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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XXXIX.

JANUARY, 1913.

No. 4

A LOVE THOUGHT.

F. Gaines, '12.

I.

This is the secret of the clouds of gray,
The clinging tenderness of dampened air,
 They glimpsed the blue within your eye,
 And were ashamed of their blue sky.
They hid the dome of splendor quite away,
And for defeated glory sobbed a tear.

II.


This is the reason for the surge and roll,
The ceaseless torture of the seas of God.
 Who moan upon the great world's breast
 The agony of their unrest.
They do but phrase the envy in their soul
Of happy lands on which your foot hath trod.

III.

This is the restfulness of sleepless nights.
I fancy I caress gold hair and deep.
 I breathe long prayers to God—and you,
 And feel the wearied heart renew
In joyous throbbings, thrilled with all delights,
And find love's peace which passeth dreamless sleep.

THE ENGLISH ATTITUDE TOWARD AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS.

J. M. D. Olmsted.

O often is a returned Rhodes scholar asked "How did they treat you over there?" or "How did you get on with the English?" that I am going to take as the theme of this article my impressions on this phase of the scholarship.

I "came up" to Oxford, to use an Oxford technicality, about dark, on a cold, rainy evening in October. The porter at the big gate of the college took my suit-case from the cab, for I had learned that one must always take a cab from the station to the college—not to do so being a serious breach of etiquette. Another college servant, the messenger, then conducted me across a deserted quadrangle, through the "tunnel," a groined passage between the chapel and the dining-hall, across a still more desolate quadrangle, and up the stairs to what, to my American eyes, seemed a mouldering old ruin, gloomy and uninhabitable. Here I was met by my servant-to-be, who formally turned over to me the keys of my rooms as a mayor of a city to a conqueror, and "'oped I would find everythink in horder, sir, with the fire ready to light, sir." I thanked and dismissed him, and turned on the electric light.

It was a large room, nearly filled with cumbersome stuffed furniture of sombre hue. The paneled walls were of dark oak, bare and limitless; the fire-place a blackened sepulchre. A damp chill in the air caused my teeth to chatter as I surveyed my new kingdom. I wondered how many generations of scholars had inhabited that room, and I seemed to feel the clammy presence of their departed spirits. No sounds of life anywhere, in or about the whole building. I felt centuries old, as old as the building itself. My thoughts turned back to the country that I had left. How distressingly new and somehow different that country was. I contrasted this entry into college with that which took place

at my *alma mater*, in the "Green Mountain State," centuries before. The crowds around the train; a fight among the "Sophs." to carry one's suit-case; a jolly, noisy procession on foot up to the college; noise, bustle, hand-shakings; "How are you, old sport?" and all the rest of those cheery ear-marks of American college life. But my new college home was fully as cheerful as the grave. I thought I should feel more at home if I unpacked, and, as I was shaking the creases out of my Sunday coat, there came a knock at my door. Three young men entered, all of them English, and very ill at ease.

"Is this Mr. Olmsted?" ventured the most nervous of the three.

"It is," I replied. My name was printed in white over my door, though, for some reason, the artist had omitted the "*Hic jacet*."

"Mr. Olmsted, this is Mr. ——— and Mr. ———."

I gravely shook hands with the two young gentlemen, who, as they extended their hands, murmured, "How d'you do?"

The spokesman then turned to one of them, and said, in a languid tone, now that the worst was over, "Jack, introduce me," which Jack promptly did with great dignity. "We are calling on the Freshmen, don't you know?" they informed me in concert, and left, I suppose, to seek further victims. Such was my first glance into Oxford life—a little unfortunate, perhaps, but I later proved the old adage, "A bad beginning makes a good ending."

As a rule, the Rhodes scholar from New England is more like the English, and, therefore, understands them better. For this reason he starts out more auspiciously than the breezy Westerner or the Chesterfieldian Southerner. A bluff Westerner or a Southerner who expects to be treated in the hospitable manner which one reads about in novels of Southern life is very apt to be snubbed, chiefly because he is not understood. The following true story illustrates this. Dinner at Oxford is at 7 o'clock, and is the only time when the college meets as a whole. Shortly before the bugle announcing that a Latin grace has been said, and soup is served, all the men congregate about the door of the dining-hall, each group an integral. One of these Western Rhodes scholars, who had just come that day, approached one of the

groups, with a smile on his face and his hand extended. "B—— is my name," he said cheerfully. All the members of the group stared at him as if he had been a side-show at a circus, and, after a scathing silence, one of them remarked, "What a deucedly queer name!" and resumed his conversation with his *coterie* as if the American were far away on the rolling plains of his native State, where he, himself, doubtless wished to be at that moment.

There are, of course, men with such strong personalities that no matter what they do, or how crudely they do it, they attract and hold attention. Two Rhodes scholars of this type come to my mind. One of these, from the far South, charmed the savage English breast with negro melodies sung in the fire-light to the picking of a banjo. He got on famously at the start, and made his entry as a special act in vaudeville, you might say. At first he was a curiosity. Then, as he began to be known, he became very popular for his truly likable qualities, and I am told that during his third year he was quite the lion in Oxford society. The other man of this type was a huge man from the Middle West, big all around. I have heard that to receive one's diploma from his (American) university it is necessary to be able to eject a stream of tobacco juice with such deadly accuracy that no fly is safe within the radius of twenty feet. I cannot vouch for this statement, but I do know that, if such a requirement were made, this Rhodes scholar could have passed the examination *maxima cum laude*. He won his way into polite English society through this noble art of accurate expectoration. It was a common occurrence, so 'tis said, to see lined up round the walls of his room the blue-blooded youth of "merrie England," a newspaper on the floor in their midst, and the Westerner acting as demonstrator and instructor in the gentle art of his calling. A wedge only, this, for at heart he was a big man, and, moreover, one of the best athletes America has sent to England.

But the general run of America had better pursue the even tenor of his way, for only a genuine freak can climb up some other way. The start is, of course, the most difficult, but, thanks to several generations of level-headed Rhodes scholars, the idea that we are all freaks is rapidly dying away, and any one, unless he is particularly objectionable, is well received, once the ice is

properly broken. I know of two men who, before they went to Oxford, had heard so much about the coldness and superciliousness of the English toward Americans, that they had a wretched time their first year. Every advance on the part of the English was treated as though a sneer lay behind it. Soon they were left to themselves, and I remember hearing some of the tirades they launched at the English. It was a situation of their own making. Again, I remember one man who never got to know any English at all during his three years in Oxford. But I found out that no Americans knew him, and, further, when I met a college-mate of his in this country, I found that he had been the same way here. All the men I have talked with who honestly met the English half-way, and tried to understand them, admitted that they had nothing to complain of in their reception, except what is inherent in the English character. The usual Oxford undergraduate is shy, reserved, and ill at ease with strangers; but get to know him well, and he is most often as jolly and companionable as any American acquaintance. He usually talks on some serious subject, and usually with understanding. So-called light talk is rarely heard, and his humor is decidedly different from ours, as numerous authors have attempted to demonstrate. It is not rare for Americans to be invited to English homes for the holidays, and I, for one, was made to feel perfectly at home, and enjoyed the visit so much that I accepted another invitation to the same place the following year.

In general, there is no society in Oxford outside the university life. There are no dances, receptions, and the like, except at the end of the spring term. Very few people living in Oxford hold functions for the students. The most notable exceptions in this regard are the American families, who often come to Oxford for a season, Sir James Murray, who is very hospitable, and a good American lady, Miss Crocker, the god-mother of Americans in Oxford. In fact, we see a great deal more social life than the ordinary English undergraduate.

It seems strange, but if a man wishes to entertain an acquaintance, he invites him to tea, or, more formally, to breakfast. I certainly think Americans do their share of tea and breakfast giving, and, as reciprocity is practiced, the bread which they cast

on the waters returns to them again. Very seldom does one take tea alone, and, unless it is a special gathering, both nationalities are often to be seen in the same room partaking of this mild beverage.

Athletic Americans are especially received, although English games are quite different from ours. The numbers of Americans who make the coveted blue or half-blue each year certainly bear witness to the fact that a man stands on his own merit, the Oxford spirit of sport being the cleanest and finest in the world, I believe. Americans are often chosen to represent the 'Varsity in various meets. One recalls the track meet between Harvard and Yale on one side, and Oxford and Cambridge on the other, in 1911. The deciding event was the hammer throw, won by Putman (Kansas, I think, and Oxford) for the English team. One of the sprinters at that meet was also an American Rhodes scholar. One cannot say too much in favor of the clean sport of English colleges. May more of that spirit be brought over to our American teams by returning Rhodesters.

There are no fraternities at Oxford, but there is that magnificent organization, the Union Debating Society, whose proceedings would honor a Senate. For a long time Americans were far from prominent in this old and dignified body, perhaps because they were not interested in the subjects of debate. Lately an American holds one of the highest offices, and that is about the greatest honor the under-graduates have to bestow upon one of their number.

My attitude, therefore, is plainly seen as to the reception of Americans in Oxford.

Now let us turn the other side of the sheet. What is the attitude taken by the Americans? I am often asked if the Americans are not clannish, if they do not cling together, and, in fact, defeat the purpose of the great founder of these scholarships, Cecil Rhodes. It must be admitted that there is an American Club, which meets every Saturday night. Here one hears a reading of American current events, is bored by a debate, and restored to good humor by refreshments of a certain kind. But there are many men, myself included, who rarely attended a regular session of the club, unless there was a so-called "jolly-up," the nature of which is too sacred to be divulged.

