the waves on the shore,
We're alone, the great Ocean and I.

But the lonesomeness simply adds more to the grandeur
Of the dark, stilly night on the edge of the deep,
And I glory in watching the white tossing billows
Spray over the rocks, where the tide will soon creep.
It is here, all alone, I could dream on forever,
Alone, where the breakers are tossing so high;
Alone, 'mid the roar of the waves on the shore,
Alone, the great Ocean and I.
"THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE."

W. T. Hall, '14.

We live in two worlds—the visible and the invisible—a world that we see and hear and feel, and a world that we neither see nor hear nor feel—a world that is invisible, inaudible, intangible. One is a world of thought and imagination; the other is a world of materialism.

The invisible world is the important world—the real, enduring, everlasting world. The invisible makes the home. Bricks and mortar and paint do not make a home. Love will make a home even in a cottage, but without it there can be no home. Wealth may build a mansion, and bring to preside over it the queen of culture, talent, and education, but let in jealousy and hate, and the mansion becomes a tomb and the furniture gaunt skeletons that stare at the miserable occupants from every room. Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave, and love and jealousy are invisible. A man must marry the invisible woman. If he marries for wealth, or health, or beauty, these will fade and he is disappointed; but the invisible qualities—love, truth, character—never fail.

The invisible makes the school. A college cannot be made with class-rooms, libraries, dormitories, gymnasiums, and athletic fields. Lyman Abbott aptly says: "A millionaire cannot make a school. One of the greatest schools the world has ever seen, one whose influence outlasts the centuries, had neither laboratory, library, nor dormitory. It was the school which Plato taught in the grove at Athens."

The invisible makes the church. A church is not made by beautiful architecture, spacious auditoriums filled with listeners, long membership rolls, gifted orators, and high-sounding music. It may have the best equipment, yet fail in its mission. Said Jesus, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or Lo, there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you."

The invisible makes the nation. Large armies, full tills, and
law-making bodies can never make our nation great. Brave sentinels may guard our gates; strong men may bring coal and iron from the bowels of the earth and golden grain from our broad prairies, to be carried by our seamen to all nations of the world; tall sky-scrapers may lift their heads into the clouds from our great cities; the whistle of the locomotive and the clang of machinery may fill our ears, and yet these will not make our nation great. Rome framed laws for the nations, and, with her armies, became mistress of the world, and filled her treasury with the spoils, yet she failed in the very act, and in the schools of the world students are studying the fall of Rome. Great men make a nation great, and the qualities that make men great are invisible.

The lack of this vision checks the growth of nations, and has often thrown them down. The thirst for money causes men in Wall street and the London Stock Exchange to fight like demons. The greed for gain sets up the saloon on our streets and country road-sides, thereby sending thousands of our men to our insane asylums, our prisons, and, finally, to a drunkard's grave. The love of money fills our mills and factories with children who ought to be at play, causes great corporations to oppress the hireling and the laborer, makes a man sell his vote, a woman her honor, because money and what it brings is visible.

"Not gold, but only men,
Can make a nation great and strong,
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long,
Brave men, who work while others play,
Who dare while others fly,
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky."

The invisible makes commercial prosperity possible, for commercial prosperity is based on credit, and credit rests on faith in the honesty of our fellow-men, and honesty is invisible. It has neither form, color, odor, nor sound.

We are apt to think that only the material things are of importance. The opposite is true. The visible is only valuable as symbolical of the things invisible. The mathematician draws
his figure on the black-board, and points out the solution of a problem, but the process must be accomplished in the mind. Both the teacher and the pupil see the figure, but the teacher may understand it and the pupil may not understand it. He has used the marks and dots as symbols, for lines and points and angles are invisible.

The letters on the page of a book is not literature. The poem is literature, whether it is written in Greek, or Latin, or English. An oration is no less an oration because it is spoken in German or French. The printed page or words of the speaker are only symbols that convey the ideas of the writer or speaker to the reader or hearer. The Bible is still the Bible whether we read it in the King James version, or the revised version, or the twentieth century New Testament. The Bible is not the bound book. The book has the symbols for conveying the messages of the prophets, as the telegraph wire is the instrument for carrying messages. The violin does not make music, it conveys it. The composer puts his symphony in symbols on a sheet of paper. The musician translates these symbols into chords, and the chords awaken in the hearer similar emotions. The things that make life worth living—memory, faith, hope, love, happiness, long-suffering, ambition, ideals, law—are all invisible.

In early life one feels little, if any, need for this thought. When we were children it was enough for us if the sun shone, if the fields were white in winter and green in summer, if the innocent, care-free days were full of gladness and hope. We would play with a rattle, and find supreme joy in dressing a doll. But, as we grew older, we began to see the futility of trusting in material things. The old man finds joy in the memory of his past experiences, though they are past and invisible. The vision of an invisible ideal leads the young man on, and the memories of an invisible past sweeten his life.

What would life be if it were not for memory? We would be as a raft on a tempestuous sea, driven hither and thither by every blast. Without memory there would be no need to learn, for we would forget. Our hands would be burned by the fire again because we had forgotten that it burned before. The mistakes of yesterday might be repeated to-day. Memory is
essential to growth. It sweetens and makes secure life. The memory of a saintly mother and the advice of a God-fearing father linger in the mind of the prodigal boy, and bid him be strong amidst the fiery temptations of the distant city. Over the pages of history there come myriads of voices of centuries that are dead, nations who have risen and fallen, and men and women who have poured out their life’s blood for principles in which they believed. In the library Plato will talk to you of philosophy, Dante of the spiritual world, Homer of ancient Greece, Thackery of London, Scott of the world of romance and chivalry, Browning or Tennyson of the world that no man ever sees. How many boys, shut in by ignorance and poverty, have taken courage, and risen to the heights of fame and honor, because they chanced to learn of Abraham Lincoln’s career, though they never saw Abraham Lincoln. In my sorrows Jeremiah cheers me, discouraged Isaiah comforts me, in my trials I endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and He takes me out of the valley of despair to the hill-top, where the birds are singing and the sun is shining—into the atmosphere of liberty and light.

The guiding stars that beckon us on as we stand facing an unknown future are hope and faith. For the mother watching by the bedside of her dying child, for the orphan who drops a tear on the newly-made grave, for every one who lays himself down to sleep trusting to awaken from his slumbers refreshed, hope is the staff on which they lean. We live by hope. It lifts us out of the present and points us to an invisible future, quickens our invisible ambitions to reach an invisible ideal. When a man loses hope he leaps into the lake or puts a pistol to his temple, and ends all.

Again, the world in which we live is governed by universal, irrevocable, unchangeable laws, the moral law, the law of gravitation, of cause and effect, and, if life is to be worth living, we must recognize and obey them. Our life, our happiness, our very existence depends upon it.

A vision of the invisible leads to a realization of the visible. Columbus had a vision of a round earth and of a distant continent, and, with this vision ever before him, he never tired until he made it a reality, and started a nation destined to be the mistress of the
world. The scientist who sweeps the heavens with his telescope, or with his test-tube and crucible resolves all substances to their simplest elements, is led on by an undaunted faith. He tells us of atoms and molecules which he never saw, and, on this supposition, has revolutionized human thought. By the same process we have discovered the laws of nature, brought the lightning from the clouds to run our trains, light our homes, carry our messages to the farthest ends of the earth, and enjoy privileges of which our fathers never dreamed. What means that light in yonder cloisteral window, burning far out into the night? Some loved one watching by the sick bed, possibly. Ah, no; it is a student, a youth of ambition, a dreamer and idealist, who has had a vision. Some day the world will make a path to his door.

A vision of the invisible differentiates man. Behind yonder prison bars, serving their allotted terms, are men who, a few months ago, owned a railway, or a bank, or a factory, who had money invested, employees at their beck and call, and friends subservient to them—men of energy, enterprise, and financial shrewdness, but who lacked honesty. And, for lack of it, they are bankrupt alike in property, in reputation, and in character. This is the quality that lifts men above the brute. What is man? Is he only an animal? Is it enough for him merely to walk with his eyes downcast upon the earth, to delve its depths, to sail its seas, to amass its treasures, to seek its applause, to be satisfied with its abundance? No! The power of the invisible is in him. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals." "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Then let us be men, not brutes, and, in an age of materialism, of agnosticism, and of doubt, let us go out to teach men "the power of the invisible."

