COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

MUSIGMA RHO.
J. W. Edmonds, Jr., '13. President
C. A. Ryland, '13. Vice-President
D. S. McCarthy, '14. Secretary
R. E. Biscoe, '14. Treasurer

PHILOLOGIAN.
Earl Crowell, '13. President
J. W. Elliott, Jr., '13. Vice-President
W. T. Hall, '14. Secretary
H. W. Decker, '15. Treasurer

CHI EPSILON.
Miss Celeste Anderson, '14. President
Miss Virginia Sydnor, '13. Vice-President
Miss Irene Stiff, '15. Secretary
Miss Mary Shine, '14. Treasurer

THE MESSENGER.
R. A. Brock, Jr., '10. Editor
R. C. Duval, Jr., '11. Business Manager
Prof. J. C. Metcalf. Advisory Editor

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.
Prof. W. A. Harris. President
R. C. Duval, Jr., '11. Vice-President
J. W. Edmonds, Jr., '13. Secretary
J. H. Moore, '13. Treasurer
Robert N. Pollard, '02. Graduate Manager

FOOT-BALL.
C. R. Winfree, '13. Manager
R. C. Duval, Jr., '11. Captain

BASE-BALL.
W. T. Luck, '13. Manager

TRACK.
J. W. C. Johnson, '14. Manager
Vaughan Gary, '12. Captain

Y. M. C. A.
O. O. Dietz, '13. President
F. C. Reiley, '13. Vice-President
W. T. Halstead, '14. Secretary
O. G. Poarch, '13. Treasurer
CONTENTS.

ST. VALENTINE'S.............................................. H. A. Monsell, '16. 195
FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND, BUT—...... Walter Beverly, '11. 200
THE GENTLE NURSE........................................... G. A. Jordan, '15. 208
THE STAGE AS AN ASSET TO EDUCATION......................... Anna Bear, '15. 209
DON LA DORR.................................................. W. V. Hawkins, '15. 214
WHY?.................................................................... 219
WHEN THE WHEEL CAME FULL CIRCLE.......................... H. D. Coghill, '16. 224
MY LADY'S VOICE............................................... Owen, '11. 237
EDITORIALS..................................................... 238
CAMPUS NOTES................................................ L. V. Lee, '13. 242
ATHLETICS....................................................... G. W. Blume, '13. 246
ALUMNI NOTES................................................ D. S. McCarthy, Jr., '14. 248
EXCHANGES..................................................... M. L. Straus, '15. 250
ST. VALENTINE'S.

H. A. Monsell, '16.

St. Valentine's is coming,
The love time of the year, dear;
So while Love's flame lights up the sky,
And Cupid's arrows 'round us fly,
I'll sing my song to you, dear.

Dan Cupid is a roguish lad,
Whom many people flee, dear;
His shafts to every realm are sent,
Full dangerous oft is his intent,
But he never troubles me, dear.

For Cupid's bow I do not fear,
Although his aim be true, dear;
For long ago you took my heart,
I have no target for his dart,
I've given it to you, dear.
THE DYNAMICS OF THE BALKANS.

E. N. Gardner, '14.

LAST October, just after the close of the Turko-Italian war, the world was surprised to hear that the small countries of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece had thrown down the gauntlet before the European Turk. For years people had been expecting to see the "sick man of Europe" relegated to his old home, the deserts of Asia, but they were not contemplating a move in this direction by the youngest nations of Europe.

What was it that caused the Turks to flee, to abandon the isles of the Aegean, and to leave their fortresses in the hands of the enemy? By what tactics has the Bulgarian army held so long besieged the key to Constantinople? Do the armies of the allies out-number the Turks? No; the war strength of the Balkans is placed, at the most, at 600,000; that of the Turks has been variously reckoned from 420,000 to 1,000,000. Then it cannot be that the Moslems are suffering defeat by superiority of numbers. We turn to other sources.

That which has been among the foremost factors in keeping armies in the field against the Turk has been the patriotism of the people of the Balkans, many of whom sailed across the ocean to defend their native lands against oppression. The determination of the Bulgars to revenge the insults heaped upon their brethren on the border has kept them doggedly hanging on the outskirts of Adrianople, and demanding its defenders to surrender their arms, while the Turks, unable to provide medical attention to the 80,000 sick within the city, and without means of procuring warmth for themselves, live upon quarter rations. Such is the condition into which the enthusiastic Bulgars have brought Adrianople. The population of Montenegro, an unconquered country, rushed down from its mountain defenses to engage the common enemy. The Greeks were inspired to win back the archipelago with its islands, dear to their hearts. Among these is Lemnos, with its memories of Menelaus and Agamemnon,
and Mt. Olympus itself. In 1389 the Servians were annihilated and their strength broken in a battle around Kossovo. There is preserved in their folk-songs, however, a tradition that after five hundred years they would win back their territory. With this hope did they fight at Kossovo, and this time rout the Turks.

Not only the animation of the common people has brought victory to the allies, but also the determination of the leaders. King Nicholas, the ruler of Montenegro, typifies the daring and resolute actions of his sturdy mountaineers. He celebrated his seventy-first birthday by declaring war against Turkey, a nation that out-numbered him a hundred to one. With that he was not satisfied, but, calling his three sons to fight for their country, he entrusted his army to them. Furthermore, it is reported that Prince Peter was the first to fire a shot against the fortress of Podgoritza. The finger of success points, however, to the monarch of Bulgaria, Ferdinand, the crafty. He came to the throne in 1887, but until 1894 he was hardly more than a puppet king in the hands of a foreign minister, Stambouloff, who, as an aristocrat of the highest order, opposed the elevation of an insignificant Coburg princeling to the throne of Bulgaria. Ferdinand soon threw off this yoke of subjection, and has raised his kingdom to a place of prominence among European nations. He found Bulgaria a playground for near-Eastern politics; he lifted her to the primacy of the Balkans. He ascended the throne of a tributary principality; now he rules a free and independent nation. He found her in a state of subjection to Turkey; he not only liberated her, but has whipped Turkey upon the field of battle. These qualities of vigor and determination on the part of the leaders have had wonderful influence in bringing success to the prowess of the Balkans.

Beyond the pluck and energy of the allies there is the discontent and rupture in Turkey itself. Despite the boasts of a Mohammedan mass-meeting in India: "The Bible followers are the enemies of the Koran followers, and the cry of 'Allah Akban,' which resounded from the walls of Vienna, will be heard again in the uttermost parts of the world"; notwithstanding the confidence of the Jeune Turc, of Constantinople: "Let them do their worst; we will not surrender; if Europe denies our right of exist-
ence, rather than accept dishonor, we shall be ready to fight,
in case of need, against the whole world, and to sacrifice ourselves,
even without the least hope of victory”; and although there
has been a widespread call for defenders of their country, yet
the Turks have been losing and retreating before the victorious
allies. This is not so much due to the superiority of the French
to the German Von Goltz guns as that there is something “rotten”
in the state of Turkey. There has not been present in their armies
the religious fervor that animated the early followers of the Koran,
and drove the Christian before them, across Gibraltar, even to
Tours, in France, and out of the stronghold of Christianity on
the Bosporus. Mosque preachers of Stamboul write in the
_Ikdam_ (Const.): “The religious ardor of the people has become
much feebler during four years. The zeal for returning vic­
torious from war has been replaced by dying for the fatherland,
which the soldier has not understood.” Despite the fact that,
for fifty years, Turkey has passed from one war to another, and
always come out feebler in strength, ardor, and numbers, yet
the country has remained steeped in inaction, without good
generals, and without efficient soldiers. In the article just
quoted additional reasons for Turkey’s failure are given as bad
generalship, miscalculation of time, exhaustive campaigns, and
want of supplies. The soldiers are not well drilled. Moreover,
it has been stated that in this army of 600,000 there is one Chris­
tian for every three Moslems. If such really be the case, how can
Turkey expect to defeat nations that are struggling for freedom
of life and religion? Her army resembles a lame cur running
about the streets with a tin-can tied to its tail, while the passers-by
jeer at sight of it.

The Turk lies in a state of lethargy, amidst the slumberous
music of the harem, which he does not wish to forsake to take up
the despised military service. Mr. Noel Buxton, in his book,
“The Turk in Europe,” says: “His fatalism, his views of women,
his domineering spirit, vitiate his power to rule.” Having be­
lieved that his position was secure, that the followers of Moham­
med could not be driven from a land of delight, a land won by
the arms of the true servants of Allah, he preferred to deal in the
traffic of his slaves and the pleasures of his harem. Finally,
his refusal to grant religious liberty, except where it was extorted, has been conducive to the downfall of his country. "In all the lands freed during the past century—Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria—there exist prosperity, education, capacity, religious tolerance, honest administration, and freedom of the most modern description, and these virtues have always vanished at the Turkish frontier, to be replaced by misery varied by massacre."

These are the causes that have been writing Turkey's destruction in bold letters, and such are the circumstances that have crowned the Balkan arms with success.
“RIDICULOUS, fatuous, disgraceful!” From the lips of Eudora Remington burst this triple explosion five minutes after the election of the officers of the graduating class. Nine other girls were massed about her on the steps of the college library, all unnaturally silent. For a full minute they had been listening to the eccentric girl, whose great dark eyes fairly blazed with the firing of each deadly adjective.


Eudora's volley did not yet cease, and the clamors of the others slowly subsided again. They waited until she had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

“Now will you please tell us, Eudora, dear, why Mr. Bentley should not be our class historian?” coolly inquired Grace Tunson.

“Yes!” she almost shouted. “I have nothing personally against him—I do not even know him, and don’t want to—but do you know who and what he is?”

“What?” asked the nine in one voice.

Anger fled from the girl’s face. A creepy smile, apparently laden with youth’s merciless cynicism, revealed her large white teeth, and the blazing of her eyes flickered and went out, leaving, in its stead, a cold gleam.

“Mis-ter Bent-ley is the son of a moonshiner.”

Quickly the group broke up, and drifted by twos and threes into the dead silence of the college library. Alone at a table, in one of the alcoves, Grace Tunson found the newly-elected class historian. He looked up quickly.

“Mr. Bentley,” she whispered, “I want to congratulate you—the very one for a most difficult task. Every girl, except one, voted for you.”
Bentley was embarrassed. "Nonsense," he returned, loudly. The girls in the opposite alcove began to stare. He glanced at the large placard, labeled "Silence," at his elbow, and lowered his voice. "I thought Miss Remington was the logical candidate."

Grace smiled to herself. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words. She lifted her brows in slow surprise, and her lips parted. A rash remark was trembling on her tongue, but, prudently, she bit her lip, and only said, "Mis—ter Bentley! Ridiculous, fatuous, disgr— absurd!"