Often we take particular English friends, whose friendship we know to be able to stand the test, up to that *sanctum sanctorum*. and allow them to be bored, too. I do not think that the American Club seriously interfered with our "mixing" with the English. There are always unsociable ones in every crowd, but the average American does not click exclusively with his own kind, and I venture to say that the majority of my fellow Rhodes scholars would unite with me in a toast to the memory of the best three years of his life, those spent at Oxford.

WIFELY WISDOM.

William V. Hawkins, '15.

TO begin with, Davidson had married a wife; and, to add to the catastrophe—I mean, to the complexity—he had gone into the real estate business. Possibly both ventures had proved a trifle disappointing. Certainly the real estate business had. He wondered why. It could not be the location. He knew of other towns no larger than Carlton where real estate would sell in quart cans, he believed, if they had it properly labeled.

Business had been particularly dull that morning; consequently, Davidson was not in an enviable frame of mind when he came home, hot and tired, for lunch. He was somewhat late, and found his wife seated upon the piazza, quietly poring over a book. She looked as cool and fluffy as a snow-storm in February, merely glancing up and smiling as he entered and hustled into the dining-room, closing the door with a significant slam. Finding himself void of any appetite, he soon joined his wife on the piazza.

“Business awfully dull,” he drawled, falling into a chair with a thud, and propping his feet upon the balustrade.

She made no comment upon this doleful bit of information.

“Toby,” she broke out enthusiastically, after a time, laying her book aside, “you can’t guess who is to be married. I got a letter this morning.”

He groaned.

“Harry and Lucille,” she went on vivaciously. “They were engaged when here at the house party.”

Another groan; then absolute silence. He then shuffled uncomfortably; got up, lit a cigar, and strode off down the street. “Bosh,” he muttered to himself, “bosh.”

Why couldn’t Mildred think of more serious things? When she wasn’t boring him with endless platitudes, it was books, books, books. He must confess he was getting tired of it. Many of the married women whom he knew were the intellectual peers

of their husbands, and manifested interest in their business. Why, on that very morning he heard Jones remark that his wife knew every phase of his business, and that she was even his best counselor. To be sure, Mildred would chat with him about trivial matters; but to get her interested in real estate was an impossible task. She would invariably change the subject whenever he mentioned it. Why couldn't they be mutually interested in affairs that meant everything to the happiness of both? He had even gone so far as to intimate it to her on one occasion, but she had only laughed at him, and had said that she had always thought men didn't care to be molested in their business. One thing was certain—he must bring her around to his way of thinking. But could he? Faugh, a woman! One hundred and twenty pounds of the conventional avoirdupois called woman! A mere fluff of vanity! A rustle of artificiality! Had he not prided himself upon his ability to analyze women? They were all alike when one understood them, consisting chiefly of whims, impulses, and millinery.

A moment later a happy solution of the problem presented itself as he swung along the street. He laughed aloud. He would simply hold the mirror up to nature and disgust Mildred with her own ways. That's the way to manage a woman—show her how simple and how utterly silly she is by imitating her. It couldn't fail, and it would do its work quietly without chafing.

A moment later he was entering Cannon & Brown's bookstore.

"I want a dozen volumes of the latest fiction," he announced to the clerk. Having made his selection, he ordered them delivered early next morning.

Instead of going to his office the next morning, Davidson took a voluminous package out on the piazza, where his wife was reading.

"In the name of heaven, Toby, what have you got in that package?" she exclaimed. He began to lay out books one at a time. She dropped her book to the floor, and laughed uproariously—boisterously. He feigned to see nothing ludicrous about the situation, but sprawled out in a chair and began to read. Leaf after leaf rattled over. He looked at her occasionally from

the corners of his eyes to note results. A cunning little smile would steal over her face at intervals and disappear. Minutes, hours passed; he read on.

Finally his attention was distracted from his book long enough to see his wife disappear into the house. He dared not turn his head, but read doggedly away. He was getting tired, but prospective results spurred him on to his task.

It was not until Mildred came home for lunch that Davidson learned that his wife had been down town. He asked no questions, but ate hurriedly, and resumed his reading like a martyr. She did not join him, but left the house again.

"One, two, three!" chimed the clock. He counted the strokes and yawned. He would try to stand it until five.

A few minutes past five found Davidson in front of his office.

"Old man, I see you have a partner. Business growing, eh?" It was Smith who slapped him on the shoulder, and chuckled as he passed on.

Davidson looked puzzled, and glanced up. There was a new sign where the old one had been:

DAVIDSON & WIFE,
REAL ESTATE,
UP-STAIRS.

It staggered him. He groped up the stairs like a drunken man. He inquired of the office girl if Mrs. Davidson had been in there.

"Left about an hour ago in the auto," came the reply.

"With whom?" he inquired.

"Bradshaw. Said she was going out of town somewhere."

Davidson went over to the window, and sat down where he could get fresh air.

"Did Thompson call this morning?" he asked anxiously. "I meant to have 'phoned him."

"Yes; Mrs. Davidson talked a long while with him. She told him that you were ill."

Davidson picked up a palmetto leaf and fanned nervously. He looked hot; perspiration stood out in beads. Presently he went to his desk and fumbled among his papers, then strode back and forth across the floor, finally leaving the room.

Mrs. Davidson came home at 6 o'clock. She made no allusion to her trip, nor did he. They were together a short while in the living-room. At once he perceived that she was a changed woman. She indulged in no witticisms nor familiar conversations, but prattled continuously of real estate, land deals, and of the business men of the town. And so it was on the days that followed. There were no more heart-to-heart chats of innocent gossip, and he rather missed it. It was enough to worry about business all day, without having his fagged brain cudgeled with it at home. Then there were the business men. It just occurred to him that he was getting a bit jealous. In doing the very thing that he had wished her to do, she was drifting away from him. With this revelation came an intense longing to have her again all to himself. He wondered if, after all, he had not misunderstood her. Mildred was younger than he, anyway.

It was Friday. Having been detained, Davidson did not reach his office until 10 o'clock. When he was informed that Mrs. Davidson and Bradshaw had gone off together in his car, he grew sick at heart. An hour later Mrs. Davidson entered the office. He thought she looked flurried. He waited for her to speak.

"I have just bought the Bradshaw estate," she announced composedly.

"The Bradshaw estate?" alarmed.

"Yes," sweetly; "at \$100 per acre—\$20,000."

He grabbed the door facing to keep from falling.

"God!" he muttered, "we're ruined, Mildred, ruined!"

She eyed him complacently.

"Why, it's not worth \$75 per acre," he observed, hopelessly. "It's rough; the river runs right through it; besides, it's outside of the city limits—Lord!" He looked like a man who had suddenly caught a glimpse of inevitable ruin.

That night Davidson was at the club. Mrs. Davidson went to a bridge party. It was not later than 10 o'clock when Davidson returned. He found the house in darkness. Upon turning on the light in the hall he thought he saw the glimpse of something leap from the kitchen window. Dashing to the spot, he saw the forms of a man and woman dart across the street and disappear down the dark alley at the rear of the house. For a

moment he stood stupefied. Then it suddenly dawned upon his befuddled brain. Tipping back to the bureau, he grabbed a long, ghastly pistol, and crept noiselessly through the back door into the street. At the thought of catching Bradshaw, he instinctively tightened his grasp upon the weapon and quickened his speed. Down McBee avenue and out Cedar street he darted like an evil shadow. He would try to cut them off. No doubt their machine was waiting on Lee street. Just as he reached Lee street, he saw a machine fade from view far ahead. It was running at a terrific speed. Heart-sick and disgusted, he soon gave up the chase as hopeless, and started home. He took the back streets in return, as he did not wish to encounter any acquaintances; besides, he had lost his hat. He hurried along, trying hard to decide what could be done in regard to the elopement. He would find out the particulars, and report to the officers at once. First he must go to Millers', and find out what time Mildred left the party, or, at least, ascertain whether she had been there at all. He felt a vague sickening fear that it would be in vain; for no doubt Bradshaw and Mildred would take the first train for the West. They could easily take No. 49, which must be, at that time, about due. He stopped under an arc light to look at his watch. At that very moment he heard the shrill blast of a locomotive. Tears came to his eyes. He would give the world to get Mildred back. He never knew how much he loved her until now. He felt that he ought to have indulged her more and made himself more congenial. Mildred was not to blame. She was still young and impulsive. It was Bradshaw who had schemed to sell his estate to him at an enormous price, pocket the money, and elope with Mildred, leaving him the victim. He had now reached his house. The telephone rang violently just as he entered.

"Hello!" He recognized Troxler's voice. "I hear that you have the Bradshaw property now," continued the voice. Troxler was one of the few promoters of the town.

"Yes," he answered, indifferently.

"I have rung for you several times to-night. I am thinking of making a little investment in real estate. What do you hold that property at?"

A big lump of desperation came into Davidson's throat, as he formed the answer. He did not care what happened now.

"Why—er—\$150 per acre—two hundred acres, you know—\$30,000." He listened closely to hear the receiver click at the other end. It did not click.

"Well—pretty steep," came the reply; "but I want an option on it. I'll see you at the office in the morning."

Scarcely had Davidson hung up the receiver when the telephone rang again. It was Tucker, president of the People's Bank. Strange to say, he, too, was thinking of an investment in real estate, and wanted terms on the Bradshaw property. Davidson refused to talk with him, but promised to see him later.

Davidson was just on the verge of doubting his own sanity when he started to get another hat in order to run over to Millers'. It chanced, when he entered the hall, that he observed a light in the living room. He remembered that he did not leave one there. He tip-toed up and peered through the cracked door. He gasped. There sat Mildred, clothed in a kimono, reading a book. He wanted to rush forward and gather her into his arms, but he knew that he must not be so demonstrative. He went in quietly, and stood looking at her timidly, his eyes blinking from the light. She looked up and smiled.