"God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
   Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before the demagogue,
   And scorn his treacherous flatteries without wincing;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
   In public duty and in private thinking."
HERE are you, Jake?” called the Colonel, as he approached, with long strides, across the cotton field.

“Heah I is, suh!” came from the edge of the woods near by.

Upon reaching the spot where Uncle Jake was, Colonel Jones fell down upon his knees and burst into a fit of laughter. There sat the old darkey, flat upon the ground, holding to two little bushes on either side of him, like one trying to steady himself on a storm-tossed deck.

“I feel dat it is good for us to be heah,” he greeted, with an apostolic air. This saintly greeting (for alcoholic stimulants invariably made Uncle Jake religious), together with a little black jug that squatted in the leaves near by, verified the Colonel’s first suspicions.

“Now aren’t you proud of that pile of cotton for a whole afternoon’s picking?” he asked ironically, trying to look serious.

“I neber picks cotton jes’ for a show, suh,” was the grave reply.

Nobody understood each other better than Uncle Jake and Colonel Jones. Henry Esmond Jones’s house stood on the hill overlooking the big plantation, which had been his ever since his father’s death. Just a few yards away was Uncle Jake’s cabin. Uncle Jake was as much a part of the old homestead as the buildings themselves, he having first tried his vocal chords forty years ago in the little cabin in which he now lived. Having lived so near each other all their lives, Uncle Jake and the Colonel naturally held many things in common. One thing particularly they both lacked—viz., wives. This mutual sympathy of bachelorhood made them confidants, especially in the sacred secrets
of love. Among other things, they learned to look upon each other with much leniency.

"Now what we need, Jake, is a good, baby-hearted, angel-faced wife to reprimand us for behavior like this," offered the Colonel, by way of rebuke.

"Dat's right," he assented, with great humility, "dat's right. Man shall clebe untoe hisself a wife, say de Scripters. Den we's gettin' old, an' orter mahry, if we eber do." Here he paused for a moment, and heaved an audible sigh. "Man's days are as de grasshoppah; de win' passeth ober it an' it is dar no more whar it was." He misquoted fervently, at the same time rolling his eyes sanctimoniously toward the sky, and gesticulating prodigiously.

"I'll tell you," chuckled the Colonel, "I'll help you get a wife, and you may help me. How will that suit? Why don't you marry—what's her name?—Clementina Clarinda Rogers—Cousin John's cook, that you talk so much about?"

The old negro's countenance fell, and his face looked like a rainy day.

"I think she lubs dat sporty chap what comes up heah from de city," he explained, after a solemn pause. "He wears fine close, and takes her to ride in de buggy. She won't pay no 'ten-tion to a plain ol' nigger lik me when he's flyin' 'roun', neber." He emphasized the words with a slow, significant shake of the head that almost made the Colonel pity him.

"Jake, if you'll get me a wife—now, listen—a good, industrious, amiable wife—I'll give you that ten dollar bill that I loaned you yesterday morning," giggled the Colonel. "That will buy your marriage license, a quart of brandy, and help pay your pastor's salary for last year."

Uncle Jake grinned, the corners of his mouth getting further and further apart, until an even row of pearly teeth that looked like marble columns glistened from his black face.

"Why don't you mahry Miss Lunette?" he queried, looking at the Colonel with a re-inforced grin.

"Ah, go to picking cotton, you black rascal," he laughed, leaving Jake rolling on the ground in an agony of laughter.

"Miss Lunette," as Uncle Jake called her, was a middle-
aged spinster, who lived only a mile away. His suggestion of her as a suitable person to fulfill the Colonel's proposition was not without justification. Everybody had, at one time, expected them to marry. But they had proven conclusively that a three-year courtship is not necessarily a sure index to matrimony. Some of the more skeptical souls had now begun to say that Henry Esmond Jones would never propose, that he was too big a coward to expose himself to a woman's probable "nay." But let us say, in his behalf, that it is very probable that he did not get that warm encouragement necessary to bolster up the faint-hearted bachelor for the tremendous and precarious ordeal of proposal. For, chilled with the frosty atmosphere of her cool, precise demeanor, within range of that pugnacious little nose, and before her self-reliant face, that looked like a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, hearts stronger than his might have faltered.

"Maybe he's right," soliloquized the Colonel, a few minutes later, dropping into a chair, and looking, with absorbing interest, at the newspaper which he held upside down; "maybe he's right."

It was Uncle Jake's question, "Why don't you marry Miss Lunette?" that lingered in his mind. He knew not why it lingered. But it returned, disconcerting him, and demanding answer. Such thoughts had never before given him so much concern. Henry Esmond Jones had never thought seriously of marriage until recently, so engrossed had he been with the affairs of his farm, and, when he had, in his most reflective moods, contemplated marriage, it was in a sort of vague and indefinite way; for he had always considered the marital state as an extremity, sad and inevitable, to be resorted to only as the last refuge against old age and loneliness. He wondered now if he was reaching that crisis, and if it was really the lamentable goal that he had previously imagined. The thought of growing old made him smile. He looked about him at the vacant, silent walls of his room. He was alone. The empty chairs, the solitary hearth, repeated Jake's question, and engendered in him an unusual loneliness—a something strangely inseparable from the recurring autumn, the falling leaves, the consciousness of the mighty passing of time.
“Jake,” called the Colonel, waking from his revery, as a sheet of cotton on legs passed the window, “I forgot to tell you my business down at the field a while ago—you always make such an ass of yourself; I want you to stay about the house to-morrow, as I shall go to Reidville on business, and, as it is a long, dreary trip down by one’s self, you know”—

“Yassah,” broke in Uncle Jake, with his mouth open with expectancy.

“I thought probably that Miss Lunette wouldn’t mind a little outing with me,” he went on, with some embarrassment, “and I want you to go over and ask her for me. Tell her that I am sick—no, tell her that I am too busy to come myself. I’ll be along in the morning by 8 o’clock.”

A minute later Uncle Jake was ambling along the road, trying very hard to forget about that ten dollar bill. He became possessed with an inordinate desire to win, at whatever cost. The inspiration of the little black jug still braced him somewhat for the perilous undertaking. Suddenly a sinister smile spread over his face. An idea had begun to ferment in his cranium.

Miss Lunette was on the piazza, sweeping, when Uncle Jake arrived. He bowed very low.

“Missus,” he began, unconsciously crumpling his hat which he held in his hand. “Kunnel Jones sont me ober heah on bizne ss dat is ’stremely perticler.”

Miss Lunette lifted her brow, and screwed up her face in an inquisitive manner.

“He wants you to go wid him to Reidville in de mawning ter git de licums,” he advanced boldly.

“The what?”

“De licums, mum, de licums,” he iterated, with added emphasis.

“Do you mean license, Uncle Jake?” she asked, wonderingly.

“Yessum, de licums,” he assured.

“What license?” she inquired.

“Why, de mahriage licums,” he explained. “De mahriage licums for you an de Kunnel. Dats what I started ter say. De Kunnel he git mighty lonesome ober dar all by hisself. Ain’t no chilluns ’roun, an’ nobody. He git mighty lonesome. So while
ago, he say, 'Jake, go ober an' tell Miss Lunette dat I wants ter mahry her. Tell her we'll git de licums at Reidville in de mawning.'

The broom dropped to the floor. A becoming little blush mantled her cheeks, while she looked at the floor in meditative silence.

"De Kunnel, he looked berry sad," he added, soliciting sympathy, and observing her undecided manner.

