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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XL.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1

“AUTUMN THOUGHTS.”

R. E. Biscoe, '14.

As the days come and go in the bright autumn air
There's a breath of sadness it seems,
For the leaf in its glory and the rose so fair
Feel the touch of winter in the chill night air,
Ere the sun comes with bright golden gleams.

There's a note of sadness in the bright, clear day,
For the year draws to a close,
And the voice is hushed which sang a bright lay
As the year, in its infancy, started its way
Through the bleak winds of winter and soft velvet snows.

And the drooping flower gently bows its head
In the chill of the autumn air;
But the message it hears from by-gone years
Is one of gladness and not of tears,
That again it will blossom in spring-time fair.

For the message of the leaf, as it falls to the ground,
Is one of joy, unuttered in sound,
That the life which is sad will again be made glad
As the leaf will come forth once more,
When the snows have departed and winter is o'er.

THE OPENING OF THE GREATER RICHMOND COLLEGE.

Dr. F. W. Boatwright.

NEXT September the new Richmond College is expected to open its doors to students. So far as the students are concerned, there will be two colleges—a college for men and a college for women. Each college will have its own buildings, its own campus, and its own institutional life. Men will have their own classes, and women will have theirs. Co-education, pleasant as it has always been at Richmond College, will be a thing of the past. There will, however, be much in common between the two co-ordinate colleges. They will have the same standards of entrance and of graduation. Women who want a standard college degree can still get it at Richmond College. While some professors will probably teach in only one or the other of the two colleges, it is expected that most professors will belong to both colleges. The head of the department of Latin, for example, will teach Latin on one side of the lake to women, and on the other side to men. He will be responsible for the standards in both departments of Latin, though he may have assistants who teach only men or only women.

Among other points of union will be the administrative offices, the one central library, one laboratory building (used by men and women on different days), a common commencement and concert hall, and central heating, power, and water plants. Student instruction and organization will be entirely separate.

The woman's college will have 130 acres in its campus, and three connected buildings, costing \$250,000. The dormitories will accommodate about 130 boarders, and the class rooms are sufficient in size and number for 350 students. The construction and quality of material in these buildings are of the very best. One has only to walk through the dormitories or class-rooms to be convinced of the permanence and attractiveness of the buildings. The grounds about the buildings are now being improved, and by next summer the entire surroundings will glow with beauty. The

collegiate Gothic architecture is so quiet and restful that its loveliness does not burst at once upon the beholder, but increases with association. A growing love of the beautiful will be a part of education at the new College.

The buildings of the college for men are not so far advanced as are those for women. The two dormitories—really there are nine separate, non-communicating buildings, arranged in two groups—are now under roof. The arrangement of rooms insures the grouping of congenial spirits and the greatest possible seclusion and quiet. The corridor feature has been eliminated. The buildings accommodate about 215 students, some in single and some in double rooms. The cost of these dormitories has been nearly \$1,000.00 per student.

The stadium, with concrete grand-stand, seating 4,600 people, is now practically complete. This is an admirable piece of work, and is not excelled south of the University of Pennsylvania. Athletics will surely receive fresh impetus when the students can use such excellent facilities as will be afforded by the baths and by the track, diamond, and gridiron at the stadium.

The refectory, where all students will assemble three times a day, will properly be one of the most beautiful buildings on the campus. It will have two similar dining-halls, each seating about 125 students. Like the great dining-hall in the woman's college, these halls will be very high pitched and abundantly lighted. Near the entrance will be the business office and a coat room. Arrangements for cooking and service will be of the best.

The administrative building, now almost under roof, will contain the library, the art hall, lecture rooms, society halls, and administrative offices. It is expected later to build a separate library building, but the new hall in the administrative building will shelve 40,000 volumes. It will be more convenient to class-rooms than the present college library, and will be easily accessible to all students.

The power-house plans have been accepted, and construction will soon be commenced. This building will stand just below the lake. The laboratory building and the gymnasium and auditorium will, unfortunately, have to be of temporary con-

struction. Work on these large buildings will begin in early spring. It is hoped that a Y. M. C. A. building may be included in the first construction, and be ready by next September.

It was at first thought that the two new colleges could be built for \$500,000. This estimate was later increased to \$600,000. The Trustees have already authorized the expenditure of \$925,000, and this does not include the 285 acres of valuable land in the College tract. Our million dollar plant will be one of the best in all the country, and in beauty, durability, and adaptation to its purposes, not excelled anywhere.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

H. D. Coghill.

WE reached London on a gray evening in June. A friend met us at the station, and conducted us to lodgings near Regent's Park. We found the streets thronged with leisurely-moving people—hardly different in appearance from those we had left behind us; automobiles and double-deck omnibuses, bicycles, and motorcycles flowed by in an intermittent stream, stopping abruptly at the traffic policeman's signal, to let cross streams by, and then flowing on again. Occasionally a horse omnibus joined the flowing tide, and, moving in the automatic stream, seemed like a bit of wreckage caught in a river's current—entirely out of place. The sky-line, sprinkled with revolving chimney pots, loomed far below the clouds—a marked contrast to the towering sky-line of New York—not a sky-scraper to be seen!

There is something in the very atmosphere of London which attracts one from the first—a suggestion of peace and quiet and rest. For the first time in eight days we felt perfectly at ease. We had a sensation of home-coming after an eight-day vacation on the water. This impression was heightened by the hearty welcome we received from our hostess at our new lodgings; and it was here that we first came in contact with English hospitality, that hospitality with which we were later to become so well acquainted. Here, also, we first learned to eat dessert with a fork and spoon, chop-stick fashion, and, after dinner, learned not to be shocked when the ladies took small, gold-tipped cigarettes with their coffee.

In the dream days of early boyhood, often, in fancy, I had trod the streets of London with Oliver Twist and the Artful Dodger, and followed the fortunes of Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, visited Little Dorritt in the Marshalsea Prison, and sympathized with Little Nell in the Old Curiosity Shop. I dreamed of them that first night in London, and when I set foot on pavement the

next morning I felt as one who goes forth in search of old friends in old familiar haunts, but despairs of ever finding them.

Vanished, or vanishing, is the London of Dickens. Of nearly four-score famous old structures standing half a century ago, fully three-score have been razed to make room for the wheels of progress. The White Hart Inn, where Sam Weller, busied in blacking boots, first made the acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, has been replaced by a modern tavern and a hop factor's office. Of the Marshalsea Prison only slight remains are left—a grim wall, with a few barred windows. The Old Curiosity Shop was long since pulled down to make room for a new thoroughfare, and busy traffic now plies over the spot where Little Nell lived and loved, suffered and died.

And yet, while so much has vanished, and is vanishing, there are some ancient landmarks left, which will probably last as long as time lasts. The Romans, who, nineteen hundred years ago, came up the Thames in armed galleys, daring unknown western wilds, conquering for the love of conquest, built roads, military camps, and walled cities in the heart of the wilderness, some of which stand to this day monuments to their ingenuity, while the builders themselves have many centuries been gathered to the dust of the ages. One of these monuments is the old wall, eight and one-half feet thick, extending from Newgate street to King Edward street, which was discovered underneath the foundations of Newgate Prison when the latter structure was razed in 1903.

At first sight, Westminster Abbey did not impress me. It took three visits for the sublimity of the structure to "soak" in—pardon the expression—and not until after touring the Cathedral district, and absorbing some knowledge of the history of architecture, did I fully appreciate the edifice and its grandeur.

When I stood in that magnificent Gothic church, "the only national place of sepulture in the world—the only spot whose monuments epitomize a people's history," when I stood among the kings and queens and great ones of earth, and reviewed the roster of names inscribed there, I saw no name that affected me more than did one inscribed in plain characters on a plain grey stone—an island of simplicity in an ocean of dazzling brass-inlaid

slabs (which bore praises for those slumberers who, perhaps, most needed praise). "Charles Robert Darwin," chiseled in clean-cut letters, on a plain grey slab, was, to me, expressive of more than all the eulogistic legends on all the richly-ornamented slabs that surrounded the last resting-place of the great scientist.

Second only to the Abbey as the burial place of great men is St. Paul's, an imposing classical building, with a beautifully-proportioned dome. The interior, with the exception of the upper galleries, is bare, dark, and damp, with a clammy, uncanny, unhealthy atmosphere that savors of grave-yards. The crypt, containing an artistic monument to the Duke of Wellington, and lesser monuments and slabs to greater men, possesses even more of the "grave-yard" atmosphere. Yet the sextons, beadles, and "what-nots" seem to wax fat and ruddy in it.

At the Victoria and Albert, formerly called the South Kensington Museum, we especially desired to see the seven famous cartoons of Raphael, but had a hard time getting to them, as the recent activities of the suffragettes had resulted in the closing of the Raphael Salon. After much 'phoning and red tape, after swearing that we were Americans and not suffragettes, and that we had come several thousand miles to see the famous cartoons, and after our persons were searched for hatchets, dynamite, canes, umbrellas, hat-pins, and other deadly weapons, we were finally, under strong guard, conducted into the presence of the masterpieces of Raphael, and allowed to enjoy them to our hearts' content.

This was not the only place in which we had to suffer for the sins of the suffragettes. While there is much of historic interest in the Tower of London open to the public, we couldn't get a peep at the crown jewels, because of the recent manifestation by the fair and gentle suffragettes of a bomb-throwing propensity; and, on divers and sundry other occasions we had just right to refrain from bestowing sympathy on the cause of equal suffrage.

Leonardo di Vinci's "The Virgin of the Rocks" looms up in my consciousness as one of the best pictures in the National Gallery. "The Ambassadors" of Holbein, that mysterious picture with the distorted skull in the foreground, is one of the cleverest examples of fore-shortening I have ever seen. The

Raphaels, Rembrandts, Michael Angelos, Titians, and other great masters, are fewer than I had hoped to find, and did not measure up to the mark of other paintings by these artists, which I afterwards saw in the larger galleries of France and Italy. Lippi's "Angel Adoring," though marked by time and careless handling, is worth some moments of careful study. I like Hogarth's work—it is so full of humor and human nature. Besides the "Age of Innocence" and some other Reynolds, there are a number of other pictures which attracted me at the time, but which have since been effaced by time and replaced by perhaps even better pictures from the galleries of the Continent.

