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Deep, down deep, 'neath the seas' dull breast,
Steeped in sleep,
Where mermaids, mermen, young and old,
Their vigil keep,
The ocean-world spreads far and wide,
Its depth unmoved by wind or tide,
While peaceful flow, on every side,
The rivers of the deep.

And when strong ships, their power gone,
Sink deep, down deep,
While storm-kings, raging in their power,
O'er ocean sweep,
As stones from the sling of a shepherd hurled,
They sink, through the billows around them curled,
Till they float, in the depths of the ocean-world,
On the rivers of the deep.

And mermaids, mermen, young and old,
Flock to peep
O'er the dull green water-walls,
Tall and steep,
That overhang the river-side,
As by them slow the great ships glide,
Rudderless, powerless, on they ride
Down the rivers of the deep.
They are phantom crews that man the boats,
Deep, down deep,
And as the phantoms ply their oars
They gently weep;
For the way is long—as the earth-world styles
Its distances—through the water-wilds,
But the ocean-world it counts not miles
On the rivers of the deep.

And so, through the years, in the ocean-world,
Deep, down deep,
Gliding, slow, 'tween the water-walls,
Tall and steep,
The lost ships, phantom burdened, go,
And weary is the way, we know,
For, never ending, on they flow,
The rivers of the deep.
A BIOLOGICAL UNIVERSITY.

J. M. D. Olmsted.

BIOLOGY is truly a live subject. I say this even at the risk of making a scholastic pun. Biology used to be not much more than a study of the structure of plants and animals. Pickled worms, preserved crawfish, and bottled frogs used to be served to the student for dissection. He had to find, among other evil-sounding things, the infraspinatus, which, he was told, arose from the dorsal surface of the suprascapula, was overlapped by the latissimus dorsi, and ran outwards to be inserted into the deltoid ridge of the humerus (hardly humerus for him). Little names like cucullaris, pterygoideus, depressor palpebræ inferioris, and iliopsoas were thrown at him daily. But what the animal did with these extraordinary parts was non-essential; their names (probably given by some professor, who had soured on all student kind, because one of them had put a bent pin in his chair) and their location were all-essential. The study of structure per se, and the classification of plants and animals is, to a great extent, a thing of the past. Squirming, wriggling, slimy worms are furnished the student, and he investigates what happens when the animal is put in the light, or is pricked, or if both parts really live when it is cut in two. Vigorous crawfish, with flapping tails, and pinchers that do pinch, are turned on their backs to see what organs are used in righting themselves, etc.

Many salt-water animals that must be studied, because they are typical of whole tribes of similar animals, cannot be used alive in an inland laboratory. Naturally, the finest place in the world for a laboratory would be at the seashore, not only because animals and plants can there be studied in living condition, but because the kinds and types of living things there are so numerous. In the last few years there have sprung up on the coasts of the United States, England, France, and Italy, and also on the shores of inland waters in the United States and Germany, laboratories devoted to the study of biology at first hand. Chief
among these institutions I should place the Marine Biological Laboratory (usually abbreviated to M. B. L.) at Woods' Hole, Mass.

The village of Woods' Hole is about two hours by train south of Boston. The first impression one gets after leaving the station is that he has been set down in some quaint, old world fishing village. The smell justifies the impression. There are only five or six streets, every one of them describing right angles, semi-circles, and other figures not known to Euclid, and, like Alice in "Through the Looking-Glass," it would seem sometimes that, to reach a given point, you must turn your back towards it and walk in the opposite direction. What would normally be the centre of the town is a body of salt water a quarter of a mile in diameter, whose level rises and falls with the tide, and whose classic name is the Eel Pond.

After passing Mrs. Snow's, the village emporium, where you can purchase tennis racquets, embroidery, flannel shirts, drawing paper, or anything else you wish, one sees a solid grey-stone building of the New England colonial (i.e., packing box) type. This was once a sperm candle factory; now it is the home of the supply department of the M. B. L., and also a dormitory for men. Schools and colleges from all over the United States send here for specimens (the down-stairs specimens, of course). The top floor is a most curious place. Imagine a huge room, like an open attic, with naked beams and rafters showing above, and in the centre of the roof a great wheel, which used, in the olden days, to draw up barrels from the ground floor. The room is divided into two equal parts by a long curtain of sheeting, and the walls are covered with the same. Side by side are four long rows of cots, with room for a trunk, or chair, or soap-box dressing table, between each. From various sources (and I knew some twenty-five men who dormed there) I learned, and could understand why, that four or five hours of sleep per night had to suffice the inmates, unless one happened to be an abnormal mortal, who could sleep with orange peel, lemon rind, socks, beer—no, just bottles—on his pillow. But the same is true in any boys' dormitory.

Fortunately, the Stone House is not the only place where
a student of biology can lay his weary head. All the inhabitants of Woods' Hole make their year's living by taking in roomers during the six weeks of session. Verily the strangers are taken in when a single room, with kerosene lamp for light and no bathroom nearer than the beach, can come as high as eight dollars a week. A little bargaining, and looking elsewhere, will, however, find one much better terms than this.

Next to the dormitory is a new laboratory, just completed this last fall. This is to contain rooms for special investigators and a lecture-room. Beyond this smart new brick structure are several long, two-storied, shingled buildings, grey and turning black, guiltless of paint. These are the main laboratories. Across the road are gaudy structures which house a station of the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

An unpretentious university, you say. Yet it serves its purpose admirably, for it is in use only during the few summer months. To this place come students from all over the United States and Canada, and last summer there were also two Japanese, one English, one German, and one Australian. The lack of students from the South is noticeable. The Middle West is especially represented. Two classes of students come to Woods' Hole—those who take the courses, and these are mostly college under-graduates, and investigators, who are mostly professors, whose teaching hours in their own colleges preclude time for the research so dear to the heart of every progressive "prof." Some of the courses given are invertebrate zoology, embryology, animal physiology, algæ, and plant physiology. The first course mentioned is the most popular for those who have had some biology, but have not specialized in it. All the animals are studied as much in their native haunts as possible. Trips are taken twice a week in the M. B. L. steamer, and a bathing suit and sun-burn ointment are a necessity. These excursions are great fun, and students taking other courses sneak off, and beg to go with the invertebrates. With shovel and pail the class tramp over sandy beaches or mud flats, and squeaks of delight are heard when a new specimen is found or a crab wanders over the foot of some fair maid from Kansas.

There are no examinations in any course, so that one can do
as much or as little as he chooses. All the material he wants is furnished him without extra charge, both living specimens and chemicals, and, if he becomes interested in a certain phase of his course, he is encouraged to drop the course work, and take up original investigation under the direction of an instructor. If he does take up original work he may stay on, I think, until the first of October, the regular session ending about the middle of August. In addition to the courses, frequent lectures of a semi-popular nature are given, and one has often the opportunity to hear the results of research by some of our most able biologists, before they have even been published.

The atmosphere about the institution is most stimulating to a student. One sees daily men like Prof. Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute; E. B. Wilson and T. H. Morgan, of Columbia; Conclin, of Princeton; Lily, of Chicago; Parker, of Harvard, and hosts of others whose fame is international. To see these men at work, to hear their discussions, their criticisms, and commendations as well, of each other, is an education in itself. It would take a queer mortal to be unenthusiastic about Woods' Hole. When one takes into consideration all the wonderful advantages the place affords, he realizes that he receives a much greater value than the tuition of fifty dollars represents.

Many colleges, as Harvard, Amherst, Syracuse, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and many smaller institutions, too, have established scholarships for their students at the M. B. L. This is a fine thing, it seems to me, and I hope that some alumnus interested in biology will endow a table at Woods' Hole for Richmond College. He could not put his money to better advantage, both to aid and stimulate some worthy student to further work along biological lines, and to serve his alma mater as well.
As I sat gazing into the fire pensively, my mind, under the charm of the twilight hour, resolved itself into a kaleidoscope, bringing back picture after picture of many hues. On the canvas of memory were painted half-forgotten scenes of the past—scenes of joy and sadness. Faces more familiar than the one to be seen in my mirror came up for their share of devotion. Old longings and ambitions surged within me and cried for utterance. Sad it is that our best thoughts and emotions cannot be put upon paper, for, when we attempt to write them, they become as elusive as our dreams, and fade away in thin, misty air.

Ah, the charm of that hour! Outside, the storm roared in impotent fury; inside, the fire burned with a dull, red glow that only emphasized the gathering darkness, instead of dispelling it. It is queer what a good foundation for dreams an open fire is. Alone in my musings, I sat and dreamed. Ah, rosy-hued vision of youth! How varied and beautiful thou art! Alack, how soon dost thou fade into the ashes and dust of disillusion!

Thus, while I sat and mused, lo! a visitor came and sat with me. Tall and stately she was, with her face, Janus-like, turned both to the past and the future. Silence and Solitude, beauteous beings, were her handmaids. The Muse of the Quiet Hour she was, the Incomparable Mother of the Nine. The twilight hour, the hour of the gathering dusk, is the favored time of her visits. Shy and timid she is, for she never comes uninvited. She must be wooed long and patiently ere she will condescend to give us her presence. But when, at last, you get into the proper receptive mood, how joyfully she comes. Ah, the secrets she can whisper, the scenes she can paint, the wealth she can bestow! Truly she is worth the wooing. Under her magic touch time is obliterated, and we live in the joys and the sorrows of the past. Then, too, this nimble-fingered goddess essays to pull aside the sombre curtain of futurity, and give her worshipers a view of
the things that shall be. She it is who gives visions. Youth
and age adore her, and she pours out her blessings on all alike.

Yes, Contemplation, the Muse of the Quiet Hour, is om­
nipotent. She charms away our sorrows and sadnesses; she it is
who fires ambitions and keeps alive our zeal. Contemplation,
acting upon men, driving them to put into expression the yearn­
ings, the unsatisfied desire of our souls for the noblest and the
best, is the mother of the poets. She has given birth to a trinity
of beautiful daughters—Music, Poetry, and Art.

The influence of Contemplation is seen upon the poets of
all times. She drives them to put into words the beautiful
thoughts she inspires. Under the solitude of the Eastern sky,
amid the deep, unfathomable silences of Nature, this Muse of
the Quiet Hour visited the shepherd David. Day after day, as
he watched his white flocks on the hills of Judea, he communed
long and earnestly with her. There, alone with Nature and
Contemplation, the royal shepherd tuned his lyre and burst
into song. The lapse of twenty-odd centuries still find his songs,
the Psalms, the most beautiful pastoral poems ever written.

If the Psalmist had lived in the present hurly-burly of com­
mercial life, and neglected the hour of quiet contemplation, the
hours spent in communion with Nature, could he have given us
such gems as "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so
panteth my soul after Thee, oh, God," (Psalm xiii.), or the beau­
tiful pastoral "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Psalm xxiii.), or a
host of others? I think not.

All poets of all times have been devoted worshipers at the
shrine of this Muse. Moore, in speaking of the Muse's favorite
time of visiting, says:

"The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken,
The Quiet Hour brings the light
Of other days about me."

Of late years the Muse of the Quiet Hour seems to have
forsaken us, and clambered to the most inaccessible peak on Mount Parnassus. It is not the fault of the Muse. She is ever ready to come to us when we desire her, but she never comes uninvited. She is always the bidden guest. What has caused us to shamefully desert Contemplation? Have we no opportunity to entertain her?