"I was afraid you had not returned from the party," he prevaricated, to hide his intense emotion.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "been reading half an hour. It's just too interesting to leave."

"Tell me," he almost pleaded.

"It's about a man who tried to convert his wife to his own ideals of a perfect woman. She followed submissively. When he had her fully tutored he found that she had lost that very attraction for which he had admired her." She was looking innocently into his face.

Davidson dropped his head.

"Say, Mildred," he purposely shifted the conversation, "do you know why everybody wants that Bradshaw property?"

"I guess I might explain," she smiled. "You know Cousin John Goodman, who is president of the Bagby Manufacturing Company, at Dexter?"

He nodded.

"I had him write to several business men here in regard to purchasing a good site for a big cotton mill. Of course he told them what kind of a place he desired, describing exactly the Bradshaw land, with its water and elevation, as I described it to him. You see these sharks here want to get it in order to sell to the company at a big profit. Now you ought to congratulate your partner," she teased, "for it's my last deal; no more business for me. It's too exciting."

Davidson could scarcely control himself.

"Mildred," he began, rather sheepishly, after a pause, "I believe there were burglars in the dining-room when I came from the club."

She jumped excitedly.

"Why, Toby?" she asked, all a-quiver.

Haltingly he related what he had seen. Immediately they retired to the dining-room to investigate. The silver was scattered over the floor, as if some one had made a hasty retreat and left the spoils behind. For a moment they silently reflected upon the situation. She stood near him, her lips parted and quivering with emotion.

"I'm glad," she breathed, trembling, and clinging to his arm; "it's the set you gave me Christmas, Toby."

"God, I am glad," he said solemnly, drawing nearer, and holding her in his arms; "glad that you are just Mildred again."

THE DREAM MAID.

B., '13.

I.

Where the branches twist in their strife for light,
In the heart of the mystic wood,
Wearied I dropped on the cool green moss
By the wierd old oak where I stood,
Though my eyes scarce closed ere a vision came,
Soft as the morning mist;
'Twas a maiden fair, and her golden hair
Glowed with the sheen of a brilliant star,
By the sun-god gently kissed.

II.

The twinkling grass, with its votive pearls,
Scarce bent 'neath her fairy tread,
And each violet breathed out its soul in love,
As it lifted its tiny head.
O, soft was her cheek, and the love-beams sweet
Played hide-and-seek with her sighs,
And, as twinkling stars in the summer night,
Sparkle and glimmer with dewy light,
Glowed the light in her roguish eyes.

III.

Then low she bent, and the soft wind played
With the ringlets round her neck,
And her lips met mine—not a word she said,
As I rose at her silent beck.
And I shook from my eyes the drowsy daze,
As I sought for the sprite in vain.
There were only the woods and clouds and haze,
And the falling leaves of the autumn days,
And the pattering of the rain.

A ROMANTIC PAGE FROM THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.*R. F. de Castro, '16.*

EVERY one knows the dramatic history of the assassination of Marat; no one who has read the many accounts of the French Revolution can forget the enchanting, yet terrible, figure of Charlotte Corday. However, in the history of the heroine there is an episode that most of the writers have passed in silence.

After the murder of Marat, the young Norman girl was brought before the tribunal for trial, while, at the same time, an attempt was made to ascertain whether there were any accomplices. All will remember Charlotte Corday's bold reply, "It was I—my own heart; no one has induced me to do it."

The Parisians were fighting for places to witness the trial of the assassin of the friend of the people. In one of the first seats, just behind the artist Harrer, who was making a sketch of Charlotte, as she stood answering the judges, sat a young German, Adam Lux. This young man was an ardent student of human nature, and had been attracted to the trial by the rumors of people about the terrible face of Charlotte. When he saw her appear before the tribunal, he was filled with wonder at the reality. A copious cascade of dark hair escaped from the white coif of the Norman peasant girl; big steel-gray eyes, in which dwelt serenity and sadness, under the dark lashes; a small mouth, with a rather mocking expression, and an energetic chin of Hellenic mold, was the figure that was rapidly being translated to Harrer's canvas.

Behind these features Adam Lux was reading the soul of the woman, to whom he was attracted by some mysterious influence. He forgot his surroundings, saw only that beautiful and pure countenance, heard only the exquisite tones of that voice.

When Charlotte, after the sentence, was conducted between two files of soldiers to the warden's dwelling, Adam, the foreigner,

went straight to his home, full of love for this pure-minded patriot, who, at one glance, had become his soul's ideal. Once there, he threw himself upon the floor, sorrowing over her fate.

Only once more did Adam see the mistress of his heart. On the mournful evening of the 17th of July, 1793, Charlotte was conducted to the guillotine. Young, beautiful, ignorant of all evil, the young girl approached the fatal knife. The sun's rays, breaking from the clouds, glorified her features in that last moment. * * *

Adam Lux was present; he ran from the terrible spot, crazed. In his heart he carried the last glance of those eyes, smiling sadly from the bloody head, and in his soul he took the desire for death. This passionate devotion to his ideal, though unknown to her, drove the young German to his destruction. He wrote an accusation against the judges, against the army, against all the followers of Marat, and, in consequence, was arrested and tried. But the judges, knowing that he was only an idealist, did everything in their power to save his life. However, Adam wanted to die. A passport was offered him to get back to Germany. He refused all mercy, and was finally sentenced to death. With a smile he heard the verdict, and later, as a bride goes to the altar, so was the young German conducted to the guillotine, and his head severed from his body by the same knife that had clipped the beautiful head of the girl that never knew of his love.

AND GREEN WAS THE COLOR THEREOF.

"Jag, '13."

THE man reached a swift, nervous hand to the glass of green liquid, and was about to raise it to his lips.

"Ah, that's bad," he half raised himself, for it had slipped from his fingers, and had run little pale green tongues over the white marble table.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," leaning toward the gentleman across the table. "Brrh! That's—that's damned evil!" And he settled back in his seat, watching old Pierre wipe off the table. Two tiny orbs of ice, that still seemed to keep the green tinge of the liquid, darted little beams of reflected light at him, and then suddenly they died out, for the gentleman across the table had finished wiping his sleeve, and was watching the man, mildly curious.

"Another absinthe, mon homme—no, two—will the gentleman so far show his pardon for my carelessness? Monsieur is kind. And, waiter, don't put those bits of ice in my glass. Yes."

Pierre was going, and the man lighted a cigarette, looking after him. The gentleman leaned back in his seat in a half-wearied attitude, and glanced at his watch.

It was now a few minutes past eleven. The people had been leaving the garden during the last hour—they who slept by night. Yet the evening was mild. Or was it chilly? Certainly a light breeze was drifting, for did not the man see the palms just by him stirring! Jesu! What a night! That was one such as only comes to relieve the tension of Parisian life. But was it night? Or is it ever night in these gardens, where candles, always shaded, forever shed a soft green warmth about one; where the music of the glasses mingles with the music of the violin, and souls of ennui, of sorrow, of joy, and gaiety—earth's souls, eased, soothed, delighted, bewildered, oft intoxicated!—dream over life's dreams, or, touched by flesh, warmed by the breath of blood, seek thin windows, half-shaded, and eye darts contagion to eye, till souls melt and flow from window to window and mix and mingle, and are joined; when hands, in touching,

guide the heart beats, and whispered breaths stir the palms into life. Some people call it youth and love; it is merely night in these Parisian gardens. One never sleeps here; he only absorbs absinthe and dreams, and never wakes. Beautiful gardens of Paris, Edens in Paradise! Will it ever be night here? Ah, just out yonder to the left one sees water; it's the Seine. That building in mid-stream is Notre Dame—that one behind which the moon is just now disappearing. Yes, it's going down. See the cross outlined in its fading green light. The Seine is about to shroud it! Perhaps it will be night.

Both the gentleman and the man were silent. Suddenly the gentleman turned to him, and pointed toward Notre Dame.

"Isn't that a grand view, sir?"

The man started.

"Where? Yes—no!" and he faced the gentleman. "That haven for fools? No, it's gruesome—it's hell—it's the place * * * Ah, Pierre, you have come," and he reached again for a tiny glass of absinthe in the waiter's outstretched hands.

From beyond the palms the voices of late arrivals could be heard. Two women you could distinguish by their voices, and probably two young men—or was it only one? These were those who lived by night. Small snatches of songs came over the palms, and they disturbed the man; the gentleman didn't seem to mind them. Presently a soft, girlish voice was singing lightly:

"Love, do you know
That after a swell show,
A chorus blonde is awfully fond
Of joy rides, *a la demi monde*,
With those dear boys with whom she will go?
So when this pretty girlie sighed,
The motor car just simply shied,
Came swinging in with that peculiar glide,
And made a little invitation curve."

The other woman and a tenor voice joined in a subdued chorus:

"See her swerve—oh that invitation curve;
Watch him steering, taxis clearing,
With that swinging, graceful bearing.

Lord, what nerve! Isn't it superb!
Now he's veering, oh he's nearing
With that invitation curve."

"*Bis*," cried some one near by, and the second girl continued:

"But you're mistaken, I don't know you, Freddy Macon;
I have pride, I don't ride with a stranger by my side;
Must be another girl, I surely do reckon.
But he whispered, sweeping strong, 'Absolutely nothing wrong,'
Won't you, dear, please come along
In this little invitation curve?"

When the three joined again in the chorus, the man at the table with the gentleman arose to go.

