The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 40
Number 4 The Messenger, Vol. 40, No. 4

1-1914

The Messenger, Vol. 40, No. 4

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Moods of the Sea.

Carlos Mark, '15.

Sing to me, Senora, fair daughter of the sea;
Dost thou hear the thunder of the billows surging free?
We see the breakers piling and tumbling in their play,
The blue above is smiling at the dancing, prancing spray.
And, lo, the sails out yonder
A-glimmer skimming o’er!
We know the happy sailors; their children on the shore.
Sing of sailor lads, Senora—a song o’er spilt with glee,
Of the roving, and the rolling, and the rumbling of the sea.

Sing to me, Senora, of the village by the sea,
Of the fiery spires and steeples, of the winding streets and peoples,
And of the dirty kiddies wee;
Of the mellow bells of vespers, with the dying wind a-wester,
And the village wrapped in silent, sunset melody.
And when the twilight smothers the sun-rest smoldering lower,
And the sailors, weary roaming,
One by one come slowly homing
With their boats upon the shore,
Sit and sing to me, Senora, of the lovers that may be
In this distant, moon-lit village by the sea.

Sing to me, Senora, of a wild night by the sea,
With the demon winds a-blowing, and the bravest men a-going
Through the shrieks of black eternity.
And the women, wild, are waiting
When the sea is unabating,
And the loose-haired maidens wring their hands and moan;
The clouds are torn to tatters, and the billows lash the moon,
And now the maidens groan and swoon
Where the soggy boats are strewn.
Sing to me, Senora, of the wild nights that be
In this sad and distraught village by the sea.
BICYCLING from Carlisle to the Burns country, we paused a few moments at Gretna Green to catch a whiff of the odor of romance that still clings to the famous old blacksmith shop, the scene of many a welding of those from beyond the border, who, eager for matrimony, and impatient of time, sought solace in Scotland after the abolition of Fleet marriages by Lord Hardwicke’s Act of 1754. For eighty-five years—from 1754 until the Act of 1856—Gretna Green was famous for the runaway matches and irregular marriages celebrated there under the lax Scots law by the enterprising blacksmith, who, very probably, accomplished the welding process while he shod the panting steeds of the runaways. (Runaways never think of having the horses shod beforetime.) The blacksmith’s leather apron has long since been cut into bits, and sold for souvenirs to visiting lovers, and now post-cards and trinkets, at fancy prices, are retailed at the forge where ancient bellows kept alive the fires of that shrewd Vulcan-Eros, that welder of loves.

In the church-yard of St. Michael’s, at Dumfries, playing among the grave-stones, we spied half a dozen ragged and ruddy-faced children. As we approached I doffed my cap and addressed one of them—a little damsels of about eight years, with blue eyes, and cheeks that vied in brilliancy with her red flannel petticoat, peeping from divers rents in her tattered tartan skirt. “We have come hither, fair one, to view Burns’s mausoleum and to saturate our souls in its sublimity. We fain would know the way—canst thou direct us?” She stared, open-mouthed, a moment, then replied, “I dinna ken.” Her companions snickered. Turning to my friend, I remarked, “Yon’s a bonny lass. I wonder if she’s as ignorant as her speech proclaims her, and as healthy as she looks.” As though in answer, the “bonny lass” gathered her scanty skirts with a grimy left hand, inflated her cheeks, wrinkled her brows and retrousse nose, and stuck out her tongue,
to the amusement of her companions. We thanked her, and passed on.

Perhaps my impression of the mausoleum was modified by the discomfort experienced in trying to get a good view of Burns and the angel hovering over him—the temple-like tomb is surrounded by a picket fence, the gate was locked, and no one near to open it for us. We climbed as high as we dared, and, straining, caught a glimpse of the poet; but he did not seem to be enjoying his angelic company. I think he would feel more at home with "Tam o'Shanter" and some of the "boys" in "The Bachelors' Club."

After visiting the house in which Burns spent his last days, we lunched; then, wheeling across the New Bridge over the River Nith and through Maxwelltown, we sped over hills and through dales to the farm of Ellisland, which Burns occupied for some time as a tenant, and where he wrote "Tam o'Shanter" and "To Mary in Heaven." The people who now occupy the one-story farmhouse, which is situated about half a mile from the turnpike, were at supper when we arrived, so we didn't enter the house—merely rambled around the place a few minutes, then back to the main road, and on to Thornhill, where we stayed over-night.

The following day was Sunday. To begin with, it was a Scotch Sunday. In Scotland the people are so strict in the observance of Sunday laws that one can get neither food nor drink unless one is prepared to swear that he has come at least three miles, and intends going further on after he has been served, and one has difficulty in gaining admittance even at that. Furthermore, one has to be careful how he comports himself. For instance, if a policeman hears a sparrow chirping louder than it is customary for sparrows to chirp on the Sabbath, he will follow him up, and, if the sparrow persists in his mis-conduct, the policeman will run him in. That's what an inn-keeper told us. We discussed laws and law observance with a number of Scotchmen, and all of them (not all were inn-keepers) seemed to be of the opinion that Parliament was more lenient towards Englishmen than Scotchmen, and that the powers that be are stricter in Scotland than in England. They claimed that Scotland is not adequately represented in Parliament, and named a long list of
grievances against the Government. So far as Sunday-closing laws are concerned, there is some room for a kick—that's the way we looked at it on that Scotch Sunday when we tried several inns for dinner, and had to ride twenty-five miles after dinner-time before we could gain admittance to an inn, and then we had to ring for fifteen minutes before any one answered. The girl who served us said that many of the inn-keepers shut up tight, and went visiting on Sunday, as the number of travelers was so small, and other trade was prohibited.

All day it had been trying to rain—a shower for five minutes, then sunshine, then another shower. We were kept busy donning and doffing our raincoats. After we left New Cumnock it began to rain in earnest, and our stockings and shoes were soon water-soaked, but our raincoats kept us fairly dry, except where the wind would blow the flaps open and allow a few quarts to enter. Once, when the rain was so thick that we couldn't see through it fifty yards, we stopped at a little straw-thatched cottage for a half-hour. The hospitable people offered to share their evening meal with us, but we declined, as we expected to sup further on. After waiting an hour, the rain was still coming down as if the windows of heaven had been opened, and the cottagers said they were sorry they couldn't accommodate us for the night, but they had only two rooms—one for cooking and eating, the other for sleeping. The nearest inn was at Ayr, twelve miles further on, so Ayr-ward we cycled. And how it did rain! Now we knew that our friends were not the idle croakers we had, through many days of fair weather, labeled them. The almost icy water began to soak through our caps and trickle down our necks—not a very pleasant sensation; and, before long, we were wet through and through, everywhere—wet, chilled, tired, and—no, not disgusted—just hungry, hungry for a warm, dry place, and something to warm us up—tea. Passing through the inn-less village of Coylton, we spied a big, hospitable-looking house by the roadside, and, grown desperate at the slow progress we were making in our clinging, soggy clothes, which impeded the movement of every muscle, we decided to appeal for shelter. Three ladies (one a woman of thirty-five, the others girls) came to the door after we had knocked for five minutes. Huddled together, and apparently
frightened at first, they did not seem disposed to let us in; but
pity prevailed over fear, and, after some whispered consultation
between themselves, they said we could stay until the rain had
moderated. The eldest explained that their reason for hesi­
tating was that there wasn’t a man on the place, and that her
husband, the man of the house, wouldn’t return before the mor­
row, and, in the meantime, she was alone with her two sisters.
They built a nice big fire for us, and brought us steaming hot tea,
bread, et cetera, and, in the meantime, entertained us in a most
charming fashion. One of the girls was a college graduate, and
the other was attending college at Edinburgh. We discussed
things dear to college folk, and, by the time we had dried out pretty
well, and were wishing that we didn’t have to go back to the rainy
road to Ayr, and push the remaining six miles through mud and
water, our hostess (who spoke a very broad Scotch, and said
that we talked the “best-est” English she had ever heard) invited
us to spend the night. We joyfully accepted. So it wasn’t such
a bad Sunday, after all.

Next morning the sun greeted us as we wheeled down the
road to Ayr, but soon hid behind the clouds, peeping out occa­
sionally, as if to cheer us on our way. The road was firm, though
still wet, and we saw no mud-puddles. It is wonderful how well­
kept the roads of Great Britain are. No; it is not so wonderful
when you see the number of steam rollers used, and pile after pile
of crushed stone and asphalt along the roadside. We rarely
covered thirty miles without passing through a road force busily
engaged in patching some embryonic mud-puddles or carpeting
with asphalt and gravel a half-mile stretch of road-bed. Some­
times only half the road would be tarred, and sometimes all of
it, and in the latter case we either had to walk or get stuck-up.

The “Twa Brigs” at Ayr, the stately statue of Burns near the
centre of the town, and the imposing Grecian temple memorial,
two miles down the coast, at Alloway, and the well-preserved
thatched cottage in which the famous poet was born, engaged
our eager attention for the majority of the day, and in the late
afternoon we cycled over to Mossgiel Farm, the scene of the
“Wee Mousie” incident.

All through Ayrshire, at almost every turn, in almost every
town, are memorials to the genius of the great poet—the monuments above-mentioned, the inns he used to frequent, the houses he used to live in, the mausoleum at Dumfries, the statues at Mauchline and Kilmarnock, and the National Monument at Edinburgh. With all this external evidence, I could not but wonder how deep-rooted in the hearts of the people is this apparent devotion to Burns. The farmer at Mossgiel probably didn't relish being interrupted in his task of oiling a mower, although he was very courteous. Oil-can in hand, he pointed out the spot where the incident which led to the writing of "To a Mouse" is supposed to have occurred. He said that he thought Americans appreciate Burns more than his countrymen, and, as far as he personally was concerned, he was of the opinion that too much fuss was being made over him. Another Scot informed us that he had never visited any of the monuments purposely, and, though the finest one was only ten miles from his home, he had never seen it, and, in all probability, never would. I don't know the value of this, but the indifference of Scotland to the recent sale of the Burns manuscripts seems to bear out the Mossgiel farmer's statement.

Glasgow, with its big ship-yards and gigantic manufacturing plants, is a smoky, dirty city, of nearly a million population. Its principal streets we found congested with traffic, and were eager to escape the hurrying crowds, clanging cars, tooting autos, and buses. It reminded us more of New York than any city visited while abroad. Skirting the banks of the Clyde, we cycled past the docks and big ship-yards, pausing to view the many iron-clad river and ocean steamers resting there and to make some minor cycle adjustments. Some tipsy sailors, out for a lark, sauntered up to where we were standing, and tried to manufacture fun at our expense. It was twilight, and few pedestrians and no policemen were in sight. Possessing an ounce of discretion, we took to our wheels, narrowly escaping a fall as they grabbed our packs, and, holding on, ran beside us. A few well-placed taps on knuckles freed us, and we soon left them behind, laughing over our discomfiture.

That night we slept at Balloch, on the southern shore of Loch Lomond, and, early next morning, boarded the Loch Lomond
steamer. On the pier at Balloch we spied some slim hobble-skirts, neatly draped on a pair of pretty damsels, and when we got aboard the steamer were pleased to find them fellow-passengers. "U. S." we labeled them, and the brand was right. They were the first Americans sighted since London, and it was with a consciousness of added charm that we viewed the natural beauties of the Scottish lakes and highlands.

It was a wonderfully bright day, as British days go, and we felt that it was good to be alive and on that little steamer, threading our way through the groups of lovely islands that, soothed by the soft caresses of the tiny wavelets created by the steamer's passing, seemed to slumber serene in the consciousness of the protection by the wooded hills and mountains rising up from the ever-changing waters of the lake to

"* * * * * where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers wooed and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

And so it seemed to us on that never-to-be-forgotten summer day, as our little steamer skimmed through the bright blue waters of Loch Lomond, every stroke of the propeller checking off the passing of some scene pictured in "The Lady of the Lake," or some of Scott's prose tales of the romantic days of old.

Landing at Inversnaid, we passed the long line of coaches (known in England as "char a bances" and in France as "brakes"), and shoved our wheels up the road that leads over the hills to Loch Katrine. Just after we had passed the path leading to Rob Roy's cave, we sighted a fellow in Highland costume, holding a bag-pipe under his arm. As soon as he saw us he commenced puffing and blowing the instrument in a most industrious manner. While every Highland glen sent back the sound again, how different it was from the music of

"Those thrilling sounds that called the might
Of old Clan Alpine to the fight."

We donated a few pennies to the cause, and the music stopped
with a dismal squeak, and I think that never were pennies spent to such excellent advantage. A few minutes later, when the "char a bance" began to arrive on the scene, the noise of the pibroch was again heard in the land, but, by this time, we had reached the top of the hill, and, mounting our wheels, were soon out of ear-shot.