The girl was perplexed. So was Bentley. As she left him a question leaped, full grown, from her mind, and stared her full in the face: "What does make Dora hate him so?"

II.

Something of a mystery was William Bentley to his professors and fellow students. Coming apparently from nowhere, he told the curious that he had, with little or no assistance, prepared himself for college. At an age when most boys are still devouring fairy tales, so he told one fond old professor—and he said it with a perfectly straight face, and with his candid grey eyes as witness to the truth of the statement—he had eagerly and intelligently read Emerson's essays and other things of that sort. In college the problems that tortured the brains of other students were child's play for him. As for his physical fitness, a coach had said, in his curt, Yankee manner, "That stripling must have been born with a foot-ball in his arms." But his special forte was mathematics. Nevertheless he had his weak points. In society, for instance, he not only did not shine, but he did not even feebly twinkle. To walk up to a lady and inform her of weather conditions, or to interest or amuse her in any way whatever, was to him a matter as amazingly difficult as were conic sections to many of the block-heads who were past masters in the art of social intercourse. With all the verdure of his mountain manners about him, he was, for four years, a sadly-bewildered child in the great city where he went to college. During that entire period he scarcely more than spoke to any woman except his boarding mistress and his laundress, and sparingly, indeed, to them.
So the erudite Miss Remington, poised gracefully on the very summit of social success, as far as the college world was concerned, from her freshman year affected contempt for the rusticity of William Bentley. But, deep in her heart, she said he was, in reality, only a misogynist, with her beautifully feminine finger in an unabridged dictionary when she said it.

Her misogynist was studying in his room late that night, after the class election, when Harry Stillmon, his room-mate, returned from calling on one of the girls of the Senior class—Grace Tunson, in fact. Stillmon pushed the door open, and stood on the threshold.

"Got something for your class history, Bent, old boy," he blurted.

"Well, come in here, and let's have it quick," challenged the class historian, fumbling on the table, which was loaded with books and papers, for pencil and note-book.

Stillmon entered slowly, sat down impressively, solemnly filled his pipe, and reverently lighted it before he said another word. Bentley suspected a small sensation, and, when his room-mate settled his feet comfortably on the large table, regardless of books and papers, and blew a few rings into the air, he knew that something moderately startling was forthcoming.

"Likely as not you are not on to the line of dope your Indian Maid has been handing out to all the girls?"

Long ago Bentley had christened Eudora Remington the "Indian Maid," when told that she was descended from Pocahontas.

"No?" he answered, with mild interrogation in his voice.

Stillmon pulled valiantly at his pipe. "She says"—dense clouds struggled with the words—"that you"—puff! puff!!—"are the son"—puff! puff!! puff!!!—"of a moonshiner."

The boy from the mountains put his pencil hastily into his vest pocket. He got up, and peered through painfully narrowed lids at the speaker. "I can't believe she said it. Did you get that straight, Still?" A pathetic prayer of "Help thou mine unbelief" was clearly audible in the way he put the question, itself a weak denial on behalf of the Indian Maid.

"I can't mention names, old lady, but I have it from a girl
who does not lie, who got it from headquarters. She is only anxious for you to catch at least a hasty glimpse of a snake in the grass, for your own good."

"I see," Bentley remarked at last. Then, snatching his hat, he went out into the night, all the while boyishly cursing himself and the universe through a mist of bitter tears. When he got back to his room he found Stillmon grimly smoking.

"Holy smoke!" he muttered. "I never dreamed you'd take it like that. Look here, you don't want to worry a minute over that. Everybody will know it's nothing but a woman's lie."

Bentley forced a laugh, went to bed, and dreamed that an angel, with great dark eyes, full of heaven-fire, bent over him, and whispered that the whole thing was just a night-mare, to which there would surely come a sweet awakening.

III.

Now Eudora Remington was the daughter of a pious preacher and a lady of the Old South, both of whom had exercised the greatest care in bringing her up. As she grew older she perversely manifested a tendency to depart from this trodden path. When scarcely more than sixteen she had so far deviated as to doubt seriously whether her father had a monopoly on truth, or had cornered the intellectual market of this world. Later she began to read such dyspeptic and disillusioned grouches as Ibsen, Schopenhauer, and Solomon. But, outwardly, she remained an ultra-conventional product, never rising above nor falling below the dead level of her little world, except on very few and memorable occasions. Inwardly, she became a social, political, and religious revolutionist of the deepest dye. In loud stage whispers her soul said "Votes for women!" and she told her inmost being that all her social triumph was naught but dust, ready to be scattered to the four corners of the earth by every wind that blew from the uplands of Intellect.

This girl certainly was not beautiful, but there was a subtle magnetism in her great, soulful eyes, an intangible allurement in her siren voice, and a fascination in her manner that drew women and men—especially men—to her, and held them. Once
in the thralldom of her vigorous personality, young men of every
type inevitably forgot that she was not beautiful, and remembered
only that it was good—ininitely good—to be near her. As each
was banished, he would try, in his sorrow, to forget her, and, in
his pride, frequently learned to hate her.

As commencement drew near, each of the girls in her class,
and many of the men, repeatedly gave her hints—and a few bitter
ones, who were eating their first sour grapes, would turn those
hints into taunts—to the effect that the class historian intended
to humiliate her on class night, in revenge for her singular atti­
tude toward him at the class election. Some said that Bentley
would assail her in his most ruthless, sarcastic vein. Others
said that he would simply ignore her, passing her by in annihi­
lating, silent contempt, without so much as mentioning her name.

“He will, will he? How deliciously exciting!” she would
say, bestowing on each informer a Mona Lisa smile.

Class night came, and the class history, as a whole, was
rather biting. Light, indeed, was the shower of commendation,
as compared with the pitiless hail of sarcasm. Beneath it all
there roared a savage torrent of fierce humor. Yet Bentley
buried Eudora Remington beneath a shower of metaphorical
roses as genuinely frank and sincere as the great bunch of American
Beauties sent up to him that night, with compliments, but no
name.

IV.

“Willie,” said Eudora, two years later, suddenly looking up
from the college annual of her senior year.

“Yes, Dora,” William answered, glancing absently from his
newspaper.

They had become intimate friends. Eudora’s father, re­
cently elected president of a small woman’s college in a far
Southern State, had chosen Bentley as his assistant and professor
of mathematics. His daughter had been made head of the Eng­
lish department.

Our reputed misogynist had taken up the task of teaching
girls with fear and trembling, and had become a colleague of the
Indian Maid. Happily he soon discovered in the class-room that a woman is only a woman, and, later, in Eudora's home, he came upon the reassuring evidence of the truth of his tottering theory that woman is also all that poets preach.

So they became close friends. Acquaintance had developed rapidly into that Platonic state that is prone to slip slowly, but surely, into the realm of Cupid. Often they spent their evenings together, playing and reading, or talking endlessly of almost everything except college days and the class history—that was never mentioned. Their friendship, indeed, had even reached that delightful stage in which friends may frankly exchange ideas, or sit, silently, with perfect understanding. And, though they consistently shied at the slightest suggestion of a possible sentimental tenderness, Eudora did look up from her annual, and say, with sweet simplicity, "Willie," and, as has been said, William replied from his newspaper, in that casual, though cordial, manner of men, "Yes, Dora."

"Would you mind telling me why you 'slaughtered' the seniors so unmercifully in that class history?" she asked, in a venturesome tone.

He threw the paper down, got up, and came over to where she sat. Putting his hands into his pockets, he lapsed into the old manner that had been his before discovering that women are only women, and that they are also all that poets preach. Meeting her questioning eye, he tried desperately to nerve himself for the encounter which he and she had long avoided, but which was now imminent. Looking furtively down at her, with all his old bashfulness, he began:

"Well, it was just this way. During the months I was writing that thing—a sentence this week and another the next—the girl I fully intended to marry—"

He stopped, amazed at Eudora's blushing. He became more ill at ease than ever, and his deep voice trembled, as, fixing his frank, grey eyes full on her, he continued:

"—got married to a friend of mine back home."

Eudora saw by the unexpected turn of the sentence that her blush was premature, and, as a consequence, the blush deepened.

"Then my poor mother, who made me what little I am,
died; and all my belongings were burned in the college fire. All that in one year is bound to make one either a confirmed pessimist or a stubborn optimist, and I—"

"But was that all?" she interrupted, with illogical seriousness. Seeing the astonishment in his face, she amended: "Of course, that was enough, but I know it wasn't all."

"No," he laughed, painfully.
A tear glistened in her eye. "And I told that monstrous lie! As if your cup of bitterness was not already full enough!"

"Let me take the sweetest revenge possible, Dora; let me forgive you before you ask it."

Slowly she arose, staring in wonder. She extended a timid hand, and, in some way, I know not how—nor did they—she was in his arms. They were soon initiated into the ecstatic mysteries of that exquisite fine art which is unknown to misogynists. They gave themselves to each other forever, talking much of the wonder of it all. She, at length, plucked out the heart of the six years' mystery.

"I was a silly young creature," she said. "I saw you would have nothing to do with women, and I wanted you to discover us, for your own sake, and—don't you see? I wanted to know you. I told that cruel lie because I believed it would wake you up, bring you to me for an explanation. I don't know how I should have explained, perhaps not at all. I wanted you to know me, and understand me, even at the cost of a quarrel. It was base of me, but I've been punished."

"But, Dora, I forgot to tell you—you did not lie. I am the son of a moonshiner."

"You are?" she exclaimed, in amazement.

"I certainly am"—this triumphantly, as if there were something princely about it.

"Oh! I've always adored moonshiners and their sons. Are you joking? Of course, it would be the same if you were the Pope of Rome, since you are you—but I'm so glad!"

And again they behaved as misogynists are not wont to do.

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

It might be added, for the benefit of genealogical students,
that William Bentley was not the son of a moonshiner. He told the descendant of Pocahontas a deliberate lie. His father was a saintly old soul—a Methodist circuit rider, a teetotaler, and a powerful foe to moonshiners, by whom he was shot down and killed while William was a mere child.
THE GENTLE NURSE.


While poets for the statesman and the king
Bear from Parnassus wreaths of royal verse,
I, from Arcadian pastures, fain would bring
This garland wild to deck the gentle nurse.

Her faith is firmly fixed on God above,
She hourly seeks to do her Father's will,
Her heart is full of sympathy and love,
She has a conscious mission to fulfil.

Her footsteps fall like petals from the flowers,
Her smile is like the sunshine after rain;
Her gentle words are like soft April showers,
Her kindly touch assuages every pain.

Her hand is gentle, for her heart is kind;
Renouncing self, she ever seeks to bless,
And truest happiness has learned to find
In making human pain and sorrow less.