"In these days and times, when we are hurled across the earth by the dangerous agency of steam; when, by means of glaring advertisements, even the most illiterate may find 'sermons on rocks and tongues in running brooks'; when we are assailed morning, noon, and night by the daily newspapers; when we must rise upon a certain stroke of the hour; when we have exactly thirty minutes for breakfast; when we allow ourselves an hour to get to our places of business; when we must do certain things at certain stated intervals"—pray, how can we find time for the Quiet Hour, the hour of repose and contemplation? Is it any marvel that our grandfathers bitterly denounce the hurry-flurry of "modern life"? No wonder our sanatoriums are crowded with nervous wrecks; no wonder we are old and blase at twenty.

Granted we may find the time, have we the inclination to woo Contemplation? What is the key-note of the century? Activity! Morning, noon, and night we are going, going, going, at break-neck speed. To capture the elusive dollar we must keep going twenty hours out of the twenty-four. No time to sit and dream. We might lose a penny by so doing! Carlyle well says that we have many schools for speaking, but we need some for calm thinking. To-day we are taught to think quickly, and to the point—we have no time to meditate. After a little, we become quick-thinking, money-making machines! In the ceaseless activity of modern life we are fast losing the ability to entertain the Muse of the Quiet Hour. The rush and whirl has even entered into our amusements. We must have fun, fast and furious. We do not care for a book unless the action races along furiously, unless incident is piled upon incident in bewildering rapidity. It is said the raison d'etre of the motion-picture shows was the demand for unending activity.

In this fast and rapid age it is absolutely necessary that we have some time for rest and relaxation. If we would only
spend one hour every day in solitude and quiet, restful thought, we could accomplish wonders. Our nerves, kept on a tight tension continually, would have a period of rest, and we would have less nervous prostration—the plague of our modern commercial life. We would have repose and rest, and, as we saw the benefits bestowed by Contemplation, we would become indissolubly united to the hour of thought and rest. In this way we would get a saner view-point of life, and enjoy a deeper and fuller life.

Let us determine to grasp the opportunity—to woo Contemplation while there is yet time, lest, in the time to come, we lose one of the best things in life—quiet, restful thought.
THE TALE OF THE BURIED MANUSCRIPT.

"Yell," '14.

SEVERAL years ago I happened to be walking through the old residential portion of the city, on my way to my morning's work. My course led me down Governor street—a street which, before the war, and during war times, was the home of the bluest of the Southern blue-bloods, but whose value, as a residential street, had indeed depreciated since those good old days of long ago. At the corner of Ross and Governor streets, a fine, old, colonial house was being torn down, and I, thinking that here was probably a chance to buy, at a small price, some mahogany or marble mantle-pieces for my business, entered to look around.

The mantles were indeed beautiful, made of carved and fretted marble, in the most delicate traceries. I started out to look for the overseer.

From room to room I wandered, expecting to find him at every step. In spite of the badly dilapidated condition of the house, and the litter of dirt, broken plaster, and cobwebs that bestrewed the rooms, even a casual observer could see that this house had once been the home of a very rich, if not distinguished, personage.

At last I wandered into what I presumed to be the sitting-room, or back parlor, that looked out on the garden through two full-length windows, which opened on the back porch.

Out in the garden I found the workmen digging very rapidly and eagerly. I declare I never saw negroes work so hard in all my mortal days, and the boss, with his eyes intent on the wall, was urging them on. When he saw me he beckoned me over, for he was an acquaintance of mine, named Freeman.

"I have found something very queer here," he explained. "You see this flue? Well, it leads down into something, and here you see it's all bricked around. Very strange. It appears to me like a dungeon. We will see in a second or so. This flue was all choked up with dirt, but it looks as if it were stopped
with rags or something first. See, here is the mould,’” and he
handed me some clods, hanging to the end of which was some very
old-looking cloth. Just then several bricks fell in.

“Go careful there!” yelled the boss, hurrying over and helping
the negroes remove the bricks carefully by hand.

I went over and looked down into the structure. It was a
round, bricked, well-like enclosure, about sixteen or eighteen feet
deep and about six feet in diameter. We got a ladder, and down
we went. It was dark, and so I struck a match. Ugh! There
at our very feet lay a skeleton, perfect in every part, and lying,
grinning, just as the poor fellow died. Quickly clambering to
the top again, we got a lantern, and went back to look around.
After we had cleaned out all the bricks and mortar which the
negroes had knocked down, we found the end of the flue, and in
it was a plate with a chain attached, making a sort of dumb­
waiter by which things could be let down. Near the skull was
an ink bottle, and under the hand was a roll of paper, faded and
discolored by grease and decay.

Time, the arch enemy of all history, written or unwritten,
had dealt as gently as usual with this document. We lifted his
hand, and took out the papers, and carried them, ever so ten­
derly, to the light, half fearing to touch them, lest they fall apart,
and yet burning with an eager desire to read their contents.

That night the contractor and I (for we had decided to keep
the presence of the papers from the press and public) met in my
room, and there we carefully unfolded the document. Here is
the copy, printed, as I found it under his hand on that momen­
tous day:

“June [I forget the date], 1844.

“Good Lord! Three days in this infernal hole. At first
I raved at being shut up! Bricked up in this pit! But they only
laughed, and mockingly sent me paper to write my will, with a
candle, pen, and ink. Oh, fool that I was, to presume to escape
the ‘All-Seeing Eye’! Perchance some one may read this in
future years. For them I write the unfortunate history of my
deeds.

“I am the oldest son of the Viscount of Chelsey, whose estate
is situated in Surry county, England. When I was sixteen I
ran off to India. My father was too strict with me. I rebelled, and left for the military life and the glamor of the East. I first went to the city of Nippoun, the capitol of the reigning Prince of Santrox. Here I met a number of roaming young English blades, and, together with the Indian courtiers, we led a ripping life of it. I became a great favorite of the Prince, and was adopted into his family, going through the full ceremony. It was here that I got mixed up with this business of 'The Eye.'

"This is a court decoration, very much on the order of the 'Knights of the Garter' of our merry England, only it was in the form of a secret order of the nobles and men of affairs around the court. When they first asked me to join, I, thinking it was merely a court honor, accepted. After I had sworn the oaths of the Order, I found that its true meaning was to stir up rebellion against the British rule. You can well imagine my dismay! Rebellion, and against my own country! But I did not want to make a scene, so I allowed them to put the decoration on me—the cape-like collar of gold plates, fitting around the shoulders and back, and in front the chain and locket, and, hanging from it, a gold eye with a ruby eye-ball. They told me that death was the lot of any one who would desert the 'Eye,' or companions of the 'Eye.' But I didn't believe it. High-sounding talk is common, very common, in the East. I thought, fool that I was, that I could run away. At home these simple fools could never catch me.

"It is strange how the East stirs up the romantic in the imagination; it may be the climate, it may be the effect of drink or opium smoking, but the very people lived, moved, and dressed romance. Such mummery as this pleased me. I like show and pomp, gold, fine silks, and jewels. At last, I was preparing to leave it all, and go back to England via America. I had had charge of one of the commissary stores, and had laid up a small pile of money—enough to set me up in England for a quiet life.

"Some weeks before my departure, I was called before the Prince of Santrox. He quietly told me that he wanted some powder ordered, and, since I was in the supply business, I could get it easily enough without incurring suspicion. Here was the crisis; the call of the dross. What should the answer be?"
"I knew why they wanted that powder. Forty thousand sepoys were drilling in the valleys of the mountains. The rebellion was ripe. Should I play my country false, as she had me? Should I disown her, as my father had disowned me? Should I be a traitor! I shuddered at the word. My boat was to sail in a day. I would tell him I had ordered the powder, and, while they were waiting for it to come, I would skip out and away, where they would never find me.

"The next day I started home. I asked for and received police protection in every town where I stopped. The natives seemed to know. The haughty Brahman scowled, and drew his robes about him as from one unclean. Even the rabble, the lower caste, had a set look of hatred and revenge molded on their faces that boded me no good. I will soon leave these behind, I thought, as my steamer sailed out of the harbor of Calcutta.

"There was one, however, on the boat who dogged my steps. One night on the deck he tried to stab me, and I shot him like the dog that he was. As he fell I saw that ruby, blood-shot 'Eye' gleaming revenge from under his robes. I was exonerated in San Francisco.

"Hardly was I out when the 'Eye' began to dog me again. I fled, only to be pursued. A night never fell like a blanket over me that I did not expect it to be my last. The watching fear was awful. Often I courted death, to be rid of it all. I thought of suicide, without the courage for action. At last I fled to Richmond. In this Southern city I thought the agents of the 'Eye' would never find me. I would stop with relatives, who could protect me.

"For months all went well; I was safe. No signs of spies did I see in the day—I never ventured out at night.

"One day a negro lackey brought an invitation to a reception, to be held at the home of Senator Daniels, in honor of his daughter. I was included. Of course I considered this invitation a great honor. Senator Daniels's home was in the ultra-fashionable residential district, on a street that ran by the Governor's Mansion. I did not especially want to go, but was afraid to stay at home, and afraid to say I would not go. So I consented, remembering that a crowd is always the best protection. And so we walked along—I smoking, as was my habit."
"We soon arrived at the place, even before my cigar was finished. Inside was the vivacious chatter of the happy young couples, and the strains of the negro fiddler's music floated through the balmy Southern night. The young ladies went inside, while I, fool that I was, stayed out to finish my cigar.

"It was fatal! Before I could turn around they had me. I fought with all my might, but what could one man do against many? I was gagged and carried off helpless. I tried to scream, but could not. In my struggles I grasped something. It felt familiar in my hand, and I realized that it was the hated 'Eye.'

"Down, down into this pit they cast me. I tried to plead, but they would not listen. Laughing, they laid brick after brick, while I, powerless, could only look up. Brick after brick, until only a small hole was left. How well I remember that sullen, revengeful leer on his face as he looked down at me, bricked up, sealed with brick and mortar. Yes, buried alive!

"Alas! I was shut off from the world. I shrieked and yelled. I beat my fists into pulp against the walls. But how could the world, in its revelry and pleasure, hear me? I would prepare for the end, if this was the end. I groped around in the dark. In the flue I found water, some flint, tinder, candle, quill pen, ink, and some paper. This note I found in the Sepoy dialect, translated as below:

"'The most illustrious and far-seeing 'Eye' hath on this day decreed your death by starvation, suffocation, and loneliness of spirit. Three days be allotted to the end. Prepare—'

"I knew then that all hope was useless. I prepared my story. My time is nearly up. The air is getting heavy. I cannot breathe well. No light in the flue—they have plugged it up! I am ready to go. But the 'Eye' shall not claim its victim. This pen has a sharp point. I shall open this artery in my wrist. It will be quicker and less painful. 'Tis done. The red stream spouts fast. 'Tis fateful as the ruling 'Eye.' I am growing weaker. Good-bye. Yet, one thing more—if you will look deep and steady into the ruby 'Eye' you will find—"
USHING luggage-laden "bikes" up seemingly never-ending hills, we toiled for hours, occasionally stopping to rest and gaze across the rolling country to where the dim, blue peaks of the Cheviot Range lost themselves in the low-hanging clouds. Unencumbered with cycles, we wouldn't have minded the climb, but, shoving a loaded bicycle over the Cheviot Hills is different from ordinary hill-climbing. With only an occasional dip, the road led upward for miles, across wild, bleak moorlands. For hours we saw not a sign of human habitation, and nothing to suggest humans except some freshly-cut peat, scattered by the wayside, and the far-off tinkle of a sheepbell was the only sound that greeted our ears. The feeling of loneliness experienced was accentuated when we saw along the roadside rude crosses, marking the lonely graves of unfortunates who, in former years, had perished from exposure.