Had we been "earth-steppers" in tip-top shape, we would probably have put our wheels aboard the steamer at Stronachlar, and climbed the rugged path which leads around Loch Katrine; but for a week past my knee (injured several years ago in a runaway) had been giving me trouble, and so we had to take the steamer. The "bum" knee above mentioned was the cause of slow progress in many places, for, by the time I had pedalled fifty miles, it would go back on me, and the remaining leagues were covered on one pedal. That is why we never made over eighty miles in one day.

Loch Katrine is fully as beautiful and as worthy of praise as Scott pictures it in "The Lady of the Lake." To us it seemed a dream lake in a fairy country, as we passed across its shimmering surface. Even the tiny steamer seemed bathed in romance, and there was a pleasing rhythm in the throb of the ship's engines, and in the ripple and splash of the waters against the prow, that soothed us, as we watched rainbow in the spray, or strained our vision for a glimpse of Ellen's Isle, momentarily expected. Passing Ellen's Isle, the scene of the famous combat, we disembarked

"Where the Trossachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle."

Again passing a row of waiting "char a bances," we cycled slowly through the beautiful, richly-wooded valley, the scene of many a conflict and the birth-place of many a romance, and, though it was three hours past noon, we felt the appropriateness of Scott's lines:

"All in the Trossachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill."

The road winds through woods of richest green, now in the sun-light, now in the shadows, gigantic hills towering above and verdant slopes below, and, as we lazily wheeled along, we felt
that it was all a pleasant dream, and we didn’t want to wake up. We wouldn’t have been the least bit surprised had a “urisk” (Highland satyr) stepped in our path, and, indeed, were slightly disappointed that nothing of that nature happened. Instead of “urisks” we met two American cyclists—the first and only American cyclists encountered in the entire twelve hundred miles trip. We exchanged a few notes on inns, roads, etc., and were soon on the down-grade from Callander to Stirling, one of the easiest roads we had traversed—seven miles of coasting and the balance easy wheeling.

We had seen everything in Stirling Castle, from the room in which James II. stabbed the rebellious Earl of Douglas to the little stone seat in which Marie Stuart used to sit when a prisoner in the castle; but, when at the entrance, just as we were leaving, we encountered the two fair Americans, we remembered that we really hadn’t sat on Marie Stuart’s perch long enough to get a definite impression of the country through the peep-hole cut in the parapet for her, and found that it was essential to know just how it would feel to be confined to such a small outlook (the captors were afraid that if the Scots caught a glimpse of the imprisoned Queen peeping over the parapet the people might arise in wrath and take the castle—hence the peep-hole). With this in mind, we went back to the battlements, and there, once more, we saw “our girls,” as we were beginning to call them entre nous.

Long before we reached the wonderful Forth Bridge we saw its huge cantilevers outlined against the eastern sky, and, as we passed over “the greatest construction of its kind in the world” (as it has been pronounced by the ablest engineers), and noticed the details which made up the Brobdignagian structure, we were forced to acknowledge that even Brooklyn Bridge (in vulgar parlance) “couldn’t hold a candle to it.”

Our first impression of Edinburgh was its freshness, as we rode through the wide, well-kept streets of the western suburbs of the town. The city is built upon a number of hills, and the deep valleys between are criss-crossed with viaducts or built up streets, and in many parts of the town the streets appear three and four stories high—streets above streets. Princess street, with its beautiful gardens and handsome Scott memorial impressed us as one of the most attractive thoroughfares.
During our three-day stay in Edinburgh we lodged at a temperance hotel near the center of the town. The proprietor, an old young man, informed us that we were very lucky in our choice of hotels, as Edinburgh, though outwardly one of the most beautiful cities in the world, was really a whitened sepulchre, and he knew of no other hotel (at the same price) which was safe for moral young men. He warned us against smooth-looking strangers of both sexes, and said he hoped we wouldn’t stay out late.

Edinburgh Castle, built on a rock, precipitous on all sides except the east, where a broad esplanade leads up to the entrance, was the first point of interest visited after we secured lodgings. You can imagine our surprise when we entered Marie Stuart’s rooms, and there found “our girls.” The coincidences were now getting to be a joke, and a very enjoyable one. We found many things of interest in the castle, one of the most interesting being St. Margaret’s Chapel, the oldest building in Edinburgh. The inner court of the castle contains some fanciful stone carvings, about which many webs of unwritten history have been woven. Said to have resulted from historical secrets (allegorically revealed), the carvings have probably caused tales really more fantastic than the supposed secrets.

The castle sentinels wore the Highlander uniform of kilts, standing always bare-kneed to the weather. An officer informed us that it was a court-martial affair if a Highlander covered his knees. He said that we ought to wait for the drill—a pretty sight, which the ladies were fond of witnessing—but we had other things to see, and rambled down to Holyrood Palace. Here we were reminded of the suffragettes. The week before they had practiced some bomb-throwing, and, though the damage to the palace was slight, the attempt had resulted in its being closed to the public. An officer, dressed in an undress uniform of long tartan trousers, white jacket, and Scotch cap, was our informant, and, when we expressed our regret, he very courteously pointed out the rooms of the ill-fated Queen of Scots, and traced an imaginary line, showing the secret staircase leading from Rizzio’s room to the apartments of Marie Stuart. Back of the palace we saw the ruins of Holyrood Abbey, now called Holyrood Chapel, but couldn’t gain admittance to the grounds because of the suffragettes’ naughtiness above mentioned.
After riding the cable cars from town’s end to town’s end, visiting Calton Hill, on which stands the unfinished National Monument, which will be a ruin before it is finished, and seeing everything of interest in the town, we bade our temperance host good-bye, and cycled forth to Melrose.

Melrose Abbey impressed us as being the finest ruin we had so far visited, and its large and exquisitely-traceried windows, richly-carved capitals, elaborate vaulting, and vandal-marred though still beautiful sculptures, present a striking contrast to the extreme simplicity and sturdy massiveness of the ruins of the church, chapter house, refectory, and cloisters of Dryburgh Abbey. In Melrose, near the site of the high altar, is said to have been buried the heart of Robert Bruce, brought back from a Spanish battlefield, where Douglas, carrying it, fell fighting against the Moors. Dryburgh’s ruins shelter the burial vault of the Scotts, in which Sir Walter rests with his ancestors.

Cycling to Abbotsford, just as we were rounding a turn in the road, what should we see but the now familiar grey hobble-skirts of our American sisters. They were accompanied, as of old, by “pa” and “ma,” and, as they decorously waved to us, we barely had presence of mind enough to salute them with becoming smiles and doffed caps. Quite a cycle of coincidences, wasn’t it? We didn’t see them any more in England, but in Notre Dame de Paris—well, that’s another story.

Scott’s study is an inspiration—an ideal study to work up to, with its writer’s accessories, its double-decked, book-lined walls, with spiral staircase leading to the gallery of more books; and his library—I am afraid that envy stirred me as I gazed at the array of precious volumes.

Riding through the picturesque little border town of Jedburgh, with no thought of ruins for some time to come (our little satchel guide was silent in regard to this town), we were pleasantly surprised to see rising up before us (as if by magic), when we rounded the turn, the large, beautiful, and well-preserved ruins of Jedburgh Abbey, representing several types and phases of architecture. Of special interest was the Anglo-Saxon cross, which is said to be equally as ancient as the old Runic Cross near Ruthwell, in southwest Scotland, which bears the earliest piece of written English extant.

(To be concluded in next issue.)
IN the street called "Reverence-to-the-Gods," with its temple beating the sacred drums, and its fairy houses, lived Kohu. Her face was like a cherry blossom, with long, tender, half-closed eyes; her cheeks half revealing, under their brown, a wonderful pinkness, and her mouth was like a promise about to be fulfilled. She was as wonderful and dainty a thing as her favorite wistaria.

Very like a wistaria she looked, as she sat in her lavender, silver-bound kimona, in the midst of a bevy of girls. They were at her father's country home, which stood near the winding, dusty highway. At a distance one could see the rice fields, lying smothered in muddy, brown water, and the peasants, in their funny cotton blouses, working under a blue sky that the sun had kissed into glory. The girls were sitting on the wistaria-draped porch, listening to funny, plump little Taka tell a story she had just heard. "The honorable father spent all day looking for the lotus flower that the honorable mother had pinned on his kimona."

So the story of the absent-minded one ended, but the laughter following was frozen on the girls' lips, for just then a horse, bearing a messenger in the Mikado's livery, dashed madly by. The girls shuddered, as they thought of the sharp curve just ahead. A foreigner, tall and lithe, jumped up from his path, and—

"Oh," cried Taka, "he has caught the bridle; the horse tries to go on, but the honorable meester has stopped him!"

It had really happened. The girls saw that the messenger was safe. They saw the stranger answering jestingly the deep thanks of the messenger. Then they saw Kohu's stately father go to the stranger. "Will the exalted stranger honor my humble house by entering?" he said. Then Japanese calm gave way: "It is the Mikado's messenger you have saved. To you that means nothing, but to us of Japan it means a life-long debt."

The man came down the path to the house. The girls had fully recovered, all except Kohu, who was staring ahead of her as in a trance. Taka touched her arm.
“Wake, little Peach Blossom; don’t you see how handsome he is! Why, dear, you look like you did at the great army review, when you said the saluting the flag made you feel like you wanted to cry! Ah, but he’s handsome!” and Taka sucked in her breath in frank expectation.

Kohu started. “I don’t know why, but I always feel that way when anything happens touching the Mikado. I feel like my honorable ancestors must have felt while they fought for Japan.” So, unconsciously, she gave voice to the old Samurai spirit lying dormant within her.

By this time, however, old Prince Mikti had come up with the rather distinguished stranger, who was presented with great ceremony as Jacques Horot. Taka asked him what the serene “meester” was doing when the horse ran by.

Laughingly, he answered: “Why, I was painting that wistaria house by stealth, when, fortunately, the horse dashed by, and opened the gate to heaven for me.” Unconsciously, he turned to the little slim girl in the silver-bound kimona.

“How lovely!” she said, shyly, as she looked at the picture.

“O, will the honorable meester paint us all,” said vivacious Taka, much to Jacques’s amusement and the disapproval of the others.

“The honorable ‘meester’ will be honored beyond all expression,” Jacques answered, bowing low, and soon after took his departure.

To Kohu the world seemed better after looking into this man’s eyes. That night, over his favorite cigarettes, Jacques dreamed of a little slim figure in a silver-bound lavender kimona, with a single wistaria in the rope of shining hair. He blessed heaven and the horse that it had chosen that particular place to run away.

Jacques spent many days there, painting gay, inconsequent Taka in her gold and red kimona, and queenly, dignified Hitsu in a pale blue one, but he refused to paint Kohu in anything except her silver-bound kimona. As the painting progressed the world grew better and brighter to him. Daily the tender light in Kohu’s eyes grew deeper.

When they went to the city he followed them to Tokio—to
ancient Tokio made garish by modernity. Here they met again and again, and there, in the tiny garden, with the temple drums beating unceasing prayers to the gods, Kohu shyly and tenderly learned to know love as it is, and welcomed it.

The opening of the war with Russia did not disturb their idyll, and her father's tardy consent was won. Jacques had reason to bless that horse more than once, for, as he said to himself, "The beau père would never have consented to it if he did not hold me in reverence for helping the Mikado." To him it was merely exaggerated emotion, but then he was a wanderer, with love for no country.

So Jacques and his little "Wistaria," as he called her, seemed only to love each other more as the war clouds became lower and lower over Port Arthur. Only one thing troubled Kohu. Where did Jacques ride every night, and what made that wild, crafty light come into his eyes sometimes when she spoke of her beloved Japan? However, she dismissed the thought, and was happy in his love.

One afternoon they were walking in her miniature garden. Jacques seemed highly excited over something. "Ah, ma mignon," he said. "We are going away from Japan some day, and I am going to show you the world's good things; for you there is going to be jewels and love, but for me, cherie, there is going to be power, and honor, and fame!" and he laughed excitedly.

"I cannot leave the honorable father, and I don't want jewels. I want only you and Japan. O, I could not leave Japan."

But the man laughed again, and his voice fell low, and lured her on by its love. "Not even for me, ma bien aimee?"

"For you I would do anything, Jacques, but don't ask me to leave Japan!" and the starry eyes grew dim at the thought. As she spoke she clasped both hands over her heart. A jeweled butterfly fell from the silken obi. The man stooped to pick it up, and Kohu caught a glimpse of a creamy-colored paper, with red interwoven in the grain, in his inner coat pocket. Somewhere she had seen a paper like that, but she could not remember where. The sight of it filled her with uneasiness. To hide it she quickly took the butterfly, and, putting it in place, said archly, "Is it not beautiful, my butterfly?"
Impulsively he caught her in his arms. "Ma mignon, my little Wistaria Flower," he whispered, cheek resting on her shining hair, "love me, ma cœur, and we will never leave Japan if it hurts you. You will love me always, dear?"