Each hour at night, with soft and airy tread,
She passes through the ward and comfort brings;
The sufferer turns upon his restless bed,
Then falls asleep, to dream of angels' wings.

Then let the bard of lord and lady sing,
Let poets crown the great with gifted verse,
But I my humble chaplet fain would bring
And deck thy brows, thou gentle, faithful nurse.
THE STAGE AS AN ASSET TO EDUCATION.

Anna Bear, '15.

THE stage is a subject that is discussed everywhere. We read of it in all papers, magazines, and books. Some people try to condemn the stage, others to elevate it; but I shall make it my duty to show that it is an asset to education in many phases.

Let me say, in the very beginning, that by the term, "The Stage as an Asset to Education," I do not refer to the moving-picture houses, cheap shows, and other trivial amusements, as these are not considered the stage; but to those higher and uplifting plays of the master thinkers, which are an asset to education.

The Greeks, more than any other people known to civilization, appreciated the tremendous educational power of the drama over the popular imagination. They made the theatre one of the most effective bonds between distant colonies and Attica. In speaking of this fact, Victor Hugo points out that "in the interest of civilization, Greece," invariably, in her small colonies, even in the remotest outposts, far from the throbbing heart of Attica, "by the side of the citadel had a theatre." The Greeks understood the potential influence which it exerted when the great plays of ÄEschylus and other masters were produced.

At the present time no more wonderful development has taken place than in the theatre during the three hundred years since 1610. Now, in speaking of development, we mean not of the drama itself, but the manner of its presentation. Time, perhaps, will never see another Shakespeare, but every year his immortal dramas are aided in a mechanical way by scenic improvements. The traveling pageants of miracle and morality plays were first supplanted by a stationary house built in London in 1576. This and the Globe Theatre, with which Shakespeare is so closely identified, are typical models of the playhouse of 1610.

Up to 1660 there were no women on the stage. Then a young boy piped out the sweet love words of "Juliet"; now, on an
embowered balcony, behind roses and mellow lights, the lovely face of a Julia Marlowe or Viola Allen appears to sigh and whisper words of love to her waiting "Romeo."

Even Shakespeare's imagination did not picture the elegance of modern staging, but he fully realized the inadequacy and limitations of the theatres of his own time. We can hardly realize that the drama, in the very zenith of its glory, should have had such inadequate theatres for its production. How insignificant they appear beside the magnificent theatres of to-day!

Shakespeare's historical masterpieces are admirable examples of the drama as a popular intellectual educator and stimulator. Without "the living comment and interpretation of the theatre, Shakespeare's work is, for the rank and file of mankind, a deep well without a wheel or windlass." It is true that the whole of the spiritual treasures which Shakespeare's dramas hoard will never be disclosed to the mere play-goer, but "a large, a very large portion of that indefinite all" may be revealed to him on the stage, and, if he be no patient reader, will be revealed to him nowhere else.

Again the educative value of the stage is shown with signal clearness in what it has done to make Shakespeare, for example, known and familiar to us. It is safe to say that the plays of Shakespeare would not begin to be so close to the public if they had been left between book covers and never transferred to the stage. And herein lies the great value of the stage—in that it can teach the eye what books would utterly fail to teach the mind. Anything seen makes a more lasting impression than the same thing read, and a great work is always much more clearly understood in its meaning when it is acted out before us. Even if it does nothing further than to make us dissent from our own conception of a character, it has, at least, served the excellent purpose of stimulating individual thought, which is always educative.

Truly, there are immoral plays, but we can decrease their number by our patronage of those players who do appear upon its boards with a clean and high purpose. To see Forbes Robertson in the delineation of true dramatic art; to see Francis Wilson in his artistic and always intelligent foolery; to see Julia Marlowe in her exquisite portrayal of "Viola" in "Twelfth Night"; to spend
an evening with uplifting comedy, as Annie Russell portrays it; to renew our childhood hours with Maude Adams as she flits through “Peter Pan”; to strike with David Warfield the great human chords in our daily lives; to run the whole gamut of human life with the Ben Greet Players in their marvelous old century play of “Everyman”; these, and other pictures, which the modern theatre affords, are not degrading, but are uplifting and educative in the highest sense.

Consider the improvement of the stage represented by the “New Theatre,” in New York. Such an edifice, built by the best architects, ornamented by distinguished artists, and played in by well-trained and accomplished actors alone, proves that the stage is growing as an educational factor each day.

The growing interest in the drama, as an instrument of education, cannot have escaped the attention of thoughtful people. Under Mr. Baker, the course in dramatic literature at Harvard has awakened the deepest interest, and has borne fruit in several effective plays, and, so far as student interest is concerned, this is true of the instruction in dramatic literature in some other colleges. More significant, however, is the growing use of the play as a part of the teaching of literature. The success of the Smith College presentation of Shakespearean and other dramas has become a tradition, and its teaching value, both from the standpoint of literature and of vocal training, has practically established it as a part of the curriculum of the college.

The stage has more influence than the novel. The novel of purpose seems to have had its day. Authors now prefer to preach from the stage. Is it all due to the influence of Ibsen? Possibly. But the fact remains that the world’s best known contemporary writers are the dramatists, or novelists attempting the drama. A novel with a purpose is well enough, but, after all, the man who wants to preach usually tries to gather a crowd. Your novel reader cannot be counted upon. He is alone in his easy chair, or in a railway car, and who knows what mood of the moment may shape or destroy the potency of your appeal? Your theatre-goer comes attuned more or less to the message that is to be conveyed. But, more than that, he presents there, in company with a thousand others, a much more powerful emotional medium
than he would be by himself; and all of us would rather sway a symphonic orchestra than play a mere fiddle.

The stage can also help the church. And it has been that great lack of insight—that poverty of life-knowledge—which has been the weakest point in the pulpit, and has kept such a large number of the clergy "above human nature's daily needs." It was Tolstoi who defined religion as "a man's highest knowledge of life." No matter what his theology, his religion does not rise above his knowledge of and sympathy with life. And the drama is the mirror held up to that life—the mirror wherein he can study many of these lessons. The highest motives of the drama and the fundamental principles underlying all religion are identical; for the struggle of both has been towards a broader understanding of life. Neither the stage nor the church has as yet reached its highest ideal of usefulness, but they are of much mutual helpfulness. They have been so in the past. Managers shy where the moral value of the theatre is suggested. But, in spite of their cynicism and their stress of commercialism, the fact remains that the drama's moral import is its very breath, for it reflects the eternal struggle between the powers of good and evil. The actor's art leads him to a study of life in its shirt-sleeves, as well as in its silken gowns or student caps—life in its ragged, bleeding, harsher aspects; life with all its problems of individual and racial inheritance. Indeed, it is this knowledge which inspires all art, and the artist's greatness is measured by the amount of such knowledge assimilated with love. And it is by a broadening in this understanding of life that the stage can help the church. Such a broadening develops two things quite indispensible to a teacher of men. Those two things are sympathy and a sense of humor. With the combined efforts of a great sympathy and a sense of humor, almost any good can be accomplished.

Finally, the theatre is an enormous influence and instructor that must make for weal or woe one of the great forces of citizenship and one of the best public educators, because it appeals at once to the eye and ear; it stimulates the reason while it profoundly stirs the emotional nature. Smiley placed the theatre where it should be; for if the drama is injurious to a state, so are literature and the arts.
The stage is an engine for moral development or spiritual awakening. And we cannot too strongly emphasize the potential value of the theatre in its influence over the popular imagination, by virtue of its message to the reason when it is off guard, and thus unprejudiced and receptive. It appeals to the emotions—those well-springs of profound feelings. It photographs pictures on the mental retina that long live in the memory, and it addresses the audience in the most effective possible manner, by summoning the eye to reinforce the ear in the reception of ideals and images presented. Even those who cannot follow arguments readily understand the facts involved in a vivid picture as an act on the stage. And when the eye helps the understanding at every step, and, at the same time, the imagination is reinforced by a powerful appeal to the emotional nature, it is evident that the auditor cannot escape the subtle and compelling influence of the drama, especially if the play is well presented, so as not to offend the aesthetic or artistic instincts of the beholder.

"One swallow does not make a summer," nor do a group of high-class plays, presented before select audiences, constitute a revival of the classic drama; but all these facts taken together are highly signified by reason of their definite educational influence. While cheap plays, dealing with wickedness in all its forms, with wearisome insistence, and without a touch of art, hold the stage in many theatres, the real drama, whose function is to teach, is rising into the view of a large group of educated men and women in all parts of the country.
"H, thirty years—thirty years ago to-night—Elenora—God." The voice of the old man trailed away to a whisper. His half-hidden gray eyes grew smaller, and glowed with a curious light; his thumbs twirled reminiscently over each other as he sat with his fingers interlaced upon his lap.

I bent forward to catch the words, but his restless eyes observed my attentive face, and he did not finish. Instead, he ran his thin fingers through his long white hair, and looked straight into the fire.

I remember now the elderly Don La Dorr did many things that played upon my boyish emotions. Sometimes I was only mildly curious; at other times I was possessed with inexpressible fear. As time passed, however, and I prolonged my stay, I ceased to fear, and looked upon his behavior only as a means of entertainment to pass the long winter nights.

With the added experience of years, and with the special knowledge of my medical profession, I now know that I have never seen his like, nor have I read, even in my tireless search among pathological cases, of such another character. I have since wished that I had learned more about the history of the man before those who knew him passed away. All that I ever caught from conversation, as a boy, was that a woman had played a dark role in the tragedy of his life. Part of this I gathered from conversation with the man himself. The more I think about it, the more certain I am that the peculiar and extraordinary effect it had upon the nature of the man was due largely to his unusual temperament. He seemed to have simply existed in a state of nonchalance for a number of years. He took no interest in present occurrences, no interest in conversations concerning things that I knew anything about. Yet he would talk for hours about things that happened years before. By-gone incidents seemed to live with him in sharper outline and greater vividness than present-
day occurrences with ordinary men. While I talked to him he would sit with a far-away listless look, and invariably made no comment upon my efforts to re-awaken interest in his dormant life. Thirty years of his life seemed to be as blank as if, during that time, he had lived in another world; but never have I seen a man so sensitive in other ways. The delicately-pointed nose, the small, weak, restless mouth, the silk-like fineness of his hair—all indicated a nervous temperament. I almost hesitate to describe the acuteness of his senses, for fear of being accused of exaggeration. Certainly it was wonderful. He seemed to hear all the sounds in the universe. At times he called my attention to them, though I could hear none. Noises that were scarcely audible to me he complained of on account of their sheer volume. Often he would start with a wild aspect at the mere creaking of a door. I have often tried, in my imagination, to put myself in the place of such a man. With the extremely low threshold, upon which all sensations crowded, he must have lived in a different universe of experience from all the rest of mankind. He felt infinitely more. He lived intensely deeper with the sheer sensations of life.