"Those young fools annoy me; I think I have heard their voices before," he said. "Come, Pierre—waiter, here's your trouble," and he handed him a five-franc piece.

"What time is the train due, north-bound," he asked Pierre, who turned to the gentleman, and inquired:

"Monsieur Guise, what is the exact hour?"

"North-bound? At 1:10," the gentleman replied.

"But I thought the south-bound was due to leave at that time," returned the man.

"No," said Guise, "the south-bound leaves forty minutes later."

"Thank you." And the man turned off. Down the palm path he started, his slight boyish figure silhouetted against the green leaves. Only once did he glance around. Just as he turned out of sight, he looked back at the group of singers.

"A queer sort," observed Pierre; "rather peculiar for one so young."

"Yes," said Guise. "But his hair is already tinged with grey. Those singers seemed to annoy him. Yes, just behind those palms; came in while you were gone. But now, come, Pierre; I'm tired to-night; no more of mystery for me at present. I want absinthe, man. Can't you see I'm worn out with this last case? For three nights I have not slept. Not one drop of absinthe could I touch, for the chief has pledged me; it was

hard. They say it calls for a clear head—and so it does—and doesn't absinthe keep my head clear? But I don't need to tell you, Pierre; you know. But I'm through with the case now. Bring me absinthe, Pierre, deep and cool. You know what I want. God, but I'm tired and sleepy—sleepy for absinthe."

And he leaned his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands. The group was quieter now, for were they not partaking of the absinthe? And does not one grow more sober when one drinks deeper of the green? So reasoned Guise.

Presently Pierre returned with a small glass of absinthe.

"Come, Pierre. You don't mean that that tiny glass is what you brought me? Has the chief given orders for an allowance for me?" asked Guise, reaching over for the beverage.

"My lad," returned the waiter, "I'm your friend; I know what will best serve you. To-night you drink this one"—here he hesitated, for he saw the youth rebellious, and continued, "and one more, and then you sleep. Five years now since you came up from the college at Sarbonne. If I had not restrained you during these last two years, you would have drunk yourself to death. When you first came in from the school you never drank absinthe, until—until that woman taught you. * * * No, don't get angry with me. It's you I'm worrying about. Believe me, I have never seen one yet who tampered with that stuff and wasn't hurt. Besides, I want to tell you something to-night."

"No, I don't want to hear anything now; I merely long to sleep—to sleep with absinthe. I can't sleep without it. *Mon Dieu!* Pierre; do you think that I forget so easily? Absinthe, man, that was what she left me to forget her by."

The old man was silent. The clock in the great tower struck twelve.

"You will go to bed now?" asked Pierre.

"Not yet," replied Guise, watching the group leave from the palms.

Pierre turned and looked at them. He started slightly, and watched them intently until they passed out of sight. Then he turned slowly and glanced at Guise. But he was watching a small gamin running towards him. Under the boy's arm was a

bundle of papers, a special edition, as he was calling out. Pierre gathered the glasses, and carried them off as the boy came up.

"Monsieur will buy a paper," he urged. "The great murder—"

"No, I don't want the paper," said Guise; "go on."

"You have two good eyes," declared the urchin, boldly.

"Yes, *mon gamin*," began the detective, tossing him a franc.

"But she has none," finished the boy, darting off with papers and coin.

"Paris never rests," muttered Guise, as he folded his arms on the table, and waited for Pierre.

"The last one you get to-night, if I lose my place for it," Pierre told him, as he sipped the green drink.

"Ah, Pierre, in what does true happiness consist? You do not know. You were never young; you were too mild to be young. You would take from me my absinthe, and what would you leave me? Do you want me to sit and think eternally of her?"

"It's taking that absinthe that she taught you to drink; that causes you to think of her," replied Pierre. "Boy, she left one black mark in your life. She was, indeed, your evil genius."

"No, Pierre, you wrong her. Look, you see her now."

"Where?" starting.

"In my absinthe mind. Yes, that's she. It was the first day I met her. You sold her absinthe, Pierre."

"No, I sold to the old man," corrected Pierre; "she was with him."

"Yes, it was her father who started her to drinking it," muttered Guise. "She was unfortunate, not bad, dear little Heloise. All fate was against you, *ma petite damoiselle*."

"And then," continued Pierre, "she came by herself and bought—when she had money. And when she didn't have money there were those who were willing to buy for her. You remember the night you found her with a group of men and women here in the garden? It was that same group you heard singing to-night."

"Stop, Pierre; for God's sake, don't be reminding me of that. The same group, did you say? Why didn't you tell me!"

"Why should I tell you? Ah, Guise, get that woman out of your thoughts. Didn't you try to keep her from it? Would she accept the love of a decent man? She deceived you; I showed you myself. You thought she went to Notre Dame, that she was reforming," and Pierre leaned forward, "but she was of the *demi monde*; she was bad."

"Let me forget that; that is what I would forget about her. Not the *demi monde*—just unfortunate, Pierre, for she was pure-minded. God, man, don't I know! She was as pure-minded as the virgins in your nunneries—only not so fortunately placed. She was reforming, Pierre; some evil man in an evil hour tempted her again." The youth lowered his face on his arms resting on the table. Pierre approached softly to his side. Guise continued in a low voice:

"I would sip the green beverage she taught me to sip; I would walk in the green paths she taught me to tread; I would cover her with a green veil, and keep her from your slander, from your thoughts, from the evil eye of men." The arm of the old man was about his shoulders. "And now I see her again as she was to me before you spoke. Dear little Heloise! Here you see, Pierre, in my watch is her face—that wild, beautiful face—so restless; it was her nature. See, she is appealing to me to come with her now in my dreams. We are wedded in the absinthe world, and she is queen of my wild realms. Those very lips, Pierre, wet with absinthe, I have kissed; those very eyes, have they not looked up into mine—green as emeralds they are, Pierre. Now they reproach me. They are mine; those eyes, Pierre, are mine! I feel them with me always, calling and beckoning to me. If her body is another's, yet they are mine, and sometimes, sometimes—oh, hell, Pierre!"

"Some time you'll forget this. Not another glass to-night."

"If I thought she hadn't forgotten," declared Guise, "that would be some satisfaction; if she could have her soul seared by the memory of it all."

"And suppose she has not forgotten?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"But she has, Pierre; think, man, two years—two years since that evening when I saw her last."

"But only two nights since I saw her," faltered Pierre.

"No, Pierre. My God, no! You dream! What?" and the youth clutched him by the arms.

"Yes, but I did. Just two nights ago, alone; she came for a minute—"

"In this place, Pierre? She came here—here in our old trying place?"

"Just one glance she took; no one was here. She looked about her, seeking some one, as though frightened, and then hurried away. I would know her among a million women; it was she."

"Pierre," cried the youth, "I'm almost satisfied; I knew I should see those eyes again!" and the young fellow leaned over the table, and smiled up at the old man eagerly, almost happily.

"Yes, Guise, but what do you intend to do?" And the old man was worried.

"Yes, Guise," said a third voice; "what do you intend to do? I had expected to find you in your quarters." It was the chief.

"You have read the murder?" he queried. "No! Come, then, we will talk it over as we go to headquarters. You must make a trip on the south-bound sleeper. Case of a jealous, man poisoning a woman in the rear of Notre Dame—very gruesome; disfigured her face. We have worked the case up, and it only remains for the arrest to be made. He can be found in one of the gambling houses in Avignon. Guise, we want that man alive; the guillotine is hungry for his kind; France needs an example. That is why I want *you* to make the arrest. We must have no bungling. And look to yourself, lad; he's desperate."

* * * * *

An attendant pushed aside the swinging curtain, and Guise entered in full evening dress.

"Your chips here, sir," a heavy-set man to his right called. "How much do you wish? Twenty-five each white and red, twenty black, and ten blue make even twenty Louis—and your carrier. Good luck to you, sir."

For one minute the detective looked about him. Stretching back on either hand were the little booths of games. Men came and went, treading noiselessly on the heavy carpet. Waiters

moved rapidly back and forth. In the extreme rear were several small alcoves, mostly unoccupied, for the men hung about the tables, watching and playing. There was an incessant click—click of the chips, a low hum of voices from the card tables, and intervals of whirling and clicking from the roulette wheels. An atmosphere of surcharged expectancy hung over the long hall. For one moment Guise felt that wild call of uncertainty surging in his veins. Who has not felt that sensation of chance, that burning desire to risk and risk—and win! *Parbleu*, one must have a care!

They were calling to him on either side as he passed:

"A place, sir, in the field you play against the cast."

"Klondike cuts at even," smiled a dealer past the shoulders of an old man, who sat playing with him.

But Guise was seeking the longer chances. He went to the roulette table. Seated at the left centre of the oblong board was a thin, boyish-looking man. His hair was slightly tinged with grey. He was playing red and blue in lower twelve, five, and three. Guise took the seat beside him. It was the stranger of the night before! Whirl went the wheel, and rattle, rattle, sounded the little white ivory rolling in the opposite direction. Slower and slower it turned, and then cli-clic-click—it dropped into a pocket.

"Twenty-seven, Passe, in middle twelve, uncovered," called the operator, drawing in the stakes.

"Ah, and you're here!" said the man, looking hard at Guise. "Not enough excitement in Paris?" and he leaned toward Guise, tense.

"One tires of even Paris," returned Guise. "I love southern France; the games here are more alluring."

"You will play this time, gentlemen?" asked the operator. Both men played, and the man won.

"You've brought me luck," he said; "we'll drink absinthe together again. Here, waiter—the full decanter," tossing him a blue.