"Always, always," the answer came.

He looked at his watch. "Now, dear, I must leave, for I must reach Yokohama by midnight. Good-bye, chérie," and was gone.

Kohu went back to the house. "Where have I seen that cream paper before?" she asked herself again. Her father was in the doorway.

"Well, little Kohu," he said, with great glee. "The dispatch has been sent to the general, and victory will be ours in the end. We will teach the civilized barbarians a lesson. And, Kohu, the Crown Prince, in his wonderful kindness, has deigned to come home and have tea with his humble servant."

Kohu bowed low to his Serene Majesty, and busied herself about tea.

The men had drunk their tea. "Ah, Mikti," said the Prince Royal, "we will"—but he never finished.

A panting messenger broke in. "Your Highness," he cried, hoarsely, "the Mikado's messenger has been killed, and the dispatch stolen. He had been dead a long time when we found him." The men followed him out of the house without a word.

For a long time Kohu stood motionless. At last, "I know now where the cream paper with the queer interwoven touch of red came from," she said aloud. Her voice sank to a whisper; its music was gone. "It was the Mikado's dispatch." Then a fierce anger against her lover surged over her. "So that's why he talks of power for himself and jewels for me!" she thought, fiercely. "My jewels and his power will drip with Japan's blood!"

Then sobs broke her voice, and face down she lay, gripping the matting with slim, frantic brown hands. Sobs shook her body. "I love him, I love him!" she moaned. Then the old spirit of anger would possess her again. Again and again, her womanhood crying for fulfillment, and her love for Jacques fled. "I love him! He's more to me than honor or country. We can go away and forget." But centuries-old love of country and heredity answered, "All things for the Mikado and Japan! All things for the Mikado..."
and Japan!" The spirit of her warrior ancestors came to her. She remembered how disappointed her father was that she was a girl, and could not fight for Japan. She saw his stern, kind face, and heard him saying, "My little 'Wistaria' loves Japan better than herself. She could not love its enemies." So the battle of hours ended.

Weary of foot, and with drawn face and lustreless eyes, she slipped into the moonlight, which seemed reeking with the too heavy fragrance of flowers. Grimly, dully, she went on, and came to the palace.

Within the Council chamber there was dire confusion. As far as despair could show on any Oriental's face it was pictured there. The magnificent room, with its cream curtains in-woven with red, and its inlaid, jeweled furniture, was a mighty Japanese sermon in itself. The Crown Prince was sitting, head in hands. The Mikado had lost his slow, sure smile. Mikti was pacing the floor.

"What can we do," cried another councillor, "but wait and watch all the roads out of Tokio? We do not know anything of the spy, but surely he has not left the city."

"It means ruin," said the Prince Royal.

There was confusion at the door, and the chamberlain appeared. "Dread Highness, the Princess Kohu is here, unattended, with important news for you."

"Let her come," said the Mikado, and the councillors looked at each other in astonishment. What could pretty, shy Kohu know of importance to them at this crisis? In a moment she came. Her face was impressive with that impassiveness that hides a wealth of tears.

"Kohu, what does this mean?" cried her father.

"I have news for the Mikado." There was no tremor in the clear voice now. "The spy who stole the papers and killed the messenger was Jacques Horot, my lover, whom we all thought a very clever artist. I saw the papers in his pocket this afternoon. I just got a glimpse of them, and, even then, I could not remember where I had seen such paper. Then, father, you came with his Royal Highness, and I forgot about it. When the news came that the great dispatch to the general had been stolen,
I knew what the paper was. He is riding on the great highway to Yokohama, and you can catch him if you send immediately." Then, turning, she bowed low to them all.

A silence followed; then swift orders to the chamberlains.

"My child," said the Mikado, proudly, "you have saved Japan," and he kissed the shining hair.

"I could not do otherwise," she said, and, turning, left the palace.

At dawn a spy was shot on the edge of the Tokio parade ground. They say he was a Frenchman, Jacques Horot by name, a painter of note. He loved a prince's daughter. But she had been unable to fight against her family's creed, even though it cost her own happiness, and had given him up.

They say, too, that that same night, in a tiny garden in the Street-of-Reverence-to-the-Gods, a slim girl, wrapped in a lavender silver-bound kimona, had noiselessly, calmly, pressed a dagger into her own heart. When they found her in the morning, lying among her wistaria, a smile of peace had crept to her lips. Her proud old father bent down in his grief, and gave thanks that his daughter had vindicated the eternal spirit of Japan, that Kohu had given her all for the Mikado.
FLEETING.


Across the sky a little bird has flown,
   A sweet ecstatic song of summer singing;
It would not stay for me to call my own,
   But flew away as it were homeward winging.

A transient thought has wandered through my brain—
   A beauteous thought that would not stay a minute,
But, like my bird, was come and gone again—
   How shall I know if there was something in it?
Aristocracy in a Democracy.*

Dr. Eugene C. Bingham.

When President Wilson entered the White House it is interesting to note that he was the third consecutive President belonging to the same Greek-letter organization, and this organization was the first Greek-letter fraternity to be formed in America of which we have any knowledge. But what is of far greater importance is that all three won their election by high scholarship, Roosevelt and Taft winning their election by distinguished work while in college, Wilson being elected after he left college, his alma mater not having a chapter of the society when he was a student.

Merely as a coincidence, the above facts have little importance. Could it be established that this case is typical, it would have a great educational significance, for it would show that the scholar in college has something which gives him an advantage over his fellows in after life. That Phi Beta Kappa men do have such an advantage is proved by the data collected for Yale by Otis in 1907. At Yale about one-sixth of the men in any given class are elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the elections going to those who rank the highest in scholarship. Of the Yale graduates whose names have found their way into "Who's Who in America" the Phi Beta Kappa men furnish over one-third. One out of nine of the Yale Phi Beta Kappa men have their names in "Who's Who in America," while, of the remainder of the graduates, only one man in forty is so represented. The author believes that this record can be duplicated at other institutions where Phi Beta Kappa has long been established. And this fact is of supreme importance in showing that "pull" does not yet take the place of "push" in our country; that the colleges of America, in the face of violent criticism, are turning out men with the highest stamp of approval, who do prove themselves of the highest service to their communities, and, finally, that the students whom

*In preparing this paper I am indebted to several sources, particularly to the Phi Beta Kappa Handbook, by E. B. Parsons.
the more indolent are apt to stigmatize as "grinds" are the very ones to whom they will later gladly pay homage.

Mr. George B. Hill, the English critic of American college life, has described the Phi Beta Kappa Society as "an aristocracy in a democratic country." At the request of the editor, I am, therefore, giving a brief account of the development of this aristocracy in a democracy.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society was founded at the College of William and Mary, on December 5, 1776, its aims being social and literary. It was probably patterned after the philosophic clubs of collegiate students common in France at the time. The continuous existence of the first chapter was short, for in January, 1781, the British fleet "bearing Benedict Arnold and his forces" appeared off the coast; the members sealed up their records, and delivered them into the hands of the college steward, where they remained until the chapter was revived in 1849. This chapter was also inactive from 1861 to 1895.

Among the members during the first period were many notable names, among which that of John Marshall is best known. But to Elisha Parmele was undoubtedly due the continuance and growth of the Society. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1779, but came South for graduate work, and perhaps also for his health, and on his return was authorized to establish chapters of the society at Harvard and Yale. The Yale Chapter was instituted in 1780 and the Harvard Chapter in 1781. From these daughter chapters the Society gradually spread, until now there are chapters throughout the United States, numbering eighty-five in all.

In 1831 the agitation against secret organizations became so violent that the Harvard Chapter felt forced to reveal the secrets, and the Yale Chapter was persuaded by Edward Everett to follow their example. The world then knew that the letters Phi Beta Kappa are the initials of the Greek words meaning "Philosophy, the Guide of Life," but the world was not aghast at the discovery. The effect of this action upon the society at large was to broaden its views and purposes, so that in time it brought the Phi Beta Kappa Society out of the limited range of the familiar Greek-letter fraternity into the larger ambition of a union of scholars. Members have come more and more to be
selected from those who have already graduated or are about to graduate from college. In a delightful little essay, entitled "A Fossil from the Tertiary," Edward Everett Hale stated that "For nearly half a century it was the only society in America which could pretend to be devoted to literature and philosophy. And it happened, therefore, that in the infant literature of the nation some noteworthy steps are marked by orations and poems delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa." Chapters still maintain their connection with the past by having public meetings, usually during the commencement season, at which orations or poems are presented.

There is much in the early life of the Society that we must pass over. The chapters, at first, maintained an existence which was quite independent from each other. The first or "Alpha" Chapter in any State had the exclusive right to form other chapters in that State, but, in establishing chapters in new States, the concurrence of all of the Alphas was necessary. With the growth of the Society a closer organization became necessary, and, at the invitation of the Harvard Chapter, the first General Council met in 1881. At a meeting in the following year the constitution of the "United Chapters of the Phi Beta Kappa Society" was adopted. This constitution provides that the National Council of the Society shall consist of the Senators and the delegates from the several chapters, meeting in Triennial Council. The Senators are twenty in number, chosen by the delegates for a period of six years. The Senate, at present, contains such well-known men as Prof. Samuel Hart, President Lowell, President Hibben, President Thwing, President Vincent, President Woolley, President Pendleton, Hamilton W. Mabie, Albert Shaw, and Bliss Perry.

The main work of the Senate consists in the consideration of the applications for new chapters. An application is presented, not by an institution, but by members of Phi Beta Kappa more or less closely associated with the institution, usually members of the faculty. The endorsement of five existing chapters is required, and official notification of these endorsements must be in the hands of the Society's secretary at least six months before the meeting of the Council. The Senate considers these
applications, and recommends to the Council, which has exclusive power to grant charters.

There are now two chapters in Virginia, besides the one at William and Mary, the University of Virginia having received a charter in 1909 and Washington and Lee University one in 1911. Randolph-Macon Woman's College also has an application pending. It is interesting to note that originally non-collegians were admitted to membership, so that several branches existed throughout Virginia, and one, the "Eta" branch, was established at Richmond.

In regard to the selection of members, it is now provided that from each class not over one-fourth of those graduating shall be selected as Undergraduate Members. These are elected on the basis of scholarship and character partly, at the end of the Junior year, but, for the most part, at the end of the Senior year. There are also Alumni Members, consisting of graduates elected within a year of the time that the chapter is organized, and other graduates whose post-graduate work entitled them to such honor. Any person distinguished in letters, science, or education may be elected as an Honorary Member.

Such, then, are some of the facts in regard to this aristocracy in a democracy. May the colleges of America strive to show more and more the spirit of that genuine aristocracy which is made up of those eager souls who have bended their heads through the weary hours before the altar of truth, in order that scholarship might flourish in our land and that their fellows benefit by their exalted service.
OLD MAN TOMPKINS AND THE INCUBATOR AGENT.

G. W. Blume, '14.

THERE was a clatter of wheels at the front of the house. Sarah came running in to the room where old man Tompkins was sitting by an open fire, reading "Fox's Martyrs." "There's a man outside with some kind of a machine in his buggy," she screamed. The old gentleman continued reading. "Pap!" yelled Sarah, with the detonation of a giant fire-cracker.

The old man stirred, and, seeing Sarah standing with her mouth wide open, concluded she must be talking. "Hey?" he inquired, blandly.

Sarah put her mouth next to his "good" ear. "There's a man outside with some kind of a thing in his buggy; he says he wants to see you."

The worthy old gentleman got up, laid down "Fox's Martyrs" on the chair, carefully wiped his spectacles, adjusted them, and inquired mildly, "Where be he?"

"Out thar."

The old gentleman guessed the locality by the direction of her finger.

Mr. Tompkins ambled down the front steps as quickly as his rheumatism would permit, and came up to the man, an agent for a newly-patented incubator.

"Howdy," he beamed.

"Good morning, sir," said the agent; "I've come to interest you in our best seller in stock. We--"

"Don't need any corn-sheller for my stock," objected the old farmer. "I'll bet that black mare o' mine can out-shell your thing there, two ears to one."

"You don't comprehend my meaning, sir. I didn't--"

"Hey?"

"I didn't say sheller; I said seller. See?"
Mr. Tompkins looked around, but observed nothing out of the ordinary.

"See what?" he inquired.

"See here," said the agent, raising his voice; "I'm giving you the opportunity of your life to—"

"She's dead," said the old man, solemnly.

It was the agent's turn to look puzzled. "Who's dead?"

he shouted.

"My wife; been dead nigh on to four year, come next month."

"Who said anything about your wife?"

"Hey?"

"Who said anything about your wife?" yelled the agent, in a voice that made his horse jump.

"You did."

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated the agent.

"Yep; they operared on her fer it, but it war too late."

