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CONTENTS.

THE MESSAGE (Poem).....	<i>H. A. M., '16.</i>	137
A TOP APARTMENT (Story).....	<i>P. P.</i>	138
THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN ON A BICYCLE (Essay).....	<i>H. D. Coghill.</i>	143
CYCLES OF UNREST (Poem).....	<i>Caros Marks, '15.</i>	153
MOON MADNESS (Story).....	<i>Virginia L. Coghill.</i>	154
"THE NEW AMERICAN" (Essay).....	<i>J. Elwood Welsh, '12.</i>	165
A PRAYER TO FATE (Poem).....	<i>K. N. D., '14.</i>	170
POLITICS, PROHIBITION, AND WHISKEY.....	<i>G. W. B., '14.</i>	171
THE CHOOSING OF A RHODES SCHOLAR.....	<i>J. M. D. Olmsted.</i>	176
HEINE'S SONNET "TO MY MOTHER"—A Translation—(Poem)—	<i>A. F. S., '14.</i>	180
THE CLOD (Story).....	<i>G. W. B., '14.</i>	181
EDITORIALS.....		185
CAMPUS NOTES.....	<i>F. S. Harwood, '14.</i>	190
ATHLETICS.....	<i>Brooke Anderson, '16.</i>	195
ALUMNI NOTES.....	<i>A. B. Carter.</i>	211
EXCHANGES.....	<i>A. L. Jones, '16.</i>	214

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XL.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3

THE MESSAGE.

H. A. M., '16.

The blue black sky of the after-dusk
Shuts in the somber, silent night,
Save where, behind yon holly lone,
The Christmas moon spreads her silver light.
A sober quiet pervades the air,
'Tis as still as the night of the Christ-child's birth;
O'er the broad fields lies the blessing sweet,
"Peace on earth."

The arc-lights' glare shows the busy street,
There's a roaring bustle, a whirling tide
Of mankind, surging along its way,
Sweeping and rushing on every side.
But over them, too, the blessing lies,
The angels' echo is heard again,
And the thronging crowds catch the message clear,
"Good will toward men."

A TOP APARTMENT.

P. P.

THE snow-covered earth and frosty air bespoke the ringing of Christmas bells. The merry voices of children sounded about her, and stretched before her were the depths of the city, where many a squalid home had that day been brightened by her presence, and many a full stocking materialized by her efforts. But to-night she was tired; the thanks and the blessings of the day had sounded hollow in her ears. She wanted to see the joy of the children when, on the morrow, they discovered the unexpected gifts. She was weary and tired of it all, and the eternal to-morrow of it lay like a dead weight upon her heart.

She thought for a half hour, to be certain that gifts were provided for each one. Up one street and down the other her thoughts traveled swiftly, until almost at the end of a street of shabby houses, that had been the mansions of a former generation, there flashed before her mind the picture of two attic rooms, bright and sunny, but with close-shut windows, and a half-dozen unwashed milk bottles neatly ranged just inside the back room, and a baby, thin and weak, squeezed tightly into a broken doll carriage.

"I wonder what went to those children," she mused aloud. "Luma ought to have a flannel underskirt, and the baby must have some Cuticura soap, and Johnnie needs stockings and heavy underclothing, and he wanted some roller-skates, and Luma wanted a pretty picture, and their mother wants the rent paid, and—dear me, there will not be enough money for all."

She was in the street when she reached this point in her thoughts. Through the groups of merry children, with their sleds, and the crowded market-place, with its busy, jostling crowd, she went. "They are my friends," she said of these people, when others spoke curiously of her presence among them. To-night more than one old woman stopped her with, "Land sakes, Miss

Mary, ain't you bought your Christmas dinner yit?" and added, in a loud whisper, "I'se just gitting a little summin extry." And more than one man looked meaningly at his full basket as he greeted her. Her smile of response was sympathetic, but her heart, for the time, was not with them, but with the three children in the attic, and their ignorant, incompetent mother.

The lower part of the house was dark and silent, save for an occasional voice raised to Christmas pitch. Up the last narrow flight of steps she went slowly, uncertain lest she be unable to meet the needs of the family above.

A low voice said "Come in," in response to her tap at the door. Mrs. Brown sat near the oil stove in the squalid, smoky room. She was busily sewing tawdry ornaments on the dress of a cheap doll.

"You told me not to spend any money for Christmas, Miss Mary, but the children had to have something. See! Ain't this lovely, and it cost only twenty-nine cents."

"This for Luma," Mary said gently; "I hope she will be pleased"; but her heart sank as she thought of her earnest effort to teach the children that in simplicity was elegance.

"Yes, the doll is for Luma, and the big horn is for Johnnie, and the rattler is for the baby. They have some candy and nuts, too."

Mary was all warmth and vivacity now. "I wanted to give them something, but came by so that I would be sure not to get the same things that you had for them. I shall be back in a minute."

Just around the corner was a mongrel store that resembled nothing so much as a stray cur dog. Thither Mary went. The store was dusty and stuffy, but there was thick blue flannel for Luma and white flannel for the baby, and warm clothing for Johnnie and white muslin for curtains; there were roller-skates to be had for a song, and, packed away in one corner, was an old engraving of the Sistine Madonna. Delicate soap and a hundred sheets of tissue paper were purchased at a near-by drug store.

Mary's hands were already full, and she looked rather helplessly at the bundles on the counter before her. She, who, in confidence and strength, carried the welfare of hundreds on her

shoulders, looked the picture of helplessness as her forehead puckered into a frown.

"Mary, alone here at this time of night!" a serious voice reproved her.

Startled, she dropped a package, and blushed, and dropped another.

"Little lady, little lady; I did not mean to frighten you. Give me the rest of those," and tall Tom Bents stuffed the packages into the pockets of his great coat.

"And now, Lady Bountiful, where shall I take you—and these?"

"To Mrs. Brown's, please, kind sir."

"And I shall take you home when you have finished," he said, so decisively that she dared not protest. In her heart she was deathly afraid of the dark, though she never admitted it when her work demanded late hours.

Mrs. Brown sat for a time watching them helplessly, as Tom piled the furniture first in one corner, then in another, and mopped the floor to a shining whiteness, while Mary washed the milk bottles and set them out for the milk-man, and polished the windows, until, confused by the quick changes, Mrs. Brown retired to the bed-room to finish the doll dress in peace. She lay down for "just a minute" when the dress was finished, but was soon sleeping soundly.

The floor and the wood-work quickly became clean and white under Tom's generous application of lye. A white oil-cloth covered the table, white curtains fluttered at the windows, and neatly-directed white packages were piled near the chimney side. A flying trip to the market, and Tom brought back enough food to last the family two Christmases.

"Extravagant boy!"

"It will be two weeks before the factory opens, and I thought this would help out."

The room was a bower of neat cleanliness, but Mary was pale and tired, and sat down rather limply on a damp chair.

"I'm selfish and I'm wicked," she declared weakly, but firmly. "I want the children to kiss me, and love me, and say I made their Christmas beautiful, and I don't care whether they

think God did it or not," and two tears hung like stars on her lashes.

"In a few minutes we may call them, for its 12 o'clock and Christmas morning, dear."

Tom stood before her without his coat, and with shirt sleeves rolled back. His expression was serious and tender as he watched her down-cast face. "It is the day of giving," he said, "and there is one gift, Mary, just one gift, that I want—want."

She looked up, startled at the new note in his voice. He took her hands, and raised her gently, but firmly. After the first swift glance she would not look at him, but stood inert.

"Mary, I want just one gift. Look at me, dear," but her eyes were not lifted. "I want you to be my Christmas gift. I love you, love you," and at last she woke to life under his passionate kisses. Surprised, vibrant, she freed herself, stood for a moment, then, with hands resting lightly upon his shoulders, looked deep into his eyes.

"Dear boy," (her voice, rich, deep, plumbed the mysteries of life, and made all things clear) "mine to-night is the joy of the angels at Bethlehem." Quiet, almost holy, she seemed under the first passionate love that had ever touched her life.

In a moment her serious mood had vanished. "Christmas is for children," she declared, and, with the big horn almost at her lips, "all of my Christmas gifts are delivered at my home."

He smiled, content to wait her answer.

She blew a resounding blast on the horn, then called gaily, "Luma, Luma, dress quickly. Santa Claus has come and gone," and, almost in the same breath, asked, "If I marry you, may I see that Luma is given her chance in life?"

Before he could answer Luma was in the room, bare-footed, and with dress half-hooked, but talking so fast and so joyously that Mary never knew whether or not Tom answered her.

The packages were not half untied before she was hugging Luma ecstatically. "Luma, Luma, Tom and I are going to be married, and I am going to send you to school. Tom, you can take me home now."

Tom was six feet two, and big and broad physically and temperamentally. He was ready to give of his strength when the

girl before him exhausted her energy by her quick response to every demand made upon her.

"Luma," said Mary, serious again, "ask God to let the Holy Mother bless the promise that I have made to-night."

The little head was bowed, and the childish voice rose clear and sweet, "Dear Jesus, ask your mother to bless Miss Mary and Mr. Tom, and bring them back to me again next Christmas. Amen."

THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN ON A BICYCLE.

H. D. Coghill.

(Continued from November issue.)

These articles, so interestingly and well written, will continue on for several months to come, in the following order:

JANUARY—Final installment of "Through Great Britain on a Bicycle," giving the writer's impressions of the Burns country, Glasgow, the Trossachs and Scottish Lakes, the Scott country, Edinburgh, the Scottish and English Abbey and Cathedral district, Sherwood Forest, and Cambridge.

FEBRUARY—"Some Impressions of Paris and Vicinity."

MARCH—"Through the Alps to Italy."

APRIL—"Some Impressions of Venice" (also, of Bologna and Florence).

MAY—"Some Impressions of Rome and Vicinity" (also, Naples and Pompeii).

OCTOBER—"Through the Mediterranean to the Azores" (possibly).

CROSSING the Irish Sea, from Holyhead to Dublin, we had become very chummy with the captain, a ruddy-faced Englishman, who had tales to tell of every clime. He regaled us with many yarns, and with his pet vanities. He was a good dresser—looked spick and span in his uniform, and knew it. He took great pride in showing us his wardrobe—possibly displayed as much vanity concerning his apparel as does a June bride. Nevertheless he was a pleasant-voiced, agreeable gentleman, and enlivened our voyage quite a bit. Before we reached Dublin he gave us the address of a waterfront hotel, at which he said we would find excellent accommodations. We had had some misgivings about entering the city so late at night, as there is a law in force specifying that taverns, bars, etc., must close at 11 o'clock, and, as a rule, after the liquor stops flowing the proprietor goes to bed and allows belated travelers to knock in vain. So, reinforced with the address given us by the captain, we disembarked without fear.

The girl who answered the bell informed us that they had a full house, but that we could find lodging for the night at a re-

spectable hotel ten blocks further on. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we reached the address designated. We found that the people could take us in, and were congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, when we spied down the hall a young Irishman sitting in a lap. It was a girl's lap, and a pretty, black-haired, black-eyed colleen seemed to be the owner. The couple spied us, but did not appear to be as much perturbed over the situation as we were. I observed a light of uneasiness flickering in my friend's eye. I wondered if it were reflected in mine. It was necessary for us to pass the couple in order to get up-stairs. The girl who had admitted us beckoned to us to follow. My friend gave me a questioning glance. The hour was late, and we were weary, as a result of a sixty-mile ride that morning and our trip across the water, and I didn't know what we might find were we to venture out on the street again; so I re-assured him, saying, "Oh, that's all right." Evidently it is a custom of the country, and seems no more extraordinary to the natives than the sight of a slit skirt or a transparent dress flitting down Broadway is to bred-and-born New Yorkers. With this assurance on my part, he stepped forward boldly, and we followed our fair guide up-stairs. On the way we met a Scotchman, who seemed to have aboard more "Scotch" and "Irish" than he could comfortably carry. He insisted that we have one on him. We didn't know what kind of "one" he meant, so we evaded his affectionate clutches, and reached our room without further adventure.

Both in England and Wales we had invariably found the bed linen the acme of cleanliness—of snowy whiteness. Here in Dublin a different custom seemed to be in vogue—so I observed when my friend called my attention to the sheets; they were a dirty cream color. After musing awhile upon this strange custom, we repaired to the bar, and made a repast off of ale and cheese sandwiches. We had not eaten for ten hours—they don't serve meals to the passengers on cargo boats; and if you have a special supper prepared for you at a hotel after 11 o'clock at night it takes an eternity to prepare it, and you have got to pay a big price for it. That is why, at past 11 o'clock, we found ourselves seated on high stools before the counter in an Irish water-front bar, satisfying our appetites with such coarse food.

Though closed to outsiders, the bar was full—so were many of the sailors, stokers, stevedores, and others with which the room was crowded. Here we found what was lacking in London—drunkenness, and all degrees of it, from the seventh whiskey straight to the fellow who had lost count. And color! It was there, in wine-glasses, in tumblers, in schooners—the place fairly dripped and splashed with oodles of color. It was in the faces of the drinkers, in the picturesque vernacular which passed muster for speech, and in the non-sacred songs that filled the air and mingled with the smoky, smelly atmosphere. The people paid little attention to us—I suppose we must have looked almost as tough as any of them. Sitting at my elbow was an ancient Irishman, who might have become a political boss or chief of police had he emigrated to America forty years ago. He was dividing his time and attention between a tumbler of raw whiskey and the Scotchman we had met in the hall a half-hour previous. The rugged son of Erin was trying to prove to the un-canny Scot that he was born on one side of Bantry Bay—we never did learn which side it was, but there appeared to be more honor attached to an Irishman who happened to have been born on one side than on the other. Just as we finished our meal a policeman walked in, and we walked out. The place was emptied inside of two minutes, and, as we ascended to our couch, we heard the sound of many voices filling the night air. I suppose they all got home all right.

After another look at the linen, and discerning that the color was uneven, we went to bed with boots on, covering up with our rain-coats. Sleep came slowly; mysterious noises emanated from various quarters. We piled the wash-stand and a chair against the door. Several times during the night the door-knob was fumbled, and once the door was shoved in slightly, but the barricade held. Sleeping by fits and starts, I was aroused at 5 o'clock by a rattle of the knob and a vigorous pounding on the door. Then a siren voice rose in a shrill cry, "Mr. Johnson, why don't you let me in?"

Neither of us answering to that name, I silently refused to heed the request, and, after some more door-pounding, and a few feminist phrases, the voice finally floated down the hall, leaving

us to our dreams. My friend, who is a heavy sleeper, rolled over and growled out, "Hang such customs!" though I don't believe he was conscious of what was going on.

Before we reached the dining-room a strong odor of garlic smote our olfactory nerves, and we decided that we didn't want any breakfast there, so paid our bill, and sought out a down-town tea-room. After breakfast we bought maps of Dublin and of Ireland, and saw the conventional Dublin that every one sees, but few who visit that town can boast of such an over-night experience as ours.

Up to this time we had never paid much attention to the geography of Ireland, except to learn that the island was big enough to hold Dublin, Cork, Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, together with a bunch of natives, who slept in sod huts, among pigs and potatoes, and made moonshine usquebaugh, and participated in Fenian uprisings when they weren't breaking each others craniums with shillalahs or emigrating to America. We had thought we would be able to ride rings around the isle in two days, but, after perusing our new map awhile, and mentally contrasting the tiny maps of Ireland we used to see in our school geographies, we decided that we had made a mistake—we had landed half-way between the Giant's Causeway and the Lakes of Killarney, and about two hundred miles from either section. Further investigation revealed that the roads were bad, and railroad fare too much to justify a hurried trip. Furthermore, the weather was threatening. So we decided to spend a day in Dublin and vicinity, and then bid farewell to Ireland.