This was the man Guise wanted. Did the man know? If he did he possessed iron nerves! The youth admired him for that. But absinthe! Why had he ordered absinthe? Roulette! That *was* a fascinating game. And Guise won the fourth turn

on a *manque*. Could he avoid drinking one glass if he would carry out the deception? What right had the chief—what did he think human flesh was—to put a man sleepless for three nights to work against such a man?

His hand was unsteady as he poured out a tiny stream of the green liquid. *Mon Dieu!* he had won again on the *rouge*. And he drank unconsciously a second glass. The man drank heavily, too, but he lost steadily now.

"Another decanter," ordered Guise to the waiter. The man placed his right hand on the detective's shoulder, playing meanwhile with his left. But Guise was playing with both hands.

Ah, the music of that tiny orb of ivory as it plays and leaps and drops! The fascination of that wheel as it spins and spins! Guise felt it creep over him, and did not fight it. How soothing it was to his dull senses—senses that were calmed only by action. How sleepy he was for absinthe, and absinthe was there! And he won! Did he not play more skilfully as he drank deeper? What was a murderer to him? Might not he, too, have murdered some one once—him who had wronged her?

He thought of her now. Had she not often urged him to cast his life in these lees with her? Was she not there—with him now, her green eyes smiling up at him, bringing him hope and joy and inexpressible desire!

"Come, my man," he smiled, "we'll play the game in quarter system; we'll be partners in the absinthe world." They played and won.

"You can't quarter twice, sir, in succession," reminded the operator. "House rules," he continued, as Guise remonstrated.

They left the table, arm in arm, and proceeded to an alcove, where a waiter seated them. Guise held up the decanter, and smiled for pure delight.

"They say green signifies envy, but with absinthe I envy nothing; I have all the world." And the detective and the murderer were agreed. A common chord of harmony bound them together. Their spirits were mingled, and they lived in the land of dreams. The hours passed, the glasses became empty, and the lights burned green.

"You see her now," murmured Guise, slowly, as if from a

light sleep. It's Heloise; she's coming to me. See, those same smiling lips. Come, 'Loise, I have absinthe for you now. I have come to be with you, my little one—down here in the *demi-monde*. We are not going to be parted any more, sweetheart. Now she's reproaching me with those green eyes again! Don't do that, Heloise; I've come back."

And the man was muttering, "Heloise? Yes, she was Heloise, too; mine was Heloise. She can't come to me, my Heloise can't. She isn't able to see to find her way to me."

"But Heloise was beautiful," dreamed Guise; "see, she has such fascinating eyes. Come on, little one."

"Ah, she will not come," muttered the man. "She's like the rest of these women, uncertain, frail, false. She's like my Heloise was. God! And to think I loved her once. 'No love in the *demi-monde*,' they say. Fools, and so was I. He told me that pair of eyes would ruin me."

The man was silent for a moment. A large black chip rolled against his chair and settled.

"Why should any woman of the *demi-monde* love! She thought I would let her love some one else. Said she wanted to reform. Reform? Ha, ha, ha! She used to go to Notre Dame and beg forgiveness for *our* sins. I would meet her as she came out, and I laughed at her, and told her what a fool she was. I almost believed she *was* thinking of reform. Then I tried to delude her of that superstition. 'Fancies for old fools to feed upon,' I insisted, and then she grew rebellious. I saw she meant to break with me. Reform? Hell, no! She still loved some old flame. Did I not follow her to the garden in Paris, and surprise her as she was seeking him? She confessed, thinking to soften me. She told me of some paragon of a man whom she had left—some man who had tried to save her from herself, she said. Begged me, like the fool that she was, to let her go and begin over with him, for she said she had learned to love him! Think of it; love in the *demi-monde*! Did she think woman's weapons could foil me? I let her go to another!"

"Isn't this pretty? Look," and he took from an inner pocket a tiny vial, half full of light green liquid. "It looks like absinthe," he said; "and I poured it into her glass like this," his hand gliding

slowly to his own glass, and emptying the green fluid in it. "For it has no taste; even she could not discern it in the absinthe."

The detective stirred, and looked feverishly at the green fluid.

"Heloise, did you say? Was she Heloise, too?" He half recovered himself.

"Yes, yes; like emeralds they were," said the man, "and I kept them." He filled his glass to the very brim.

"But there is only one Heloise," murmured Guise, sleepily; "and she won't come to me. I believe she fears you, for I can't see her clearly," and he drew his watch, and, opening the case, covered it on the table with his hand.

"And she said she was going to Notre Dame," laughed the man, "three nights ago—or was it just now? I followed her to the garden. Clever woman, she almost fooled me! But he wasn't there. And then we both went to Notre Dame. But I came back—alone, except I brought these"; and he took a small velvet jewel case from his coat, and exposed two large orbs of dark green—*two dull, green, human eyes*.

The hand of the detective left the watch and reached across the table. He half arose, and drew his left hand across his forehead. A terrible emotion was stirring in his soul. He seemed to be struggling for sense. He tottered and lurched his hands on the table. A pale green light was burning in his vision.

"And now," laughed the fiend, "she can't see me. See, she is standing there just by your chair. Turn her head away! Damn, I don't like to see those eyeless sockets! She's trying to get to me. But, ah, now she has her eyes again. For, see, there she is! She's so small now"; and he pointed to the little face in the watch! "Close it up, and keep her from me."

"That's my Heloise," groaned Guise, as a man receiving a mortal thrust.

"She haunts me already," drowsed the man, lifting the glass slowly to his lips and sipping a deep draught.

It was the glass in which he had poured the green fluid! And again a glass slipped from his hand, and he lurched forward heavily. His lips rested in little green tongues of the liquid. His frame quivered, and his eyes became set, and then began to bulge, and bulge, and bulge. Just a faint odor arose from the spilled liquid.

"O, God, it was my Heloise, and she was coming back to me," said Guise. He leaned forward, and touched the man. He was motionless. Then Guise sank slowly into his seat, and rested his head on his arms, folded, again, upon the table. And he didn't see the two pairs of eyes that stared and stared, and flickered at each other, and gleamed dull, for the lights had dimmed full green.

THE SOCIAL UNREST OF 1912.

Jesse Clarion Duke, '14.

THE key-words that will enable the historian of the future to sum up the events of 1912 are "social unrest." These two words explain equally well the British labor strikes, the formation of the Chinese republic, or the marked growth of the Socialist vote in the large civilized countries. And these events are strikingly similar to those occurring just before the rise of capitalism from the worn-out feudal system of England and Europe. Gradually, a new social order is rising—leaving the "let alone" and competitive theories of capitalism for the better system of co-operation and socialization of industry. This is why wide-spread social unrest has such significance for students of economic evolution and history.

On the industrial field this unrest was evinced by great strikes on syndicalist principles. Great Britain found herself facing starvation, with foodstuffs perishing in the holds of her ships, because the transport workers had stopped working. It was a nation-wide strike, instead of the usual local affair. Also, it gave a startling exhibition of what might happen if the Socialists should call a general strike of all workers, in order to prevent a European war, as they threatened to do in the Balkan crisis. The coal miners' strike and the international seamen's strike were also danger signals worthy of notice. In America the Lawrence, Mass., strike of the woolen trust's employees introduced industrial union tactics to our employers of ill-paid laborers. The Lawrence strike will probably serve as a model for other strikes in the near future. Several great strikes were narrowly averted by concessions from the employers. Hundreds of local strikes in every section of the country contributed to the general unrest.

Social unrest is evinced by elections as well as by strikes, and the year 1912 started and ended with important European and American elections. The greatest anxiety was felt in Europe over the outcome of the German elections in the early part of

1912; indeed, an overwhelming defeat of the Socialists would materially increase the risks of a European war. The complete returns showed that the Socialists had elected 110 members to the German Reichstag, and had polled nearly 40 per cent. of the total vote. When informed of the Socialist victory, including his election from the Kaiser's summer residential district, Liebrecht, who was very repugnant to the Kaiser, because of his anti-militarist views, said, "Now peace in Europe is assured."

The presidential elections of the United States are the most reliable indication of the social unrest in our country. A large radical vote, or the transfer of power from one party to the other, is supposed to represent unrest. With complete statistics at hand, we find that nearly a million voters cast their ballots for socialism, and over four million others voted for the very socialistic program of the Progressives. The straight Socialist party vote is enough to carry the entire South and part of the West as well, if Socialism were only a sectional movement. Surely conditions are not as they should be when these many Americans will "throw their votes away" on a candidate who has no chance of election. Even more significant was the large vote of the Progressives, standing for a transitional stage between the capitalist and the socialist society. Minimum wages, Government ownership of railroads, regulation of trusts, old age pensions, State insurance, agricultural credit banks, and similar remedial legislation are to be granted in order to keep the workers from demanding complete socialism. Remedies instead of cures!

The formation of a Chinese republic, the Balkan war, the Mexican insurrections, free speech fights in America, equal suffrage victories, assassinations of rulers, the adoption of a quasi-socialist program by the Federated Council of Christian Churches, representing about 32,000,000 American church members, and various other signs of the times, are all connected with this social unrest which has been so pronounced during the past year.

THE JEWELLED DAGGER.

G. W. Blume, '13.

IHAD settled myself for a cosy evening in my great chair by the hearth. The fire crackled merrily around the oak logs, and went roaring, with its trail of a million sparks, up the wide-mouthed chimney.

The lamp was still turned low, and the flickerings of the tongues of flame sent strange, fantastic shadows, twining among the curios with which my walls were hung. I took great pride in my chief hobby—that of collecting antiques and relics, and my various trophies, from the Crusader's sword to the Mauser I had gotten at San Juan, each held its particular interest and fascination for me. It was, indeed, a collection of which I could be justly proud, and which would have been a welcome addition to any ordinary museum.

My friends, knowing my fondness for such things, often sent me valuable additions to my collection, as they chanced to run across them in their travels.

Having lighted my cigar, I had just settled back to enjoy it, while listening to the pattering of the rain-drops on the tin roof, when I was interrupted by a tap on the door. My servant entered, bringing a small, oblong package and a letter. Both were post-marked "Madrid," and I knew that they were from my old school friend, Lannen, who was spending the winter in Europe. Tearing open the letter, I read:

"Dear Jack,—Am sending you an interesting little trinket I picked up to-day. It is a dagger about which several strange tales have been told. It is said to have belonged to a beautiful lady of the seventeenth century, who was to have married a count, by an arrangement of their families, for political reasons. It seems that the lady became very much infatuated with a famous bull-fighter, and it is supposed the count got wind of it somehow, for one day the matador was missing from the arena and never more heard from. The count shortly afterwards

disappeared from home, and was never found. I can find no records of the lady either, so the whole affair seems to be shrouded in mystery. This dagger was found in the chamber of the house in which the lady lived. The old house was torn down not long ago, and the workmen found the dagger concealed under the floor. Maybe I'm indulging my fancy a bit, but the dark, rusty stains on the blade and the splotch on the handle certainly look like blood to me. Knowing your fondness for all such stuff, I am sending this little souvenir to add to your collection.

"As ever,

"JIM."

Breaking open the packet, I took out a small dagger, and gazed at it a long time, fascinated by the flashing of the richly-jeweled handle, as I turned it from side to side in the firelight. Near the hilt were two large emeralds, that glowed in the dim light like the baleful eyes of a demon. The jewels alone were worth a snug little sum, and I felt deeply the strong ties of friendship that prompted the gift.

As I sank back in my chair, gazing at the emeralds that held me as would the spell of a basilisk, the points of light began to glow and expand, and I seemed to find myself looking into the glittering black eyes of a beautiful woman. She was seated in the front tier in a large pavilion. Her eyes were jet black, and her wavy hair was glossy as a raven's wing. A light scarf studded with silver ornaments was thrown carelessly around her snow-white shoulders. Her cheeks were tinted with the blush of the peach, and her scarlet lips, half parted, disclosed the rows of ivory wealth over which they stood guard. Beautiful as was the face, yet there were lines about the mouth that showed latent powers of firmness and resolution that bespoke peril to anything that should seek to cross her will. By her side sat a tall, dark, handsome man, with a clean-cut massive face, and eyes that frowned from over-hanging eyebrows, and which flashed fire as from a lowering thunder-cloud, as his restless glance roved over the pavilion.

Following his gaze, I saw a great crowd of gaily-dressed people, all in a turmoil of excitement, the whole mass seeming to be in motion, due to the flashing of a thousand fans and to the stream

of late comers who were hurrying in. Looking about to find the cause of the assembly, I saw before me a large arena of sand, in which were several men, some on horseback with lances and the rest on foot with rapiers. All were dressed in red, and some had red cloths in their hands. Suddenly it dawned on me that I was about to witness a bull-fight.

Near the section in which the lady sat stood a handsome and well-formed man, dressed more richly than the others, whose appearance, from the imperious features and glowing eyes of his bronzed face to the sinewy grace of his movements, agile as a panther's, bespoke him to be what he was—the master of his profession. He would have attracted a second glance from any woman, and I was little surprised to see the fair *senorita* bend over the railing as she watched him. Their glances met for a brief instant. The lady dropped her eyes, and turned to the count, who was pointing toward a group that had just arrived. Lifting her bouquet of roses, she buried her face in their fragrance. The next instant a tiny bud fell at the feet of the *matador*. He stooped, and, picking up the rosebud, kissed it, and put it in his bosom.

In stalls behind the arena, the Castillian bulls, wild with rage and fright, were keeping up a constant bellowing. Suddenly the flutter of fans ceased. One of the gates was opened, and out rushed a bull, pawing the dust in clouds, and dashing about, uncertain where to go. One of the riders dashed by and flung the red cloth in his face. The wiry pony wheeled none too quickly, as the huge creature lunged at the cloth. Again the rider urged his pony forward, and the bull, who had stopped short, suddenly turned, and was upon him before he could again dodge. Horse and rider were bowled over like a ninepin, the horse pinning the man beneath him. Before his comrades could rush up the bull had him. One of the men on foot engaged the animal's attention, and the lifeless *picador* was carried off. The pavilion became a mass of waving fans and handkerchiefs, and it was plain that the sympathy was with the bull, and not the man.

In one of his charges the bull wounded the second man, but was killed by a skillful thrust before he could complete his advantage.

One by one the bulls were let in, and were singled out by the men. The fighters finally narrowed down, leaving but two men, the chief matador and one of the attendant banderilleros in the ring. Three of the fiercest bulls had been reserved for him, and the interest and excitement were at their height. Two of these he met, and, after a hard fight, killed. The third was a huge black bull, who came charging across the arena, flinging clouds of sand, and sending the deep thunder of his bellowings rolling up among the arches of the pavilion like the roar of a cannon. Stepping lightly aside to avoid the mad rush, the matador flung a cloth over the animal's head. Tearing it in shreds, the bull wheeled and lunged again and again at his lone antagonist. Dodging, stepping lightly from side to side, thrusting at every opportunity, the wiry matador gradually weakened his huge foe. From the score of pricks the matador had given the bull to excite his frenzy, the blood flowed in rivulets down his dust-caked sides. The beast tried, time after time, to pin the matador, as with panting breath, coming in great groans, the bull charged, with gleaming blood-shot eyes and lolling tongue.

In avoiding one of the rushes, the matador stumbled over a broken lance, and, as he fell, he thrust at the on-coming bull. The weapon found its way home, and the monster fell, burying the man beneath him. The hush over the pavilion was profound. The lady, who had followed every movement, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving in quick gasps, turned deadly pale.

Only when the banderilleros had rushed in and dragged the creature off the man, and the crowd had broken forth into a roar of applause for their favorite, as he stood up bowing, did she realize that he was not killed. Once more the color came to her cheeks, and she turned to the count with a smile.

The matador passed by the pavilion amid a shower of fans and flowers that rained down upon him, but he stooped to pick up only one of the bunches of roses that fell. The lady turned and watched, from the corner of her eyes, the count's scowling looks as he gazed intently upon the retreating form of the matador. The count then led his party out.

Suddenly I found myself in a dimly-lighted chamber, in which a woman in white was standing, motionless, by the side

of a table. In one hand she was holding a tiny scrap of parchment on which the word "to-night" was written, and in the other she held a faded rosebud, in whose heart the note had been concealed. "To-night" had never come, although it had been some time since the bull-fight had taken place. She was expecting the count to call that night, as usual.

Leading to the chamber was a long, dark corridor, the gloom being broken only by one stained glass window, through which the moon-beams struggled fitfully in a pale, ghastly light.

Suddenly a step was heard coming up the passage-way. Darting out, the woman concealed herself behind the heavy drapery that festooned a little alcove by the window. The footsteps sounded nearer and nearer, and the dim outline of a tall form appeared. At that moment a cloud drifted over the moon. As the man passed the girl sprang out with her arm upraised. He turned, and, as she struck, the moon broke forth from the cloud, and a ray fell on his face.

As the man fell back, shattering the window, the woman uttered a deathly shriek, and the knife fell from her trembling hand.

At the sound of the crash I started up. The light was out, and a cold, damp wind swept my cheek.

Groping my way in the direction from which it came, my feet struck fragments of something, and, stooping down, I picked up a piece. Turning to the fire, to find it was a piece of window-glass, I saw that the dagger which I had held but a moment ago had fallen, and had stuck, quivering, in the floor before the fire. The sheen of the emeralds flashing in the fire-glow caught my eye, as the knife vibrated, and sent its long, snaky shadow trembling across the floor.

Outside the roar of the storm had increased to a gale, and the house shook as the wind shrieked and moaned around the corners.

LITTLE ELEGIES.

Owen, '11.

I. LOT'S WIFE'S BROTHER.

I loved and lost you long ago, Lucile,
And, now, amid the marching years, I halt,
And, with a hopeless, backward look, congeal,
A soulless block of petrifying salt.

THE MESSENGER.

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

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EDITORIALS.

Yes, gentle reader, the Christmas holidays are a thing of the past, as are the joys incident thereto; only tender memories subsist. We now face the hardest term of the

FOREWORD. college year—the term which must be devoted exclusively to our work, uninterrupted by the distractions of foot-ball or base-ball, or the call of the great out-

of-doors. To many the time seems endless, yet to the one who has not been doing justice to his studies the winter term offers a great opportunity to retrieve himself. Let us beware lest we fail to grasp it. Despite the ominous '13, let us set to work, and make the year a thorough success. Down with blind and ignorant superstition.

As a matter of fact, the new year opens auspiciously for Richmond College and her students, for it brings with it the last payment on our bonds for GREATER RICHMOND COLLEGE BONDS. Greater Richmond College. Not that we rejoice at the ending of our obligations in this matter, but that we appreciate the approaching consummation of the great object for which these promises were given. Already on the campus frequent references are being made to our new abode, and expressions of hope for an early completion of the work. We are looking forward to the time when we can entertain rival teams—foot-ball, base-ball, and track—on our own grounds. Letters have been received from other Southern colleges and universities, bespeaking a promise for an early track-meet in our *stadium*, and we feel highly gratified. This severance of the college from the city life will make for independence for the College, and will be instrumental in creating that perfect unity, the lack of which we have so long deplored.