But she heeded not this last eloquence of Uncle Jake. She was buried in thought. The past years of her life, cold and dreary, like long winter nights of watching to an anxious soul, came trooping back, with all their painful memories. How she and her aged father had been left alone by the death of her mother and sister; how she had taught in the little country school for meager support; how her life had been one long dreary waste until the one who now asked for her hand had entered into her narrow life, and resuscitated a hope long dead—all came vividly to mind. This proposal was like a glad, unexpected messenger from the future, telling her of a happy existence that lay beyond—happy because it meant the fulfillment of a woman's noblest dreams. That Henry loved her she had often believed, although he had never been demonstrative. That he should propose in this unusual manner was a little puzzling, but she thought it not wholly out of keeping with the reserve and modesty which had characterized his whole courtship. When she lifted her eyes, Uncle Jake saw two mischievous little tears peeping forth to accuse him and to turn him from his purpose. But he remained steadfast, and stood lankly on one leg, looking on with the honest countenance of a martyred saint.

"His lub am berry heaby," he persuaded, with great gravity, shifting to the other leg, as if hoping, by this maneuver, to turn the balance in his favor.

"Tell him I'll go," she finally announced, drying the stray tears that shone in her eyes.

"He'll come at 8 o'clock," imparted Uncle Jake, starting triumphantly away. He was called back to the kitchen window by Miss Lunette. With profuse bows he accepted the big slice
of pie which he was offered, and was again on his journey, munching
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Eight o'clock found Miss Lunette snugly nestled by the side

of Clementina Clarinda Rogers.
summer. The odious, detestable sneak! If I had him here I could wring his dastardly, pipe-stem neck! If I could just—"

Darting around the curve, just ahead, came a big red touring car at full speed. Henry Esmond Jones had not seen it. Old Gray had. Not being able to offer himself a satisfactory explanation for this rather unusual phenomenon, and not knowing the possible danger of a sniff of gasoline, Gray judiciously decided to make his way through the corn-field to a safe retreat at the bottom of the hill. The buggy, suddenly coming to a stop, both occupants were hurled headlong upon the grass. The Colonel jumped up to see Miss Lunette lying seemingly in a swoon on the ground. He ran to fetch his hat full of water from the little stream below. Old Gray was trying to steady his nerves the while by complacently nibbling at a tuft of grass.

"It's not serious," he assured, in protective tones, dashing cold water into her face against repeated protests, and assisting her to a sitting posture. "Nothing broken but a shaft," he finally announced, "and I will repair that so we can get home."

"But where shall we get the marriage license, Henry?" she spluttered, after a slight strangle, emitting a spurt of water from her mouth with the words.

By this time the Colonel was growing desperate. He felt himself bordering on some dark, seductive plot. To be a bride to-morrow! Now urging him to procure a license! And license for whom? He was no retail dealer nor marriage license jobber! The mystery was occult and unfathomable. Then it suddenly dawned upon him like a revelation. The fall had stunned her. It was obvious that she was only addled, and was getting him hopelessly confused with Williams—darn him—or some other scoundrel.

"It slightly injured your head, but it will soon be all right," he consoled, looking at her as helplessly as a baby in swaddling clothes.

"Do you aim to drench me?" she laughed, as he started back to replenish his supply of water. "I do think we had better go on to Reidville, though," she continued, nicely adjusting her hat, and noting his mystified expression, "for, although we could get married at Squire Deans as we return, we must first get the license."
Her wonderful composure and deliberative manner now convinced him. She really meant to have a wedding in which he, and not Williams, was to play the happy role of bridegroom. Whatever mystery was yet unsolved, this knowledge alone was sufficient to transport him into fits of ecstasy. The shaft was easily repaired, and they resumed their journey to Reidville.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The business having been attended to, and the marriage license secured, Henry Esmond Jones and Miss Lunette Wilkins were immediately united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The drive back home, through the cool November breeze, was not tedious. It afforded scant time to make plans for their happy future. There was the old house to be renovated and painted; certainly all the rooms must be newly furnished; a flower-pit must be constructed; the yards, which had been sadly neglected, were to be spaded and sowed in blue grass; flowers and hedging were to be planted in due season; a driveway, inclosed with green hedging, must wind through the shady oak grove. Besides these and many other improvements, a chicken yard must be built just in the edge of the woods, and thoroughbred chickens—they must be white Buffs, they would look so pretty out there among the green trees—would then be procured. Then there was her father to be cared for. He must come and live with them. How glad he would be!

So pre-occupied were they with these plans that old Gray had stopped before the barn ere they were conscious of their journey’s end. For a moment they sat conversing, both reluctant to move.

“You have filled a vacancy in my life that makes me the happiest man in the world!” he declared fervently.

“Why didn’t you ask me to fill it sooner?” she laughed, struggling from his arms, and bounding into the house, leaving him to take care of old Gray.

Scarcely had this been done when Colonel Jones saw his old buggy, occupied by Uncle Jake, stop before his cabin. But he was not alone. Perched by his side he recognized Clementina Clarinda Rogers, clothed in gorgeous attire. She alighted, and Uncle Jake drove on to the barn.
"We's mahried!" he ejaculated, jumping over the front wheel with the lines in his hands. A brand new pair of tan shoes were conspicuously evident, while Colonel Jones recognized his own last summer's suit.

"It was hangin' on de poach," he explained, meekly bowing his head, "an' I didn't 'spose you'd wear it any mo."

"Oh, hang the suit!" broke in the Colonel, slapping him on the back in a congratulatory way, "I'll give you that; but you must answer truthfully one very important question. What did you tell Miss Lunette yesterday?"

His head dropped abjectly. Then, looking up with the dejected countenance of a penitent sinner, he asked, "Is you mahried?"

"Answer my question immediately!" retorted the Colonel, with pretended severity.

"I jes' tol' her dat you was going to Reidville ter git de licums. I's sho sorry an'—"

"But I'm not," interrupted the Colonel. "In fact, I am married, and so devilish happy that I don't know how to behave. But, listen—to protect me—I want you to make one solemn promise—that you will never tell a living soul how it came about."

He promised faithfully that he would not. And he never did.
DRIFTING LEAVES.

G. W. B., '13.

I sat in the glow of an autumn day,
And the brown leaves scurried high,
By the harsh wind torn from their leafy boughs,
Then hurled to the earth to die.
They silently fell to their earthy bed,
To lie in the rain and dust,
Like hopes that are fled and hopes that are dead,
But each leaf held, in its humble stead,
A sleeping flower's trust.

I sat in the glow of an autumn day,
And the thoughts came drifting fast
Of the wasted life and the constant strife,
Of the opportunities passed;
Of the years grown cold, as a tale that is told,
When only the mold and rust
Were the price of pain, and the strivings vain,
But from each seared scar comes hope again,
As I learn in Him to trust.
About ten years ago a new life came to the schools of the Southern States. Suddenly the people everywhere awoke to the truth that there were better things for them. Rapidly have the schools of all grades improved. The elementary schools have made wonderful progress, and high schools have sprung up by the hundred. The boys and girls of to-day enjoy their enlarged opportunities, while the fond and hopeful parents rejoice that their children are enjoying privileges which to the parents in childhood were unknown.

Does there never come into the hearts of these parents a longing for some of the good things they see their children enjoy? Yes, often, but these longings are looked upon as fruitless, and are hastily dismissed from the mind. Oh, no; it is not for them. They have labored and economized for their children, and will continue to do so, and those children shall reap the harvest of their parents' toil.

But of recent years the sphere of the school's activities has been greatly broadened. We have begun to feel that the school plant should have something for parent as well as for child, for patron as well as for pupil—yes, and something for the tax-payer who has no child. Thus has the school become a social center for lectures and libraries, for farmers' meetings, and mothers' clubs.