"Well, I'm here to interest you in a time and money saving proposition that—"

"You're right, stranger; that's my only consolation," quavered the old gentleman, wiping his eyes. "As you say, she's in a better land above, where pain and—"

"Suffering saints!" bellowed the agent.

"Yep, she's wearing a crown with them," agreed the old man.

The agent could no longer keep a straight face. He drew out his handkerchief, and his face and neck purpled, as he doubled up in a spasm of coughing.

The worthy old gentleman thought the stranger was weeping, especially as tears began to gather in his eyes.

"There, there," he said, gently; "it shows ye have a good heart. Now what was it you was to show me?"

"An incubator."

"Hey?"

"An in-cu-ba-tor," came in a voice that sounded like the salute of a battleship.

Mr. Tompkins had never dreamed that eggs were hatched in any other way than that provided for by good old Mother Nature; so, adjusting his spectacles, his face took on an interested look, as he inquired, cautiously, "And what might that be?"
The agent was tired repeating everything over, so he began in a fog-horn voice:

"If you put five hundred eggs in this incubator it will hatch them better than the hens could; take less room, time, trouble, and expense, and turn out healthier chicks. It will—"

The old man held up his hand. "It's an engine of the devil," he asserted, shaking his head solemnly. "It's flyin' in the face of Providence to go agin all the laws o' Nature and hatch eggs without settin' a hen on 'em."

The agent scratched his head meditatively. In his book of "Answers to Possible Objections" he remembered nothing relating to the moral side of using an incubator, or pertaining to "Hen's rights." He tried Rule 16:

"In all branches of science," he began, "the laws of Nature have been followed and perfected, according to the advancement of that science. Take medicine, for instance; Nature has provided the remedies, and man learns their use and administers them to help Nature. With your plow and cultivator you help Nature raise your crops."

The strain was telling on the agent's throat, but he was rewarded by seeing the old gentleman nod his head approvingly.

"Let me hev a look at the engine, anyhow, if it mightn't be too much trouble to ye," he said.

This was what the agent wanted. He got the incubator out, and showed it inside and out, from top to bottom; how to run it, how to watch it, and then went through the whole business again. Then he began a lengthy discourse on the chicken. He had charts showing the biological side of its development. He traced it till the shell cracked; he traced it till it ambled around perfectly at home without a mother's love and care. He traced its progress from the time it could excavate its first rosy worm until the time it could sit on the roost-pole with the big folks. He showed the spirit of independence and resourcefulness which such a raising engendered. He showed their superiority over the other chickens in matters of common sense and hustle. He showed how the hen could be coaxed into being a greater egg-producer if she were broken up from "setting" the first time she showed symptoms of having sworn off from laying. Then
he began to eulogize the queen of delicacies—spring chicken. He showed the aesthetic side, the pecuniary side, the speculative side, the inside, the outside, every side. He traced the chicken through its infancy, its adolescence, its maturity, its period of helplessness and dependence, its period of independence, and its period of usefulness. He showed the spirit of brotherly love and harmony that existed in so large a family; how they stuck by each other in thick and thin, through sunshine and shadow; how, in seasons of prosperity they sang together with the morning stars, and in seasons of adversity how the noble youth would share his last worm with his unfortunate sister. He told of instances where the whole flock had, for days, showed traces of grief and concern in their countenances after the hawk had carried off one of their number. Then he branched off on their value as egg-producers; how each hen was inspired with a zealous ambition to fill the incubator all by herself. From that he switched off on the glories of an egg, and the many delicacies obtained by their use. He praised hard-boiled eggs, soft-boiled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, fried eggs, raw eggs, eggs on toast, egg sandwiches, egg-nog, egotism, custard, egg flip, icing, pound cake, egg-beaters, deviled eggs, roasted eggs, pickled eggs, eggs—good, bad, and indifferent; eggs rolled in paper, eggs packed in saw-dust, cold-storage eggs, and every form of eggs—past, present, or future. He jumped from these to the broilers, and had the old gentleman’s mouth watering; he advanced to roast chicken, and had him smacking his lips; he spoke of nice brown stuffing, and rich gravy full of gizzards and livers, and had the old man standing with both hands on his appetite.

He then branched off again, and tenderly told of the time when the fowl, after a ripe old age of usefulness, full of good works and fat, cherishing the esteem and confidence of the whole community, should be called to lay her head upon the altar of Epicurus. Leaving her fleshly remains in the hands of a wise cook, he dealt with her robe of adornment, her feathers. He praised feather cushions, feather bolsters, feather pillows. He soared to the clouds on a feather mattress, and came down on the custom of preferring ostrich plumes or any other bird’s tail feathers to the glorious tail of a mottled rooster, resplendent in its gorgeousness of color.
He would have said more, but his voice failed him. He had been speaking in such a loud tone that he had not been interrupted with "Hey?" more than fifty or so times. He swallowed frantically, and made one more effort.

He praised his incubator, its simplicity, its beauty, its usefulness, its value, its low price. He produced references and affidavits, testimonies and guarantees, recommendations by railway presidents and clergymen, words of praise from magazines, newspapers, and noted authors. He showed the terms of payment to be very simple—two dollars down, and a dollar a month until the second hatching of chickens should come home to roost. He secured the purchaser with a gilt-edged, blue-sealed, red-ink, double-barred, iron-clad, steel-lined, solidly-established guarantee, strong as the rock of Gibraltar, enduring as the Sphinx, steadfast as the Goddess of Liberty, and safe as the haven of rest.

By the time he had finished old man Tompkins was reaching in his jeans to pay his first deposit.

Bidding him adieu, the agent drove away, holding his throat with both hands, but he had sold an incubator.
A SMALL BOY'S LAMENT.

Clyde C. Webster, '14.

I.

I'm tired of bein' bossed aroun',
And made to work all day.
Folks treat me like a common houn',
But every blessed time I frown,
Or, in any other way.
Show discontent,
Or even lament
That I don't get no pay
For runnin' here and runnin' there,
Right when I want to play,
Why, then, my people all declare
I'll never prosper anywhere,
If I behave that way.

II.

Bill Jones ain't made to bring in coal,
And run at every call;
And I can't see, to save my soul,
When goin' to the swimmin' hole,
Or when I'm playin' ball,
Just why my ma,
And sis, and pa
Should then begin to call,
And make me come home right away—
At the worst time of all,
Right when I'm goin' to make a play—
To give the old brown cow her hay,
And fix the horse's stall.
III.

And when I come into the hall,
Feelin' a little gay,
And let my tops and marbles fall,
Or throw my ball against the wall
To pass the time away,
Then ma begins
To get on pins,
And never fails to say,
"Now, Jim, don't wake up little Pete;
Now please don't act that way.
And, Jim, why don't you wipe your feet,
And try to be a little neat?
Now, Jim, you must obey."

IV.

I really can't see no excuse
For treatin' a fellow so,
And I just feel like cuttin' loose,
And leavin' home; but what's the use?
I've got no place to go.
But you just wait
'Till I'm a great
Big man like Uncle Joe;
They'll have—gee, there's the dinner bell!
Them 'eats' won't have no show
With me. But how could my ma tell
That I like lemon pie so well?
That's what I'd like to know.
THROUGH Shakespeare's writings we have learned that there passed, during the three stages in the life of the man, three different views on the nature and realm of woman. Of these three attitudes the second is exemplified by the character of Beatrice, the unusually witty and rather remarkable heroine of the play, "Much Ado About Nothing."

The character of this woman, as set forth by her role in the play, can be divided into two parts. First, we have her as a woman performing the ordinary duties of one of her own social rank, there being no unusual circumstances to test the real worth of her character. In Act I., Scene 1, Beatrice, from the first, in speaking of Benedick and later to him, displays a rather dashing kind of wit, but to no purpose. On account of the petting of her fond uncle, Leonato, and the natural retiring disposition of her cousin Hero, she has been permitted to exercise freely her native ability, and is indeed desirous of showing it off on occasion. In her first conversation with Benedick, having found a wit nearly matched to her own, she, along with her desire of annoying him, is also put on her mettle, that this young man should not get the best of her. Moreover, it is a marked characteristic of Beatrice's to hold the reins of conversation in her own hands.

The next point, aside from her wit, that must be noticed in the character of this young woman is her attitude towards the opposite sex. In Act II., in a very lively scene, we find Beatrice professing a real distaste for any man in the capacity of a husband, and a particular disgust for the way in which marriages are arranged in court life. She holds the entire sex in a supercilious regard, considering herself rather above the usual run of man. By such an expression as "Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth" will she be seen fitted with a husband, we see that her attitude toward man is very similar to that of Benedick
toward woman, in his declaration that, "'Till all the graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace"—but even more strenuous according to her nature.

Always, through the various scenes in which Beatrice appears, there is her overflow of brilliancy. It is not, however, until the first scene of the third act that we get another glimpse into her character.

A plot has been effected, whereby Benedick and Beatrice are to be fooled into thinking that each is in love with the other. The scheme has worked satisfactorily with Benedick, and it is now Beatrice's turn to be thus fooled. It is left to us to see how she takes the astounding news of his love for her. Unlike Benedick, there arises in her mind not the slightest doubt of the truth of Hero’s and Ursula’s words. Anything like suspicion or distrust in her friends is foreign to such an open and frank nature as hers. Then knowing, too, in what a jocular and unearnest way she has heretofore treated Benedick, it is her wish, from this time on, to show her love for him.

Like Benedick, with regard to this matter of love, we find in Beatrice that same natural touch. In the fourth scene of this third act she must needs have a convenient cold, somewhat like unto the toothache of Benedick. By Margaret's words in this connection we learn that Beatrice has been giving outward signs of some malady—most notably in her lack of wit and readiness to seize upon the statement of another for ridiculing it.

As has been noted, the character of Beatrice may be considered from two standpoints. The facts first noticed dealt in a discussion merely of her brilliancy and intellect, with a few characteristics. We come now, in the fourth act of the play, to a consideration of the second point of view.

It is first at the accusation against Hero, her cousin, that Beatrice's strength begins to show. Prior to this time, for various reasons, Hero has said hard things against Beatrice. Now, at a time when Hero has been accused, Beatrice lays aside any ill feeling towards her cousin, and whatever anger might still linger is tempered by a sweet spirit of forgiveness.

Although she has no proof that the accusation is not false, Beatrice comes forward, with all her womanly love as for a sister,
and, with her high sense of justice and honor, believing in the purity and sincerity of Hero. In itself this is noble, but following fast on the heels of her profound belief is the still noble desire to set the matter right, and to avenge the wrong done her cousin.

Because of its sequence in the play, it is proper now to bring out further the characteristics of Beatrice in her dealings with Benedick. As far as we have seen, she really and truly loves him; she has found, as she never thought she would, a man who has proved himself, up to the present time, her equal—a man on her footing intellectually and emotionally. However, there is the one thing yet lacking—that impulse of something higher and nobler that will correspond to the feeling of righteous indignation and womanly disgust in her own heart at the slander of another woman. Above all, will that high sense of honor, which pervades her own thought, also find a concordant note in the thought and purpose of Benedick? So Beatrice very naturally turns to Benedick to aid her in avenging the wrong done Hero. She turns to him with a feeling of need, because her nature demands it, and yet with a stronger feeling of confidence in his ability to meet her test, because her love demands that.

Beatrice is now not merely an emotional creature—a creature dependent upon her love and instinct—but upon the strength of the man; she is a human being, fired by a noble desire to avenge the wrong of another human being, and depending on the man, because of her unfitness as a woman to do what she feels, or, to be more exact, recognizes must be done. By her own words, "O, God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place!" the whole matter is summed up.

Beatrice is not, however, entirely all purpose and resolve in bringing the affair of Hero to a proper conclusion; she is still a woman, and acts accordingly in her relations toward the man. We find her most skillfully leading Benedick into an absolute confession of his love for her, and then she declares her will to him in the two all-important words, "Kill Claudio."

If Benedick had failed outright at this point, or, by any means, evaded the direct command of the mistress of his heart, would Beatrice have rejected him and his love entirely? From the brief account in the play we might infer that such would have
been the case. But, taking the words, "Kill Claudio," as her ultimatum, it does not seem wholly satisfactory that Beatrice would have carried to its limit all that her statement, "I am gone, though I am here," implies. Of course, this does not mean necessarily that her love, after having refused his love, would have died entirely. Even if it had, under either condition, this woman would indeed have been possessed of a powerful will.

It is hardly necessary to carry this conjecture to any definite conclusion, because, as is often the case, affairs eventuate so as to leave no appropriate room for conjecture. Benedick did what was required of him—he made his vow; Hero's honor was proved conclusively to be certain, and, really, it was "Much Ado About Nothing," after all. Even all the passionate indignation and high-mindedness of Beatrice were of no avail, so far as the outcome of the play was concerned.