On days when we felt weary of museums and picture galleries we often tramped the winding, tortuous, narrow side and back streets of London, trying, if possible, to get lost, and ever seeking some phase of romance. We had difficulty in doing either, though we did add to our store of idioms, *et cetera*, in the Billingsgate fish market, and temporarily lost our bearings in the mazes of Petticoat Lane.

We experienced no difficulty in locating the site of the old Globe Theatre, of Shakespearean fame—a big brewery now marks the spot. Shakespeare is supposed to have lived in this neighborhood in the days when he was connected with the Globe and the Rose Theatres.

Near by stands the Tabard Inn, the inn selected by Chaucer as the starting point for his Canterbury pilgrims:

"Byfel that in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage."

The old Tabard Inn was burnt down in the great Southwark fire of 1676, but rebuilt on the old plan, and survived until 1876, when it had to undergo another transformation, and now nothing of the original plan of architecture is visible.

Grub street, now known as Milton street, has changed considerably since the days when poor authors used to starve in the garrets of its ram-shackle structures. It is now graced by stores, warehouses, and print-shops, of no definite type of architecture, but, on the whole, eminently respectable.

Near by is the picturesque little church of St. Giles of Cripple-gate, in which lies the body of John Milton. In the church-yard, not far from a remnant of the old London Wall, and conspicuous from the street, stands a splendid statue of the blind poet, whose life is such a magnificent example of service to his fellow country-men, and who taught them that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

By using the omnibus lines radiating from the center of London (the Bank of England), and traveling always on the upper deck, we obtained a clear idea of the magnitude of the great city. London, with its more than six and one-half million population, covers an area twice that of New York, has no overhead railways with all the deafening din that accompanies such nuisances, but with subways, a few surface lines on back streets, and a splendid omnibus service, has a more efficient, more common sense, and cheaper system than New York affords. Fares, from one cent up, are charged according to the distance traversed, and average in cost at least 50 per cent. cheaper than New York transportation. There are no strap-hangers. You can't get on unless there is a seat for you. This might seem a "rub," but the frequent service will not make you wait long for another bus. The conductors are invariably polite. They "than-kew" when they ask for your fare; they "than-kew" when they get it; they "than-kew" when they help you on or off; they "than-kew" for anything, everything, or nothing; but they always "than-kew."

Thankfulness seems to be one of the predominant characteristics of the peoples of the United Kingdom. We heard "than-kew" all along the wayside from London to Holyhead, from Dublin to the Trossachs, and from Edinburgh back to London; we heard it everywhere, with always the emphasis on the "kew."

There are no soda fountains or decent drinking fountains in London, where one may quench his thirst without fear and trembling—a fact which we soon discovered and soon learned to regret. There are, however, numerous cleanly places of refreshment, labeled "At the Sign of the Black Boar," "Red Lion Tavern," "King George's Grogshop," "The White Bull Bar," *et cetera*, where one can destroy his thirst with bottled soda water of various vintages, also beer, porter, "'arf and 'arf," ale, stout,

whiskey, brandy, gin (sloe or fast), and other mysterious compounds, or drinking water of uncertain age and doubtful reputation. Ice seems to be an unknown quantity—it did not figure in any of the soda water we consumed; I don't know about the other drinks—don't remember seeing any ice in them. I once asked for ice. The young lady eyed me with a supercilious gaze, and, in superior tones, said, "We do not serve American drinks!" Each of these refreshment places is presided over by a fair maid, neat of appearance, trim of figure, deft of finger, and glib of tongue—a match for all-comers. The bar-maids seem to know how to run things all right. We didn't see any drunkenness or "rough-house" business while we were in London.

There are enough parks in London to go around—enough for everybody, rich and poor, high and low—but they are surrounded by ferocious-looking spiked fences, six feet high, and everybody cannot enjoy them, for they close at 9:00 P. M., just at the hour when the workers, having finished their evening meal, are ready to enjoy a quiet rest in their lovely shadows. Sunday is the only day the worker gets a chance at this luxury which he is taxed to maintain. Should the benches, of which there are precious few, be occupied by "Tommy" and his girl, or policemen, nurse-maids, and their small charges, or others, and should he happen to sit in one of the many little green chairs that grace the roadside, he will be forced to pay two cents for the privilege, or be hustled out by a convenient "bobby."

There are also a number of parks marked "private." They too, are surrounded by bristling fences, and locked to keep out the vast unwanted, who vainly peep in, with wistful eyes, at the sylvan beauty and pleasant places. So the "unwanted" play in the gutters—fair marks for the swift and silent automobiles.

In the British Museum, next to the wealth of rare old books and manuscripts, original documents, etc., the mummies (of women and children, men, and monkeys, cats, dogs, birds, &c.) interested me most. One of the male mummies (I believe they say he is about eight thousand years old) had reddish-brown hair, and looked like an Irishman. The linen bandages had been removed, the flesh exposed, and he looked to me as though he had been cooked well done. He was in a praying attitude, and seemed as

natural as if it was only yesterday that he went to his reward—and yet eight thousand years have passed since he had any fun!

But there was a mummy lady who interested me far more. She stands in a case in the far right-hand corner of the first Egyptian room (there are three Egyptian rooms). A strange and weird history has been woven around her. It appears that when alive, she, a princess of the royal house of Egypt, had used her powers for evil purposes, surrounded herself with horrible influences, and when she died and was embalmed these influences still clung to the mummy, and affected all who came in contact with it. An English nobleman, who did not learn its history until later, brought the mummy from Egypt, and placed it in his London home. He suffered misfortune after misfortune, losing several members of his family and much property. One day Madame B., the famous medium, visited his home. As soon as she entered the house she exclaimed in terror, "You have a horrible influence here! What can it be?" She went from room to room, and finally paused before the mummy case. "Here it is!" she exclaimed. "You had better get rid of it immediately. You and yours are in great danger as long as it remains in your possession." The nobleman, not desiring to visit his misfortune on others by selling the mummy, and not wishing to destroy such a valuable relic of antiquity, was in despair, until some one suggested that he present it to the British Museum. This he did. In draying the mummy to the Museum the horses ran away, and the drivers and helpers were badly injured. When the mummy reached the Museum, after a long train of disasters, in carrying it up-stairs, one of the workmen was crushed to death and another had his arm broken. It is the custom of the authorities in the British Museum to photograph for record each of the mummy cases as it is received into the institution. The face on the mummy case in question was crudely painted, after the technique of the Egyptians, but, when the negative of the photograph was developed and printed, a human face of evil aspect, perfect in every lineament, was the result. This was so remarkable that the authorities (level-headed Englishmen) had the photograph placed side by side with the case, contrary to the usual custom. Madame B. had warned all of her friends and acquaintances

not to trifle with the evil influences which seemed to pervade this case, but a young lady, the daughter of a peer, laughed at the idea, and derided as credulous those who paid any serious attention to the warning of the famous medium. Soon after the mummy was placed in the Museum, this young lady, in company with some friends, visited the institution. She paused before the mummy, and shook her fist in its face, daring it to do its worst. In descending to the street, this young skeptic slipped and fell, breaking her leg. Other skeptics (so I am told) who mocked at the mummy have met with some dire fate. It is needless to say that, being warned, I was careful not to look cross-eyed at the royal Egyptian lady, and, in parting, made her the most profound and respectful of obeisances.

There are some very pretty and interesting walks along the Thames embankments, and leading from the embankments down to the river are many flights of steps. One can board a small river steamer almost any moment—they are constantly passing, and stop every half a dozen blocks for passengers. These steamers ply between the beautiful gardens of Kew and the Observatory and delightful parks of Greenwich. From the deck of a river steamer one can gather an idea of the immensity of the water front of London, and view to decided advantage the Houses of Parliament and the dome of St. Paul's. Each of these little steamers boasts a small orchestra, which is supported by the munificence of passengers. The orchestra is armed with a squeaking fiddle, a battered kettle drum, and a limping harp, with never a golden strand. To the players time is a matter of no consequence and pitch is a thing unheard of. Some time I think the tortured passengers will rise in wrath and pitch these music marrers overboard—a bath in the Thames would improve them physically, if not musically.

The river is thick with slow-moving barges, transporting hay, lumber, and coal; small petrol launches, shrill-voiced in their self-assertiveness; small passenger steamers (with knuckle-jointed stacks, made to fold over when passing under a bridge at flood tide); sea-going fishing boats, with broad bottoms, towed by sturdy tugs; cocky revenue cutters and Royal Navy yachts, trim of appearance and neat as a new pin; here and there six,

eight, and ten thousand ton vessels marked "Glasgow," "Dublin," "Belfast," "Bremen," and "Kjobenhavn"; and occasionally row boats, single sculls, and four-oared shells scoot by, the oarsmen dipping the water with even strokes, and cleverly maneuvering to take bow-on the big waves made by heavy craft in passing.

The evening of the day before we departed on our bicycle trip we stood, my friend and I, on Westminster Bridge, and viewed the above picture, and, as the shadows of night approached, and the lights began to twinkle in the distance—the time for dreams, and musing, and pensiveness—I thought of the part the Thames had played in the history of nations, and then came to me the words of Joseph Conrad, from the "Heart of Darkness":

"The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the Golden Hind, returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness, and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! * * * The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires."

THE CASE OF FAWCETT.

J. Earl Dunford, '15.

IN the foot-hills of the eastern section of Montana there stood a quaint old farm-house. Around it, and almost obscuring it from view, were several giant oak trees. Behind the house were chicken houses, smoke-houses, corn cribs, and an old well, and other buildings and sheds that are usually seen in a farm-yard.

This farm-house was the home of Samuel Owen, a respected and prosperous citizen of the county. His farm consisted of about two hundred and fifty acres of the best cattle-raising land to be found anywhere in the West. Through the edge of his land ran a beautiful creek, which served as a watering place for his cattle.

One morning, after finishing his breakfast, Owen went out on his front porch, and, taking his usual seat, lighted his pipe. While sitting thus he saw a man coming up the little road leading to his house. When the man reached the house he introduced himself as Ben Taylor, and asked if Owen was in need of a competent farm-hand. After talking with Taylor, and receiving satisfactory answers to his numerous questions, Owen hired him at once.