But why should the school not contribute directly to the practical education of the adult as well as the child? May there not be placed in the school machinery some factor, the operation of which shall help those adults who have a thirst for knowledge, a desire to make up, to some extent, for the limited or the neglected opportunities of early days? Let the fascinating story of the "moonlight schools" of Rowan county, Kentucky, answer the question.
The schools were begun during the moonlight nights of September, 1911, and were made a part of the school work of the year. Their primary object was to help any grown people who in younger years had had no opportunity to learn to read and write, or those who had failed to improve that opportunity. Unselfish teachers campaigned their districts, telling of the schools, and urging the people to come. Then they waited for results. The response was most gratifying. The workers, glad to help even the twos and the threes, found their classes swelling till, of the forty-five rural schools of Rowan county, no school had less than ten, and one enrolled as many as forty-eight. Earnest and eager they came, of all ages, from the young man of twenty to the silver-haired grandmother of eighty-six. And the results of the work have been as wonderful as the response was gratifying. In two weeks some of these adult pupils were able to write a legible letter. Five members of one family in a fortnight had learned to read and write. Many enrolled who were not illiterate, but who thirsted for more knowledge. Reading, writing, composition, arithmetic, history, and geography were all popular studies. Bible study was a fascination to many. Visitors to the schools, who saw the interested and eager students, and their animated teachers, went away declaring the sight an inspiring one.

The community results were far-reaching. Increased attendance at the day school followed, parents who had enrolled as night pupils taking a deeper interest than ever in the education of their children. Social life is sweetened; the demand for books, magazines, and farm periodicals has greatly increased. Sunday-schools have gained members, and a deeper interest is taken in church work.

These adult pupils themselves have become "new creatures." A new hope is awakened; dull faces have brightened, a new light shines from the eye, the step is more alert. The lost is being found.

It is strange—passing strange—that this work has not been done before in our rural schools. But we are coming to our own. The "moonlight schools" of Rowan county, Kentucky, will be beacon lights, sending forth beams that shall cause other fires to be kindled north and south, east and west, till the dark cloud
of illiteracy which, like a pall, shrouds many a life, shall be lifted, and a new hope shall come into the heart.

In every county of our State there are many who will rejoice to have such an opportunity offered, and there are scores of teachers and others who will gladly enter such a field of service.
THE FAKER.

J. L. King, '12.

Deacon Marlton may have been a good man; he was certainly a pious man. The most critical could find no fault with his conduct. The ten commandments were still unbroken by him, and his only sin was the terrible sin of intolerance. Christian in name, he was a stranger to the spirit of the Galilean.

Because of his dominating will, he had become the dictator in his church. It therefore devolved upon him to select the minister whom they should "call." He had done his best to find a man who would suit the place, or, rather, who would suit Deacon Marlton, but three months had passed, and no one had accepted the church at Oakland. The need was imperative, and they must find a pastor.

The Deacon pondered deeply over this puzzling question, as he went home from his office late one September afternoon. He was awakened from his reverie by a pleasant voice.

"Pardon me, sir, but can you tell me where I may find lodging for the night? I am a stranger here, and know little about your town."

"There are several hotels down town, but I fear you would be unable to get a room now. Besides, I see from your coat that you are a minister, and I shall be glad to have you go home with me. Marlton is my name; Deacon Marlton, of the Oakland Baptist Church."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Marlton. Denny is my name, Rev. R. T. Denny. I've been in the West for my health during the last three or four years, but I am drifting east now, not knowing where to settle. I am also a Baptist."

The two men shook hands cordially, and then Denny continued, "Your offer is truly magnanimous. I hesitate to accept, for I fear it will be imposing upon your hospitality."

"Not at all. I shall be glad to have you stay. To-morrow
is Sunday, and we have no one to preach for us. I am sure the people would be glad to have you speak to them."

Denny's face showed surprise and uncertainty. He hesitated a moment, and, in the meantime, Marlton observed him closely. Denny was not exactly an ideal minister as to his general appearance. He was probably thirty years old, but lines of suffering (the Deacon thought) made him look much older. His linen was not of the cleanest, nor was his hair well trimmed, but the Deacon thought that, under his able tutelage, Denny might be made to please the flock at Oakland. So he watched the expression on the latter's face intently; there was something about it the Deacon could not understand.

"Yes, I'll be delighted to preach for you to-morrow," the stranger finally announced.

By this time they had almost reached Marlton's home. They walked on, the Deacon harping on his pet theme, the Oakland Baptist Church and its congregation, while the stranger contributed an attentive silence. They turned in at the Deacon's gate, and the latter ushered his friend up to his room immediately, in order to prepare for supper, which would soon be served.

After supper the Deacon excused himself to go to a committee meeting, leaving his friend to his own resources, with the suggestion that, as he had just arrived, he might like to see something of the city. Acting on this advice, Denny walked out after he had spoken with Mrs. Marlton for a few minutes. He walked slowly up the main residential street for four or five blocks, and then turned to the business section, looking at the few electric light advertisements that marked the commercial progress of Oakland. Suddenly he stopped, and his whole frame trembled, as if with rage. His eyes were riveted on a sign across the street. Above the door it stood in bold letters, "Saloon." Denny stood for a moment undecided, then started across the street toward the crowd gathered in front of the swinging doors. When nearly across he stopped abruptly, seeming to recollect himself, and passed on down the street, with his head bowed on his breast. One of the crowd jeered audibly to his neighbor, "Now, Tommy, don't forget to go to Sunday-school in the morning." This sally met with much applause, but the preacher hurried on. Turn-
ing at the next corner, he went immediately to his room. Once inside, he sunk heavily into a chair, with his eyes closed. For some time he sat thus, thinking deeply. Finally he got up, took the Bible from its place on the table, and began to look through it. At last he found the passage that he wanted, and began to write. Deep emotion made it difficult for him to form his letters very legibly, but he continued until far into the night.

The next morning Denny preached on the subject, "The Sinner's Prayer." He was slightly embarrassed when he began, but his embarrassment soon vanished, and he was lost in his sermon. He forgot the crowd; he remembered only that he, too, was a sinner, and his cry for help came from an anguished heart, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

When he stopped there was silence for a moment, then the sigh of relaxation that accompanies the close of a powerful appeal. Denny had preached a great sermon, and the people knew it. He had won their attention and sympathy by his sincerity, his earnestness, and the simplicity of his message. Marlton and the people were greatly pleased, and we need hardly say that Denny was asked to stay with the church at Oakland. It was hard for him to decide what to do, but, after thinking the whole thing over carefully, he decided to remain.

The preacher's popularity increased rapidly. Great crowds went to hear his eloquent and forceful sermons. All would have been well but for the fact that Denny and Marlton disagreed on some matter relative to the church choir. The thing, in itself, was trivial, but, in its consequences, it was sadly disastrous. Marlton was leader; what he said should have gone unquestioned, but Denny had the audacity to advocate a different course of action, and the majority in the church sustained him. From that moment Marlton was the preacher's enemy.

The Deacon suddenly remembered that he knew nothing of Denny's people, so he began to talk and to investigate. One night he asked Denny where his people lived, but the latter refused to tell him. This made matters worse, and the Deacon determined that he would find out.

Some time after this little fracas a strange thing happened. One Sunday night Deacon Marlton noticed two tough, uncouth
men who came into the church and sat in the rear pew. The Deacon was a short distance to the right of them, and saw one of the men suddenly straighten up, as if something had struck him. The man was gazing at Denny with a bewildered expression. The tramp, for such he was, turned to his companion, and whispered something. The other smiled and looked at Denny. The Deacon saw that something out of the ordinary was happening. He decided to watch the tramps, and, if possible, get a word with them. After the service was over the two men loafed around until nearly all of the people had left the church; then they went up to speak with Denny. Marlton had remained in church to watch. Denny was speaking to a poor widow when the tramps came up behind him. He spoke a few kind words to her in closing, and then turned to see the two men. Marlton saw the preacher start, turn pale, and hesitate for a moment. Then, with a smile, Denny shook the dirty hands extended to him. That was all. The men left the church, but Marlton followed and overtook them.

"My men," said he, "you are strangers in our town, but you seem to know our preacher."

"Yes, we used to know him."

"How long ago has that been?"

"Oh, some six or eight months since we saw him last."

"Can you tell me anything about him?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked the man, suspiciously.

"I have my own reasons, and I'll give you fifty dollars each if you will give me information as to Denny's past life."

The men didn't like to squeal on a pal; but fifty dollars was worth more than a friend. Thus Marlton got his information.