When I think of Dublin two names rise up in memory inseparably linked—St. Patrick's Cathedral and Guinness' Brewery. You might say that this is sacrilegious, but not when you learn that Guinness' Brewery rebuilt St. Patrick's Cathedral, even as Roe's Distillery has restored Christ Church Cathedral, at a cost of a million dollars. You can take the car at St. Patrick's and go straight to Guinness' Brewery, and receive *gratis* all the beer, ale, and porter you can carry, even as you can remount the car and go direct to St. Patrick's, and receive *gratis* all the absolution you can carry away.

In St. Patrick's we viewed the tablets inscribed to Swift and

his "Stella," where, at last, in death, the lovers were re-united, and now sleep their last sleep among the graves of the Yahoos that Swift, in olden days, delighted to depict and revile. We also saw some relics of St. Patrick, and I suppose some time within the next thousand years our descendants may have the pleasure of seeing there, next to those of St. Patrick, the relics of St. Guinness, the brewer.

After seeing the sights of the town, we wandered through the dirty, paper-strewn square adjacent to St. Patrick's, and found a big public bath-house, where one can not only take any kind of bath one wishes, but also secure a room for the night, a bath, a shine, and a breakfast, all for about fifty cents. But we were looking for sea-baths, and didn't care to tarry another night in Dublin. The officials of the bath very courteously volunteered the information that we could run down to Kingston, ten miles down the coast, take a swim in the Irish Sea, and get back in time to catch the 5 o'clock boat to the Isle of Man. We had learned that no steamer from Dublin went within hailing distance of any port near the English Lake Country, so we worked out a combination whereby we would go first to the land of the Manxman, and then relay to the Lake Country. We took a swim in the icy waters of the Irish Sea, and by 5 o'clock had boarded the Isle of Man packet, which was loaded with excursionists to Douglas.

On the steamer we met a citizen of Douglas, who took us under his wing, and put us up for the night in a delightful home high up above the town. I wish that we could have climbed to the topmost peak of Mt. Snaefell, or roamed for days over the beautiful park-like island, or attended a session of the Manx Parliament, which was to meet in a few days to pass laws independent of the English Parliament, or viewed the Druidical ruins said to lie somewhere in the innermost recesses of the island. But the Lake Country was urgently calling, so we had to respond. The boat for Heysham was to leave at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon of the day after we reached Douglas. We learned this at 11 o'clock in the morning. We had five hours and a half to spare, and wheeled out of town, up many hills, and down through valleys, until we reached the foot of Snaefell. We left our cycles, and attempted the climb. After getting our feet wet in the boggy

slopes, and passing through a heavy cloud, we suddenly discovered that we had only an hour in which to catch the boat.

Turning, we ran pell-mell down the mountain-side, and reached our cycles with thirty minutes to spare. Prior to this we had been told of a short cut back to Douglas, and, putting feet to pedals, we shot seaward like a President's special with a clear track ahead. Climbing mountain-wards, we had had a stiff wind in our faces. Now it was at our backs, and we almost had to put on brakes going up the hills, and going down we equaled a racer's record. We boarded the steamer just before the gangway rolled aboard, and found ourselves in the midst of another crowd of excursionists, who had been spending the day on the Douglas beach, and were now returning to their Heysham homes.

As we wished to visit Furniss Abbey, and couldn't afford to ride fifty miles out of the way to get there, we had tried to secure passage to Barrow, but in vain. Landing at Heysham, we cycled on to Morecombe that night, and reached the latter seaside resort just as the lights were flashing on, about 8 o'clock—one can ride by daylight until 10 o'clock.

Like most summer resorts, Morecombe presented many curious spectacles. For instance, we felt rather queer when we saw boys and girls, fourteen to twenty years of age, parading up and down the beach, with arms entwined about waists, prodigal of their kisses, and careless of public gaze. It may be that the evil was in the eye of the beholder. They might regard it as an innocent custom, but I am told that a different custom prevails in our country. It was not an uncommon thing for us, when speeding along quiet English lanes, to observe young men walking with their sweethearts, waists firmly clasped, and we never saw the arm removed either when a pair returned our embarrassed glances with undisturbed gaze, though once a maiden winked at us over her sweetheart's shoulder.

On the road from Morecombe to the Lake Country we were overtaken by a weather-beaten cyclist, a young man of twenty-five or thirty, who informed us that he was a road scout of the Royal Automobile Club, and, as it was his duty to dispense information concerning the best roads to take, he would be glad to favor us with a portion of his knowledge. Though he was not in

Royal Automobile Club uniform, we accepted his information as we accepted his company—at face value. He did take us to Windermere by a short cut, saving us about ten miles; but when we arrived at the town he plainly showed that he thought he was entitled to refreshments, and got what he was entitled to. While we were stopping at the inn our R. A. C. friend brought around a friend, and a friend of a friend, who all seemed to be eager to teach us topography, and, after trying to pump us as to how much money we carried, whether or not our stick pins, cuff buttons, and watches were solid gold, and how much we wanted for our bicycles, suggested that we all go swimming in the lake. The day was unusually warm, and we had been riding at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour for six hours, and the invitation, on the face of it, appeared to be very acceptable, but it wasn't accepted. I had a vision of two guileless innocents paddling about in natal costume, while their wheels, watches, money, and letters of credit were speeding far from the banks of Windermere to unknown fastnesses, and knew that, without these worldly things, we would be able to appreciate but few of the heavenly beauties of the Lake Country; so, declining with thanks their kind invitation, we left them, their noses buried in beer-pots, while, in company with Wordsworth (found at the Windermere book store), we refreshed ourselves by revelling in the conversation of nature.

Could I but wield the pen of a Lake poet, in a Lakelander fashion, I might reveal to you the spirit of that country. But the spirit has already been penned, and, if you will take down your volume of Wordsworth, and browse in it awhile, you, too, will be able to glimpse a part of what we saw, and feel a part of what we felt, as, on those unusually bright English days, we sped along the winding roads, through that country of dreams, that Mecca of poets, that paradise of nature-lovers. As we walked or rode, as the mood struck us or the beauty impelled us, we saw, to our right, majestic hills rising up till their wooded heights seemed to brush away the clouds of the heavens, while down their verdant slopes splashed, with the sound of distant music, miniature falls and rushing streams, eager to join the waters of Windermere and Grasmere, which loomed far below us on the left, sometimes touching close to our road level as we cycled on, now up, now down, now near, now far from their rock-ribbed banks.

We could not resist the temptation to take a row on Grasmere. Our wheels safe with the honest-looking boatman, we rowed across the cool waters of the lake, past wooded island groups, to where its rock-bound shores, dotted with vegetation, lifted sheer up to the clouds. Through the clear as crystal water we could, in many places, see the grass-grown bottom of the lake, and, as we rounded some of the verdant islets, our oars were entangled in grasses that rose from the depths. Before the tropic waters of the Gulf Stream kissed into life the sleeping beauty of the British Isles, and before the Lake Country and kindred spots had awakened at its warm touch, these lakes—Grasmere, Windermere, and Thirlmere, and their sisters—must have been held in the giant clutches of a polar clime, for even now evidences of their glacial formation are apparent to the eye.

Two roads traverse the banks of Thirlmere, one on either side of the lake. The road to the right winds up and down, and is the one most used by autoists. We took the road to the left, which maintains one level its entire course. It winds around giant boulders, through forest shades, and sometimes cuts straight through the heart of a hill, a stone arch overlapping the roadway. As we sped along this road we spied down a lane, close to the water's edge, a fine old farm-house, and it was there that we spent our second night in the Lake Country. There we met with that unfailing hospitality which characterizes the English people, and spent a most refreshing night. As he put away our wheels, the hired man asked us, in a hoarse whisper, if we were not German spies. We told him that we most assuredly were not. He thought we looked like Germans, he said, apologetically, and, as it was rumored that there were spies in the country, he imagined that we might be the ones referred to. People had taken us for Kentish folk, some thought we were from Somerset or Dorset, others said we must be New Zealanders or Australians; and the shop-keepers (looking at our padded coats) said we were from the United States; an old Welsh lady told us that she knew that my friend was an Englishman, but she didn't know what I was—possibly French; but this was the first time we had been taken for Germans, but it wasn't the last. Evidently German spies were a bugbear—to frighten children with, or, perhaps, grown folks.

Our crop of clean clothes had, by this time, run short, and we couldn't tarry in one spot long enough to have them washed; so, when we took our baths that night, we bathed our clothes also, and, in the excess of our zeal, washed everything, trusting to the night air to dry out a portion by daybreak. But the night air happened to be laden with moisture, and the drying process wasn't a success—everything was still wet when day dawned. Therefore, we had to ride seventy miles that day minus a few things, our coats buttoned to the chin. This wasn't so jolly as it might seem, and vastly more uncomfortable.

Up to this time, with the exception of two minor cases of tire trouble, our cycles had given the utmost satisfaction. Now, as we were nearing Carlisle, the frame of one cycle came unwelded, due to a defective joint—insufficient brass had been used in making the weld. The last ten miles to Carlisle we rode with locked arms, only one of us pedalling. The first repair shop we entered wanted two days' time and fifteen shillings for the job. We shook our heads, and sought another. There we had a new weld made, at a cost of five shillings, and the wheel was made ready over-night. To do the manufacturer justice, a defect like the one this wheel exhibited might have happened in the manufacture of almost any wheel, and when we returned to London the dealer refunded the amount of the repair bill.

Carlisle is a typical border town, filled with English and Scotch and Scotch-English. Many of the people wear clogs—leather shoes with wood or steel soles. The old castle and the flamboyant window in the eastern end of the cathedral (one of the largest and finest windows in England) are the two principal things of interest in Carlisle. The cathedral isn't very impressive. There was one other thing of interest in Carlisle—a Scotch-English lassie. As we were leaving, she told us to beware of the wiles of the lassies beyond the border. "Why, what will they do to us?" we asked. She replied, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, "If a Scotch lassie says of ye, to ithers, 'Yon mon be my husband,' and ye dinna say her nay, then ye're her mon for guid and aye." I had thought that the old marriage law had become obsolete, and, upon receiving this information to the contrary, we looked at each other lugubriously, but, remembering that we had agreed

to take all things as we found them, we decided to go ahead and dare this unknown fate, each of us to keep his eye "skinned" whenever a Scotch lassie happened to be near the other. Beyond the Scottish border we questioned several authorities upon the subject, and they all were agreed that we had better be careful. So we proceeded with caution—the caution of a Gulliver exploring a Brobdingnagian country. •

(To be continued.)

CYCLES OF UNREST.

Caros Mark, '15.

Down where the wild winds stir,
 Down by the river of Tyle;
 O, for surcease from the dizzy whirr
 Of the storms, and the surge, my child—
 For the balm of a calm, my soul!

Afar to the dim, dead rest
 That sleeps o'er the city of Syle,
 Where silence is sound in the regions round,
 And music is dreamt, only dreamt, my child;
 And the stars all wait in tip-toed hush,
 Nor twinkle, nor wink too gay;
 When the roses smile in virgin blush,
 Or flirt with the month of May.

And no toil—for the brooks murmur not to a stone,
 And the winds hiss not to a tree;
 But the land is caressed with feathery rest
 And peace wings, hovering the lea.
 Ah, here we will roam, my child,
 For aye; O, come with me!

We are here, my child,
 In the dim, dead city of Syle,
 Where sounds break not to the moon.
 But why so sad, my soul? Let us smile;
 Dost thou grow a-weary so soon!
 Alas, I know; 'tis the starved, stale rest,
 That wakens not life with a clang,
 That reasons not life with a tang.
 Let us hence—where the wild winds stir
 To the noise, the joys, and the swir—
 Back to the glad, mad life, my child,
 To storm and surge of the Tyle.

MOON MADNESS.

Virginia L. Coghill.

THE moon shone bright, flooding the earth with that soft radiance which fills the souls of men and women with strange emotions, strong passions, and thoughts too wild and fleeting for mortal utterance.

Such was its influence upon the soul of the girl who sat that night at the foot of the cliff. Behind her, the steep and rugged walls, rising perpendicularly, seemed full of mysterious shadows. At her feet the soft waves stole upon the beach nearer and nearer, each wave striving, with strategic cunning, to distance its mate, and reach the tips of her out-stretched feet. Fragrant breezes blew around her, twirling tiny tendrils of hair, stealing furtive kisses, murmuring sweet messages, not to be understood, but vaguely imagined, and blending its sighs with hers.

The moonlight cast its magic gleam upon her, and, through its mystic touch, the tired features of the weary woman of twenty-eight were transformed into the ardently glowing countenance of sweet eighteen. She felt eighteen. Her soul was filled with all the unutterable longing that only eighteen can know—a longing for something, she knew not what; she only knew that it was something she had never experienced.

Her experience, in some respects, had been varied. Yet seldom had there been joy entirely undefiled; and, as she looked back at her past, it seemed to her that there was a vague, indefinable longing in almost every emotion she had felt—a longing which ran like a tiny connecting thread through her various life experiences.

Elinor Ward had been left an orphan at an early age. There was no one near enough of kin to feel under obligations to adopt her, so she had spent her childhood in an orphan asylum. They had been kind to her there, but four or five busy matrons cannot supply enough mother-love to satisfy the craving in the denied hearts of two hundred or three hundred children. As a child she had instinctively felt that the vague, indefinable longing in

her heart was for mother-love. The children "outside" were different; and that mythical being called mother and the mythical place called home must be the real cause, so the little mind had reasoned.

In later years the longing seemed to identify itself with friendship, and she had clung with passionate devotion to her girlhood friends, bitterly resenting the necessary separations. Time dimmed this feeling. They traveled different roads, developed along different lines, and, in their rare meetings, she often found that memory was the only binding tie between wholly incompatible natures.

For the past ten years she had been teaching school. During her vacation she lived as cheaply as possible on the small amount saved through the winter term. By careful management and petty economy during the past year, she had contrived to save enough to allow herself the indulgence of spending a few weeks at a small seaside resort.

All of her life Elinor had longed to see the ocean, and now, at the age of twenty-eight, she had her wish gratified. She loved to watch the billowy surface, to see the waves come dashing in and break into foam before they reached the shore, to watch the silent ships go sailing by, and, best of all, to sit on the beach a night like this.

How wonderful was the moonlight! Those little stars were winking at her outrageously. How nice it would be to hear welcome words of love on a night like this. Ah, love!—the greatest thing in life—the thing she had missed.

A strange feeling arose in her, an insatiable need of love. Was she to go through life, each day a monotonous repetition of the day before, unlightened by the love that could make a heaven of hell? She was seized with a revolt against the dullness of her life—to teach stupid and spoilt children, to wear away nerve and brain in an effort to be a patient, conscientious teacher—thus to spend the remainder of her fleeting youth. Was she never to sit on a moonlit beach, by the side of a man she loved, to feel delicious and intoxicating kisses on her lips, to hear passionate words of undying affection? Such nights are made for love. On such a night lovers stroll arm in arm in moon-lit gardens, their

hearts thrilled by the fragrance of the air. But on such a night the unbeloved sit alone, as Elinor sat to-night on the beach.