It is needless to say that I rebelled when told by my foster-father that I must go to live with this nondescript uncle of his; but rebellion was useless. Don La Dorr had considerable means, upon which, no doubt, my foster-father had an eye. At any rate, I was made the old man’s body guard. At first I busied myself with reconnoitering the old mansion itself, in which I was to take up my abode. It was a gloomy old building of thirty or forty rooms, some of which were not in use. As for Don La Dorr and myself, we occupied a big octagonal room, very oddly arranged. It was furnished with old furniture of an antique design, which I remember made me feel very antiquated and uncomfortable. The high casements, that reached from the floor to a badly-cracked ceiling, were of a dark walnut hue. About the room was a set of heavy mahogany chairs. A long massive bureau, with silver knobs, stood on one side of the wide fireplace. I was permitted to rummage through all the drawers of this bureau except one, and I was given plainly to understand that it was, under no circumstances, to be opened.
One night, as usual, Don La Dorr was seated before the fire in his big mahogany arm-chair, when he began to mumble those meaningless words. I was half reclining upon my stomach on an old lounge by the wide fire-place. Propped on one elbow, with my chin resting in my hand, I was watching the flickering flames struggle with each other and lick their long, fiery tongues around the hickory logs, occasionally giving the ornamental andirons themselves a mischievous touch, which they resented by turning an angry red.

The old man had apparently fallen into a reverie, when he suddenly roused and bade me move a chair up and sit by him. I responded. I thought he looked more agitated than I was wont to see him.

"Drooks," he began—I never knew why he called me that—patting me on the head harder than I thought was necessary, "be careful how you love women, my boy; be careful how you love women. A little warning in the morning is worth a heap o' darning in the afternoon."

I must admit I saw no relevancy in his warning. I rubbed my shins, which had grown exceedingly hot, and nodded a profound assent. To my surprise (for it was the first time I had heard him even attempt to sing), he burst out in a little ditty:

"Over the sea, boys, gallop away,
Sweethearts for me, hie O'hey,
Dance and sing, and pour the wine,
Fiddles up, for now's the time,
For a gal o' mine, for a gal o' mine,
Ho, tra la la ha! Ho, tra la la ha!"

He accompanied the latter part with a nervous tattoo on the arm of his chair, and began again:

"And dance and sing, and pour the wine— Bring me some wine, Drooks." He turned to me, suddenly looking me in the eye. I knew where it was, for he always kept an abundance. I immediately fetched wine and glasses on a salver. He seized the bottle feverishly, and gulped down two glassfuls. His eyes sparkled, and he smacked his lips voraciously.

"I loved one once, Drooks," he resumed. "No, I didn't love
her either. It was a ferment of wild blood. She was beautiful—my! she was beautiful—a wicked, worthless woman. I had a fortune, and no one to care for me. God! she was a beautiful woman.” He licked his lips with his tongue and smacked his mouth. “Poor girl; she came here later. She had tasted the dregs. I didn’t know. I took her in. Maybe she didn’t aim to wreck my life. That was thirty years ago. She never left.”

Here he brimmed another glass with wine, and took it at a draught. He was on the verge of taking another when I snatched it from his reach.

“One more,” he begged piteously, holding out his hands imploringly towards me; “just one more. For God’s sake, Drooks, one more.”

I tried to reason with him, and told him he had drunk too much already. He refused to listen. He then tried to bribe me into giving him another glass. He offered money, and even promised to let me unlock the mysterious bureau. I must confess this proffer got the better of my boyish curiosity, and I reluctantly poured out another glass. This he drank lingeringly, smiling and smacking his lips after each sip. Meanwhile I was sitting gazing upon the long, massive bureau which I was about to explore. The gorgon heads carved fantastically on the corners looked down hideously into the fire. I wondered, as I recalled the fable, which of these sisters were Stheno and Euryale and which the ill-fated Medusa.

Having drained the last drop, he delivered to me a big brass key, which he took from his bosom. His face looked flushed and anxious, as he waited for me to unlock the big drawer. I pulled the drawer nearly out, and stood looking in. On top was the picture of a woman, a lovely brunette of not more than twenty summers. Her lips were full and delicately curved. Wavelets of rich black hair veiled two large dark, passionate, smouldering eyes. I lifted the picture from the drawer, and beheld underneath the unmistakable skeleton of a human being! I wonder why it occurred to me that it might possibly be a woman—maybe the lady of the portrait? I could see the picture better after taking it out. It was a painting of skilful execution, and looked to be five feet in length and two feet or more in width. I observed
a little tag, which was fastened to one corner. On the tag was written these words: "I swear upon my life that I will never look upon this face again.—Don La Dorr—1872."

The old man, who had followed my every movement, bade me bring the picture to him. I obeyed.

"My Elenora! My dark-eyed Elenora!" he cried, meeting me, and grasping it in his hands; "beautiful, wicked Elenora. Why did you come back to me that night? You and I might have lived! Why did you will that I, too, taste the dregs? Ah, thirty years ago, thirty years. But you never went away."

For a minute he held the picture to his lips, and broke into a wild, triumphant, maniacal laugh. He tottered backward a few steps, and, dropping into his chair, held the picture before him on his lap.

The fire had died down, and I busied myself to stir it up. The hot hickory coals shot over the hearth a volley of a thousand angry sparks, and burst into struggling flame. The gorgon heads seemed to look down more hideously upon the scene, and the andirons grew pale red again. I went back and sat down by the old man, who silently held the picture in his grasp.

"Tell me about it," I requested, touching him on the arm. But there was no movement nor response. I jumped up and looked into his face, then drew tremblingly back. His eyes had set into an aimless stare upon the picture, and his fingers were stiff in their grasp. Don La Dorr was dead.
WHY?

O maid of the dusky locks,
And eyes of forget-me-not blue,
With the laughing glance that mocks—
Why do I long for you?

Why cannot a man stand firm,
Strong as a lonely pine?
Why do his heart-strings yearn
For a tender and "clinging vine"?

With oceans of things to do,
And a world of things to see,
Why think of little but you?
Why fear you think naught of me?

O maid of the floating hair,
And eyes that are wondrous wise,
Why must you seem so fair,
So sweet and so rare a prize?

Why do you haunt my dream,
And come 'twixt my book and me,
With visions—all baseless that seem—
Of a home that a heaven might be?

Why must I fret and rage,
And, scoffing, pursue my way,
Like a hero on a stage,
Carefully indifferent and gay?

Why cannot I be a man!
And go, like a man, to woo?
By heaven! I will if I can!
I can and I will and I do!
EVERY generation finds some evil which should be removed. The world of to-day is searching and striving for better conditions in everything, and, in that search, it comes upon corruption almost unbelievable, and such as would cause the cheeks of many a man to blanch with horror and amazement. The evils of our prison management may not be so numerous and gross as those of some other departments of life, and yet, could the average person but see within our prison walls, and understand the abuses of power placed there, he could not but wonder why such things are allowed to exist in the twentieth century.

How many people know that there are a hundred thousand prisoners confined in the different penal institutions of the United States to-day? A great army of so-called criminals, of whom a large number are not criminals, but simply unfortunate ones, who were sentenced for misdemeanors committed under great temptation. One person at liberty has the right of protection, but this multitude confined are, in many cases, subjected to gross abuse.

Men should not be sent to prison to be kept and beaten into temporary submission in retaliation for crime. This idea is the relic of heathen ignorance and cruelty. A penal institution has three main purposes—to protect society, to punish criminals, and to act as a restraining influence on the public. There are men so vicious and murderous that it would be folly to give them unlimited freedom. Without a place in which to confine such characters, after they have manifested their nature by some crime, an injustice would be done the innocent and helpless, and some communities would be given over to outlaws. There is such a thing as a man forfeiting his freedom. When he willfully does a deed which wrongs mankind it is nothing but right that he should suffer for it. If he steals he should make amends, or receive a punishment which would make him hesitate to steal
again. So long as a prison answers this purpose faithfully it is a good thing. A prison should also serve as a warning. It ought not to be looked upon as a place where the dregs of humanity, the scum of society, the seepage from the human sewers, are sent to be bullied by drunken and profane guards, but as an institution of protection for the public, and the correction and just punishment of offenders—a place to be avoided.

In some States investigations have been made recently by various associations and by wide-awake Governors. In one State penitentiary four officers were killed by criminals attempting to escape. Four of these criminals were killed trying to avoid recapture. These lamentable outbreaks, all happening within three months' time, were caused, in large measure, by the mistreatment of the prisoners by officials. Guards had been employed there who were too worthless to do anything else. If a criminal was disliked by a guard he was sometimes cruelly drenched with the fire hose. "Trusties" were allowed to maltreat those not so fortunate. Boys were indiscriminately crowded into cells with hardened criminals, and even with perverts. Unruly convicts were put into the straight-jacket for six out of every twelve hours, and starved until they either became obedient or died. Men were executed, and then laughingly handled by hardened attendants as if they were so much beef or pork, and those awaiting the death penalty were almost driven mad by the sounds of others being put to death. The inconsistency of these conditions with civilization is evident. The sanitation is almost hopelessly bad. So long as large numbers of men are crowded into small rooms, where the breathing space is not near sufficient, so long will disease spread and men suffer in the intense heat of summer. Feeding the hundreds packed into some penitentiaries is a problem. The long tables are provided with great kettles of soup, from which dreadfully diseased men dip alike with those fairly pure. Roaches and rats run about the kitchen floor. The walls are infested with vermin, which thrive and torment, despite the whitewash and paint. The tin spoons would rattle on the tin dishes but for the coat of grease which remains on them and deadens the noise. Everything is calculated to make the inmates loathe the unpalatable food. And yet, within these walls, are men whose wives
are struggling for a living, and young men whose mothers wonder if they will live to see their boys free once more. Fond dream! it is seldom realized. Most of them have come forth saturated with shame, overwhelmed with a sense of ostracism, or fired with a craving for revenge—a desire to retaliate in turn, to get even, at whatever cost; bound with crueller bands than ever.

The Governor of Iowa has tried a new plan. He went to the penitentiary, became acquainted with some of the convicts, and told them they were an expense to the State, and he wished to lessen that expense. He decided to allow some of them to work for a certain length of time near the penitentiary, without convict clothes and without guards. If they behaved themselves they might be allowed to go home and work there. The scheme has succeeded. In the two years just preceding the adoption of this system thirty men escaped. In the year since its adoption only three have broken their promises, and two of these have been recaptured. Whether this system is a good one or not lies within your judgment, but the principle is good. Governor West regards prisoners as men—as men who have made mistakes, and are to be taught better. Proper treatment of the criminal is not harshness, but strictness; the use of punishment for disobedience and teaching for ignorance. A reform due to fear is a house built on the sand.