"Four months ago he was one of us. We left him in a town several miles west of here. He was all in at that time. He had taken too much on board. We couldn't carry him with us, and we were afraid of being 'pinched' if we stayed, so we left him. His name is Denny McConnell. He is from a town in one of the Western States."

This was enough. Marlton had at last succeeded. He immediately called a meeting of the deacons, at which Denny was invited to be present. The two tramps were on hand, and
Marlton lost no time. As soon as the meeting was called to order, he arose, and began, in his most sanctimonious tone:

"Brethren, it becomes my most unpleasant and painful duty to disclose to you the perfidy of one whom we have trusted. We have been utterly duped. I was instrumental in bringing upon us the disgrace which is surely ours, and I want now to do all in my power to repair the harm done. That gentleman, if I may call him such, is at heart a rascal and a thief. He has deceived us utterly, and I can prove it."

There was great excitement in the room. The men were restless. They looked nervously at Denny. He was pale—his lips compressed, but quiet and calm. He stood up slowly, almost feebly. The lines around his eyes and mouth had deepened; the oppression of age was upon him. He spoke deliberately and calmly.

"My friends, what my accuser has said is true in part. I was born in a Western town. My ancestors were Irish. They were good, honest people, but my mother's people had all been great drinkers. She had seen her father and brother go down to a drunkard's grave. Early in life I began to show a disposition toward the same kind of life, not knowing what a dangerous fire was in my blood. Almost before I realized it, I was an habitual drunkard. It nearly broke my old mother's heart. Her only boy, and he was traveling that same deathly road the others had gone. I fought—God—how I fought, but to no avail. Then I decided to leave home. Years passed by. I was in a drunken condition most of the time. Two years ago I met these two men. Six months ago I met them again in a town west of here. I got drunk that day, and they left me in the street. A poor preacher found me, took me into his home, and cared for me, fed me and comforted me. I fell in love with the old man, and promised that I would never drink again. Indeed, I did stop for a time, but I saw it could not last. One night I stole an old clerical suit from him, and took my departure. Wandering around for about a month, I finally came here, where I met Brother Marlton. He was kind. His offer amused me at first, and then I became serious. It would be a good way to break away from the old life, I thought. The first night my old temptation assailed me, but I fought it out—I conquered once in my life. The first sermon I preached
converted me. From that day I was a changed man. I had a standard, and I had One who would help me live up to that standard.

"That is my story, friends. I plead guilty, but I come deeply penitent, asking forgiveness. I have certainly proved my sincerity by the work I have done."

Denny sat down, with head bowed forward on his chest. Then Marlton arose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I think we have been deceived long enough by this young man. He came to us with the scent of whiskey upon his breath, deceived us for the money we were to pay him, and now he is acting well his part in order to further deceive us. We cannot afford to have a drunkard as our pastor. I move that we dismiss him, and, if necessary, take the matter up in court."

There was a second to this motion. Some objected, pointing out the fact that the man had repented. They mentioned also that somewhere they had read, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"; but this had little effect. Marlton had regained his dictatorship by one stroke, and he damned this man for his offence.

They paid Denny the salary due him, and told him to go, and return no more. At the hotel that night he paced the floor for hours. His mind and his soul seemed to be on fire. "Followers of Christ," he murmured; "followers of Christ!" Finally, overcome by anguish and fatigue, he fell across the bed, and slept restlessly for two or three hours.

The next morning, when Marlton went down to his work, he was feeling especially bright and happy. He had done his duty, and his reputation was saved. People respected him, looked up to him, for he was dictator in the church again. As he walked along, talking gayly with a friend, some one came staggering up the street. The fellow could hardly walk; his eyes were blood-shot and his face red and bloated. He fell in the street, almost under the Deacon's feet, but an officer, standing near, came over and took him in charge.

"I said that he was only acting," muttered the Deacon, as he went on to his office.
A FOOL'S PRAYER.

_Ike, '15._

Long had I braved the main
O'er seas—a search in vain
    For dreams of heart's desire;
Then cursed my raging soul,
No longer for the goal
    Would burn ambition's fire.

The gods I did implore,
I, fool—that never more
    A wish my heart might know;
That hopes of breaking dawn
Come not to wish for morn,
    Nor break sleep's peaceful flow.

Ah, soul, didst thou not know
That sluggish rivers go
    The stagnant ways to death?
Becalmed in gulfs of night—
God! for a yearning light,
    A sting of salt sea breath!
THE REFORMATION OF ANNE.

V. L. C., ’15.

Anne Meredith well knew, almost any girl in Radcliffe would have told you, only too willingly, upon inquiry, that she was a flirt. As she also knew, though possibly not quite so well, almost any young man of that same vicinity and others, while agreeing to that same appellation, would have also characterized her as a “corker,” “peach,” “bird,” et cetera, according to the style of language he affected. The latter terms Anne acknowledged gracefully, when occasion arose, but was shocked, beyond all measure, to hear herself called a flirt. She—a flirt! The “horrid” things! How could people be so narrow-minded. It is true she had at least half a dozen special friends, all of whom professed to be in love with her, and perhaps it was true also that she might have been seemingly a little encouraging to all—that wasn’t flirting. Anyway, it wasn’t her fault if a man chose to mistake her merely friendly tones for the honeyed accents of his beloved; she wasn’t to blame if her light and frivolous sayings were thought to contain subtly sweet meanings; how could she prevent men from thinking that her little friendly glances were not laden with love messages? Really, as she reflected upon this theme, in her serious moments, she was inclined to come to the conclusion that she was, and always had been, woefully misunderstood. A girl couldn’t have a jolly good time these days without some one misconstruing things.

Least of all, did the men understand. For instance, there was that Winston boy, who used to hang around her all the time. She had liked him very much at first; had felt a little sorry for him when he seemed to be so deeply in love with her; had smiled upon him sweetly sometimes, just because he seemed to value her smiles so highly, and had, perhaps, even let him hold her hand a little longer than was absolutely necessary to the dictates of cordiality and friendship on occasions such as moonlight nights,
when he was telling her good-bye. But, of course, the silly boy ought to have known it was the moonlight which prompted it, not his own personal attractions. Then, when at a most suitable time, he had asked the question, in a decidedly attractive and manly fashion, under the spell of the same ever delusive moonlight, she had given the desired answer. She wasn’t sure she loved him—but, then, what better way was there to find out than to be engaged to him? At any rate, she would try it; so try it she did.

Being engaged didn’t agree with her. It was tiresome to have only one man about, and that same one all the time, especially when that one was a jealous boy whom she found she really didn’t love so much after all. Hence the entanglement, with its inevitable dénouement under the circumstances—a broken engagement. The final scene was not at all pleasant, and her cheeks burned even now at the recollection of what he had said. He had been one of those who called her a heartless flirt—a jilt. He had declared his heart broken. Oh! well, they all said that, but she had noticed that hearts do not break so easily.

Meanwhile, there were other things more interesting to think of—a coming house party at the home of an old friend in Virginia. Thoughts of future pleasures drove away all memories of past unpleasantness from Anne’s mind. A few weeks later found Anne in the midst of gaieties dear to the heart of any pleasure-loving girl. The old Virginia mansion, a relic of the war, its walls containing even now a stray bullet or so, was an ideal place for a house party. Given a congenial crowd of young people, with an environment around which is associated some of the sweetest memories of the old romantic South, let them ride horseback, play tennis, golf, go hunting, dance, and talk together, and, at the end of a week, unless they are exceptional young people, you will find many warm friendships cemented, to last forever.

So Anne had found it in past adventures, and on this occasion it did not take her long to see that there was one among the jolly company who especially interested her. Being small, fair-haired, and gray-eyed, she naturally idealized tall, dark-haired men. Perhaps it was because Jack Arnold embodied the nearest realization yet seen of her “dream man,” as she called the visualization of sundry romantic moments, that she was at first attracted to
him so strongly. Or perhaps it was because he seemed so coolly indifferent to whatever she did or said. She was not used to a combination of good looks and indifference, and, as she had to confess to herself, it hurt her vanity.