With this trend of thought came a sense of self-pity, which caused her parted lips to breathe forth a sigh. She sighed, and the breezes seemed to sigh with her, the waves crept up to comfort her, and the little stars flirted, now shyly, now boldly. All the while the "queen of the night" cast languishing glances upon the moon-struck maiden; and the magic spell was on.

A delicious dreaminess stole into her veins, and, in spite of her languor of body, her spirits felt wonderfully alive. All the splendors of heaven and earth were hers to-night, and they seemed to be saying, "To-morrow may be dull and gloomy, but to-night is a glimpse of paradise."

Occupied with these æsthetic emotions, Elinor Ward had failed to see the tall figure of a man strolling along the beach in her direction. Now some instinct warned her of his presence, and, turning slowly, she viewed the intruder. She vaguely remembered him to be one of her fellow-boarders at the small hotel. She had been introduced, she believed, but had not been specially attracted at the moment. But now, with the spell of the moonlight strong upon her, she gazed at him with welcoming eyes. He was a man—a potential lover! A strange thrill ran through her.

The man who strolled slowly along the beach felt a corresponding thrill, as he saw the dainty, girlish figure, clad in gossamer white, seated on the sand, her slender feet out-stretched, as if in daring invitation to the approaching waves. She seemed almost ethereal, of fairy daintiness, as she sat with the soft sheen of the moonlight upon her. What a look of wonderful sweetness she gave him, as if half-inviting him to join her. Ah, yes—he had met her—at the hotel.

He was lonely to-night. It is unaccountably strange how lonesome a fellow who is pretty well used to getting along by himself every day feels on a night like this. Perhaps the lady was lonely, too, and might not mind having some one to talk to. So, quickly resolving to try anyway, with hat in hand, he approached his fate, and, like many another helpless fly, was drawn into its web by a woman's smile.

What commonplace utterances are sometimes characteristic

of supreme moments! But, in a supreme moment, no utterance *seems* wholly commonplace; for it seemed to Elinor that she was hearing the most wonderful words ever spoken when Robert Bennett said, "Good evening; do I intrude?"

"Oh, no," was her answer, accompanied by a brilliant glance from a pair of eyes which he told himself rivaled the very stars above in brightness. "I was rather wishing for some one to talk to. Isn't it a glorious night?"

So, launched off by that time-worn subject, the weather (for any subject will suffice to *begin* with when one is falling in love), they were soon able to steer into other waters. They talked of the sea, of the stars, of the moon, and, finally, drifted into a discussion of life in general.

Encouraged by her ability as a listener, he then began to tell her of himself. He told her of the struggle he had had to educate himself, of how he had finally managed to take a business course, and then had secured a position with a promising firm. The little commonplace incidents of his uneventful life were, by the aid of the witchery of moonlight, tinged with romance, and it was to the girl as if she had found the key to a heart, and now, the door being unlocked, its richness was being poured at her feet. What a brave struggle he had made through life! How worthy of commendation it was to overcome obstacles in daily battles.

"I think you are splendid!" she cried, and, with glowing words of praise, heaped up the fire within the heart of the man by her side, until Bennett felt that, after all, he really must be a fine fellow if this beautiful woman was so sure of it, and began to wish he could induce her to take possession of the treasure she had discovered.

Then, too, her so evident approval of his past conduct in the various incidents he chose to tell her of naturally added to his conception of her personal charm; and if he had been a Paris, called upon to choose the most beautiful woman in heaven or earth, the odds to-night would certainly have been in favor of Elinor Ward. In fact, the consciousness of her beauty so grew upon him that, at length, he felt impelled to tell her what a lovely creature he thought her. He had no doubt but that she had been told so before, but surely she would not be averse to such a repetition.

The delicate task completed, the recipient of the compliments was, of course, more interested in the personal appearance of her so ardent admirer. Observing the man at her side more closely, she saw that he was of a slender but well-built stature; his hair was light; his eyes, she thought, as they met her glance, flashed with a gleam like moonlight on steel. Yet they were kind—oh, so kind—and how expressive of tenderness was his mouth! He would be so good to the girl he loved. She wondered if there was such a girl, and the slight feeling of jealousy accompanying this thought reminded her of the fact that she had no lover, and she sighed again, half-wistfully turning her face toward the man at her side.

His heart-beats quickened to a perilously high degree. It was, without doubt, a psychological moment. Never in his life had he felt so strong an emotion toward any woman. The very atmosphere seemed fraught with love, and heaven and earth combined to bid a lover be bold.

Spurred on by his overwhelming emotion, Bennett leaned closer to the girl, and, placing his hand upon hers, whispered, "Dear heart, do not sigh! Sighs should never come from such lovely lips as yours. If I might only keep them away; if I might only guide you to a land where all is moonlight and happiness—the land of love!"

It was as if a blinding radiance had burst upon her vision. She gave him a look which would have charmed any man. Her wish of some hours before came back to her, with a sense of a longing satisfied—"to sit on a moon-lit beach by the side of a man she loved, to hear passionate words of undying affection, * * * to feel delicious and intoxicating kisses upon her lips, * * *" for, encouraged by the look in her eyes, he had put his arm around her, and was drawing her still closer, and she, of course, knew what was the logical thing to happen next.

It seemed to her that she must be the happiest woman alive. All the monotonous days she had existed, all the sorrows she had known, were atoned for in this exquisite moment. Life hereafter would, of necessity, be a fairy-land existence, because of this one brief moment—the first kiss of love.

He released her slowly, thrilled with the consciousness that

she was his; that she, this wonderful woman, loved him. "You will marry me at once—to-morrow," he asserted, the natural mastery of the man cropping out under her gentleness, even after years of subordination.

Her shy submission, and the ardent glance which accompanied it, told plainer than any word how she adored this touch of masterfulness.

So it was agreed that they should be married the next day, and spend their honeymoon here by the sea they both loved so well. For their future, after the honeymoon, they made no definite plans. That could, of course, be arranged later. When two people have just fallen very much in love with each other they can hardly be expected to figure out just whether they will be able to pay all the bills in that dim future ahead of them. So it seemed impossible for the lovers to go beyond the fact that there would be a cozy little flat somewhere or other, and that they would be very, very happy, and would always love each other very much.

"And I can cook!" she proudly informed him, suddenly very glad that she had this accomplishment to aid her in making him comfortable and happy.

"Cook—you cook! Why, the idea!" he laughingly answered, unable to conjure up a mind picture of such a glorious creature in a kitchen.

A little later, becoming aware of the fact that it was getting late, they walked slowly along the beach, arm in arm, toward the steady lights of the hotel in the distance, reluctantly bidding farewell to night in all its beauty, half feeling as if somehow they were leaving a part of this newly-found happiness behind them there on the beach, where they had discovered it.

Knowing that the hotel porch would probably be occupied, and not wishing the world to see their parting, he bid her good-night before they reached the perspective of any such curious idlers. To-morrow she must see him—how soon would it please her? Ten—well ten it should be. He would wait for her in the east parlor, and then—she would make him the man of all men to be most envied.

His parting was as tender as ever a dream prince's had been

in her girlhood fairy-land of sweet day-dreams. He was a king among lovers, she thought, as she felt his last good-night kiss upon her lips, and heard the word "To-morrow!" murmured low, but with a world of promise in it.

"To-morrow," he whispered once again, as he left her at the hotel door; and her heart's song, as she slowly climbed the stairs to her room, seemed to bear the burden, "To-morrow!"

Elinor prepared for her night's rest with only the aid of the moonlight, which shone in with a soft radiance, even in her small bed-room. She did not wish any other light. It was all too glorious to be contemplated just yet under anything so commonplace and material as gas light. She wanted this night of moonlight to last as long as possible, for, though to-morrow had its sweetness, she was loath to part with to-night. She lived over in remembrance those hours with her lover, and sank into a dreamy state, half awake, half asleep, all the while conscious that some great change had come into her life. Finally, however, the sea air had its effect, and she fell into a heavy sleep.

After Robert Bennett left Elinor Ward at the hotel door he went back out on the side veranda for a quiet smoke, that he might all the more enjoy, in retrospection, those last sweet hours with his betrothed.

"What a lucky chap I am," he reflected happily; "engaged to one of the finest girls in the world, and pretty as they make 'em. Why, it wasn't so very long that I was envying Jim Britton, with his sweet little wife and cozy home; and now these joys will be mine. No more lonesome holidays for me; every moment that can be spent with Elinor will be looked forward to eagerly."

Just then a man and a girl came slowly up the veranda steps, and, finding chairs, sat down near the silent smoker, without observing him.

The couple began to talk, and, though Bennett would have much preferred not hearing what they were saying, some of their most trivial remarks would reach his consciousness.

Annoyed at being disturbed, he resolved to go to his room, but, catching a chance remark about himself, he involuntarily listened to the conversation.

"I heard some one say that a Mr. Robert Bennett was staying

here now. It isn't *the* Robert Bennett—social leader and son of millionaire Bennett, is it?" the girl was saying.

Her companion laughed. "O, no; not by any chance the same—quite a different sort of chap. This one is a book-keeper, a decent sort of fellow, but he impresses one as being rather commonplace and insignificant in both appearance and personality. Not at all a ladies' man," he told her, banteringly, "so you needn't think of setting your cap for him."

With a feeling of half-resentful anger that he should be the subject of such idle remarks, Bennett went quickly to his room. "Commonplace and insignificant in appearance and personality"—the words seemed to burn within his brain. Pshaw! What did he care what a lot of silly idiots said about him. Elinor loved him, anyway; he was sure of that. "But"—some little imp of worry suggested to his troubled brain—"she saw you to-night only in the moonlight. She knows nothing of what you are except what you have told her, and didn't you perhaps attribute undue merit to yourself in order to gain sweet approval from those lovely eyes? Did you tell her how small your salary is, how little chance you have for promotion, and how slow prosperity will come, if, indeed, it comes at all? Did you tell her that she would probably have to wear away part of her splendid youth and beauty helping you to make both ends meet; that she would have to be careful of every penny? Did she understand that she must do all this for a 'commonplace, insignificant' fellow, about whom the best one could say was that he was a 'decent sort'!"

It seemed to Bennett as if the happiness found, after all these years, was slowly slipping away from him, with mocking face.

"God help me! She didn't understand. Unwittingly, I have deceived her. I could not ask her to share such a life of struggle as mine will necessarily be. If she was an ordinary woman it might be different. She is like a being from another sphere. She should be shielded from pain and sorrow; she should never know that there is anything in life that is not true and lovely. No man could think of asking that dainty, fairy-like girl to help him bear the hard knocks of life. She is just a butterfly girl, just to be loved and protected, and not, by chance, to do any of the protecting herself."

Then, on a sudden thought, he got up, and, crossing the room, stood in front of the mirror, gazing at himself with bitter eyes. "I forgot I was young no longer. What a fool I have been—all because of that damned moonlight!" he concluded fiercely.

"And she expects me to meet her to-morrow—face her; how can I? Yet it would be cowardly to go away without an explanation. I am not a cad, at any rate. So I will explain to-morrow the best I can, though I shouldn't think she will need much explanation if she can see with the eyes of the world."

His resolution formed, with heavy heart Robert Bennett waited for the dawn of the day on which he was to renounce that very love which now seemed the greater part of him.

* * * * *

Elinor Ward awoke with the hot rays of the morning sun beating down through the open window upon her face. The air was of that oppressive kind which heralds a blazing hot day in June. She felt as if little demons had attached leaden weights to her eyelids, her head ached with a dull, unceasing throb, and, moving her hand to push back her moist hair, she found that she was painfully stiff and achy. Then, gradually, into her dull brain there came the idea that this was an important day in her life, for some reason or other; that somehow it was different from all other days. With this thought came a recollection of last night, and what it meant to her. She remembered it all now—the sea, the moon, the perfect setting of the stage for love, her great desire; then, as an actor accepting his cue, Robert Bennett had strolled into her life and into her heart. A lover—a handsome, clever lover, who adored her in a way to be envied of the angels. And to-day was the "to-morrow" on which she was to become his wife. * * * And he had said she was beautiful. * * * With this thought she forgot all bodily indisposition, and, springing hastily out of bed, ran eagerly to the mirror, half expecting to see reflected the glowing countenance of the "sweet eighteen" of last night, whom her lover had thought so lovely; half hoping that, by some magic process, love had transformed her face into a resemblance of that which it had seemed to the eyes of her lover.

But there was the same reflection which greeted her every

morning. The mirror was cruel, and revealed all its secrets to the too critical eyes which had expected to see herself this morning through Robert Bennett's eyes. Had she been less critical she might have seen that those eyes which gazed back at her were of an honest, steady gray, and that the light of love in them would have made them beautiful to any one for whom that light shone; she might have seen that the mouth which trembled so eagerly was sweet and womanly, even if it was a bit too large for standards of beauty; she might well have observed the mass of dusky hair waving about her face. But what she saw was a woman who was twenty-eight, and looked it; a somewhat sallow complexion, due to a confining city life, and, up near the eyes, those harbingers of old age—a few tiny wrinkles, traced by time, and telling the story of a hard-fought life.

"He said I was beautiful, and I'm not—oh, I'm not!" she cried in self-pity. "He will be waiting to-day, waiting for the girl he called so charming last night. What will he think when he sees me? He spoke of me as if I were almost a child, and I felt, oh, so young last night, but—I'm twenty-eight!"

Intense bitterness against life and the portion it had dealt her filled her heart. Robert Bennett did not love Elinor Ward—he loved the girl of last night. "It wasn't the real 'me' he fell in love with," she thought. "It was the moonlight, I guess. Ah, why can't it all be moonlight when one is losing one's youth!" How could she hope that Robert Bennett, as handsome, clever, and attractive to all as she thought him to be, would care for any such ordinary, commonplace girl as she felt that she herself was. What could she do? How could she face him?

With aching heart she recalled her happiness of last night. "Why, he wouldn't even have looked at me," she thought, "if he had seen me as I am to-day. And I must tell him that I cannot marry him." So, steeling her heart, she resolved to face the ordeal. "It won't be so hard, after all," she added, sorrowfully. "One look will be enough to tell him I am not what he thinks I am."

When the hour appointed for her meeting with Bennett arrived, she descended the stairs with a quickly-beating heart, and turned down the hall to the east parlor, to find the dream

prince once more and to send him away forever. To find your dream prince, after years of longing, and then have to give him up because one didn't happen to be a dream princess—how hard it was!

After what seemed an unaccountably long time she reached the door of the east parlor, and, pushing aside the portieres, started to enter, but drew back. Some one else was there, and, at first, she felt annoyed to think that Bennett was not prompt in keeping his appointment.

Just then the man within turned, and she saw that there was something about him which was familiar. He was tall, but slightly stoop-shouldered; his light, sand-colored hair was beginning to turn gray, and, in spite of his care in arranging it, she noticed, with a curious feeling, that he would probably be inclined to be bald within a few years. Where had she seen him before? The feeling of familiarity still remained. Then, in a flash, the mind picture of the dream prince appeared to her. "He is like Robert!" was her mental exclamation; "only he isn't so handsome or distinguished-looking. But—it is Robert!" her startled brain telegraphed. "It is Robert; but, oh, what a difference! Why, he isn't a dream prince; he is—just a *man*!"

Then, as the joyous realization came to her that it was the man she loved, not the dream prince, all doubts and misgivings fled. Love would teach her to be worthy of him.