Ben Taylor was a stout, compactly-built man, with the round bullet-like head of the Slav. His hair was black and thick, and his eyes of a dark, shiny brown. His expression was very pleasing, yet he very seldom smiled. He walked leisurely—neither hurrying nor yet dallying.

And this is how it was brought about that Ben Taylor was working on Owen's farm. About four months after this Taylor was at work in the corn-field. A short while before sunset he walked slowly out of the field, and clumsily picked his way across the furrows to the adjoining wood. Against a large tree stood an old rifle, with a wooden stock reaching nearly to the end of the barrel; beside it lay a powder horn and a skin of bullets. Taylor carefully placed his hoe against the tree, wiped his hands on his already-soiled jeans, and picked up the rifle. After removing an exploded percussion cap, he began to re-load.

The black powder he poured into the palm of his hand, and dexterously emptied it into the barrel. Seeming doubtful as to the sufficiency of the quantity, he again emptied a palm-ful into the muzzle of his old rifle. From the skin he took a handful of bullets, and, carefully selecting one, he forced it down the barrel with the ramrod. From a box he drew a percussion cap, examined it, placed it on the nipple, and slowly pushed it down with the hammer of the lock.

The gun thus loaded, Taylor swung it across his shoulder, and started down a path that led to a field on the opposite side of the wood. He paused for a moment to conceal his pouch and horn in a thicket, and continued on his way, his rifle across his shoulder.

The country he looked on, as he gained the edge of the wood, was one of rolling hills, and to the eastward overtopped by jagged, rocky cliffs. Keeping in the edge of the wood, he continued his tramp for some two or three miles. At length he was within sight of a small river, running diagonally on his right between him and a pasture filled with a herd of peacefully-grazing cattle. About the centre of the field were several large flat stones, where the owner of the cattle was in the habit of "salting" his stock.

The sun was not yet down, but lengthening shadows were already foretelling the night, and Taylor stopped, carefully hidden behind a clump of bushes. Presently an old man, bent with toil, picked his way stumblingly from the road across the pasture. He paused at the group of flat rocks, and leisurely began to drop handfuls of salt for the cattle.

At this the man in the bushes aimed his rifle. There was a loud report; the old man wheeled, his face distorted with pain and horror, and, as he fell, cried out something indistinct, and lay motionless, with his back to the river. The cattle started at the noise, but, hearing nothing further, continued to graze. The man in the bushes arose, thinking of what the old man had cried out as he fell. That the old man called his name—John Fawcett—he was certain, but the other words were muttered rather than spoken. It sounded as though he had said, "You shall hear from me!" But they were so indistinct that he could not be certain. He dismissed it from his mind, thinking he had heard incorrectly. Looking about to be sure no one had heard the

report, or heard his name called, he again took up his rifle, and retraced his steps to the corn-field. To surely erase all evidence against him, he recovered the horn and skin of bullets from the thicket, and re-loaded his rifle.

After supper, which he ate with the family of his employer, he went to bed, as was his wont, in the attic-room of the farmer's small house. He had expected to sleep well and had no idea his conscience would trouble him, and now he was proving it, for he slept very soundly, secure in the belief that there was no evidence against him. The next morning he went to his work as usual, but, as the sun got higher, he was curious to know if any one had found the body of Thomas Deane, and exactly what the neighbors thought about the murder. He had no seizure of fright; he was secure. Deane had not even known that he was in the neighborhood. He had come quietly, and obtained work under the name of Taylor, and silently planned the murder. Deane knew, at the last minute, who had shot him, but the moment after the shot was fired he was dead. Exposure was impossible.

As Fawcett (for now we know this to be his real name) recalled the scene, he found himself trying to think exactly what it was Deane had said. It certainly sounded as if he had said "You shall hear from me." Fawcett's mind laboriously insisted that he had not heard aright. How could he hear from a dead man? Absurd thought! The dead tell no tales! But, try as he might to down the thought, if Deane had not said "You shall hear from me," what *was* it he had said? As he pondered this question he became more and more curious to know what the country folk were saying. He paused from time to time in his work. Finally, he purposely thrust the hoe under a root, broke it short off at the handle, and returned to the farmhouse with the broken hoe. Mrs. Owen, a motherly old lady, met him at the door. "Law, Mr. Taylor," she said; "have you heard the news? Somebody done shot ole Tom Deane."

"Tom Deane—who's he?" asked Fawcett, stopping in front of her.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman. "I forgot you ain't been long 'round these parts. Why, Tom Deane's a cattle-man,

who done come over the mountains about four year ago—on his way back from Californy."

"I hope he ain't much hurt," he added.

"Hurt!" exclaimed the old woman; "he's dead. They found him a-layin' in his pasture-field this mornin'."

"Who do you think done it?" inquired Fawcett, for the first time a little anxious.

"That's what's puzzling folks," the old lady replied.

Fawcett braced himself for his next question.

"Didn't they see no signs of nobody round 'bout whar they found him."

"Law, no," the old lady quickly answered; "but the person who shot him must 'ave come up the river, because he was a-lyin' with his face towards the woods, an' he'd been shot in the back."

After a few more comments Fawcett picked up the broken hoe and started for the tool-shed. "I came in to get another hoe," he explained; "I broke this 'un agin' a root."

Returning to the corn-field, he felt a sense of complete security. No one suspected him, and fate had awarded him the luck of turning the old man about as he fell. Instead of looking for traces of the murderer in the wood, where he might have left signs, they would now look for evidence along the opposite side of the river.

At the evening meal Mr. Owen related the gossip of the neighbors. No evidence had been found—not the slightest trace. The people were beginning to accept the murder as a mystery. Fawcett again ate a hearty meal, and expected to sleep well. But he *did not*. His mind kept returning to the tragedy. Thinking again and again of all the circumstances connected with the murder, he began to feel uneasy. He was still puzzled over what Deane had said as he fell. He had heard that a dying man always told the truth; that a dying man never uttered an idle threat. With a shudder, he realized that he believed it.

After a sleepless night, spent in wondering what Deane had said, he was glad to see daylight appear. The light dispelled these weird thoughts, but darkness only invited them in greater numbers. He grew to expect a message from Deane to leap at him from the dismal shadows of the loft.

Fawcett was preparing to leave the country quietly, when one morning, some time later, the farmer asked if he wished to go to the county seat. It was the day on which the circuit court convened, and the farmer had been chosen on the grand jury.

"The Judge will be chargin' us about the Deane case," he said, "and the Judge is a fine speaker."

It was curiosity alone that led Fawcett to accept, and during the day he listened intently.

Fawcett was fascinated by the Judge's portrayal of the cold-blooded crime. The Judge brought "the question" to his mind again, and he moved uneasily in his seat.

When the court adjourned he pushed out with the crowd, and was hurrying down the steps, when he heard some one call his name—"John Fawcett." Instinctively he stopped, and turned to the stairs he had just descended. No one of the crowd seemed to notice him, so he hurried away.

"Did some one really call me?" he thought. "The voice was rather thin and ghostly; perhaps I only imagined it." But he was, nevertheless, alarmed, and determined to leave the country at once.

That night, as he stealthily stole down the stairs, the thought occurred to him that if the voice really had been some one who recognized him, and he should leave in the night, his guilt would be conclusively pointed out. Having arrived at this conclusion, he, as stealthily, stole back into the loft, unpacked his bundle, and waited for morning.

At breakfast the farmer was re-assuring.

"I calculate as how nobody will never know who killed ole Deane," he said. Then he continued, "I wish you would go in with me this mornin', and bring the horse home. I am pretty apt to be late coming home to-night."

Fawcett could not refuse, and so it happened that the second day he was in the court-room. When, at the end of the eventful day, he followed the crowd out of the court-room, he was glad that he had stayed. His suspicion, he thought, had only been the result of a tired brain.

When he stood again where he had stood the day before, he heard nothing, and he was jubilant. He walked rapidly down the

walk, but at the street some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned, startled. The Sheriff was beside him.

"Will you step into the Squire's office?" said the Sheriff.

Fawcett was appalled.

"Me!" he exclaimed. "What could the Squire want of me?" But he was already following the sheriff into the office.

There were only three men in the room. The prosecuting attorney, the justice, and a small, clean-shaven stranger. Fawcett remembered having seen him in the court-room. He had observed him because he was so evidently a stranger.

Spread on the table in front of the Justice was a printed paper. Scanning this page, the Justice addressed Fawcett: "Is your name John Fawcett?" he asked.

Casting furtive glances about the room, and realizing he was entrapped, he answered mechanically, "No, sir; my name's Ben Taylor." After a slight pause, during which the stranger studied him, he continued: "I work for Samuel Owen, outside of town. I can prove it by him." Again a slight pause, and the Justice continued, "Did you know Thomas Deane?"

"No, sir," replied Fawcett.

The questioning continued.

"Have you not served an eighteen year sentence for killing one Lewis Clark in California, in expectation of getting his claim, on which there was reported to be gold?"

Fawcett was terrified. How had these facts become known here?

"My name is not John Fawcett," he repeated doggedly.

The stranger then stepped forward.

"If the statement I have is correct, then John Fawcett has the scar of a gun-shot on one arm between the shoulder and elbow."

The hopelessness and surprise became marked on Fawcett's countenance. His jaw sagged, and his eyes moved wildly back and forth, seeking some means of escape. Seeing this was impossible, he seemed to accept his fate; then, bethinking himself of the circumstances, he asked, with a fascinated horror, "Did you hear from Thomas Deane?"

"Yes," quickly replied the stranger.

"After he was dead?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "I suppose he was dead."

"That's what he said! That's what he said!" And Fawcett lowered his head in despair and sank weakly into a chair. "How did he tell you?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said the stranger, drawing forth a paper. "My name is Strand, and I am a lawyer. A few days ago I got this letter, written by Deane, but he was dead before I received it."

In a thin, high-pitched voice, he then read:

"I, Thomas Deane, do declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby appoint Oscar Strand my executor, and wish to instruct him as follows: John Fawcett, a convict, whose penitentiary sentence is about complete, has repeatedly threatened my life because I was the witness whose testimony proved him guilty of murdering Lewis Clark in California. If I am found dead, be it known that John Fawcett is the murderer. He is to be known by a scar on one arm, caused by a wound received while trying to escape the penitentiary. My estate I bequeath to my two nieces, Anne and Margaret Michaels, of Salem, Mass.