The feminine arts and wiles which she exerted served to win from him, after three whole days, an engaging conversation, in which he actually seemed to regard her as a human being. Having succeeded once, it wasn’t so hard the next time, so that by the end of the week they were as good friends as was possible in such a short time, even with the bringing-together influence of a house party. By that time the other fair maidens had come to look upon Jack as Anne’s property, placarded with an invisible but nevertheless effective sign of “Hands off.” They all knew that Anne was too dangerous to be interfered with. So it had happened that Jack and Anne were usually paired off at the dances, parties, and various gaieties which marked the last week of their visit. Anne found (even to her own amazement) that there was one man at least whose presence did not bore her, after seeing him morning, noon, and night. She found that other men somehow did not seem as attractive as usual. They seemed to serve merely as a background; their now only too evident faults bringing into relief Jack’s virtues.

The attitude of his affection toward her she did not know, and could not find out by any of the usual tricks. He was a good friend, an excellent chum, and a sort of big brother, but, so far as she knew, nothing more. He made no pretty, meaningless speeches, and gave no flowery compliments, such as she was accustomed to hear from the other men. But then, he was different from the others in many ways, and she rather liked him for it—still, he might have showed that he was interested.

The farewell week drew to a close. The guests began to leave regretfully, pledging ties of friendship, to be renewed at what time later they knew not.

On the evening before Anne’s departure, after speeding several parting friends, she slipped away into the rose garden—there to be alone midst the soothing fragrance. She wanted to think of things that were, and to dream of things that might have been. As she saw the situation, there had come into her life a
man who was to her the prince of men—a man for whom she was
beginning to care to the depths that she had never dreamed
possible. Suppose, however, he did not, in return, care for her—
he evidently didn’t, and wouldn’t even if he knew her better.
What would a man with his high ideals of womanhood think of
the girl who jilted Winston? Then came slowly the sickening
realization of the petty, silly things she had thought, said, and
done in the last few years of her life. She had gone blindly on—
selfish, thoughtless, and vain. If she could only live her life over
again, make herself worthy of him!

Yes, she would acknowledge to herself that she loved, and
that her love was not returned. Of course, according to an
old theory, a girl never loves a man who does not love her; and
never actually falls in love until after the question has been popped.
This accomplished to her satisfaction, she suddenly discovers,
to her own intense amazement, that she has been in love with
him all the time! Wonderful! But, strange to say, such a
theory does not hold good in real life. Anne knew—and her very
heart-beats seemed to say, “I love—he loves not!” Jack Arnold
was to go out of her life to-morrow, perhaps forever. The West
was a long way off, and then he had made no mention of coming
to see her. So it was to be forever.

Such reflections were not the most pleasant in the world,
even to a flirt; so the most natural thing for such a person to do,
even if on the verge of awakening to a realization of her short-
comings, would be to shed tears. She was, however, reckoning
without Cupid, who has a way of producing his votaries at the
most opportune moment. Nor was the little god remiss in this
instance.

“Miss Meredith!” he called softly. “Where are you?”

There was a silence long enough for Anne to compose herself,
and remove some traces of the recent tears, but—not all.

“You have been crying,” he said, slowly. “I wonder why?”

Anne was too miserable to answer. Besides, what was
there to say?—tell a man you were crying because you loved him,
and because he was going away? Impossible!

Perhaps he suspected the cause, or, perhaps, he thought
it something trifling, which did not matter. At any rate, he
dropped all preliminaries for what he really wished to say.
“Anne,” he said, almost sternly; “I want to talk to you plainly. That is the only way to talk to a girl like you. I know all about that affair with young Winston. He is a friend of mine, and came to me first in his trouble. When I met you I tried to hate you, thought you were a brainless, heartless flirt, but love came whether I wished it or no, and I could not escape his spell. Love has told me you have a heart—a tender, womanly heart, and that there are possibilities in you yet unrealized; that the shallow, foolish little girl, who wantonly breaks men’s hearts, is not the real you. Tell me I am not wrong, and let me help you prove it.”

“How dare you talk to me like that!” cried Anne. “I hate you, I hate—” but here the enemy closed in, breaking down all defences, and took the small prisoner in his arms. “I love you,” he said, and silenced her passionate outburst in the only polite, natural, satisfactory, and truly effective way to keep a woman from talking.

We leave the subsequent conversation to the imagination of our reader. It is sufficient for us to know that some time later the Special Recording Angel whose charge it is to keep the book of Reformed Ones, heard Anne say, “O, Jack! I have learned my lesson. I’ll never, never flirt again.” And, strange to say, she really meant it.
THE RAT.

H. D. Coghill, '15.

COALESCEENCE of crudity and stupidity, of arrogance and ignorance, of good and bad, of courage and timidity—borne on the tide of ambition or parental decision to the threshold—ushered into collegedom with a hearty welcome from genial president and faculty—running the gauntlet of howling sophomores, jeering juniors, and derisive seniors—gazing, with startled rabbit eyes, at fairy forms of sylph-like femininity, he looks about him in desperation for a convenient hole.

Sitting at the feet of Erudition's earnest expounders, long and short, fat and thin, gaunt and grim, gay and garrulous; imbibing brain-sizzling draughts of wisdom from ocean-connected cups; wrestling with the might of well-nigh invincible mathematics, and carried from the heights of literature to all the depths and shoals of chemistry, he soon adjusts bewildered brain to unaccustomed conditions.

Dragged from slumber's sweet embrace twixt night and morn, scarce ere tired eyes closed in death's imitation—forced to perform, with trembling limbs and chattering teeth, as chief actor in farcical drama, conceived by demoniac brains spurred by icy hearts, he learns his lesson of humiliation, and envies the humble creature whose name he bears with shamed pride.

And time speeds rapidly on in the sunshine of fierce and joyous exultation over athletic victories, mingled with shadows of scoreless games.

Then come the tests, together with the consciousness of classes cut and time squandered—and solemn resolutions for future good.

And then the holidays, with flying visit home, the delights with dear ones—college scenes reviewed to rapt ears and eager eyes of fair damsels, when next year's spirit, untimely born, makes the brain expand and threaten its narrow confines.
Holidays over—back to the mill—the gray days—the home-sick hours—and the stern resolution, with grim-compressed lips, to make time count for more, whate’er the cost.

Again time flies on—shades and lights of emotion, periods of study and indolence, gravity and gaiety—and, lured by languishing glances from modest, downcast eyes of fair and lissome lassies, he learns sad lessons of dear experience.

Suddenly, looming large on his consciousness, as breakers just visible through a rift in the mist show the captain the vessel’s danger, he awakens to examination time rapidly approaching—then come the days of industrious research and the nights of diligent “cramming,” the horrid vision of being “flunked” disturbing restless slumbers. Finally, the dread hour comes—and goes. With blanched cheek, firm lips, and set jaws he approaches his fate—reads, and passes on, with mute but heartfelt thanks for his narrow escape—a “rat” no more.
EDITORIALS.

It is with a feeling of responsibility, mixed with pleasure, that we make our bow to the readers of The Messenger—responsibility because we have become familiar with some of the difficulties incident to publishing a college magazine, and pleasure in that we esteem it a privilege to steer the magazine through another year of its history.

It has been our proud boast that The Messenger has always been financially secure. This fact has been due, in no small degree, to the advantageous situation of the College, in the heart
of the city, where advertisements could be secured with ease, and where the presence of the student body and their economic needs has induced many more to advertise than would otherwise have done so. Advertisements are absolutely essential; they constitute the foundation without which the superstructure of the literary department is an impossibility. It is a well-known fact that the periodicals of our country are, in the main, financially supported in this way, else how could we obtain them at the existing low rates. When we consider the fact that magazines sell for ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents, when often the cost of publication is greater than this, the conclusion is obvious.

Now, the beginning of this session found The Messenger in a critical state as to its finances. At a meeting of the Retail Merchants' Association of this city, held during the summer, that body decided that its members should no longer advertise in The Messenger, on the ground that the benefits accruing from such advertising did not justify the expenditure. The loss of so many advertisers occasioned a deficit of nearly two hundred dollars, and, consequently, prospects did not look very bright. The Business Manager, by strenuous efforts among other possible advertisers, well nigh begging in some instances, reduced this to about one hundred dollars. But there the matter stood, and it appeared as though the magazine would run in debt that amount this year. However, it was decided to make an appeal to the student body, as a whole, to subscribe, as well as to our alumni, and we rejoice to say that the amount has been made up. We are justly proud of the way in which the mass of the student body has rallied to the support of The Messenger, and we commend their spirit. So much for the financial status of the monthly.