We cannot fail to commend the plan, which has been adopted with the new year, concerning chapel attendance. It was seen that only a few of the student body were taking part in the chapel exercises, and that, consequently, the whole body were scarcely ever brought together into closer touch. The chapel period, which had really been rather early (8:40—9:00), was changed to a more convenient hour (11:20—11:40), when all could be present. It was further decreed that all should attend five days a week, Monday to Friday, inclusive. The method by which the authorities keep tab on such attendance is not very clear, and perhaps it is best that it

should be so, else there might be evasions. However, mystery is a great force, and, as long as it exists, the mandates will be obeyed. At any rate, seats have been assigned to all the academic students (the law students being relieved from compulsory attendance), and they are generally well filled. As an infringement of the students' freedom of action, we refrain from comment, but with respect to the practical value of these student mass-meetings in the matter of making announcements, and in cementing a college and class unity, we are loud in our praise.

Nearly all modern schools and colleges have some form of exercise which the students may use to improve their bodies.

<p>THE ACADEMIC VALUE OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE.</p>	<p>Not even the older members of boards of trustees and directors would deny the young people of to-day the right and privilege of taking part in organized athletics. Indeed, so accustomed have we become to such things that we think it a queer sort of institution that does not have some sort of athletic competition for its students. The municipal governments also recognize the value to the students themselves of some forms of bodily exercise, and encourage them by having directors of athletics, gymnasiums, teams, and other equipment to aid them. The modern physician is often a whole team within himself to encourage us to develop our bodies and minds by suitable exercise. Of course, Richmond College has not always had the success in athletic competition that we would like her to have, but she is not backward in providing wholesome means of bodily exercise for her students. For the past five years the men representing her on athletic teams have averaged only 22 per cent. of the total eligible student enrollment. These men have undoubtedly derived much benefit from their participation in such events; but what has it all meant to the College as an institution of learning? Have these 350 men improved their class and academic standing by taking part in organized athletics? Is there such a thing as a purely academic value to a college from its students' activities in physical exercise?</p>
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In choosing a college or school in which to train himself a

student should, and usually does, pick one that has gained a reputation by the work of students in that institution. A college is, primarily, a place where class work is done along with other work tending to development. Richmond College, fortunately, is a place to attract the worker, and the majority of her students are real workers. We do not have many purely "athletic students," and yet exercise is encouraged for all. You would not expect a great number of men on the athletic teams under existing conditions, and yet why should not more of the rank and file of the student body take regular moderate exercise? The gymnasium and regular teams will accommodate only so many. Yes, but why all the unoccupied space on the campus in the open air? The co-eds. have no place for such physical exercise. Put it up to the faculty, and see what they will do.

As a matter of fact, the number of those who, on an average, for the last five years, have taken anything like systematic exercise is rather high. Counting in all the athletic teams, the spasmodic efforts of the co-eds., the gymnasium attendance, and some training for the field day events, these amount to about 85 per cent. of the total student body. This figure takes in the development of basket ball and inter-class games. It is pleasingly high, but what about the other 15 per cent. and the faculty?

Perhaps the greatest benefit a student derives from physical exercise is an improved circulation, with an attendant general toning up of the system. One of the great systems of modern medicine has as its basic principle the idea that a "scientific adjustment" of the circulation is necessary to full normal health. The importance of keeping the blood pure cannot be well over-estimated. It ought to "go without saying" that in full health we can do our best work. Our heads are clearer and more fitted for close application, we are better-natured and more patient, we eat and sleep well, and do not need any stimulants or narcotics, and, in short, are better able and more willing to second the efforts of the faculty in our behalf. When a student has a fair amount of sense and an unlimited amount of perseverance there is usually no apparent reason why he should fail on any of his classes. All these are results that come to the student from his systematic, moderate physical exercise.

But some one will say, where does all this affect the college, and how? There is one thing that can be said to the everlasting good of the faculty of this College, and that is, nobody ever doubts that they are thoroughly devoted to the interests of the students, and try to get the best work from them. There is another thing apparent from our discussion, and that is that a person is best fitted for work when in the best health. Mental work is the kind most called for in our College, and the kind which gives us our class standing. Our College is largely judged by our class standing or academic work. Hence the value to a college of good health among its students, and hence the necessity of urging each student to take a moderate amount of systematic physical exercise.

—C. PHILLIPS, '12.

DEAR EDITOR,—There is a goodly number of interested readers of THE MESSENGER who sojourned a while within the College walls, and then passed out into the midst of grim actualities, where much is demanded and little indulgence granted, and, as we look back over our college days, we doubtless appreciate their opportunities and joys more than any one of the present students. Yet, strange to say, many of us then looked forward, with eager longing, to the day when we should make our *debut* in the world, and, to the end of hastening that day, overloaded each year's ticket. We see the mistake now, and, from its full realization, ask you kindly to give us a little space in which to beg our brothers and sisters now in college that, unless it is a financial necessity, they will not do themselves or their college the injustice of crowding four years' work into three.

In the first place, college friends, you are robbing yourselves of a year's development in the most favorable surroundings. In the whirling vortex of busy life, where the immature and inefficient are sucked down, no one will ask you whether you have accomplished seventy points of college class work. On the other hand, the world will demand of you the power to think intensely, sanely, and sympathetically, and to act accordingly, in a great variety of conditions and emergencies. In no way can this capital of mental power be acquired except by *living to the fullest*—not existing—

throughout your college period, and, when overburdened with classes you will *exist* rather than *live*. You will either give them a minimum of time, and thereby lose, or you will cut yourselves off from the incomparable privileges of participating in the side issues of college life and of browsing in the college library. It is largely through these media that you prepare yourselves for the variety of circumstances which you are afterwards called upon to face, and in this preparation the loss of a year means much.

Then, again, by cutting short your term, you are inadvertently bringing discredit on your college. Most colleges demand four years' work of a graduate, and when you continue to make the mistake of doing less you are giving the impression that the standard of Richmond College is lower than that of others, and you are running the risk of being unable to uphold your college colors as graduate students in higher institutions.

It is only from a realizing sense of the loss of one year's privileges of college life and of a college library that the writer has made the above plea, and we sincerely hope that among the students of Richmond College fewer mistakes of this kind will be made in the future.

—A THREE-YEAR GRADUATE.



CAMPUS NOTES.

John W. Edmonds, Jr., '13.

Several attractive courses of lectures have been arranged for the winter and spring terms. On Tuesday, January 7th, Professor Montgomery lectured on "Men and Matters in Rome, as Seen by Juvenal." Tuesday, January 14th, Professor Metcalf lectured on "Tolstoi." There are two more lectures of the series by the Professors. These lectures, which were interesting and instructive, were greatly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audiences in attendance.

Believing that the chapel service should be a more important feature of College life, the faculty has adopted a regulation requiring all academic students to attend chapel five days a week. The hour for chapel has been changed from 8:40 A. M. to 11:20, thus insuring the attendance of all students.

Miss Spratley (looking through 1912 "Spider"): "What is the veracity ('Varsity) Club?"

Dr. Stewart (reading over French A exam.) "What is a goose?"

"Now please don't ask me the gender of goose."

Dr. Lewis (in Phil. B): "Mr. Irby, will you explain the difference between an optimist and a pessimist."

"Scriggins": "Well, Doctor, psychologically speaking, an optimist is a man who, when he looks at a doughnut, sees the doughnut, but the pessimist sees only the hole."

Dr. Harris (in Bible class): "Mr. Brannock, how did the land of Canaan obtain its name?"

Brannock: "I guess it was because Cain lived there."

Dr. Van (holding up a very large German reader): "Every one in German A will please provide himself with a copy of this book immediately."

C. H. Willis: "I suppose, Doctor, we'll use that book this year and next, too."

Dr. V.: "Yes, Mr. Willis, if you take German A over again."

Dr. Woodhouse (History A): "Mr. Luck, will you tell us the centre of religious activity in Europe."

Luck: "Constantinople."

Dr. Stewart, translating part of sentence in German B, asks Miss Harding to finish the sentence, "I think of you when the nightingale sings—"

Miss Harding: "When thinkest thou of me?"

John Edmonds: "Well, I guess I had better go to my room and get up some notes."

"Kid" O'Neill: "Well, you know, Heine, it takes all my money to buy stamps. I don't mind writing, but it keeps me 'busted' all the time to mail my letters."

Poarch to Halstead (in front of Petersburg High School): "This is the school I am an *alma mater* of."

C. H. Willis, passing by Richmond Art Store, sees a picture in the window he wants, and, going inside, asks: "What is the price of that picture?" (pointing to it).

Clerk: "Twenty-five."

Willis, reaching into his pocket, gets out a quarter, and gives to the clerk: "Well, I'll take it."

Clerk: "Twenty-five dollars, please."

Lee (reading history notes to "Little Miss Harris"): "The crusades were carried on by men who wore crosses."

"Little Miss Harris" (dreamily): "Did you say by cross men?"

Dr. Gaines to Mr. Yancey: "How much time have you put on this lesson?"

Yancey: "Oh, about five minutes at a time, spasmodically."

Dr. Gaines: "Well, how much did you put on the lesson in all?"

Yancey: "Oh, about an hour."

Dr. Gaines (dividing): "Sixty minutes by five gives twelve. Twelve spasms. Must have been having them pretty fast, Mr. Yancey."

Lady (after listening to F. S. Harwood, who is off on a preaching trip): "How are you, Mr. Harwood?"