We reached Carter Bar about 8:30 o'clock. No; we found neither food nor liquid refreshment there—only a boundary mark. Standing, one foot in Scotland, the other in England, we donned our raincoats, and prepared for the long stretch of "free wheeling" before us. The sun, a dull, smoky red, seemed an hour high, as we took a last look at Scotland, and turned our faces to the mist-dimmed valleys and barren, boggy moorlands of England, looming far distant in the long, gigantic shadows cast by the peaks of the Cheviot Range.

As we sped swiftly down-hill, the sun sank quickly out of sight, and the chill wind of the moors and mountains whistled up our sleeves, numbed our fingers, and breathed its frosty breath against our weather-tanned cheeks.

Seven miles we coasted, and such was the impetus with which we were flying that we sped up the few hills encountered with very little pedal exertion, and many times had to apply double brakes to check a speed that was dangerous in the growing dusk.

Not until past 10 o'clock did we reach an inn. The inn-
keeper eyed us stonily, and said the house was full—we could find lodging ten miles further on. We said nay, and showed him the complexion of our coin. He looked, polished reflectively the lamp held in his hand, and then, with Aladdin-like ease, found us a room.

Seventy miles across the border we had eaten "porritch" for breakfast, and forty miles back had oat-cakes for lunch, but at this English inn the fair maid who served us said that she had never heard of either oat-cakes or "porritch."

Passing through the big manufacturing city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we visited the fine old church, or cathedral (became a cathedral in 1882) of St. Nicholas, and, as there wasn't much else of interest in the town, and time was pressing, we sped on to Durham.

I used to wonder why some folks raved over the beauties of cathedrals—even after I had seen a few. Perhaps I had seen too few, and those I had not seen—I had merely looked at them. They meant to me nothing more than pretty specimens of architecture, and, as such, to be admired, but not in themselves sufficient to inspire the poetic praise in literature applied to them, or the ecstatic outbursts of enthusiastic devotees. I saw no poems in prettily-carved stone-work, received no messages from the legend-laden rose-windows or delicately beautiful spires. Not until I thought of the man behind the work did I realize that carved stone and stained glass could speak, and that each part was perhaps the result of some man's life purpose, and that, consciously or unconsciously, he had put himself into it, and was at one with the beautiful whole—an expression of humanity, and not mere surface-seeming beauty. And then awoke a greater appreciation of those who toiled in the ages which we, because of lack of light upon them, call "dark."

Situated on the top of a hill, nearly encircled by the river Wear, stands Durham Cathedral, "half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot." The cathedral and castle and the wooded hill are partly enclosed by an ancient wall, a relic of the time when the Bishop of Durham stood ready to doff his priestly garb and don a coat of mail to defend his palatinate and country against the hostile invader. As we approached the cathedral, we noticed,
cut into the stone wall, the life-size figures of a cow and two milkmaids. From the lips of a by-stander we heard the legend of the famous dun cow and St. Cuthbert, and then we thought it quite proper for the cow to be there. As we walked up the nave, and saw the wonderfully-carved wood-work and stone-work, and, approaching the high altar, noticed the beautiful reredos and the many-hued rose window high above, I could not but feel that even a heathen would be impelled to fall down and worship, though he knew nothing but that all was beautiful. We visited the tombs of St. Cuthbert and of Bede, and, after a two-hour stay in the cathedral—a week could have been spent there to advantage—we took to the open road once more, and lodged that night at Ripon.

After supper we strolled out on the public square, to mix with the natives. We were told to wait until 9 o’clock before leaving the square, as something happened there every evening at that hour. So we waited. A few minutes past 9 o’clock a man attired in a quaint old English costume, with a baldric, from which a long curved and embossed horn, slung around his neck, was suspended, walked out on the square and sounded three one-minute blasts. We asked the why and wherefore of this. We were told that it was in conformity with an ancient custom, which had been in vogue since the year 886, when Ripon was first incorporated. The custom provided that the Vigillarius or Wakemen should order that a horn be blown every night at 9 o’clock, and if any house or shop was broken open and robbed after that blowing of the horn until the rising of the sun, why, then, the loss was obliged to be made good to the suffering inhabitant. For this insurance every householder had to pay four pence a year, but if there was a back door to another street, from whence double danger might be supposed, then it was to be eight pence. The tax is since discontinued, but they still blow the horn every night.

Next morning we sought the original Anglo-Saxon horn in the City Hall. The man seemingly in charge of things said he was too busy to bother with us. Disappointed, we were leaving, when the Mayor walked in, and, learning of our defeated purpose, ordered the “busy man” to get the horn, and, though his Honor
was due at an important meeting, he took us into his private office, and chatted very entertainingly for forty minutes, meantime showing us the beautifully-mounted old horn, and explaining the many medallions ornamenting the baldric, some of them inscribed with Anglo-Saxon writing. I am sure that he never talked to more interested listeners, and the warm courtesy shown by his Honor, the Mayor of Ripon, will never be relegated to our "forgettories," and will ever be one of our brightest memory-spots of true English hospitality.

We approached Fountains Abbey through the "Subway" ('neath the interlaced foliage of low-branched trees, and via a passage through solid rock and caverns built up to assist nature), and got a surprise view of the magnificent ruins of the ancient abbey that, in the days when monkdom wielded supremest power, covered thirteen acres of ground. The abbey is well named—there are fountains everywhere throughout the beautiful estate, and, after exercising our voices awhile at the Echo rock, we enjoyed a ramble past the sparkling waters and through the verdant grounds, pausing a moment at the Temple of Piety, which didn't impress us as being well named—we flattered ourselves that we could have chosen a better one from Grecian mythology.

It was not often that we failed to get our money's worth at the various inns we patronized, but at York, and on one other occasion, we were "held up." The other occasion will perhaps interest you most. The inn was a thatched-roof affair, on a lonely stretch of road, and might have served Robin Hood and his Merry Men, or Prince Hal and Falstaff, in days of yore. The lady looked equally as ancient, and had grown a sparse beard and a heavy moustache, which served not to conceal, but to accentuate the parsimonious lines that lurked in the shadows and branched out in many directions over her parchment-like cheeks when we informed her of our hunger. While she was preparing the roast beef and potatoes we noticed a Cassius-like cat sitting on the mantel-piece, engaged in elaborate toilet preparations. She was a witch-cat—not a strand of white hair did we see among the black. I have always mistrusted bearded ladies, and felt a superstitious awe of black cats. I felt that the combination might
be a fatal one. My friend and I sensed a premonition of evil. The cat sniffed the roast beef as it came in, eyed us ingratiatingly and our dinner with a hungry look, and licked her chops in pleased anticipation, but she licked in vain. We were hungry with a great hunger, and ate everything but the salt and pepper and "serviettes" (as the middle class call them). The disappointed cat disappeared, evidently meditating vengeance. As I went through the dark hall, seeking the hostess, in order to pay our bill, I stepped on something that rolled beneath my feet like a snake, heard a loud wail, and felt needle-prick pains about my ankles. The cat, under pretense of completing her toilet, had gone out into the hall to await an opportunity for vengeance. In attempting to flee from the ambush, my head struck a low-hanging bracket lamp; there was a crash, another wail, and exit the cat. I asked pardon of the lady for the destruction of the lamp, and told her to add it to the bill, but I absolutely refused to apologize to the cat. Now, I think it was a put-up job between the two, for we had to pay for dinner, lamp, and physical and mental anguish experienced by the cat—and how dearly the lady must have valued that cat!

After we had tramped the entire length of the old Roman walls that encircle a large portion of York, and which protected the city in the days when it was called "Eboracum," we visited York Minster. This cathedral is said to be one of the grandest in England. It impressed us as being more beautiful than Durham. From the number of fantastic gargoyles grinning at us from the richly-ornamented front and from between the flying buttresses, I judge that the monks responsible for them must have numbered as legion the evil spirits to be excluded from the sanctuary. We lingered long, studying out the stories of the old windows, and absorbing the atmosphere of sanctity. The sunlight, streaming through the stained glass windows, threw at our feet the evidence of their antiquity; for, if the light on the floor is colored by the hues of the glass, the glass is modern; if the light is colorless the glass is of the genuine old stained genre. In the chapter house we had many a laugh over the fantastic figures on its walls, and our guide told us that it was the custom of some of the monks to caricature in stone a brother who had displeased
them, or sometimes expose his frailties as a joke. One of the monkish figures had a monkey perched on his shoulders. The monkey had the monk tightly gripped about the throat with his hind legs, his tail was tickling one of the ears of the unfortunate monk, and, with one hand gripping the monk's chin and the other pulling his nose, the monkey seemed to be enjoying the face the monk, in his agony, was making. Our guide said that sometimes the artist tried to depict the faults of the caricatured one, and sometimes showed him in the grip of some bad habit. Monkeys, pigs, and other creatures figure in many of the caricatures. No doubt a little study of chapter houses would reveal many a savory story of monkish days, and add a few nights to the thousand and one.

Lincoln Cathedral, though splendidly crowning the hill on which the city is built, and very imposing on the west, did not charm us as much as York. The stained glass windows are mostly modern, and not especially pretty or well designed. The presbytery, or angel choir, is probably the most beautiful portion of the cathedral. We did not tarry long, as we contemplated sleeping in Sherwood Forest that night, and, with that thought in mind, were perhaps not tuned up to the cathedral pitch.

We have two grudges—one against the makers of our road maps, the other against a certain policeman in the town of Lincoln. The maps show Sherwood Forest where it isn't, and the policeman told us to take a certain road, and we would strike Sherwood Forest—he told us wrong—and, between the errors of map-makers and the policeman, we rode seventy miles out of our way to get to the Forest. Just before we reached our goal we stopped at a little grocery store and loaded up with provisions. We intended to find some nice, dry little cave in the heart of the woods, and spend the night where Robin Hood and his Merry Men used to make the welkin ring. We didn't find the nice, dry little cave, but we slept in Sherwood Forest. How Sherwood Forest has changed in the last eight hundred years! We slept in a little inn on the outskirts of the wood, near the Major Oak. The Major Oak is a big, iron-braced tree, said to be a thousand years old, and the hollow of which will hold thirteen people. It was, no doubt, a romantic spot, but how thin the romance had been worn by the friction of eight centuries!
Though the Forest contains much of interest, and we enjoyed wheeling over the lovely roads that lead through groves containing many fine old trees, and through the beautiful wooded parks, it was not the Sherwood Forest we had long anticipated seeing; it was not the Forest that Robin Hood and Little John knew. Many small villages and numerous splendid residences occupy a large part of the tract, and the remainder is cut up into handsome parks, and, though everything was good to look at, we couldn’t quickly recover from the shock, so great was the difference between the Forest of our dreams and the Forest as it actually is.

In every cathedral we entered we found traces of the vandalism of the Cromwellians. An extreme example of their work is at Peterborough. There the vandals broke all the stained glass, destroyed all the furniture, the organ, pulled down the cloisters, and burnt the records of the cathedral. While the work of restoration was cleverly done, yet, in many places, the stonework still shows the marks of their axes.

The cathedral stands only half a block from a second-hand clothing store, and right near the heart of the business section of the town. After passing shop after shop, and stall after stall, it is quite a relief, upon turning a corner, to find suddenly before you the beautiful west front of the cathedral. The church is an example of several phases of architecture, from early Norman to fully-developed early English. We walked around through the church-yard, and got an excellent view of the exterior of the cathedral, perhaps better than from the west front.

We were almost in sight of Ely Cathedral, speeding along the level roads of that island of many wind-mills, past farm after farm under splendid cultivation, when we encountered a number of children returning from school, books in hand. Noticing one little fellow of eleven or twelve years, trailing in the rear, my friend suggested that we try a language experiment. So we dismounted, and stopped the boy with a polite flourish of our caps. My friend addressed him, “Bonjour, mon garçon; will you have the politeness of to show us where is the cathedral?” The urchin shifted his weight from one foot to the other, twisted his cap in his hands, his red cheeks paled slightly, then he replied, in a tremulous voice, “I—I—I don’t know, sir.” He tried to get by, but we
politely shooed him back. My friend resumed, "Mon ami, ze gentle one, he does not speak ze Engleesh (we is ze FreENCH)—I speak for him; we desire to know ou est la cathedrale—Eely, Eely." I nodded, shrugged my shoulders, and said, "Oui, oui." The boy's face was a study in emotion. He looked, with longing eyes, in the direction of his vanishing companions, and then at us once more. He must have thought that we were either foreigners or foolish ones. He spoke, and so low that we could scarcely hear him—"No—no—no, sir; I—I don't know." With another flourish my friend thanked him, and, mounting our wheels, we soon left him far behind. The last time we saw him he was going almost as fast in one direction as we were going in the other. And what a wondrous tale of desperate foreigners or escaped lunatics he had to relate to his school-mates.

Back in the seventh century, on the Isle of Ely, was a monastery for men and women. I don't know just how the experiment worked, but in the latter part of the ninth century it was destroyed by the Danes. The present cathedral stands on the site of the ancient monastery, and is the longest Gothic church in Europe, possessing the only perfect Gothic dome in the world. The interior effect is indescribably grand, the dome painted to represent the star-dotted heavens, and, gazing up, you get an impression of infinite space.

At Cambridge we lodged in the shadow of Trinity, and, tired though I was, I could not sleep because of Trinity's loquacious chimes, that never failed to peal out all the quarters. My friend heard nothing—merely "slumbered and slept." I prayed that Trinity's clock might slip a cog, and miss a few quarters, so that I could get a little sleep, but Trinity chimed on. To make matters worse, I could hear the rain falling steadily on the tiled roof and splashing against the window-panes. Through the long night I had to listen to the pattering of the rain and the unwelcome music of Trinity, and prayed for daybreak. When day dawned it was still raining. But we had already decided that our visit to Cambridge would not be complete without a row on the Cam, so row or paddle on the Cam we must. We hired two small canoes, and followed the Cam where it winds up among the colleges, past the many weeping willows trailing near the water's
edge, and up to the mill pool. Though the rain was still coming down steadily, we enjoyed the sight of beautiful lawns and charming avenues, leading up to the dignified University buildings. After getting thoroughly saturated with the charm of the Cam and vicinity, and rain, we sought out a guide, and spent half a day in the colleges. As you probably know, or suspect, an empty college is a cheerless affair, and most of the Cambridge colleges were practically empty—only a few students of dismal aspect here and there, poring over books or lazily writing.

As we stood in King's College Chapel, and noted the beautiful stained glass windows, the fan-vaulted ceiling, the carved stalls, and the exquisite organ screen, and listened to the organist practicing for Sunday services, I thought that here, in truth, was one place where compulsory chapel attendance would be unnecessary.

The rain was still coming down steadily when we had finished paying our respects to all the major colleges, and, as we were almost daily expected in Paris (having accepted an invitation to visit a friend there), we were forced to take a train for London. As soon as we boarded the train we lost the feeling for the soil which had been with us during twenty-eight days of cycling. The country and the people looked entirely different, and we had an unpleasant sense of separateness. For twenty-eight days we had wheeled over British roads, slept in British inns and farmhouses, lived in intimate contact with Britons, and, sifting our cycle of experiences, we found much to endear them to us; but, changing from the intimate to the impersonal form of locomotion—from the bicycle to the train—seemed to sever at once the exotic link that bound us to the soil, and made the country through which we were flying appear foreign and unreal to us. It was almost like losing a friend, and the feeling, half of sadness, half of homesickness, that stole over us was lessened only when the welcoming lights of London greeted us on all sides, and we realized that, even though we had had to abandon our cycles when only fifty miles separated us from our journey's end, nevertheless our trip was a decided success, as attested by our tanned faces, increased weight, healthy appetites, and the added store of experiences in memory's cells.

Had we the time, we would have continued our trip, and
taken in more cathedral cities, the Wessed country of Thomas Hardy's novels, the stone hedge, and many other places of interest in southern England, but to do so would have meant that the continental cities must be neglected; so, after a few days in London to supplement our former impressions, we left for Paris, crossing the English Channel by the Newhaven-Dieppe route.
“ONCE ON A SUMMER’S NIGHT.”


Once, on a summer’s night,
When everything around us
Was bathed in the softened light
Of pale-faced moon above us—
Young love begun,
Our hearts as one,
And words of love unspoken—
Heaven came to earth,
Joy found its birth,
In pledges now all broken.

But on that summer’s night,
When everything around us
Was bathed in the softened light,
The love of ages crowned us.

When we to mind recall
The love so simply given,
Air-castles built to fall,
True hearts joined and riven,
The hopes, the fears,
Of happy years—
Pleasures gone are sweet again.
Time will not remove
Memories of love,
Whate’er remains of pain.

Dear is to us the night
When everything around us
Was bathed in the softened light
Of pale-faced moon above us.
HEN I took up the study of the French language I found a few verbs that gave me some trouble, but with aller, to go, etre, to be, and faire, to make, with their compounds and various meanings, I found that, by sprinkling an en between every few words, and a que after every word, that I was able to get along very nicely.

In searching for a few words with which to establish a vocabulary, the first promising one I came across was bruit, a noise. Then I looked to see what could be made out of bruit. I found that I could get noise, din, disturbance, fame, reputation, report, sound, quarrel, dispute, murmur, uproar, tumult, news, rumor, sedition, insurrection, creaking of a door or shoes, rattling din of arms, clashing of swords, chattering of teeth, stamping of feet, clacking of a mill, rumbling of a coach, roaring of the sea, smacking or cracking of a whip, murmuring of the sea, general whisper, ostentation, parade, great bustle, more noise than work, much ado about nothing, and a few more.

I decided to annex bruit.

The next interesting bit of French that I came across was cas. I discovered cas to mean case, fact, deed, matter, business, event, circumstance, question, cause or suit in court, esteem, value, chance, accident, crime, offence, occasion, opportunity, object, urgency, exigency, want, need, one's need, mere chance, hanging matter, reserved case, to value, to esteem much, to make light of, suppose, it happens, in case of, in case that, if. I felt that I had made a good start. With bruit and cas, I felt I could begin to make plans for a trip abroad next summer.

Glancing through a page or two more, I came across cœur, which I was sure I could not do without.

Cœur, in its different meanings, has to its credit, heart, courage, spirit, affection, love, mind, soul, stomach, dear love, back plate to a chimney, hearts, in the depth of winter, rising of the stomach, a noble or mean spirited person, good natured,
to dine with Duke Humphrey, to unbosom one’s self, heartless, contrary to one’s own inclination, and about a quart more definitions. My curiosity got the better of me, and I turned a few more pages, and fell upon corps. Corps means body, matter, shape, substance, solidity, thickness, strength, vigour, consistence, assemblage, collection, assembly, society, company, regiment, legion, squadron, fleet, a corpse, the side of a house or suite of rooms, a guard house, the disc of the sun or moon, the corporation, a steel black-board, headlong, chamber of a ship pump, a mischievous fellow, to single out an enemy, well shaped, the devil is in him, strong bodied, to go to jail. The other meanings I left to get up on my trip across the ocean.

I couldn’t help letting my eye drop to the bottom of the page, and there I saw coup. I remembered hearing an expression of coo, coo, toot a coup, or “flew the coop,” or some such phrase, so I decided to look into the matter. I found coup to mean blow, knock, stroke, accident, act, action, time, glass of wine, stripe, slap, lash, gun-shot, gust of wind, slander, kick, clap of thunder, raise one’s hat to box, unquestionably, stroke of policy in state affairs, and three columns more of meanings.

My interest was keenly aroused. By mastering five or six such words, I would have the whole French language in a nutshell. I felt that my discovery of a means of simplifying the language would gain me a ready place in the French Academy. In order to overcome any possible failures, I decided to add a word or two more, and, fortunately, I came upon donner.

Donner can mean to give, bestow, give away, present with, confer, grant, deliver, to occasion, cause, inspire, infuse, to pay, afford, attribute, ascribe, hit, administer, communicate, set a good example, and fifty-seven other varieties.

Wishing for a word to express everything in a vague sort of a way, a word it would be impossible to attach any definite meaning to, I discovered it to be about the shortest word in the language, the word en.

En might mean in, into, at, of, as a, like, while, out of, for, by, it, them, of him, of her, some of it, some, any, and anything else under the sun you chose it make it mean. I resolved to say
en at least twice in every sentence, and oftener, if I couldn’t think of the right word.

I felt that my task was over, that I had mastered the French language; but I still felt a need of some universal word, some one word that would express every thought or idea that I could conceive of, and would stand any strain I might put upon it.

After some search I found it. It was faire. I found faire meant about everything all those other words meant, collectively or separately. If you wanted to take a walk you would faire un promenade; if you wanted to create a saint you would faire un saint, or eat breakfast, you would faire un de journer, or raise Cain, you would faire le diable. In short, whatever you wanted to do, say, think, or be concerned with in any way, you would faire it. This was the philosopher’s stone, this was the magic wand, the pivot of the whole matter. I fairied “Eurica,” in a loud bruit.

I was beside myself with joy. I had mastered the French language in one lesson, and the correspondences courses often take as long as six weeks!

I felt buoyed up, sustained, strengthened, armor-plated, fairied.

With faire as a mainstay, and with en to take along in case I forgot any of the meanings of faire, I tied a string around the rest of my dictionary, and began to faire plans for my trip abroad.

Having selected a vocabulary, I turned to the grammar. By a special dispensation of the powers that be, the French language has no “it” in it—at least, no plain, old-fashioned, uncompromising “it,” but only an impersonal sort of a thing, that is “just it.”

The French, being a naturally polite nation, have a vague kind of gentleman “it,” and a lady “it,” a Mr. “it,” and a Miss “it,” but no it “it.”

This can best be illustrated by a sample of their prose I translated the other day as my first lesson. You will notice that everything is either a gentleman or a lady, and you will find, also, that they have a way of running in plurals on most any kind of a word. You can judge what I mean by the translation:
The (she) Tale of the (he) Master Cat, or the (he) Cat in (she) Boots.

A miller did not leave of all estate to three children which he had than his (he) mill, his he donkey, and his he cat. The he shares were soon made(s). Neither the notary nor the solicitor not there were made called(s). It was all that he to them of it had to give. They soon made away with all the poor he patrimony. The he eldest had the he mill, the he second had the he donkey, and the he most young did not have but the he cat.

This he last was not able to himself console to have a so he poor lot. My(s) he brothers, said he, are able to make their living honestly, and of it themselves to put together for me. When I shall have eaten my he cat, and when I me shall have made a he muff of the she skin, it will be necessary that I die of she hunger.

The he cat, who had heard this he discourse, but who not of it made seemed him, said of an he air sober and serious, “Not you worry a point, my he master; you not have only to me to give a he sack, and I will make a she pair of she ‘boots for to go in the(s) she brushwoods, and you will see that you not to be if he evil he share which you fear.”

Although the he master of the he cat didn’t set much he store upon it, he to him had to see so much of the trick of the she suppleness in order to take the he rats and the she mice, as when he himself was hanging by the he feet or when he himself concealed in the she flour in order to make the she death which he did not despair to of it to be aided in his she misery.

When the he cat had that which he had asked, he himself she booted bravely, and, putting his he sack on his he neck, he of it took the he strings with his she paws of the front, and went away in a warren, where he there had a great number of he rabbits.

He put of the his and of the he sow-thistles in his he sack, and himself stretched out as if he were already dead, he awaited some young he rabbit, little instructed in the she wiles of the he world, to come thrust himself into his he sack, to eat what he had there put. Scarcely had he concealed himself when he had
contentment; a young he mad-cap of a rabbit entered in the he sack and the he master cat drew immediately the he strings; it he took and killed he without she pity.

All glorious of his she prey, he went away to the house of the king, and demanded with him to speak.

One him made to go up to the he apartment of the she herself Majesty, where he was entered; he made a she grand she bow to the he king, and to him said, "Here is, he sire, a he rabbit of the she warren, which Monsieur the Marquis of Carabas (it was the he name which he had of it taken a he fancy to give to his he master) me has the charge to you to present she from him."

"Say to your master," replied the king, "that I to him thank, and what he has done pleases me."

Another she time he went to conceal himself in a he wheat field, holding always his he sack opened, and when two she partridges there made to entre(s) he tied the he cords, and them took all(s) two(s). He went thereupon them to present to the king, as he had done with the he rabbit of the she warren. The king received again with he pleasure the two she partridges, and gave a he for to drink. The he cat continued thus during two or three he months to carry from he time to he time to the king of the he game of the she hunt of his he master.

One he day when he knew that the king ought to go on the she promenade of the he shore of the she river, with his daughter, the most she beautiful princess of the he world, he said to his he master: "If you wish to follow my he counsel your she fortune is made; you do not have only that you bathe in the she river at the he place that I to you will show, and afterwards me allow to make the Marquis of Carabas made that which his he cat to him advised without knowing the he outcome of it. At the time when he himself bathed the king came to pass, and the he cat himself made a he cry of she all his she strength. She help, she help! there is the Marquis of Carabas who is drowning himself.

At this he cry the king put her head out of the she coach­door, and recognized the he cat who to him had brought so many of he times the he game of the she chase. He gave orders to his he guard that one had to go to the rescue of the Monsieur, the Marquis.
Meanwhile one pulled out the poor Marquis from the river, the cat approached himself of the carriage, and said to the king that in the time that his master was bathing there had come the robbers, who had carried off his clothes, on which he had cried "Thieves!" with all his strength, the rascals hidden under a great stone.

The king immediately gave orders to the officials of the wardrobe to go fetch the most beautiful clothes for the Marquis. The king overwhelmed him with kindness, and took him to his home.

Thus ends the first part of the story of the Marquis of Carabas.
OF all the ugly, awkward, clumsy-looking, antediluvian objects in the world, Aunt Priscilla's old green cotton umbrella was the one to which those attributes applied in the "most" superlative degree. There was certainly nothing like it outside of a museum. But to Aunt Priscilla it was perfection itself. She would have none of those small, black silk things, called "parasols," which wouldn't keep the rain off her nose, much less her "best go-to-meeting bonnet, which she had worn steady for five years." And so great consternation reigned at the house when on Sunday morning it began to pour rain while Aunt Priscilla was at church; for her parting injunction when she left home had been to send Ned for her with her umbrella—her own umbrella—if it rained.

In vain had poor Ned prayed for clear skies; the elements were against him, and resolved to humiliate him.

"Rain! Just my darned luck!" he said to his sister, who was superintending the Sunday dinner, which required elaborate preparations when Aunt Priscilla honored their little house with her semi-annual visit, as she always gave the order for that particular meal, consisting of five courses and three kinds of dessert.

"I just won't go for her; I have got a mind to mutiny," with a deepening scowl upon his handsome face.

"Don't be silly, Ned," was his sister's reply. "I wouldn't let my pride ruin my solid prospects, which certainly will be the case if you don't appear with her umbrella." For Ned's Aunt Priscilla was worth a goodly sum, and had declared that Ned would be her heir if he continued to please her.

"I don't see why I've got to go about the streets lugging that old green thing, big enough to shelter a regiment, for the sake of a little paltry money, which I might get if Aunt Priscilla happens to die before I do. I will be the laughing-stock of the whole town. I'll take another umbrella."
"Edward Douglas, you know very well if you carried Aunt Priscilla a hundred black silk umbrellas, with gold handles, studded with diamonds, she wouldn’t use one of them. It seems to me, for once I would use a little discretion."

All the storming Ned did was of no avail in decreasing the storm without. A quarter of twelve, and the rain was coming down harder than ever. Jerking up the offending umbrella, as if he were going to dash it to pieces, Ned went out with a parting "Bless my luck!"

Upon reaching the church he found he still had a half hour to while away, in company with his disagreeable thoughts. Anything was better than that, and so he strode away in search of that "anything" that would divert his mind.

A suburban car was pouring forth a crowd at its terminal, and from the midst there came the most charming little lady—all pink and white—with the dearest of pink hats set jauntily upon her luxuriant yellow curls. O, what a perfect dream she was—this little pink and white girl. As she raised her blue eyes, in a questioning way, at the fast-falling rain-drops, Ned saw the despairing look which came into them. Taking out a tiny handkerchief of lace, she attempted to form a covering for the little pink bonnet. Ned, all a-quiver at the sight of beauty in distress, and feeling a sense of pity and warmth for this little dainty creature, suddenly darted forward, raising the detestable old green umbrella, thankful for it for once, and, with an imploring look in his brown eyes, he managed to stammer out, "Miss, will you not accept the protection of my umbrella?"

Any other woman, at any other time, might have refused, but Fate compelled this one woman to lift those azure eyes to Ned’s with a look of deepest gratitude, and to murmur, "O, sir, it is so good of you." And, from that moment, Ned felt as if this was that "one woman" who had been in the world somewhere for him up to this minute, and, now that they had met at last, it seemed as if they must have known each other all their lives.

Many assurances did Ned give his lady that he had no other object in view now but to see her safely home. Poor Aunt Priscilla was entirely forgotten in the glamour of this romance.
just beginning. The old green umbrella was even incapable of recalling its owner to the mind of this enamoured youth.

As the first step towards the accomplishment of his now all-absorbing object, they boarded an east-bound car for the ferry. What an hour of bliss it was till they reached the other side of the river, just in time to get the local train. Another twenty minutes of perfect bliss with his enchantress, and then, at her order, they stepped off at a little station, which Ned would never have known was on the face of the globe but for the unusual experience of that afternoon.

Into the station the little lady rushed, with Ned close behind her.

"O, mother, and Ralph, too," she cried; "did you think I had gotten lost? This gentleman is Mr. Douglas, who has been so very kind as to see me all the way out here, without the least damage from this provoking rain."

"Her mother and her brother," thought Ned. "I'm progressing finely—the girl and the family all in the same day."

Ned received the words of gratitude from her family, and offered the use of his umbrella to the whole crowd, which, fortunately, was able to accommodate them all. Offering his arm to the girl and her mother, Ned left brother to find protection under the rear third of the umbrella, and together they made their way toward the on-coming train, which would carry them back to the city.

The trip home strengthened Ned in his determination not to wait more than a week before "popping the question," as he felt certain that he would be accepted should he ask right then. And, too, the family had a good opinion of him; for he accidentally overheard Ralph tell mother that he thought "he would make a trump of a brother." So Ned's spirits rose higher and higher.

But to this joy there had to come a temporary end too—when they finally arrived at the girl's house.

No, Ned wouldn't come in this time, but he hoped he might call the next evening.

"Yes, do," said the girl, "for my husband would never forgive me for not allowing him to meet you and express his thanks personally for the good care you have taken of his wife and her brand-new hat."
"Thus saving him another bill," added brother.

"Her husband—her husband," thought poor Ned.

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

And three years later Aunt Priscilla's will announced that her entire fortune of $500,000 was left for charitable purposes, "inasmuch as my nephew, Edward Douglas, has proved himself unworthy of it."
THE ELECTRICAL THEORY OF MATTER.

Clodius H. Willis, '14.

WHAT is matter? Certain properties of matter, as weight or inertia, are familiar. Are these properties of matter inherent and uninterpretable? We know that all matter has inertia. Has it ever occurred to us that there might be a reason for this? If so, it will be interesting to note how some of the great physicists have tried to explain the properties and structure of matter.

It is universally accepted that all matter is formed of molecules, and that molecules are formed of atoms; but it is only since the discovery of radium that there has been any serious speculation about the composition of atoms.

In radium we have actually seen the transformation of radium atoms into lead and helium atoms. If, however, one atom can be transformed into another, they must both be formed of the same material. This has lead us face to face with that wonderfully inspiring conception of all kinds of matter as formed by different configurations and aggregations of one fundamental substance, the "Urstoff" (as the Germans term it) or original stuff.

It has not yet been proved that all matter is formed of one substance, for this can be done only when some one discovers what that original stuff is; but hypotheses have been advanced.

At present the most consistent of these hypotheses is that all atoms, and, therefore, all matter, is formed of particles of electricity. Sir J. J. Thompson has given in his work an inspiring picture of atoms as formed of equal numbers of positive and negative particles of electricity, bound together by their mutual forces.

Apart from the plausibility and practical value of this theory, it is certainly great food for the imagination. Also it may be interesting, from a non-physical view-point, to see how this hypothesis might explain such familiar phenomena as weight and inertia.
All are familiar with the sensation of weight when we hold a stone or other body in our hands. We know that this impression of weight is due to the attraction of the earth, which we call gravitational attraction.

A natural question is, What causes this force of gravitation? Assuming the electric composition of matter, gravity is explainable as the attraction of electric charges for each other.

It is a matter of experience that unlike charges of electricity attract each other and that like charges repel. Now, suppose that the attraction between unlike charges is greater than the repulsion between like charges. Then two atoms formed of equal charges of positive and negative electricity would have a resultant attraction for each other; for the sum of the repelling forces is less than the attracting forces.

Let us represent these two atoms by two men, each having one strong arm and one weak arm. If the men pull each other with the strong arms, and push each other with the weak arms, the larger arms will overcome the smaller arms, and the men will be drawn together. The little arms, of course, represent the repelling forces between like charges, and the big arms the attracting forces between unlike charges.

If, then, atoms are formed of electricity, and if the force of repulsion between like charges is less than the force of attraction between unlike charges, all atoms will attract each other. If, however, all atoms attract each other, all aggregations of atoms, as two stones, will also attract each other. Of course, this attraction of masses is very small—too small to be perceptible unless one of the masses is exceedingly large, the earth or moon, for instance.

The attraction of gravitation can then be explained on the electric theory of matter, by assuming an inequality of the forces of attraction and repulsion between electric charges.

The question immediately arises, Are not these forces equal? So far as is known, they are equal, but the difference would necessarily be so slight that the present electrical instruments would not detect it. Here is a definite problem open to physico-chemists.

Inertia can also be easily accounted for on the electric theory of matter.
It has long been known that an electric current has inertia, just as a current of water. The inertia of an electric current manifests itself in a spark when a current is broken. Now, if matter is composed of particles of electricity, matter in motion will be equivalent to a current of electricity; and, since an electric current tends to continue flowing matter, in motion must tend to continue moving.

Here the question arises, Is the inertia of a given body fully accounted for by its electric inertia? This question is not yet conclusively answered, for all cases, but it has been proved true for some special cases.

Thus we have seen how inertia and weight can be explained by assuming the electric theory of matter. Many of the other properties of matter, as valence, magnetism, electrical conductivity, and the periodic law of chemistry, have been similarly explained.

Here opens a vast field for the physico-chemist. To establish the electric theory of matter these assumptions must be proved. Progress from theory to law comes by experiment.

Can this be done? Yesterday some one dreamed that the world was round. To-day we sail around it. There are now eighty some elements. Will there soon be only electricity and a law of atomic structure? There were once seven bright stars. Now there is one solar system. Such is the progress of science. A mass of facts are discovered. Some one forges them into a chain of thought, and knowledge grows.
As Leonard Wilson stepped from the Grand Central Station he breathed a sigh of contentment. Eighteen months hard work at bridge-building is just cause for a man to be glad to get back to the city, especially so when the girl happens to live there.

Len’s engagement to Miss Edythe Ferrell had been announced a little over two years before; and all through his hard, untiring labor in the mountains her face was before him—and her letters! His hand tightened involuntarily on his suit-case as he realized that it held those precious letters. Without them, he knew he never would have accomplished his engineering feat. And now, at last, it was done, and he was ready to claim his bride.

As he stood musing, thoughtfully stroking his moustache, a young man crossed just in front of him, and stepped into a big touring car.

“Dick Wellington!” With the exclamation, Len dropped his suit-case, and sprang forward, hand outstretched.

“Why, how are you, old man? What rare luck!”

The young man in the touring car looked rather bored. “I’m afraid you have the advantage of me,” he drawled; “I don’t recall ever having seen you before.”

For a moment Len was dumb with amazement, and then, as the truth dawned on him, he threw back his head and laughed. “So my moustache and beard fooled even you, did it? Don’t see the faintest resemblance between Len Wilson and me?”

Recognition slowly grew in the younger man’s eyes, and he suddenly shot forward as if on springs. “Well, what a fool I am! You old bear, how are you?” As the men shook hands warmly, surprise was still in young Wellington’s eyes.

“I never saw such a change in my life,” he declared. “Hop in, and we’ll be home in a few minutes. No,” as Len started to raise an objection, “you’ll go straight home with me. I know whom you want to see, and the quickest way to see her is at my home.”
In answer to Len's inquiring look, he explained that his mother was giving a dance that night, and Miss Ferrell would be present.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Your own mother wouldn't recognize you with that hay on your face. What's it for—keep mosquitoes from biting? Anyway, you'll not shave it off until after the dance, and Miss Ferrell will have the most pleasant surprise of her life!"

In spite of Len's protests that Miss Ferrell would know him, Wellington's will prevailed, and Len consented to pose as Mr. Fry, of Chicago.

Four hours later Len caught his first glimpse of Edythe. It took all of his will power to restrain himself from taking her into his arms, but he merely bowed as he was introduced, and, passing on, turned to a corner, where he could watch every movement of her lovely body. At last he could stand it no longer, and, rising, made his way to the centre of the room, where she was standing talking, as it happened, to Wellington.

"Ah, Mr. Fry; is this your first visit to New York?" she asked, with an arch look.

"Why—er—no. I was here several years ago," answered Len.

"He's an old friend of mine," explained Wellington. "You'll excuse me, I see my sister wants me."

As he turned away, Edythe, taking Len's arm, led him to a corner, where she held him a willing, but rather surprised captive.

As they talked a feeling of resentment slowly grew in Len's heart. What right had she to talk as she did, to what she supposed was a perfect stranger? She didn't recognize him, but—Len suddenly drew himself together. He talked feverishly of the first thing he could think of, trying to down that deadening pain that was eating at his heart. How was this going to turn out? The girl noticed the glance that he bestowed upon the diamond she wore on her left hand, and a slight flush overspread her face.

"I shouldn't have worn this," she stammered, "but one of my girl friends has up a bet that I wouldn't wear it all through the dance. I believe she wins," she added, slipping the ring from her finger; "I shouldn't have worn it."

Len's ears turned a shade pinker. "Then you are not engaged?" he asked, slowly.
"Why, of course not," answered the girl, looking at him quickly. "What a foolish question, after what I said."

Len awoke to the fact that he was talking mechanically, and heard Edythe's voice sounding faint and far away, "I'll meet you in the library in one hour, if you wish." She looked up into his eyes, and he nodded dully.

"In one hour," he repeated, and found himself alone.

Rising slowly, like an old man, Len made his way up-stairs to his friend's room. The deadening pain in his heart had ceased now, but in its place had come an unreasoning anger.

As he entered the room Wellington turned from the mirror where he was adjusting his tie.

"Hello, Len; this confounded tie of—what's the matter?"

Len gave no answer until he had crossed the room. "I'd like to borrow a razor, Dick," he said, quietly. "Don't ask me any questions."

Wellington silently produced a razor, and rang for hot water.

"You'll find everything you need over there," pointing to a corner. "Can I help any, old man?" Len shook his head, and Wellington, crossing the room, closed the door softly behind him.

Thirty minutes later, an entirely different man came out. Len had utterly changed in appearance, and was once more the smooth-faced New Yorker.

Shading his face, he made his way to the library, and, turning out the lights, sat down, keeping even in the shadow cast by the large open fire, which threw a soft glow over the room. How long he sat thus, Len could not remember, but he suddenly heard the rustle of silk, and Miss Wilson entered the room.

"Here you are, on time," said the supposed Mr. Fry, gaily. "Oh, you startled me!" cried the girl; "I didn't see you."

"Let's sit with only the fire-light," suggested he; "it's so cozy."

The girl seated herself, and Len, still keeping in the shadow, carried on the conversation, saying things that he never would have dared say to a girl he had just met. But Edythe only urged him on, delighted at the conquest she was making.

"Will you push that button somewhere in the corner?" she asked. "I have written a letter during the hour since I left you, and I want it mailed as soon as possible."
Len, crossing the room, pushed the button, but, instead of a slight buzz somewhere in the distance, the room suddenly sprang into dazzling brightness.

The girl, startled, sprang to her feet, and turned—to face the man she was engaged to marry.

"Why—er—you?" In her utter consternation, the letter fell to the floor, and Len, picking it up, read the address: "Mr. Leonard R. Wilson, Somerset, N. Y." Slowly opening it, the man took out the contents—a ring and a single sheet. The few lines that the sheet contained were sufficient to cause his freshly-shaven face to turn a bright red, and then a deathly white.

Without a word, he replaced the ring in the envelope, and, crumpling it in his hand, turned a pair of feverish eyes on the swaying figure of the girl.

Still without uttering a sound, the man crossed to the fire, and, dropping the letter and ring into the flames, watched them blaze up, flicker, and die away.

Then he turned, and, with uncertain steps, made his way to the door, and, passing through, disappeared into the night.
EDITORIALS.

Some few days ago the 'Varsity Club, at its January session, took up the question of a College Trophy Room. It was moved that a committee be appointed to petition for a room out at the new College, which should serve as the club-room for the 'Varsity Club, and that the room should contain the various trophies won in inter-collegiate contests. The 'Varsity Club would thus
be the guardian of these trophies, and would foster the spirit of collecting the pictures of old teams, their records, and like matters of interest. Such a committee was appointed, consisting of J. W. C. Johnson, chairman; W. L. O'Flaherty, and J. Vaughn Gary. This committee was instructed to begin now the collection of old records and pictures, and to preserve the present records, as well as petition for the trophy room.

The 'Varsity Club has taken a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that the matter will be pushed to a successful end. It is a shame that we have no means of preserving the work of our athletic teams, no place to keep the trophies that they win. What have we to show for the work of our teams in the past now? How many of our students know what our past records have been? What have our freshmen to look to that stands for prowess and might in the past, and lends hope for the future?

If we ever want a real college spirit, we must link ourselves with the past. We must have a tradition that stands for crystallized sentiment. We cannot afford to leave our standing to a chance spirit. And a trophy room, above everything else, binds us to a successful past, gives an esprit de corps that breeds college spirit. It impresses the men with the fact that they have joined themselves to something that has a past worthy of their utmost respect, and a future to maintain, which will call forth their greatest efforts. It holds something behind as a lure and a love for the old men. It means much for us to those that visit our walls. In a word, a trophy room is needed in the workings of a successful college. And the 'Varsity Club is the body that can best obtain this room. But it is yet for alumni and students to aid this committee with pictures and records.

For the past several weeks the State Legislature of Virginia has been in session almost within sight of our College. The session continues on for some few weeks yet to come. This affords an excellent opportunity to our student body, and is one of the advantages that we gain from our connection with the capital city.
There are now being discussed some history-making measures. The enabling act, the tax reform bills, and others of less importance will be history in a few years. Can we afford to miss hearing the discussion of these vital matters? It is an educational opportunity that should be seized—not education by book or by theory, but actual, practical, solid education. It is more. For it touches upon the real human interests of the world of to-day, of the State of to-day, and is laying the foundation of our to-morrow. It is making laws that will affect you and me.

What can be more stimulating than to watch men in intellectual clash? To watch the little game of politics as it whirls and spins? Be critical. Watch the various speakers, their delivery, their ease on the floor, what they say, and come away with a definite opinion of your fellow-men who are holding positions of trust. You will come back with a new stimulus to your College tasks, and will be the better developed man for having taken advantage of an opportunity.

Just now the subject that is most engrossing to the minds of Richmond College students is the changes that will come about as the results of moving out to Westhampton next fall. Just how will these changes affect you, and just what are they to be? One can readily see the changes that will take place in the matter of buildings and equipment. The advance on that side will put us equal to the best. Our house will be an object of beauty. But will the change in the curriculum, in the value of our work to a degree, be correspondingly as great? And the indefinite reply to that question, that comes back to us from the men who are planning and working day and night, is that such is their purpose. They are aiming to make such changes as will leave no doubt but that Richmond College stands at the forefront with the best colleges of the country in matters scholastic. They aim to make our degree equal to the best.

And now, what do you and we think are some of the changes that will have to be made in order to bring that about? In other words, what parts of our system are weak now—where will change be most needed?
First, then, we would say that the entrance requirements should be raised to at least fifteen points, and the conditional entrance should be made at least twelve points. The loss of some few students that this would occasion would more than be made up for by the gain in strength that this would bring about. It would indeed be similar to a “weeding” out. It is inevitably true that the poorer the entrance requirements of a college, in like proportion the less value has its degree.

Another change that we would advocate is to eliminate the possibilities of earning a degree in three years, and arrange the course so that it would require four years to complete the work leading to the Bachelor's degree. This could be partly accomplished by a change from the point system to the hour system, with a maximum number of hours allowed each week. Too often have we seen good students work themselves to the limit, spend all their time in study, fail to get the broadening and the building of college life; fail to get the exercise so vital to their growth and development at the period of transition in their life; fail to get social expansion—the moral expansion that come from contact with one's fellows; fail to get the best part of that which the college has to offer, and all because of the effort to earn a degree in three years. Two seldom, however, are we able to follow these students afterwards, when the reaction sets in; when they, for many reasons, learn to regret their congested passage through college. And not only this, but a degree earned in three years is seldom accredited by those who know the value of degrees. And, finally, it lowers the standard of the institution that grants it in the esteem of the educational world.

Naturally the Faculty will have to be increased. And its selection should be as careful and as diligent as it is vital. And the question of expense should not be the determinent in the selection. As far as would be consistent with good policy, representation from different universities would be desirable. Hardly do we think that any of the new work should be made an additional burden to the work of the present Faculty.

New courses should be added and old courses expanded. By this latter we do not mean that more work be added to classes under the present arrangement, but that intermediate classes be
introduced in some subjects, such as French and German, making
a three year course for a diploma in those languages.

A refusal to give college credit for work done in high schools and
academies would be along the general line of raising the standard.
The standard of seventy-six points, or its equivalent in hours,
would probably be sufficient for the immediate present.

Some such changes as these suggest themselves. It is indeed
a matter for thought.

It is to be regretted that the custom has grown, and now
quite prevails among our student body, to indulge in "cat-calling"
and uncalled-for hand-clapping just

"CAT CALLING" AND
PUBLIC NIGHTS.

previous to the lectures given in the
chapel on public nights. While the
house is being filled, before the lecture
has begun, the entrance of any young man and lady friend is the
signal that starts the clapping and laughing. It is doubtful
applause, given in a questionable manner. Here we have an
audience filled with strangers, as well as friends. You are repre­
senting the College. But, as Dr. Vincent observed last year,
such tactics partake of the nature of rowdyism to those to whom
it is strange. Such "cat-calling" is hardly the welcome that
should greet a strange young lady, just because she happens to
accompany a local celebrity and did not know his reputation.
We hardly think that it is altogether pleasant to our young lady
friends, whom we all know, to be thus greeted and cheered at in
public.

It is true that nothing unpleasant is intended. It is no more
than the expression of a youthful spirit, seeking a vent for pent­
up energy. Under other conditions we should call it good cheer
and enthusiasm. But we seriously question its propriety on these
nights, when the College stands open to the public. Nay, we
condemn it, and hope that a little reflection will entirely stop the
nuisance and evil, which, to say the least, is poor taste and rude
manners.
CAMPUS NOTES.

E. N. Gardner, '14.

For the best Campus Notes drop around the chapel about 5:30 P. M., and hear the Glee Club practicing.

Since Christmas the students and friends of the College have enjoyed a series of lectures by several members of the Faculty. Each professor has lectured on some phase of learning in which he is especially interested, and has, consequently, greatly interested his audience. The subjects of the lectures were as follows:

January 13th—"Dickens versus the Best Modern Seller," Dr. W. A. Montgomery.

January 20th—"George Wythe, Statesman, Jurist, Professor," Dr. D. R. Anderson.

January 27th—"Some Properties of Sound Waves," Dr. R. E. Loving.

February 10th—"Democracy—Athenian and American," Dr. W. A. Harris.

A Prohibition League has recently been organized in Richmond College, with W. K. Allen as president, S. A. Jordan as secretary, and R. L. Bausum as treasurer. The object of the
League is to study the question of prohibition from an unbiased standpoint.

The Y. M. C. A. has organized Mission Study Classes, taught by students of the College in each dormitory. In Deland Cottage "India Awakening" is being taught; in Gaines Cottage, "Islam, a Challenge to Faith"; in Whitsitt Hall, "Daybreak in the Dark Continent"; in Central Hall, "Mexico To-Day," and in Memorial Hall, "The Call of the World." Join one of these classes before another week passes.

Hudson and Wyatt, discussing the merits of their respective drawings for the Annual:

Hudson: "I drew a picture of a lady so natural that Hamilton, on passing, tipped his hat."

Wyatt: "Huh! That's nothing. I drew a picture of a hen and threw it in the waste-basket, and it laid there."

Poarch: "I am troubled with insomnia, thinking over my sermons. Do you know a simple remedy?"

Deacon: "Why don't you get up and preach one of them?"

"Rat" Roberts (looking at inverted megaphone on a stack of books): "Say, when do you use that dunce cap?"

Answer: "When the toast-master at the 'Rat' banquet sits down."

Diggs: "I'm not a 'Rat'; I'm a Junior."

Co-ed.: "How did you get to be one?"

Diggs: "I was named for my father."

Miss Spiers (translating Latin D): "What does 'Dono' mean?"

Miss Gray: "Don't know."

C. O. Johnson: "Gentlemen, let me tell you; I 'jest nachely' hate Shakespeare."

Garber: "Well, how much have you read?"

Johnson: "Almost a whole play."
We hardly know what to expect next on Brooke Anderson. The other day he received the offer of three hundred acres of land and $400.00 a year to preach somewhere out in the country. Today he was approached by Jordan, who asked, “Are you really married, as I heard you were?”

The Philologian Hall recently was the scene of a comedy that rivaled the Lyric. The debate was on “Compulsory Education.” The “Sussex Quail” conclusively proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that compulsory education would destroy the foundation of the State by the disastrous spread of contagious germs.

Boyd, with Sophomoric eloquence, pointed out the first system of compulsory education, established by “Joshua, the man who caused the earth to stop revolving.”

Amidst much confusion, Brother Hill arose, and, in a basso-profundo tone, rolled forth, “Gentlemen, I wish to say, in the beginning, that I am an earnest advocate of religion.”

Miss Dillon (reflectively): “It would be awful to flunk the year you graduate, wouldn’t it?”

Newton: “Fraulein, are you going to the Baraca-Philathea Hallowe’en Social on the 14th?”

Garland Harwood (in class meeting, reporting plans for Senior reception to Sophomores): “We are not going to have any elaborate refreshments—that’s a cinch—just cream and cake, and palms.”

The other one (discussing with Combs the relative strength of his eyes): “Are your eyes equally strong?”

Combs: “No.”

Harwood: “Which one is different?”

Of recent date there was a fire in Memorial Hall. The fire department rushed to the scene, and speedily extinguished the cause of alarm. The theory of the combustion is that a sweater was ignited by a warm love letter received by McDaniel that morning.
Pollard (explaining the cause of the fire-works and general celebration of the night previous): "All underneath my table I tried to study."

During the discussion of the "mock" Faculty reception in the Mu Sigma Rho Hall, Diggs rose for information.
"Mr. President, as a new member, I'd like to know if the Faculty takes part in this themselves."

Roberts again (riding on the street-car one cold morning): "Gee, these seats are warm."

**ITEMS FROM THE "RAT BANQUET."**

The fourth annual "Rat Banquet" was held at Murphy's Hotel the evening of the 30th of January. A sumptuous spread, toasts, speech-making in general, and plans for the aftermath prolonged the festivities till late in the night. Towards the "wee sma' hours" a timid, but loyal band of "Rats" returned to the campus to the tune of "Red and Blue." A warm reception, served by the "Sophs.,” awaited the banqueters ere they retired.

Mrs. H——— (to Tiller, pleading to allow him to escort Miss H——— to the banquet): "No, sir; you don't look like a 'Rat.' (O, base delusion; Mrs. H——— was evidently flurried, and didn't look closely.) "I'm not going to let you take my daughter into that mob."

Consequently Tiller went to the banquet without the fair co-ed. assigned to him. We would recommend that hereafter he make his own engagements.

Coach Dobson excused Mustoe from practice the afternoon previous to the banquet, on condition that he would limber up when he returned. We hear that he complied with the condition, and that his coat-tail was spread out in the wind to such an extent that you might play croquet upon it.

---: "Richardson, did you make a speech last night?"
Richardson: "No, I made a talk."
Partridge (giving speech before "Sophs." at 2 A. M.): "We had several courses. The first was a well-known delicacy—namely, oysters, half-opened."

As THE FACULTY SEE Us.

Dr. Metcalf (to Wicker, Jr., handing in his examination paper at the end of the first hour): "Finished?"
Wicker: "Yes, sir."
Dr. Metcalf: "'Yes?' Wrote all you knew, didn't you?"

Dr. Loving (explaining Physics exam.): "The answer to the fifth problem was thirteen seconds. Mr. ——, how near did you come to that?"
———: "The fifth problem."

Fore (in Biology class): "Dr. Olmsted, are the little worms that form the pearls in oysters alive when the pearl is polished?"
Answer: Dead silence.

Dr. Harris (to Greek A class): "Now, please don't show all your ignorance at one time."

Dr. Anderson (patiently waiting outside the class-room while Dr. Montgomery is encroaching on History A period): "I would run him out, but he has too many roots in there."

REFECTORY PSALM OF EXISTENCE.

Let us then be up and chewing,
Struggling always with the meat;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to hold our nose, and eat.

Thus it is with all the dishes;
At every meal it's just the same;
Old hash, liver, and little fishes,
Which really 'tis a shame to name.
"NUTS" AND "OLE LEDDY."
Playing before a packed house, with the galleries filled beyond the danger limit, the "Spiders" and "Yellow Jackets" opened the inter-collegiate basket-ball season on the latter's floor.

Enthusiasm was at red heat. Randolph-Macon, with the sting of defeat from the past foot-ball season staring her in the face, backed by her entire student body, cheering her on, went in to win or die.

Huddled together at one end of the gallery, a small group of "Spider" "rooters," imbued with the spirit of the old "Red and Blue," raised their shrill war-cry above the booming cheers of the Ashlanders.

The whistle blew, and the game was on. "Whirrah!" what a game. A brown ball flashed here, there, toward the Methodists' goal, and Brock, receiving at the end of the play, shot the goal. Immediately Millican followed suit, and the score was two all. Then the game see-sawed back and forth, with no one holding the ball over a second, so great was the defensive work of both sides. The spirit was intense; both teams were rough, yet the play was clean. At the end of the first half we were leading by the small margin of 16 to 14.

With the beginning of the second half the spirit was more intense, if anything. The "Jackets" opened with a whirlwind attack, which piled up a lead of six points before the "Spiders" could head them off. Then, truly, did the "Yellow Jacket" "rooters" make the "welkin ring" with their cheers. But, far above the storm of cheers, could be heard the high war-cry of the "Red and Blue," and the "old come-back" spirit began
to assert itself, with the result that the score was soon tied. In the remaining few minutes of play the game was nip and tuck, with neither team keeping the lead, and at the finish the score was 28 all.

By an agreement between the captains, an extra five minutes of play was allowed to settle the tie.

Here the defensive powers of both teams was shown—not a goal was scored for the first three minutes. However, Heubi, after a pretty piece of dribbling, worked the ball down the floor, and scored, giving us a two-point lead. Ten seconds later Captain Walker made a wonderful goal from the middle of the floor, tying the score. Then the “Jackets” took the lead, when Sheffy threw a foul goal.

With a few second to spare, the “Spiders” worked a perfect play; guard up field, with Satterfield receiving and making the basket. Time was up.

The game was ours, and with it the thought that the team we played took their defeat like gentlemen. Such a game is well worth the winning. The cordial treatment received at the hands of the “Jackets” sets an example which could be emulated by other schools whom the “Spiders” play.

Captain Walker, Sheffy, and Millican were Randolph-Macon’s mainstays, while the entire “Spider” quint played wonderful ball.

UNION THEOLOGICAL, 21; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 32—JAN. 15TH.

The “Preachers,” leading Class A League in the R. A. A. F., and fully confident of licking the “Baptists,” met a stinging defeat when the victory-flushed “Spiders,” in their second game of the season, took the lead at the start and were never headed.

The Theologians’ height made passing difficult, but our superior dribbling and goal-shooting made up for that handicap, and we landed the large end of the score.

The game was fast and rough, yet, on the whole, clean, and furnished plenty of sport.

Hansche, playing right forward for the Seminary, played brilliantly, scoring several difficult goals. Mitchell’s work at guard and the full round work of Heubi furnished the stellar playing for the “Spiders.”
SECOND TEAM.

The second team, with little practice, since Coach Dobson was putting the finishing touches on the 'Varsity, defeated the Blackstone Academy on the latter's floor.

During the first half things were all our way. At the beginning of the second half, Coach Bevile, former Captain of Randolph-Macon, went in to make the game interesting. He succeeded—in fact, he made it most too interesting. The other third of the team, however, became so interested in his goal-throwing that they forgot to watch the "Spider" forwards, and we managed to win by a nose.

Coach Bevile, at forward, was easily the "star" for the Academy, scoring sixteen points during the second half. The "Spider" five, as a whole, played consistently.

HOWITZERS, 29; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 21—JANUARY 22nd.

Having been badly defeated by the "Gunners" in their previous game, the Collegians determined to make a better showing. The game was fast and hard, and well played by both quints, except that in the first half no one on the "Spider" five could locate the basket, and the Artillery men had a 11-point lead by the time the whistle sounded.

In the second half, however, the Collegians took a brace, and the play grew better and better as the game progressed, and in the last few minutes of play we had things all our own; but the rally started too late to overcome the lead, and the game ended with only four goals separating the teams.

Felvey and Lawrence played stellar ball for the Howitzers, while Brock, Captain Leubbert, and Heubi were the stars for the "Spiders."

R. L. I. BLUES, 21; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 43—JANUARY 28TH.

With the Blues out in full force, and the "Spiders" well represented, the opposing teams met for their second game of the season.

The Infantrymen started out to make things interesting,
and succeeded in the first half, the score standing only 15 to 11 in our favor.

But in the second half their lack of condition was apparent, and, in a few minutes, it was seen that it was a matter of how much the "Spiders" could score in the remaining time.

It is to be regretted very much that a good deal of unnecessary roughness was apparent on both sides, and that bad spirit was frequently displayed. Such elements often mar what would otherwise be an inspiring contest, and bring discredit to the participants. Let us hope that in the future nothing of such a disagreeable nature may again occur, and that the good feeling between these institutions may increase, as it has in the past.

Charley Wood's all-round defensive work and Captain Meek's good throwing were the features for the Blues, while Mitchell's and Leubbert's passing and goal-throwing featured for the Collegians.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 16; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 38—JANUARY 31ST.

The "Spiders" further increased their lead for the intercollegiate championship when they defeated the strong Farmville team on the Howitzer floor.

The teams, from the start, appeared to be evenly matched, the ball being in play three minutes before it was caged by the "Spider" captain. However, the "Red and Blue" gradually took the lead, and the first half ended 13 to 6 in our favor.

With the beginning of the second half the "Garnet and Gray" braced, and, by brilliant passing, threw several goals in rapid succession. They were unable to cope with the team work and passing of the "Spiders," however, and gradually the Baptists finished in the lead.

The game was not slow, by any means. The passing was a feature at all times, and, in several instances, the locals pulled off plays in which the Farmville lads had not a look in. Frequent dribbling was resorted to by both teams, the "Spiders" generally caging the ball at the finish, but the Presbyterians seemed unable to locate the basket, often hurling the ball far from the goal. This was due, probably, to the strangeness of the floor.
The supporters of both teams were out in full, the songs and yells keeping the teams on edge at all times.

Clearly a feature of the game was the good sportsmanship exhibited by both sides, the Presbyterians taking their defeat with the spirit that the "Garnet and Gray" is noted for.

Pendleton's work at guard was good, while Sloan played an all-round game.

A glance at the summary will show what a well-balanced team the "Spiders" have, four of the quint making four goals each. This is in accordance with the Dobson rule—no individual star, but a team working as a unit.

**Track.**

With prospects brighter than in several years, the track team has received two serious set-backs. Captain O'Neil, suffering with enlargement of the heart, has been forced to leave the squad. He was the fastest man on last year's relay, and his work this season stamped him as being even better. It is hoped that he may be able to join the squad in the near future, as his return will strengthen the team considerably.

Liggon's case, which has attracted considerable attention in the papers, is deplorable. While at John Marshall High School he ran for the C. C. A. Association, and, under the present ruling of the R. A. A. F. and A. A. W., is ineligible to compete for the College until a year has elapsed. This ruling seems unjust, and it is hoped that it will be set aside, in order that Liggon may compete for his alma mater. If this is not done, athletes in the future will fight shy of joining clubs, which will keep them tied, to speak figuratively, hand and foot.

In the R. A. A. F. meet, January 31st, at the Blues' Armory, the College, while not represented by the main squad, made things interesting, nevertheless.

Durham's work in the high jump was excellent; five feet four inches were cleared, which resulted in a tie between him and Bryan, the crack jumper of the Blues. As this was Durham's first appearance with high jump, it is not improbable that he will be heard from in the future. His winning second in the shot-put stamps him as a "comer" in that event also.
Klevesahl ran a pretty race in the quarter, and finished third. Mercer, in this event, made an excellent showing, while Gardner, though not placing in the half, showed remarkable improvement over his past performances.

The coming Blues–College dual meet, at the Horse Show building, February 7th, is attracting considerable interest. From their past performances, the Blues are counting on winning, but the “Spiders” have a team which can make things hum also.
ALUMNI NOTES.


At this time, when the General Assembly of Virginia is in session, and the new Governor has just been inaugurated, it is very interesting to notice who of the prominent men of our State are alumni of Richmond College. Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson and Attorney-General John Garland Pollard once were students of this institution. Several members of the State Senate are alumni of this College, among whom are the following: Sands Gayle, B. L., '98; G. L. Fletcher, J. B. Watkins, and Mr. Ellyson, of course, as President of the Senate. We find these Richmond College men in the House of Delegates: R. O. Norris, '00; Rosewell Page, J. H. Rew, '01; O. L. Stearnes, M. A., '86; R. H. Willis, Julien Gunn, and Hill Montague, B. L., '94. Hon. A. J. Montague and E. E. Holland, '81, are Representatives from Virginia in the United States Congress. C. W. Coleman, '78, has been appointed as the Norfolk District Judge. R. C. Stearnes, M. A., '87, is the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia, and E. R. Chesterman, '96, and J. H. Binford, '96, are members of the State School Board. Harris Hart, '96, and Frank T. West, '78, are also members of that Board. Dr. Douglas Freeman, '04, is a member of the State Board of Charities, and Dr. Allen W. Freeman, '99, is the Assistant Health Commissioner of Virginia.

Rev. P. S. Ellis, '13, who is now taking his Seminary course at Crozer, was ordained at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Richmond, during the Christmas vacation.

H. A. VanLandingham, '12, is teaching at the Fredericksburg Normal.

Charlie O'Neil, '11, is taking mechanical engineering at the University of Virginia.

Henry Taylor, '11, is doing graduate work at the University of Virginia.

A. F. Robinson, '12, is teaching in the Greenwood High School.

H. H. Seay, '13, is teaching at the Chatham Training School.
Clyde C. Webster, '14.

As all our predecessors in this department, we wonder if the exchanges on the library table are ever read by any students except the editors. We must confess that we have never been guilty of such an act until the present.

On plunging into the pile of exchanges for the first time, we were not without misgivings that it would prove a weariness to the flesh; but, now that we are fairly in, we really find that we have long deprived ourselves of a source, not only of instruction, but even of pleasure. We feel now, for the first time, the great opportunity which one magazine has for helping another through its exchange column. We believe that the object of this column should not be to pick magazines to pieces—not destruction; but to honestly give assistance in building up our sister magazines, and trying to bring about a higher literary standard. With this object in view, we shall endeavor to express an honest opinion about our exchanges, and, though, at times, we may be mistaken, we hope our endeavors will not be in vain.

Looking over the table of contents of this magazine, we are especially struck with the unusual number of stories—seven in all, as compared with one essay, two poems, and an address. "In the Shadow of the Law" and "The Bridle That Broke" are the best, although the title of the latter strikes us as not being very appropriate. The first of these is a story of intense human interest, and holds the reader to the end. It is well constructed, which may also be said of "The Bridle That Broke." "An Abbreviated Captivity" and "A Night in
Camp" are reminiscences, rather than stories, in the modern sense. The former is an entertaining account of a war experience, and impresses us as having a more pleasing style than any other article in the magazine. "Larry and Leprachaun" suggests "Grimm's Fairy Tales." In the essay on "O. Henry" the writer first discusses the element of surprise in his stories. By apt quotations, he shows that this element is not only a characteristic of the end of his stories, like the single crack of a whip; but that successive phrases, even, convey surprise after surprise. The author next asks the question, "Will O. Henry live?" He answers that he will live only as a master of technique, and not as a humorist. He points out that, since O. Henry's humor depends, in the main, upon his use of slang, and since slang is continually changing, succeeding generations will be unable to appreciate him. To us O. Henry's stories are particularly delightful, mainly on account of the surprise element, and, therefore, it is natural that this essay should seem interesting. We only wish there were more essays on the same order. What little poetry there is seems to us to be above the average for college magazines. "On a Visit to the Tar" is fluent, not too mechanical, and well expressed. Let us have more poems! It is also a pleasure to see good editorials, not on some abstract subject, but on matters of vital interest to the student body.

This magazine for January has two features which are not often met with in college publications, and which we would like to see more often. The first of these is the interest taken in the magazine by Freshmen. The two articles written by first-year men, while they could not be called short stories, in the modern sense, show some promise. The second feature is very pleasing. It is a narrative poem of some length, in which the author uses several different rhyme schemes. In spite of the rocking-horse swing and monotony of certain parts, it is one of the best college poems that we have seen. The only regret is that we so seldom see good poems, and especially long ones, in our college magazines. Keep it up! Among the stories, "The Virgin of the Mountain" pleases us the most. It is a dream of China,
and a beautiful Chinese maiden, who is tormented by a villain. The story, while lacking in the Oriental atmosphere, has a good plot. However, it is not climactic enough. While containing an unexpected turn at the end, this is not emphasized; and, not having been sufficiently prepared for it by the author, we had to read it twice before realizing its force. "The Revenge," even more than its name implies, is barbarously brutal. We must confess that it leaves a very repulsive impression. "Manfred," an essay on Byron's drama of that name, brings out the moodiness and unhappiness of the hero, and the probability that Byron is portraying his own dark life in the poem. The magazine needs more good essays.

We are glad to receive exchanges this month from so many of the High Schools of the State. Most of these papers are as yet in their infancy; yet it is good to see the interest which they have aroused in literature, and the worthy standard to which they have already attained. In our opinion, the school magazine is one of the most valuable instruments which a school possesses for training its students in the appreciation of literature. We are continually striving for higher standards in our school system, and in recent years great strides have been made. And, to our mind, this improvement is shown in no way more than by the fact that so many schools are publishing such good magazines. As a means of improving these publications, we suggest that more attention be given to short, pithy editorials on matters of immediate interest to the student body. Moreover, we would like to see better and more clear-cut stories. In the first place, try to work out an original plot. In the next place, do not try to string out a confusing mass of details on your plot, but select only the most important. On of the great problems of a painter is what not to paint. If he put in every little detail, the portrait would be a hopeless jumble. The same is true of story-writing. Select the most important incidents, and arrange them in climactic order. Then write your story around these incidents; and, what is of great importance, be sure you stop when you get through. Some of the verse
and stories which we have seen are very commendable. There are also some good essays. One of the best things which we have seen is the page of cartoons in the John Marshall Record. These are drawn by one of the students, and reflect, in a most interesting way, the life of the school. We wish that more magazines would follow this example. On the whole, we see every reason to congratulate the high schools on their magazines, but they must not forget that there is an immense amount of room for improvement. Do not rest on what you have done, but strive always for a higher standard. If you do this, you will come out on top.
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