Not quite so much spirit has been shown in the number of contributions to The Messenger. It is a fact that nearly every college magazine is supported by a certain slim crowd of would-be literary lights, comprised, for the most part, of the editorial staff, others disclaiming any interest in its success or failure. It is hard to see why students are not willing to support the honor of the College in the literary
department, so closely connected with their daily work, and what they really come to college for, while they always seem ready to advance its interests in other ways. We do not wish to complain, for contributions have come in, but we wish to plead that more of you aid us in the future. An attempt will be made to enlarge the various departments this year, and so there is room for the work of all of you. It is a deplorable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that not five per cent. of the student body contribute. Take heed.

In this connection we wish to take up the matter of the Writer's Medal, given jointly by the two literary societies to the best writer. It has come to our notice that in recent years fiction only has been submitted for this prize; consequently the students have come to think that stories only can be submitted. This is a mistake, for the constitutions of the societies, relative to this matter, read: "A medal shall be annually awarded to the writer of the best article in The Messenger."

Now, is it a fact that we wish to put a premium on fiction, to the detriment of the other kinds of literature? Is the Writer's Medal designed to cultivate the imaginative side of our minds alone? Decidedly not. In their sphere, clear and exhaustive essays are as much appreciated as fiction; a keen editorial demands intellectual powers no whit inferior to those exercised in the composition of fiction. It has often happened that a student, laboring under this misapprehension, has submitted for the prize a story, good it may be, but as inferior as a story as his essays are superior as essays, or his editorials as such. We ask why are these things thus, and we further plead that in the future all classes of literature be submitted, and not fiction alone.

We wish to commend the way in which the Senior Academic Class has proceeded in its election of officers for the session 1912-'13. The posting of the names of all official members of the class, and the requirement that the names of the candidates for office be posted on the bulletin a certain length of time before the day of election, are a much-needed reform.
We cannot help being reminded of the elections in former years, when only about two-thirds of the class would be present, none of whom had any idea as to whom they would elect. Then, with little attention to business, and more after the manner of a crowd of unruly school boys, they would proceed to nominate the jester of the class as president, or somebody equally as impossible. Perhaps, after the merriment had subsided, the class would get down to business; however, there was never any great interest shown. Can there be any doubt in our minds as to which is the better method to pursue?

It has been suggested that the Senior Class should organize sooner in the future. The College authorities might well attend to the material side of the question, as to who shall constitute the Senior Class, in the spring of the preceding year, and post the result early in the session, thus obviating, to a great extent, the difficulty the Senior Law Class has experienced in its election, where some have claimed to be members of the class, though not, as a matter of fact, obtaining their degrees this year.

The solidarity of the Freshman Class is an established fact, as evinced by the "rat" parade early in October. That they are enthusiastic goes without saying; that they are obedient, witness their caps, though, indeed, the latter, so far from being a badge of their "ratdom," are the envy of the student body.

The Messenger is published by the literary societies of Richmond College, yet there is one literary society which has no representative on the staff—the Chi Epsilon. In our experience, the ladies of the institution have been among the most loyal supporters of The Messenger; they have submitted contributions year after year, they have subscribed, for the most part, for the same length of time, yet they remain without a representative. While, on all sides, women have been crying out for their rights—have, in fact, been forming plans to obtain them by force if need be—the co-eds. of Richmond College have preserved a genteel silence. In every way, in their contributions, in their subscriptions, and in their general attitude toward the magazine, they
have measured up to the standard set them by the gentlemen of
the College, and their efforts and interest should not go unre­
warded. The Chi Epsilon Literary Society should have at least
one representative, if not more, on the editorial staff.
At regular meetings of the classes the following officers were elected for the session 1912-'13:

The officers of the Academic Class of 1913 are as follows: E. C. Primm, President; F. C. Riley, Vice-President; Miss Sydnor, Secretary; Earl Crowell, Treasurer; G. W. Blume, Historian; J. P. Snead, Orator.

The officers of the Class of 1914 are the following: R. E. Biscoe, President; Miss Hazel Gary, Vice-President; Miss Anderson, Secretary; E. T. Turnley, Treasurer; F. S. Harwood, Historian; G. M. Harwood, Annual Representative.

The following are the officers of the Class of 1915: L. L. Saunders, President; H. W. Decker, Vice-President; Miss Clendorn, Secretary; J. E. Tucker, Treasurer; Miss Baldwin, Historian.

The officers of the Class of 1916 are as follows: W. H. Brannock, President; Victor Metcalf, Vice-President; Miss Harding, Secretary; E. E. Peake, Treasurer; Miss Hawkins, Historian; J. L. Underwood, Annual Representative.
Fritz Jones (to R. I. Johnson): “Say, Johnson, how is your shoulder getting?”

Johnson: “Fine, thank you. You know I can get my arm around ’em, but I can’t squeeze ’em yet.”

“Pete” Wilson (sleepily): “What time was it when you told me it was twenty-five minutes past nine?”

Rat H. W. Taylor (on the way to German): “I know this lesson as well as I know the Scriptures.”

Blume: “Well, who were Noah’s sons?”

Taylor: “Noah had a son by the name of Lot.”

“Little Bill” Decker (in German A): “Doctor, will you read out the list of excuses you have against us.”

Dr. Van: “Yes, Mr. Decker; the following gentlemen have unexcused absences (reading): Miss Barnes, Mr. Cole, Mr. Decker,” etc.

McCarthy (as literary society critic): “The main fault with Mr. ______ seems to be nervousness, but that can be easily recommended.”

Coburn (to Harwood in Chem. A. Lab.): “Mr. Harwood, I want to make some hydrogen; please give me some congratulated zinc.”

Newton (during first football game of season): “The first half is over!”

“Rat” Covington: “Well, tell me, how many halves do they play?”

Mr. Underwood (in “rat” class meeting): “Mr. President, I would like to ask for some information; will we wear pins this year?”

President Brannock: “Yes, sir; that is our intention.”

“Fresh Rat” Underwood: “Then I move you, sir, that we use safeties.”

Crabtree (delivering his first sermon): “Can any good thing come out of Nazarus?”
Miss Ryland, rushing toward a noisy radiator in an alcove of the library, finds “Tip” and Miss ———.

Tip (very much surprised): “I didn’t know it was making a noise; let me fix it for you.” (Exit Miss ———.)

“Love is deaf as well as blind.”

Query: Why does Miss Spratley try to avoid “Whiskers”? 

A most delightful Hallowe’n party was given by President and Mrs. F. W. Boatwright on the evening of October 31st, in honor of the co-eds. and seniors. The home was tastefully decorated, and many games, suitable to the occasion, were indulged in. Elegant refreshments were served, and, as the clock was striking twelve, the witches and ghosts departed for their homes.

Louthan (to Self): “Who are your neighbors?”
Self: “Heine on one side and a fellow named Smith on the other.”

Louthan: “I don’t think his name is Smith.”
Self: “Yes it is, because he has William Smith written on a pennant of his.”

Dr. Lewis (lecturing in Phil. A): “One cannot imagine anything without having experienced it beforehand.”


Dr. Stuart (giving example of ignorance of some people): “Now, for instance, when Mr. Wicker, while traveling last summer in Europe, had Shakespeare’s Rock pointed out to him, exclaimed, ‘Was Shakespeare born there?’ Now, the very idea of any one’s asking such a question; a sea-gull couldn’t have been born up there in any comfort.”