But the question which interests us most is the consideration of Beatrice as the expression of that period in the life of Shakespeare when he began to regard woman in a different light compared to his former conception and to the usual current idea of his day.

It must be remembered, in the further discussion, that we are speaking of Beatrice as a type, and not as a mere individual.

The first point to be noted in this new woman is her intellectual ability. Beatrice is possessed of a remarkable wit and a brain above the average woman of her time; capable of clear insight and keen perception; yet, withheld, a woman with the grace and charm belonging to one of her sex. She is thus capable of loving with an instinctive and passionate love, because she is a woman—but more capable because of this added superiority of intellect. She is herself not ruled blindly by passion, and consequently does not conquer, as is a woman's way, the man with a love of that kind. But, with an insight and a forethought for herself, and a discernment and will toward the man, she brings them both to a clear, noble, and all-satisfying idea of what a true and deep affection must mean to each.

The next point now is to show how this woman will stand in relation to the needs of those about her. This is clearly brought out by the particular case of Beatrice's attitude towards Hero.
A woman, because she is a woman, must not stand aside when there are conditions to be remedied about her—conditions of which only she can fully estimate the value. In this, not considering what cost it might entail, but only her responsibility, she is doing what any human being must do for another, or, at least, what she would have others do for her.

And so we have in this second type of woman, not a creature of emotions, living for herself, but a human being with a keen intellect, living for others—represented by Shakespeare as a kind of prophecy, produced by the mind of a genius; and a prophecy which is fast coming to a fulfillment in the modern woman of to-day and in the new woman of to-morrow.
ANY of the readers of The Messenger have seen, and all have heard of, the historic old vessel that has been moored at the foot of Eighteenth street for the past few weeks. To those who have visited it this will be simply a review of the things they saw and heard on board. To the others it will present a forceful contrast of the workings of justice in the past century as compared with the treatment of crime in the present age.

At the time of the most active work of the "Success," it will be remembered that the penalty for the most trivial offences was enormous, and usually given with little inquiry into the underlying motives and facts of the case. Thus, in a country in which corporal punishment was meted out for no less than a hundred and forty-three separate offences, it is small wonder that a boy should be sentenced to seven years on the convict ship for stealing a pie, or that a man should get the same sentence for stealing five pence.

The "Success" stands the sole survivor of the fleet of transports that trafficed in human flesh.

After the independence of the American colonies had been established, the custom of selling convicts to the planters for a stated number of years, was of course, discontinued. England then began looking for another dumping ground for her criminals. She hit upon Australia and New South Wales as a favorable receptacle. It is stated that 165,000 convicts were transported from England while this system lasted.

The "Success" was built at Moulmain, India, in the year 1790. She is constructed entirely of teak wood, a substance that has a remarkable resistance to decay, as is shown by the well-preserved condition of the ship, even after her watery grave of five years. Only a few repairs have been necessary to her original copper bottom, the rest of the vessel being of the same material of which she was constructed a century and a quarter ago.
There are three decks. On the upper deck the prisoner, dragging his chains that weighed from eight to forty-eight pounds, walked an hour each day for exercise. The more desperate criminals had the "punishment ball," weighing seventy-two pounds, also attached to them. On the middle deck the well-behaved prisoners were kept, after the first two years. The cells were somewhat larger, and the conditions of light, ventilation, etc., were better. On the lower deck the dangerous prisoners were confined, under the most dismal and sickening conditions. Here was found the "Death Cell," in which the condemned man would spend twenty-one days before his execution.

The hold of the ship contains 450 tons of rock ballast.

At different cells one sees wax images of convicts who have been confined on board, or have been specially notorious in Australian criminal records, and also cases of the misapplication of justice. An instance of the latter is illustrated in the history of the six men of Dorset. These men were farm laborers, whose wages were a mere pittance of seven shillings a week, on which to support their families. Hearing that their employers were considering a further reduction to six shillings a week, they held an informal meeting, to talk over what was best to be done. They agreed to band together, with others, to try to improve their lot. The land-owners were panic-stricken at the thought that they might lose this cheap labor. In the capacity of magistrates they put out placards, threatening any one who joined these unions with seven years' transportation. The men were arrested, tried before the officials, who were themselves land-owners and farmers, and convicted as leaders of some "great conspiracy." After thoroughly probing their lives, and finding no fault in them, the judge pronounced sentence upon them, "not for anything you have done, or as I can prove you intend to do; but, as an example to others, I consider it my duty to pass the sentence of seven years' transportation across his Majesty's high seas upon each and every one of you."

These men suffered all the indignities and tortures of a life on board the convict ship and in the quarries for a number of years, but news of their unjust sentence spread, and such an agitation was created that their full pardon and free passage to England was secured, and, after some delay, was given them.
Upon their return they were greeted as martyrs, and to-day a monument, erected by the trade unions of England, stands to commemorate the martyrs of the first labor union, the six men of Dorset.

The captain told of a pathetic instance of a man sentenced to fourteen years on the convict ship for suspected murder. Three weeks after the expiration of his sentence he died from the effects of his imprisonment. A short time afterwards a man confessed, on his death-bed, that he had done the murder for which the innocent man had been made to suffer.

Near here is shown the figure of Morgan, an Australian desperado, who terrorized the country for some time, having twenty-five murders to his credit—or discredit.

Only one negro ever served sentence on board the ship. In after years, when the "Success" was on exhibition, he came on board, and listened attentively to the guide's explanations and to the narration of the cruel and tortured life of the convict. He even heard his own case discussed, and then made himself known. He verified the accounts given by the guide, but found fault with the black representation of himself. He said he didn't believe he ever was that ugly, and, to tell the truth, the dusky wax image wasn't exactly a thing of beauty.

Many other accounts of the individual cases might be given, but it is not necessary. All alike show the cruelty and rigor of the punishment, and the harshness, ignorance, and unfairness of the courts of justice that condemned men, women, and children to such an existence.

A few more places of interest remain to be mentioned. The prison chapel was an enclosure fenced in by iron bars, in which the good convicts could enjoy on Sunday fifteen minutes of service by the chaplain. Captain Smith smilingly stated that, like a prudent man, however, the chaplain did not venture in the enclosure, but stayed on the outside, and preached through the bars.

The sweat-boxes were two dark holes, two feet eight inches across, and curving with the arch of the vessel's sides. A perforated iron plate at the top allowed a little air to enter, but no light. The unfortunate condemned to one of these suffered the
worst punishment possible to inflict on them. They were chained in such a position that they could not sit, stand straight, or lie down, and it is said that no one condemned to any length of time in one of these places ever came out with reason or life left.

Many modes and implements of punishment are shown on board. One of the most common, as well as cruel and severe methods of discipline, was that of flogging with the cat-’o-nine-tails—a handle of about two feet in length, to which plaited raw-hide thongs were attached. These were wrapped in wire and tipped with lead pellets. The unfortunate sentenced to a flogging would be stripped to the waist, chained to the frame, and an equal number of lashes given with either hand to make the welts cross. Each cut of the weighted thongs drew the blood, and the victim’s back was reduced to a pulp. The number of blows was anywhere from forty to a thousand, usually a hundred to three hundred. A doctor stood by to feel the pulse at the end of every fifty strokes. They did not wish the life to expire during the punishment. The fun was not over yet. When the flogging was over the convict was taken to the “coffin bath,” and plunged in a bath of sea water. The explanation was that the salt water was good for the wounds! The flogging was usually done by convicts, who received forty cents per flogging. One man (I forget his name) serving a sentence of fourteen years, usually performed the service during his stay on board. Two days after his liberation he was killed in Melbourne by a man he had once flogged, and, on looking at the inexpressibly cruel and beastial face, from which every spark of human kindness or pity had flown, one is forced to say to himself, “Served him right.”

The “coffin bath” mentioned above was a lead-lined tank, filled by a pump with sea water. Each convict was forced to take a bath once a week. When he did not, he was scrubbed with mops in such an effectual way that he usually attended to such matters himself afterwards. It was given its name by the convicts because during the rough work just mentioned, or after some of the punishments, several had been drowned in it.

The captain of the vessel, at the time in which the “Success” was doing her most flourishing business, was an ingenious man in his line, and invented several new forms of torture to add to the goodly collection already in store.
One of these was a horizontal iron bar, with a curved yoke of iron swinging on it by two clamps. This was raised, and the prisoner's head slipped through. It was secured by passing a bar down through the yoke and down his back. He was handcuffed, and his legs fastened in anklets below. This bar was not adjustable, so a tall man had to bend over and a short man had to do the best he could.

This worthy captain also invented an iron band that passed around the prisoner's waist. From projections branching out from this stationary hand-cuffs were attached. This held the arms in a cramped position, which became very painful, we may well imagine, after several days' wearing.

Many other evidences of "man's inhumanity to man" are lying around, but it is useless to picture more of the horrors of the convict's life. Coming around near the entrance again, we see, hanging up, the armor of Ned Kelly, the leader of the Kelly gang, a bunch of Australian outlaws, which cost the Government $600,000 to exterminate. This armor was made from plow-shares, and shows the marks of seventeen bullets. Although never prisoners on the "Success," they attained such notoriety in crime that the group is shown in the caged-off portion of the stern called the "Tigers' Den," a place where the desperate criminals were herded together.

A statement by the chaplain of the "Success," and a knowledge of the conditions of convict life on board and in the quarries, caused such a tide of sentiment against the existing state of affairs that the system was at last done away with. All this took time, for reforms generally go slowly. There is a pleasing contrast, however, in the methods of the present time used in correcting crime as compared with the workings of justice in what, as Captain Smith styles it, we like to term "the good old days."
Bobby, The Duke.

Milo Hawks, '16.

I DON'T know why we called Bobby McIntosh “The Duke,” but I reckon his imperial bearing suggested it. Then, too, he wore a black, stubby mustache, and his hair—well, if you’ve ever been where buck-brush grows, you “ken,” as he’d say, how grows his hair. Six foot, two, he stood, in his English “boots”—heels run over at that. No, our Duke wasn’t “natty” in appearance, as the name suggests. Bohemian, I suppose, you’d call him, but every inch a man. I’ll never forget that old felt hat he always wore—brown, with drooping brim. He was proud of it, very—said he wore it at Edinburgh University in a wrestling contest. Then he always wore a red, knit vest, that buttoned up close under his collar. It was cold out on the briney that trip. I believe two suits were all he possessed. One was a gray tweed, always wrinkled and baggy at the knees; the other was a green Norfolk, that he might have picked up after a wreck. He hadn’t learned that dark folks should never wear green.

“Ah, weel,” he’d say, “it’s not the looks o’ the mon—it’s the hear-r-t o’ him that counts.” And I’ve begun to believe the Duke was right.

There were seven English-speaking young fellows in the “Lucy’s” third class that trip. Smith (my pal) and I discovered that less than two hours out of Liverpool. Then, en masse, we paraded below, and demanded a section of staterooms for our use alone. We got it, and named it “Dead Brokes’ Retreat”—since we were nearly all “dead broke.” It was a jolly crowd that used to gather in one little stateroom and swap tales to the “wee sma’s.” And when we could silence the Swede’s accordion across the hall, and Smith’s “Rosy O’Grady,” the Duke would sing his Scotch songs for us, and strum his guitar. I remember he used to sing Larder’s “Weddin’ o’ Lauchie McGraw,” and then switch off on to “Auld Lang Syne,” so that the tears that came from weeping at the pathos in his low-throbbing voice.
would run down our cheeks, and mix with the tears that had come from our laughter. That was the Duke, all through. He could sing a funny song well, but let him start off on some old forgotten song, that we'd heard our mothers or fathers sing back home, and, in a minute, every man of us would be jabbing at his eyes as if the dust were bad—and, what's peculiar about it, not one of us was ashamed.

The Duke seldom smiled. With his old felt hat drawn low over his face to shield his eyes from the chill sea air, he would pace the deck for hours. Sometimes he'd stop at the rail, and gaze away off over the farthest billows at nothing, his lips drawn into a thin line, broken only by the little "fire-sticks" that he was always smoking. Smith, the philosopher, called it "a case of a shattered heart," but I hooted him to shame. Smith was strong in his opinion. "Did ye ever notice," said he, "that he won't sing 'Annie Laurie'? I've asked him many times, but he always puffs slowly at that bloomin' old cigarette, and shakes his head."

"Right-o," I answered, thoughtfully; and Smith claimed the drinks.

Well it was the third day out, and the Duke more melancholy every hour. We tried to cheer him, but to no avail.

"It's naething, naething, byes," he'd smile to us; "I'm a wee bit tired, that's a'. I'm nae used to sea trips. I wad be jolly, but I dinna ken how." And that's all we could draw from him.

That night, however, while I was trying to read Kipling in our room, Smith rushed in.

"Old top," he began.

"Cut it," I answered, provoked. "Kamal has gone and stolen the Colonel's mare that was the Colonel's pride. Don't stop him."