"Given under my hand and seal this, the 16th day of May, 1854.

"THOMAS DEANE."

The stranger, laying the paper aside, continued: "When I heard that Deane was dead I hurried here, and found court had already convened when I arrived. It occurred to me that the murderer might be in the court-room. To satisfy myself of this, I spoke his name from the top of the stairs as the crowd was leaving. Rightly thinking that the guilty man would turn at the sound of his name, this man turned."

Fawcett sat for a few minutes, slowly taking in the evidence. For a moment he became a beast—angered by the trap his own blunder had sprung, and he blindly fought his way forward through the fast-gathering crowd, but for a few steps only.

In his rage he sobbed a gulping sob, and sank utterly helpless on the stone floor.

THE NETHER KINGS.

W. V. Hawkins, '15.

A king, man-made, with surly brow,
 How oft he could have been, and more,
 And millions would have come to bow
 In homage; and, with their sordid store,
 Piled cankering treasures at his feet.
 High thrones, false-purpled with those who groan
 For vampire sway, the gilded ways,
 Sought him to claim him as their own,
 And often-times did fain to blaze
 Him king upon a tyrant's seat.

From pinnacles that swarm in dizzy height
 He saw the peopled worlds of power,
 Where all the demi-gods of night
 Are fashioned by the fickle hour
 To be kings, henchmen of hells.
 He, too, might rule, and e'en as they
 Enslave the blinded hordes of men,
 And mock them while they fawn and pray,
 Or, at his word and will, again
 Send cowering to dungeon cells.

He heeded not the sinister call,
 For gods do homage to a man.
 "Not all are kings whose whims enthrall,
 Whose lips can forge the inexorable ban;
 Nor by the gods it e'er shall be!"
 He cried; his face grew calm and stern.
 Let pomp its mocking garlands bring,
 For still in human hearts 'twill burn
 That he alone indeed is king
 Who lives to set men free!

EXPERIMENTS WITH A NATURALLY SENSITIVE PLANT.

Brook Anderson, '16.

ONE of the essential differences between plants and animals is that plants, though fully mature, respond only slightly to stimuli, as compared to animals. This is due to the fact that the protoplasm, the "unit of life" is continuous in animals, while in plants the strands of protoplasm are separated from one another by cell walls.

There are plants, however, which possess the power of responding to both chemical and mechanical stimuli. One species of this genus, a dicotyl of the family leguminosae, I found at Westhampton several evenings ago.

The plants were from two and a half to five inches in height, and possessed from three to four compound leaves. There were two leaves at the top, opposite one another, and the third leaf was about one cm. lower. The leaves were pinnately compound, the petiole bearing what looked to be separate leaves. At the base of each petiole was a cushion-like organ, filled with water, which regulated the plant's response to stimuli.

The plants preferred a damp, shady spot, as they were near a small creek, and those in the sun had responded completely to its rays. However, they revived shortly after the sun had left the spot which they occupied. Wishing to examine the species more carefully, I placed several specimens in a basket, without removing the dirt from their roots. By the time I had reached the car they had responded to the successive shocks received from my swinging the basket, and were in a total state of collapse.

When I arrived at the laboratory I planted them in several pots, some of which had holes in the bottom and others intact. Then I watered them with a solution containing five of the principal ingredients necessary for plant life, and set them in the window.

Two days later I examined them. Except appearing slightly fatigued, which I thought was due to the sun's rays, they seemed to be in as good condition as they were in their natural home.

I snapped several of the leaves at their free ends, but was unable to receive the slightest response to the stimulus. Then I held a burning match near the free end of one of the leaves, but did not receive any response, though I burned the two extreme leaflets. As this was the strongest mechanical stimulus I was able to apply, I knew that the plants were so fatigued from the successive shocks received from traveling that they were unable to respond to the stimulus. Since I was unable to determine whether the plants could be experimented with in the future, I visited the spot from which I had obtained them, to carry out my attempts with more satisfaction.

I first tried snapping very forcibly the free end of a compound leaf from a vertical position. The leaf snapped began to respond in thirty-five seconds, the leaf opposite in forty seconds, while the third one took fifty seconds in which to respond. When a compound leaf responded the two leaflets at the base drooped first, then the others followed in fairly quick succession as the stimulus was transmitted to the leaflets on both sides of the petiole. After the leaflets drooped the petiole responded by collapsing beside the shoot, thus giving the plant a wilted appearance. Then the compound leaf opposite the first leaf began to respond, and, finally, the stimulus was transmitted to the third leaf. This shows that the protoplasm was continuous throughout the plant, as in animals, or it would not have been able to have transmitted the effects of the stimulus received from one leaf to another. The third leaf, since it was last affected, began to revive in two minutes, and revived completely in six minutes. I did not take the second leaf's time, but the first one began to revive in fifteen minutes, and was normal in fifty.

Trying a fresh specimen, I gave it an easy snap from a vertical position. This time only the leaf snapped was affected, and it began to droop in thirty seconds. It revived again in twenty-five minutes—exactly half the time it took the specimen in the first experiment to revive, and showed that the forcible snap was more effective.

Then I snapped several different specimens, rather hard, at the free end of their leaves from a horizontal position. And the results were as follows:

	Began to respond in	Began to revive in	Normal
1st.....	17 seconds	5½ minutes	10 minutes
2d.....	20 seconds	3 minutes	7¼ minutes
3d.....	x		

Only in one case of the several specimens tried did the third leaf respond, and the time for responding, reviving, and becoming normal was one minute.

In the case of those specimens snapped from a vertical position the response was stronger as compared with those snapped from a horizontal position, showing that the normal method of response to stimulus was up and down; so a stimulus received from a vertical position was stronger than one received from a horizontal position.

In order to find the most sensitive part of the leaf, I snapped several near their pulvini. The average time for the response was 11½ seconds. Then I snapped several leaves at their free end, and the average time was 16½ seconds, thus showing the leaf was more sensitive near the pulvinus.

Since these experiments were concerned only with mechanical stimulus, I thought I would try a chemical stimulus on the specimens which I had planted in the laboratory six days previous.

The plants in the pots without holes were in a fairly good condition, owing to the fact that the moisture was unable to get out at the bottom. Those specimens in pots with holes were dead, however, as the water had drained out of the bottom.

I first tried snapping the leaves of several specimens, but received no response whatever, and I knew that they were still fatigued from the shocks received in transplanting them. However, I poured about 10 cc. of chloroform in the pot, and placed a glass jar over it to confine the fumes of the chloroform. After twenty minutes I received a slight response, and in thirty minutes the plant had responded completely, showing that, in a fatigued condition, they would not respond to a mechanical stimulus, but would give a decided response to a chemical stimulus.

In these experiments I have tried to show that some plants, while not possessing any nervous system, do respond, to a marked degree, to a stimulus, thus proving that the protoplasm is continuous in these plants, as in animals.

ONE MAN'S MEAT ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.

Clyde C. Webster, '14.

AS I entered the bar of the "Wooden Shoe" tavern, in a little Western mining town, I was confronted by a very unusual sight in the form of no less a personage than, Bill Sims, cow-puncher and tramp. I say it was an unusual sight for two reasons. Not only were Bill's visits to our town infrequent, but Bill himself was a curiosity, such as is seldom seen anywhere. Indeed, his appearance, most everywhere he went, produced an effect which can only be compared to that caused by the arrival of a circus in an eastern town, or the presence of a "big league" ball player in a "bush league" city.

Already Bill's arrival at the inn was well advertised, and when I entered most of the fellows had taken their usual places before the open fire at one end of the room, and were trying to pump him to learn where he had been, where he was going, etc., etc. Bill generally had a good story for us, which he told without much urging, but this time he maintained an indifferent silence to all our questions. Seated in front of the fire, with his huge legs and feet stretched out to gather in the warmth, he calmly smoked his pipe and chewed reflectively, rousing himself at intervals only to discharge a flood of tobacco juice at a particular nail in an oak log crackling in the flames.

After accomplishing this (and I have never seen him miss his mark at a distance of six feet) he relapsed into his former position, and continued to ruminate. Evidently Bill was in no mood to answer questions, and I, for one, who had never before seen him so reflective, began to suspect that either something had gone wrong with him, or that he had an especially good story to tell us, the details of which he was arranging in his mind before trying to give them to us. In either case I knew that any effort of ours to get him to talk would be a waste of time and energy.

Finally Bill aroused himself a little, and asked, in a drawling

voice, "D'y'all mind that thar Yankee that went away with me last spring?" Bill knew very well that we knew the Yankee, but he wanted to "get up effect." However, we all maintained an indifferent silence to his question, and waited for the story to come. Nor were we disappointed.

"Wall," he drawled, after a pause, during which he drowned the nail with juice for the forty-ninth time, "as I was goin' to ob-sarve, when me and the 'Yank' pulled out of these parts last spring we was kinder oncertain what to do. We thought about goin' down to the settlements, and gittin' a job on the river at first, and started out; but, when we heerd as how the floods was bad and the boat laid up, we changed our mind. The only thing left to do was to come back here and go to minin' or to go down to the cattle country and git a job punchin'. Seein' how I never was very strong on diggin', I says to the 'Yank' that we'd better go down South and try our hand with the cows. He agreed, and we started out.

"Wall, we got down thar on the plains after a while, and succeeded in landin' a job on the same ranch whar I worked a couple of years ago. All we had to do was to 'tend the cattle, and, now and then, break in some hosses. I knew the business, and got on well enough; but you just oughter seen the 'Yank.' Green? Why, he didn't much more'n know a cow's tail from her horns. 'Bout the only thing he knew of cattle was what he had seen in a Boston quick-lunch place. Why, he actually asked me once what part of the carcass the butter came from. Howsomever, I took him under my wing and larned him a few things, and pretty soon he became tolerably handy.