Harwood: "Not feeling very good."

Lady: "But you are looking well."

Harwood: "I've been looking good for some time."

Straus (not knowing who had been elected): "Say, Crowell, what kind of a man did you elect President of the Philologists last night?"

"Mike": "A pretty rotten one, I think."

Straus: "That's what everybody says, and I think so, too, because he was only elected by one vote."

Inebriated student (in First Police Station): "I don't like this place at all."

Justice John: "Why, what's the trouble with it?"

Student: "Why, there are bars all around me, and I can't get a drink."

TO THE CO-ED.

We hail thee, oh, Co-ed!
 Priestess of Erudition, hail!
 Across the campus tripping,
 Invariably across the campus tripping,
 The merry campus with "Erudites" blooming,
 With "fresh rats" blooming,
 The Co-ed. also more or less blooming!

We hail thee, oh, Co-ed!
 In the library we note thy presence,
 In the library we note thee sitting,
 In the sombre-shaded library so silently sitting.
 We recognize the value of thy presence literature,
 Of thy bonny presence to literature.
 What were a campus poet without thee,
 Without thy gladsome presence,
 Without thy blithe, stimulating, presence?

Ah, we know thee, oh, Co-ed!
 We know thy eighteen summers and eternal springs,
 We know and appreciate the freshness of thy beauty,
 The invigorating freshness of thy youthful beauty.
 Aye, and we know thy trials,
 The trials of one spurred by ambition,
 Spurred by new-hatched, unfledged ambition,
 Spurred by vigorous, untamed ambition;
 The trials of class-room and laboratory,
 Of staid and solemn class-room and odorous laboratory;
 The trials of initiating "fresh rats" in the mysteries,
 In the profound mysteries of campus lore.
 We, thy comrades, know them,
 And our spirit goes out to thee to salute thee, dear comrade!
 And we fain would comfort thee,
 Comfort and salute thee, oh, Co-ed!

H. D. C.



G. W. Blume, '13.

On Monday, January 6th, the track squad reported for practice, under the leadership of Coach Dunlop. While no stars have appeared, yet several of the men are showing up in good form, and we are hoping for some of the laurels that last year's team succeeded in capturing. The track team is, at present, on indoor practice, due to the courtesy of the Richmond Blues, who have kindly given us the use of their armory. There are quite a number of applicants for track honors at present. Among the most promising out are Wilson, O'Neil, Mercer, and Beale, (the two latter being on the sick list,) Raney, Goldsmith, Carter, Wingfield, Tillery, and Anderson. The captain has not yet been elected, but the team seems to have settled down to good work.

It cannot be said that the basket-ball team has as yet met with any great success. Like the much-trumpeted infant industries of our country, it needs protection and encouragement. The members of the team are enthusiastic and hard workers, but the sport is a new one, and time is needed to fully develop it. The squad at present is rather small, but it is to be hoped that more will join it as the season advances. Those comprising the first team are as follows: Luebbart, Tillery, Duffey, Wiley, Duval (J. B.), Hart, Luck, and Brock.

On November 30, 1912, the team encountered Fredericksburg, and suffered defeat at the hands of the latter by a very narrow margin, 20 to 18. Only six men went, as the guarantee did not justify a larger number, and so the team was severely handicapped by an injury to Captain Tillery occurring during the game, and forbidding his further playing. It was the team's first game, and, in consideration of that fact, it was not such a bad showing.

A week later, on December 7, 1912, the team was again

defeated, and this time badly defeated, by William and Mary by a score of 34 to 15. There is nothing to be said. They had the best team, and they won, naturally. However, William and Mary has no mean reputation in the basket-ball line in the State, and the team was not discouraged at the outcome, especially as Captain Tillery was not in the game and his loss was felt heavily.

Our next game was at home, or, rather, in Richmond. The Richmond Howitzers were very kind in offering their floor for practice, and arranged a game for December 14, 1912. This was, perhaps, the closest game of the season, though the College was once more defeated. The score stood 32 to 29 at the end of the game, and the team was rather disappointed, for this was one game they had expected to win.

Since Christmas there has been but one game—that with the Richmond Y. M. C. A. They were entirely out of our class, and the score was not surprising, 36 to 10 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. The team made a very bad showing, and it is to be hoped that the like will not occur in the future games.

There remains the following schedule to be played:

Randolph-Macon—January 25, 1912.

Hampden-Sidney—February 1, 1912.

Fredericksburg—February 8, 1912.

Richmond Howitzers—February 15, 1912.

ALUMNI NOTES.

H. G. Duval, '14.

M. M. Long, LL. B., '10, is practicing law in St. Paul, Va.

W. V. Thraves, LL. B., '04, is practicing law in Oklahoma.

"Fritz" Jones, B. A., '11, was in the city for a few days recently.

T. J. Moore, B. A., '08, is pursuing the study of law at Harvard University.

Spencer Glas Gill, B. A., '10, is now studying medicine in Philadelphia.

E. J. Parker, LL. B., '10, passed the State Bar examination just held in Richmond.

Evan R. Chesterman, LL. B., '99, has been chosen as secretary to the State Board of Education.

A. R. Kershaw, LL. B., also passed the State Bar examination, held in Richmond January 15th.

D. B. Moffett, B. A., '10, is studying in the medical department of the University of Maryland.

W. R. Beverly, B. A., '10, is now a junior member of the firm of Beverly & Co., printers, Richmond, Va.

D. J. Hundley, LL. B., '12, was in the city recently to take the State Bar examination, which he passed successfully.

"Froggie" Welsh, B. A., '12, who is studying at the Crozer Theological Seminary, was with us for several days at the beginning of the new year.

We are gratified to note the election of R. C. Stearnes, B. A., '88, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia, to succeed J. D. Eggleston, who resigned to accept a position with the United States Government, Department of Education.



C. H. Willis, '13.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine is particularly well balanced in the story and essay departments. The verse is just a little scant. All of the selections are of good standard quality, with no extremes.

*The
Hampden-Sidney
Magazine.*

"Virginia's Son" is very well written, and very appropriate at this time, but, of course, it does not claim to be *poetry*.

"The River of Life" is equally as well written as "Virginia's Son," and gives an example of poetic thought as well as expression. A few more verse selections would have served well as a relief from the stories and essays. "Virginia's Roads" is a pointed essay on one of the most vital questions before our Commonwealth to-day. The author does not deal in generalities and suppositions, but gives us facts—facts which deserve the conscientious attention of every loyal Virginian. We regret very much that our college magazines do not contain more articles of this nature. There seems to be a general opinion among the student writers that for an essay to be good it must be on a subject of no practical interest. "Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality'" is also a very well written essay, and probably shows more study than "Virginia's Roads," but it cannot command the same attention. "Thanksgiving Day in 1711" lacks clearness of outline. At the first reading it is hard to determine when the story begins. The transition from the introduction to the dream is not definite enough. "A Planter's Revenge" is too cruel to be natural. It reminds one of the vivid fiction of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This seems to be its worst fault. "A Double Game" is very good, and probably the most interesting story in the present number. We are glad to see that the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* maintains its high standard.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly arrived a little late, but is full of excellent work. The fiction in this magazine is the best that has come to our desk this month.

*The
Randolph-Macon
Monthly.*

"The Gypsy Singer" is, by far, the best short story we have read in a college magazine. It contains many of those indefinite touches of life so often lacking.

Idealism is not attempted, but it "holds the mirror up to nature." Yet our sense of poetic justice is not greatly shocked that the gypsy girl does no more than ask forgiveness. Her ingratitude is what our knowledge of life would lead us to expect, and her awakening in life comes too late. Yet she did awake. "The Spark Unquenchable" is also above the average college story. "Richard Rothsberg" is a very good readable story, but it lacks clearness. The situation never becomes quite clear to the reader. Who is Kiester, and how does he exonerate Dick? The author does not make it sufficiently clear. The defect is rather hard to locate definitely; it could be removed, perhaps, by devoting more space to the introduction. "The Power of Purpose" contains many good thoughts, but it lacks a definite outline. The writer glides from one point of view to another without following any definite plan. This is particularly unfortunate for an essayist. "Science, the Ally of Religion" is a rather superior article. It contains many interesting facts, and they are handled in a skillful and logical manner. "Memory" seems to be a conglomerate mass of poetic phrases. The verse is very fair, but not on a par level with the stories. "To Blandford Church" is by far the best, though it is much below what should be expected of a magazine of this rank. The magazine, as a whole, does credit to our sister college, and is one of which she may well be proud.

The Roanoke Collegian for December presents itself at our desk in a pleasing cover, and its quality well supports its appearance. The lack of essays in this number

*The
Roanoke Collegian.*

is rather disappointing. The only article of this nature is "Self Conceit," which is, in itself, very good, but does not supply the whole need. "A Tory's Escape" is very vividly told.

The style is clear and expressive and the story is well built up. "The Awakening of Tom" is an amusing story, having much the same purpose in view as "Self Conceit." The poetry of the magazine is very superior to the other efforts. "To-Day" is very beautiful, both in music and thought. We hesitate to make comment on "Thorns." This is by far the best selection in the magazine, but in reading it one cannot fail to recall "The Psalm of Life," by Longfellow. For instance, the lines

"Let us then, in moving onward,"

"Let us then be up and doing,"

sound very similar. The atmosphere and thought also are not unlike. The arrangement of the contents of the magazine might be improved. It is a well-founded custom never to place matters of local interest in the literary department. Thus, "Financing Athletics" and "The Work of the Y. M. C. A." would have come better just before the editorials. Despite these few defects, the magazine is very readable.

We acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges.



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