On Saturday, November 2d, a body of “the loyal” followed the foot-ball team to Hampden-Sidney. Though there was no special train to return, all who went report a good time, those reporting an especially good time who spent the night on the floor in the station. For an account of this see Decker, Coleman, or Wicker.
During the latter part of September the "Spider" squad, under the direction of Coach Dunlop, began its practice work. With no great amount of time for practice, and with only one scrimmage, on October 5th they went up against the best team Maryland Agricultural College has ever had, and were simply outplayed by the heavier and better-conditioned men. Serious fumbles marked all of the Spiders' early games, and were partly responsible for the score of 46 to 0 that the "Aggies" were able to pile up against us.

The following Saturday Randolph-Macon, with almost every old man of the previous year back, came down against the College. Their backs could make no material gains through the Richmond line, but a Randolph-Macon man was on the job each time a costly fumble was made, and they succeeded in taking back to Ashland a score of 21 to 0.

On October 19th the team went up against the Richmond Blues. The Blues, in anticipation of a walk-away, were wagering considerable money that they would beat us by fifteen points. Here again the old story of costly fumbles was emphasized in a most decided manner. The only touch-downs scored by the Blues were on two fumbles, one very close to the Spiders' goal, and one in which the ball was carried fifty yards for a touch-down. The College made their touch-down by straight line plunges, and the game ended with the score of 14 to 7, in favor of the Blues.

On the 26th of October the team played Roanoke College at Roanoke. Loss of ground on account of numerous penalties, a weakness of line defense, and the discouragement caused by the loss of so much territory, all aided Roanoke in her scoring of 21 points against the College.
The 2d of November the team went up to Hampden-Sidney, accompanied by a band of enthusiastic “rooters.” The College was able to gain consistently through the line, but was unable to do so around ends. The Spiders put up a stiff fight, but the final score was 13 to 0, in favor of the opponents.

So much for the season of 1912. Three more games remain to be played. They are as follows: November 9th, William and Mary College; November 16th, Rock Hill College; November 23d, Randolph-Macon College, all to be played in Richmond. While the chance for the cup is lost, yet there remain the two championship games, and the chance of tying up the cup. The fight has been an up-hill one from the first. A lack of material for backfield and ends was prominent in the first part of the season, and these positions have had to be filled. The loss of Captain Tyler, who did not return to school, was a serious drawback. The injury of Johnston, which will probably keep him from the game the rest of the season, has greatly crippled the team. Three men are out for the season on account of broken collar-bones—Ancarrow, quarter-back; Jones, end; and Dunford, back-field on second team. King, end, is out of the game on account of injuries, and others of the squad are suffering from minor injuries.

The Spiders have done their best this year. They have fought hard in a losing fight, and gamely too, as is shown by the large list of injured. The student body has nobly supported a losing team, and has stood by them in their hour of defeat. With their continued support, the remainder of the season may be made brighter than the part gone over, and the team, under the leadership of acting Captain Duval, will do its utmost to keep the cup from going to our neighbors at Ashland.
ALUMNI NOTES.


S. S. Cook is at the University College of Medicine.

W. B. Miller, B. A., ’12, was on the campus a few days ago.

E. M. Gwathmey, B. A., ’12, is principal of the Louisa High School.

Charles Phillips, B. A., ’12, is at the University College of Medicine.

Frank Gaines, B. A., ’12, is principal of a high school at Green Bay.

G. Stanley Clark, B. L., ’12, is attending lectures in law at the University of Virginia.

“Cæsar” Young, B. A., ’07, now occupies the chair of biology at Hampden-Sidney College.

P. J. Hundley, B. L., ’12, is pursuing his studies in the law department of Washington and Lee.

Walter F. Beverley, B. A., ’10, is this year teaching in the Horner Military Academy, Oxford, N. C.

Professor Long, an alumnus of Richmond College, now Professor of Law at Washington and Lee, was in the city recently.

Stiles H. Ellyson, B. A., ’12, decided that Richmond College was too good to leave, and has returned for the degree of Master of Arts.
"Brocke" Woodward, B. A., '07, is studying mechanical engineering at Boston Tech., where he expects to get his M. E. this year.


C. T. O'Neil, H. M. Taylor, and "Baby" Benton, now "professors" at Fork Union Academy, have, nevertheless, found time to pay several visits to their *alma mater*.

Miss Eudora W. Ramsay, B. A., '11, is teaching in the Greenville Female College, Greenville, S. C. Miss Frances Coffee, M. A., '11, is teaching in the same college.

H. S. Van Landingham, B. A., '12, went abroad with John Powell last summer, and is now in Vienna studying "piano" under Frau Bee, first assistant to Leschetizky.

"Rat" Ransom, B. A., '10, after teaching for two years, finally decided to return to Richmond. He is beginning the study of medicine at the University College of Medicine.

Miss Julia Peachy Harrison, B. A., '07, took her doctor's degree from Johns Hopkins University last year, where she has obtained an instructorship in chemistry for the present session.

Several of our alumni, including E. J. Byers, B. L., '12, A. R. Merideth, B. L., '12, J. D. Parker, B. L., '12, J. A. Billingsley, B. L., '11, were in town November 6th, to take the State Bar examination.
"'Duty' is the sublimest word in the English language," said General Lee, and, if duty be the sublimest word, then "Duty shirked" must be the most reproachful term one can apply. But even realizing the responsibility of this position, I enter upon its duties with the expectation of great pleasure—pleasure to be derived from the perusal of the magazines of our neighbor colleges, for nowhere have I found a more varied and entertaining collection of short stories, bits of poetry, and original jokes than in college magazines. And, in order to increase this pleasure, as well as for the purpose of creating a friendly rivalry and giving mutual help, I ask the aid of the editors of our fellow magazines in improving and increasing our exchange departments.

It is, therefore, with pleasure that I already recognize a new member among our circle this year, the *Carson Newman Collegian*, and hope that this is the first of many. From our old friends about twelve have been received thus far, but others are arriving daily.

Now, how shall we improve our exchange department? I was surprised to find that, of the twelve magazines on my desk, four have no exchange department, and many of the exchanges are done in the style of a Latin exercise. This is to be regretted, for the exchange department, though often neglected, is very important.

We do not want to criticise our fellow magazines, but we do want to read and comment on them with a sympathetic understanding. We need more life in our exchanges!

There is no need for us to search for faults and deal in sarcasm. It will be the bright spots that impress us most, and for these I shall search all magazines alike. I shall not try to commend
that which I think some one else might like, but that which most
appeals to me, striving, however, never to let my opinion be
biased by partiality. It may sometimes be necessary to point
out a fault, and this shall always be done with the hope that it
may help the author.

The Carson Newman Collegian gives promise of much good
reading matter this winter. "Dream Memories" is treated in
a very appealing style, and brings up old memo-
ries to all of us. "The Call From the Political
Collegian.

Newman World" is a very good presentation of our need
for higher political standards. But the maga-
zeine, as a whole, needs more of such material.
There is not enough from the students. A few more poems are
needed badly. The only poem was written by a professor.

Davidson College is to be congratulated on its well-rounded
magazine this month. Essays, poetry, and short stories are all
represented in this magazine. There is a fault
in "Dud's Resartus," however, which seems
rather evident, the inconsistence of Dud's
character. In the introduction he is spoken of
as ranking along with blotters and pen-racks,
and described as rather prosaic, which fits his position of janitor
well; but towards the last Duds has developed into a philosopher.
We are told of his love for Carlyle and Shakespeare, which is
inconsistent with his menial position. Overlooking this fault,
the story is very good. "Eggs" is a rather pathetic story, but
yet true to life. There are few of us whom it does not remind of
some dear dumb friend; and this is its strongest point. The poems
are very good, but "Love" has a finer touch and deeper thought
than the others. The magazine contains a variety of good ma-
terial.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:
The Southern Collegian, The Clemson College Chronicle, The Wake
Forest Student, The Furman Echo, The Mercerian, The Louisiana
College Messenger, The Ouachita Ripples, The Davidson College
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
of The Richmond College Messenger, required by the Act of August 24, 1912:

Editor—R. A. Brock, Jr., Richmond, Va.
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Known bondholders, mortgagees, etc.—None.

R. C. Duval, Jr.,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 1st day of October, 1912.

F. C. Baggarly,
Notary Public.

(Seal.)