"Wall," (another stream of juice,) "one day some cattle got lost, and me and the 'Yank' had to go and hunt for them. It was gittin' late in the day, but they had to be found before they got too far away; so we got on our nags and set out. I thought I saw a faint trail to westward, and we followed it. We kept on ridin' 'til dark, and looked all about, but we didn't see nary a trace of the critters. About dark, I saw it would be no use to look any more that night, so we decided to turn back and look for the cows next day. Night was comin' on fast, and I saw it was goin' to be a black one. There was no moon, and a sorter haze hid the

stars, so we couldn't tell which direction we was goin'. Howsomever, I thought I knowed the way back to the ranch.

"Wall, we started back. I went in front, but let my nag pick her own way. Hosses have more sense than people in some things. By this time we was tired and hungry, and, I tell you, it was pleasant to think of the hot supper waitin' for us. I could almost smell it. Presently I thought I saw somethin' dark before us, a little darker than the dark around us, and I says to the 'Yank,' 'Yonder's the barn.' We rode on, but nothin' appeared. Pretty soon I saw somethin' was the matter with the nags. They seemed kinder oncertain about goin' forward, and seemed to slip and stumble. Still we didn't see nary sign of the house. I began to feel uncomfortable, and drawed up my nag.

" 'Yank,' I says, "we're done gone astray."

"He was silent for a minute, and then says, 'What we goin' to do?'"

" 'Only thing to do,' I says, 'is to stay right here 'til mornin'. I got down and felt around.

" 'Great Scott,' I says, 'it's sand. We're in the bad lands.' Wall, we couldn't see to do nothin', so we turned the hosses loose, and stretched out on the ground.

"When I next came to my senses I felt like I was on fire, and woke up with the sun streamin' down on me and heatin' the sand hotter every minute. My throat and mouth was dry, and my head felt like it was splittin'. I shook the Yankee, and told him we must be movin'. He didn't seem to understand at first where he was. In a minute, howsomever, he knowed, and says to me, 'Where's the hosses?' Pals, you could 'ave knocked me over with a feather. They was plumb gone, the blarsted critters! Wall, we didn't have nothin' to eat, and, worse still, nothin' to drink, and every minute the sun was gittin' hotter. Only thing we could do was to keep walkin' until we got out of the sand or dropped. Every minute seemed like a hour, and I didn't think we could hold out long, 'specially the Yankee. His tongue was stiff already, so's he couldn't say a word, and I expected to see him drop every minute. I was in almost as bad a fix myself, for my little tin was empty—not a dust of my dope was left. You don't know about that?

"We staggered on the best we could, for days, it seemed to me. The heat was fierce, and neither one of us could say a word. Our mouths were swelled, and it seemed to me my tongue was almost split in two. I had been watchin' out for trees all day, and you can bank on it my heart gave a big jump 'long towards evenin', when somethin' like a clump of bushes appeared in the distance. I pointed it out to the Yankee. He gave a grunt of joy, and we staggered on towards it as fast as we could. I thought maybe it was only a shadow at first, but, when we got nearer, it was a sure-'nough clump of bushes, and no mistake. Only a few minutes, and we could bury our heads in water! Gee! how long it took to git thar!

"The hope of water gave us new strength, and we almost run towards the bushes. I was a little way in front, and in a minnit stumbled over something in the sand. I looked down, and saw a bone. I didn't think much of this, but, as I come closer to the bushes, I stumbled over more bones. I kicked one of them, and it rolled over in front of me on the sand, and lay thar grinnin' at me. It was a man's skull! I began to suspect the trouble, and hurried over the bones as fast as I could. Only a few more steps to the edge of the bushes. The first thing I saw when I went into the clump was a beautiful spring. Pals, I couldn't hardly keep from plugin' right in, it looked so clear and cool and temptin'. But, gee, how *green* it was! Now I knowed the reason for all them bones. It was a arsenic spring, and deadly *poison*!

"I was dying for a drink, but I knowed I must keep the Yankee away, and make him understand. . By this time he was staggerin' within a few feet of the spring. His tongue was hangin' out, and the eyes was almost almost poppin' out of his head. When he saw the water he rushed towards it. I couldn't make him understand, so I grabbed hold of him and tried to pull him back. One swallow of the water, and he would be dead. The 'Yank' was almost crazy, and fought like a tiger. I tried to hold him, but it was no use. His madness gave him such strength that he drug me into the pool. My head went under, and I swallowed some of the water. Gee! it tasted good! I drank some more, and looked at the 'Yank.' He was still drinkin'.

After drinkin' enough, I crawled up on the bank and laid down. The 'Yank,' by this time, had got enough, and was crawling up after me. He seemed all right, and I was wonderin' if I hadn't been mistaken, when, all at once, he commenced to roll over and to yell in agony. He doubled up, and then begun to gurgle. I didn't know what to do, and, besides, I was feelin' pretty weak myself. After a bit he became quiet, and I managed to crawl over where he was layin' to see if he was asleep. He was—dead—dead as a rock!

"When I come to my senses again some one was bendin' over me, and I could hear voices. I was back at the ranch. I thought I had been dreamin', and asked about the 'Yank.'

" 'We buried him by the spring,' some one said."

When Bill had finished speaking, he took a parting shot at the nail, stretched, and prepared to go up-stairs to bed. We were extremely puzzled by one point in Bill's story, and at length I ventured to ask, "How was it, Bill, that the water did not kill you?"

Bill paused a moment at the door, and said: "Wall, you see it's this way. I used to know an Eyetalian chap that ate arsenic. One day I took a little, and it made me feel so good I increased the dose gradually, until I could stand almost any amount. The habit stuck to me, and I reckon it come in pretty handy, huh? That's what was in my little tin."

THE CO-ED.

H. A. Monsell, '16.

EVER since Columbus discovered America it has been a deeply-lamented fact that we, a great and mighty nation, have created no national epic. I have resolved to remedy this, and I have pondered long on the subject. Whom shall I raise, on the wings of my verse, to realms of glory and everlasting fame? Heroes we have had, but Virgil wrote of heroes; scholars, too, are ours, but Goethe told us of scholars; angels have dwelt among us, but they were Milton's theme. I shall combine them all, and the subject of my lay is that hero of heroes, that scholar of scholars, that angel of angels—the Co-Ed.!

Then come, my Muse, and teach me to impart

The worth of her who rules each "Spider's" heart—

except Mr. Biscoe's, and Mr. W. T. Hall's, and several other women haters—

Teach me to sing the praises of that lass

Who hath been known, with cheerful mien, to pass

A Math. exam.; who gurgles with delight

At Doctor Stuart's wavy locks, and Bingham's dimples bright.

But, lo, my Muse, forthcoming from the shade

Of Physics' lab., along the glassy glade,

Where yesterday the apparatus broke,

Pauses, all dim, like a wreath of smoke.

"Oh, tell me," she pleads, "ere these praises are said,

Just what is the marvelous, winsome Co-Ed.?"

" 'What is she?' Dear Loving, come help me," I cry,

"Just what is a Co-Ed.?" Hark, hear his reply:

"A bothersome atom in Physics A class,

That can't be excluded, and, therefore, must pass.

A creature of questions. But why should I speak?

Go ask of Miss Ryland the knowledge ye seek."

"Miss Ryland, Miss Ryland, to thy aid we look,

Thou goddess who rules every alcove and nook
To which a poor Co-Ed. could ever repair;
Say, what is a Co-Ed.? for you've seen them there."
See Miss Ryland arise and stop three conversations—

I think they were with Mr. Newton, Harry DuVal, and Mr. Brannock—

Then she straightens a shade, while, in deep meditation,
She murmurs, "A Co-Ed. is some one who talks
When she's eating or sleeping, or sits, stands, or walks;
More clear information go get if you can,
Lo, where in the lobby there stalks Dr. Van."
Then quickly we stand the learned Doctor before,
Whom Jaspers all envy, whom Co-Eds. adore.
To my Muse low I whisper, "Now, come, let us hark
To his slow words of wisdom. Oh, say, did you mark
That Van Landingham smile o'er his calm face that broke?"
"My dear child, a Co-Ed. is just one big joke."
"Is this then enough?" of my Muse I inquire,
"Or would you go farther, to one even higher
In knowledge of Co-Eds.?" To 'Boaty' we go,
And he smiles on us first, for he always does so—but
When our question he hears, his emotion fast grows,
" 'Just what is a Co-ed.?' Good Heaven only knows."

"Enough," cried my Muse. "It is useless to spend
More energy. Gladly my aid will I lend
In praising a Co-ed., but, ere we proceed,
Since great minds on all things are never agreed,
A subject like this causes argumentation—
Does the whole world approve of this co-education?"
As this question I hear, my spirits fast drop
To the depths of despair, and well might they flop,
For those two great sources whence all knowledge flows,
Who know all the things it is worth while to know,
Are both quite against this co-education,
And my Muse, fearful thought, might take a vacation,
For the *Ladies' Home Journal* doth much disapprove
Of the Co-ed., an odium hard to remove!

And then, 'tis a thought which I fairly detest,
Mr. Hovey, alas! has quite frankly confessed,
That he, too, is against all this co-education.
Ah, well have I cause for my deep lamentation!
My Muse is quite stunned, then she rouses a bit;
"Mr. Blume, Mr. Nelson, what think they of it?
If they but approve, then I'll help you to sing
The praise of the Co-ed. 'till all earth shall ring!"
So I sing of the Co-ed., a being whose name
Shall ever be found in the world's book of fame.
Unparalleled is she. High up in the sky
Minerva and Venus together do vie
To shower their bounteous gifts o'er her head,
To make her that glorious thing—a Co-ed.

AVIATION—AN OUTLOOK.

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

IN the psychological reflexes of the human mind the air above and around us has played the same part in our desires and wishes as has large stretches of water. A large lake, a river, the ocean, each presents a challenge to mankind to feel at once the desire for conquest, to swim like a fish in its blue green depths, to dive to the bottom, and discover there the treasures concealed beneath the waves, and to ply our crafts over its expanse. So with the realm of the air. What one of you has not seen the clouds drifting off in grandeur and has not desired to drift with it? Who has not seen the hawk lazily flexing his wing tips, and has not wished to stretch out his arms and sail off in giant circles where'er he lists.

Aviation is no new thing. I dare say, even before Daedalus, imprisoned in the labyrinth of King Minos, fashioned his wings from birds' feathers and wax, and sailed out over the sea to safety, some humble Greek fisherman and some noble Greek slave-holder had stood at Pireus, and wished that he could skim the lapping waves as lightly as the nimble sea gulls. The thoughts of the world matured slowly on this subject. There were many curious plans. It was the make-shift gas balloon that added step by step to the final period of aeronautical development.