An awakening is coming all over the land to-day in regard to prison reform. Men are asking the questions: "What is the extent to which law should go in criminal cases?" "Are we acting wisely in confining all offenders under the same conditions?" "Are we not, after all, defeating the purpose of a prison by our own criminal negligence and indifference?" But this awakening is all too slow, and the reason it is so slow is because we have no personal interest in the treatment of our convicts. The States—Oregon, Iowa, Texas, New York, and others—which have demanded a reform in the treatment of criminals, did it because the people called for it, and, seeing what they have accomplished, we have no right, as true citizens, to remain indifferent. The Virginia Farmers' Union, a few days ago, met and demanded that our convicts should no longer be hired out by contract to private corporations. It is just such public sentiment as this that must
clear away the aged, narrow, and bigoted conception which re-
gards convicts as the outcasts of the world.

Let it not be understood that the criminal is a piece of per-
fection—far from it. He cannot be treated in a molly-coddle
sentimental way. But, whatever else he may have forfeited, he
still retains this inalienable right, to be judged, not by the careless,
or incompetent, or vindictive, but in the light of all that science
has revealed and society has ignored.
UNRELIEVED, lurid yellow always had a depressing influence on Billy, so he turned his eyes from the little station where he was awaiting the coming of a proverbially late train to the daisy-starred field near by, where a young man was adjusting a peculiar-shaped camera-like instrument. He recognized the outfit as belonging to a troupe of moving-picture actors, whose stay in the small western town of Darton had been contemporaneous with his own.

Billy had spent the past month in building up a depleted health reserve, and absorbing what local color the atmosphere afforded. Incidentally he had struck up an acquaintance with some of the actors and actresses, being naturally interested in all forms of the dramatic art.

Presently the company came strolling down the main street, which led past a few stores, a bank, and some three-score straggling houses of varied types of architecture.

The players assumed poses in front of the machine just as the train came around the curve and stopped amidst the crash and grinding of brakes and shrieks of compressed air.

Swinging his suit-case aboard, and stowing it under a seat in the smoker, Billy returned to the platform, and, standing on the steps, watched, with interest, the players, who were now gathered near the steps of the adjacent coach. Just as "All aboard!" was being sounded, and the players were mounting the steps, he noticed a pretty, golden-haired girl, suit-case in hand, running towards the train. "Beauty in distress," he thought, and, quick as a flash, he dashed towards her, and was reaching for her suit-case, when the girl stumbled, and fell forward in his arms.

"Ouch! I've wrenched my ankle!" she exclaimed, as, releasing herself from Billy's arms, she attempted to walk.
Billy, all sympathy, oblivious to the still working kinemato­
tograph, gallantly slipped an arm around her waist, and, in this
fashion, assisted her up the steps at the moment the wheels were
beginning to move. Receiving her blushing thanks with becom­ing
modesty, he turned her over to the ministrations of the kind¬
hearted actresses, and went forward to the smoker. Seating
himself comfortably, magazine in hand, he gazed at the fast¬
plying landscape, reflecting, “The Unknown is fair and good to
look at, but the odds are still in Audrey’s favor.” Soon his
attention was engaged by the magazine, and he was lost to outward
influences for several hours. Finishing the magazine, he went
back in quest of the fair Unknown, but learned from one of the
passengers that she had not been seen since the players left the
train at a small junction town some miles back, where they were
to wait for the remainder of their party, preparatory to taking
another route.

ARC II.

Billy Regan’s rooms were on the first floor, near the front
of the apartment house of which Mrs. Scroop was sole owner and
ruler. One of the rooms Billy used as sleeping quarters, the other as
combination work-shop, library, and reception room. The latter
contained an old-fashioned fire-place (ornamented with antique
brass fire-dogs) from which a briskly-snapping wood fire sent
fitful pencils of light over the semi-darkened room, caroming
from the panes of the sectional book-cases which lined the walls
to the pictures above, casting a sort of roughly-outlined halo over
the centre table, littered with books and papers, and revealing,
in a corner of the room near the street window, to the right of the
fire-place, a typewriter (half concealed by a paneled screen),
at which our friend Billy was seated, pounding away at a story,
occasionally stopping to run his hands through his hair, as if in
quest of inspiration, make corrections, and start off again with re­
newed vigor. The light was getting almost too dim for work,
and Billy felt vaguely that something was vexing him, but had
not yet attributed the cause to the growing darkness.

A door across the hall slammed. A moment later Billy’s
door opened, and Dick MacMorris, a newspaper photographer
and reporter—Billy’s most intimate friend—came in.
"Well, old sport, how goes it?" he said, as Billy sprang to meet him with outstretched hands.

"When did you get back from the Philippines? How do you feel now, and what success did you have?" asked Billy, all in one breath, gripping both of his hands affectionately.

"Taking them as they come—just arrived this morning, never felt better in my life, and my trip was a complete success from every standpoint. Have loads of pictures of Moros, Tigritos, and forty-'leven other different species of natives; and, above all, enough stuff to fake in, when news gets dull, to last a year. Head­quarters tickled to death. How is this member of the literati coming on? What are you grinding out now?" nodding in the direction of the machine.

"Sit down, and I'll tell you. Take this chair—it's more comfortable. There; that's better. At present I am machining down the rough places on a little two-part story for a semi-monthly. The editor wrote me that if I would cut out a little of the ethereal talk, and polish off a few rough places, he would condescend to accept it. This polishing off business is where the rub comes in. It's pretty easy to work out a plot—get the hero into as much trouble as possible, and then get him out again; but I'll be blanked if I can always get the details to dove-tail together as smoothly as they should."

"What is your theme?" queried Dick, interestedly.

"You would perhaps be more interested in how I obtained the material than in the use I am making of it."

"All right, let's have it," rejoined Dick, expectantly.

"After I had exhausted all the local color absorbed during my western trip last summer, I thought of another scheme. Here it is."

Billy switched on the lights, and took a thin, two-sheet, eight column paper from a near-by rack.

"This is The Matrimonial Correspondent, published in Chicago, Ill. The editor guarantees conjugal felicity, connubial bliss, et cetera, as the inevitable result of an advertisement placed in this paper. Rates for gentlemen, 50 cents per inch; ladies free. No other charges unless a match is consummated, in event of which the fee is in proportion to the gratitude of the blissful one. Well, to make a long story short, I had the following ad. inserted:
"A young lady of refinement, and of good parentage, alone in the world, desires a loving husband and happy home. Description: Golden hair (no rats, false curls, or switches), blue eyes (perfectly good—don’t wear glasses), teeth absolutely sound, height, five feet, two inches; weight, 115 pounds. Disposition, kind and affectionate. Worldly goods, $1,000 in bank. Address, Mary Smith, care General Delivery, Capital City, Va."

"My reason for the General Delivery address was, of course, that I did not wish to have my address in the paper, but, to insure delivery here, I immediately wrote the post-master, requesting that all mail consigned to the above address be forwarded to No. 2115 East Washington street, and signed the letter ‘Mary Smith.’"

"Well, what happened?"

"This, and this, and this," said Billy, taking out of a drawer of the typewriter cabinet several packages of letters and photographs.

"Here’s a man out in Montana who claims to have struck the original thing in gold mines. He wants me to meet him in Helena at once, and says he will have the parson and license in readiness. He may be all right, and might possibly make a good husband, but I think its my money, and not my virtues, which has lured him to take this fatal step. His bonanza probably needs financing. That is a peculiarity of bonanzas.

"Here’s another, who says he is impressed with a ringing note of sincerity in my ad., but winds up with the question, ‘Have you really got a thousand in bank in your own right?’ Another case of the clink of the dollar’s the most enticing tune.

"Still another fellow thinks he recognizes the impassioned appeal of a soul-mate, and is impressed with the spirit of refinement which pervades it, but says the details are of too general a nature—not explicit enough. He wants my waist and bust measure, the size of my shoes, and requests a photograph in exchange for the one he is sending me.

"My correspondence with another smitten suitor has reached such a stage that he wants to come East to see me. Says he will stop by on a trip to New York next month. For fear he might really do so, and trace me via the post-office, I wrote, admitting
the existence of two big brothers, both star foot-ball men, who would be glad to meet him, but that he might not cherish the reception which would very probably be his should he be so presumptuous as to call.”

“Where did you get the idea of the golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and why did you choose ‘Mary Smith’ as a nom de cœur?”

“You will remember the incident of the little Western girl whom I helped to catch a train as I was leaving Darton. Well, I happened to be thinking of her when composing this ad.; hence the result. ‘Smith,’ as you have doubtless heard, is a rather common name, though borne by some eminently proper people, and ‘Mary’ suggested domestic felicity—so there you are.

“The fly in the ointment was Mrs. Scroop. You know how infernally inquisitive she is. To pave the way, I complimented her on her excellent management—which I could honestly do; then, her vanity sufficiently tickled, I informed her that I had a fair cousin boarding near by, who did not wish her mail delivered at her boarding-house, on account of her landlady being a meddlesome old busy-body, with a keen nose for scandal and an inventive propensity unequalled by Munchausen, and would good, kind Mrs. Scroop object if my fair cousin’s mail was delivered to my rooms? My euphonious appeal touched a responsive chord somewhere in the lady’s nature, and permission was gracefully granted.

“Two weeks after the advertisement appeared in the paper, I was flooded with letters and photographs. Sorting over the letters, I selected the most diverting correspondents for further development. In the course of a few more weeks I had received enough color to construct an entirely new spectrum. The game began to pall. I wrote the paper, cutting out the advertisement, but still the mail poured in. One day I had the oversight to open one of the letters in the presence of Mrs. Scroop, and ever since she has been eyeing me rather suspiciously. Finally, growing tired of the affair, and not having time to draw my correspondents out further, I informed both Mrs. Scroop and the post-office that Miss Mary Smith had left the city, and no more mail for her would be received here. A few days later the post-office called up, and, being referred by Mrs. Scroop to me, told me that
there was a big pile of mail there for Miss Mary Smith, which was daily growing larger; that some disposition would have to be made of it, and that, as I knew the young lady, would I please endeavor to secure her address for them. Telling the clerk to hold the 'phone, I thought a minute, and, happening to notice the photograph which you took of the queer old junk-shop, with a Texas steer's head mounted above the entrance, as a joke, I told the post-office clerk to forward Miss Mary Smith's mail to Cumberland, Md., in care of E. Bonestein, your Yiddish junk friend. Several weeks ago I received the following letter from the postmaster here:

"'Mr. William Regan, City:

'Dear Sir,—In accordance with your directions, we forwarded mail for Miss Mary Smith to Cumberland, but same has been returned unclaimed. Am to-day in receipt of enclosed letter, which is self-explanatory.