So, with the tender light of love from her true womanly soul shining through those clear eyes of hers, she entered the east parlor quickly, and knew her longing to be satisfied in the arms of the man who, seeing the woman, forgot that there ever had been a dream princess.

"THE NEW AMERICAN."

J. Elwood Welsh, '12.

AMERICAN youth and manhood are to-day confronted with some of the most vital, serious, and far-reaching problems that our nation has ever witnessed. The history of "The Land of Opportunity," as our European and Asiatic brothers have seen fit to term our country, has necessarily been brief, but far from uneventful and monotonous. The fight for a national existence, the effort to maintain our political solidarity in the early 60's, our skirmish with Spain, the assassination of three Presidents, and like events, gave our forefathers plenty of material upon which to expend any surplus nerve energy they might have possessed after following their various rigorous pursuits that enabled them to eke out an existence.

To-day all phases of life are in a period of transition; we are inclined to depart from the traditionalism and conservatism of our fathers, and this shifting of emphasis in the thought world has produced a marked change in the realms of science, philosophy, theology, society, industry, and government. If fresh investigations and modern research have caused the more privileged classes to view science, philosophy, and theology from new angles, then an unceasing cry from the men and women who compose the lower strata of society for equal rights, industrial freedom, and a redistribution of wealth has revolutionized modern industry, twentieth century society, and modern republican forms of government.

The questions of prohibition, equal suffrage, and commission form of government for our metropolitan cities are before us, to remain until at least we have made an honest effort to solve them. But if these questions of conceded importance rightfully engage our attention, and merit our profoundest consideration, what shall be said of the question of the large number of foreign-born peoples who daily seek admittance to our shores?

Immigration among primitive peoples, and even in the early days of the American colonies, was largely a movement of groups

of peoples from one section or country to another. At present this world-wide movement has to do primarily with the individual, as opposed to the group. Furthermore, immigration to-day is a movement of young men and women, in contrast to the immigration of several centuries ago, and whenever we begin to segregate youth from the environment of his childhood we create problems. A number of us may point, with pride, to the fact that some of our ancestors were aboard the "Mayflower" that memorable day in the long ago when it first sighted a strange land, but let us ever remember that all history proves the immigrant to be a member of the class not dominant in his own country. Our ancestors who alighted from the "Mayflower" may have been virtuous, religious, and progressive, but these qualifications do not stamp them as belonging to the group who succeeded at home.

A prominent theologian has said that the Almighty has made America great in order that America, in turn, might ennoble and elevate the whole world. From some authentic figures that have been gathered it appears that America is certainly to have her opportunity of bettering the world, for we have literally become the dumping ground, in some respects, at least, for the nations of the earth. From July, 1830, until June, 1910, there were over 27,000,000 immigrants admitted to the United States. The assumption, which is widely current, that they all remain in this country, is not true; at times 40 per cent. of them return, and during the financial depression of 1907 the number returning home far exceeded those arriving here.

A review of general history will reveal to us the fact that at the base of every great immigration movement there has been a common stimulus—the chance to gain a better livelihood. The United States, in the eye of the Italian peasant, for example, is truly the present land of Canaan. So anxious and insistent has been the desire of our European neighbors, particularly those of southern Europe, to inhabit America, that not infrequently they have borrowed the money from friends with which to pay their passage. At first the agricultural advantages afforded by the new country was the chief attraction for foreigners. When the German Anabaptists first landed in Philadelphia they could secure land, which is now exceedingly valuable, for almost the asking.

The same thing was true of the Dutch and the Swedes. The old-time immigrant settled on our farms, because they were farmers. In 1883 a radical change occurred. Prior to this time the incoming foreigners had, in the main, been from northern Europe, but from this date on we notice a great influx of people from southern and eastern Europe.

This change had a most significant bearing upon America. The northern Europeans had been agriculturally inclined, and had manned many of our farms; the southern and eastern Europeans remained on the farms for only a brief time, and then quickly flocked to the cities, where abundant employment was afforded them in the various industries. This has placed the great portion of the solution of the immigration problem upon our city people. Europe, like America, has undergone, in the last fifty years, a great depopulation of the rural districts; so that conditions in this regard are not new to the future American upon his arrival.

At the present time a great host of people cry out, unhesitatingly, that the foreigner should be sent to some farm, whose soil has long since lost its fertility, and whose community life produces no social, educational, or religious advantages for the rearing of the young. Under the old *regime* of farming, only a small capital was needed as an initial outlay. The advent of the steam plough, steam thresher, reapers, and binders, and other up-to-date machinery, has tended to lessen the farmer's killing drudgery, but it has also required no small sum to secure these valuable tools. The average foreigner, upon his arrival in this country, has not the means with which he can begin to farm and entertain any hope of prosecuting it successfully. Hence we see quite readily the explanation of such large foreign settlements in cities like Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

It is well known that many of our people regard all foreigners with a frank air of intense hostility. The early Californians were very friendly to the Chinese, and, indeed, they might well have been, for in many counties the Mongolians were the sole tax-payers. With the rise of the labor movement, the land lot movement, we see a spirit of opposition manifesting itself. It was based on the idea that the Chinese prevented the American

laborer from securing a position. In 1855 California put a tax on them; in 1858 the same State endeavored to prohibit their landing; in 1862 all Chinese, save those making sugar, were subjected to a monthly tax of two dollars; in 1882 an act of Congress suspended Chinese labor for ten years. Every case in Congress relative to this subject was really decided by California officials. In 1888 the Exclusion Act, forbidding a Chinese to return to the United States after once leaving it, was passed.

In the early stages of our thus handling the Chinese, China was indifferent to this treatment. Of late, however, China has not failed to note the injustice of some of the proceedings noted above. Americans, thoughtlessly, are often prone to apply conditions to the Chinese that we apply to no other nation. One of the main objections, in California, to the Chinese was that he was clannish. Industrially, they are the best laundry-men and house-servants we have ever had, and, aside from gambling (a habit decidedly prominent in many of our best American colleges and universities) and opium smoking, he is not beyond reclaiming morally. Let it be kept continually in mind that the foreigner, as a rule, comes in contact with the worst of American society, rather than the best. If Americans are to live near Chinese in certain localities of America, the problem, it seems to us, is to adjust more suitably to ours the radically-different social standard he has.

The net income of foreigners per year for the last decade is about 536,000. In ratio to the increase in population, the immigration is no greater than it has been for the last seventy years. If immigration, with all of the features incident thereto, has produced a serious, vital, perplexing question for us, likewise the European and Asiatic countries, whence these people are coming, faces an emigration that is of no little moment in its national influence. Wages in southern Italy have doubled in the last decade, as a result of the depopulation of the country-side. The return home of many who are either crippled or sick has also caused much worry among the poorer classes in many countries. The United States is having a great influence in making all Europe democratic in spirit, at least, because official Europe despises one who has returned from America.

In regard to the foreigner replacing the American laborer, we can only say that to the competent man the position should always go. It has also been said of the immigrant that he is guilty of lowering our standard of living, because he accepts a lower wage; but what of the American mill and factory owner who will replace American labor with cheap foreign efforts? All industry—and especially is this true of American industry—is developing in its nature, rather than static; by this reasoning the number of laborers should not reduce wages, because industry increases.

In regard to crime committed by foreigners, figures can be produced that will show that almost all criminal offences committed by immigrants are amongst themselves, and, therefore, necessarily limited. The foreigner is here to stay. Shall we teach him our religion, our philosophy, our education, our morality, and our form of government and civilization? Or shall we be the pupils, and let him be the teacher, to inculcate into our beings his ideas of life and his standards of living and social relationships? In the course of the next fifty years one or the other is sure to happen. Which will it be, college man? The answer rests entirely with you.

A PRAYER TO FATE.

K. N. D., '14.

O, Love, who dost ever, with hope, dazzle youth,
And lead into raptures, by deceit mixed with truth,
The unwary seeker for Heaven's sweetest boon—
A love which reciprocates that of your own;
O why, when the prize is almost made sure,
And joys irrepressible burst forth into song,
Should the once happy soul discover the lure
Which was leading it captive and blind?

At best, isn't life but a sleep and a dream,
With occasional outbursts of fantasy's gleam,
From which to awake is more loss than gain,
And to which, when awakened, we hasten again?
Then cruel and heartless the spirits that hover,
And will not permit me to rest on in sleep,
For better 'tis to dream, and in dreams find a lover,
Than, waking from bliss, find reluctant release.

Ah, no, life is real, and is pulsing to-day,
And sweet dreams are empty and delusive alway.
I seek not a vision or a hope for my lot,
Of a lover who seems to be real and is not—
Pray leave not to sorrow and pining, kind Fate,
A soul that's enamoured of love in itself,
But give to my heart pure affection incarnate,
Who lives but to love, and loves, too, to live.

POLITICS, PROHIBITION, AND WHISKEY.

G. W. B., '14.

RUNNING for office isn't as easy as some folks think. One has to humor the people at all times, and, even then, the slightest mishap will sometimes prejudice them against you. When I first ran as representative to the House of Delegates I received a pressing invitation from several of the influential citizens of Tolarsville, requesting me to address a mass-meeting to be held there the following Monday night, in the interest of local and State-wide prohibition.

My heart thrilled within me as I thought of the confidence reposed in me by these worthy citizens, who were seeking to be swept to the crest of civic righteousness by the ardor and conviction of my oratorical powers.

As I conceived the undoubted effects my proposed speech would produce, I became greatly grieved at the thought that, while the few hundreds or thousands who could crowd into the Baptist meeting-house at Tolarsville would receive unbounded encouragement and inspiration, the general public and the cause of temperance at large would suffer in benighted ignorance of the glorious truths I should propagate. Pondering over a solution, I finally decided to have my speech published in the leading paper of my home town. I figured that the Associated Press would then eagerly seize on it, and thus spread the good work broadcast. This would also serve to help reconcile me with the editor, who had opposed my candidacy in several editorials. I saw I should need a stenographer to take down the address as I made it, so I secured the services of a young man who had done similar work as reporter upon a paper.

I gave him full instructions as we went to Tolarsville—he should be careful to get every word, and should frequently insert (laughter), (applause), (tears), and so on, according to the way I swept the emotions of my audience. The last thing was that he should rush the “copy” in order to get it in the morning edition for Tuesday.

Now this young man had, as I found out later, a remarkable gift in one particular. He could take enough liquor to twist his brain forty ways at once, and yet walk as straight as a bean-pole.

Upon my mentioning the purport of my address, he naturally concluded that the speech-making would, at best, be a rather dry affair, so he proceeded to take a liberal supply of what he considered the proper spirits for the occasion. I fancied I detected a peculiar odor on his breath, but I had no idea of the perfect chaos that reigned in his brain until I read my speech, published just as he had sent it, and which I think the hostile editor must have taken a malicious pleasure in printing.

Thus my eloquent appeal, which so stirred the hearts of the Tolarsville citizens, was crippled by the blundering interpretation of this man; but you can see, even from this, the power for good it could have been throughout the land if its perfections had not been so ruthlessly marred.

TOLARSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING.

STIRRING TEMPERANCE ADDRESS BY HON. T. SMITHKINSON POOLE.

"Fellow Citizens, Voters, Friends of the Cause, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure and satisfaction that I stand before such an intelligent and appreciative audience (applause), and I take unbounded pleasure in having as my subject of discourse one of such vital and potential importance as the momentous question of temperance.

"First, let us see what we are talking about. (Applause.) We contrast the bright and shining virtues of a community over which the brooding spirit of temperance hovers as a raven covereth her eggs as compared with the vile and sin-laden community of unrighteousness and political rottenness dominated by the liquor interests (weeping). My friends, what is this evil? The drink habit.

"It is a horrible serpent, that rears its horns against the fountains of sobriety and order (applause), and, with one foot, dashes aside the documents of liberty as set forth in the Constitution of our nation (groans), and, with the other, drags a fourth

of our womanhood down to fill the unhappy graves of the wives and mothers of drunkards (laughter), and, with another foot, it tramples in the mire of political corruption the votes of the manhood of our nation. (Prolonged sobbing.) It dominates our land as a roaring lion, breathing out insolence and cruelty from one eye, and threats and defiance from the other. (Applause.)

"This hydra-headed serpent crawls about (groans), having in its right hand license afforded by a corrupt political control, and in its left hand revenue torn from the destitute homes of enslaved drunkards. (Laughter.)

"Fellow citizens, drink has been with us from the days of Noah until now. (Cries of 'Amen! Down with it!' from rear.) Drink, and even the accusation or suspicion of drink, has wrought trouble from the time Noah left a jar of grape-juice setting open too long without putting the lid on until the time of Teddy Roosevelt. (Applause.)

"My friends, picture in your minds the home of a drunkard. The husband is down at the corner saloon, squandering his week's wages in draining draughts of damnable distillations (sobbing), while at home his small, thinly-clad children crouch by the dying embers of a pitiful fire, shuddering as the wierd blasts howl around the frail house with the mournful resonance of a tom-cat. (Applause.) Then there is the mother, who sits rocking the cradle with one foot, and with the other presses her fevered and aching brow, while the scalding tears run swiftly down and mingle with her cup of woe and her crust of dry bread. Where is the justice, where is the reason, where is the warranty, for allowing this terrible evil to exist? (Laughter.)

Are not our ears blinded with tears when we see the wails of the little half-starved, half-clothed waifs, as they stretch their hands in mute appeal to us? (Applause.) Are we so sordid, in our love of money and in our own selfish interests, that we fail to hear the silent pleadings that tremble on their eyes as they ask for the comforts of life? (Loud 'Amens!' right hand corner.)

"Even the appeal of the drunkard must be heeded by us. Who is able to suppress a pang of sympathy and pity at the sight of a struggling brother, prostrate in the gutter, encased in mire? (Applause.) In his extremity, and for lack of a helping hand, he

often leans on the friendly support of an iron lamp-post (applause), and shall we be more cold and hard-hearted than a lamp-post. No, positively *no!* (Sobbing.)

"And, furthermore, what doth it profit us to gather in the whole infernal revenue tax on liquors in comparison to the misery it wroughteth!

"It takes a man of strong constitution to stand intoxicating liquors. ('Amen!' left hand side, three seats back.) Suppose he drinks a quart (applause), this costs him a dollar (sobbing); the revenue from it is about thirty-five cents. The man gets drunk, and commits a misdemeanor (laughter); he is brought up before the judge, is unable to pay his fine, and goes to jail for thirty days. (Applause.) The man has wronged or injured some individual; he loses thirty days from work, and his destitute family is supported by charity; the State boards him for a month, pays the policeman who arrests him, the judge who tries him, the jailor who keeps him, and gets thirty-five cents in revenue! Fellow citizens, at such a state of affairs should we not put our fingers in our eyes and hide our ears for shame? (Weeping.)

"How shall we combat this insidious foe, as it menaces with its forked tongue the manhood of our American nation? By sending to the polls the conscientious and pure-minded voter, clad in the garments of civic integrity, holding in his right hand political purity, judicious discrimination, moral rectitude, potential efficiency, courage, and conviction for the right, abhorrence of the corrupt and evil, disdainment of under-hand methods, and a high and æsthetic sense of the ideal, as embodied in the successful promulgation of pure political pursuits, and in his left hand an unsullied ballot.

"Let us rise up in our might, and smite this monster to the centre of its wickedness. Let us fall upon it as Samson did the Philippines, with the jaw-bone of an ass. (Applause.) Let us cut it asunder from the North to the South, from the East to the West, heaps upon heaps, here a little and there a little, from the rising till the going down of the sun, until the place thereof shall know it no more after it hath taken unto itself wings and flown away, even as an ostrich hides its head in the sand. (Prolonged weeping.)

"Now, my friends, the question is before you. What are you

going to do about it? (Laughter.) Do you propose that this venomous serpent shall crawl up your front door-steps of governmental legislation, past the sleeping watch-dog of legislative supervision, and sting your defenseless family, as it lies lulled to sleep by the soft breezes of fancied magisterial protection? Fellow citizens, the rum cup has been raised above our heads, and we have got to put it down; I repeat, we have got to put it down. ('Amen!' left-hand corner.)

"To whom shall we look to be our mainstay in combatting this evil? (Laughter.)

"I have in mind and can see the foot-steps of a youth approaching in the distance. (Low sobs from middle section.) He is broad and tall shouldered. The smile of innocence is upon his cheeks, and the blush of conscious duty well performed is in his eye. In his mouth can be seen a sparkling resolution to dare the right in the face of all opposition, and from his noble brow, around which the tawny ringlets thickly cluster, there sounds forth the trumpet call of a Gideon marshaling his hosts against the Arabian-ites. Boldly the youth casts aside the plow, and the harrow, and the reaper, and other implements of toil that check the free movements of his unstained soul (groans, third window back), and strides to the polls (applause). Quickly he seizes his pen, and, with compressed eyes and flashing lips, he writes across the ballot, in lurid letters of flaming fire, *NO LICENSE*. (Prolonged applause.)

"Gentlemen, I have traced the evils of intemperance from the creation to the new tariff revision (weeping), and I have made our duty plain (murmurs of applause).

"I can say no more (prolonged applause), but (intense silence) the case now rests with you. The ballot is your weapon of power (applause); use it (applause) as (prolonged applause) your conscience (laughter) dictates. I leave (violent applause) the matter (applause) in (applause) your hands. (Tremendous applause.)"

THE CHOOSING OF A RHODES SCHOLAR.

J. M. D. Olmsted.

IF I were editing a newspaper article on the Rhodes Scholarships, I should use head-lines such as these: "Greatest Prize in Scholastic World—Unparalleled Opportunity for American Youth." And I would be utterly truthful. It is the largest sum of money given as an under-graduate prize in the world. There are other prizes, such as the Nobel Prize, which brings more money to the recipient than does a Rhodes Scholarship. But few can be Roosevelts or Madame Curies. If one has studied so-called "Higher Mathematics" (though I firmly believe they have an opposite origin), and has torn his hair over the exciting chapter on the "Laws of Chance," he can figure for himself that his chances of winning a Nobel Prize is in the vicinity of minus infinity. But if he does the same with the Rhodes Scholarship he will find that *possibility* is approached as a limit.

Fifteen hundred dollars per year! Sounds good, doesn't it? This is the amount furnished a Rhodes scholar yearly. Compare this with the salary the newly-made B. A. will probably receive when he bravely undertakes the principalship of that High School up in the mountains. But let one who knows whisper in the ear of the successful candidate who is to take up his residence in Oxford: "That fifteen hundred dollars is *just* enough. There is not one surplus penny. Out of it you must pay your whole year's expenses, college dues, clothes, vacation trips, and all the thousand and one incidentals which are lumped as 'living expenses.' You can get along comfortably on your fifteen hundred, but you needn't think that you can send home a check for an auto for father or a diamond for mother (?). You can live well on it, but not luxuriously, and, if you develop spendthrift tastes, you will find it all too insufficient."

But I have approached the matter in a way which our European cousins would say was typically American—the money side. The money, in itself, we realize, means nothing. It is what it

represents, what it can do, that appeals to us. What one of us but would be proud to be able to write B. A. Oxon. after his name? If you are like an acquaintance of mine, perhaps you will not feel thus. As I was making preparation to leave for England, he remarked, "If there ain't anything that the United States can't give me, I don't want it." But to feel that you are a part of an institution which claims to have been founded by Alfred the Great—where were the United States then? Can they give you the feeling that you are personally linked with the scholars who studied at college a thousand years ago? To know that the valiant Black Prince actually went to *your* college before Columbus was born; to look daily on the same old grey walls which sheltered generations of the greatest Englishmen in their student days—maybe your ancestors, long before Jamestown was settled; to stroll along the same holly-bordered walls that gave inspiration to Addison, or pass down the same majestic street, or push your punt along the same winding stream that made Wordsworth almost slight his own Cambridge in praise of Oxford—these are experiences you can never forget, and the cast of your nature is moulded along finer lines because of such associations. What need to speak of the delights and education of travel? Germany, France, Italy, even Egypt and Palestine, are open to you. Three years in Europe! Three years in a land where every breath is laden with the culture and beauty of the centuries! Why don't Americans appreciate this wonderful opportunity? The places where examinations for the Rhodes Scholarships are held should be crowded with applicants. I would that the enthusiasm of the returned Rhodes scholars could stir American college boys to the wealth of this opportunity!

But I have said the word which has pricked the bubble of any possible interest. Just let the word "*exam.*" appear, and the bubble bursts. "If only there weren't those awful exams," you say. I am reminded of the story told by Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, I think was the lady, in the Water-Babies. You remember how she told of the time when little roast pigs ran around over the earth, crying to the people, "Eat me! Eat me." But it was too much effort even to stretch forth a hand to catch one. By a process of reverse evolution, men had become so lazy

that even a pig already roasted and crying to be eaten could not wake them to the effort of catching him. Of course you remember what happened to these men by this reverse evolution—I refuse to draw any conclusion.

Let's face this word "exam." It is not so terrible. One square look, and the lion takes its rightful shape, the gentle lamb. Now what is required? Six papers—*First*, elementary arithmetic. A college man certainly can do decimals and fractions. If not, it is a horrible comment on our public school system. The only thing to be careful about is English money. It is reasonable, however, that one who is to live in England three years should know how to count his money in pounds, shillings, and pence. *Second*—A choice between algebra as far as quadratic equations and geometry (plane) under the title Euclid, nowhere near as hard as that much-maligned Math. A. *Third*—A translation from a Latin author—Cæsar, if one wishes. *Fourth*—Latin prose. If one has had four years of High School Latin this should offer no difficulty. *Fifth*—Greek and Latin grammar. But here look out for exceptions. The English examiner would rather one should know that *quercus* (oak) is a feminine, of the fourth declension, than that he be able to give the *regular* endings of every declension and conjugation in the whole Latin language. Just study the fine print lying between the rules in the grammar. And *sixth*—A translation from a Greek author, Xenophon or Homer, and others; and, to make it easier for those who have never taken Greek, the examination in Greek can be postponed until the candidate actually arrives at Oxford. The Rhodes Scholarship exams. are held in September, and if one cannot learn enough Greek before the following October to pass the requirement, why—he can have a longer time!

The other requirements are somewhat limiting. One's age must be between eighteen and twenty-five by the time he reaches Oxford, and he must have passed the sophomore year in an American college.

"Oh! I have to be an athlete," you say. Now, where did you get that idea? This is what Cecil Rhodes wrote in his will:

"My desire being that the students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely book-worms, I direct that

in the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to (1) his literary and scholastic attainments; (2) his fondness of and success in manly out-door sports, such as cricket, foot-ball, and the like; (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; and (4) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and instincts to lead him to take an interest in his school-mates; for those latter attributes will be likely, in after life, to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

So, then, the procedure is as follows: The candidates take the examinations. The papers are sent at once to Oxford to be corrected. The names of those who have passed are reported to the Rhodes Scholarship Committee in each State. No grades or marks are mentioned. The examination is not in the least competitive. This State committee then send for those candidates who have passed the examination, and, on the basis of those four qualities stated in Cecil Rhodes' will—namely, first, college record as student; second, success in athletics; third, gentlemanly qualities, and, fourth, leadership in student life—this committee make their selection of the best man.

I could have written a hundred pages on the benefits and pleasure derived from such a course at Oxford, but I will leave that for future Richmond College men to do.

Another examination will not be held until 1915, and I hope that many who read this article will make up their minds now to try that "exam." when it comes around. The complaint in England is that representative men are not sent over there. The only way to get a representative man is to have a large number to select from, and that means that more Richmond men must try those 1915 "exams."

HEINE'S SONNET "TO MY MOTHER."

(*A Translation.*)

A. F. S., '14.

I left thee once, in boyhood's mad delusion,
And roamed the wide world 'round, her paths exploring,
To see if I could find one worth adoring,
That I might learn if love were but illusion.
So love I sought, amid the world's confusion;
I roamed through all her streets, no victory scoring;
Before each door I stretched my arms imploring
For love—the gift of love in sweet diffusion.
And, though the world gave me but mocking laughter
And coldest enmity, still sought I after
That love, and still I found it not; then, turning
My sad, sick heart towards home, there thou didst meet me;
And, ah! within thine eyes, turned soft to greet me,
I found the sweet and long-sought love-light burning.

THE CLOD.

G. W. B., '14.

DOWN among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains nestled the little farming community of Braxton. The low, rolling hills and the circle of mountains, broken only by the Shenandoah, which wormed its way through them, formed the picture that drew many summer visitors to enjoy its restful calm.

On a farm, which stretched from the fertile river bottoms to the pasture lands of the hills, lived a boy of nineteen—strong, clean-lived—a plain country boy. He had dreams that stretched beyond the narrow chain of hills that bound him in, and every furrow he turned, and every sheaf of grain he reaped, brought his vision the nearer.

Then one day she came—a girl from the city, who had run away for a summer's rest from the rush and whirl of a fashionable world. The Sunday after she came he saw her at church—a pretty dimpled face, a rainbow of colors, and soft, bewitching eyes that sparkled with the joy of living. She was staying at the home of a girl who had been his playmate and school friend, so an introduction was easily obtained. The boy called around one evening, and found his friend and the city girl on the porch.

"Miss Markham, this is Mr. Landon, who has been wanting to meet you; Mr. Landon, Miss Markham," said his friend. Landon took the dainty hand stretched out to him, and murmured a confused reply. He was dizzy with the pounding of the arteries in his throat, and he took his seat mechanically, as his eyes drank in the radiant beauty of the being beside him. The other girl made some excuse to withdraw, and the two were left alone. The rest of the evening was a blank to him, and he went home feeling only the thrill that surged through him as she had given him her hand in parting.

The summer passed rapidly. They were together a great deal. The boy, with all the sleeping forces of his nature aroused, was madly in love—the strong and unreserved love that comes to a man once in his lifetime.

The girl was at first amused at the gentle but awkward advances of Landon. Her vanity was flattered by the easy conquest she had made, and the novel sensation of experiencing a pure and whole-souled love was interesting to contrast with the fickle flirtations and numerous "cases" she had had at home. Shallow and changeable as the summer breeze, it was impossible for her to realize the intensity of his affection. Her conscience gave her no trouble, but she finally began to tire, and, at last, to be annoyed at the earnestness of Charlie Landon. Self-interest kept her from showing it, and the boy was too blind to notice what, at another time, would have been obvious.

The day for the return finally came, and Charlie drove up to take her to the station. The evening shadows were just beginning to steal from the hills, and the breeze was gently stirring the trees that overhung the country road. Charlie stopped the horse at a little stream that trickled down from the slope. "Evelyn"—it was the first time he had called her that—"Evelyn, in a little while the train is going to carry you back to the gay city you know and love so well. Before you came I had but one aim. Now I want you to share it with me. Tell me if I may dare to hope that I may one day win you."

The girl regarded him with a surprised look, the corners of her mouth drawing down in a scarcely perceptible smile of scorn; then she lay back and laughed merrily.

"Why, what put that notion in your head, Mr. Landon? Surely you haven't found any grounds for such a declaration in the few times we've been together this summer?"

The boy leaned forward, and she involuntarily shrank back from the piercing light that blazed his very soul forth in his eyes. He was trembling, and his voice was low and tense: "Evelyn, I love you as no man has or ever will love you. I am going to make my mark, and I want you to share life with me. Answer me as you would answer one whose future happiness depends on the answer, and who will do everything on earth to make you happy."

A dull glow of anger stole over her face and neck. "Really, sir, don't you think you are presuming a little too far? Do you think, for an instant, that I would leave the city and all my friends or you, you—clod."

The flushed face of the young man grew deathly white, and his lips were pressed together till not even a scarlet thread was visible. Without a word he drove to the station, helped the girl on the train, and drove off without a backward look. The girl watched him with a queer smile on her lips. "Quite a game finish to the angling," she said to herself.

* * * * *

Years passed. Charlie Landon, by a hard effort, had worked his way through college, and had become a very successful business man in the city of ———. Friendly, and an all-round good fellow with the men of his circle, he was termed "an inveterate woman-hater" by his friends—not from any expression of his own, but because he was never, in the slightest degree, interested by them. Young, handsome, with a growing business that caused him to be considered even then wealthy, it was generally conceded that he would be "the catch of the season," should any one be so fortunate as to land him.

One evening a friend came and said, "We are going to a reception at the Vinton's to-morrow night. There's a Miss Markham I want you to meet. We call her 'Shepherdess of the Broken Hearts,' on account of the numerous conquests she has made. She prefers to stay single, and enjoy the fun, though. I just want to see you two cold-bloods get together."

The friend was much surprised at the readiness with which Landon accepted the invitation. The next evening found them at the reception.

The opportunity soon came for Landon to be presented. "O, I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Landon," she breathed. "We've heard so much of you, even if you have been such a bear. Don't you know they say you are a regular Bluebeard, but I don't believe it, and I've wanted to meet you for a long time." And so the talk ran on. Landon, cold, handsome, polished, was just the one to incite Miss Markham to her full powers of coquetry. Some irresistible impulse—the love of playing with fire—urged Landon on.

They often met at social affairs after this. Landon made it a point to attend whenever he found she was to be present. She, on the other hand, who had always been able to draw lovers

to her in swarms, and dismiss them with a laugh when she tired of their presence, now found herself at first interested in, and, at last, genuinely in love with this strange man.

The gossips began to get busy, and the frequency with which they were seen together justified the statements of Dame Rumor.

One evening, during an intermission in the dancing, they strolled out on the wide veranda, and found a seat in a swinging chair.

"Mr. Landon," she said, and her voice was low and musical, "I—I—you're so different from the rest of the men I've known that I've grown quite fond of you. O! I don't mean that; you see, I just—I"—she broke down confusedly. The moon suddenly broke from behind a cloud. She was looking at the floor, and did not see a peculiar, indefinable expression that passed over Landon's face. In a slow, even voice, he said, "So you have at last learned to care for some one, Miss Markham."

The woman raised her face, crimson with shame at having so artlessly betrayed her heart, with eyes full of anguish, and yet holding a mute appeal that spoke even though her tongue was silent.

He led her to the door of the ball-room. "At last," he said, with a slow intensity, like blows of a hammer on an anvil, "at last, you have learned to care for—a clod." He passed on through into another room, and the woman leaned against the doorway, startled, pale, limp.

THE MESSENGER.

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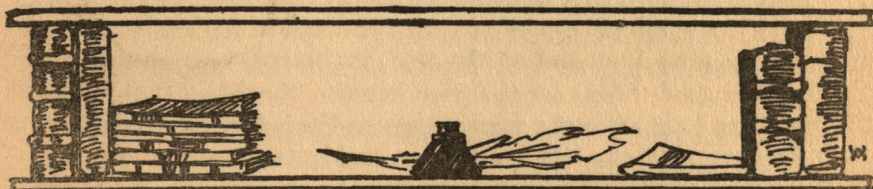
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EDITORIALS.

The last effort has been made, the work is over. We have succeeded, and are champions. What does it mean to us, to the College? Is it, after all, but the winning of a few games, a proof of an athletic superiority, a surpassing of our rivals? Why all this good cheer, at what all this rejoicing? Why all the energy

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

put forth and the neglect of some class work besides? Is all this done in an insane desire for victory alone? Victory above even the natural love of participating and competing in athletic sport! Have we but caught the spirit of the century to rise and stand on the shoulders of our opponents? Does it mean that eleven men have won for the College a certain distinction that we craved? What does it mean to be champions?

It means, primarily, that we have accomplished something that we set out to do. It means that a strong, natural desire has been happily gratified. It means that we have gained faith in ourselves, in our ability to win under difficulties. It has strengthened our determination, our never-give-up spirit; helped to make the will strong to guide our "heart and nerve and sinew to serve our turn" to the very end. And it has crowned those ends with victory. It is not only to the team, but to the whole College, that such reward has come. The whole student body has blended its efforts and expressed them through the team. The team spirit has, in turn, become the College spirit.

By our labor, by our work, we have been drawn closer to *alma mater*; have drawn the alumni closer; have strengthened the bond of love, have broadened our vision, faith, hope, and love in these things with which we are joined. We have stored up a cup of inspiration for those days when we shall thirst again.

The spirit of harmony on the team and in the student body, the team work on and off the field, the personal sacrifice for the greater good—these are the great benefits, the things that remain with us long after the mere scores and the flush of victory are forgotten. These latter are mere incidents, means to an end, cruel necessities, if you please. But the strength, the hope, the love, the broader vision that comes with success—these continue on and abide with us.

To mention that any association or organization that has no aim will die out is but to repeat an axiom. But to add to this the name of the 'Varsity Club is to give an example of the axiom. The 'Varsity Club was created three years ago, with the intention of making it a select body of good old

THE 'VARSITY CLUB.

"Spiders" who had represented us on our athletic teams. It had, too, at the time of its founding, the purpose of serving our athletic interests in any way that it could. Here was the trouble—its aim was too indefinite. From taking on a general oversight it did nothing specifically. Its action and purpose became *nil*; it died temporarily.

But the need for this 'Varsity Club in our College has never died. It is alive to-day, and will be needed to-morrow. And, for that reason, it will be revived again. And we have the past failure to guide us. In January the president of the Club will call for the first meeting of the year. Who are the 'Varsity Club members? Every man who has won his "R" in any branch of athletics is entitled to nomination for membership, and we want every such man as a member. We want them not because they have won their "R," but because they form a group of men best fitted to do the work that needs to be done by the 'Varsity Club.

And what is that work? To keep a constant watch over athletics in our College, to crystalize student sentiment in standards of athletics, to form plans for the bettering of our teams by inducing men of athletic ability to come to college here who are thinking of going to college and haven't definitely decided. There arise times when the student body needs guidance in matters of inter-collegiate relations. Such guidance should come from the 'Varsity Club. After a fashion, it should be executor of the athletic spirit of the school—should, in a way, create an *esprit de corps*.

Just now, when we are intoxicated with victory, we need the 'Varsity Club to look to our future. We meet in January!

In the directory of this issue of THE MESSENGER appears the new Debating and Forensic Council. We are glad to be able

THE NEW DEBATING
AND FORENSIC COUNCIL.

to greet this new body so long
needed at our College. It will be
remembered that THE MESSENGER
has long advocated such a step.

For it places in the hands of a thoroughly responsible and permanent body work that heretofore has been done by chance

committees, without any experience in matters of debating or arrangement for debates.

The Council has been given full authority to arrange for all inter-collegiate debates, inter-society debates, and oratorical contests. This insures rapidity where before has been delay; clear, purposeful action where blundering has been evident.

In *personnel* the Council is strong. Two clear-thinking, heady men have been chosen from each of the two Societies, and Dr. D. R. Anderson has been elected President. Under his guidance we shall have the very best experience and advice that is possible. And such is needed now, just on the eve of our inter-collegiate triangular debate.

Our new Debating and Forensic Council had no sooner been created than it began activities. The results are that we shall

THE
TRIANGULAR DEBATE,
AGAIN.

have a triangular debate with Randolph-Macon and William and Mary Colleges. The question for debate is still pending, but the debaters have been elected in each Society. Soon will begin the

steady grind that is necessary in order to meet our opponents. Just as an athletic sport needs help from the student body, so does this debate need the united support of the College in our efforts to win. It is true that far fewer will have a chance to do any of the actual work, but even here the student body can help with suggestion, with any information from reading that, by chance, may be met with, or may have been sought for, remembering that it is to the College that credit or discredit will come. Help can be given by all, if a spirit of interest and a desire to win for *alma mater's* sake be evidenced. In harmonious co-operation there is possibilities of victory.

The Literary Societies of our College, and the quality of their work, are not up to our past standards, nor to the standard that they should be. There is, first of

LITERARY SOCIETY
CREDITS.

all, a lack of interest, and, secondly, small membership. We think that the whole trouble could be cleared up by a

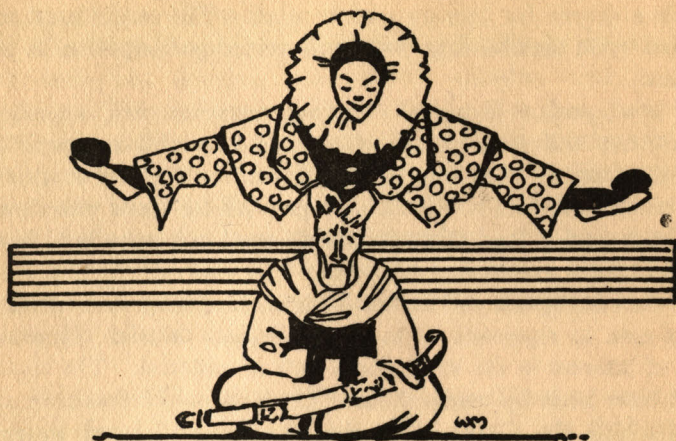
method not at all original with us—by giving college credit towards a degree for literary society work. The credit need not be based upon membership, but upon actual participation in the programs.

If this incentive be added—which is immediate and tangible—new interest will be aroused. New members will be recruited from the ranks of those who think they haven't time for society work, which will then be regular college work for those who desire to make it such. And there are many good men who hold back for lack of time.

It does not speak well for our Societies that they were satisfied to *elect* men to represent us in inter-collegiate debate. It shows a lack of interest in the work and a lack of material. The choice should have been by competition. Let it be understood, we are not criticising the method, but the conditions that led to such methods of choice. In granting credit for literary society work *special* credit should be given to the inter-collegiate representatives in debate and oratory. Credits so given and graded will help not only our Literary Societies, but will help us in our public contests, will help represent the College, will aid THE MESSENGER, and, finally, will be only a just recognition of literary merit in one of its most appreciated forms.

We hesitate to endorse compulsory membership in a literary society, as our sister college, Wake Forest, has done, with such happy results. But, just on the eve of our expansion into greater things at Westhampton, let us add this incentive. So many students learn to regret, in after years, the lack of literary society training; so many students make a poor impression on people as to the good their college has done them in this practical field of education; so many never know, at the time, what they are missing. It behooves us to make this work of such a nature as to appeal to the student who lacks interest and to the student who cannot afford the time unless credit were given.

So much for the sermon; now for action. If the Societies want this they must ask for it, and ask earnestly, with sincerity of purpose. A joint committee from the two Societies to the Faculty Committee on Courses and Degrees is the first step necessary. And now is the time to take that step.



CAMPUS NOTES.

F. S. Harwood, '14.

All that pent-up College spirit (etc.) has exhausted itself now, and the voices on the campus are regaining their normal condition again. It was a well-earned victory, and well celebrated. The students, in general, had a good time, but the foot-ball squad got ahead of the rest of us, and they deserved it. The co-eds. put the finishing touch to the whole business by giving a reception to the squad after the championship was announced. These ministering angels, with the professors' wives, prepared such a treat for the fellows that they felt it would be worth winning the cup again just for another evening of pleasure like that. There is a great big difference between digging on the gridiron and spooning with a—I mean, eating ice-cream with a spoon by the side of a co-ed., and every man on the team will agree with this. It is no use to try to write up this reception properly. Any one who wasn't there can never realize what it meant. Suffice it to say, that these young ladies are fortunate in having such a foot-ball team to entertain, and the team—well, let them tell the co-eds., for they know best how to do it.

Hamilton (to Miss Clendon): "Talking about eyes, I believe I have astigmatism. My eyes are not exactly of the same strength."

Miss Clendon: "Mine are just alike. One is as good as the other, and sometimes I think a little better."

Something new is forever being invented. The Juniors have set another precedent in the range of class activities by giving a "blow-out" to the Freshmen. This entertainment was a very unique affair. It represented a miniature State Fair, with all the amusements and money traps. It was generally agreed that the evening of pleasure was well worth the trouble it cost.

The triangular debate has been re-arranged for this year, and preparations are being made for the debates. History was made in the Society halls when a Debating and Forensic Council was instituted, with full power over all inter-collegiate and inter-society programs. This Council is composed of two men from each Society and one member of the faculty.

It was mentioned in the editorials of the last issue that the two Societies would soon begin a campaign for means of furnishing the halls at Westhampton. This campaign is now on, and we are expecting great things of our alumni and friends.

Conductor, on N. & W. train, as Mitchell presents minister's fare: "Yes, that's the way of it. Half fare on the train, but full fare at the table."

Saunders, very much amused: "Gary and Willis have been in the library, trying to find out from a *book* which is most injured by osculation, the kisser or the kissee!"

Miss M.: "Any man who can't find that out first-hand isn't much good."

If there was no music mortal man would forget to smile. The Glee Club is in training again, and is making arrangements for an extended trip. This happy band will make many a little girl's heart thrill with pleasure. We envy them

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Lost—A pony wearing a side saddle. Finder will please return to Miss Grey.

Notice—Dr. Anderson is having large congregations in History A. All are invited.

Wanted—To know where Main-Street Station is.—*Dr. Olmstead.*

George Anderton: "Fritz, you are always talking about these girls. What do you like about a co-ed. anyhow?"

Fritz Jones: "An arm."

Jordan (absent-mindedly, to the clerk): "If you please, I should like to get a pen-holder, a plow-point, and—a bottle of ink."

Dr. W. D. Weatherford, one of the best known and most honored of American college evangelists, conducted a series of services at the College during this term. The only regret we have is that he was here for such a short time.

Miss ——— (to Sam Wilkinson): "I want you to understand that you can't do everything I tell you. Sometimes I'm joking."

Sam: "Must I *not* do everything you tell me *not* to do?"

Billy Covington (sending his girl a Washington Monument souvenir card, with some original poetry on it, was surprised at the answer):

"I went up in this tower to-day.

Gee! I'm glad to get down.

Until I become an angel

I'd rather stay nearer the ground."

The answer:

"I received your remembrance to-day.

O! I'm so glad you got down.

I know if *you're* ever an angel

You'll act like an angelic clown."

Rice (working as a colporteur last summer): "Good morning, madam. Any books, Bibles, etc., you would like to buy?"

Lady: "No, I believe not, to-day."

Rice (to himself): "I wonder if she would buy any *to-morrow!*"

"Rat" Hawkins (to Crippin): "Have they a German Club at Richmond College?"

Crippin: "I don't know. Are you a German?"

Lighthouse Taylor: "Yancey, I lost a \$2.50 fountain pen. Have you seen anything of it?"

Yancey: "You mean to say that *you* have a \$2.50 pen?"

Taylor: "Yes. Why?"

Yancey: "You just said you had lost it."

Dr. Stewart (to Senior French class): "Now if I could only borrow a talking machine around here I would bring you some French song records and give you a musical treat."

Mr. Webster (not the spelling-book fellow): "Dr. Metcalf has a *Victor*, which I am sure he would be glad to lend you."

Mr. D—— (discoursing learnedly): "Of course, all men are not saints, but there is Erasmus——"

Miss H—— (eagerly seizing the opportunity to display knowledge): "Yes, he was a nun, wasn't he?"

Hun Wiley has the prize for the latest slang expression: "I should Ich gebibble."

Dr. Loving (learning of absentees from chapel): "Well, Brooke Anderson, why haven't you been attending chapel?"

Anderson: "Doctor, I've been having trouble with my eyes."

Dr. Loving: "What's the matter—can't you see the chapel?"

A witty candy kid, passing by Jack Johnson and his girl in the grand-stand, begins to sing: "Peanuts, pop-corn, sweethearts, and chewing-gum."

Crouch (telling Dr. Metcalf, in English C, about the picaresque novel): "The *picayune* novel has very little unity."

Miss Gwaltney, after being introduced to Webster at the Senior reception: "Is he a member of the faculty, too?"



Brooke Anderson, '16.

It has been many years since we have had the pleasure of holding up our heads with the pride which comes from winning a foot-ball championship, and give "Hail to the champions." There is something else, however, of which we are more proud, which makes every Richmond College man glad to be a wearer of the old "Red and Blue," and that is that fierce, never-conquered spirit which asserted itself at the beginning of the season and made the "Spiders" famous as the "come-back" team. The last six games played, with the exception of the second, were won in the last five minutes of play, and in three of these games the score stood two touch-downs to nothing in favor of our opponents.

During the last four years it was said we had no fighting spirit, since we did not win games, but any one who has followed a losing team during that time knows that it takes the finest kind of grit to keep rooting for such a team.

It was the last season at the old school. A new interest had arisen with the coming of Mr. Dobson. He soon showed that he had the fight of a whole team, and could impart it. The material was only fair, and was so light. It was seen that unless we could develop speed, more speed, and then some, our championship hope would be set a-glimmering. Working along these lines, Mr. Dobson, devoting every minute to his task, turned out the lightest, yet scrappiest, team in years.

We tied the first game of the season with the "Blues," casting away the old idea so long prevalent that we should lose this game. The next two practice games were with superior teams, and were lost. By this time the team was running more as a unit; entire harmony prevailed among the fellows. The students were behind

the team, and showed it by holding the biggest rally in years. Speeches were made by old alumni, which quickened the blood, and made every man feel that he must win the championship or die. Those too distant to be present sent letters and telegrams of encouragement. With old traditions urging them on, with their determination keyed to the highest pitch, the "Spiders," with that unconquerable "come-back" spirit manifesting itself in every game, tore down the bulwarks of defence thrown up by the championship defenders and captured the cup.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 20; WILLIAM AND MARY, 13 (Exhibition).

Fully confident—in fact, too confident, after defeating the husky Hampden-Sidney eleven, the squad, twenty-two strong, went down to Newport News to wallop the "stuffin'" out of the wearers of the "Orange and Black."

We entered the game with three substitutes in the line-up, C. Wicker taking Ancarrow's place at quarter in order to give Ancarrow's ankle a rest, while Coburn was shifted from left tackle to full back, since King was out on account of an injured leg, Beale taking Coburn's place at tackle.

Richmond kicked off to William and Mary, and Berteschey ran the ball back fifteen yards. William and Mary then fumbled, and we recovered the ball. A few minutes later we fumbled, and Gilliam picked the ball up, running forty yards for a touch-down. Tilley failed to kick goal.

In the second quarter, by the old sleeping end trick, William and Mary added another touch down, Tilley kicking goal.

At the beginning of the second half the score stood 13 to 0 in favor of William and Mary. Her followers had just concluded a snake dance, and the band was playing "Hail to the Chief." The stands were jubilant. What had they to fear from the "Spiders"? Where was that much-vaunted "come-back" spirit?

The whistle blew, and the "Spiders" ran out on the field. Ancarrow, though hopping on one foot, was back at quarter. The captain held up his clenched fist, with a "Do it now, fellows," and they went down through William and Mary's line like hot shot from a cannon. Plowing through their line for down after

down, with little Pollard flashing through the openings for many yards at a time, Newton went over the goal line, Ancarrow kicking goal. A few minutes later Fritz Jones intercepted a forward pass, Wright to E. Jones, and ran thirty yards for a touch-down, Ancarrow kicking goal.

After the ball was kicked off, with cross-bucks and line-plunges by Klevesahl, it was soon on William and Mary's 35-yard line. Here Robins was given the ball, and carried it five times in succession, till it rested on their yard line. Ancarrow tried a plunge through the centre, but the line held firm. Calling on Robins again, the big tackle, with men hanging on all parts of his anatomy, went over for the final touch-down. The pile-up was so fierce at this point that the ball was two feet above the line when the referee declared it over. Ancarrow missed goal. The game ended with the ball in William and Mary's possession, on our 25-yard line.

Little Pollard played like a fiend, ripping off end runs and flashing through the line wherever daylight appeared. Klevesahl gained consistently through the line, while Robins, at times, gained almost as much ground as the back-field men.

Berteschev, at quarter, played a sterling game for the "Orange and Black." Captain Wright, the husky full back, played a wonderful game, both offensively and defensively.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 20; RANDOLPH-MACON, 18 (Championship).

The "Yellow Jackets" had whipped us in the exhibition game 14 to 7, but, since then, we had established a record by winning three games in the last five minutes of play.

When the "Spiders" took the field each man said that a Yellow Jacket couldn't and wouldn't cross that line. They did, however. Somehow the "Spiders" just couldn't, couldn't stop it; and at the end of the half, through the fine work of Driver and Blunt, the score stood 12 to 0 in favor of the "Jackets." Victory was in their hands. They had fought hard, and the taste of victory was sweet to their bruised and dusty bodies. Perhaps they thought, by fighting as hard in the second half, they would score another touch-down or so.

But the "Spiders" came back! It was not a dogged spirit

with which they started the second half, but a swift, fierce, line-smashing attack, which overwhelmed the "Jackets," and, when they realized what had happened, the score stood 13 to 12 in favor of the "Spiders," Ancarrow having kicked goal.

Filled with savage rage at the thought that the "Spiders"—the "Spiders," who had not beaten a Randolph-Macon team for three years—should now defeat them (and this the last year of Bane, who had played on a championship team for three years!) the "Jackets" started a final desperate rally, which placed the ball behind the uprights for their final touch-down, and no goal kicked.

But the "Spiders" came back once again! Robins received the kick-off, and ran back five yards. Ancarrow made a pass to Wicker, which gained fifteen yards. Then Ancarrow dropped back to receive a kick. The ball shot back, but it remained in his hands, and his right arm went back for a pass. Driver, Bane, and Sheffey were on him. Their arms were about him. "Pass it!" the stands moaned. A dark-haired, stocky half back had dropped back from the right side of the line. As the on-coming backs sought to smother the passer, the dark head wheeled and circled behind him, and the ball dropped into his out-stretched hands as the passer was crushed to the earth. The stands gasped. Up through the left side of the line the runner sped. Ten yards were passed, twenty, thirty, and then a hustling figure sprawled him to the ground. And the "Yellow Jackets" had seen a delayed backward pass smoothly and coolly worked! The ball was on the 27-yard line. Robins carried it twelve, King four, and then again took it over for the final touch-down. Ancarrow kicked goal.

With only a few minutes to play, Randolph-Macon received the kick. We held for downs, and in the remaining time carried it to their 12-yard line, where time was called, the final score standing 20 to 18 in favor of the "Spiders."

The entire team, urged on by Captain George, fought like fiends, but the line showed its strength by the manner in which it held the "Yellow Jackets" during the second half. King's line-bucking and running back of punts during the second half was wonderful. Klevesahl gained many yards in the tackle back play, both through the line and around the ends, while Ancar-

row's goal kicking, as the score shows, was a feature. Privott, as long as he was at the right end position, played an astonishing game. Play after play was directed at him, but each time he broke up the interference and got the runner.

The "Jackets" had a corking trio in Driver, Sheffey, and Blunt, while their ends played a fine tackling game.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 20; WILLIAM AND MARY, 13.

With one hundred and sixty rooters to cheer the team on to victory, we went down to Williamsburg to play the final championship game. Two weeks before we had defeated them with comparative ease at Newport News, but playing William and Mary at Newport News and playing her at Williamsburg were two very different propositions, which we soon found out.

The day was warm to the spectators, and was insufferably so to the teams. Several of our men were sick, but pluckily went into the game. As the game progressed, it was seen that the team representing the "Orange and Black" was 50 per cent. stronger than it had been two weeks before at Newport News, while our fellows seemed off edge and played sluggishly.

William and Mary scored first on a fumble by the "Red and Blue." Berteschey missed goal. At the end of the first quarter the ball was in our possession, on their 25-yard line, and in the second quarter, by a series of triple passes, Ancarrow was enabled to cross the goal line, but failed at goal.

In the second half, with the ball see-sawing up and down the field, we fumbled again, Berteschey picking the ball up and running thirty-five yards for a touch-down. He kicked goal. The score was 13 to 6 in favor of William and Mary.

Using the forward pass, we carried the ball down the field, but Addison broke up a pass, and the ball went to William and Mary on their 10-yard line. Here Wright, the full back, circled the end, stepping outside, but continuing on to the goal line. The referee declared the touch-down invalid, and we soon recovered the ball in the middle of the field. Again we started a series of forward passes, and Privott received a pretty one behind the goal post for the second touch-down. Ancarrow kicked goal.

In the last quarter, with four minutes left, Tilley misjudged

Ancarrow's punt; little Wicker was on the ball like a flash, and carried it over for the final touch-down. Ancarrow kicked goal. In the remaining time Richmond College took the ball to William and Mary's one-foot line. The score was Richmond, 20; William and Mary, 13.

Coburn played the game of his life at tackle; certainly, if there were any "stars" in the "Red and Blue" line-up he was one. Time and time again on the tackle around play, he came flying through, stiff-arming his way past tacklers, always gaining from five to fifteen yards. King, though sick, tore off run after run, giving a beautiful exhibition of side-stepping and dodging. Captain George played a dandy game at centre, breaking up several plays before they started, while Carter and Hutchison helped materially towards advancing the ball by the way in which they opened up holes in their opponents' line.

The whole William and Mary team played a good game, while her line-driving the entire first half was impregnable. Captain Wright was their bright star, Berteschey, however, putting up a snappy game at quarter.

This game settled the championship in our favor.

LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Richmond College.....	3	0	.1000
Hampden-Sidney.....	2	1	.667
Randolph-Macon.....	1	2	.333
William and Mary.....	0	3	.000

THE SEASON'S SCORES.

Richmond, 0; Blues, 0.

Richmond, 0; Maryland Aggies, 44.

Richmond, 0; Gallaudet, 6.

Richmond, 14; Wake Forest, 13.

Richmond, 7; Randolph-Macon, 14 (exhibition).

Richmond, 21; Hampden-Sidney, 20 (championship).

Richmond, 20; William and Mary, 13 (exhibition).

Richmond, 20; Randolph-Macon, 18 (championship).

Richmond, 20; William and Mary, 13 (championship).

THE MEN WHO WON THE "R" AND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following are the men who won the "R" and championship:

NAME.	POSITION.	PREPARED AT— NO YEARS ON TEAM.	No. of Years on Varsity Squad.	No. of Years on Varsity Team.
J. A. George (Capt.)...	Centre.....	Fork Union, 1 year.....	4	3
Hutchison, F. A.....	Left Guard....	Fork Union.....	2	2
A. B. Carter.....	Right Guard....	3	3
J. Coburn.....	Left Tackle....	Eastern H. S., Md., 2 years..	2	2
B. Robins.....	Right Tackle..	J. M. H. S., 4 years.....	1	1
F. Jones.....	Left End.....	William and Mary, 1 year..	3	2
J. Newton.....	Right End.....	2	2
N. Ancarrow.....	Quarter.....	J. M. H. S., 1 year.....	2	2
R. Klevesahl (Dyke)..	Left Half.....	J. M. H. S., 3 years.....	1	1
Pollard.....	Right Half....	Petersburg H. S., 3 years..	1	1
W. King (Rock).....	Full Back.....	J. M. H. S., 4 years.....	1	1
SUBSTITUTES.				
C. Wicker.....	Quarter and Half Back...	Richmond Academy, 1 year.....	1	1
J. Privott.....	End.....	Blackstone, 1 year.....	1	1

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THEY CAME BACK.

It was a great game—the most exciting and hair-raising we have witnessed in twenty years of waiting on the side lines. Two thousand staid business and professional men threw off the dignity of years, and went wild as the Richmond College foot-ball team showed that it could "come back."

They had a hard battle. Year after year the plucky lads from Randolph-Macon had marched on the field, and had swept aside the defense of the Richmond boys. Coming this year,

with splendid spirit, and led by veterans who wanted only one more victory over Richmond College, the "Yellow Jackets" had all the advantage. Their attack was quick and decisive, their back field well drilled and fleet, their interference almost perfect. During the first half they had everything their own way, and trotted to the side lines sure of victory.

But something had happened to the Richmond College team—something subtle and impelling. When the boys came on the field again, they had something more than dogged nerve which had made them game losers on a score of gridirons. They had a snap and a vigor which were soon to count. The very first down showed their determination, and every play thereafter bespoke a spirit which would win. They did it, and deserve all the more glory in that they defeated as fine a team of clean sportsmen as ever went on a field. It is glory for any college to overcome a handicap of two touch-downs; it is still greater glory to overcome that lead when made by a team that boasts a Bane and a Driver in its line-up.

The victory for Richmond College Saturday indicated a spirit which will be worth a large endowment to the school. It will win anew the devotion of old alumni, who had despaired of victory; it will encourage the boys; it will strengthen everything that makes an institution great.—*Editorial, News-Leader, November 17th.*

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As 'fail.'"

Evidently the Richmond College foot-ball team has been studying Bulwer Lytton, not only under Dr. Metcalf, but under Coach Dobson as well, for we never saw, in all our service, for an æon or two, as spectator at gridiron-side, a better exhibition of the "never say die" spirit than that displayed yesterday, when the trust-busting Richmond "Spiders" broke up the Randolph-Macon monopoly in foot-ball championships. Such were the circumstances that we momentarily await a foot-ball extra of the *Religious Herald*.—*Editorial, Times-Dispatch, November 16th.*

WILLIAM AND MARY BETWEEN RICHMOND COLLEGE AND PEN-
NANT—TAIL-ENDERS PROBABLY WON'T DISTRESS TEAM
THAT DOWNED "YELLOW JACKETS."

Richmond College's 20 to 18 victory over Randolph-Macon in Saturday's sensational foot-ball game in Broad-Street Park put Coach Dobson's eleven within easy reach of the inter-collegiate championship of Eastern Virginia, as a victory over the William and Mary men, at Williamsburg, will cinch the cup for the "Spiders." The Tidewater collegians are now hopelessly in the cellar, the League standing as follows:

	Percentage.	Won.	Lost.
Richmond College.....	2	2	0
Randolph-Macon.....	2	1	1
Hampden-Sidney.....	2	1	1
William and Mary.....	2	0	2

If Richmond College *should* happen to be defeated by William and Mary, and Randolph-Macon beats Hampden-Sidney, then the two leaders would be 3-2 3-2, and would have to play off their tie.

Richmond College, in both its championship games, has baffled its opponents and dazzled its friends by retrieving victory from defeat after apparently having been hopelessly beaten in the first half of the games—at first with Hampden-Sidney, and Saturday with Randolph-Macon College; each time tried different styles of play in each half—on the defensive and drawing out its opponent in the first half, then dashing at them with tremendous confidence and aggressiveness in the second half.

Also, Dobson has developed a team without "stars," that works like a machine. Ancarrow, King, Pollard, and Klevesahl, at quarter, full, and half, seem to shine brightest, because they have the "showy" work to do; but they would be "nowhere" save for the strong and skillful line. The team-work of the whole "Spider" outfit is what enabled them to defeat the apparently irresistible "Yellow Jackets" in Saturday's contest.

Comparing the games from start to finish, Richmond "fans" saw a far better contest Saturday than that mud battle which Virginia and Georgetown fought. The result here was as great a

surprise to the "fans" as was the upset of expectations at Washington.

Score by quarters.....	1	2	3	4	
Richmond College.....	0	0	7	13	20
Randolph-Macon.....	6	6	0	6	18

Touch-downs—Driver, 3; King, 3. Goals—Ancarrow, 2; Bane, 0.

<i>Richmond College.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Randolph-Macon.</i>
Jones.....	Left end.....	Vaughan.
Coburn.....	Left tackle.....	Jones.
Hutchinson.....	Left guard.....	Morton.
George.....	Centre.....	R. Scott.
Carter.....	Right guard.....	Copley.
Robins.....	Right tackle.....	Burch.
Newton.....	Right end.....	W. R. Scott.
Ancarrow.....	Quarter back.....	Bane.
Pollard.....	Left half back.....	Driver.
Klevesahl.....	Right half back.....	Blunt.
King.....	Full back.....	Sheffey.

Substitutes—Richmond College, Privett for Jones; Jones for Privett; Wicker for Pollard. Randolph-Macon—Cawthorn for Blunt. Officials—Walker, Minnesota, referee; Witt, Virginia Military Institute, umpire; Schenk, Medical College of Virginia, head linesman.

PROSPECTS FOR 1914.

Certainly prospects for next season are the brightest in years. With Coach Dobson back, and with the wonderful concrete stadium at our command, we look for a team which can hold its own with some of the biggest teams in Virginia. In 1906 the University of Virginia and V. P. I. were the only teams considered stronger than Richmond College, and, with every man returning, except Captain George, whose place will be hard to fill, we ought to make a strong bid for our old enviable position. Anyhow, we intend to repeat this year's success.

[K. Brooke Anderson was elected manager of the 1914 foot-

ball team, with Morgan Mills, Jr., as assistant. This selection was an extremely happy one, pleasing all. We feel certain that an excellent foot-ball administration is assured us. The manager has commenced his schedule, and will have several of the larger teams booked.—*Editor-in-Chief.*]

THE LOSS OF CAPTAIN GEORGE.

We'll miss "Cap"—a cool, heady player, always in his position, and how he did *fight*! George is the very personification of the word, and it was his speeches between halves, and that old fighting spirit on the field, which helped keep the team together, and made each man feel that he would die or win the game. Yes, "Cap," we'll surely miss you.

THE REAL REASON—COACH DOBSON.