The present era was ushered in by Sir Herbert Maxim, and especially by Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, who is, so to speak, the father of the modern aeroplane. His model aerodrome, with its heavy steam engine, made a series of very successful flights on the Potomac river near the city of Washington. His model worked very much on the principle of the modern aeroplane, that of the curved planes giving a rarefaction behind the plane and a condensation and lifting effect in front. Of course he did not have the efficient equilibrizing devices of the modern aeroplane, but the modern principle was there, and he deserves much credit for priority in the field.

Langley's aeroplane failed because motive power was not

far enough developed to support the kind of aeroplane he desired to use. And then came the wonderful Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, with their gliding experiments off Kitty Hawk, N. C. That was the birth of their aeroplane. Their trip to Europe, for the exhibition of their machine, marked the beginning of real aeronautical development.

There are two general types in the aerial world, the dirigible and the aeroplane. The dirigible is typically a German machine, and in that country we find this type in its highest development.

The dirigibles in Germany are doing passenger trade. There are several lines running between large cities of that country. The most prominent type is the Zeppelin, invented and made by a German noble of that name. It consists of a long aluminum frame work, separated into compartments, each compartment filled with a separate gas balloon. Over all this is the outer covering, and under it is the car and engines.

The Zeppelin is the rigid type of dirigible. The non-rigid type does not amount to very much, and is not worthy of discussion. To sum up, a Zeppelin, as I have said before, is a true German type—a sure, stick to it, always get there, reliable, but slow and methodical sort of machine. It seems characteristic of the German people. It is majestic to a great degree, and overaweing, but not brilliant, and not a machine that requires in its operation an ability to think and act on the spur of the moment.

Many Zeppelins have been destroyed, but in only one case has there been any loss of life, and that was when a Zeppelin, full of army officers, was wrecked off the island of Heligoland, and several were drowned. Germany has advanced far towards making aerial travel popular. They have plotted, in some respects, the air ways along the principal routes, and have put up guideposts for dirigible and aeroplane drivers to set their course by. Their activity and success has given to them one of the first places in the aerial science.

And now to the aeroplane. The basic principle of the aeroplane is the curve of the planes. It is this that gives the lifting power to the machine when driven through the air by the propellers, and it is this lift that causes the aeroplane to stay up.

With every discussion of the aeroplane there needs be that question arising in every mind, Does aviation pay? Not even calculating the great amount of cold cash thrown away in the wreckage of these delicate machines, and thinking only of the great loss of human life, every thinking person naturally questions the benefits of an invention that has required the life of nearly every man that has tried it continuously. It is true that we are too close to the beginning to see the final good. We cannot prophesy, so near the beginning, what will be the final outcome. To say that the development of the aeroplane was wonderful would be but to express the truth mildly.

The alert minds of the Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans have devised mechanical arrangements to make it safe and to increase stability and lifting power. The gas engine has been perfected for motive power, and from nothing the aeroplane has sprung up even beyond what the most far-reaching minds could have foretold. Roland Garros lately sailed from France to Africa in one continuous flight. So great was his confidence in himself and in his machine that he would not allow a boat to follow him, and he did not even put on his hydroplane attachments, that would prevent his sinking if the aeroplane should have to alight on water. M. Penoud lately devised a parachute by which one can allow an aeroplane to drop from under the driver, and he will be able to descend by the parachute. Not only he, but others have tried this life-saver with success.

And, lastly, one of the big triumphs of modern times, the same M. Penoud, a mere boy, strapped in his aeroplane, lately turned the "loop the loop" in the air, not once, but several times, staying upside down for as long a time as fifteen minutes. Foolhardiness, you say? Yes, that is true, but it means more than that. The world desires no longer to see circus stunts in the air. They have sought novelty, and seen the horror too many times. The newness is wearing off; we are getting used to the sensations, and they are sensations no longer. Yes, that "loop the loop" of Penoud's meant more than that. It meant that a cool pilot, if he is far enough from the ground, and knows his machine well enough, can save himself from almost any position of danger. Rudyard Kipling dreamed of the aerial mail trains. It has come.

Mail is transported through the air in Germany. Tennyson dreamed of the time when the navies of the air would be more dangerous and more deadly than the navies of the sea. The recent war between Italy and Tripoli and the war in the Balkans has proven the worth of the aeroplane in warfare, both as a scout and as a destroyer by bomb dropping.

Edmund Burke, the great Irish orator, said, in one of his speeches, "We have no way of judging the future but by the past." If that be so, can we conceive of the future of aviation? The past has been wonderful. What will the future be? Each year brings larger and more efficient aeroplanes into use. The conquest of the air has just begun.

Everything we are not accustomed to is dangerous. One sharp knife could kill a thousand people who did not know its use. The aeroplane is dangerous, because it sometimes puts the driver in a position from which he doesn't know as yet how to extricate himself. Mistakes in aviation are fatal. Conquests are always costly. Nature is never overcome except through a struggle. We must pay, and pay dearly, for our knowledge. The world lives and moves through the efforts of those few heroes on the outskirts of knowledge who are battling to the death with the gaunt black demon of ignorance.

And thus the area of knowledge is increased. Each new find is but the raveled end of another thread, to be pursued by some other man. Our thoughts are carried on by other minds.

Can we not think of the future, when it will be the poor automobile, instead of the poor horse, that will be suffering extinction; when the time between London and New York will be a matter of hours, not days? Then will the dream of Tennyson be true, when he

"Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight,
Dropping down with costly bales.

Heard the heavens filled with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue."

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EDITORIALS.

THE MESSENGER extends to all of you greetings for the new session. We are especially glad to welcome the large freshman class. From you we are looking for literary aid to fill the vacancy made by those who left us last June.

THE FIRST CALL.

The prospects for THE MESSENGER this year are very bright in the way of things financial. The business manager has worked hard on the advertisements, and needs now but to enlist the student body as subscribers to insure a successful financial year. *But he must have the student body subscription.*

But in matters literary we are not sure that we stand so well. As usual, last year we lost some of our best writers. Their places must be filled largely by the new men coming in this year, and by those who have hitherto, for one reason or another, failed to aid with their pens.

Our MESSENGER has its past high standard to maintain, and even to improve upon. This rests entirely with the student body. The editors are helpless without the hearty co-operation of every student who is able to write. Our alumni are expecting us to follow in their wake, and make the magazine stand for scholarship and for merit. That means work, and we must all be the workers.

And now we want to enlist all the freshmen who have any ability to write, and all college men and women who have the slightest ability for writing, in an effort to make this the best year yet, both for THE MESSENGER and for yourself. What better opportunity will you ever have for improving your literary talent than through THE MESSENGER? This magazine was begun primarily that the students should have a means of expression for their literary thoughts. Are you going to make use of the opportunity? This, too, is part of the good of a college career, and a part of college life wherein college spirit can be shown. Are you going to have your part? You know this magazine is yours. But it is not only yours. It goes to the homes and colleges throughout this State and other States, and *represents* you. Shall you have a voice in that representation? You are not willing that the other fellow's work should stand for you!

We do not know who among the new men can write. You must volunteer your literary efforts. They will have the same appreciative criticism that has been given to all articles in the past. Everything submitted will very likely not be published. But it will help to make THE MESSENGER better, because the whole process is a sorting out and an elimination, and the more material

we have the better will be the final choice. And it will help you to make good the next time.

Come, let us all try. Remember, these talents have been given unto us all. Shall we go and bury them in the ground? Even to-day is the day of reckoning.

We have appointed Miss Louise Baldwin as a special assistant editor of THE MESSENGER. The reason for this appointment lies in the fact that the young ladies of our College

AN AID. are *not* contributing to THE MESSENGER. With the exception of one who is very faithful in her contributions of poetry, we have been unable to obtain material from this very able group of students. From consultation with the heads of the English Departments, we know that there are several young ladies who write well. It is our belief that one who knows their several abilities best can obtain more material, for we know that all of them are loyal in their support of THE MESSENGER, and are willing to work and help us.

And now you have at last arrived at college. You have been planning this for some time, and trying to imagine what life at college will be when you arrive there. You COLLEGE LIFE. have conjured up illusions, and dreamed dreams about college life—what you should do, what part you should take, how important you would be, what part you should have in the large routine! And now, I say, you are here. Perhaps the sophomores have partly disillusioned you. Perhaps the seniors have appeared conceited. Very likely the professors have frightened you. Perhaps the speeches in the chapel have awed you and made you feel insignificant. That is part of the beginning of college life. All of us taste that part of it. That is but the ebullitions. The question is, shall we drink deeper? Shall we come in touch with all the elements that are here—all of those things that help to polish us and to change us from the awkward freshman to the fully-developed college man.

Of prime importance is our class work. But that is not all that is in college. The man who comes here and buries himself

between the covers of books, and makes his accustomed path that between his room and the class-room, misses that which will benefit him most afterwards.

Plunge into college life, freshman! Have you joined that literary society yet? If you haven't, do so next Friday night. Do you know that the Y. M. C. A. meets next Thursday night? You want to be there. Have you been out for the foot-ball team, and tried to help round out a championship squad? Some of you can help there. Have you written an article for THE MESSENGER? Possibly you can help there. Don't miss that next rally in the chapel. It's great for instilling into you college spirit, and helping to keep you enthusiastic in your work.

Haven't time? Oh, yes; for, if you mix and mingle in these activities, you will find that the blood flows faster and the brain thinks clearer, and that you will be a better fellow all around. You haven't the time to miss these things. They are the ones that cling longest in after-times; they are the memories that haunt pleasantly and make things worth while. They are the things that make you four-squared, educated—a college man. *Freshmen, plunge into college life!*

There is given each year by the two literary societies, jointly, a handsome gold medal for the best literary article submitted to THE MESSENGER during the course of the year. The idea seems to be prevalent that only short stories can be submitted for this medal. That is erroneous. A short story, a poem, an essay, a sketch—any article with literary merit—will have equal consideration. It is within the knowledge of the editors that a sketch once, and an essay on another occasion, won this medal. So a man's talent in the matter of essay will have equal chance with the talent of the story-writers. This should encourage many who have hitherto kept out of this contest. Every one who can write should join a society and try for this medal.