'In case you learn the new address of Miss Mary Smith, please communicate with us.

'Very truly,

'CHARLES J. TOMPKINS,

'Postmaster.'"

"Now here is the enclosure:

'Mister Postmister, Capital City, Va.:

'Dere sir mister postmister i tak mi pen in han to rite to say mis merry smith lives not hear alredy yet. mi wife she se that male furst an bete me not sayin what for till a polissman he fin it out an laff an arrest her. me i do not laff i feel sad i haf to pay the fine for mi wife beten me. dere mister postmister the male i sen it bak to pos ofis an plese sir do not sen to me enny mo lades male rite truely yore lovin fren,

'E. BONESTEIN, junkman.'"

Dick went into an ecstacy of spasmodic laughter. Controlling his features, he said:

"Poor old Bonestein, no wonder he's feeling bad—a beating and a fine, too, especially the latter, as he is sincere in his love for the dollar, and consistent in his attitude towards it. He's the fellow who cut down the clothes pole in his back yard when charged
with poll tax, and came near having a serious row with the City Hall clerks the following year when he saw that he was again charged with the same item."

The two friends then talked a while, Dick going into details about his experiences in the Philippines. When in the act of leaving, he turned and asked Billy, "By the way, how is your suit progressing? How is the fair Audrey, or is there another?"

"Oh, that's all settled now. She is the only girl in the world for me," said Billy, enthusiastically, his eyes lighting up.

"Congratulations, old man! She is a fine girl. I envy you. Let me know when the time comes, and I'll be glad to serve you."

Billy thanked him.

"I suppose you told Audrey about the Unknown, and all other like adventures?" inquired Dick, with a quizzical air.

Billy evaded with a grin. "Speaking of the Unknown, reminds me of the fact that I saw her about a month ago. It's rather odd, too, the way I happened to run across her."

"That's what they all say—'rather odd,'" mimicked Dick.

Billy shied a book at his head, which he skilfully dodged.

"Honest, this is 'straight goods.' It was an accident. A magazine that does me the honor to accept a story occasionally commissioned me to write an article on 'Behind the scenes in moving-picture making.' For first-hand information, I looked up a motion-picture theatrical company, deeming the hotels the best hunting ground, and, to my surprise, I found my Darton acquaintances at 'The Franklin,' and I was doubly surprised to discover in the company the fair Unknown, now known as Mademoiselle Marie Sylvia. I had to undergo the agreeable ordeal of again being thanked for my knightliness in the far West, and spent a very pleasant evening in the company of the lady. We went to the opera, and afterwards supped at Kruger's. I learned that she had always had a penchant for the stage, and it seems that, at the time of our first meeting, she was leaving her home town in search of work. The picture company needed another actress for a minor part, and, when they learned that she was looking for employment, gave her a try-out, and made a proposition, which she forthwith accepted."

"You seem to be very much interested in the lady," said Dick, teasingly.
“Oh, no; only professionally, I assure you. Character study appeals to me. Personal contact is better than reading about it in books. Whenever I get the chance of securing first-hand information, I take it, regardless.”

“I can imagine Audrey’s eyes flashing at the very idea of your looking at another woman, much less taking her to the opera and then the festive aftermath,” and Dick looked dreamily speculative.

“Well, what she doesn’t know will not hurt her. She will never learn of this, or anything else that might spoil her happiness, if I can help it. She knows that I believe that she is the one and only woman for me, and that’s enough,” and Billy’s voice rang sincere.

A few minutes later Dick left. Billy switched out the lights, and sat down in his Morris chair in front of the cheerful fire, now a bed of glowing coals, in the heart of which varied hues of color came and went, and from which many castles in Spain suspired, abode their destined time, and, after lighting a little hour or two, turned to ashes, and were gone.

ARC III.

Ellen Smith walked into the warehouse of the Darton station, where she found the agent busily engaged in checking up bills of lading.

“Mr. Dunne, may I have a word with you, please?”

“Good morning, Ellen. You are quite a stranger. Come in. How are your folks?”

“My step-mother’s health is good—better than her temper. I am well, but worried. It—it’s about Mary, and I want your advice.”

“Why certainly, my child; anything I have is yours. Is Mary sick? Have you heard from her lately? She is making quite a long stay of it, isn’t she? Come in here.” (Opening the door to the little ticket office, where there was more privacy.) “Now tell me what’s troubling you.”

“Mr. Dunne, you were father’s friend, and I have always looked on you as mine also.”

“Sure, sure,” said the old man, kindly.
"You know last summer I went down to East Carraro on a prolonged visit to some relatives there. When I returned home, two months ago, I found that in my absence Mary had quarreled with our step-mother, and left town, ostensibly to join me, but none of our relatives there have either seen or heard from her since she left here. Inquiry at the bank reveals the fact that Mary drew out her entire deposit of about $1,500, the balance of her portion of father's estate. But this is not all. About a month ago I ran across a lot of papers left by a transient in the public library. In the bunch I found several matrimonial correspondence papers. I had never heard of such an institution as a marriage-making paper, and so curiosity prompted me to examine them closely. I found in one of them an advertisement signed 'Mary Smith,' General Delivery, Capital City, Va. The description and the name fitting to a T, I, of course, thought that I had a clue to Mary's whereabouts, but a letter sent to this address was returned marked 'Unclaimed—Address unknown.' I was almost in despair, but, on second thought, wrote to the post-master at Capital City, asking if Miss Mary Smith had been receiving mail marked General Delivery. To-day I received a letter from him, stating that, up to a few weeks ago, her mail, marked 'General Delivery,' had been delivered at No. 2115 East Washington street, but she had suddenly left town, without leaving her new address. He also stated that, since her departure, a young man at No. 2115 East Washington street had instructed them to forward her mail to an address in another city, but the address furnished by him proved to be erroneous. Now, Mr. Dunne, I hate to bother you, but I am so worried. Things are not just right at home. Our step-mother infers that she doesn't care what becomes of Mary; that she thinks she is a bad lot anyway." And the poor girl's eyes filled with tears.

"There, there, little girl, don't cry," said the kind old man, gently patting her on the shoulder. "We'll find Mary—don't you worry. Was she caring especially for any young man that you remember about?"

"No, sir; she was popular, as you doubtless know, but did not seem to favor any particular one."

"Now, don't you worry about what I am going to say; but,
since you have mentioned the matter to me, it does seem that I saw Mary the day she left here. I know she didn't buy a ticket. But I think this is just about the way things went that day. It was the day some moving-picture folks were doing some 'stunts' out here by the depot. It was also the same day the Methodists had a big picnic at Green Springs, and most of the folks were out of town attending it. I remember this because there wasn't more than two or three people around the depot, and you know there's usually a crowd here around train-time. That young Easterner chap named Regan—I think he got here about a week before you left—well, he went away on the same train with the first half of the moving-picture folks. I was pretty busy with some express stuff, and did not pay much attention to what else was going on, but, out of the tail of my eye, I saw Regan standing on the steps of the train. Just before the train pulled out, I saw him run to meet a girl, who sure did look like Mary, and, but for the fact that he hugged her, and helped her on the train with an arm around her waist, I would have sworn it was Mary, but I thought Mary wasn't that kind of a girl. On second thought, it may be that she must have met this fellow unbeknownst to anybody, and then run off with him."

"And, from the advertisement, the man very probably has gotten tired of her, and deserted her," said Ellen, sorrowfully.

"Hardly, if she still had a thousand dollars left. It may be that she was trying to break with him, and, seeing the advertisement, he murdered her for her money," was the old man's rashly-expressed conclusion.

"Good heavens! I hope and pray not!" cried the girl, the tears now falling fast.

"No, no; I didn't mean that," said the old man desperately, seeing the folly of needlessly exciting the girl.

"Don't cry, little girl; I'll help you. As you are so much worried, I'd suggest that you take a trip east to Capital City, and you will very probably find Mary there. She may have married well, and be settled down in a happy home. You told me yourself that she never was a hand for writing, and I think she has just put it off, like folks sometimes do. I will give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, Mr. Grant, the agent of
the C., C. & D., at Capital City. He and his wife will be glad to entertain you while there, and you can count on Grant for any assistance you may need."

**ARC IV.**

Ellen found Mr. and Mrs. Grant to be as kind and hospitable as represented. With the detective procured by Mr. Grant, she went over the circumstances as she knew them. The detective took up the case with avidity. It was not often he had so fair a client, and, besides this and the mercenary motive, the trail looked like an easy road to additional laurels. At the post-office he discovered that William Regan was the gentleman who had supplied the false address of Miss Mary Smith, thus confirming the evidence already submitted.

From the post-office he went to No. 2115 East Washington street, where he approached Mrs. Scroop in the guise of a would-be roomer. Judicious questioning disclosed the fact that Mr. Regan lived there, and that his rooms were on the first floor. No; she did not have any rooms for rent on the first floor—that is to say, not now, but would have two next month, if Mr. Regan and his intended bride did not require them. So Mr. Regan was to be married soon! Did she know the name of the lady? Yes, a Miss Denvers, she thought. No, she had thought he was going to marry a Miss Mary Smith, but, evidently, he had thrown her over and was going to marry the other girl. No, Miss Smith did not, and, in fact, had never lived there. For some time her mail had been delivered to Mr. Regan's rooms, but Mr. Regan said Miss Smith lived not very far off, and that, for fear of arousing suspicion, or something, Miss Smith did not want her mail sent to her own boarding-house. Now it seems that Mr. Regan had stopped the post-office people from delivering her mail at this address. She—Mrs. Scroop—had her opinion of people who would act in such a suspicious manner, and she wasn't going to stand for it, and, if anything further of a suspicious nature happened, she would send him packing, with his easy, insinuating manners, and deceiving way with the women. He might fool other women, but he couldn't fool her; no, sir.

The detective felt elated; things seemed to be coming his way.
Turning to Mrs. Scroop, he asked, “Might I look at the rooms you mention?”

“Sorry, sir, but they are occupied now; the folks haven’t been out to-day. Mr. Regan’s out, though. His rooms are the same size. You might look at them. This way, sir.”

The detective glanced over the rooms. Suddenly he staggered, and fell back into a chair, groaning, “My heart! Get me some ice-water, quick!”

Alarmed at the prospect of having a dead man on her hands, Mrs. Scroop ran for some water.