"I told you so," from Smith.

Now Smith's "I told you so's" were so oozy with sarcasm that I always was spurred to action by them. I let "Kamal" go, and put on my armor.

"How's that?" I challenged.

"The Duke's in love," in a "villain still pursued her" tone.

"How d'ye know?"
“Remember the little queen that eats ’cross the table from the old Finn lady with her four brats clustered ’bout her?”

“Um,” I returned.

“Well, he’s with her, back there at the stern, lookin’ way off over the waves and talkin’ low. She answers awful cross, but he’s mild as can be.”

I pulled on a sweater and cap, and hastened out, Smith at my heels. A dozen times we lost ourselves in that labyrinth of passage-ways, but luck finally led us to the stairs and up. Sure enough, there they were. We crept up behind them, and listened. Every word could be heard distinctly. No anger in the tones now!

“Bobby,” came a ghost of a voice, “that colored light down there in the water—blue, red, and all that—what is it? Pretty—n’est pas?”

He laughed. ’Twas feigned, I think. The French words seemed to sting him.

“The whirl of the screw. That causes it. How, I dinna ken. Look. Ye’d think ’twere a million diamonds a-down there—wad na ye? But—there’s not. It’s like sae mony things in this wor-ld; ye think there’s sae much there, but, after a’, its only sham—only glamour.”

“You mean Paul,” coolly.

Smith nudged me. “Not Scotch,” he said; “no accent.”

“Bet she is,” I answered. “Listen!”

“I do,” he answered calmly. “Ye dinna ken what he do. Tellin’ ye he is a French count and a’ that—about his ‘banishment,’ an’ gettin’ ye to leave home to meet him in a strange country! ’Twas a bad night, my lass, when ye left your father’s cottage. Ye’ll ne’er see him again. He is not true. An’ even grantin’, Mary, that he is a count an’ a’ that, if ye lo’e me as ye say, why wad ye leave me for a name?”

“That’s why”—she was sobbing now—“the name.”

He laughed—a sad, tired laugh.

“It’s nae use, it’s nae use. Ah, weel; ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ they say. But if ye lo’e me—ah, weel, gude nicht, my lass; gude nicht.”

With hands clenched and body taut, she looked at him a
moment, as he walked away. Then, with a little cry, she flung out her arms to him. "Bobby! You have forgotten?"

For a moment he took her in his arms, and we could hear only the throbbing of the engines, the whirl of the screws and the swish-swish of the waves. He put her away, made a grandiose bow, and said, "M'lady, le Duc, may your dreams this nicht be pleasant, and may the day dreams materialize as beautiful as the nicht dreams are beautiful. Day after to-morrow mornin' we are in New Yor-rk. Ye go to a title, an'—ah, weel—I go back again to Bonnie Scotland."

"One thing I like about the Duke," said Smith, as we walked away; "he loses like a gentleman."

That night Smith and I sat late in consultation. By 12 conclusions were reached, and by 1 plans were mapped out for the morrow.

Next day I met Irish Pat on the steps.

"Pat," I hailed; "concert to-night in the dining-room. Are you on?"

"Like a flash," he answered. "What d'ye want av me?"

I told him, and hastened above to advertise.

Six tired boys sat down to supper that night. Hungry? Um!! I never ate so much cheap grub in my life. And Smith surpassed me. There was a feeling of excitement that was evidenced in all. The stewards evidenced ability to move. Even the Swedes and Finns had absorbed the feeling, and our little clump of performers was the object of much scrutiny. Funny, too, that the Duke never guessed. Surely he'd help, he told us. Little dreamed he our motive.

Dishes cleared away, our audience piled in. I can see it now! There at the piano sat the Duke, that inevitable cigarette between his lips. At his left was the Swede aggregation—lean, brown-faced, but fair-haired men, and fat women, with flocks of dirty youngsters. Behind them, stretching back to the seats farthest in the rear, was a mixture of Finns and Italians. At the Duke's right there sat a conglomeration of Norwegians, Poles, and Hungarians. Yes, there was my little Norwegian friend, who, for an hour, had followed me about, begging to sing "Casey Jones" at the concert. Behind this assemblage the Scotch,
English, and Irish—a large group—had gathered. But the middle section—directly behind the Duke—was the Jupiter in the group of stars. "She" was there, in front of me, with a timid, anxious look on her pretty rosy face. No performer was absent. All wanted to "act," as it were. None were disappointed—but that's anticipating.

We had chosen a Texan school-teacher for our chairman. In his fine, swinging manner he arose, and told us a motley collection of introductory jokes; then called the first number. The Duke was the leader. From a little silver box he calmly drew forth a new cigarette, lit it, and turned to the piano. Then he played! And such playing! It was a Spanish dance. I was back again on an Arizona desert, stretched out on the sands with a score of "Mex," listening to an old "padre" pick a little mandolin, and watching a little senorita, tambourine in hand, kick tiny holes in the sand with her tiny feet as she sang and danced. Ah, he could play—that Duke! He knew it, we knew it, and even the Finns, who involuntarily swayed to and fro in their seats, knew it. And—Mary knew it. Her eyes shone with admiration, and when he had done she clapped her hands in heart-felt applause with the rest of us.

Well, we had dialogues, comic songs, and soon a long, lank Englishman, with only one eye, and that squinted, sang "Jim Bowker's Mouth" for our amusement. Finally our chairman arose and said, "Next on the program, ladies and gentlemen, is a reading by the famous Mr. Bo Smith, of Missouri, the "show me" State. The piece is "The House by the Side of the Road."

Now Smith's long suit is not pathetic selections, but he reads any kind fairly decently. That night he must have been inspired. He mounted the platform with his peculiar self-confidence—almost conceit—and looked out over that sea of expectancy. The Duke, worried, turned on his piano stool, lit another cigarette, and looked at Smith. He began

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,"

and so on until

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."
He was looking at Mary now. Her eyes fell. She could not look up until he had finished. I looked at the Duke. Over his face had swept a change—a calm—a peace. He looked at Mary—and she turned her face away, that only the Finns might see the tears.

"Of course," said our school-master, "there is a quartette. And such a quartette! There is an Englishman to sing high, an Irishman not quite so high, a Missourian to sing low, and an Illinoian to sing lower. This mixture will render our old favorite, 'Bonnie Doon.'"

When we had finished Smith whispered, "You're right; she's Scotch all right," and I claimed the drinks.

Well, we gave her time to think a little, while Irish Pat gave us his old favorite, "Horatius at the Bridge." Her home-land was calling her—its voice she had heard in the last song. At last my turn came.

"Our Illinoian—he of the Sucker State—can read, as well as sing. Give him your ears; he'll please 'em. 'A man's a man for a' that.'"

The seriousness of the occasion left no room for embarrassment. So much was at stake. I am not accustomed to praying, I am sorry to say, but, if ever there was a fervent pleading for help, I sent one up to Him in those few moments before my reading. I began:

"Is there for honest poverty,
That brings his head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that."

I could hear my voice shake with the emotion that was surging through me. Then the Duke, his face lit up, even beautiful, turned to the piano. I've never heard Paderewski, but I know he was surpassed that night. The Duke followed me as I read. The emotion long pent up in his soul was finding exit now. His right hand played a happy little melody, full of a million minors and quivers and quavers, while his left hand accompanied. The cigarette had gone out, and had fallen from his lips. Irish Pat, the wit, the cynic, rose, walked to a port-hole, and looked
out, his face twitching. A little Swede mother, touched by the
music, held a little ragged urchin closer to her breast. I forgot
myself a while, but the words kept coming. When I stepped from
the platform the crowd was deathly silent for a moment, then
pandemonium broke loose. Mary, her little curly head on her
arm, was sobbing. The Texan rose, and hammered for silence.
No use. He called the next number. Nobody heard. The
Duke rose, whispered to Mary, “It’s your number.” Now
Smith is ready to swear there was a halo around her head, but I
doubt him. I did see her smile, though, at the Duke, as she rose,
and I turned round and wrung Smith’s hand almost off. It’s
peculiar, but true, nevertheless, that I could feel Smith’s hand,
but couldn’t see him, and he said he couldn’t see me. It must
have been the smoke that got in our eyes. Well—you may have
heard Melba sing Tosti’s “Good-Bye,” and Nordica “The Ulm­
King,” but, since you’ve never heard Mary Maurick sing “John
Anderson, My Jo,” you have not heard the best. Her face radiated
happiness, and the big blue eyes were glistening with the light of
a new truth—of a new understanding. When she had finished,
he rose, and, before Finns, Swedes, and the rest of us, he took her
in his arms again. I beat Smith to him.

“Congratulations,” I tried to say.

“Ye rascal,” he answered; “I see it all now. This nicht ye
have sure been a ‘friend to man.’ ”

“Well,” said Smith, in a shaky voice, “remember, you must
come to see me in New York.”

“I’m sorry, friend; I’m sorry,” said the Duke, “but I canna
afford to stop at New York.”

Smith reached into his pocket, and drew forth a roll of bills.

“With the governor ownin’ Broadway and Fifth avenue,”
he said, “don’t talk such ‘rot’ to me.”

Mary smiled up at him.

“ ’Twas a beautiful piece you played, my Bobby.”

He laughed joyfully. It sounded good.

“Was it? ’Twas improvised, my lass. When we return
home we’ll write it out.”

“And you’ll be famous,” she answered.
He laughed again, and started the melody. They walked away together singing:

“For a’ that and a’ that,
Our toil’s obscure and a’ that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

“Oh, Another thing I like about the Duke is,” said Smith, in a peculiarly husky voice, “he wins like a gentleman.”
THE MESSENGER.
Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.
Subscription Price, $1.00 per Annum.

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EDITORIALS.

It was with much regret that the College learned of the ill health of Dr. Van Landingham, which has caused him to give up his work temporarily. Always zealous and earnest in his class-room's labors, most patient with those classes formed largely of the younger students, where patience is a high virtue, he has won the esteem and respect of
For the past several days there has been circulated upon the campus a petition to the Faculty in the interest of Phi Beta Kappa. The leading students have been asked to sign it, and the petition has been thrown open for all to sign who care to do so. The movement is backed by both Faculty and students. This is not the first attempt that has been made to get a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in Richmond College. But it is the first time that such an attempt has had the support which promises to make a success of the movement.

But what is the meaning of this movement? And what is Phi Beta Kappa? In this issue of THE MESSENGER there is an article by Dr. Bingham, which completely explains just what Phi Beta Kappa is. Briefly, it is an organization made up of the best minds of the best colleges in the United States. The larger universities and better colleges have chapters, and a college gains a certain distinction and reputation by having it. Men are elected to Phi Beta Kappa for merit and distinction. The aims and ideal of the organization are for the highest standards of scholarship. It is a fraternity of scholars, for it brings into social contact its members, without allowing the social side to predominate the mental. A college is benefited by Phi Beta Kappa.

Founded at William and Mary College, chapters have been won by the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee in this State. The Randolph-Macon Woman's College has an application pending. Our standard of scholarship entitles Richmond College to a chapter. The students who stand high in the College deserve the honor; the College deserves a chapter for her high standing in the collegiate world.

Now let the students get solidly behind the movement, and assist in every way they can those on the Faculty who are working for the chapter. The best that can be done for three years (until Phi Beta Kappa meets again) is to organize a blue ribbon chapter,
under the same laws, rules, and standards as that of the organization to which we are aspiring, and get the endorsements necessary for election. Thus we can gradually grow to attainment. The high standards of scholarship, the incentive to students to attain that standard in hope of the possible reward, the fact that the College deserves it as a good, and the good it will do the College—all these reasons must merit your most earnest help in obtaining a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Richmond College.

The State Oratorical Contest for 1914 will be held in Richmond College chapel. It is our regular turn, for the first time in several years, to act as host to the several representatives from all colleges over the State who shall compete in this State-wide contest. For the last two years we have won second place in very close decisions. This year, in our own hall, with our President presiding, and our own fellow-students to cheer us on—why not victory? It has been some half dozen years since the medal was won by a Richmond College man, and it would be very fitting to close this last contest in the old hall by bringing home the honor. And it can be done! But by work alone! Now is the time to begin that work. It is not long to the time when the societies will hold preliminaries, when the two societies meet, and then the winner goes on to the State meet. But the trophy is being won now, and the man who shall win it is working silently away. Why not, Richmond College men, why not to our own College this honor?

Freshmen, have you pledged yourself in any of the political contests to any man that you would vote for him? If you have not done so, keep your record clean. And any man who has been pledging himself, begin again. The next time you are asked to pledge yourself, before you do so remember this: That the weakest men in college are those who thus bind themselves. To pledge yourself is to fetter your honest opinion and judgment, and to chain your expression of that opinion. Consider yourself insulted the next time you are asked to pledge
yourself, and make it finally become disastrous to any candidate who seeks election in any such manner.

Too often have we seen the case where a good man has been too modest to come out and plead for votes, when it has gone against the grain to run about and beg for support, where he has been too manly to resort to decrying his opponents' qualifications or lack of them, where he has been willing to leave the question to the unbiased judgment of his fellow-students—too often against such a man have we seen some much less worthy candidate, knowing in his heart that, if he leave the question to honest judgment and merit, he will be defeated. We have seen such candidates resort to all forms of politics, and—defeat the other man. And the main weapon in that questionable procedure is the pledges that he exacts from you and you. He was afraid to leave the issue to merit and honest judgment, and so he enlists you to help him win! Too often this wretched method has forced candidates, in self-defence, to resort to means otherwise scorned by them. Often they are dragged down to the level of pledging men. And what little respect you have for the man who will pledge himself! You are counted as one little vote, and promptly forgotten. For, when the candidate pledges you, he figures that you haven't enough character to decide the issue, or that, in an honest decision, your character would decide against him. And so he temporarily sets aside your character by pledging you. After that you do not count; you are not to be reckoned with further; you are but a tool, to be used when he wills.

Beware of the man who appeals to your vanity. Be disgusted, Freshman, with that Junior or Senior who will pat you on the back, and make you believe you are very important just before an election. He is laughing at you all the while, and will be disgusted with you as soon as you are pledged. But, before he becomes disgusted, let every man be disgusted with him—it will save his sense of disgust.

There is much else to disgust in these candidates, who have no reason for being elected save that they go around and plead for help. A vote for a position of honor, as I take it, is a reward for merit that entitles a man to that position. He who, by flattery, decrying ability, imposition on good nature, or appealing to
the inexperience of Freshmen, takes unto himself votes that he does not merit, is a thief, and you who pledge yourself to him are accessories to the crime. You have engaged in an unfair advantage, which every college man should repudiate. It is a serious thing to vote a man into office. At least use your honest judgment.

Don't pledge yourself in an election. It may rob you of your honest opinion. It is unfair to the candidate; it is unfair to yourself. A pledge is based on fear of the man against whom that pledge is made. A candidate who pledges is a coward, a man afraid of truth and an issue fairly put. An election should be based on intelligence. To pledge yourself is to insult your intelligence, often to rob merit of its reward. Be honest with yourself; be honest with your fellow-man; just be plain, down-right honest, and don't pledge, nor be given in pledge.

It is not the policy of The Messenger to open its editorial columns to inter-collegiate controversies or disputes of a personal nature. It is far from our wishes to lower the dignity of our standard by dealing in scurrilous and vicious attacks. The Messenger aims at representing the ideals and sentiment of the student body, and there is no place for crimination and recrimination in our magazine. Hence it is with aversion that we feel compelled to reply to such an editorial in the December issue of the William and Mary Literary Magazine entitled "A Victory in a Defeat." Were this article only vicious and unsportsman-like we would let it pass, knowing full well that the language and the spirit used in this article and in those partisan newspaper reports of the game from Williamsburg, far from harming us, would redound to the dishonor of the writers alone. Were it, indeed, in other columns than editorial—which we suppose represents the crystallized sentiment of the student body—we should pass it by as being the effervescence, the ebullitions of a youthful, childish mind, fresh from the "rooters' " stand of a whipped team, with a poor sense of sportsmanship, unable to take defeat, the truest test of manhood. But an editorial
sanction, carrying, as it does, the implication of calm thought, reflection, and truth, demands, even though it be unpleasant, that we take notice of the article. We shall attempt no defence; none is necessary.

The first thing that we resent in the editorial is the unwarranted attack on Richmond College, aside from the attack on the team. It reads:

“There is something radically wrong with a school or a college that permits its team to be coached to win by any means possible, just so the officials of the game do not see them.”

Even if it had been true that the Richmond College team played “to win by any means possible,” there would still be no proof or justification for charging that the College permitted its team to be coached to that end. Here is an unwarranted attack on an institution, a groundless charge, without any essence of truth, uttered, as it was, under the sting of a mere athletic defeat. “There is something radically wrong” with any one who attempts to calumniate an institution in his petty anger over the loss of a game. He is handling matter much too sacred for his pen to touch upon.

Again we read:

“What more disgusting sight is there than to stand on the side lines and watch a team play ‘dirty’ foot-ball against eleven men coached to play a clean, sportsman-like game.”

And, further:

“Whose ire is not roused when he sees a man representing his college kicked deliberately in the head, after he was down, by a member of the opposing team? Who would not consider a team a ‘bunch of toughs’ that singles out the star on the opposing eleven, and makes every effort to put him out of the game, by using such tactics as choking him when tackled, jumping on him after he is down, and putting their knees in his back to — — — —?”

Coming from a partisan of the defeated team, how utterly childish, how unsportsman-like! How shall we square this charge with the statement of William and Mary’s coach, Dr. Draper, made before the representatives of the Virginia Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, that he saw nothing unsportsman-like in the
playing of the Richmond team? Should any consideration be given to the charges of "roughness" against our team, whose attack and defence in this game were tame as compared with that used against both Randolph-Macon and Hampden-Sidney, both of whom we look upon as rivals, and for whose games we train up to a climax? How shall we compare such an attitude as this editorial assumes with the manly, sportsman-like manner with which the Randolph-Macon and Hampden-Sidney teams have met defeat, both of whom were real contenders for the cup, the spirit and ability of which teams have been surpassed in merit only by the magnificent spirit shown by their student bodies in defeat? And this, too, when the Hampden-Sidney team was unjustly treated by the newspapers!

The whole charge is childishly disgusting, and unworthy of noticing had it other than editorial sanction. We are willing to leave the reputation and estimate of our team to the reports as the Richmond papers saw us, and as an unbiased public saw us.

Finally, the editorial charges:

"What is the standard of a college that permits men not having collegiate standing to represent her on the gridiron?"

The other charges have been thin and unsubstantial, the vapors of anger. Here, finally, is a direct, substantial charge. If such a charge be true, it can easily be proven, and we cannot evade its consequence! Our records stand open. We ask, simply, that the charges be substantiated. Other charges have been faced before the representatives of the Virginia Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, and we have been exonerated. Our record is clean. Before that tribunal we are willing to go with this charge, and we have no fear to face the truth in the matter. Let proof be forthcoming. Silence after this charge, and the demand for evidence, will be weakness—and worse.

It has been a temptation much urged upon us that we write an answer to this editorial in the same strain in which it is written. It is with no small degree of restraint that we refrain from discussing the "shining example of college spirit" which makes it dangerous for officials and teams to go to Williamsburg. Side-door exits and poor field protection are still strong in our mind. But we cannot afford to dip into such a discussion. Our policy is otherwise.
As a summary of the whole matter, we resent the unwarranted attack on the College. The charge of playing ineligible men has been made, and now we ask that proof be adduced to support any such accusation. From the calm dignity and regard for truth and honesty that is supposed to be attached to the editorial position, we demand proof. A charge full of slander has been made, and it awaits upon proof. Our records are open, and we are standing by them.

We have stood defeat like men; in victory, we have but disgust for such unsportsman-like lamentations.

(The editor regrets that it was necessary to write an article dealing with such matter, and here apologizes to our readers.)
The Christmas holidays are over, and, though everybody enjoyed being free for a while, yet it is not burdensome to return to our well-regulated habits of work again. These few days of pleasure at home are but mile-stones on the road to our goal. The fact that one term is past reminds us that the time will soon be here when many of us shall have reached the end of our college course.

W. T. Hall (trying to make friends with the baby of one of his church members): "Dear me, I believe the little darling is afraid of me."

Its Mother: "Oh, no; she isn't afraid of anything."

The Thomas Lectures are always a treat, and no student can afford to miss them. Dr. Jaques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute for Biological Research, gave us a new insight into the wonderful progress made in the study of life in its formative period. The lecture given to students only was very interesting,
and had in it some suggestions which, if used, might revolutionize some schools.

Four years ago Richmond College was represented in the convention of Student Volunteers at Rochester. The value of such conventions is still felt, for this year we have succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting sufficient funds to send three men from our College to a similar convention held in Kansas City from December 31st to January 4th. H. W. Decker, W. K. Allen, and W. H. Brannock were the men who were fortunate enough to attend this world-famous gathering of students. The other colleges of Richmond were well represented.

The winning of the foot-ball championship was followed by two banquets in honor of the foot-ball squad and the coach. The first was given by the alumni in the city, at the Commonwealth Club, on the night of December 12th.

The courses were indeed fine, and the speeches were better. Col. T. B. McAdams acted as symposiarch, and speeches were made by Colonel McAdams, Dr. R. H. Pitt, Dr. George W. McDaniel, President F. W. Boatwright, Coach Dobson, Captain George, and Captain-elect Ancarrow. The "two Wickers," Leslie, and Dunford helped to enliven things by singing the foot-ball songs between courses.

One of the features of the occasion was the presentation of lettered sweaters, by the alumni, to those who won them. The presentation speeches were made by Coach Dobson. Dr. McDaniel, on behalf of the alumni, presented Coach Dobson with a suit-case, hoping "it would always bring him back to Richmond College." Dr. Pitt then called Mr. Robert Pollard forward, and presented him with a very pretty tie-pin, "not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a token of the esteem and love of all Richmond College men, on account of services rendered the College at all times, and especially in the recent controversy over the game with William and Mary."

The foot-ball men are indeed grateful to the alumni for this enjoyable evening, and our thanks are hereby expressed again to them.
The night following the banquet given by the alumni the foot-ball men were again wined (?) and dined by Rev. J. J. Wicker and Dr. James Nelson. This affair was given at Murphy’s Hotel. Very enthusiastic speeches were made by Dr. Wicker, Dr. Nelson, and Coach Dobson. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

All are glad to see big “Mike” Hutchison again on the campus, after three weeks’ confinement at the hospital for treatment of an injury received in the Randolph-Macon game.

LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The two literary societies held their elections on Friday night, January 9, 1914, to select officers for the winter term. The Mu Sigma Rho Society elected the following as their officers: President, H. G. Duval; Vice-President, W. S. Green; Secretary, J. A. Ryland; Censor, R. M. Fleet; Critic, J. V. Gary; Chaplain, R. B. Green.

The Philologian Society chose the following men to lead them during the winter term: President, A. R. Crabtree; Vice-President, W. T. Hall; Secretary, W. H. Brannock; Censor, R. L. Burruss; Critic, O. G. Poarch; Chaplain, J. T. Coburn.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

On January 16th the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their first concert of the year at the Fredericksburg State Normal. A very attractive programme was rendered, and the boys of the two clubs voted Fredericksburg “the place.” Manager Wicker has arranged for other trips to be taken during February. On one of the trips the boys are to be an entire week on the road.

Poarch: “Miss Dudley, what makes you ‘root’ for Randolph-Macon?”

Miss Dudley: “Because when I do that I can get to the games.”

“Frank” Biscoe (excitedly): “Somebody threw a fire-cracker down-stairs, and it almost fell on Jack’s Poarch?”
W. V. Hawkins (glancing over Bible notes): "Moses extracted from H O."

Durham: "What is the reaction?"

Dr. Gaines (speaking in chapel): "The world has made a great change in the last two thousand years. I was down at my old home recently, and I can see a wonderful change since I was a boy."

"Rat" Robertson: "Who wrote Daniel Deronda?"

"Doc" Walton (a member of Senior English): "I think Adam Bede was the author."

Miss Stiff: "Doctor VanLandingham, please sell my argumentation books if you can. They are in good condition. They have never been used much."

Doctor Van.: "It is a good thing you didn't tell me that before you made the examination."

Some one was wondering why Lighthouse Taylor never seemed to need a shave, and the probable explanation was that they oxidize as fast as they reach the atmosphere.

"Rat": "May I escort you to the lecture to-night?"

Co-ed.: "Thank you, but I have an engagement."

"Rat": "Goodness, I've tried several co-eds., and can't get any one at all."

Brakeman, on A. C. L. train: "All off for Petersburg."

Harrup: "Does everybody have to get off at Petersburg?"

If Deland were afire would Coburn?

Gardner (hearing a song from "Faust" at the Philharmonic Club): "Say, does any one know what language she is singing in?"

Hamilton: "I don't know. But Faust was a Frenchman, wasn't he?"
Latane (in History A): “One authority says feudalism began in the Merovingian period, and another says it began in the Carolingian period. *I think it began in both.*”

———

Terrell (who has recently become an uncle): “As well as I remember, I weighed nine pounds at first.”

———

Whoever that was who said he went to the doctor to have his eyes pulled, his teeth half-soled, and his shoes filled was some kind of a mixer. Well, ’twas Christmas when he said it.

———

Miss A.: “Why did Miss H——— wear a net dress when Mr. ——— called the first time?”
Miss B.: “Why do people sometimes take a net when they go a-fishing?”
Miss C.: “We all wonder as to the net results of the foregoing.”

———

First Co-ed.: “My dear, your hair looks beautiful.”
Second Co-ed.: “Oh, how sweet of you to say so.”
First Co-ed.: “Where did you get it?”
*Chagrined!*

———

Recently in these columns an enterprising young bachelor put the query: “Why does a girl shut her eyes while she is being kissed?”

Another bachelor, with less experience, asked a fair maid the above question. The following ensued:

Fair Maid (as if seeking to recall vanished impressions): “I don’t know about that—I don’t think they all do.”

Bachelor (pressing the question vigorously): “Now, do you, for instance?”

Fair Maid (quickly): “Oh, no; I never did.”

Curtain (while the blushes mount to her cheeks).
K. Brooke Anderson, '16.

Basket-Ball.

Due to the fact that this is our first season in organized basket-ball, the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association has entered the team in Class A League of the R. A. A. F. By playing these extra games in the early part of the season, the team will be in good shape to start the race for the intercollegiate championship.

R. A. A. F. League—Class A.

Richmond College, 12; Howitzers, 40.

Playing the first game of the season with little practice, we were defeated by the strong Howitzer quint on the latter's floor. It was a scrappy game, with the stronger team winning. At first the teams appeared evenly matched, but the Howitzers' superior weight and training told, and we received a good dose of what we wanted to hand them. It wasn't an easy game by any means. The "Spiders" played hard, but the artillerymen were in mid-season form.

There were no "stars" on the "Spider" five. However, Felvey, Lawrence, and Metcalf showed up especially well for the "soldiers."

Richmond College, 18; R. L. I. Blues, 10.

It was a clean, hard-fought game, with the College hanging
on to the large end of the score. The "Spiders" showed considerable improvement over their first game, and their passing, at times, was excellent.

With the team improving every day, the leaders will have to put up a stiff fight to keep the "Spiders" from crawling to the top.

Richmond College, 42; Medical College of Virginia, 23.

In this game the wearers of the "Red and Blue" showed real form. The play was snappy from the start, and the teams seemed evenly matched. After five minutes of play, however, the "Spiders" forged ahead, and the result was never in doubt.

The "Spiders'" team work was good, while the Medical College played individually, showing only a flash to team work at intervals.

The versatility of the team was clearly shown in this game. The first half was played under A. A. W. rules, the second under Collegiate. Since this division of rules will probably exist in most of our games, it is gratifying to note that the team seems to be as good under A. A. W. as well as Collegiate rules.

Tyler, of the Medical College, put up a corking game at forward, shooting most of the goals for his team. Captain Leubbert, of the "Spiders," scored twelve goals.

Richmond College, 41; John Marshall Athletic Club, 23.

The team showed the effects of training during the holidays by defeating the fast John Marshall Athletic Club in the first game after Christmas.

Heubi, at centre, and Captain Leubbert, at forward, played a dandy game, while Mitchell, at guard, showed wonderful strength on defense.

The John Marshall Athletic Club has a wonder at centre in Thornton. He is a combination of speed and skill, and any team might be proud to have him. "Hook" Quarles, at forward, threw several difficult goals.
Summary.

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<tr>
<th>Richmond College</th>
<th>Field Goals</th>
<th>Foul Goals</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Foul Goals</th>
<th>Field Goals</th>
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<td>Leubbert (Capt.)</td>
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Officials—Mr. Van Buren (McGill’s), referee; Mr. T. J. Jones (J. M. H. S.), timer; Mr. J. J. Wicker, Jr., (R. C. V.), scorer.

Richmond College, 42; Fredericksburg Collegians, 31.

On the first trip of the season the “Spiders” encountered a tartar in the Fredericksburg Collegians. It was a rough and tumble, stand-up and knock-down fight, played under Marquis of Queensbury rules, with the “Spiders” holding up the large end of the score at the finish.

At the end of the first half the score stood 22 to 18 in our favor. In the second half, however, the “Spiders’” superior team work and training told, and the “Red and Blue” rapidly forged ahead.

It would seem, from the number of fouls called, that the game was clean. This was not the case, however. The fouls were made, but the referee failed to call them.

One of the features was the “rooting” with which the Normal School girls greeted us.

Heubi, at centre, Captain Leubbert and Brock, at forwards, played a fine game, while Timberlake and Carter, left forward and centre, respectively, put up a stellar game for the Collegians.
Fellow, this is the first basket-ball team we have ever put in the field which is backed by the Athletic Association of the College. It speaks well for the school. It shows we are broadening in the matter of athletics. But we have got to have better support from the student body. Coach Dobson has had the team practicing during the holidays. You spent yours at home, enjoying the yuletide season. Manager Wicker has worked night and day to get a floor on which to practice. His schedule is completed. Fellows, neither the best coach under the sun nor the finest material in the land is going to give us that championship. But your support will. We have the coach and the team. Now let's have the spirit, and the championship is ours. In Mr. Dobson we have a coach who has already shown his ability as a producer of a gridiron championship. Besides having many years of experience in prep. schools and colleges, he has played basket-ball in the biggest professional leagues in the North.

With such a coach, even though our facilities for practice are poor, and the team material raw, we expect to make ourselves known in basket-ball circles before the season is over.

Just look over the following schedule, and reserve your nights accordingly:
January 9th—Fredericksburg Collegians, at Fredericksburg.
January 13th—Randolph-Macon, at Ashland.
January 22d—Howitzers, at Richmond.
January 23d—Blackstone Academy, at Blackstone (our second team).
January 31st—Hampden-Sidney, at Richmond.
February 4th—Virginia Christian College, at Richmond.
February 11th—H. S., at Farmville.
February 12th—Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., at Lynchburg.
February 13th—Roanoke College, at Roanoke.
February 14th—Virginia Christian College, at Lynchburg.
February 18th—William and Mary, at Williamsburg.
February 25th—Randolph-Macon, at Richmond.
March 7th—William and Mary, at Richmond.

**Track.**

Captain O'Neil's call for track men brought out a squad of seventeen likely-looking candidates.

Of last year's 'Varsity only Captain O'Neil is back, but, with the second string men of last season, and the fine material from the prep. schools, we should have a corking team. It is Coach Dobson's idea that we have a two-mile relay, besides the mile. This is something entirely new to the College, and will attract interest.

Of the last year's men who have reported are Captain O'Neil, with Gardiner, Wingfield, Clopton, this year's manager, Carter, Durham, Bahlke, and Anderson, of the second team. Gary, of the 1911 championship relay, is back, and will certainly strengthen either the mile or two-mile relay.

The new men who have shown form are Heubi, from Richmond Academy, winner of second place in The Times-Dispatch Modified Marathon, and Montague, from the same school. Klevesahl, Satterfield, and Liggon, of John Marshall High School, are showing form in the dashes and middle distance, while Boyd, Hoover, Buford, and Mustoe appear to have the making of long distance men.

Under the supervision of Coach Dobson, we expect to put
out a relay equal to the famous team of 1911, and will, consequent­ly, participate in the Georgetown and Johns Hopkins indoor meets.

On February 7th our dual meet with the R. L. I. Blues will be held on the latter's floor, and February 21st the Blues–Richmond College Open Handicap Meet will be held at the Horse Show building. Several of the larger colleges and universities of Virginia and Maryland will enter.
ALUMNI NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the State Teachers’ Association, held in Lynchburg, November 26th–29th, Richmond College was well represented. The retiring President, Professor Julian A. Burruss, is an old Richmond College man, as is the newly-elected President, Professor E. H. Russell. Both are also Presidents of Normal Schools, the former of Harrisonburg, the latter of Fredericksburg. A banquet was given by the alumni on Thanksgiving night. About thirty were present. Professor J. H. Binford, Supervisor of Rural Schools, acted as toast-master; about eighteen classes were represented, and old ties and memories were renewed. Doctors Anderson and Loving represented the College, and talks were made setting forth the progress of the College along all lines, especially the move to Westhampton. Among those present, well known in school work, were: Superintendents Edwards, of Essex county; Moncure, of Marion; McManaway, of Albemarle; Professor Harwood, Principal of John Marshall High School, and Professor C. C. Pearson, acting Professor of History at Washington and Lee.

Dr. Anderson was on the programme, and read one of the main papers before the History Section of the Association, upon “Phases of Teaching History in the High School.” He was elected President of that section for the ensuing year.

Prof. L. G. Cocke, of Hollins, an alumnus, was elected President of the Science Section of the Association.

Dr. Montgomery, as Secretary and Treasurer of the Folk-Lore Society, presented his report at a largely-attended meeting of that section on Friday, the 29th. He also attended the meeting of the Virginia Classical Association, which is affiliated with the larger body, and was elected President for the ensuing year.

Many alumni, teaching throughout the State, were noted among the more than 1,500 delegates in attendance on the three days’ sessions.

The holiday season brought back a number of our alumni, who visited us and lent cheer to the closing days of the fall term.
C. R. Angell, '13, was in the city for three days, and reports excellent progress in his pastoral work.

From Crozer Theological Seminary came J. Elwood Welsh, '12, and Pierce Ellis, '13. Both were in high spirits, and glad to be back at the old College.

Colgate sent us J. W. Tucker and W. W. Townsend, who, while rejoicing with us in our foot-ball victories, constantly reminded us that Colgate won from Yale.

Miss Mary Virginia Sydnor, Miss Adelaide Rothert, Messrs. W. M. Benton, J. Leonard King, Jr., and numerous others, were among the many happy visitors who "dropped in."

W. W. Goldsmith, of the '13 Law Class, has allied himself with A. W. Patterson in the practice of law. "Goldy" has our heartiest wishes for his success.

A few days ago we received the following card:

LAW OFFICES
PRICE & LOUTHAN,
TIMES-DISPATCH BUILDING,
RICHMOND, VA.

Frank is fortunate in joining himself with Mr. Price, whose experience will ably guide Louthan's ability to success.

News has reached us that Mr. Paul Hubbell, '12, has won the Rhodes Scholarship for North Carolina. Mr. Hubbell, after taking the Greek medal and his degree from Richmond College, entered Wake Forest College, where he also won the Greek medal and his Master's Degree. This will make two Richmond College men in Oxford under the Rhodes Scholarship.

Lucien T. Hall, B. A., '12, married during the holidays. This explains his frequent visits to Richmond during the last year. The MESSENGER wishes him and his bride life-long happiness.
The author of "The Ego and the Cosmos" proved the truth of the statement that "Language is the art of concealing thought."

Use simple words. The days of "big words" are passed. If you wish to puzzle your readers use such deep thought that they will be puzzled; do not force them to use their energy in translating your language. "Emile Verhoeren" is a good, appreciative essay of one of the greatest figures in Belgian literature. The author's style is simple and clear; and his thought is excellent. "The Fly" is dramatic in effect, showing a skilled hand in its narrator. It is coldly merciless, but true to life. The poetry of the magazine is far below the standard of its prose, which goes to prove that poets are born, not made.

"A Writer of Prefaces—George Bernard Shaw" is an interesting article, and contains much that is good, but nothing definite, as that would be impossible in regard to Shaw. The author does make us interested in the man Shaw. "Modernisms vs. Orthodoxy" portrays well the mighty fight between these two contending forces, and admits the past truths of both of these philosophies. "A Defence of the Red-Blooded Victim" is an article that shows the value of this class of literature. It is never well to emphasize too far any part of life; take the whole in its proper relations, and recognize the value of each part, though those parts be of different values. "Socialism—Impracticable but Dangerous" deals with a live subject in a live way. Such subjects should be of the greatest interest to college men. The magazine contains no poetry or short stories of any value.
The love in "The Dream Girl" is not true to life. The whole story is founded on a philosophy too one-sided and fateful. "The Spirit Woman" is an interesting legend of the Indians of North America. We should know these legends if we would gain the deepest insight into the lives and history of these people. "The Founding of the Society of Cincinnati" is a concise and clear sketch of the founding and the purpose of the greatest society for the perpetuation of the sacred ideals of patriotism in the United States. "A New Use for Shaving Cream" is, to use a slang expression, a corking good story. The climax is exciting, and the story here takes an unexpected turn. The whole story has originality and vim about it.

"A Christmas Violin" is a good Christmas story. It contains some good description, and makes several strong appeals to the emotions. "Mexico" is an essay fortunate in the date of its appearance. The very title would make the essay readable, but the author writes the sketch in a manner that gives interest to the subject. The magazine contains much poetry and much good poetry. This is a very rare statement to be made of a college magazine. We would love to make it more often, if we could.

"Two Thoughts of Woman Suffrage" makes clear the points attempted, but we wish to have more of the subject, and learn the writer’s complete conception of the subject. "The Trail of the Skirt" is a story that contains much that is of interest, but it loses its effect by the manner in which it is told; particularly is this true of the first part of the story, and that is the part that should be the most attractive in manner of style and form.

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