THE MESSENGER is fortunate in having as its short story

editor Mr. H. D. Coghill, who is an experienced short-story writer himself. With this issue of THE

TRAVELS.

THROUGH EUROPE.

MESSENGER we are beginning a series of essays, written by Mr. Coghill, of his impressions of Europe, as gathered during his vacation in Europe this last summer. This month we print the first article, "Some Impressions of London." Other articles on Paris, Venice, and various parts of Switzerland, and the interesting beauty spots of Europe, will appear from time to time. This is a trip to Europe that will save you time and money. Don't fail to be with Mr. Coghill on the journey. We are off.



CAMPUS NOTES.

F. S. Harwood, '14.

The Y. M. C. A. held its annual reception in the College chapel Thursday night, September 18th. There were good speakers, representing the faculty, the churches of the city, and the Sunday-schools. Refreshments were served in abundance, and the freshmen were made to feel that the upper-classmen had sociable natures and wished them well. It is to be hoped that the interest in the Y. M. C. A. may continue to be as good as it began.

On the following night, September 19th, the two literary societies held a joint program and reception in the chapel for the new students. On account of the bad weather, there was only a small gathering, but those who came meant business. Judging from the way in which the orators, readers, and declaimers acquitted themselves, doubtless many others will be constrained to join the societies, that they, too, may acquire their training.

We have three new men on the faculty—Mr. Justin Moore, who succeeds Mr. Garnett on the law faculty; Mr. Woodward, teacher of mathematics, and Mr. W. J. Young, who takes charge of the philosophy course. These men were formally introduced

to the school at the chapel service September 22d. Dr. S. C. Mitchell was present, and spoke for a few minutes with his customary power. Later reports show that these new professors are very popular.

Throughout the week beginning October 8th Dr. W. C. James conducted chapel exercises. The talks were brief, concise, and of such a nature as to remain in the memory. It is good to have in the College the influence of such a man.

Dr. Loving, explaining the use of the dentiphone to a group of students: "Now, Miss James, by holding this instrument between the teeth a deaf person is enabled to hear. Say, 'Yes, sir.' "

Miss James: "Yes, sir. But, doctor, suppose the person had false teeth?"

What made 'em laugh?

Garber, delivering a grandiloquent "spiel" to the Philologists: "Mr. President, judging by what we have accomplished in the future, we should be encouraged to push forward into the past."

Dr. Harris: "Have you heard anything favorable of the books we ordered?"

Crabtree: "Yes, sir. They haven't come."

Gardner: "Billy, did you get in the game with the 'Aggies'?"

Covington: "Yes, I played in nearly all of the last two halves."

Little "Sis" Green, boarding a Broad and Main car: "Say, Mr. Conductor, I want a ticket to the Woman's College."

Blume, on the way back from Washington: "What means the sign 'B. O.' on yonder car?"

Ancarrow: "That means bad order. I suppose 'G. O.' means good order."

Blume: "I wish they would put a 'G. O.' on this car."

Crymes, writing to "Query Column" of a local paper: "Please tell me why a girl shuts her eyes when she is kissed."

Answer: "Send us your photograph, and we will be better prepared to answer."

"Big" Davis to Poarch, waiting at foot of refectory stairs: "Who are you looking for?"

Poarch: "Owen."

Davis: "Which one?"

Poarch: "There's only one on the campus."

Walton: "According to Wicker, there are several."

Sophomore to O'Flaherty at Philologian reception: "You say your name is O'Flaherty? We are glad to have you with us; hope you will think favorably of joining our society."

O'Flaherty (aside): "Golly! They think I'm a rat."

Joe Leslie (in chapel): "Hurry up, parson, and find a hymn; Dr. James is about to stop talking."

Hall: "How about No. 1?"

Joe: "I'm afraid that's not familiar!"

Harry Duval: "I hear they are talking of allowing the men to change their names when they marry."

Miss Gary: "Oh, how grand!"

Harry: "I wouldn't like to change mine."

Miss Gary: "That wouldn't be so bad. I'd like to have mine—oh, I didn't mean—isn't this fine weather?"

Dr. Metcalf (reading Macbeth):

"By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes."

Enter Miss Spratley.

F. H. Martin, Jr., sending home an account of his last month's expenses, had as an item, "Charity, \$30.00."

Father's reply: "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

Heinie, No. 3: "Why doesn't everybody wait until everybody gets out of chapel, so there won't be such a rush?"

Dr. Metcalf: "Who was this precocious child in Scene 2?"
Voice from rear: "I bet his name was Alvah."

"Pete" Dunford (at the rally): "All right now, three roys and two rahs for the team. Make it good. Open your mouth, Bowles. Get into it fellows—one, two, *three!*"

On October 3d the President and Faculty very kindly gave over the chapel period to the various classes for the election of class officers. The results:

Senior Class—President, J. A. George; Vice-President, R. S. Wingfield; Secretary, Miss Margaret Clendon; Treasurer, G. N. Harwood; Orator, W. T. Hall; Historian, G. W. Blume.

Junior Class—President, J. E. Dunford; Vice-President, N. R. Ancarrow; Secretary, Miss Irene Stiff; Treasurer, Dudley Bowe; Historian, W. V. Hawkins.

Sophomore Class—President, Brook Anderson; Vice-President, V. P. McDaniel. Owing to an important "bit of work" waiting them, this class adjourned without further election. This was rather unfortunate, as the period was given for the election. What afternoon shall you be able to get together a full representation of the class?

Freshman Class—Proceedings interrupted, and election made impossible. On the following Monday afternoon Mr. Bronson was elected President. Other officers are yet to be elected.



Brook Anderson, '16.

Since foot-ball is the most important collegiate sport, every team represented on the gridiron makes greater efforts each succeeding year to build up its team.

Foot-ball, like anything else of importance, changes a certain amount each year, and, after a period of several years, one looks back to a very antiquated style of foot-ball.

Richmond College has been playing old style foot-ball for the last three years. On all sides were heard cries of "more speed," "give us open plays," but we kept on in the same old rut, until it was clearly seen by the athletic powers "who be" that we had to have a different style of play if we expected to cope with other colleges in our class. There was one man in the South, and we needed him. A man who was known in the North as a versatile athlete and in the South as an all-round coach—a man who had brought victories in every branch of sport to Clemson College, of South Carolina. We got him, and, with Mr. Frank Dobson as coach, we expect to put out a winning team in every branch of athletics fostered here.

Foot-ball is on the boom. There is "pep" in the team. John Marshall High School has sent us three of the best men that ever wore the "blue and white"—"Rock" King, Bert Robins, and "Dyke" Klevesahl, and, with Corbin, Ancarrow, Captain George, J. Wicker, Newton, F. Jones, Blume, and Hutchison as a nucleus, plus the new material from the prep. schools, we will put out a fast, though very light team.

The prevailing sentiment that we lose the first game of the season was offset when we played the R. L. I. Blues to a 0 to 0 score. With one week's practice and six plays we went into the game, and our goal was threatened only once, when the Blues

carried the ball across our line, only to have it brought back and a penalty inflicted for holding. After this the ball see-sawed its way up and down the centre of the field, the whistle blowing with the ball in our possession in the centre of the field. The final score was 0 to 0.

Captain George, though grittily sticking to his place at centre, was taken out after the first few minutes of play, through weakness, due to malarial fever. J. Wicker was sent in, and filled the position very creditably. "Rock" King pulled off several nice runs, while his tackling was of first-class order. The defensive work of our two ends, Jones and Newton, was superb, the Blues going but four yards on their punting, as our ends downed them in their tracks. Robins, though weakened by a spell of fever, tackled like a fiend. Never a gain was made through him while he broke up play after play on his side of the line.

Klevesahl at tackle, who has since matriculated at college, and Bane, the Blues' sturdy full-back, did the stellar work for their team. Bane's line plunging was especially spectacular.

The following Saturday the team played the Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park, Maryland. We were defeated 44 to 0 by a vastly superior team. With no perceptible difference between the first and second teams, and a third squad almost as good, this team can hold its own against any college in the South Atlantic division. The first and second teams average 180 pounds, and, coupled with their speed and perfect interference, they will be one of the strongest contenders for the South Atlantic championship this season.

Their offensive work was wonderful, their interference having from five to six men in it, and the defensive play was equally as good.

In the last quarter play we carried the ball by a series of forward passes to their ten-yard line, but lost it, and a chance to score, on a penalty. Our ends put up a dandy defensive game, stopping the M. A. C.'s heavy backs time and again, while our forward passes were the feature of our offensive play.

MARATHON.

At the same time our foot-ball team was battling against

such odds, the first *Times-Dispatch* modified Marathon, of eleven miles, was run.

We had five men entered—Satterfield, Heubi, and Gary, old and experienced runners, and two men new to the game, Mustoe and Powell. Through a misunderstanding, Mustoe was unable to start, and only four men toed the mark.

At the crack of the gun Hiteshew, a Marathon runner from Washington, sprang into the lead, and soon settled into a steady pace. On the first lap our team ran fourth to Hiteshew, and lead the other teams. At the end of four miles, Satterfield, weakened by his strenuous training, and sickened by the gasoline stench of the crowding automobiles, gave out. The pace was too telling on Powell, a green man, and he petered out at the sixth mile, thus killing our chances for the team prize, which went to the team sending the first three men across.

Men were dropping out steadily now, and at the last lap Heubi and Gary quickened their gait, and drew steadily to the front of the now-exhausted runners. But there was no catching the flying Hiteshew, who finished five minutes ahead of Heubi, with Gary a close third. Had Heubi extended himself, he might have made the pace hotter for Hiteshew, but he was content to hold his own and not sprint. Gary and Rollins, of the University of Virginia, sprinted the last 200 yards as if it were the final of a quarter. Rollins cracked under the strain, and dropped to the ground in a faint, while Gary staggered across the line into the arms of his fellow-students.

Had one man more finished we would have won the team prize. As it was, Heubi and Gary brought much honor to their school, since they beat out the best men, collegiate and Y. M. C. A., in the State, while Hiteshew, the winner of the race, is a Marathon runner of note.

BASKET-BALL.

The prospects for a basket-ball team this season are the brightest in years. With Captain Leubert, forward, Duffy and Brock, last year's guards, back, and such men as Satterfield, Robins, and Heubi, of prep. school fame, we look forward to the best basket-ball team in the College history.

Our facilities for practice are very poor, as an out-door court is useless in any kind of bad weather; so we are casting our eyes about for a hall in which we can practice, if only two or three times a week. As soon as we get to the new College, then, and only then, will we have the facilities for putting out championship basket-ball teams. And we look forward to that time with eager eyes.

ALUMNI NOTES.

A. B. Carter.

Richmond College watches, with pride, the careers of her sons and daughters, and she is indeed proud of any son who proves himself worthy of a place on her faculty. This year three sons have returned to their *alma mater* to lend their intellects in bringing the minds of her struggling youths from darkness to light, and to help in the character-building of these newly-adopted sons and daughters. THE MESSENGER extends a cordial greeting and a hearty welcome. We hope their renewed relations will prove as pleasant as their student days. There is no higher honor that the College could bestow on them than to call them to fill the positions which they occupy.

(Cæsar) W. J. Young, of the '07 class, has been elected to the chair of philosophy. Dr. Young, after winning his B. A. degree at Richmond College, won his B. D. at Crozer Seminary, and his Ph. D. at Pennsylvania University. For the past two years Dr. Young was instructor in philosophy at Hampden-Sidney. As pleasant as his relations were at our sister college, yet, when the call came from his *alma mater* he was inclined to turn an attentive ear.

J. B. Woodward, of the '07 class, is now supplying in Dr. Gaines's position in the department of mathematics. Professor Woodward, after leaving Richmond College, entered Denison University, where he taught mathematics for three years, winning in the meanwhile his Master of Science degree. From Denison he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he graduated last June, with the degree of Civil Engineer. As a token of his good work, the Phi Beta Kappa key was awarded him.

T. J. Moore, of the '08 class, has been elected to a position on the law faculty. Professor Moore, after winning his B. A. at Richmond College, taught for several years at the Richmond Academy, where he made for himself a reputation as an instructor of the first rank. For the past three years Professor Moore has

been a student in the Harvard Law School. Last June he won his LL. B., graduating at the head of his class.

We trust that these men will not feel too proud, from the exalted position that they occupy, to reach out to us a helping hand. The editors of *THE MESSENGER* are always grateful for suggestions and articles of interest.

The alumni editors are striving to get in closer touch with the alumni, and it is only by the co-operation on your part, Mr. Alumnus, that we hope to do this. We purpose to make our pages all that the name signifies to you. We will esteem it a great favor if you will stop a moment and write us a line or two. Let *THE MESSENGER* follow you, no matter where you go.

Richmond College is well represented this year at Colgate Seminary by the following students: J. W. Elliott, '13; W. W. Townsend, '13; A. B. Bass, '11; J. R. Estes, '12; J. E. Tucker, D. N. Davidson, and W. M. Thompson.

At Crozer we find J. E. Welsh, '12; P. S. Ellis, '13; H. Jennings, '10, and Dana Terry, '10.

Louisville has a strong delegation this year in J. W. Decker, '12; W. B. Miller, '12, and I. D. S. Knight.

The First Baptist Church, at Ettricks, Va., is very fortunate in securing E. C. Primm as their pastor. Mr. Primm graduated last June as President of the '13 class.

C. R. Angell, '13, is pastor of a field of four churches in the vicinity of Elizabeth City, N. C.

It is interesting to note the increasing number of graduates who leave our halls to enter upon the broad field of teaching. Particularly is this true of the '13 class.

Among the Co-eds. who have assumed such a vocation, we find Miss Mary F. Barnes located in the South Norfolk High

School, where she dispenses certain knowledge in English and mathematics. Miss Edmonia Lancaster and Miss Marion B. Monsell are teaching in the city schools. Miss Virginia Sydnor has been elected Professor of Latin at Greenville Female College.

Samuel L. Adams and "Tip" W. F. Saunders are teaching in Blackstone Academy, and incidentally assist Fritz W. Jones, another Richmond College graduate, in the finer arts—namely, foot-ball and track coaching.

James J. Coleman and Jesse H. Moore, two of the "Harmony Boys" are principals of the Drewryville and Venter High Schools, respectively.

Earl Crowell, the chief politician of '13 class, is now teaching in the Shenandoah Valley Institute.

Haynie H. Seay, Jr., has assumed the duties of an instructor in the Chatham Training School.

Dr. Francis B. Hart is an instructor in the far-off University of Constantinople, Turkey.

Owen O. Deitz and Marshall T. Meade are teaching in the schools of Richmond.

E. K. Cox has been elected principal of the Drake's Branch High School.

J. Leonard King is teaching in the Alderson Academy, West Virginia.

The Richmond Bar has an ever-ready welcome for the law graduates of Richmond College. As a result several new firms have been listed in the City Directory. Cards have been received from Messrs J. B. and R. C. Duval, announcing the opening an office in the American National Bank Building, and also from Messrs. P. J. Hundley, '12, and H. L. Snead, '13, who have their

sign out in the Mutual Building. Snead teaches in the forenoon at Richmond Academy.

A. J. Ellis, '13, is associated with the firm of Jo Lane & Cary Ellis Stern.

P. A. L. Smith, Jr., '13, is practicing law with his father in the city.

Thomas C. Fletcher is acting as deputy of the Henrico County Court.

R. A. Fifield is practicing law at Remington, Va.

J. A. George, of the '13 class, has returned to College, where he is pursuing work leading to his M. A. degree. As captain of the foot-ball eleven he is assisting Coach Dobson to turn out a winning combination. The 1914 class have shown their appreciation of his worth by electing him President of the class.

W. H. Davis, of the '12 class, is also doing M. A. work. Davis set for himself an enviable record at the Louisville Seminary last year.

W. L. O'Flaherty, '11, J. V. Gary, '12, J. J. Wicker, '13, and J. W. C. Johnson, '13, are students in the law school of Richmond College. We are very glad indeed to have these men back with us.

L. Valentine Lee has entered the Episcopal Seminary, at Alexandria, Va., where he is studying for the ministry.

W. B. Wiley, the star bender of the '13 base-ball team, is now teaching mathematics in Fork Union Academy.



A. L. Jones, '14.

We congratulate *The Davidson College Magazine* on the early appearance of its October number. "The Story of Kaghar" is

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given a most appropriate setting. The author takes you at once into the silence of the dark night between the "embers of the camp-fire" and the "black oily waters" to hear a tale, old, weird, and fascinating.

The power to give a story its proper setting, to get the reader in a proper mood for its reception, is one of the necessary pre-requisites of a successful story-teller and a true artist. Happily, we find them both here. But the story loses its force by the low motive which inspired its chief actor to return to the camp. "William Litmore Simms" is an essay, written in clear, pointed English. Every sentence is pruned down until it bleeds. The subject is interesting. Why not have more essays on obscure Southern authors? We need a more just appreciation of our Southern literature, and the college men should lead the way. "The Greatest Things in Life" deals with a subject old—yes, old as the "rock-ribbed hills," but the author has treated it in an interesting and unique way, and, after all, this is what makes literature. "Be natural in all your writings" is the greatest maxim of authors. Here it is well observed. "Fate and a Letter" plunges us into one absurdity after another. We feel we are called on to believe that which the author knew never happened. Be careful of too ridiculous plots. "The Death of Summer" is stigmatized throughout by the lack of form and the paucity of thought. "Morning" is a poem which deals with a subject hard to treat in an original way. Subjects of this kind are better left alone by unskilled hands. The metrical swing of the poem is

good. "The Infinite" is the only verse that can be ranked as poetry. The open vowels and closed consonants are here used with good effect to express a poetic thought.

The University of Virginia Magazine for June is, on the whole, an interesting number. The magazine opens with "In Exile."

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The soft, sweet, mellow cadence of the poem is in harmony with the thought expressed. The antithesis between the opening and closing words of the poem lends attractiveness to it. "The Girl

in the Box" begins with a sentence a little unnatural, but, from the development of the plot, necessary. The story is only fairly well told; the plot is not fully developed. Early *denouements* are, in themselves, all right if the story is purely didactic. "Secession in Art and the Past Impressionist" is a good treatment of a difficult subject. The author realizes that he is treating a subject more or less unfamiliar to the layman, and so he endeavors to be plain and interesting at the same time. He succeeds well. "Recompense" is a short poem, but it contains a truly poetic thought, expressed in poetic language. "Irwin Russell" is an essay on a Southern poet. It is well written. The author did not allow his feelings to master his critical ability, but gave us a just, though conservative, estimate of one of the most truly Southern singers. "Merely a Matter of Cheese" contains a large amount of conversation, which we are glad to see. There is a true vein of naturalness running throughout the story. We would be glad to see more of this kind. "The Death of Paris" is an ambitious attempt at a poem. It is only mechanical verse—no poetry.

"Every Woman" appears on the front page of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*. It is a clear rhyme, rather than a poem.

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"During the Charge" is one of those unnatural, maudlin, and melodramatic stories that never happen. The characters are mere puppets, which move and speak by means of strings pulling them. "The New

and the Old" is only a mediocre poem. Poetry is one of the arts,

and, as such, it must have an ideal. The poem remains too flatly on the ground. "The Coward" is a story that we turn to with pleasure. The story grasps at once the reader's attention and holds it to the close. The great brutal, but honest, hero is a man full of human love and human emotions, and, at the same time, cursed with human frailties. We love and pity him, because we feel that he is one of us, bowed beneath the weight of misfortune, not by his own fault, but by the fault of fate. "The Course of the Law" is an absurd plot. No jury on the earth would convict on the evidence given. Make your stories a little real. "The Little Villian" is a trifle too flimsy. You expect something wonderful to happen, when all at once you are told the hero is smoking his pipe. But we can partly forgive this for the good conversation that follows, though even this leads us into too much of a "fish story." "The Inch of Death" is told with a graphic hand. To gain the reader's attention, and then to hold it, is an essential of a good story. This we find here. "Ego" has a soft, quaint melody, which is pleasing in this tone of poems. "The Evening Song" is a clever imitation in rhyme and word effect of "The Skeleton in Armor."