Then a lightning transformation took place. Jumping up, the detective swiftly and softly closed the door and began a rapid search of the room.

“Ah!” he muttered, triumphantly, as his search revealed the packages of letters in the typewriter cabinet. About to close the drawer, he spied a little book marked “Diary,” and, upon second thought, picked it up. Running over the pages swiftly, he chuckled with delight. Slipping letters and book in his pockets, he resumed his position in the chair just before the door opened, admitting the much-agitated Mrs. Scroop. He took the water and drank it quickly, said he felt better, and then left, telling her he was pleased with the prospect, and would doubtless return later.

Exhibiting the letters and diary in a conference with Ellen, after his successful quest, the detective called her attention to some very strong evidence shown therein. Ellen almost fainted at the revelations, but insisted that she be allowed to participate in the closing of the net around the suspected man. The evidence was strong enough to warrant Regan’s immediate arrest.

The detective thought it would be a good idea for Ellen to visit Regan alone, in order to identify him, and that she might possibly entrap him into divulging her sister’s whereabouts, or, if foul play had occurred, into incriminating himself further. He pointed out the fact that the drug-store at the corner of Twenty-First and Washington streets was diagonally across the street from Regan’s apartments, and that the front window of Regan’s library was plainly visible from the drug-store. He, with two policemen, would be waiting in the drug-store, and, when she wanted them to come, she would simply have to raise
the window shade, which was usually lowered to exclude the curious eyes of passers-by. Ellen agreed to all of this, and assured him that she was not afraid to face the villain in his den.

**ARC V.**

Audrey Denvers and her mother, after shopping until about 2 o'clock, lunched down town. After lunch, having some time to spare, they went into a moving-picture show. Billy expected them about 5 o'clock. They were going over to inspect his quarters, and, if Audrey approved, Billy intended renting two additional rooms adjacent to them, in which the young couple would start house-keeping.

Time fled rapidly in the little theatre. Parisian, London, New York, and some Western scenes were reeled off to their interested eyes. While the last of the six pictures advertised to be shown was swiftly moving onward, Audrey happened to glance at her watch, and found the time had indeed sped faster than expected—it was now 4:30 o'clock.

"Come on, mother, dear; let's go," she said, pulling her furs around her shoulders. But an exclamation from her mother halted her.

"Look!" she said; "doesn't that dark-haired young man on the train steps look like Billy?"

"Why, it is Billy! Let's watch and see what he'll do. Bless his dear old heart, he's smiling at us," she whispered, half to herself and half to her mother, a wonderful light in her soft brown eyes.

"Look! Yonder comes a girl. She's running towards the train. Isn't she pretty? Why, mother! Billy is running to meet her! Oh! Oh! He's hugging her! He's hugging her! The horrid flirt! Now he's helping her on the train with his arm around her waist! It's positively scandalous! I'll never forgive him! I knew he was too good to last! I knew he was a flirt! All men are!"

People looked around in amazement at the sight of a pretty brown-haired girl, who, in a half-sobbing voice, fists clenched, was indulging in such indignant characterizations.

"Come with me, my child; don't make a scene. We will go to see the monster at once, and demand an explanation."

*(To be continued.)*
LITTLE ELEGIES.

Owen, ’11.

II. My Lady’s Voice.

Like scarce-remembered strains of old sweet songs,
   Enchanted music heard in days of yore;
Like faces glimpsed and lost ’mid countless throngs,
   Her voice, long hushed, will haunt me evermore.
EDITORIALS.

Despite the appearance of his highness, the ground hog, on the specified date, and the consequent prediction of a long period of inclement weather, we are glad to see that the campus is beginning to assume some of its old-time life. For a month or more it has offered a bleak enough aspect, all activities being centered

FORWARD.
within doors, but the bright sweaters of the base-ball contingent have changed and enlivened the scene. Practice is in full swing, and everything seems to point to a most successful year.

With the coming of spring will come also the winter term exams.—always the conflict, the mental necessity for study and the physical cry for the open. Now it has seemed to us, for some time, that the period from January to June is too long, without some chance of a rest, and we wish to advocate an Easter or spring recess, just after the winter term exams. have been completed. The two or three days holiday that we get now at Easter is inadequate, and often comes at the wrong time—not immediately after exams., but long before or after them. It is after the hard work incident to an exam. that the rest is most needed, and it seems a pity to thus destroy the main value of the holiday. Nearly all the Northern schools recognize the advantage of the spring recess, and grant it annually—for a week after exams. are over. There can scarcely be a doubt that, with the refreshing rest, the students would be capable of accomplishing much more work. The Southern schools, up to the present time, have been slow to follow this policy, but that should not deter us. The plan is a good one, so why not lead for once?

With the prospect of an early move out to Westhampton, the fraternities are growing anxious as to the accommodations they are to have in the new College. Most of them have incorporated, and, with the aid of their alumni, are raising funds with which to build fraternity houses on the College grounds. As yet, however, the College authorities have taken no definite action in the matter of giving or leasing College property for this purpose, and, in the meanwhile, the fraternities do not know what to expect, and are handicapped to that extent. It has been brought before the Board of Trustees, or, rather, has been in their hands for two years or more, and it is hard to understand the delay. Naturally, the fraternities would like to proceed
with the erection of their houses at once, if this were possible, so that they might go into their new abodes when the College moves out to Westhampton.

There can be no doubt that fraternity houses would be an asset to the College property, and an ornament as well. Colleges recognize this, as a rule, and are quick to lend their aid in very practical ways. Some lease property for a long period of years, upon easy terms; others permit the erection of fraternity buildings without the payment of rent for the ground occupied; still others not only give the land, but lend various amounts of money, thus facilitating the matter immensely. In such cases the houses are security for the payment of the debt, and revert to the college when the same is unpaid, being available for dormitory purposes; in any case the college can scarcely be said to have made a bad investment.

Again, aside from the standpoint of the fraternities, such club-houses are thought by many authorities to solve one of the greatest problems in college management—the problem of housing the student body. Student self-government is the slogan of modern college life, and this spirit is aided materially by the adoption of the policy of using fraternity houses as the means of housing the students. The houses are managed and run entirely by the students, and an independence of action thus obtained which could have been made possible in no other way. Besides, kindred spirits will be attracted to each other, and what is the object in keeping them apart? No one can fully appreciate the benefit to be gotten from this association with congenial spirits unless he has experienced the privilege himself, and has been enabled to weigh it in comparison with the other method of thrusting together men of diverse interests and holding views different from their childhood.

Lastly, the fraternity and the fraternity house is one of the best methods of keeping the *alumni* in touch with the college. There is nothing better calculated to cement a unity of the student and the *alumnius* than a common purpose, and we take it that the erection of a fraternity house is a purpose common to the *alumnius* as well as to the under-graduate student. No college can safely go contrary to the wishes of a loyal band of *alumni*, nor
should it desire to do so. We sincerely hope that the College authorities will give this matter their attention as soon as possible, and will aid, in every way possible, the furtherance of such an object.

Dear Editor,—I note, from your editorial columns of a few months back, that you advocate the policy of appointing a co-ed. representative on The Messenger staff from the Chi Epsilon Literary Society. While not entirely opposed to such a plan, there are several matters to be considered before that plan can be adopted. In the first place, the traditions of the magazine are against it; never before has a girl been on the staff. Again, the College is soon to move out to Westhampton, where the Men’s College is to be entirely distinct from the Woman’s College. Now, at present, the two Colleges have distinct periodicals, and it is to be hoped that they will continue so. If that be the case, you would be inaugurating a policy whose existence would be short-lived, and whose value would be questionable. Under the circumstances, then, I think the safest plan would be to wait and see what policy is to be pursued out at Westhampton before any definite action is taken in the matter.

—A Student.
Activities have been in full swing at the College during the past month. The different organizations have been hard at work, and King Industry seems to have taken up his abode among us.

Since the last issue of The Messenger there have been two Faculty lectures. On Tuesday, January 21st, Prof. E. C. Bingham, of the Department of Chemistry, delivered a lecture on “Recent Development in Industrial Chemistry.” The audience was large and enthusiastic, and thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Bingham’s lecture, which was made exceedingly interesting by several accompanying experiments. The following Tuesday night Prof. R. A. Stewart, of the Modern Language Department, lectured on “L’Esprit Gaulois.” Every one was interested in Professor Stewart’s talk, which was highly instructive. There were a number of alumni present who did not wish to let an opportunity of hearing a little “L’Esprit ‘Bobby’” go by without seizing it.

The Philologian Literary Society held its second “open night”
of the session on February 7th. The hall was tastefully decorated in the Society colors—purple and white—and with palms and cut flowers. A most excellent program, consisting of reading, declamation, and an oration, was given by members and friends of the Society. The guests of honor for the evening were the co-eds. After the program refreshments were served, and an hour of "Philologian Sociableness" was indulged in. Needless to say, every one had a most delightful time.

During the first week in February an atmosphere of mysticism seemed to spread all over the College, especially among that class of humanity who, in College vernacular, are known as "Rats." The atmosphere became condensed on the, 10th instant, when the fact leaked out that the annual "Rat Banquet" would be held that night. The banquet was held at Murphy's Hotel, fifty-seven "Rats" and several guests being present. The guests of honor were Mrs. Boatwright, Professor Loving, and Professor Van Landingham. The speeches of the evening were made by President Brannock, Dr. Loving, Professor Van Landingham, and Miss Coghill, for the co-eds. The speeches of the "Rats" revealed the fact that, at last, two real orators had found their way within the sacred walls of old Richmond. Mr. Brannock, we predict, will become another shining and brilliant John Jasper, while we feel sure that Miss Coghill will be soon "roped in" by the suffragettes to present their cause to a cruel and unheeding Legislature. After much talking and more eating, the company broke up, and every one voted it a huge success.

Aftermath.—However, the most enjoyable part of the evening was the tender welcome which was given the returning "Rats" by the "Sophs." After many more speeches, songs, and other "stunts," every one went off to bed, both "Rats" and "Sophs." claiming the victory.

Miss Spratley to Mr. Elliott: "Mr. Elliott, I think your oration was simply fine. I am going to call you Patrick Henry."

Elliott: "Too late, Miss Spratley; mother has named me John Wesley."
Bahlke: “Say, Starke, have you a pair of white shoes?”
Starke: “Yes.”
Bahlke: “What color are they?”

The Y. M. C. A. has been having very interesting and well-attended meetings recently. The meetings have been open, and discussions on the evening’s topic invited. We are glad to see a new interest for the Y. M. C. A. awakening in the College.

A hearty welcome is extended to the new students who have come up to the College since the winter term began. John Marshall High School always sends us good material!