After all is said and done for the foot-ball season of 1913, when we shall have tired of talking of the old "come back" team, shall have forgotten the absolute harmony that prevailed on the team, and made it able to win—when all these things are aside, the main factor in our success will stand out clear—Coach Dobson. We but render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's when we say it—Coach furnished the head, and gave us the heart with a "never say die" spirit that carried us over the crests to victory. And to him do we give honor and glory.

TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM THENCE.

By "Dick."

[We are not sure whether this is literature or love—possibly both—but we think that it fits in better here than elsewhere in our magazine. It is but another instance of the love for *alma mater* which invariably crops out when an alumnus reads of the success of his college—an intoxication of joy.—*EDITOR.*]

*John George, Esquire, Captain "Spiders," Champions of 1913—
To-be and To-wit:*

Know all men by these presents, That I extend to you and your colleagues—*Greetings.*

Wot ye not, thou snapper-back of the elusive pig-skin, that

there is joy unconfined in this rude hamlet of another fellow's forefathers. To read or go without my morning paper, that was a puzzler, but when I glimpsed a top-heavy, preponderating score of 20-18, it was then I needed a muzzler. I must hand it to you fellows of the 1913 'Varsity, you have "come back" with a vengeance, and here is the blooming bulb of the Century Plant. It is a rare flower, but bloomed for you. Six long seasons I followed the vacillating fortune of ye old "Spiders," and it was that same number of falls that I fanned the microbes of defeat from my sensitive nostrils. But every year they came back, even as the wild goose flies south as winter draws nigh. Aye, that craven bird with its plumage marked defeat knocked at our chamber doors, and poked its beak through the key-hole of our Yale locks. But said the "Spiders" of 1913, "Not again."

One year, as "Chief Rooter," I coerced, cajoled, flattered, and exhorted a few straggling songs from the calm, white lips of the faithfuls. Allah bless them! Occasionally a spasmodic effort, labeled the "Long Yell," would rend the air. When the last game of that season was played, and the last song sung, and foot-ball was history, we looked back over the season. We looked for a score. It was like looking for ozone in a vacuum bottle full of carbohic acid gas. Our team had not broken the vow of their infancy. No little bird of Good Luck chirped that year for the boys of that ill-fated expedition for foot-ball glory to Broad-Street Park. But we said, "Wait." We considered the goose-eggs and the lilies of the field and *ad infinitum*. We said, "Would not we shatter it to bits, and mould it nearer to the heart's desire?" From the straggling few there has arisen a great team.

Now to history. Some several years past there was fought, on a beautiful morning, a battle that has gone down on the pages of history as that of Manila Bay. On the flag-ship "Olympia" there was Dewey, waiting for poached eggs and toast. It seemed that the entire American navy was in a high state of excitement—that is, all except this man preparing to feast. Finally, after buttering a griddle cake, Dewey remarked, "You may fire now, Gridley." About that time the battle was over, and John Paul Jones shook hands with others in the spirit world. To think

about Dewey reminds one of Dobson. Toward the end of the passing show of 1913 he crowds the end of the last quarter so hard that defeat overleaps itself, and keels over on the other side. When thinking about this 20-18 score, I almost wish that I was a rooster. I would pitch on the R. C. keys of this typewriter, and crow most lustily—I would indeed.

There are so many of us fellows out in the world, so far from College, that you fellows there forget us. Nor can you imagine how a victory affects us. It goes to the head, the hands, the feet. And we also make a fuss. Even the old ladies, with their speaking tubes at home on the mantel-piece, can understand our animated *tete-a-tetes*. I met one of the '05 boys on the one street this morning. He is doing well, has two children, a Ford car, and about \$2,000 annually from his law practice. I broke the glad news to him gently. His Adam's apple slipped up and down like the piston rod on the engine of the Twentieth Century Limited, forty minutes late, on a straight track. After he was somewhat composed, he said, "Come on, old man, have a limeade."

When I corner enough money I want to come to the old camping ground and look at and adore that cup. As the Chief Executive of North Carolina said, "It's been a long time between cups." Kindly see that the committee gives the team of 1913 both the inside and outside of the cup. So let it be, and each year the *alumnæ* will go thence and worship. Your fight was well worth the winning.

BASKET-BALL PROSPECTS.

Basket-ball has certainly come into its own. One would hardly think, from the number of the squad, that this is our first year in organized basket-ball. It is true our facilities at College are poor, as an open-air cement court is worse than zero in the winter, but we hope to land a practice hall in the next day or so.

Mr. Dobson has only been able to take charge of the squad in the last couple of days, but from now on there will be no let up in practice. And you can just bet one thing, fellows, in spite of all the obstacles which we have to overcome, we're going to have a team.

Under the coaching of Mr. Dobson, Captain Leubbert will develop into a corking forward, while Bob Brock is picked as his running mate. Satterfield, Heubi, and Gary are both showing up well at centre, and the guard positions are being taken care of by Duffy, Cofer, and P. Mitchell. With these men showing form, and the foot-ball men coming out after Christmas, we ought not to worry about material.

The championship series includes two games each with Randolph-Macon, Hampden-Sidney, and William and Mary. The first game of the series will be played at Ashland, in the "Yellow Jacket's" gymnasium, January 13, 1914. The home games will be pulled off in the Howitzers' Armory. We are to be congratulated on obtaining such a fine floor, and feel deeply indebted to the Howitzers for their courtesy. When we get in our new home we will not be unmindful of former courtesies, and it is to be hoped that our athletic relations with the Howitzers will be closer in the future.

Now, fellows, let's get behind the team, and make it a good one. In the scrimmages so far we've had fifty to sixty men "rooting" for us, and they have helped considerably; but we want the backing of the whole student body, and we've got to have it. The foot-ball material of the past season was not of the best, yet, by working hard, and having the support of the student body, we won the championship. Let each man get behind this team, and "root" and "root" till that cup comes home.

TRACK.

With one week's practice, our cross-country team, composed of Gary, Heubi, and Satterfield, entered the annual University of Virginia cross-country race. Virginia, Washington and Lee, and Richmond College were the only entrants, with three men entered from each school, two counting a team. Virginia also entered eighteen handicap men in a special race. Considering the short time for training, we did well, tying Washington and Lee for second place. Morris, of Virginia, last year's record holder of the mile at Yale, did the five miles in twenty-four minutes and fifty-two seconds. Tucker, of Virginia, was second, while Johnson,

of Washington and Lee, finished third. Heubi, of Richmond College, beat Rollins, of Virginia, out for sixth place, after a heart-breaking sprint in the last quarter. Gary, of Richmond, finished eighth, while Satterfield covered all but the last quarter mile.

With more time in which to train, our team would have given the other teams a harder fight, since Virginia and Washington and Lee had been in training for a month.

MANAGER CARTER'S APPEAL FOR TRACK.

This is the dawning of a new era in athletics for Richmond College. With a brand-new coach and a championship foot-ball team to blaze the way, the question that now stares us in the face is what about track? There seems to be an abundance of material, both old and new, and, with a man of Dobson's experience and ability as coach, Richmond College ought to easily maintain the prestige she has heretofore held in this department.

So few new students seem to realize the opportunities that are offered by track. Here we have a greater diversity of sport than is found in any of the other departments. There is some one form to appeal to all. Of course, it is absurd to think of a ninety-five pound man tossing a sixteen-pound shot thirty-five or forty feet, but this same man may develop into a "star" in a fifty-yard dash or in a pole vault.

Now, Mr. Grind, the track season is on us, and we invite you to leave those books for a half hour or so, and take a few turns around the circle path with us. When you go back to your task you will feel a renewed energy. Don't think, simply because you have never participated in track sports, there is no place for you. Come out and lend your enthusiasm. No matter if you never ran a race in your life, you can learn, and now is the time to try. All you need is sand and stick-to-it-iveness.

Richmond College expects to figure prominently in several big meets this season, and the man who shows ability is the man who will be wearing his "R" at the close of the season, to say nothing of the handsome medals that are yours for the taking.

The managers are trying to arrange for a dual meet with the Blues in January. This meet will probably be held on the

fourth Saturday night in January, and, in order to be in trim, it will be necessary to begin training right now.

Our annual open meet will be held on the 21st of February. We expect to make this a handicap meet, and thereby give the new man a show.—A. B. CARTER.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Now that Richmond College has again jumped to the forefront in the realm of sport, THE MESSENGER desires to make mention of the interest shown by the alumni in the recent championship games. The local alumni, in particular, have been extremely enthusiastic. Never before has a team been so loyally supported. The organized bands of alumni "rooters" deserve the highest commendation. Then, too, we must not forget to mention the numerous letters and telegrams from alumni at a distance to Captain George, complimenting and congratulating the team on winning the championship.

It is to be regretted that one of our sister colleges has subjected our team to criticism that in its purport is, to say the least, unsportsmanlike and altogether unwarranted. We do not purpose to discuss the validity of the claims raised by our rivals, but it is safe to say that the Richmond College alumni are not suffering any qualms of conscience over the decision rendered in a recent meeting of the League Council relative to our opponents' protest.

J. L. Elmore, the "star" end on the championship team of '06, was a recent visitor at the College. He was one of the best ends ever developed in Virginia, being picked from our championship team, '06, as All-Virginia end. It was a fitting occasion for his visit—the winning of another championship. Mr. Elmore is now practicing law in New York City.

One of the most recent alumni chapters to be formed is that of New York City. We doubt if there has been a chapter organized in recent years with more prominent men at its head. At the head of this chapter we find Charles M. Graves, of the *New York Times*; J. Douglas Leck and Curtis Lee Laws, editor of the *Washington Examiner*. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Dr. Laws last June by his *alma mater*.

Miss Marie Sands, of the '13 class, is one of the most popular *debutantes* of the season.

It is rumored that Professor Moore, of the Law Faculty, is to soon to become a Benedict. It is also rumored, on good authority, that Mr. R. A. Ankers, '05, is to assume the same *role* in the near future.

Mr. C. B. Green, who was with us last session, was recently married to Miss Gill, a sister of "Big" Gill. Some of the students will remember Mr. Gill as the husky guard on the foot-ball team two years ago.

Among other alumni who have recently married, we find E. W. Provence, of Waco, Texas; R. S. Owens, of Norfolk; Rev. R. H. White and Dr. Cullen Pitt, of the city.

B. P. Tillery, '13, the speed demon of the last season's track team, is now teaching at Speed, North Carolina.

Paul Orchard, '11, who is now assistant manager of the Coe-Mortimer Fertilizer Company, Florida, spent several months last summer in Spain, studying citrus culture. Mr. Orchard has, for some time, been preparing a report for the Florida State Department of Agriculture on citrus culture, and his trip to Spain was to better acquaint himself with methods practiced in other countries.

In every movement *pro bono publico* Richmond College graduates always figure prominently. The State Board of Health furnishes a striking illustration of this fact.

It is a time-worn adage that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," but one of the noblest works a man can do for his community is to improve its sanitary conditions.

Dr. Freeman, as head of the State Board of Health, has almost wrought miracles in the stamping out of the typhoid bacillus. In the city of Richmond he has been most ably assisted in his work by Dr. W. T. Oppenhimer, president of the Board of

Health; Dr. E. C. Levy, chief health officer of the city, and Mr. Aubrey Straus, city bacteriologist. In Lynchburg another alumnus of the College, Dr. Elisha Barksdale, is his chief assistant. The same thing is true in Roanoke, where we find Dr. Brownley Foster as chief health officer.



A. L. Jones, '14.

"Autumn Song" shows artistic thought. The description is intensely expressive. The whole poem reveals the poetic throbbing of a soul who sees in nature its beauty and its love. "Red" is a story that owes its charm purely to the manner in which it is told. The *naïve* and childish ways of Red are also well drawn. "Folk-Lore in Play" well emphasizes the historic and intrinsic value of the simple games which children play. Through these games the life of the past is repeated. They are the great "live wires" connecting the "ages that have been" with the activities of the now. In "Papa John" we have the best conversation that has appeared in any college magazine this year. It is natural, that is all, but to be natural, to be true to life, in giving the conversation of a child in a story, is a work of art. "The Call of the Sea" contains many lines of real beauty. The reiteration is good. "Virginia's Debt to the Red Man" points out, in detail, our various gains from our struggles with the Indians, predicting, to a large extent, our future greatness from the gain derived from this struggle. The essay is an excellent one, but it fails to consider the tremendous drain made by war on the race. On the contrary, the writer can see only war's benefits. Do these struggles in war make a people strong, brave, resolute, and versatile, or are these struggles the result of these very qualities being pregnant in the dominant race? "On the Trail of O. Henry" is a good sketch of an interesting life—a life that is particularly interesting to all Southern boys and girls. "A Double Victory" develops into an exciting climax. The story deals with modern commercial conditions collaterally, but

having as its primary aim the awakening of a life by the pure touch of love. The story is excellently told.

"Socialism and Religion" is a cold, analytical discussion of socialism. Socialism is here disrobed of all of its collateral aims, and its fundamental doctrine exposed, "No God, no Master." "The Principal Thing" is a good poem in form and thought, and well suited in its ideal for a college magazine. "One Drop of Blood" has a plot that is rather old, with no distinguishing fact to give to it a *personality*. One often has to use an old plot, but he should *color* it differently in his story. This is not done here, but we do feel that some one is telling us an old tale that we have heard before. "Robert E. Lee in Private Life" is the same old attempt to make Lee perfect. He was a man, and, being such, must have had some human faults and human failings. To know them would not lower Lee in our estimation, but we would love him more for having "some touch of earth" about him. The purity and the grandeur of Lee's name is now forever above the "malign attack of envy or the poisoned barb of hate." "A Proposal to Order" is a well-told story. The plot is interesting and the climax exciting. Our magazines, as a rule, we believe, have too little humor. Let's have more of the funny side of life.

"The Whole Man" is an exceedingly good essay. The writer has a good style, and a pleasing choice of words. The author also shows some originality in thought. "Rev. Richard McIlwaine" is an interesting sketch of the life of a well-known preacher and educator. "A. R. Venable" is also a sketch of the life of another educator. The magazine contains no story of any interest. Too much space is given up to sketches and essays. Stories and poems will make a magazine far more interesting and readable than will these sketches of more or less local interest.

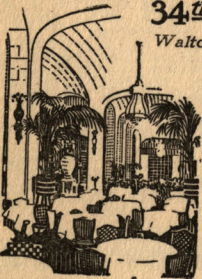
"Dawn and Night" has a soft, musical flow of words, in

harmony with the picture given. "The Moon Man" is an effectually told story. The writer holds the interest of his readers from the opening to the closing of his tale. The plot is well worked out. "The Attic Secret" contains an old plot, not altered sufficiently to differentiate itself from its predecessors. "The Heir Expectant" contains practically the same plot as a story published a few months ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The closing scene of the two stories alone differs, which is not important enough to distinguish them.

*The
William and Mary
Magazine.*

We are glad to see the Richmond Academy put out a school publication. This is, in our opinion, one of the very best things that a preparatory school can do. We do not expect very great things of them at first. No magazine, in fact, ever attains very great things, unless this be great—to bring out the talent of the school, to give some common aim and common purpose to the student body, and to lay the foundation in early life for development in the future. *The Academy Topics* contains much that is of local interest, and much that is of interest to the reading public. We see in *The Topics* a germ of broader and deeper appreciation of literature for the sake of literature at the Academy. Here's to the future.

*The
Academy Topics.*



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