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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XL.

MAY, 1914.

No. 8

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## SONNET.


*Clyde Webster, '14.*

The things we've out-grown, when the time draws nigh  
To leave the old for the long-dreamed-of new,  
Seem to assume a strangely different hue.  
Dearer they grow; and not without a sigh  
Of secret sorrow, nor without the eye  
Half-dimmed for things about to fade—as through  
The vistas of our memory, we view  
The pleasant past—do we break the tie.  
Dear College, with thy dingy, time-stained walls,  
Thy campus, and its venerable trees,  
Can we forget the happy memories  
Of friendships formed within thy classic halls?  
Whate'er, old College, be our final goals,  
Thy memory is woven in our souls.



## LEST WE FORGET.

C. H. Ryland, '56, Secretary.

HE management of THE MESSENGER is wise in incorporating in this issue at least a partial chronology of Richmond College. As time sweeps on, and we enter upon enlarged plans, in a new home, we are apt to forget the struggles of the fathers in devising and planting *alma mater*. Looking back as we journey is always helpful. If we have made mistakes, we can correct them; if we have met with success, there will come encouragement.

The object of the following notes is not to give a complete history, but to chronicle enough of the past to incite gratitude to God, and to the toilers who have preceded us, and to stimulate a wholesome desire to build worthily on the foundation so well laid. Kipling's poem, "Lest We Forget," embodies a sentiment that should be cherished.

*Richmond College* was city planned, but country born. At an early morning hour, June 5, 1830, some far-seeing members of Baptist churches of Virginia met in the city of Richmond, and organized "*The Virginia Baptist Education Society*." Their object was to provide for the education of men who might wish to enter the Christian ministry—"to enable them with greater success to preach the gospel of Christ."

Two schools were started—one located in Powhatan county and one in Henrico county. After a brief experience, these schools were drawn together into the "Virginia Baptist Seminary," and located on "Spring Farm," in Henrico county, on the Hermitage road, about four and a half miles northeast of Richmond. Rev. Robert Ryland, A. M., was elected President, and entered upon his duties July 4, 1832. His salary was \$500.00 and board for his family. He had one assistant. The first session there were fourteen students and the second twenty-six.

The Seminary was then opened for general patronage, and into its open door were welcomed "all moral youth."

The farm contained only the usual buildings and equipment.



These were improved for the comfort of the officers and students. Following the custom of the day, the students were employed, for a part of their time, to work the farm, and were paid by the hour. In those days modern athletics were unknown. "Fans and Fannies" had not been heard of, but both healthy exercise and pocket money were won in the field and by the "sweat of the brow." The curriculum embraced English studies, Latin and Greek, with theology as an optional or elective study.

In December, 1833, the management sold "Spring Farm," and bought "Columbia," the suburban home of Mrs. Clara Haxall, for \$9,000.00, "combining healthfulness, beauty, and convenience." Six acres more were soon added, in order to continue the "manual labor" system. The entire property, as then enlarged, measured fifteen acres, and on this site the College has continued to this day. A chronicler of the period records that great relief was experienced by the change from the lonely country to the location nearer "the city, the churches, the markets."

This fine property was steadily improved, the faculty was enlarged, students increased, and an endowment began to take shape.

*Richmond College* was chartered March 4, 1840, and the "Seminary," having fulfilled its purpose, passed out of existence. It had done fine preparatory work, under Dr. Ryland, and its memory will ever remain green in the hearts of those who revere the past.

Under a college charter the school went steadily on, but, as Prof. H. H. Harris declared, President Ryland was too honest a student and instructor to begin the graduation of young men until they were thoroughly prepared. Hence the first commencement was postponed till 1849. In that year the A. B. degree was conferred on Poindexter S. Henson and Josiah Ryland. It was a joyous event, and gave encouragement to the builders of the College and the friends of education.

It was not until the third decade had passed that the great war cloud cast its shadow over the institution and it received its first serious check. When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, the College was rapidly growing into prominence. "The little one had become a thousand." An endowment of \$100,000.00



had been secured; the main edifice was partially completed; an experienced and scholarly faculty filled its chairs, and buoyancy and pride mantled the hearts of a wide constituency. When the war ended, in 1864, all was changed. The Trustees found themselves with desolated grounds, defaced buildings, and broken apparatus. The library had been carried off by Federal soldiers, and there was left only a very small remnant of the endowment. "Everything else had been swept away." The venerated President, who had toiled with unremitting industry and fidelity for more than thirty years, felt that he could not undertake the difficult task of rehabilitation, and resigned his position. Gloom, over-dashed hopes, filled many hearts. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and a spark struck in 1866 flashed through the entire State. When the Baptist General Association convened in Richmond, in June of that year, with great enthusiasm it was resolved to "rise and build."

Mr. James Thomas led the movement for money with a gift of \$5,000.00, and very soon plans were completed for re-opening the institution. October, 1866, witnessed a renewal of the work. Ninety students matriculated, under a new, well-chosen faculty, and friends set about raising \$75,000.00 for endowment.

Rev. Tiberius Gracchus Jones was elected President, but resigned after a brief term, and the Trustees followed the example of the University of Virginia, and inaugurated the plan of faculty management through a chairman. This system was conducted by Prof. Bennett Puryear for a number of years, and then, for a shorter period, by Prof. H. H. Harris. Meantime the Trustees took more direct and immediate control in the various departments.

In 1873 the General Association of Baptists came again to the relief of the College, and inaugurated the movement to add \$300,000.00 to the endowment and to complete the main edifice. In 1880 the library building (south wing) was erected. In 1877 an addition of about five acres of land was added to the campus. This land cost \$24,000.00, and the improvement, together with the opening of the streets leading up to and encircling the College, added greatly to the appearance



and convenience of the location. Following these improvements, professors' residences and a boarding hall for students were erected. Gifts increased. Everything seemed to go forward except patronage and internal development. This was noticed and deplored. The Trustees attacked the problem with courage and wisdom, and pressed inquiry into conditions, with the view of greater development. They became convinced that the system under which the College was living was not a vigorous one, and resolved to return to the presidency.

*Prof. F. W. Boatwright was elected President, and inaugurated June 18, 1895.* He at once began a vigorous administration. New men were introduced into the Faculty, and the College felt a fresh impulse. A dormitory and a Hall of Science were erected. Women were admitted to the degrees of B. A., B. S., and M. A., on the same conditions as apply to men. The first session three women were received.

Dr. Robert Ryland died in 1889, and the building erected during his administration was named "Ryland Hall," to "perpetuate his noble deeds and splendid character."

When the Memorial Building was erected in 1899, by order of the Trustees, a fire-proof hall was included, as a memorial to "Our Baptist Fathers," and to serve as a repository for the preservation of the archives of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society.

The Law School of the College was projected in the year 1867. Its fortunes varied for several years. It was placed on a safe footing by Mr. Thomas C. Williams, Sr., and his family, who endowed it in 1889, and have nurtured it by generous gifts. The school bears the honored name of this devoted Trustee and benefactor.

The expanding work of the College drew the attention of the Trustees, and in 1894 the Committees on Finance and Grounds and Buildings were authorized "to buy, subject to the approval of the Board, enough land for a College campus at some point west of the present location." This resolution produced no fruit, however, till renewed by President Boatwright, in June, 1908. Under the pressure of his recommendation, a committee was at once appointed, who, at the annual meeting in 1908, brought



in a report favoring the removal of the College to a new site. Land was tendered at Westhampton, which was increased by purchase, and it was resolved to sell the present site and erect buildings for two colleges, one for men and one for women, at that place. Since that time the cry has been "Ho! for Westhampton," and the energies of the Trustees, and all the means they could raise, have been concentrated on the new work.

It is proposed to occupy the new site in September, 1914.

When Robert Burns, Scotland's great bard, moved his residence to Ellisland, near Dumfries, in response to sentiment, which ever burned on the altar of his heart, he seized upon an almost obsolete custom, and required Elizabeth Smith (his servant) to take the family Bible and a bowl of salt, and place the one on the other, and carry them to the new house, and walk into it before any other person. He himself, with his wife, followed little Betty, the Bible, and the salt, and so took possession of the new home.

For more than forty years I have been serving the institution and the denominational family it represents, and I feel it will not be considered amiss if I suggest that the formality of the opening at Westhampton include a revival of this unique old Scottish ceremony—that some servant of the corporation be commissioned to bear through the open portal of the new home a copy of the Bible, which is the source-book of all true wisdom, and a bowl of salt, representing the preserving grace of God, while a proud and rejoicing throng of officers, faculty, students, and other representatives of the great family of interested friends, shall take possession of the Temple of Learning in the name of our Lord.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

*Richmond College, May, 1914.*



## THE OLD COLLEGE IN ITS NEW HOME.

*Prof. R. E. Gaines.*

**I**T would not be unnatural if, amid our rejoicing over the prospects of a greater College, with larger resources and a wider outlook, there should be some of the alumni and friends of the institution who feel a little touch of sadness as they think of the tearing down of the College as they knew it. But is it any more than tearing down a few buildings, most of which needed to be removed anyway?

The truth is, we leave nothing of value behind. Most of the buildings are by no means modern, and some of them are actually in a state of dilapidation. The campus, which has become an exceedingly valuable piece of property, is to be given up; but it has been, for years, wholly inadequate, and, moreover, it will reappear in the new spacious campus, the splendid buildings and equipment to which we go.

On the other hand, nearly everything that the name "Richmond College" stands for—and it stands for more with each passing decade—we take with us to the new home. Even the students of former years, who associate the College with the present antiquated buildings, will recognize this, and will feel that it is the same College—that it is still their College—only grown stronger and richer, and enjoying a larger atmosphere; and their love and loyalty, re-kindled and strengthened, will be even a greater asset than it was before.

The campus and buildings, which attract the attention of the passer-by, do not constitute the College, but are only the shell. The College consists of something far more precious than things material—it consists of habits, and standards, and traditions, and ideals, and potentialities, and, above all, of a certain intellectual and social and spiritual atmosphere which gives it its individuality, and makes it a shaping influence in the lives of the students, and a force in society. It is this spirit, this living thing, that we love; and it is this that we take with us to the new home.

At the opening of the next session the College will have a



plant worth a million and a quarter, and will have over a million in invested funds. But we need to keep clearly in mind that this is by no means all that the College has. One might think that any group of men who had two and a quarter millions of dollars could build an institution just as good. But it would only be a home for an institution. The institution itself must grow through the coming years. A college is like a character—it is a growth. And for this the time element is essential. You cannot grow a grove of stately oaks around your house over night.

In building a college there is not only this time element, which is essential, but there is always doubt in the beginning as to what will be the quality of its inner life. Whether it is a character or a college that you are building, it makes a great deal of difference whether it has grown in the right or wrong direction. In the case of Richmond College, the character of its ideals has already been settled, which not only makes the past secure, but goes far towards securing the future also; for the very reason that we are not building a new college, but a new home for the dear old College.

## TO R. C. V.

*H. D. Coghill.*

O loyal sons! Sing of *alma mater*;  
How she was nobly born of brains and brawn,  
Of wealth and strength of men; full well endowed  
With hope and faith of our forefathers true;  
How blest by love and leal of many sons,  
And full of years, now stands upon the brink  
Of a new age. The ebb and flow of months,  
And tide of years, have come and gone, with their  
Annals of noble deeds and constant service;  
Years full of fame of men who lived and worked  
Within those walls, and learned to love them well;  
And left behind the impress of their souls,  
As they went forth to bear a sacred spark  
From a celestial fire to needs of home,  
And state, and nation, and lands across the seas.



## SOME MEMORIES OF THE EIGHTIES.

*Evan R. Chesterman.*

**S**OME men—and all women—are inclined to get shy when asked to indulge in reminiscences which reach too far back into the past. While not peculiarly afflicted with this particular form of weakness, I confess I was a little startled when invited by the editor of THE MESSENGER to write my earlier recollections of Richmond College. Acceptance of the invitation meant a “harking back” to the fall of 1886, which is no short while ago. But what’s the difference? An honest, seemingly voluntary confession is better, after all, than the revelations made by gray hairs and a head which, if not altogether bald, at least fares uncomfortably in fly time.

So here’s my contribution, which is offered, at least, with the soothing assurance that the College had alumni far older than myself. Moreover, this chronicler in 1886 was only sixteen. When he first came under the benign influence of his *alma mater*, in September of the year mentioned, he was a recent graduate of the old Richmond High School, which then offered only a three-year course. Wise heads had previously decided that the lank, blonde youth in question, after finishing the public schools, should “go to college.” The object of these family deliberations himself was too young to have any fixed ideas on any subject. His attitude was one of assumed indifference, for at sixteen one—especially if a high school graduate—loves to assume a *blasé* attitude.

Deep down in the heart of the prospective “rat” was just one thing that caused him a sort of secret excitement, mingled with no little uneasiness. That one thing was the belief and the fear that the older college students would haze or “buck” him unmercifully. Such things had happened before in the brief experience of the lank blonde youth, and why not again? So he persuaded his father to accompany him to the institution on its opening day. With such a strong ex-Confederate body guard the high school graduate felt perfectly safe; indeed, he was as-



tonished, and somewhat chagrined, to observe that nobody took the slightest notice of his advent. The campus, in fact, seemed about the safest place in Christendom.

A distinct shock came, however, when a full-grown man, equipped with a full-grown moustache, and evidently a person in authority, asked the timid sixteen-year-old if he "wanted to matriculate." The question was rendered especially embarrassing by the fact that the new-comer hadn't the least idea whether or not he did actually wish to matriculate, since he didn't at all know the meaning of the word, and had never heard it before. On general principles, however, he declared that he did "want to matriculate," whereupon he was ushered into the presence of an individual seated before a table, who asked several questions, exacted some sort of cash deposit, and concluded the performance by procuring the signature of the tremulous new-comer.

Thus it was that this chronicler became a student of Richmond College, and, in a way, put aside childish thoughts to enter upon a period of good, honest study. And here it may be mentioned incidentally that his first step in the way of research work was to look up the meaning of the word "matriculate."

Neither in a physical nor in a scholastic way was the Richmond College of 1886 what it is to-day. In the first place, the seat of the institution then marked the extreme western limits of the city—the municipal "*ultima Thule*." Immediately west of it—right across the road, so to speak—stretched a huge drab field of broom-straw, which reached from Broad street almost to Cary. That part of this land which may now be described as lying between Broad and Grace streets—it has since been cut down about eight or ten feet—was used as a circus ground. The music from the shows, not infrequently appearing there, proved maddeningly distracting, and, for the nonce, knocked out all thoughts of such ancient dignitaries as Virgil, Homer, Charlemagne, Chaucer, Shakespeare, *et als*. Worse still, one, by peeping out of the windows, could even catch glimpses of the weather-beaten canvas, or see the outer fringe of circus wagons. Is it any wonder if our thoughts wandered in the face of such temptations, or that wary professors could catch us when our minds were a thousand miles from the text?



Directly south of the campus was an open field, which then lay several feet below Franklin street. City dump carts, even then, were filling parts of this land, in anticipation of the westward trend of human-kind. The realty now occupied by Stuart Circle Hospital, as well as a good deal of land east of it, furnished a garden or miniature farm for Prof. Bennett Puryear. One year he raised strawberries. This I shall never forget, for it took all my strength of character to keep from climbing the fence after them.

On the west side of the present Lombardy street, between what are now Monument and Park avenues, was the old Richmond base-ball park, which was bounded on the south by the ancient Scuffletown road, a dusty thoroughfare that meandered through a sparsely-settled po'-white suburb into the leafy countryside.

What there was of west Broad street in that day was hideous and village-like in the matter of stores and habitations. The city limits, if I mistake not, then ended at the road which since has become Lombardy street. One hundred yards or so beyond the corporate line, however, was an unpretentious building of prime importance to collegians. It was the store of Mrs. M. A. Keil, a considerate and gracious German-American lady who sold candies and other eatables. This establishment was known as "Madame's," and thither we were wont to repair as often as our limited means allowed. Mrs. Keil knew and liked us all, and was never shocked by our voracity. She seemed to understand that the collegiate "bread basket" was a sort of bottomless pit. Then, too, our nickels apparently added materially to her means. If memory does not deceive me, she accumulated considerable property through the medium of our appetites.

"Madame's" place still survives the ravages of time. It is the brick building, No. 1520, almost directly opposite the engine house. To say that sweet memories cluster about the building is to speak the literal truth.

The old-time campus of Richmond College will always start my mind into a delicious train of thought. It wasn't the least bit "cityfied" in 1886, and whispered with the voices of scores of trees which long since have disappeared. Several stately



pinces—the last of their coniferous species in Richmond—helped to add to the symphony in green, while there were locusts, too, and a moribund orchard on the west. All this, mind you, was before the Science Hall or the Broad street dormitory had been built—yea, even before the present mess hall and professors' residences had been put up. Ah! those were the days when one could swing a cat around by the tail without smiting a fellow-man—the days of space and lavishness in land, when real estate booms were lightly thought of, and there was room enough for all.

It is a small matter, but, for the sake of history, I record it. The holly tree, on the east side of the campus, between Franklin and Grace streets, apparently was as large in 1886 as it is at present. One bleak February day this chronicler "cut" Latin in order that he might shoot with his "trusty" gravel-shooter at the many robins that had gathered in the holly. There was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in that remote period, but, even had there been, it could not have established a case against this offender, since every robin shot at escaped unscathed. Still, the fun of making targets of them greatly exceeded the intellectual blacksmithing required of those who attended the Latin class.

When I first went to college foot-ball was just beginning to show its gory, towseled head in the educational world, and my *alma mater* wasn't the least bit interested in it. But we had base-ball a-plenty, and all sorts of "projickings" with up-shoots and down-shoots and out-curves and in-curves. Our chief—and, too frequently, successful—rival on the diamond, was the Randolph-Macon team, which often came down from Ashland. How I loathed those athletic Methodists—leastwise when they trounced our nine! On the days we won, however, I thought they were fine, gentlemanly, sportsman-like chaps.

Lawn tennis also was popular during my freshman year, but the great game with the ministerial students was croquet. They seemed to dote on it. One could hear the balls cracking together in every direction, and the excitement over a close contest was positively spectacular. The late Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, then and for years afterwards a prominent figure in the college life, was particularly fond of croquet, and often tried



his hand with the knights of the mallet. As a youngster, I regarded this pastime with supreme contempt, since it jeopardized neither life nor limb, and offered few possibilities of tragedy. To-day, in an issue between croquet and foot-ball, I would stuff the ballot-box rather than vote for foot-ball.

*Apropos* of ministerial students—and a stalwart, mentally robust band they were in my collegiate days—I hope I do not offend when I state that, in the last half of the eighties, they were almost invariably called “Jaspers” by their class-mates. And I likewise hope I do not add insult to injury when I say that, according to my understanding, the term was conceived by some wag who had in mind the Rev. John Jasper, the quaint old negro minister of “Sun-Do-Move” fame.

Just when Jasper began preaching his absurd sermon I do not know. He was born July 4, 1812, and died March 30, 1901, the night the Jefferson Hotel was burned. From what old newspaper men tell me I gather that the reporters first began noticing this worthy ebon divine about five or ten years before I entered College. To be compared with the Rev. John Jasper is by no means the worst compliment one might suffer, as he was a devout, earnest Christian, of astonishing native eloquence and obvious sincerity. An estimate of his character appearing in the *Religious Herald* of April 11, 1901, shows the respect in which he was held by Dr. Hatcher.

But to return to our mutton—the Richmond College “Jaspers” as this chronicler knew them. They were a sturdy, good-natured set, quite willing to take a joke, and equally as ready to crack one occasionally, yet but little given to “fooling.” Tremendous earnestness of purpose was theirs. They had no time to lose, and no money to spare. Life’s frivolities could not deflect them from their chosen paths. They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but forged steadily ahead. Often their way was beset with difficulties innumerable, yet nothing daunted them.

Most of the “Jaspers” of the “eighties” came from the rural districts, and some of these students seemed startlingly old to me. Boy that I still was, I could not get used to their moustaches, or to the apparently unconquerable whiskers which, in



the absence of regular shaving days, rioted over the faces of many of them.

Another thing about a large contingent of the "Jaspers" impressed me as most incongruous. Dozens of them, though twenty or more years old, were in the "prep." classes. Early educational and pecuniary opportunities had not come their way. In 1886 I doubt if there were fifteen high schools in Virginia. To-day there are nearly five hundred. Under the circumstances, the old time "Jasper" of the rural districts necessarily came to college mentally raw, and often-times almost uncouth. The other students, of course, had their fun at the expense of the "greenies," but it didn't last long. Each month's work helped to rub off the moss and the hayseed from the rustics, and, by the end of their first session, these persistent plodders usually were well on the road to learning. The metamorphosis, indeed, was wonderful. To me, too, it was inspiring, for, up to that time, I had never really seen men work for what they got, nor had I previously witnessed the Jasperian system of packing knowledge into the human cranium.

It goes without saying that few students, whether "Jaspers" or not, remained many months at College without acquiring a nick-name. No matter how quiet or reserved the new-comer might be, some humorously-inclined observer would detect a mannerism, an idiosyncrasy, or a peculiarity in the "rat's" dress, and evolve from the discovery a *sobriquet* of peculiar appropriateness. Frequently these nick-names revealed the keenest conceivable insight into character. I have known monosyllables to be almost photographic in their suggestiveness.

It need hardly be added that the professors, one and all, likewise had their nick-names, though one applied these with bated breath, and always at a safe distance from the class-rooms. We assumed that our learned instructors knew nothing about our jokes at their expense, though I have since had occasion to suspect that their innocence was far from being so Arcadian as we imagined. Certain it is that not one college professor in a hundred, be he ever so respected, escapes the penalty of a nick-name, though the *sobriquet* is generally guarded as a dark secret, supposedly known only to the student body.



*Apropos* of this, it affords me pleasure to say here that, in all my years at Richmond College, I saw only one or two instances of actual discourtesy or disrespect shown by students towards their professors. And these offences, in large measure, were due to thoughtlessness or partial ignorance. Persons who transgressed in the manner indicated enjoyed scant sympathy—in fact, were almost outlawed, for the relationship between the members of the faculty and the student body was close and affectionate.

As a youngster fresh from the public schools, where discipline was necessarily severe, I long marveled at the easy fashion in which the instructors managed their classes, and at the magnificent results accomplished by those at whose feet we sat. The College, in short, had a kind of automatic discipline, or rather the ethics of the institution were such that every man was put on his honor and on his mettle.

Some of us were more thick-headed than others, but, on the whole, we all did our level best to master our studies and to make a good showing in class. This does not mean, however, that we failed to make extra preparations for the occasions when we had reason to believe that the professors were going to “ride” us. To tell the truth, we tried very hard to get a line on the days when we were likely to be quizzed, nor were we too proud, in cramming for examinations, to “bone up” on those parts of the text likely to figure in the questions.

It was a sort of religious duty with us to laugh and applaud uproariously at the class-room jokes of the members of the faculty. Approbation on our part was expressed by a mighty stamping of feet and by a tremendous rattling of benches. And the more noise we made on such occasions the better the professors liked it. The jokes which came from our learned preceptors were repeated year after year, and usually applied to some particular part of the text that we were covering. We knew them long in advance of the day they were sprung, but this in no wise affected our seeming hilarity. To have sat mute at such times, or to have failed to chortle, would have been *lese majeste* of the worst sort. And then, too, we really laughed with spontaneity, since it tickled us to think that we were deluding the professors by



our pretended delight at *bon mots* that were common talk on the campus. Doubtless the same thing goes on at every college to-day; certainly I hope this mild species of fraud has not passed into oblivion.

Never shall I forget the day we conspired to "put one over" on Prof. L. N. Hasseleff, our instructor in modern languages. The Charleston earthquake, of August, 1886, had made him nervous about a recurrence of similar seismic phenomena. Somehow we found out about his apprehensions, and determined to give him a scare. And so, at a preconcerted signal, we all began moving our legs in unison beneath the desks. The loose planks responded most happily, and the effect was truly startling. Somebody called Professor Hasseleff's attention to the shaking floors, and, in an awed whisper, we heard him exclaim, "*Le tremblement de terre, le tremblement de terre.*" For a minute or so he was quite alarmed, as he well had reason to be, but our smiles quickly convinced him that he was the victim of a practical joke. He took it beautifully, for he had a keen sense of humor, and thought his *garçons* incapable of doing any wrong.

When this writer's name was first listed among the students of his *alma mater* little or no effort had been made to standardize colleges, and all Southern institutions were loose in their entrance requirements. Nobody knew anything about "units" at that time, and a new student was given a chance in almost any class he wished to try. But he was apt to find himself in deep water if he aspired too high, for, whatever else may be said, they certainly made us work in those days.

"Intermediate math." at that period, was one of the horrors of the curriculum, and without this dose of exact science no man could get even an A. B. degree. One might evade Greek by taking French and German, but that "intermediate math." was the Damoclean sword which hung over the heads of all.

The "Jaspers," one and all, went in for Greek, which, under Prof. H. H. Harris, was an immensely popular study. As for Prof. Edmund Harrison's Latin, that also had to come to all, nor was it easy sailing, even for the most brilliant. The way he made us parse was shocking, nor could we ever tell where his interrogatory lightnings were going to strike. To this day I shudder when I think of Latin subjunctives, of whimsical gerunds



and gerundives, and of "cum" clauses with their ever-varying moods. Yet I never fail to rejoice at the mental disciplining I then underwent, or at the splendid moral principles instilled into our classes by Prof. Harrison.

College work, like all other branches of education, has undergone radical changes since my *alma mater* first knew me, and the elective system of to-day is supposed to have brought about a most desirable improvement. It will, however, take a heap of persuasion to convince me that the hard-and-fast curricula of olden times produced weaker graduates than those who now receive diplomas. There is much to be said on each side of the question, but we of the yester years, at least, should be indulged if we cling to the ideas which crystallized in our youth. For my part, I am an educational progressive, much given to retrospection, and every time a change is wrought in our institutions of learning I prove a true Missourian. They have to "show me" before I accept the new order of things.

Last of all, I wish to say that I both rejoice and grieve when I remember that my *alma mater* is to "move" next fall. Moving time always brings sadness, especially to those who have reached that period in life when they look back quite as often as they look forward.

While I "vibrate sympathetically" at every suggestion which means improvement and increased usefulness for Richmond College, I likewise cling fondly to the memories that cluster around its present plant. Every tree and every blade of grass on the old campus is dear to me. My people attended lectures at Richmond College long before I gnawed on the learning it offered, and, since the day I bade it adieu, three babies of mine have gone thither in their perambulators to enjoy its green-sward and scholarly atmosphere. These youngsters, if they develop into collegiate material, will attain the land of wisdom by the Westhampton route, while, in all probability, a stuffy, conventional type of city residences will arise on the spot where their father so timidly "matriculated" nearly twenty-eight years ago.

Well, so let it be. The world must move. Moreover, my *alma mater*, in her Westhampton finery—despite her respect-compelling maturity—will be the loveliest and the sprightliest *débutante* in Henrico county.

## FIVE YEARS AFTER.

*G. A. Jordan, '14.*

Indeed, my friend, the spot where now we stand,  
Here at the corner of this splendid pile  
Of masonry, the dear old chapel stood.  
Just here the rostrum, where so oft we heard  
Strong words that thrilled us, and inspired us on  
To deeds of daring. You remember well  
Those days. Now look at yonder busy swell  
Of traffic. See this crazy headlong rush.  
Not here to-day the earnest student seeks  
To store his mind with learning's living wealth,  
But, rather, misers strive their purse to fill  
With earthly gold, stamped with worldly die.  
But yonder comes the car. You'll go with me;  
We'll track the College to its new abode.



## REMINISCENCES.

*W. C. James, D. D., '93.*

**I** HAVE been asked to write something of a reminiscential character for THE MESSENGER, and this, in view of the fact that we are hastening on to the close of the session 1913-'14, when the old College will abandon the site it has occupied for seventy years or more, for more capacious quarters and pretentious surroundings at Westhampton.

I encounter two difficulties in writing. The first is that the College is now in the process of moving to its new location. That fact causes me to stop almost as often as I begin to write. "Is it possible," I ask, "that the College will move? Can it be that the present campus and buildings are to be no longer used for the purpose to which they have been consecrated for so many years?" The somewhat sad, but conclusive answer to that question is to be found in the signs of the real estate agents, which have been conspicuous for many months on the College campus, and in the stately buildings already completed on the new site, while others are rapidly approaching completion. The College is going to move. And even those of us who advocated the change feel a little heaviness of heart as we see the old order changing, giving place to the new.

The other difficulty consists in the embarrassment caused by the abundance of material. Richmond College made a profound impression upon me during the four years of my college life. Those were full years—full of work and of play, full of hopes and fears, full of association with noble men, with queenly women, and—the truth must be told—with pretty girls. Everything at Richmond College now was there twenty-five years ago, either in a well-developed or nascent state. But, during my days, we had one organization on the campus which has ceased to exist. It was known as the Magazine Club, and was composed, in large measure, of the faculty, their wives and daughters. We reported on the articles in various magazines for an hour or so, and the rest of the evening was con-



sumed in ice-cream and cake and in playing "Jenkins up." We met once a week, and the training received in the club has proved invaluable to me. Unfortunately, the feeling at that time between fraternity and non-fraternity men was at white heat—thus robbing the literary societies of much of the service which otherwise they could have rendered the student body.

During my first year at College—the fall of 1887—the present refectory and gymnasium building was opened. Prior to that time the students ate in the north-east basement corner of Ryland Hall, which burned four years ago. The opening of the new building was hailed with delight by faculty and students, and was signalized by a supper of rare quality and bounty, at which Professor Harris presided and Dr. W. E. Hatcher convulsed us with one of his inimitable speeches. At that time the physical training of the students was a new thing, and it is rather amusing now to think of a squad of the boys brought before the Trustees at the semi-annual meeting in February, after dinner in the refectory, to give an exhibition with wands, Indian clubs, and dumb-bells, under the supervision of the youthful instructor, now the President of the College. It is needless to say that the Trustees looked on with interest, admiration, and approval, as much so as an enthusiast now witnesses a game on the diamond or gridiron.

The boys played pranks then as now. It was sleighing season, and a handsome sleigh, being disabled near the College, was drawn by the owner to the corner of Ryland and Franklin streets, his purpose being to remove it the following morning. The morning came, and with it the owner, but the sleigh was not there. Looking around, it was soon descried sitting on the very top of Deland Cottage—serene, dignified, and secure. Some of the boys, by night, had gone after it, and, by means of ropes, had drawn it to that elevation, as quietly as Wolfe and his men climbed the Heights of Abraham. Professor Puryear, at that time, was Chairman of the Faculty, and, seeing the sleigh on the roof, remarked that it gave Deland Cottage the appearance of a livery stable. One of the students, now a successful physician, quickly replied, "That's right, Professor, and the *ponies* are on the inside." Very few college boys need to be told what a *pony* is.



In the chapel of Richmond College I heard sermons and addresses, the memory and influence of which will never fade. The four commencement preachers of my day were J. W. Carter, the lisping orator from West Virginia; M. B. Wharton, then of Norfolk; B. H. Carroll, of Texas, and George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia. To this day I remember well their texts, many things they said, and the impression produced on the audience, particularly by the sermons of Drs. Carter and Boardman. When Dr. Boardman had finished speaking, J. C. Hiden remarked that it was the greatest sermon he had heard since A. B. Brown passed away.

There were also great addresses from Dr. Elder, of New York, and E. G. Robinson, of Brown University. Dr. John Peddie, also of Philadelphia, delivered an address of rare beauty and power, his theme being "The Power of Girded Thought." Dr. J. L. M. Curry, while Minister to Spain, and on a furlough home, addressed the students—or, rather, read his speech—his official position making it necessary for him, so he said, to be careful in his utterances. But Curry tied to a manuscript was like an eagle caged. The greatest address, though, that I heard during my College days, was by Dr. F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore, on "Christianity's Appeal to Regenerated Manhood." How eloquent he was—spontaneously so—and what an actor!

Some years ago two gentlemen from the South were visiting Harvard for the first time. One of them seemed to be particularly interested in the campus and the various buildings which adorned it. The other appeared not so much concerned about the material equipment, but expressed a strong desire to see Eliot, Goodwin, Toy, Lyon, and other members of the faculty, who had given Harvard her fame.

The campus and buildings of Richmond College are dear to every student of the institution, and there is not one who would not wish to see the campus preserved as a park or play-ground for the city. But, more than either campus or buildings, do we think of the princely men who taught in Richmond College, and gave to it a character which time can never efface. Perhaps no institution of learning in America has had such an array of men in its faculty as Richmond College had from the close of the

Civil War, in 1865, to the re-organization of the College, in 1894. Some professors are fine scholars, but poor men. On the other hand, some are poor scholars, but fine men.

An accomplished gentleman recently remarked, in the writer's presence, that it was easier to produce a scholar than to grow a man. But the distinguishing feature about the men who taught in Richmond College during the three decades following the Civil War was that they possessed an unusually high average of scholarship and personal power. Name them over, and, while some surpassed others in gifts and in attainments, yet there was not an anæmic character among them: A. B. Brown, J. L. M. Curry, C. H. Thurston, W. D. Thomas, E. B. Smith, Edmund Harrison, John Pollard, Bennett Puryear, and H. H. Harris. Other institutions may have had their equals, but certainly not their superiors. And, as the time draws near when the College shall leave its present site, when the present buildings shall be demolished, and others take their places, we think affectionately of the strong and gifted men who taught there, and gave the College a secure place among its sister institutions.



## FLOW ON!

*Robert L. Bausum, '17.*

Fair College

'Tis to thee; and if this idle song shall sound a curfew in some heart,  
Or sound the echoing matin bell  
Across another's mist-dimmed dell,  
May it with thee a solemn hope or memory impart.  
Rich, grassy spot; ye sentinel trees,  
Where spring-time's truant shower and breeze  
Are doubly glad to fancies please,  
Inviting swelling buds to ope.

Dear campus,

Happy, glad, and beautiful though all thy life might be,  
Not all the flowers that Nature grew  
Could, with their myriad colored hue,  
Give that rich fragrance known to you;  
A fragrance not of sense and time, but one of memory.  
There stately steps have loved to roam,  
There care-free college youths have gone,  
There sportive children found a home,  
Beneath each sacred tree.

Oh, nameless thrill;

A part of what was best and truest 'mong those storied walls;  
A spirit that declines to rest  
Within the cold, unsinging breast,  
By rude formality oppressed;  
But ever from a lower to a higher level calls.  
Tell me, that I may write,  
And, as a brief memorial, dedicate  
Some tablet to recall that fading light;  
That which was sweetest all.

Blest, happy child,  
 Thrice blessed in innocent's uncultured youth,  
 Be happy now, e'er that stern teacher, Time,  
 Shall crush thy imagery and silence all thy rhyme,  
 And with instruction's knife dissect thy quivering life to teach  
 thee truth.

Some day the pansied flower will fall,  
 And golden grain, so rich and tall,  
 Shall lure thy life into the thrall  
 Of sun-scorched harvests—paths uncouth.

Dear College!

As the little child its narrow, spotless life outgrows,  
 So thou, through many years—  
 How often bathed in smiles and tears!  
 Have beckoned through Life's orchard down the apple-laden rows,  
 Till, as the distance farther grew,  
 They nearer, closer, narrower drew,  
 To lose themselves, a varied hue,  
 Within the vale's repose.

New pastures green;  
 Leave the old shell, last autumn's rotting husk;  
 Reach out, as thine own children have,  
 Find clearer waters, there to lave,  
 And rest thy trembling, o'er-strained limbs at dusk;  
 Beside new ideals, hardly gained;  
 No good thing ever easy came,  
 No lion's heart e'er easy tamed,  
 And idle armor rusts.

This is thy mission:  
 Not to teach the sordid subjects—often lifeless, crude;  
 But, using them as channels to an end,  
 Show life's horizon, where the veil doth rend,  
 And teach the doubtful mind the "Holy of Holies" to intrude.



And there, with hands profane, perhaps, or chaste,  
To find some object to relieve life's waste,  
To find some relish that the deadened taste  
Can recognize as food.

Dear *alma mater*!

If thy sons have perished in the foremost battle line,  
And unknown daughters sung thy hope to prove,  
And all have wrought upon the anvil love;  
Why should not thou, fair Teacher, also take their lesson home  
for thine?  
Then fear not now all memories to forsake,  
Though tears may fall from those who've walked this shore,  
But let thy hope a brighter vision take—than e'er it has before;  
And rest expanding wings at last on pinnacles sublime.

## THE REFECTORY AT DINNER HOUR.

*K. B. Anderson, '16.*

**T**HE refectory is an establishment maintained by the College for feeding the "Rats" and "Sophs." By the time students become Juniors and Seniors they have acquired chronic dyspepsia, and are either forced to do their own cooking or to find a boarding-house.

At the buzz of the 2:10 bell, one sees the students walking hurriedly or running toward the refectory. The refectory is a red brick, two-storied building, in the form of an L, with the mess hall and kitchen occupying the second floor. It is situated on the campus, at the intersection of Grace and Lombardy streets. The L incloses the basket-ball court, and a fine view may be obtained from the refectory windows when the co-eds. practice.

As the students swarm up the first steps, they are halted by a pair of great oaken doors. These doors are very old and weather-beaten, and are battered and bruised at the bottom, as if struck by some heavy and blunt object. The hungry mob growls, and hurls itself repeatedly against the doors, until there comes the sound of bars being lifted. Then a chain jingles, and, as the massive doors swing open, a small, black negro jumps aside for his life, and the great mob thunders up the stairs with a sound as of the stampeding of many wild cattle.

As they swing to the left, at the top of the stairs, they enter the large mess hall, a room about forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. To the right is the kitchen, and from its dusky depths rises the too familiar odor of burnt biscuit and boiled cabbage, along with whiffs of greasy, peppery, inevitable—*hash*.

On both sides of the room are arranged white-topped tables, leaving a large central aisle, and space enough between the tables for the waiters to pass around quickly. The first table to the right is the training table; the next is that of the manager of the refectory. Here the atmosphere is so impressive that one may cut it with a sharp knife.

Each student dives for his seat, since the first man at the



table gets the first "swipe" at the best dish. As soon as the manager is seated, he rings a bell, and grace is said. During this period the wise man keeps one eye open, or loses what he would like to have. With the "Amen" a sound as of heavy cavalry going into action fills the room. The clang of steel, the rush of the waiters, the shouts of the diners for more hash, presents a scene seldom witnessed except on a battle-field.

The confusion increases, the waiters tear around the tables with huge platters raised above their heads. Surely they will drop the platters, they run so fast. But, no! Speed, dexterity, and cast-iron nerves are necessary qualifications for these gentry, since a nervous man would have fits amid such confusion. Almost as suddenly as the noise began it decreases, since the diners have appeased their first hunger, and begin to eat more steadily.

During the lull, a student, with a strained white face, and his hand over his mouth, rushes past you out of the door.

"What's the matter with him?" you ask one of the waiters.

"Aw," he says, in a tone of disgust, "he's a 'rat,' and he's not used to the jokes yet. His stomach's about as strong as a three-weeks-old baby's."

Soon dinner is over, which fact is heralded by flying biscuits and bits of meat. Since it is a time-honored custom that nothing shall be left on the plates, the students throw the scraps at one another. Soon the supply is exhausted, and the diners file out, except for a few belated ones, who get the pickings (?).

Then the tired waiters pile up the dirty dishes and rush them to the kitchen. As soon as the tables are cleared off the cloths are turned, since each cloth must do duty for six meals, or until they get so greasy that the plates slide off on the floor. The tables are set for the following meal, and then the weak and weary waiters slowly wander out into the air, thankful that once more they can be human beings for a while, and not machines.

## TO A FAIRY.

*H. B. V. C., '14.*

Wee, wee, fairy!

Breezy fairy!

Sing thy lonely life to me!

Dost thou feast on odor airy?

Is thy couch a tiny starry

Shell which floateth through the sea?

Is thy home an amber islet,

Washed by dancing pebbles pearly,

Floating through a crystal sea?

In the ocean dost thou slumber,

Where the coral bowers be?

Are its breezes breaths of muses,

And its music rosy fountains,

Laughing out from crystal mountains

In the sea?

Are its shadows those of spirits

Floating through the pearly portals

Of thy fancy's Paradise?

Are its stars the eyes of angels,

Bending from their cloud-laced windows,

Breathing music from the skies?

And the shells of snowy whiteness,

Dimpling on thy mossy strand,

Are they foot-prints of the fairies,

Leaving sunbeams of their brightness

On the sand?

Sparkling fairy!

Dance an hour or two with me!

Happy fairy!

Merry fairy!

Sing me something of the sea!



## UNCLE CY GETS POINTS ON COLLEGE LIFE.

G. W. B., '14.

“**M**ORNIN', Hiram; I hearn tell yer boy John has got back from thet Baptist College down at Richmond. I reckon he be a-knowin' too much ter bother talkin' to us fellers as haint had a chance at much book-larnin'," began Uncle Cy, as he reined up his team by the side of the field in which his neighbor Hiram Young, was plowing corn.

"Yep, he's got back, and I reckon they've larned him a heap o' sense; but they tell me it takes four years 'fore they larn it all. 'Pears like he orter have a good bit of it, considern' the bills fer books I got durin' the last term."

"I'll bet it cost a heap o' cash. Must 'a' dreened yer wallet purty close."

"Yep, him off thar, an' Mandy takin' the normal course, kinder shaved me close; but, ef I ain't got no larnin' myself, I'm a-goin' ter give my young 'uns some."

"You're doin' right, Hiram. No one can't say you ain't doin' your part by 'em." Uncle Cy flicked a horse-fly off the sorrel with a practiced rein.

"Here comes John now," said Mr. Young, as the youth in question came strolling down the side of the fence, his hat set on at a rakish angle, and a cigarette in his mouth.

"Mornin', John," beamed Uncle Cy; "I reckon yer know it all by now."

"Good morning, Uncle Cy. I can scarcely claim that yet, but I have delved, to some length, in the depths of erudition, and have gathered a few facts from my preceptors that I feel are worthy of retaining."

"Gosh a'mighty," exploded Uncle Cy, "thet boy would make a natu'al born orator. We'll have ter git him inter polertics, an' ter help out in church work."

"Politics? Why, I'd shine there; I got some good training



in the Philologian Literary Society, and I went to the Y. M. C. A. twice, so I know how to run a religious meeting."

"Ye went whar?" questioned Uncle Cy.

"To the Y. M. C. A.—Young Men's Christian Association—that's an organization the young preachers in College got up to amuse themselves and get training in. You had to pay a dollar to join, which entitled you to a feed the first of the year, and a sermon every Thursday night thereafter. Here lately they've made all kinds of a change, and got the leading students and faculty, and others, to give talks, and make the meetings really interesting. I'm going to join next year, 'cause it's going to be a real live thing in College. It's got a good man for President, and Professor Singum is pushing it, too. With those two and me, it ought to work pretty good."

"I'll bet, by gum, it will," put in Mr. Young. "John's a good boy."

"Yer a-lookin' kinder peaked an' thin around the gills," observed Uncle Cy, peering at him over his glasses. "What kind of a eatin' j'int you go to?"

A groan broke from the bosom of the young student. Three times he strove to speak, but his emotion overcame him. At last he murmured, "The College Refectory," and his features relaxed into an expression of melancholy gloom. The kind old gentleman did not press him for a further explanation of a subject that seemed so ruthlessly to harrow his youthful soul.

A deep silence followed, broken only by the fretful "stamping" of the horses.

Finally, after knocking a fly off the buggy wheel by a well-directed stream of "ambeer," Uncle Cy remarked; "I reckon you've done a heap o' readin' durin' the winter, when it warn't fit ter knock around much. What kind of a readin' room did yo' all have down thar?"

"Oh, we had a pretty good library. It was run by Miss Slihand, and we got along pretty well, only we couldn't study much, on account of the co-eds."

"What was the trouble with them things?" queried Uncle Cy.

"Oh, they were all right, but somebody would be in an alcove talking to them, and a fellow would be wishing he was there instead



of the other fellow, and then Miss Slihand would make so much fuss hitting on her desk you couldn't do much work."

"Where did the fellers sleep, ef it moughtn't be too much trouble to tell?" questioned Uncle Cy, as he cut off a generous "chaw."

"There were four dormitories on the campus, and the—"

"Four what?"

"Dormitories—places where the students lived. Whitsitt Hall was filled with preachers, with two or three sinners on the second and third floor. Gaines' Hall ran about eighty per cent. religious, except for some lawyers. Deland Cottage was a mess, and had preachers, lawyers, athletes, and mixtures of all three. Central Building was headquarters for the equal suffrage league and anti-cigarette combination, but it got so bad they're going to pull it down this summer. You ought to have seen Memorial Hall. They had one or two preachers, two fellows that ran a combination post-office and loan shark joint, three faro joints, headquarters for the Mu Sig. ring, several criminal lawyers, three musicians, headquarters for the Anti-Saloon League, several financiers, several more philanthropists, and headquarters for the Piedmont, Tidewater, Pin-Money Pickle, and Bachelors' Clubs."

"Wall, I never hearn tell o' the beat," said Uncle Cy, bringing his big hand down on his knee with a smack that made his team jump. "What kind of a man did ye have runnin' things?"

"Oh, he is a fine man; he is so sociable and friendly. He was always sending out letters to the boys to come over to his office to talk with him, to keep him from getting lonesome."

"I hope the professors are all good Christian gentlemen," said Mr. Young.

"They are," answered John. "They were so fond of coming to chapel that we got the Trustees to let us have compulsory chapel, so the students would all be away from the class-rooms and give all the professors a chance to get to chapel every day. It also gives the professors a chance to rest their minds, and makes them fresher for their class-room duties. They seem to enjoy singing and playing so much."

"Do the boys have anything to break the monop—monot—monopomy of study?" asked Mr. Young.



"Certainly. They have foot-ball, base-ball, basket-ball, track, poker, and cutting classes among the major sports, and tennis, gym. work, volley ball, talking to the co-eds., matching pennies, and setting each other up at Wright's as minor sports. Then there were parties and theaters, and athletic stunts, and moving pictures, and dances, pic-nics, auto rides, vaudeville, Woman's College, and lots and lots of other things."

"I should think, neighbor Young," said Uncle Cy, in a dry voice, "that ye had better ask John ef the boys hed any study to break up the mop—mut—mopop—thet thar critter ye just said about things."

"I seen in the papers thet they've givin' the College a lot o' land an' money to leave the city," observed Uncle Cy, after a period of meditation.

"Yes, they wasted enough land out there to make three or four good farms, but, instead, they're leaving the trees on it, so as to have plenty of fire-wood."

"It's really amazin' how short-sighted some folks do be!" exclaimed Uncle Cy. "Now, ef they would cl'ar up some hundred or so acres—how many did ye say they hed?"

"Two hundred and eighty-five."

"Thar now! Ef they'd get them in shape, an' put the boys ter farmin' instead o' so much uv this runnin' around a ring an' chasin' balls an' sech, their work would count fer somethin', an' they would be doin' somethin' useful."

"How does it look around the place, John?" asked his father.

"Where the landscape gardener didn't ruin it, it looks pretty good. The two colleges are on two hills, and they've got a lake in between to keep the boys from talking to the girls."

"Thet's a purty good thing, hey?" said Uncle Cy, giving a sly wink in Mr. Young's direction.

"That ain't going to do any good," said John, in a confidential tone, "because if they can't get there any other way, the boys are going to dynamite the dam, and let enough water out to wade over."

"Wal, I got ter be movin'," said Uncle Cy, as he glanced at the sun. "Thar wuz several things I wanted ter find out from you, sech as whether we really come from monkeys, an' what's lightnin' "



made uv, and whar Cain got his wife, an' what makes milk sour when it thunders, and a few sech little things I allus wondered over; but I ain't got time now, so I'll cum over some time, an' ask ye a few sech questions jest fer informashun. Wal, giddap thar. Good mornin'."

"Mornin', Cy," said Mr. Young.

"Good morning," came from John, in a rather weak voice.

## A QUESTION OF COLOR.

*Milo Hawks, '16.*

Johnny went to call on Sally;  
On the way he did not dally,  
For to-night 'twas yes or no, sir,  
And his heart was beating so, sir.

At the door sweet Sal did meet him,  
With a rousing smack did greet him.  
Round his neck she clung a minute,  
Each as happy as a linnet.

Cheek against his cheek a-nestling,  
Hand upon his shoulder resting,  
Then she dropped her hand inanely,  
Gazed at him quite sweetly—sanely.

"Johnny Jinks, you must be leaving,  
And I won't be you deceiving.  
You have come for my reply, sir?  
No, I love you not. Good-bye, sir."

Johnny went. She listened, sighing.  
'Cross her palm a hair was lying,  
Dark brown hair. Deceitful fellow!  
Yes—Miss Sally's hair was yellow.



## CATO'S CONVERSION.

R. A. S.

“**W**HAT I tole you, nigger? What I done tole you? Who ever heared tell of a sto'keeper wha' tole de truf 'bout de goods dat made any money. Hyuh you tryin' to set up a sto' an' drivin' off yo' customers an' tellin' folks 'bout san' in de sugar. You'se jes' nachelly *got* to do some lyin', fuh it's in you somewhar, *I* know, an' it's boun' tuh come out, or my name ain't Mary Jane.”

The speaker was a spacious daughter of Ham, and the object of her exhortations a tall, raw-boned, unadulterated scion of the same race, whose vacuous expression showed his utter bewilderment before the overwhelming and irrefutable logic of his helpmeet.

“I knows! I knows!” he assented weakly; and then protested with inspired vigor, “But what 'bout dat Ann Lias an' Sassfira what was struck dade 'caze dey 'varicated 'bout dey dry goods? Didn't de preacher say dey tuk too much poke juice an' simmon beer, an' 'nied de sperit, an' dat moonshiny night, when dey went by de buryin' groun' on dey way back fum de sto', sumpin' burnin' like fox-fire up an' chase 'em, an' dey run an' run, twell dey plum give out an' fall down weak as skum milk, an' went fum shakin' agers to cannptions, an' fum cannptions to fits, twell dey done ceasted, an' de undertakers come an' taken 'em, foot fo'most, an' buried 'em without'n kerridges, nuh crepe, nuh moners, nuh nuthin'? Ain't he said dat?”

“Go 'long, Cato! De Lawd didn't kill dem folks, 'caze dey 'varicated, but 'caze dey was haf-hearted in dey 'varication. When de Lawd tell you to spile de Gypsums, you mus' spile 'em good. You hear, doancher? Now, I'se gwine in de kitchen, an' ef you ain't made no money in half a hour, I'se gwine to run dis sto', an' you gwine in de wash-tub, you hear me, doancher?”

Thus saying, the matron turned her back on her lord and master, and returned to her place in the cabin.

Cato gazed after her ruefully, and was still scratching his



head as if to stimulate his sluggish brain into activity when a certain Nubby, recently exalted to valetdom, made his appearance on the threshold.

"Well, what kin I do fuh you?" asked Cato, contemptuously.

"Hi, Uncle Cato; how is yo' comin' on? Right smart or only tollebul?" inquired the other cordially.

"Uncle!" retorted Cato, with his most important air; "huc-come you callin' me uncle. I ain't no uncle o' yose, not as I knows on. White folks kin call me uncle; dat's dere right an' privilege, what comes wid dere color; but I'se Mister Harris to sich small, brown p'taters as you. You'se monstrus brash an' set up sence dat sniptious boss o' yone hung up he hat an' bin layin' roun' at de great house. But you daresent wuk off yo' airs on me. Huh! It's 'nuf to make a dawg laf, fuh I'se knowed you sence you was a little varmint proggin' round and snatchin' yo' vittles out'n de pig-wash."

Nubby developed a good-natured grin, such as the moon bestows on a baying cur.

"I ain't come to argufy wid you, *Mister Harris*," he said, sarcastically, "but I'se over fum our place to order a bar'l o' flour dat we needs right away."

"What you talkin' 'bout? None o' yo' lip to me. No use showin' yo' tushes. You'll be laffin' on de wrong side o' yo' face fus' thing you knows. You mus' be 'stracted. Ef I sell dat dere bar'l o' flour, what you spec de res' o' my customers gwine do? Go famished, I reckon. Who ever heard tell o' merchan-disin' a whole bar'l o' flour fum dis hyuh sto'. Kiss my foot! I ain't gwine do no sich thing."

"Well, all right," assented Nubby, somewhat taken aback, "I jest laid off to hep you, seein' we'se bof niggers."

"Bof niggers!" thundered Cato. "You flatters yo'sef. You ain't no nigger. You'se ring-streaked an' speckled, like Jacob's cattle; you ain't nothin' but a low-lived mungel, three parts po' white trash. Ain't I took'n tole you dat dis is a retail sto' fuh genuwine ole-fiel' niggers, an' when I goes in de wholesale trade an' wants yo' custom, I'll come an' tell yo'. An' now, soo-ey, take yo'sef out'n hyuh."

Nubby, without attempting to reply, shot out his tongue



at Cato, and slouched from the shop, with a sheepish grin on his face.

"Joy go wid you, you leaves peace behin' you, ole hungry, suck-aig dawg," soliliquized Cato, as the would-be customer vanished from the door. "I doan b'lieve he could plank down two bits to buy a rope to hang hissef wid. He dat no count an' low down mean dat ef he didn't wear shoes he'd make skunk tracks. I 'low he bin bluffin' ev'y merchant in dis lan', but he done struck de wrung pusson, fuh sho', dis trip." With his massive lips protruded contemptuously, he went to the back door, and called out, "Zekial! O, you Zekial! Ze-ki-al! Whar dat mis-cheevous pollywog anyhow?"

"I-yi! I'se a comin'," answered a shrill voice from the woodshed.

"Debbil take dat young un. Wat he up to now? Some aggravation, I'll be boun'. Come hyuh, chile. Wat you bin gawn an' done?"

"I ain't done nothin'," whined the parrot-toed pickaninny, advancing cautiously; "I ain't done nothin'. I 'clar fo' gracious I ain't."

"Den I'll give you a tech o' de Red Betty fuh doin' nothin', you lazy, good-fuh-nothin' trash. Ain't bin doin' nothin'! Ain't bin doin' nothin'! Huccome yo' jaw gormed up wid dat juice, an' dem spots on yo' pants, and dat belly stuff up like a toad-frog? No, you ain't bin doin' nothin' but thumpin' an' luggin' off a watermillyon out'n de ice-chist. How you spec' me to lay by sumpin' an' raise you no 'count passel o' varmints ef you keep totin' off all my vittles?"

"Daddy, I clar fo' gracious I ain't bin stealin' nothin'. Twar Lijah dat taken a slice out'n de safe, an' smack de rine ober my hade when I 'cuse him ob it."

"Look hyuh, nigger, you mus' think I ain't got no mo' sense'n a mule. Lemme see dat pam o' yone. Doan you know dat a pusson what never tole a lie, an' never stole nothin', got a lock o' hair growin' spank in de middle ob dey han'. Lemme see dat han'."

Zekial closed his hand grimly in dismay, but his little black face brightened, as a sudden thought came to his rescue.



"Is you got a lock growin' in *yo' han'*, daddy?" he asked, roguishly, looking at his father with unwinking eye.

Cato's face showed a mixture of chagrin and merriment.

"What you talkin' 'bout, Zekial? Cose I'se got a lock growin' in my han', but I keeps it shaved, so it 'twont git caught in de boxes an' bar'ls." And then, scratching his head, he continued, "Well, I won't lick you dis time, but ef I ketches you agin I won't lef nuf hide on yo' carcass to kivver a ant hole."

Whereupon Zekial bounded away while the wind was in a favorable quarter.

"Fo' gracious," meditated Cato; "didn't dat preacher man say las' Sunday dat out'n de mouf ob babes an' suckin' pigs will come wisdom? Bless ef 'tween de women folks an' de chillun I ain't got no show nohow."

Thus deftly circumvented by his first-born, Cato was aroused from another train of mournful meditation by the vision of a lowering face thrust through the kitchen window, to remind him that the half-hour was speeding to its close, that he was still a guileless sojourner in the land of the "Gypsums," and that storms were brewing to bring all his manly dignity low to the earth. In desperation he cast his eyes up the roadway, and, behold! a solitary red-coated horseman, no bigger than a man's hand, rose over the hill-tops, and, five minutes later, the rider took the form and feature of the master of the detested Nubby.

"Rather slow going," observed the red-coat, as he drew rein a moment.

"Hi! Mr. Chiswell. What you doin' crawlin' long like a tuttle, when you gen'ally goes by like a streak o' greased lightnin'?" enquired the darkey.

"Troubles, Cato; troubles! This blasted mare of mine has cast a shoe, and I've been left behind by the hunt. And such a morning for the hunt! Dash it all!"

"Dat's *some* trouble," sniffed the other. "What you quality know 'bout trouble? I 'low you got mo'n ten dollars in yo' pus', an' hyuh talkin' 'bout trouble. 'Sides, you ain't ma'id yit, an' talkin' 'bout trouble. S'pose you was ole George Williams, dat I'se knowed through three wives. His fust run away wid a bright yalluh man; he los' his taste fuh de second, an' dat one he's got



now ain't no 'ooman, but a reg'lar ole hawspital. Go long 'wid yo' troubles. An' den," he added, as an inspiration descended upon him, "dere's me; I'se got *sho' 'nuf* trouble, an' you white folks come 'long an' make it wusser. Hyuh you ain't got nuthin' better'n ter do den up an' chase a po' dumb creetur, what ain't done you no harm, an' de whole caboodle come a ran-tearin' through po' folks' yards, knockin' down fences flat as a pancake, an' rainin' scatteration. Yes, suh, dat's what dem fox-hunters o' yone has jes' gawn an' done. Who gwine pay me fuh dat cawn tore up an' dem cimlins? Ef I ask one gemman, he say 'twarn't him, 'twar tother; an' tother say, 'twarn't him, 'twar somebody else, an dar' you is—whar is you?"

And Cato stopped with the flush of conscious achievement, as the rider, in haste to push on his way, produced a dollar bill, and, with due apology, pressed it on the sufferer as his share of the indemnity; whereupon the darkey was so completely delighted that the grimace on his shiny face beamed like a benediction.

As soon as the wearer of the red coat was out of ear-shot a radiant countenance was thrust through the kitchen window, and a hearty voice called out, "Glory, hallelujah! You'se a-com-in'. Ef you ain't de lyinest nigger I ever *did* hear. You sho' is a bahn sto'keeper. You fool him easy as fallin' off a lawg. Dem white folks ain't come in half a mile o' my rosin' years an' cabbage; an' he swallow down dat tale same as a turkey swallow a ches'nut. Cato, you gwine straight to de debbil, sep'n," she added provisionally, "sep'n you give me dat money to buy a new frock, and you kin keep a nickel to put in de hat at meetin' Sunday. Come on hyuh, quick as you kin, nigger, an' ef you fall down, don't stop to git up, but roll, nigger, roll."



## HIS CHANCE,

*L. E. R., '15.*

**T**HE July sun fell scorching hot on Richmond, on the West End, with its magnificent shade trees and empty houses; it fell with dusty glare on the tobacco factories standing near the river. Its rays sifted through the office window of one factory to the desk where Guy Smith was seated, thinking sullenly of Annie's rebuff. The same sun fell sickeningly on south Nineteenth street, with its sewer gas and its filth, its weak babies and sloven mothers.

The same sun was sinking slowly behind the thunder-red clouds when Mrs. Bates came to the door leading up to her small rooms over the confectioner's shop, and waited for Annie. Dirty in dress and blear-eyed, Mrs. Bates was the typical woman fatalist of the slums. Her eyes were swollen by much sewing, and by watching for a worthless husband, who had recently come to the conclusion that his family was a nuisance, and, in lordly disdain, had withdrawn his drunken presence from them.

Mrs. Bates had wept at first, but now she admitted to Annie that things did seem a mite quieter without the old man. So she stood in the door, and waited for Annie. Annie worked in Smith's tobacco factory, and faithfully brought her wages home every Saturday. "She's a good girl," mused Mrs. Bates, as she caught sight of Annie turning the corner at Main street.

Annie was a pretty, frail girl, with blue eyes, and hair whose gold not even the grime of the tobacco factory could dull. Perhaps that was why Guy Smith, in his father's factory, had leered at her, and suggested automobile rides.

"What's the matter, ma?" she asked, as she came within speaking distance; "you do look all tuckered out. Ain't sick, are you?"

"Naw, but little brother is. He acts as if he's about to have a fit, what with rollin' his eyes and rollin' about. I reckon you'd better go up to the Settlement House, and ask Miss Carrie to let you 'phone for the doctor."



"Little brother sick! How long's he been sick? What's the matter with 'im? Why ain't you 'phoned sooner?" cried the girl, whose love for her little brother was almost a passion.

"Oh, he was took after he et some 'taters and cold snaps this evenin', and I was that tired out I thought 'twouldn't make no difference if I waited for you to come. Say, ain't you goin' to eat your supper 'fore you—" But Annie was speeding around the corner on her way to the Settlement House.

Mrs. Bates turned slowly, and ascended the rickety stairs to her home. She was, by nature, an affectionate woman, but the world had beaten her until she had become dazed and callous.

Meanwhile Annie had reached the Settlement House, breathless, her blue eyes filled with terror.

"Annie, what *is* the matter now?" asked Miss Carrie, as she opened the door.

"Please, it's little brother. He's took with a fit, and ma says can I 'phone to Dr. Lee from here? Oh, Miss Carrie, he ain't goin' to die, is he?"

"Why, let's hope not, dear," said pretty Miss Carrie, gently drawing the girl in. "Of course you may 'phone, and then I'll go right home with you."

Dr. Lee was just getting ready to go out when the message came. As soon as he understood Annie's disjointed plea, he hurried to Mrs. Bates's. At the door he met Miss Carrie and Annie. "What's the matter this time, Annie?" he asked, kindly.

"Oh, it's little brother, Doctor. Ma says he's 'bout to have a fit from eating some cold 'taters and snaps."

The doctor's and Miss Carrie's eyes met. "Great Cæsar! to give cold potatoes and snaps to a baby when it's cutting stomach teeth!" And the doctor hurried them up-stairs.

The room they entered was gloomy, dirty, and hot. The wall-paper was lurid, in spite of the fact that its red was faded. The cheap matting on the floor had about come to ruin. An odor of burnt meat and sodden, greasy bread filled the house.

In one corner, on a ragged pillow, lay little brother. Weak little son of a drunkard, there was a mortgage on his life even before he began to live it. The doctor took one look. "Let's have some hot water, Annie," he said, and then the torture began.



For two hours Annie, crouched outside the rickety door, could hear the baby's faint cry, and Miss Carrie crooning pityingly to it. The doctor was curtly ordering mustard baths, and her mother was shambling away to fill his orders. At last it was over, and she heard the doctor tell her mother, "The only chance for him is country air and milk, and keep him away from this hole."

"But, Doctor," whined Mrs. Bates, "folks like us ain't got no way to *git* to the country."

"Well, we'll see what we can do to-morrow. Get him some ice and milk now." And the doctor and Miss Carrie came out, leaving Mrs. Bates mumbling her thanks for the half-dollar which the doctor could ill spare.

"Poor little kid," Annie heard him say to Miss Carrie; "he's never had a chance, and God knows I haven't anything to give him."

"The Settlement hasn't anything left since that camp this summer." Miss Carrie said sadly. "I wish I could help, but my mother has typhoid, and all my money has been spent there."

"Poor little kid," repeated the doctor; "he never had a chance."

For a long time Annie crouched there. "Naw, he never had no chance," she whispered; "ain't none of us ever had no chance. We don't git no schooling, no clothes, no right kind of stuff to eat. We just gits born, and then we lives if we're strong and we dies if we ain't. And that old man Smith's daughter wondered what made us look so coarse when she seen us at the fact'ry the other day. Wonder if she'd look so fine if she'd been in my place. Naw, we ain't never had no chance. Pa used to git drunk, and beat things up, and beat us. Now he don't never come home. Ma, she's just tuckered out 'most all the time, and little brother," (the slender body was racked with sobs), "he's got to die, 'cause good men like Dr. Lee and ladies like Miss Carrie ain't got no money. Can't nobody help us, not even God? We ain't had no chance; we never did."

Then the blue eyes hardened. "No, I can't do that," she whispered. "Miss Carrie says it's sin; but what's the use of being good when you ain't got a chance to be nobody. Maybe little



brother'd be somebody if he had a chance. Well, he ain't goin' to die if I can help it. He's going to git all the milk an' eggs he can eat, and it's the country for him, too." A sob escaped her. "I ain't nobody, so it don't make no difference if I quit bein' straight, and nobody'd care nohow."

The girl slowly arose from the floor, and entered the gloomy room. Her mother was trying to revive the poor, exhausted little body with milk and ice.

"You let me do that, ma, and you go on to bed. I ain't sleepy. I'll stay up with him."

"Well, if he gits any worse you just call me," said her mother, shambling off gladly.

The girl kept vigil over little brother all night long, tenderly fanning away the swarming flies and giving him the icy milk.

When morning came she rose, put on her best clothes, and, after eating a little breakfast, set out to work.

Did it happen, or had she planned it? At noon she and Guy Smith met just as he was getting ready to step into his car.

"Oh, my lady's on a dike to-day, is she?" and the man's eyes burned into hers.

A slow smile touched Annie's lips. "Is it cool in an auto?" she asked.

The man leaned toward her, scarcely believing his ears. "Come with me," he said, "and I'll show you."

She felt him press something into her hand. "To-night, after the factory closes, I'll go," she gasped. The man nodded, triumph in his eyes, and leaped into the machine.

Annie was left there in the noon-day glare. She knew that in her hand lay twice the sum the man had once offered her, and that the gulf was slowly closing over her, yet her only thought was that, at last, little brother was to have his chance.

## VIRGINIA.

R. A. S.

Virginia! thou whose fame will never die,  
 Though mortal pangs thy steadfast soul have wrung,  
 And nettles sear amid thy garlands sprung;  
 Thy star still soars athwart the middle sky.  
 So, falter not, nor deem its waning nigh.  
 While chivalry can stir a patriot tongue  
 To raise the strain thy hallowed dead have sung,  
 A host will gather to thy battle-cry.  
 Lo! rich the garner of thy gracious clime  
 In gallant heroes; thine has ever been  
 A name unsullied on the scroll of Time.  
 Romance has sought thy hills and meadows green.  
 Guard thou her shrine, and, with undaunted mien,  
 Fix thy proud gaze upon the heights sublime.



Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from his earthly labors our friend and colleague, Prof. Henry Asa Van Landingham, after months of suffering, at Saranac Lake, New York,

*Therefore, be it resolved,* That we, the Faculty of Richmond College, in special session, do hereby express our profound sorrow at his untimely death; that we bear this testimony to our love for him as a man, and our respect for him as a scholar and a teacher. His gentle and courteous bearing, his helpfulness in our common labors, his faithfulness as an instructor in this institution, his culture, his literary ability, his capacity for friendship, and his pleasing personality, have all impressed us during the five years in which he was a member of this body. To his mother and brothers we desire to extend, in this deep affliction, our heart-felt sympathy, praying that Divine consolation be given them; that the memory of a useful life, and the abiding influence of a gifted son and brother, may bring comfort in sorrow; and that they may find joy in the thought that he still lives in the youth whom, through many years, in Virginia and in other States, he instructed and otherwise influenced, with singular devotion to the task to which he had dedicated his talents.

*Resolved,* furthermore, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his mother and brothers, that a copy be given to the press, that they be published in the College magazine, and spread upon the Faculty record.

J. C. METCALF,  
W. A. MONTGOMERY,  
D. R. ANDERSON,  
Faculty Committee.

*Richmond, Va., May 16, 1914.*

Whereas the Creator, in His omniscience, has taken unto its eternal reward the soul of our beloved friend and teacher,

HENRY ASA VAN LANDINGHAM,

*Therefore, be it resolved*, by the student body of Richmond College:

1st. That we hereby express our deep sorrow at the loss of one who, by his patience, broad sympathy, and tireless efforts, has endeared himself to us.

2d. That we have lost a teacher to whom we looked for guidance, and found ever ready to lead, and who inspired in our hearts the high ideals exemplified in his life.

3d. That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this hour of grief.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy be published in THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

J. A. GEORGE,  
W. HERSEY DAVIS,  
W. T. HALSTEAD,  
W. B. ANDERSON,  
J. VAUGHAN GARY,  
Student Committee.

*Richmond College, May 16, 1914.*



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## EDITORIALS.

Since this is the last issue of THE MESSENGER to be published on the old campus, we have devoted it, to a large extent, to reminiscences, so that we may have a lasting record of the scenes and events that are so dear to all of us. To the outsider, no doubt, the number will be of very little interest, but we hope that the alumni will enjoy reading

AULD LANG SYNE  
NUMBER.



of incidents of their college days, which have been stored away as priceless treasures in their mind, and that the present student body will gain some information concerning the "good old days," as well as an inspiration to uphold the honor and dignity of our *alma mater*.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we leave the old campus, which has endeared itself to the heart of each one of us. We love every inch of the ground and every tradition connected with it. The new home is larger, the campus is more spacious, the equipment is far better, the architecture is more beautiful, and the opportunity for the progress of the College is greater, but we will carry through life fond memories of the times spent on the site which we leave behind.

We wish to express our appreciation to the alumni for their hearty co-operation in the publication of this issue. Without their help the Auld Lang Syne Number would have been impossible. We felt a hesitancy in asking them to lay aside their many duties to prepare articles for us, but, as usual, they responded nobly, and we thank them.

The very sad news of the death of Professor Van Landingham came to THE MESSENGER as the issue was going to press, and we feel great sorrow over the loss of one whom we loved as friend and teacher. For five years he labored among us, and impressed us with his nobility of character and devotion to duty. Both the student body and the College have suffered an irreparable loss, which will be felt very keenly for years to come. The blow to the College will be especially hard, since it comes at the time of the adjustment to its new home.

As a friend, Professor Van Landingham was cordial, kind, and true. His sympathy reached out to every student in College, and, whenever we asked aid or advice from him, we received it. He did not hold himself aloof from the student body, but mingled with them, helping them to solve their problems and inspiring them with high ideals of life. He was not a man who harped upon the days of our ancestors, or desired a new order of things;



but he gloried in life as he found it, and rejoiced at being alive. This buoyancy of life was felt by all with whom he came in contact, and caused them to regard the world as more habitable.

Moreover, by the untimely stroke, the Grim Reaper has cut short the life of a teacher of great ability. Professor Van Landingham was a man of scholarly attainments and deep thought, with the ability of expressing his thoughts so clearly that every member of the class could comprehend his meaning. The writer regards the course in argumentation taught by Professor Van Landingham as the most beneficial of his college career. The supreme characteristics of the teacher, however, were patience and self-control. These he exhibited on all occasions, and under the most trying circumstances.

All that is mortal of Professor Van Landingham has been consigned to its last resting-place, but his influence remains in the lives of every student who studied under him. His high ideals have been impressed upon us, and our lives will count for more in the battles of life because he has lived.

We live in an age of organization, and the advancement of our College activities should not be restricted because of the lack of this fundamental principle in their make-up. There is to-day a great need for organization and system in our writing activities in College, and we believe that a writers' club will bring about most gratifying results. Such a club existed in College several years ago, but, for some reason, was discontinued. We do not know how the former club was conducted, or why it was discontinued, but we know that an organization of this nature would be a great benefit to the College at this time.

This club should be organized by those who have had articles published in THE MESSENGER this year, a constitution should be drawn up, and high entrance requirements should be made. There are a number of literary men in Richmond who could be secured as speakers at the meetings, and attractive programs could be arranged. The standard should be sufficiently high to make the privilege of membership one of the greatest College honors, and thereby stimulate interest in the practice of writing.



This organization would bring about a greatly needed co-operation on the part of the contributors to *THE MESSENGER*. At the meetings the members would have a chance to talk over their work, exchange ideas, and assist each other by helpful criticism. The club will be of inestimable value to *THE MESSENGER*, and we hope that steps will speedily be taken to organize it.

A movement has been set on foot by the College Y. M. C. A. to get out a College hand-book for next year. The plan has been started several years, and has fallen through each time, but this year there is an interest and enthusiasm behind it which predicts success. The idea is an excellent one, and should have the support of every student in College. Mr. W. T. Hall, who is thoroughly competent to handle the proposition, has been elected editor-in-chief, and the assistant editors and business managers will be elected in the near future.

The book will be a miniature college encyclopedia, containing the College calendar for 1914-'15, a schedule of classes, schedules of athletic teams, list of societies, clubs, fraternities, etc., and all other information concerning every phase of College activity. As has been well said, the book will serve the College student as the *World Almanac* serves the outside world. It will be the pride of the Seniors, the joy of the Juniors, the source of information of the Sophomores, and the salvation of the "Rats."

It is the intention of the Y. M. C. A. to make the advertisements pay for the book, and to distribute them among the students free of charge. The success of the publication depends upon the student body; therefore, let us boost it to the best of our ability, and make it a great success.





## CAMPUS NOTES.

*E. N. Gardner, '14.*

The social life of the College, enlivened by the spring season, blossomed out in full last month. We are especially indebted to the co-eds. for the important part they took in arranging numerous excursions to Westhampton, Bon Air, Falling Creek, and other inviting picnic grounds around Richmond. The Chi Epsilon Literary Society held an open meeting in Thomas Art Hall. An excellent program was rendered by the young ladies, including papers and talks of exceptional merit. The reception tendered after the literary program was by no means the least pleasant feature of the occasion.

The Freshman Class gave a unique reception in honor of the Juniors several weeks ago. The art hall, where the festivities were held, was transformed into a veritable Forest of Arden, with beaming faces under every pine tree. This forest had one clear pathway, which led into Punchville. We do not wonder that the flowers which decorated this path were found trampled under foot when the janitors came the next morning to clean up.



Captain Leubbert, of the championship basket-ball team, entertained his team-mates at his home, on west Grace street, on the evening of March 6th. After a fine musical program the company assembled in the dining-room, where a sumptuous banquet awaited them. The guests were: Messrs. P. Mitchell, Robert Brock, David Satterfield, G. Heubi, B. Robins, Mac. Cosby, and James Newton, of the basket-ball team, and Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Ancarrow, Mr. Newton Ancarrow, and Mr. Oliver Pollard.

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The Inter-Society Oratorical Contest was won by C. A. Tucker, of the Philologian Society. His subject was "The Progress of World-Wide Peace." In the State contest, which was held at our College two weeks later, Tucker won second place among the eight colleges and universities represented. The representative from the University of Virginia was the winner of the State medal.

Richmond College won second place also in the State Prohibition Contest. Gilbert Perry, Philologian, was our representative in the contest, which was held in the John Marshall High School auditorium.

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The annual Field Day, held on the campus May 8th, was the best held by the College for several years. All of the races were close, and in the field events the winners had to exert themselves to their utmost to win. W. E. Durham repeated his performance of last year by winning the Field Day medal, with a total of twenty-two points to his credit. Vaughan Gary was second in the score column, with eighteen points, while Mac. Cosby followed a close third, with seventeen. To the delight of the College students, four Field Day records were broken. Mac Cosby carried off the chief honors in this line, setting new records in the pole-vault and fifty-yard hurdles. Durham set a new mark in the high jump, and Gary in the mile. The fair sex were present in large numbers, enlivening the occasion and furnishing an inspiration to the contestants. The Field Day Committee should be showered with praises because of their selection of Miss Keith Saville as sponsor, and Misses Lillian Harding and Julia Omohundro as maids of honor. It would have been impossible to have found three ladies of greater beauty and charm for the occasion.



The new constitution of the Athletic Association went into effect last week. W. L. O'Flaherty was elected as the first student President, without opposition. The other officers elected were N. R. Ancarrow, Vice-President; C. G. Jones, Secretary. R. I. Johnson was elected base-ball manager for 1914-'15, and W. E. Durham assistant. J. A. Leslie was chosen track manager, and F. A. Hutchison assistant. These managers, as well as K. B. Anderson, manager of the foot-ball team, and J. J. Wicker, Jr., manager of the basket-ball team, are planning elaborate schedules of games to be played with many of the leading colleges and universities of the East.

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The Senior Class held a very animated session the other day, to decide whether the usual custom of having class exercises in the chapel at night should be displaced by an "open air" morning exercise. A lively discussion took place, but the Radicals, supported chiefly by the suffragists, and those who are accustomed to attend the Lyric at night, were defeated by the Conservatives, who could not endure to desert the well-worn path which their fathers trod.

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Professor Metcalf (discussing tone color in English C): "Now I should judge that there is not as much tone-difference in the crying of two babies as in the crying of two *human beings*."

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The following notice was taken from the co-eds' bulletin board: "Please tell Mr. Taliaferro to come to the office this afternoon (anybody who sees him)."

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Miss Baldwin (to young married friend, who has just returned from honeymoon in Washington): "And you said you went to the Corcoran Art Gallery! I guess you had your picture taken. Do let me have one of them."

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J. S. Wilkinson (to Biscoe, trying to collect money for the Piedmont Club picture): "I wasn't in that one. Do you know my picture when you see it?"

Biscoe: "I think so. It was a good one, too."

"Sammy": "I'll tell you whether I'm in it or not. What did it cost?"

Biscoe: "Forty cents."

"Sammy": "No, sir; I'm sure you couldn't recognize me, if the picture cost that much."

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It is easy to find out whether a college student came from the country districts, if he is merely asked where his home is. On the base-ball trip some one in Roanoke asked Duval where he lived. The answer returned was this: "About thirty miles from Gordonsville." There were no more questions.

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Professor Stewart: "*Monsieur Harrup, ou mangez-vous?*"

Harrup: "Darn the refectory."

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Beale (reading minutes in Philologian Hall): "A motion was made to lend the She (Chi) Epsilon Literary Society our hall for their 'open night'."

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Wiley (giving valuable information as to the family of a Richmond College student): "Yes; he's got some *girl sisters* at the State Normal."

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Richardson: "What building is that over the street?"

Duffy: "That's the Hebrew Y. M. C. A."

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Gentleman in full dress (to McDaniel, at auditorium, during the May Festival, thinking him a cab-driver): "Send '14' around here right away."

Mc.: "Suh?"

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Brock: "I don't like that sacrifice play. The man gets out at first every time."

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Leslie: "I'll never write to a college girl again."

Mitchell: "Why not?"

Leslie: "Oh, nothing much. I have just learned that two hundred of her class-mates read my letters regularly."



Dr. Loving (reprimanding disorder of students in chapel on the occasion of the visit of two strangers): "It does seem as if, when strangers were here, we might do without the *unusual irregularities*."

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—— (in the theatre): "Does my feather spoil your view?"  
 Willis (sitting behind her): "Oh, no, madam; I've cut it off."

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Allen: "Prof. Handy, what was the weak point in my German exam.?"

Professor Handy: "It appeared to be a display of ignorance, Mr. Allen."

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Boyd (gazing for the first time on a field of clover): "Oh! Look at the red-headed grass."

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The recent College election found many candidates in the field for such position as Best-Looking Man, Cleverest Girl, and Best All-Round Girl. The two candidates who polled most votes were Wiley, with 71 for the Best Base-Ball Player, and George, with 70 for the Student Who Means Most to College. The results of the election follow:

1. Best Foot-Ball Player—King (first place), Ancarrow (second place), Klevesahl (third place).
2. Best Base-Ball Player—Wiley, Flannagan, ——.
3. Best Tennis Player—Brock, ——, ——.
4. Best Basket-Ball Player—Luebbert, Brock, Mitchell.
5. Best All-Round Athlete—Durham, Robins, Ancarrow.
6. Best Student—W. H. Davis, ——, ——.
7. Cleverest Girl—Miss Smither, Miss Spiers, ——.
8. Cleverest Man—Dunford, Willis, George.
9. Prettiest Girl—Miss Hart, Miss Woodward, Miss Gary.
10. Best-Looking Man—Newton, Jack Johnson, "Nick" Carter.
11. Best All-Round Girl—Miss Clendon (first), Misses C. Anderson and Smither (tied for second place).
12. Best All-Round Man—George, ——, ——.
13. Most Conceited Man—Clarke, J. J. Wicker, Jr., Brannock.
14. Greatest Calico Rusher—Taliaferro, Allen, Duval.

15. Most Popular Girl—Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Clendon,  
Miss Smither.
16. Most Popular Man—George, Johnson ("Jack"), Dunford.
17. Biggest Bluffer—J. J. Wicker, Jr., Fleet, ———.
18. Favorite Book—Bible, *Life*, Bank Book and "Ivanhoe"  
(tied).
19. Favorite Author—Dickens, Scott, Blume.
20. Favorite College Next to Your Own—Woman's College,  
University of Virginia, Hampden-Sidney.
21. Best-Natured Student—A. W. Richardson, Wiley, Decker.
22. Highest College Honor—President Senior Class, Captain  
Foot-Ball Team.
23. Student Who Means Most to College—George, ———,  
———,
24. Favorite Recreation—Tennis (first), Base-Ball and Sleeping  
and Loafing (tied for second).
25. Best Business Man—Halstead, ———, ———.
26. Freshest Freshman—Taliaferro, Hawkins, ———.
27. Smoothest Politician—O'Flaherty (first), Wicker and Poarch  
(tied for second).
28. Most Popular Professor—Metcalf, Anderson, Stewart.
29. Crankiest Crank—Jordan, L. B. Taylor, "Rabbi" Wilkinson.
30. Most Bashful Jasper—"Little Sis" Green, ———, ———.





*K. Brooke Anderson, '16.*

### THE TRIP.

The squad, thirteen strong, Coach Dobson, and Manager Culbert, left, March 31st, for Staunton, where they defeated Staunton Military Academy 7 to 0. This was the first game of the season, and the team showed up well, though the game was in no wise spectacular.

The game with V. M. I. was cancelled, owing to inclement weather. However, on the following morning, though the grounds were wet, the Spiders played the strong Washington and Lee aggregation. Up to the seventh inning the Red and Blue lead by one run. At this point, however, the University changed pitchers, and the Spiders were unable to touch Carson during the remaining innings. The Blue and White, on the other hand, took a sudden liking to Duval's benders, and Flannagan was sent in to stem the tide. He was unable to stop the onslaught, however, and when the smoke had cleared away the Blue and White was hanging on to the heavy end of a 11 to 4 score.

The team jumped to Salem the next morning, where they lost a hard-fought game to Roanoke College, 8 to 7. Robinson pitched a creditable game, but the Salemites bunched hits.

The final game was dropped to Randolph-Macon Academy, by a 2 to 1 score.

### RICHMOND COLLEGE, 7; V. P. I., 5.

After the mediocre showing made on the trip, the complete reversal of form shown by the Spiders in defeating the almost invincible Virginia Polytechnic Institute, gave us high hopes of winning the championship cup. The "Techs." had whipped

everything in the Eastern Division, and had suffered only one defeat, that by Washington and Lee, and, naturally, the outcome was a surprise all around.

The Spiders went in to win. They had plenty of pep., and the manner in which "Hoss" Flannagan delivered the goods was a revelation. He was completely master of the situation throughout.

The fine pitching of Flannagan and the team work of the Spiders in this game bespeaks the ability of Coach Dobson to develop individuals, as well as teams.

C. Heubi's sensational catch of Legge's long drive to centre was a "peach," and brought the stands to their feet.

Legge, the "Tech." second sacker, was their bright light, both at the bat and in the field, while Powell's stick work was brilliant.

# RICHMOND COLLEGE, 3; TRINITY, 2.

Trailing for eight innings behind a lead of two runs, the Spiders, after a heart-rending fight, defeated Trinity College in a ten-inning game, by tying up the score in the ninth, and sending across the winning run in the extra inning.

Trinity's runs came in the fourth and eighth innings, and they appeared to have the game sewed up. When the Spiders awoke to the fact that they were about to drop out of the running, Captain Ancarrow, the first man up in the ninth, walked; Wiley banged one to the right garden; Knipe fumbled Flannagan's infield fly, and the bases were full, Ancarrow coming home on a passed ball by Maddon, and Flannagan trailing a minute later on Robins' hit.

In Trinity's half the men were retired easily, Liggan making a beautiful one-hand stop of the first man's drive, and putting him out at first on a perfect peg.

With the beginning of the tenth inning, Duval, the Red and Blue slabist, hit, but was out at second on Liggan's sacrifice. Liggan stole second, and came home on Lewis's smashing two-bagger, thus packing the game on ice.

Richmond College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—3
Trinity.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—2



## RICHMOND COLLEGE, 7; HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 2.

The Spiders kept up their winning streak on the home grounds by defeating Hampden-Sidney in an easy manner.

The game was slow, but full of sensational plays, and was characterized throughout by the machine-like precision with which the Spider team worked.

Robinson, a Freshman, was sent in to oppose Carrington, the Tigers' stellar slabist. He acquitted himself creditably up to the seventh inning, having allowed the visitors but one hit and one run. However, in the seventh inning Bugg made a slashing drive to the centre garden. When the next man followed with another hit to the same field, Coach Dobson sent in Duval, who retired the other men easily and pitched air-tight ball for the remaining innings.

The Spiders began scoring in the last half of the second, when they obtained four runs from a combination of hits and errors. There was no more scoring by either side till the lucky seventh was reached. Then Bugg made the second and last run for the Tigers, with a homer. However, when the Spiders came to bat in the same inning, Ancarrow walked, and on the hit and run play Wiley sent one to Carrington, and both men were safe. Flannagan drove one to Carter, who fumbled, allowing Ancarrow to score. Carter threw in to catch Wiley at third, but Saunders muffed the ball, thereby allowing another score, Flannagan scoring also on Scales' pretty sacrifice to Carrington. The next two men were easy outs, and this ended the scoring.

Wiley's brilliant fielding was the feature for the Spiders, while Thurman and Hodges starred for the visitors.

Richmond College.....	0	4	0	0	0	0	3	0	x—7
Hampden-Sidney.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

## RICHMOND COLLEGE, 1; WILLIAM AND MARY, 5.

Displaying none of the ginger which characterized their playing with the Hampden-Sidney Tigers, a few days previous, the Spiders were given a good drubbing by the Williamsburgers on Cary field, in the second game of the championship series.



Duval pitched a beautiful game, but the Spiders were woefully weak at the bat, and seven errors are calculated to lose any game, no matter how classy the pitching is.

Garnett's pitching was the real feature. He was master of the situation at all times, while the fielding of his team-mates was extra good, and they hit when it counted.

Richmond College.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
William and Mary.....	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	x—5

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 1; RANDOLPH-MACON, 4.

Inability to connect safely with Marston's benders, together with one bad inning, caused the Spiders to drop their first championship game of the series with Randolph-Macon.

In the second inning Wiley banged a long drive to the left garden for three bags, and came home on Robins' hit to the in-field. After this inning Marston was in danger of being scored on only on one occasion, but managed to retire the side without allowing another runner to count.

Flannagan started out as if he would prove invincible to the Ashlanders, fanning the first five men who faced him. However, in the third inning, a combination of several hits, an error and wild throw by Flannagan gave the "Jackets" three runs, and the final tally was annexed in the sixth.

With the exception of the third inning, Flannagan pitched wonderful ball, and deserved better support. Marston, however, pitched such a strong game, and was so ably supported that the Spiders were unable to break into the score column but once.

Richmond College.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Randolph-Macon.....	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	x—4

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 0; HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 2.

By dropping their third consecutive game, the Spiders practically eliminated themselves from the championship race.

Although played on the Tigers' home grounds, the game was a big surprise, as the Garnett and Gray had been easily defeated in their previous game with the Spiders.

From the start it was a pitchers' battle, Duval having a slight



edge on Moore. The first four Garnet and Gray men whiffed, and not a hit was made off of Duval's delivery up to the fifth inning, with the exception of a scratch in the third. In the fifth, however, a combination of a single, several miscues, and two sacrifices enabled Hampden-Sidney to put a couple of tallies where they counted. After this inning, however, they were never dangerous.

The score by innings:

Richmond College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Hampden-Sidney.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	x—2

#### RICHMOND COLLEGE, 2; WILLIAM AND MARY, 4.

Miserable fielding, with a few ivory stunts, again spelled defeat for the Spiders in their final game with William and Mary. Flannagan was wild at intervals, yet he pitched a game which should have won.

Wiley's batting and fielding featured for the Spiders, having two hits and three outs to his credit.

Peachy, at short, put up a beautiful game for the "Burghers," having one out and four assists to his credit, while his pegging was perfect. Jones, in right field, played an all-round game also, his fielding being exceptionally good.

Richmond College.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2
William and Mary.....	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	x—4

#### RESUME.

While there remains one more championship game to be played with Randolph-Macon, the result will in no wise have any effect on our championship aspirations, as we bade them good-bye several games back.

Looking at it from one point of view, the past season was a disappointment. With the beginning of the season, the outlook was poor; we realized it, and accepted it. Coach Dobson did have a fairly good bunch of material from which to build a team in both foot-ball and basket-ball, but this was certainly not the case in base-ball. The pitching staff was not promising, yet, before the season was over, it was seen that, had the rest of

the team played two-thirds as well as they, we would now be topping the championship ladder. The rest of the team was a disappointment. And yet, though we knew that it would hardly have been possible for Coach Dobson to develop a winning team with the mediocre material at hand, our hopes were raised to such an extent that we had visions of a third championship cup for this session. This vision was brought about by the fact that, after a very disastrous trip, we took the scalps of Trinity College, V. P. I., and Hampden-Sidney in succession.

We cannot win everything, however. Coach Dobson has presented us with two championship teams, and one of the greatest track winners the College has ever had, and, under the circumstances, though we have lost the cup, yet we feel that we have been more successful in athletics than for the past eight years, and we are content.

The team, while it lost, always fought, and was nosed out of victory in each championship game by a close score.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

*M. L. Breitstein, '15.*

We were all deeply grieved to hear of the death of Dr. P. S. Henson, A. B., '49, on April 25th, in Boston. Dr. Henson had the distinction of being the first student to receive a degree from Richmond College, and, although he had been absent from his native State for some time, and only returned for occasional visits, he was well known and greatly beloved in Virginia. Until a short time before his death, he was the pastor of Tremont Temple, in Boston, which position he was forced to give up when his health failed him. Dr. Henson was a lucid writer, a profound scholar, and, above all, a brilliant orator. He possessed remarkable wit, and his bright sermons gained for him the reputation of "a minister of good cheer." By his unselfish life of service, the first alumnus of our College has indeed set an example worthy of emulation. He served his people most excellently in both peace and war, and he will be greatly missed by the thousands who loved and honored him.

Frank Gaines, B. A., '12, is a candidate this year for the Master of Arts Degree at the University of Chicago.

Prof. R. E. Loving, M. A., '98, of the Physics Department, recently attended the spring meetings of the American Physical Society and the National Academy of Sciences, at Washington, D. C.

E. Norman Daniel is now Associate Professor of English at Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

If the past may be considered the proper standard by which to judge, Richmond College need have no fear for the future. The following are some of the great honors that have recently come to our graduates:

H. Lee McBain, M. A., 1900, has been made Professor of



Comparative Administrative Law at the University of Columbia, in New York. Professor McBain succeeds Dr. Goodnow, who has been elected President of Johns Hopkins University.

Russell G. Smith, A. B., '11, has been awarded a fellowship in Sociology by Columbia University.

A. B. Bass, B. A., '11, has been awarded the Jones Fellowship by Colgate University. This is a traveling fellowship, which entitles the winner to \$600, and to the privilege of continuing his studies in any American University he desires. It is the highest honor awarded at Colgate.

The President of the College recently read before the student body a letter from Powhatan W. James, B. A., '05, in which he stated that he had just succeeded in winning a prize of \$1,000 in an essay contest on "Christian Education." Mr. James attributed his success, in large measure, to the training received in writing for *THE MESSENGER* while in College.

Oscar B. Ryder, M. A., '09, who is now Professor of English at the John Marshall High School, in Richmond, has been awarded a fellowship by Harvard. Mr. Ryder will specialize in Economics.

The commencement exercises this year will be characterized by many unique features. There is one feature, however, that will appeal especially to those interested in alumni affairs, and that is that the exercises will be conducted entirely by the Alumni Association. S. H. Templeman, M. A., '05, who is the President of the Alumni Association, has been very busy lately, boosting the commencement, and urging every alumnus to be in Richmond for the exercises. A large number is expected, and the committee appointed for the purpose is providing for the entertainment of those who attend.

Hon. Andrew J. Montague will deliver the commencement address.

James H. Franklin, D. D., of Boston, will preach the commencement sermon.

Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, who is professor at Georgetown College, Ky., will deliver the historical address.

J. Emerson Hicks, M. A., 1900, of Danville, will speak on "The New College."



Among the alumni who have visited the campus during the past month are E. K. Cox, '13; J. W. Elliott, '13, and J. E. Tucker.



*Clyde C. Webster, '14.*

After four months of not unpleasant work as Exchange Editor, we have about come to the conclusion that practically the only person to whom this department is of real benefit is the editor himself. The editor has the opportunity of reading magazines from many schools, and of finding out what is being done in other institutions. From this task, undertaken with some misgivings, we feel that we have received not only instruction, but, to a great extent, pleasure. We have been impressed, as never before, with the high quality of literary work of which a college student is capable. It has been our endeavor to give our personal impressions without hesitation. This, to our mind, is the only way to conduct an exchange column; and, when its criticisms degenerate into an amiable exchange of bouquets, whether deserved or not, we believe that the department should be done away with.

The exchange editors of some of the magazines which come to our table—more especially high school publications, but not infrequently college magazines—seem to think that the department was created for printing a collection of “near jokes” from other papers, or sweet little bouquets handed them by indiscriminating editors of different college monthlies. When other papers are criticised by such editors, it is generally with such definite expressions as “interesting,” “well written,” or we are told that the magazine has an attractive cover and is well printed on good paper. This is not enough. An effort should be made to make the exchange department readable by bringing out any new ideas found in the different papers, and by suggesting improvements



which might be made, both in the individual articles and in the magazine as a whole.

Moreover, in some magazines entirely too much space is given to jokes and matters of local interest. To such an extent is this true that, in some cases, very little space is left for the literary department, which alone is the real reason for the existence of a college magazine. Then, too, not enough interest is taken in literary matters by most colleges, as a whole. Many students look upon their magazine as a very insignificant factor in college life and training. This, needless to say, is entirely wrong. It should be considered by every student a very great honor to have his articles accepted. In no other way, as we have remarked more than once, can a student receive training which will be more valuable to him in after life than by trying to put his thoughts into clear English. This he should practice constantly; and, in helping himself, he will be helping his college magazine.

This magazine contains, in its literary department, only three articles, two attempts at poetry, and one essay. One of the poems is a translation of Heine's *Die Lorelei*, written in uncertain meter and in rather poor English. The second piece of verse, "Stick an' Win," is more suitable for the local column than for the literary section. The third article is entitled "The Cry of the Children." This gives us some first-hand information concerning the conditions of child labor in some of our industries. It is well worth the reading. *The Georgetownian* needs more contributions—some good stories and more poems of higher quality. As the editor says, the magazine does not belong to the editor, to the staff, nor to the Freshman English Class. Why he singles out the Freshman Class is not plain, but if it means that the upper class-men leave the literary efforts of the college to the Freshmen, it is a poor state of affairs. A high school magazine might possibly be published by college Freshmen, but not a college magazine. Get busy, and help your editor to raise the standard of your magazine.

"The Run of Engine No. 19" is a good development of a



rather trite plot. The familiar story of how a fireman becomes an engineer, by heroically stopping some run-away cars full of passengers, is thrilling, and climactic in effect. The magazine for March is too one-sided. There are too many essays in proportion to the other matter. Two of these are biographical sketches of Hampden-Sidney alumni, which, though written in a good style, are of interest mainly, if not entirely, to students of Hampden-Sidney. The other essays are rather superficial and sketchy. More verse and more stories are needed.

*The  
Hampden-Sidney  
Magazine.*

This little paper, printed in the form of a four-page newspaper, is very creditable for a preparatory school. Some of the stories reflect great credit on the writers' ability to write good, clear English, and to construct simple plots. Beware, however, of the nauseous combination "has gotten," which occurs several times. "Has got," which is much used by English writers, seems bad enough to most Americans, but there is no excuse for "has gotten" in good writing.

*The  
Academy Topics.*

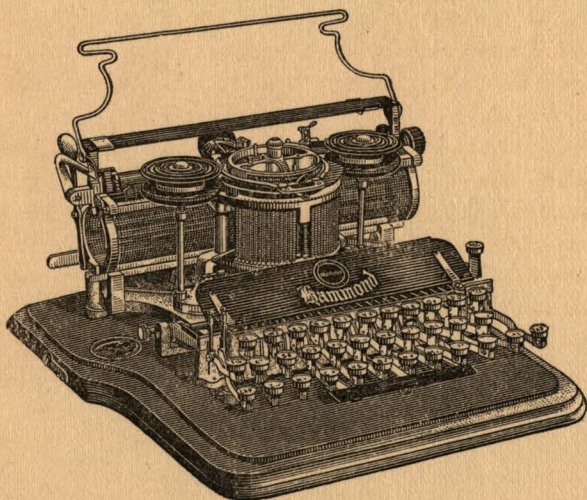
There are three stories worth noting in the April issue of this magazine. "The Higher Law" is an appealing story of the mountains. An honest mountaineer is driven, by love for his young wife, who has been apparently injured for life, to rob a bank, in order to be able to employ a specialist for her. He is shot in the act, but escapes without being recognized. With difficulty, he returns home to die. The physician has heard of the case, and, becoming interested, successfully undertakes the case of the wife, but is unable to save the mountaineer's life. In "Without Evidence" a criminal tells of how he worked for years to circumvent the police, whom he despised. He takes all manner of precautions to destroy any evidence, but, at last, when he has committed murder, by an extremely subtle plot, and thinks himself safe from suspicion, he

*The  
William and Mary Literary  
Magazine.*



is betrayed by an obvious clue, given in attempting to hide other pieces of evidence. "The Miniature God" is a story of the Civil War, reminding one of those of Thomas Nelson Page. "Little Buds o' Spring" is the best of the poetry. It is really very creditable. It is an Easter poem, written in definite stanza form, and smooth in its rhythm. "The Eve o' Spring" shows some skill in handling run-on lines, which make the poem more readable. This, also, is an Easter poem, containing several good lines. There is only one essay in the magazine. The author of "The Holy Grail" takes the position that, in the idyll of this name, Tennyson reached his high-water mark in blank verse and in sublimity of theme. There is no doubt that the theme of the Holy Grail is one of the noblest and sublimest in literature, as well as in music, but many critics consider that the blank verse of *Guinevere* is the greatest that Tennyson wrote. On the whole, the April issue of this magazine is the best which we have seen from William and Mary.

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