C. H. Willis (singing on St. Valentine’s Day):
Rosen sind rot,
Veilchen sind bleu,
Zucker ist suss,
Und so bist du.

Miss Stiff (over-hearing the last line): “Huh?”

Peanut Luck (in Refectory): “Say, Ellett, is Mrs. Courtney an old maid or a widow?”

On the evening of February 17th Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, delivered an address before the Law School of Richmond College. His subject was “The Power of the State or Federal Judiciary to Declare a Legislative Act Unconstitutional.” Judge Pritchard is an interesting and entertaining speaker, and he delivered his address with great forcefulness, and entirely won his audience.

Poarch (calling Woman’s College over ’phone): “Hello! Woman’s College?”
Voice: “Yes. To whom do you wish to speak?”
Poarch: “Why, Miss ———.”
Voice: “Who is it who wishes to speak to Miss ———?”
Poarch: “Why—er—her former pastor.”
“Kid” Lewis (at a Welsh rarebit party): “Say, Fox, this don’t taste like rabbit, does it?”

The Richmond College Glee and Mandolin Clubs began their annual trip with a concert in Petersburg on February 7th. The Clubs returned to Richmond for a concert at the John Marshall High School auditorium on Saturday night. The following Tuesday night the Clubs appeared in Crewe; Wednesday in Farmville, Thursday in Lynchburg, and Friday in Staunton. Following the concert in Farmville the Clubs were entertained at the State Normal School by the Cotillion Club. The main entrance hall and reception rooms were decorated in Richmond College colors; refreshments were served, and every one voted that Farmville was the place.

At Staunton the Mary Baldwin Seminary girls were in attendance at the concert en masse, much to the delight of the boys and Professor Olmsted.

Professor Olmsted has recently been performing experiments with glass. His latest was with a glass house. Ask him.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society will have its regular winter term “Open Night” on February 21st. An invitation has been extended to the co-ed. students. The following program will be given: Readings, declamations, and debate—“Resolved, That custom should sanction the proposal of marriage by women.”
At the beginning of every athletic season it is the duty of the editor to make the prospects look as bright as possible. However, I am glad to say that, in the present instance, the burden of straining the truth does not rest so heavily upon the mind. The base-ball prospects for the 1913 season are indeed bright, and we look for great things from the team.

Three "lettered" men from last year's team have returned to College—Dick Beale, "Kid" Lewis, and Newby Ancarrow. These three, with Joe Snead, Miller, and Wiley, men who have won their letters on the diamond here in past years, will act as a nucleus for the team. From last year's second squad, Little Wiley, O'Neill, Woody, and Duval, H. G., are "on the job," and will put in a bid for the various positions.

From the new-comers much is expected from the services of Hulcher, who pitched such a successful season for McGuire's School last year, especially as he will, no doubt, be assisted by his friend and team-mate, Scales, who caught for McGuire's at the same time. Dixon, another twirler, comes to us with flying colors from Tome, which gets out no mean team for a prep. school. Nor is this the end of our resources in the pitching line—Flannigan, who was so material an aid to his amateur team at Powhatan, comes to us, and, according to Coach Harry Griffin, will make a good one. With such strength in the box, we have every right to feel secure. Among other promising aspirants may be mentioned Lewis, from Fork Union; Luck, from R. M. A.; Buford, from Emporia, and Jones, from R. M. A.

The squad, up to the present, have been indulging in batting practice only, and perhaps more strenuous work will not begin until the middle of March. Under the able leadership of Coach
Griffin, we may be sure that the very most will be made of the material, and a successful year is to be predicted.

After constant practice for over a month, the members of the track were selected on February 18th. They are as follows: "Pete" Wilson, "Kid" O'Neill, Russell Wingfield, and Rennie. Wilson is the only lettered man on the team, but the other members are fast, and we hope that R. C. will be able to hold the high place she has won in the track world.

The curtain has fallen on the scene of the basket-ball activities for the season 1912-'13, leaving the team with small honors. The infant did not prosper as some of its god-parents had hoped it would, and the team brought back not a single victory, though the score was, in several cases, rather close. It is to be hoped that the season next year will prove more successful.

On January 25, 1913, the team visited our neighbors at Ashland, who treated us with no great mercy, returning us with a score of 50 to 13. The "Yellow Jackets" have a strong team, and may feel sure of any game on their own floor, though they, too, suffer defeat rather frequently when placed at a disadvantage upon another's floor. Basket-ball is a major sport at Randolph-Macon, and the quality of the team may be accounted for, in a large measure by that fact, as the hope of making a letter will draw the fellows out quicker than almost anything else.

Hampden-Sidney was our next opponent, on February 1, 1913. The team was treated with the utmost consideration while there, though it was again defeated, 42 to 20. The game was better than the score would signify, but the H. S. team were on their own floor, and everything was in their favor.

After the Hampden-Sidney game, the team disbanded. Men came out but rarely, and the opening of the track and base-ball season diverted some of the players to other fields; so this was considered the best thing to do under the circumstances.
ALUMNI NOTES.

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

“For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.”

J. L. Tribble, LL. B., '74, is now Mayor of Anderson, S. C.

F. W. Boatwright, M. A., '88, is President of Richmond College.

W. A. Harris, M. A., '86, is Professor of Greek at Richmond College.

R. E. Loving, M. A., '98, is Professor of Physics at Richmond College.

Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, is a professor at Georgetown University.

C. D. Johnson, LL. B., '87, is Judge of the Supreme Court, Manila, P. I.

W. S. McNeill, B. A., '99, is Dean of the Law School at Richmond College.

C. H. Garnett, LL. B., '01, is teaching in the Law School at Richmond.

M. A. Turner, B. A., B. L., '79, is the United States Consul to the West Indies.

Walter Christian, B. L., '81, is the Clerk of the Hustings Court, Richmond.

D. C. Richardson, LL. B., '74, has been Commonwealth’s Attorney and Mayor of Richmond. He is now Judge of the Hustings Court.
A. H. Hill, B. A., '87, is Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools in Richmond.

A. W. Staples, LL. B., '79, is a professor in the Law School of Washington and Lee.

R. E. Cabell, LL. B., '02, is now United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Rev. L. W. Quick, B. A., '95, is the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Greenville, S. C.

Mr. E. P. Wightman and Miss J. P. Harrison, both M. A.'s, are on the Carnegie Research Institution.

R. N. Pollard, B. L., '02, is the author of several law books and a prominent member of the Richmond Bar.

E. E. Reid, M. A., '92, ex-Professor of Chemistry at Baylor University, is now Consulting Chemist for Colgate.

George Bryan, LL. B., '81, is President of the Richmond Bar Association, and a prominent lawyer in Richmond.

Rev. W. C. Bitting, M. A., '77, formerly of New York City, now has a prosperous and famous church in St. Louis, Mo.

There are many schools in this and other States whose faculty is composed almost entirely of Richmond College alumni. At the Richmond Academy there are W. L. Prince, B. A., '98, Dean; R. W. Durrett, B. A., M. A., '99; O. A. Lynch, B. A., '11; Clay Cole, B. A., '11; Wilmer O'Flaherty, B. A., '11. At the Greenville Female Seminary there are Mr. David Ramsey, '84, President; Miss F. F. Coffee, M. A., '11; Miss Eudora Ramsey, B. A., '11; Mr. T. C. Durham, M. A., '11, who has lately won the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford. Teaching at Fork Union Academy are W. T. D. Moncure, B. A., '09; F. M. Benton, B. A., '11; H. M. Taylor, B. A., '11; C. T. O'Neil, B. A., '11. At Blackstone Military Academy are the following graduates: E. S. Ligon, M. A., '99, Head Master; Vaughan Gary, B. A., '12, and Fritz Jones, B. A., '11.
M. L. Straus, '15.

It has been well said recently, by one of our professors, that a critic can never rise to a very high plane in literature, because his work is purely destructive, not constructive. We entirely agree with him; nevertheless, it is our desire to be destructive only so far as to give our friendly opinion, which, we hope, in the end, will be considered constructive.

This magazine pleases us chiefly because of its true local color. It is indeed The University of North Carolina Magazine. In its literary department we wish to commend its essays. "The Resuscitation of a Dying Language" contains much of interest, and it is fairly well written. We wish that the writer had left out some of the many dates and figures and had given us some more of his own good style. "The Salem Band" is not of such great interest to outsiders, nor is it the equal of the above essay in style. The poems are only fair, the best one, perhaps, being "Why?" In the short story our "Tar-Heel" friends seem to be deplorably lacking. The only representative of this class of literature in the magazine has not a very good plot, and the style is rendered too jerky by the innumerable short sentences. Under the head of "Around the Well" and "Sketches," we have some clever and well-written articles. The former contains some good sermonic "vest-pocket essays"; the latter some good humorous sketches and some attempted humorous ones. The magazine, as a whole, is fair, but not as good as we should expect from a college of its standing.
This magazine is, beyond doubt, the best of our exchanges. In fact, there is little unfavorable criticism to be made. Let us, then, make this criticism, and then onward to praise! The one essay in the magazine is not up to their standard. In this essay, entitled "Some Southern Magazines Before the War," we have excellent material, but it is written poorly. There are entirely too many dates and too much repetition. For instance, almost invariably, each magazine is treated as follows: "The '---' was begun by --- in --- in ---." Then, at the close, we have "The contributors were ---," and a long list of names. The poems and short stories are very good. Among the poems the best one is (and it is hard to name the best) "Winter Night." The short stories have good plots, something not found every day. The Elizabethan style of "The Turning Point" could be improved upon by the use of more of the Elizabethan words. The simple style of "The Seal of Doom" well fits the story.

In this magazine we have a type of literature that seldom occurs in school magazines—namely, a description. When one does occur it is usually poor, but "Climbing Mitchell in the Rain" is good. We hope that this magazine will keep up its good standard.

This magazine is deserving of praise, especially for the fact that it is so well-balanced. Only in the short story does it fall below par. "The Friendship of Men" is excellent, but we cannot say the same for the other two stories. In "The Eternal Question" we have a fairly good story, but the repeated ship-talk, in attempt to give us humor, grows absurd. The expression "Jim and me" is almost "eternal." The plot of "Tables Turned" is the same plot we so often find. Two men love a girl, one robs the girl's father, and blames it on the other. The girl truly loves the latter, and believes him innocent, etc.; and "they live happily ever afterwards." The two essays, "Individualism" and "Rowing, Not Drifting,"
are both, in substance and style, the best, in our opinion, we have received this month. The poems are also very good, especially "The Awakening." We have the same thought in "God is All in All," as Browning gives us in "Pippa Passes." We wish to urge this magazine to get better short stories, a material stride toward excellence.

We acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges.