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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XLI.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 1

TO THE OAK.

Norma O. Woodward, '16.

O mighty Oak, thou monarch of the wood,
Thou in whose outstretched arms the little birds
Lie sleeping, 'till the April sun and rain
Awaken them, to clothe thee for the spring
In cloth of green, which rustles like the silk,
Which high-born dames, on Easter morning, don.
Thou gazeth down from out thy leafy heights,
And giveth shade, wherein the traveler,
From countries far, may, on his weary quest,
Lay down his burden, and enjoy thy gift.
And when he leaves thee, and goes on his way,
He'll bless the path which led him there that day.

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PROPOSAL No. 25.

R. H. K., '17.

RS. CRUMB was the sole proprietor of a second-rate boarding-house and a fat daughter by the name of Ophelia. I repeat that Ophelia was fat. Not that daughters of boarding-house mistresses are necessarily fat (on the contrary, statistics prove otherwise), but I mention the fact to show you her intrinsic value as an advertisement to draw boarders to a too meagre table. A daughter having all the appearance of having had an intimate relation with porterhouse, Smithfield, and spring fries of goodly import, is worth more to attract boarders than a whole column of "Wanted's."

Moreover, Ophelia was mischievous, and thereby hangs a tale—and a lightning-rod agent. With a face enough like a sunflower to suggest the simile, Ophelia figuratively bloomed among her mother's boarders.

One day Ophelia came into the house and announced, "Mother, a lightning-rod agent is out here. Wants to rod our house."

Now lightning-rod agents come unannounced, like earthquakes and other disturbances, which ever remind us of the exhortation, "Be ye also ready, for such an hour as you think not—".

Mrs. Crumb invited a limp, humble, little man, with a nervous eye, into the sitting-room. She stood over him with her two hundred pounds, still holding an unpropitious rolling-pin in her hand. Through the door Ophelia could be seen, looking on. Mr. Meek introduced himself, sat down, rubbed one hand inside of the other, and proceeded.

"Dear Mrs. Crumb, life is uncertain," he philosophized, rubbing his hands again; "we are surrounded with antagonistic and malevolent agents—"

"Lightning-rod agents," whispered through the door.

"Such agents are the angry elements—God's artillery, so

to speak. Now, the great manufacturer of the universe gave us intelligence to protect ourselves against these baneful influences of wind and storm. We have sense enough to put pillars under our houses to keep them from falling down. We put roofs on top of our houses to keep the rain from our heads. Let us go just one step farther in the great plan, and what shall we put on the top of our roofs? There is only one answer—lightning-rods. I pride myself in this great work, Mrs. Crumb. Think of the precious lives I have been the humble means of saving.” His voice broke, and a handkerchief went to his nose. “Have you the good fortune to have children, Mrs. Crumb?”

Mrs. Crumb pointed to Ophelia.

“Ah, a lovely daughter—how comely, how seemly, how good to look upon.”

Ophelia winked at him through the doorway. He turned again to Mrs. Crumb.

“It must be a joy to have a beautiful daughter like that, just ripening into the flower of blossom-hood; just ready, shall I say, to be plucked.” He stopped short. Ophelia must have winked at him again.

“And then just think,” he continued, disconsolately, drawing out his veteran flag for another battle with tears, “just think; there are numerous instances where daughters as beautiful as she, as precious as she, have been stricken by the cruel whip of lightning. These are sad things, Mrs. Crumb—sad things. Only day before yesterday a Miss Amelia McDooley was out working her flowers when a bolt knocked her into the flower pit and eternity. She was beautiful and plump. If her mother had been provident, had she been wise, Mrs. Crumb, she would have had rods upon her house to conduct the electricity harmoniously into the ground.”

“Don’t want ’em,” was Mrs. Crumb’s terse reply. “Need other things worse than lightning sticks. Boarders ain’t overcrowding us these days, and Ophelia needs dresses and things.”

“A most remarkable daughter,” offered Mr. Meek, casting his eyes in her direction.

“I suppose I can only tell you good-bye, then, Mrs. Crumb,” he said, rising. “And if the Lord takes to Himself your daughter,

or any of those near and dear to you, by means of lightning, don't blame me for it."

"Hold on," warned Mrs. Crumb, "none of that, please. You just get right out."

Here Ophelia came forward, begging her mother not to lose her temper, and slyly suggested that Mr. Meek might like to stay for dinner. Mr. Meek was very glad indeed, and would be pleased to stay. And, as a further incentive to such a course, an appetizing whiff of ham came from the kitchen. Miss Ophelia and Mr. Meek were now left alone. She sat close to him and talked, with her fat cheeks shaking like bowls of jelly. After dinner Mr. Meek announced to Mrs. Crumb that he would like to work the whole territory, with his headquarters there. Yes, he would be pleased to pay his board in advance.

The rotund shadow huddled in the corner of the porch on the following night was Ophelia. The smaller one that moved its appendages nervously was Mr. Meek. Sometimes the shadows blended. At other times the motion of fast-moving lips could be seen very close together, casting their grotesque shadows on the wall. Only the moon was chaperon on this occasion, and she is used to such things. Just as we expected, Mr. Meek soon asked Ophelia to be his playmate for life.

"Oh, I'm not going to marry until twenty-five men propose to me," Ophelia giggled.

"My dear girl," exclaimed Mr. Meek, who, unfortunately, had the faculty of saying the wrong thing at the psychological moment, "surely you are not going to wait as long as that."

Ophelia sniffed. The idea of *her* having to wait a long time to receive twenty-five proposals!

"Yes, I *am* serious," she retorted. "You'll see."

In vain did Mr. Meek insist that she was only joking, but the more he persisted the more obstinate she became in her declaration. He began to think soberly. Twenty-five was not a small number. If nature should be permitted to trot her course, no doubt a long time would elapse before that number of men would seek her hand. This fact became staggering. How could he hurry matters up? How could he, at the same time, win the sympathy of Mrs. Crumb? Ophelia naively hinted

that if he would put rods on the house, to show his appreciation for her kind hospitality, that her mother would have undying affection for him.

Next day Mr. Meek cornered Mrs. Crumb, and asked for the privilege of rodding her house, merely as an advertisement, and to show his appreciation for the kindness which he had received during his stay. She thanked him profusely, and he set to work. He completed the job in half a day. That afternoon Mr. Meek went out, and did not come back until late at night. He became reticent as to his success each day.

Meanwhile an inexplicable thing happened. New boarders, particularly men, began to pour into Mrs. Crumb's boarding-house. And came men of all descriptions. Some smacked of better days, with their bare coats and worn baggage, and others there were who looked spry and eager-eyed, hot on the trail of the dollar.

Ophelia began to suspect that these recruits were due to the occult operations of Mr. Meek. More certain was she of this when a bald-headed individual, who had been there only two days, swore on bended knee to the virgin moon that he had lost every trace of his heart, it having left its bosomly habitation the instant he had laid his eyes upon her. Would she marry him? More remarkable does it appear when we consider the fact that this proposal was followed up by ten more proposals by the end of the week. In the meantime Mrs. Crumb's boarding-house was doing a flourishing business. The dining-room would no longer hold the boarders, and the kitchen was called into requisition.

Then one night (it was Thursday of the next week) Ophelia and Mr. Meek were holding a *tete-a-tete* while strolling along the walk in front of the house.

"How many have proposed, dear?" he asked.

"Twenty-four," she confided, leaning on his arm.

Mr. Meek did not tell her, however, that he had scoured the town for boarders, and had then induced them, in every possible way, to propose to her. So far, he had been successful, but there was one more needed yet. The boarding-house was full now, and no more men available. He began to take a mental census to see if all the new boarders had proposed to Ophelia.

No, there was one who remained obstinate. He lacked humor to take in the situation. He thought proposing to a woman too sacred to trifle with. Of course, if he loved one, he could propose to her, but that was different. Mr. Meek tried to bribe him into proposing to her. His offers of five, ten, and, later, of twenty dollars were turned down. In the meantime Mr. Meek so arranged it that Mr. Burk (for that was his name) and Miss Ophelia were thrown together as much as possible, hoping that a favorable opportunity would break him down.

Such was not the case, however, and Mr. Meek was forced to change his plans. He forged a little note (may Heaven forgive him), and signed Ophelia's name. It was extravagant and compromising in its declarations of her love for him. He placed it upon Mr. Burk's table and waited results. On the following day Mr. Meek constructed more air castles than lightning-rods. Two days later, more lightning-rods than air castles.

That night Mr. Meek failed to see Miss Ophelia or Mr. Burk. Going to his room, a little anxious as to what fate had in store for him, he found a note sticking under the crack of the door. It was a woman's handwriting—yes, and addressed to him. He opened it with avidity, and read:

Dear Mr. Lightning-Rod:

Twenty-five men have proposed to me. Mr. Burk was the twenty-fifth. You remember I told you I would not marry until twenty-five had asked for my hand. I have kept my promise. I am dippy about Mr. Burk. We are going to get married to-night. Mother and I thank you for bringing so many nice new boarders.

Yours truly,

OPHELIA.

Next morning, about daylight, Mrs. Crumb thought she heard a noise on the roof. She dressed and hurried out to investigate. The lightning-rods had been taken down, and Mr. Meek was seen disappearing far up the road.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AND SOCIALISM.

J. C. Duke, '15.

AT Vienna, on August 23, 1914, the Triennial International Socialist Congress was to convene. Its principal business was to adopt or reject the majority report of a committee appointed at the previous Congress, recommending that the Socialists should attempt a general strike in case of declaration of war. The report of the minority, including the German delegates, was adverse to such action, on the grounds that it would make a country such as Germany, in which the Socialist movement was very strong, defenceless before a country like Russia, whose Socialist movement was too weak to seriously hinder their Government in its attack on the other nation.

Suddenly, less than a month before the Congress, Austria declared war on Servia. At once the delegates were notified by the International Socialist Bureau to meet at Paris. A few days passed, and then France declared war on Germany. In desperation, the call was made to convene at Brussels immediately. Several hours after, the German invasion of Belgium brought forth Belgium's declaration of war—and the International Socialist Congress was called off.

The Socialists throughout Europe, in the meantime, organized great protest meetings against war, and widely distributed the official proclamations of their parties, demanding peace. The Berlin Socialists held over thirty large demonstrations, and Hamburg, the capital of German Socialism, was the scene of tremendous Socialist peace gatherings. So it was all over the territory involved, or likely to become so. The London mass-meeting was estimated at over 15,000 people. Paris, Vienna, and Brussels all witnessed impressive displays of the Socialists in opposition to war (the Paris Socialists causing a riot when the police tried to suppress them). Jaures, the French Socialist leader, was shot by a jingoist, and many of the protestants received wounds from clubs and bayonets wielded by the police

and soldiers in the various cities, not to mention jail sentences.

The German Socialists were opposed to the general strike, and they now had but two courses open—to start a revolution, and be crushed, or submit to the Government. They chose the latter, as a matter of national defence against Russia and France, whose armies were then preparing to invade Germany. Emil Vandervelde, the Belgium Minister of State, who recently visited the United States, stated that the German Socialists did all in their power to prevent the war, and, as Vandervelde is the chairman of the International Socialist Bureau, his testimony is valuable, especially as he would hardly defend the Socialists of Germany if he thought them responsible, in the slightest degree, for the invasion of his country.

The French and Belgian Socialists were justified by Socialist principles in defending their countries. The protection of the more democratic governments against the autocratic and militaristic would also seem to justify the English Socialists in their stand; but a large section refused to back the British Government because of its diplomatic intrigues and alliance with Russia. In Austria and Russia the Socialists, though weak in numbers, protested vigorously against the Governmental policies, but the war credits were passed over their opposition.

Among the first organizations to take action was the strong Italian Socialist party, whose legislative representatives demanded that the Italian Parliament convene immediately and declare Italy neutral, which was done. They had voted to call a general strike if Italy intervened, and were in a position to carry the plan out because of their connection with the powerful railroad and other important labor unions. Their recent political victories, including those of Florence, Milan, and other important industrial centres, also indicated the inadvisability of affronting these revolutionary elements, and consequently the Italian Government declared for peace.

This is the record of what the greatest peace organization in the world did to prevent the most stupendous war of all time. The futility of treaties, the weakness of The Hague Tribunal to secure even a hearing, the uselessness of "peace societies," are

clearly demonstrated by this war. In order to put an end to wars, it is necessary to destroy the economic basis of wars—the struggle for world markets, and to establish democratic governments. That is the remedy offered by the International Socialist movement.

When we get a closer view of Europe's battle-fields, and see the effects of this war upon the economic system, culture, and civilization of Europe; when we ponder over American friction with Japan, Mexico, the South and Central American countries, and, probably, the European countries, anything that can deliver us from wars, that will surely come as a result of present commercial policies, should receive support, even if it is called Socialism.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL.

R. A. S.

Through grace divine a goodly knight
To life anew was born;
And in his dreams a seraph soul,
As lovely as the morn,
Beamed joyously; at wakening light
She left him all forlorn.

At vesper mused this knight, and sank
Beside a crystal stream,
Enthralled and rapt, with brooding eye,
Lit by a mystic gleam;
Till mellow dawn, in wreathed wrack,
Dissolved his blissful dream.

To heaven he cast his gaze, and scanned
The dappled clouds alight,
And from them wooed, in phantasy,
The maid of yesternight;
Till wanton winds had ravished
The image from his sight.

Along the rill where flowerets gleamed
In many a sunlit spot,
A soft and fragrant sigh arose
From the frail forget-me-not;
While tenderly the immortelle
Bewailed his bitter lot.

A pilgrim knight he fared afar,
And evermore he prayed
That haply he might some day find
Glad tidings of this maid.
His boon denied, yet toiled he on,
Undaunted, undismayed.

With Faith and Hope, his vassals leal,
It chanced his path had led
Along the dim and echoing aisles
Of a minster legended,
Whose walls glowed soft with angel forms
By hallowed hands outspread.

And as his ever-wistful gaze
On saint and seraph fell,
Amid the sacred portraitures,
Wrought all so wondrous well,
A vision drew his 'wilderer eye,
As by a magic spell.

His swelling heart throbbed wild and hard;
His brain with fever burned,
For, lo! in glistening robes bedight,
Stood she for whom he yearned—
The radiant image of his dreams
To mortal bars returned.

The beauteous brow, the guileless glance
From eye of lustre rare,
The form's unearthly loveliness,
The grace beyond compare,
A circling glory crowned with stars
The splendor of her hair.

With rapturous cry he forward pressed,
To share a fond embrace;
But she, amid her frame of gold,
Stirred not from out her place.
It seemed a solemn shadow spread
O'er her uplifted face.

Then in his heart the quickening truth
Glowed like descended fire—

Her saintly soul long since had soared
To swell the seraphs' choir,
And tune to praise of God on high
Her living golden lyre.

Her eyes abeam with mystic light,
That round God's throne doth beat,
This spirit sought within his soul
To rear a mercy-seat;
But who would priceless guerdon gain
Must strive by service meet.

He knelt; then bowed his head, and sighed:
"Lord, and it be Thy will
That I resign this high emprise
My Love would fain fulfill,
I yield the quest, to meekly bear
Life's grievous load until,

"This sojourn o'er, dread Death shall point
No dolorous road of tears;
My soul shall greet the sable gates,
Since through them *she* appears."
He paused; his face was radiant with
The light of purer spheres.

THE REAL THING.

W. Burleigh Clarke, '18.

BENNIE JONES was young—a college Freshman, and, like many of this species, a worshiper, from a discreet and removed angle, of all *les jolies dames*. Moreover, Bennie was bashful, a failing which was evident from his shy Irish-blue eyes, and a tendency to get “fussed” in the presence of the fair sex, and which only served to emphasize his six feet of red-headed good nature. It was the knowledge of this weakness which caused his present state of wretchedness as he reflected on the situation before him.

As a member of the college German Club, it was his solemn duty to appear in the ball-room that night with a maiden on his arm. All his wonderful and plausible arguments against such programme had amounted to nothing; and, urged by the threat of a ten-dollar fine, he had timidly arranged the engagement which he had now but thirty minutes to fill.

With a parting yank at his tie, a fond gaze upon his hosiery and patent-leather pumps, and a critical survey of the creases in his trousers, he blossomed forth upon his errand.

The girl lived only three blocks from the campus, but they were “some blocks,” according to Bennie—long, dark alleyways, lighted only here and there by the dim flicker of the street lamps, while the big, silent houses on either side reared their dark outlines from terraced heights, and seemed to close in on the pedestrian. Benny said he always had a suffocating feeling while passing through this gloomy street.

Loafing along now, however, his thoughts bent on the more urgent problem of entertaining the girl, the enveloping gloom of his surroundings was working unnoticed.

Suddenly, like a quick touch on the shoulder, an unseen something aroused him from his reverie. From a dark clump of box-bushes ahead a lithe black cat stole across the street, and disappeared into the opposite shadows, whence its wicked yellow eyes gleamed out at Bennie as if searching his very soul. Eagerly

that young man quickened his pace, and shuddered at the lonely staccato sound of his foot-steps.

As he hastened doubtfully along, ready to jump at the first crack of a twig, the oppressive silence seemed to threaten him from every side—seemed to reach out at him with cold, clammy fingers, as if to draw him back into those murky shadows.

Bang! What was that noise? Or maybe it was Bennie's heart as it jumped into his throat. There, on that dark lawn, not twenty feet away, crouched and ready to spring, hid the powerful form of the biggest, most wicked-looking dog Bennie had ever seen. Even as he gazed, terrified, the white teeth bared in a vicious snarl. Bennie's legs trembled; a funny sensation tickled the roots of his hair; he opened his mouth to yell, but his voice was gone. Somewhere inside of him the main-spring was shattered into uselessness. Crack! a twig snapped somewhere. It struck Bennie like a red-hot electric shock. A flood of startled energy possessed him, and he was off like a motor-cycle.

"Only half a block now," thought the flying Bennie. "Good Lord, if I only had wings!" But behind him he could almost feel the hot breath of that demon dog, and he ran as if his whole heart and soul were in his legs.

Both hat and patent-leather pumps had long since been left behind when Bennie burst, bare-headed and in his stocking feet, unceremoniously through the door, and into the presence of the girl and her mother.

Surely this was an uncomfortable situation. Bennie fumbled for his pockets, while he shifted confusedly from one muddy sock to the other; but his timely tale of how he had frustrated and put to rout a bold thief, who attempted to snatch a lady's purse, won the cordial applause of his audience, and somewhat restored his dignity and composure.

* * * * *

About four hours later Bennie and the girl were taking the longest way home from the dance. Walking close, and slowly talking over the gyrations of the evening, Bennie had lost all consciousness of his surroundings, when suddenly "Look!" she exclaimed; "wouldn't that scare you on a dark night?"

With a start, he looked up full into the blood-thirsty jaws of that determined dog, crouching there in a patch of moonlight; and a horrible, sickly feeling overcame him, as his traitorous legs again began to tremble.

"And if you didn't know it was a stone figure," the girl was saying, "you could easily mistake it for the real thing."

"Y-yes," breathed Bennie, with a terrible sigh of relief, "but it wouldn't scare me. I've seen it before."

CONTRAST.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

Swift do the moments fly
When you are near;
Dreary the days pass by
Without you, dear.

Pleasant the hours I spend
Close to your heart;
Bitter the days impend
Whene'er we part.

Joyous I ask your hand;
Grant it to me,
And none in all the land
Will happier be.


THE WARRIOR,

W. H. C., '14.

Onward, onward, o'er the prairie,
Through the fields and gloomy woodland,
O'er the wastes of sand and hillock,
Forward marched the stern commander.
From a home of joy and gladness
To the realms of death and sadness,
On from peace and calm seclusion
To the fury of the battle.
Forward to the roar and thunder
Of a thousand cannon crashing,
Blasting, blighting, crushing, killing
All the hopes and fondest dreaming
Of a life of joy and service
For the welfare of the nation.
Thus it ended, thus the battle
Broke the ties of fondest friendship,
Severed all the threads of union,
Buried deep the noble purpose
Of a tender, youthful spirit
Bursting into fuller manhood.

A QUESTION OF CIVILIZATION.

Prof. Dice R. Anderson.

“HEY * * * are not worthy of our age.” This is a sentence not from some recent sermon, but from a letter of a pagan Emperor to a pagan Governor in Asia Minor.

This solicitude of the Emperor Trojan, in 112 A. D., for the reputation of his age is a testimony to the quality, both of the Emperor and the age which he and his Asian Governor adorned. It is not worthy of our age—eighteen hundred years and two after Pliny and his royal master—our age of enlightenment and culture, of inventions and comfort, of ethical claims and Christian pretensions—it is not worthy of our age that one-half of the human race should be engaged in authorized bloodshed and pillage. It is lamentable that Christian Czars, Emperors, Kings, Presidents, and peoples should so wantonly rush into what, in almost every quarter, is admitted to be unworthy of our age.

We have been glorying in our *Western* civilization, and attempting to force it on those whom we thought should adopt it, and now our Western civilization itself is in question. Has it broken down? Is it in danger? Will it be crushed out?

I have before me as I write an article written by one who styles himself Yone Nochuchi, of Keio University, Tokio. “What,” says he, “does the present European war mean to us Orientals? It means the saddest down-fall of the so-called Western civilization. * * * We now see that it was merely a mirage, or optical illusion of a thing which, in its truest sense, never existed; or, if it ever existed, it was simply a changed form or crafty masquerading of an avaricious instinct of primitive barbarism. The Western people, with all sorts of colleges and institutions in their most advanced order, are, after all, like their naked friends in far-away Asia or Africa, as it proves now—only a hungry piece of flesh, who, to use a Japanese saying, ‘has just three more hairs than a monkey’ * * *.” I must quote two more sentences

from this terrific indictment, which can now be presented with so much plausibility: "It was the German Emperor who drew a picture, calling us the Yellow Peril * * *. If we had been a yellow peril, as he said, it meant only against the white race of the West. But what that German Emperor is doing now is, certainly, a mighty peril against all the humanities of the whole world." And, again: "It is not too much to say that the present European war is the beginning of the dark age of the whole world."

Place beside this indictment, made by either an actual or fictitious professor at a Japanese University, this other mournful prophecy from the great Okuma: "If this war continues," he is reported to have said, "Western civilization will be destroyed." Nor must it be forgotten that Germans and Austrians claim, whether justly or not, that *they* are fighting the battle of Western civilization.

Indeed, it would seem that this solicitude of Japanese and German, Austrian, and, no doubt, Russian, and possibly even French, Belgian, and Englishman, for Western civilization, indicates that we of the twentieth century, like the pagan Emperor of the second, have some *feeling* for what is "worthy" of our age.

If a true bill against Western civilization in the year 1914 were drawn, what would be the list of particulars? It would be, one might say, the severity of the Austrian note to Servia on July 23d; the declaration of war by Austria on Servia as early as July 28th; the inability of the great powers to work out a plan of peaceful settlement; the acknowledged violation of Belgian neutrality imposed on that pathetic country by the very powers now engaged in war; the destruction of unfortified cities; the butchery of non-combatant men, women, and children; the demolition of the University of Louvain, with its priceless library and manuscripts; the mutilation of that triumph of architecture, the Cathedral of Rheims—all this aside from the alignment against one another in regular combat of four or five million men, and the breaking out of the most horrible war in history, at the time of arbitration treaties, peace conferences, hundred-years-of-peace memorial, elaborate professions of human brotherhood, and the like.

Germany may have done these things, or France may have done some of them; the rules of war may have been observed or not in a technical sense. But a Japanese, a Chinaman, a South Sea Islander indeed, might be justified in drawing up this charge against the peoples at war and the civilization which allows it.

And yet has not the shield another side? With all of its defects, has not Western civilization given their best to Japan, China, and the rest? Would they be willing to divest themselves of what Western civilization they have, however bad it may be? Railroads, telegraph and telephone, household comforts, agricultural and manufacturing devices, preventive medicine, surgery, and sanitation, constitutions, modern governmental machinery, a merciful code of laws, free labor, public education have adorned Western civilization for the decades before the war, have value *in* war and *aside* from war, in both belligerent and non-belligerent nations, and will remain when the present conflict is over.

But this war itself is not without its evidences of nobility. German loyalty and intelligent enthusiasm, Belgian heroism, English prayerful pleading for peace—these things have their ethical value, even if there is war. War also has brought out again the splendid qualities of American isolation. President Wilson's dignified and respectful hearing of contending representations from warring countries, which turned to him as the chief embodiment of just and unselfish neutrality, is an incident of historical significance; and so are the united prayers of the American people on Sunday, the fourth day of October, and the embarkation of the American Red Cross nurses, as well as the generous contributions by sympathetic citizens of the peace-endowed republic to the sufferings of the afflicted across the seas.

There has been no down-fall of Western civilization—or Western civilization would not mourn over its own deficiencies.

Nor is there the slightest danger that Count Okuma's prophecy will ever be realized. Whether the war be short or long, or the victory go to allies or to Germans, Western civilization is safe. The manuscripts in the University of Louvain cannot be rescued from the flames, and Rheims Cathedral will not be the ancient architectural triumph when it is rebuilt. The hundreds of

thousands of virile men, sacrificed to the gnawing hunger of the monster war, cannot be brought to life, and their loss is a genuine loss in blood and energy. The billions of dollars of treasure consumed will be gone, and so much will be taken from education and religion. The time lost from farm, factory, and school by a concentration on the business of destruction will be a retardation of progress. But scientific knowledge, individual skill, educational ambition and facility will be ready to commence their work again—only with diminished resources of men and of means. And who knows but that once more the God of heaven may use the wrath of men to praise Him.

First, if the great questions at issue, which have troubled Europe for fifty years, are settled in an epoch-making treaty of peace, the world can rest in peace—a thing it has not done for many decades. Europe has been restlessly watching for a great conflagration on account of these same present questions of Alsace and Lorraine and the Balkan Powers. It is to be hoped that the war *will* last long enough to settle these questions for all time. If that can be done, Western civilization will be the gainer.

A settlement of these questions would make more nearly possible than at any prior time the approach of disarmament, and the adoption of a tribunal and police of the nations. The enormity and horror of the present war itself concentrates attention on the hideousness of armaments, and their uselessness in the preservation of peace. Despite the argument drawn from the present catastrophe, that as long as others are possessed of sinful dispositions we must be sure to have the means of self-protection, there is undoubtedly a greater detestation in America, at least, of big armies and navies than ever before in our history.

It is also not a matter to be sneered at that, at this very time, England, France, Spain, and China should have added their examples to those of the smaller countries who had already accepted the Bryan peace programme. It is also commonly understood that certain other of the great nations are ready to unite in this admirable plan, although these same nations are now in deadly conflict.

The peace propaganda is not dead. This war emphasizes the absurdities, barbarism, and horrors of a settlement of national

differences by guns and battleships. And if the war and the treaty are thorough jobs, international peace will be further along the road than at any other period.

Not only is there no permanent "down-fall" of the movement in favor of a peaceful settlement of differences between nations, but there is also no "down-fall" of popular government. The government that is most peaceful and most highly regarded to-day is a government that was never managed by king, titled nobility, or uniformed beaurocracy. Among the people of the United States there is greater satisfaction than ever in the character of their constitution, laws, political machinery, as well as in the distinguished citizen who, for the time being, is at the throttle. Our differences of opinion on the subjects of the organization of the courts, the extension of the suffrage, the manner of handling certain moral questions, are insignificant compared with our unanimity on the subject of American neutrality and a peaceful settlement of our controversies with other powers. And, added to that, is our satisfaction at the fact that the general body of our citizens register our peace-loving disposition in our outward national conduct, instead of seeing our deepest sentiments falsely registered by one man or by a small group of autocrats.

And, although we recognize the loyalty of the mass of European peoples, now that war is come, we cannot believe that, had these peoples been in strict control, a disaster like the present would have been authorized. It is thought, therefore, by many able publicists, that, when the clouds of war are lifted, a weakened autocracy and a strengthened democracy will be seen in Europe.

Not the least of the interesting developments of this titantic contest is the promise of autonomy to the Poles made by the Russian Czar, and the relief of Jews and Finns. The alliance of Russia with democratic France and England is, in a sense, a pledge of the fulfillment of these promises. It is not the purpose of this paper to express an opinion as to the relative blame of the different powers for the world war, yet it is safe to say that there is less to show that Western civilization is endangered by so-called Muscovite barbarism than that Russian Czarism will further yield to the influences of twentieth-century popular sovereignty.

No, there is no "down-fall" of Western civilization, nor any prospect of it. The forces that work for education and righteousness will continue to work. Scientific research, the development of learning, the founding of universities, the beneficent influence of churches will be with us after the war is over. And, despite the lamentable losses of men and of treasure, it is more than likely that love for peace and love for democracy will increase throughout the earth. Western civilization will stand, for no one wishes to destroy it. And the love of it is the soul of civilization itself.

TO MACDOWELL.

(COMPOSER OF "TO A WILD ROSE," ETC.)

Milo Hawks, '16.

I love your melodies; they make me dream
Of faces, places—songs that I have sung
Or heard some time, I can't remember where
Or when. We never can. That's music, too.
Dim hazy hints of things we nigh perceive,
But cannot. Nightingales are singing there
We feel, but noise of rushing torrents sweep,
And drown the music of the half-heard song,
And these sweet harmonies that us entrance
Are only dreams of yours. You lived in dreams.
And heaven (if heaven there be for you and me)
For you will be to dream sweet melodies,
For me to dream while listening to you there.

THE HAUNTED BOG.

R. A. S.

ONE bleak December night we were gathered around a roaring fire in the parlor of an old Albemarle mansion, trying to while away the monotony of the evening by telling stories, with or without foundation of truth, and even this pursuit was beginning to pall, when old Doctor Nelson, who, for some time, had been the silent member of the party, raised his head, that had sunk on his breast, and, after a little preliminary stammering, informed us that he had a story to tell—and a true one at that. Now this was a little astonishing in the Doctor, for we had been relating the wildest and most improbable of yarns, and we knew that he was averse to any deviation, however slight, from the absolute and unvarnished truth, so we all assumed postures of interested attention, wondering whether it could be that he had at last fallen from grace, and was about to become as unscrupulous as the rest of us.

“I know you boys have been swapping a lot of cock-and-bull stories,” he began, “and this is hardly the place for me to tell you the incident I have decided to disclose. For, however strange and uncanny it may seem, I swear by all that is good and holy that I am going to relate what happened to me in my proper person, and that it is as far true as we may trust the human senses to communicate truth to the human brain.

“When I was a young man of about five and twenty, and had just finished my course in medicine at the University, I decided to settle in a part of ——— county, wild and desolate as it is primitive, expecting to adventure my skill, or lack of it, on the rustics until I could get experience and confidence enough to make my way in a more enlightened community. I accordingly took up my abode in the little hamlet of Rockville (which you will seek for in vain, for it has long since ceased to be more than a memory), and, in a short while, had established a considerable practice among the natives of this out-of-the-way wilderness.

"Now, one night I was sitting in my little office, conning the *materia medica*, when there came a hasty knock on the door, and, in reply to my invitation, a rough, weather-beaten, and mud-bespattered figure made its entrance, in whom I instantly recognized Joe Gentry, keeper of the village store.

" 'Doctor,' he said, as he crept over to the fire to dry his rain-drenched clothes, 'I got a message fer you this evenin' as I was passin' Jim Jones's place. He tole me to ask you to come out to see his wife to-night, for she's mighty sick, an' he's afeard to leave her for fear she might die while he's away, and that's the truth.'

"I groaned inwardly at the thought of traveling four miles, with the rain coming down in torrents, as it was then.

" 'How's the road to-night?' I asked.

" 'Mighty bad, an' mud knee deep. 'Cose you know there's the ole stage road through Gilman's woods; that's better, but you couldn't make me ride that way o' night for all the sick folks in creation.'

" 'Why, what's the matter? Robbers?' I inquired, interestedly.

" 'No. 'Tain't that, for I ain't afeard o' no man livin'. But it ain't men you come up on thar; it's hants, an' God knows I don't want to mess with them. Not me, sir.'

" 'Did you ever see one?' I asked, as a smile played about my lips.

" 'Naw, suh,' he answered, 'but I've seen them that has, an' po' Bill Wilson was foun' dead on the road by the pond, with his hair standing on his head, straight up like a hay-stack, an' his eyes half way popped out of his head. He had heart disease, poor felluh, and what he saw that night took him off. You recollec' that pool, about half way down the road 'tween here and Stokesville? Well, when I was a little whipper-snapper, 'bout ten years old, the stage that goes by way of Hanover used to come that way, and one night there was a mighty uneasiness there, for the stage didn't turn up a 'tall, and it was such a inky black night everybody was 'fraid that sumpin terrible had happened. So the nex' mornin', when still it didn't come, a search party started through the woods, and when they got to the old pond

there was the marks of the wheels and of the hoofs of the horses, and Jim Armstrong's body layin' in the road where he'd crawled out, but not a sign o' nothin' mo', 'ceptin' a few boxes an' po' Jim's hat floatin' on top of the water. So they went to work and fished, and, at last, they felt the coach way down deep, sunk in the mud of the bottom and the horses. Bill had been drinkin' heavy, they found out at the tavern, and maybe had gone to sleep on the box, when the horses got out of the road and slipped in the bog; but how that was nobody don't know, and, more like, never will. But howsomever, no other driver warn't willin' to go that way, so they had to change the road to where it is now. But here I am a keepin' you from startin' off to see the ole woman; but Lord help you if you try to get there by the short cut, and that's all I've got to say.'

"And, bidding me good-night, he shuffled out of the door, and I heard him mount his horse and ride off.

"His story, I must confess, had so interested me that I forgot sick and dying completely, and it was moments before I awoke to the reality of the situation—namely, that I had to make five miles that night, despite the storm; so I bravely sallied forth to my stable, saddled and bridled my mare, and, attaching my medicine-case securely, wrapped my long waterproof about me and mounted. The rain was still pouring in torrents, but there were indications that it was about to hold up. So I jogged along by the faint light of my lantern, and meditated on the story I had heard, and, as you may well suspect, being of no superstitious turn of mind, determined to take just that road, against which I had been so grimly cautioned. So at the cross-roads, where the new stage road branched from the old, I turned to the right and struck into the latter. At first the way was as black as pitch, and, despite the light of my lantern, I several times narrowly escaped running into fences or falling into the ditch; but at last the rain began to abate, the clouds became lighter, and objects about me began to loom up vaguely and weirdly. This cessation of the rain was very fortunate, for I was just about to enter the gloomy wood, in whose darkest depths was situated the famous pool.

"As I began to descend into the gloomy hollow, I found the surroundings amply calculated to inspire awe and superstition.

The thick, tangled brushes, rising like tortured spectres on either hand, the low moaning of the wind in the tree-tops, the faint glimmering of the dark, dank pool just below me, and the threatening aspect of the heavens overhead, might well intimidate the stoutest heart; but I think I can state, with perfect truth, that I felt as little uneasiness as if I had been ensconced safely in my own room, amid the full glare of my lamps. At that time I knew not what fear was. So on I went, drawing nearer and nearer the bog. Now, when I had come within thirty yards of the brink, I was surprised to observe a light gleaming in the middle of the road—not a well-defined light, such as that given out by a lantern or a lamp, but a faint, glowing, will-o'-the-wisp sort of light, such as that proceeding from wood-damp. Though the ghost story was still vivid in my mind, I was convinced that what I saw was merely a lantern in the hand of some belated wayfarer; yet I went on with one hand on my pistol, prepared to meet in proper fashion any rude and uncivil highwayman.

"I now observed a strange unrest in my horse, who began to shiver all over and manifest the most unmistakeable signs of overpowering terror. Despite her obstinacy, I managed to spur her on for some steps, where a turn in the road gave a full view of the bog, and the bearer of the light as well. Imagine my amazement on beholding, not the form of a man, but a skeleton, emitting a phosphorescent light that showed, in horrid distinctness, every particle of its frightful frame. — One hand was stretched in the direction of the road, and from the fleshless fingers was suspended an antique lantern, whose ghastly glow had first attracted my eye. The other hand was pointed at me warningly or menacingly, I knew not which. I had but a moment to take in these details, for I had to give my whole attention to my mare, who was becoming wildly excited, and, in her rearing and plunging, I feared we might both meet with disaster. What mind I had left for the apparition was firmly convinced that I was being made the butt of a practical joke from Gentry, who, I was forced to confess, had never had the reputation of a jester. When I finally succeeded in turning my horse around the bend of the road and pacifying her to some extent, I left her tied to a tree, and, grasping my pistols firmly, I advanced towards the appari-

tion, that still held its ground in the same uncompromising posture.

"At some ten yards distance I halted, and shouted, in a calm and determined voice, 'See here, my ghostly friend, I want you to know I'm not in the least afraid, and don't propose having any practical jokes played this evening. So, if you don't throw off that disguise, I'll make a genuine ghost of you in short order.'

"To my frank consternation, the spectre, instead of making off or declaring itself, moved several steps in my direction, without changing an iota the position of the hands. The skull, which up to this time had preserved a frightful stolidity, now seemed to be contorted into a defiant grin.

"I was now thoroughly enraged, and my hot blood got the better of me. I determined to touch up the joker's arm as an earnest of my intentions; so, stepping forward several paces, I fired, with unswerving hand, once, twice, three times. Bits of bark from a tree just behind the figure dropped to the ground, and, as I was noted as an unerring marksman, I felt no doubt that the bullets had passed directly through the horrible hand.

"Then, and not till then, did I experience fear for the first time in my life, and, dropping my pistol with a cry, I turned from the awful sight, and made for my horse with all the speed I could muster. The animal was shivering in a fever of nervous excitement. I threw myself upon her, and she started for home at a break-neck speed, and how I managed to cling to her that night I never knew. I had hardly recovered my senses when I reached my cottage, and, after locking the beast in the stable, I went into my office, and, lighting every lamp I possessed, sat shivering in their glare all the long night, having completely forgotten the poor woman I had started out to see. With daylight my courage returned, however, and I determined to get company and go and view the scene of the night's encounter. After being bombarded with many 'I told you so's' from Gentry, I induced him and several other villagers to accompany me to the spot. As it seemed impossible to get my mare to stir from the stable, I got another mount and started off.

"The road bore an entirely different aspect in the broad sunlight, and the forest seemed well-nigh cheerful, until we descended into the hollow of the bog, whose gloomy surroundings

were calculated to inspire awe even in broad daylight. Its dark surface was covered with an indescribably horrible green scum, and along its dank brim the water adders were thrusting forth their horrid heads. But we paid little attention to these details, and hurried to the bank, where my foot-prints were distinctly marked in the damp soil. The tall tree that rose out of the water bore bullet marks, and a little propping repaid our pains by disclosing the three bits of lead; beyond this, nothing—the spectre had left behind no trace of its presence, and I was beginning to wonder if I had not fallen asleep on my horse, and suffered a nightmare, when a sudden revelation made me more credulous than ever.

“One of my companions, who had gone on a few steps to investigate, suddenly uttered a piercing shriek. We looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and, to our horror, saw the man sinking rapidly into the spongy ground. We rushed to his aid, and, with the assistance of sticks and branches, succeeded in drawing him out, and we then observed that the road-bed, apparently even and solid, had been undermined by the torrent that had made a way for itself through an underground passage. Then, for the first time, I understood the meaning of the warning hand and the outstretched arm, and I firmly believe that if it hadn’t been for that spectre I would have met the same fate as poor Armstrong. Say what you please, I’m a believer in the supernatural, and I think I have every reason for my belief.”

With this last declaration of his creed, the old man arose and tottered from the room, leaving us in that state of awe which a ghost story well told will have on the least credulous when the hour is midnight and the lamps are turned low.

“Well, what do you think of that?” finally exclaimed one of the party, with a forced laugh.

“I think I can explain it,” remarked the literary member, solemnly. “I think it can be explained by the second stanza of Rossetti’s ‘Burden of Ninevah,’ fourth line.”

As the sage refused positively to divulge the content of this passage, the assembly dispersed, with the fixed conviction that, by this show of mystery, the existence of spooks was established for all time, beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

PSYCHE.

S. J. Rowland, '14.

A bare brown hill, o'ertopping poplar trees,
That from the grassy valley lift green spires,
Seeking the light. And ever on the hill
A bold brusque wind, that rudely broke in on
Our talk, so that I needs must sit closer
To you as you sat on the top-most rock.
Your brown hair tumbled recklessly across
Your face, making your laughing eyes peep out,
Like woodland elves that play at hide-and-seek
Among the last year's leaves, to while away
The first warm days of March, before the flowers
Bringing men pleasure, bring elves vernal toil
Of honey-gathering. Then, glancing down, you saw
There in the sunny shelter of the rock
A gorgeous moth, but late emerged from
Its winter prison. And, while we watched it,
Spreading its untried wings, away it flew
Into the wide world. Soon came cold,
The breath of backward-looking Winter, loath
To leave the land to its new master, Spring.
And, as we slowly went our homeward way,
I saw the moth again, but chill in death
It lay beside the path, and I was glad
You did not see it. That day the love
Of you surged in my soul, and to myself
I swore to leave behind the things that held
Me down—yet I have failed! The old Greeks knew
How frail are souls and butterflies, and so
For them one word meant both. Ah! Love, I would
That we could walk and talk, and once more reach
The top of some high hill, whereon we might
Each find again the elusive butterfly.

SOME FACTS ABOUT POE.

Emaya LesBow, '15.

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.—Horace.

IN January of the year 1809 was born in Boston that strange eerie soul whom we know as Edgar Allan Poe. This solitary being began his comet-like dash across history's heavens under the most peculiar, weird auspices, which, if not indicative of, surely resulted in the more or less ignorant condemnation which we hear continually lavished upon him. In the offspring of wandering minstrels, a footlight favorite and a pseudo-actor, we hardly, with fairness, would expect a methodical, practical, well-balanced being, which is our *absolute value* of the "*man*." (Therefore any genius—or delicately-tuned human instrument—is by this scale pronounced insane.) In the formative period of his life the three-year-old Edgar became an orphan, when, after long struggles, the parents succumbed to the ravages of dread consumption, the father in Norfolk, and the mother, some months later, in Richmond. The mother had continued her theatrical appearances, however, until shortly before her death. "Poe's grandfather, Assistant Quartermaster-General David Poe, was the son of John Poe, of Dring, County Cavan, Ireland, the emigrant to America. This John was the son of a small farmer, David Poe, of Dring, whose Powell ancestors, according to the distinguished genealogist, Sir Edmund Bewley, spelled their name with illiterate impartiality, Powel, Poel, Pool, or Poe. This discovery is disastrous to that line of noble ancestors with which the author has been endowed by certain of his biographers." *

This young babe, with the inborn spirit of the troubadour, of liberty, and romance; this soul of unparalleled sensitiveness, by the occult workings of Fate, was adopted by Mrs. Allan, the

* "Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe."—*R. A. Stewart.*

childless wife of an austere Scotch immigrant in moderate circumstances. Academic education in Richmond, the home of the Allans, and at Stoke-Newington Manor School, near London, which figures in the autobiographical tale "William Wilson," fed the precocity of the child. Later, at the University of Virginia, freed from all restraint, living in his native liberty, those qualities developed for which his genius is condemned. The unrestrained outlets for the high-strung, artistic temperament began their influence in his erratic career. A period of obscurity, followed by attendance at and expulsion from the Military Academy at West Point, marks further development of his eccentric genius. Beyond this we shall only follow his private life in so far as it immediately touches our interests in his literary existence. Pathetically pitiful, tossed upon the sea of Fate, offending his dearest friends, knowing himself least of all, he dashed headlong to death; simultaneously to eternal life. This shooting star of literature, blazing through such brief space, has left a trail which will continue to burn with a clear, pure, steady light as long as there are those to whom "beauty is a thing of joy forever," and who are capable of appreciating so delicate and sensitive a nature. No *materialist* can ever commune with the true Poe "of a thousand dreams." The *idealist*, the *imaginative heaven-dweller* only can hope to sip the *real* nectar from Poe's exalted chalice.

Knowing this much of his life, we may look upon the fruits of his literary genius, which had their beginning in a slender pamphlet, brought out in Boston, called "Tamerlane and Other Poems." Here a most striking parallel to the wild, romantic Christopher Marlowe suggests itself. He, a very young man, set sail upon *his* voyage into literature with a poetic play, "Tamburlaine." This comparison holds true in many other respects of their brief, fevered lives.

As a poet, Poe stands unique in the world, for few living beings have had such world-wide acknowledgment from such scant endeavors. In Poe it is not necessary that we pass through unnumbered pages, culling out the good from the bad. It is in the marvelous quality wherein he soars above the vulgar crowd. Poe's poetic productions are exceptionally meagre in quantity.

His poetic creed centered upon pleasure and beauty, not truth. The incomparably beautiful poem, "To Helen,"

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,

* * * * *

Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face," etc.,

makes the strongest possible contrast to the thoughtful verse of Browning. In Poe's poetry there appears to be little of concentrated, condensed thought, as in Browning's exquisitely involved lines, and yet, ambiguously, they are both styled *poetry*. We strive to think what is *hyacinth hair*. Though defined in his story, "Ligeia," as "the raven black, the glossy, the luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses," we are forced to believe that the poet wishes to produce the effect of locks of surpassing beauty, with no deep, weighty meaning attached. We wonder at *Nicean barks*, and are convinced that he merely strove for the effect of beautiful antiquity. Poe's every effort was to produce the desired *effect* by making each word tell, each syllable produce the proper atmosphere. That the musical was essential, "since the comprehension of sweet sounds is our most infinite conception," was his firm belief. Nowhere is this more evident than in those supreme examples of poetic expression—"The Bells" and "The Raven."

We may next consider Poe as the romancer. In this phase also is his position unique, the "founder of the short story, as distinguished from the story that is merely short, as Professor Brander Matthews very deftly phrases it."* Poe, through his transcendental genius, made the short story an integral form of modern literature. By the "doctrine of the maximum of effect in the minimum of space," his "rigid intellect" developed the early poor attempts of Godwin and Brockden Browne, with the aid of the German *mysticisms*, into those supreme, imaginative stories, into that "form, artistic and precise." *Artistic* and appreciation of the artistic are the countersigns by which we gain admission into the appreciation of the real Poe. Poe's ideal of a tale is one in which every word strikes its decisive blow,

* "Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe,"—R. A. Stewart.

is one in which, by his own phrase, "there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not one pre-established design. * * * The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel." Poe's tales are greatly of the weird and morbid type. Should we read them or not? This is a momentous question, one which we shall leave to the moralists; but this we do know—that the experience becomes our own, even after the enforced realism of his most improbable tale, and yet we seem none the worse, possibly better, for the contact with the occult. This reality, superinduced by the constant cutting and condensation to which all of Poe's productions were rigidly subjected, is the natural outcome of removing every particle of matter, every word, the logical result of which is not the ultimate, the *denouement*. In the "Fall of the House of Usher" we see Poe at his best in the weird. "The Gold Bug" consummates his cryptographic skill. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter" exhibit his art of ratiocination, from which Mr. A. Conan Doyle derived such clever profit. "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Pit and the Pendulum" contain his most condensed atmosphere—his greatest horror would be difficult to locate. His influence is almost world-wide since the nearly perfect French translation of his works by Baudelaire not only gave Poe an indisputable place in *French* literature, but made appreciation of him possible for the entire continent.

One of the broadest fields of Poe's endeavors, and possibly that for which he was best fitted, is his work as a critic. The time was ripe for just such a critical genius as Poe. Up to this time American literature stood almost entirely upon the efforts of Charles Brockden Browne; Irving and Cooper had been writing only a short time. Besides these, who have obtained niches of fame in our literature, there were innumerable "hacks" and countless penny-a-page scribblers. Literature in America at this stage was more or less in chaos. To separate the good from the bad, just such a keen, discerning mind as Poe was necessary. He denounced the inferior and justly praised the superior. As he himself contended, very few "slashing critiques" are found in his entire critical output. Naturally the disappointed as

pirants to the *Fama Scribentis* condemned Poe for his harsh, unfair judgments. In a like manner, those whom he praised were equally delighted with his appreciation of their genius. Among the latter we find many very lenient criticisms of women writers of the day, which, however, are probably the result of his inherent Southern gallantry toward all of that sex. On the whole, we see his untiring pen piercing to the core, and bringing to light the real merits and demerits. Carlyle and transcendentalists stood forever upon his black lists. Otherwise he was broad and tolerant in his views of other *litterateurs*. He derived little benefit and much desired notoriety from his rather graceless war waged against Longfellow on the charge of plagiarism. However, he appeased his desire, and gave rein to a *hobby*, which is more or less characteristic of the man. His unerring detection of genius is evident when we realize that Poe was among the very first to appreciate Dickens, Mrs. Browning, Lord Lytton, and Tennyson.

Poe has been widely accused of being both drunkard and "dope fiend." His stories "Berenice," "Morella," and a few others, seem to indicate the latter. It is generally conceded that he did smoke opium during his life, but there is practically no ground upon which to believe him addicted to the use of the drug. As for the other charge, he was a veritable dipsomaniac, rather than drunkard. At intervals of great length, his ever-increasing morbidness broke forth in craving for drink, which he gulped in large doses. These spells were invariably followed by months in the wildest depths of despair. In some of these periods he produced several *chefs d'œuvre*. In the *true* sense of the word, Poe was a degenerate. His paternal and maternal lineage appears to have been more or less worn out and wasted. After the death of his child wife, Virginia, whom he survived less than three years, Poe must have been seriously affected by his ever-increasing morbid sensitiveness, greatly aggravated by her slow consumptive wasting away; for, in his last years, we find him pledging his heart in many directions, disavowing the love for the buried wife, and committing other acts understood only in the insane. It is practically certain, however, that all of his love, even that for his wife, was purely Platonic in nature.

The last, most erratic days of this human enigma were spent in obscurity. On his way to visit that ever faithful mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, he was found in a state of stupor in a Baltimore tavern, temporarily used as a polling place. Whether he was the victim of scheming politicians, or an accustomed spell, we cannot say. Removed to a charity hospital, he soon expired.

Appropriately clothed in mystery was the end of this mysterious being, who had cried out to his friends for help to conquer himself, and, though conquering the world through his art, failed to understand and master his own soul. It is not for us to question. He has left us himself in his works, and, through them, may we be able some day to comprehend the inscrutable ways of his existence.

SHADOWS.

Robert L. Bausum, '17.

The sun has come, the day returned,
 And all the prairie wakes with song;
 The sage lark wings above the plain,
 The breeze is hurrying now along.

I stand beside the old ash tree,
 And look where waves the scorched grass,
 While shadows long creep back to me,
 And seem to murmur as they pass:

"We're going now to meet the sun,
 Across the hills, across the vale;
 For now we leave, but when he's done
 We surely will not fail."

'Tis strange that in the morn of life
 Such thoughts should come of later years;
 Yet who has not the zephyr's breath
 Caught through old Nature's falling tears?

And so may I—when night shall come,
 When light recedes and shadows grow—
 Look through the dark, and see my home,
 And follow where the shadows go.

"BEADS AND BULLET-MOULDS."

H. M. S., '17.

OLD Esau Nimrod arose from the breakfast table, and, dragging his shirt-sleeve across his mouth, in a querulous tone, said to his wife: "Whar's my bullet-moulds, ma? I've been lookin' fer 'em all mornin'."

Ma Nimrod, forty, fat, and frowsy, finished fixing the fire, knocked the cat off the table, and kicked the dog under it before answering. "Ask Mary Ann. She had 'em yistiday makin' beads. She used up all the salt, too; so you'll have to go to town to-day and git some."

"Whut did she do with the salt?" he interrupted.

"Makin' beads, didn't I tell ye," said ma. "She brung some furrin ingredients and colorin' back frum Petersburg with her, an' she mixed 'em with salt, an' made the beads round an' pretty with yore bullet-moulds."

"Wal, I'll be durned," grumbled the old man, biting off a liberal quid of "Early Bird." "Go in an' wake her up. Ever since she come back she's been doin' some dad-burned foolishness, and I'm gittin' plum tired of it. Six o'clock an' she ain't up yit! Hey, Mary Ann!"

"Yes, pa; I'm coming." Mary Ann hit the floor immediately, because Esau was boss of the household. A few minutes later she came into the kitchen, and began her breakfast without a word. After receiving a severe scolding from her father, she hurriedly left the room, and quickly returned with his bullet-moulds.

"Now look-a-here, Mary Ann," began the old hunter. "You want to leave my bullet-moulds be from now on. They warn't made fer sich foolishness. You'll git 'em all rusty, an' then I won't be able to bring down 'Old Long Prongs,' an' I won't never be satisfied 'till ma gits to cook us a mess of steak out of his carcass."

"Long Prongs" was a very large deer, which ran wild in the neighboring mountains. The sole ambition of old Esau and

several other hunters was to bag this deer, but their efforts were unavailing. It seemed to have a charmed life. Wary and sagacious, it always escaped the wiles of the hunter without a scratch. Old Esau, like Hannibal of old, had made a vow never to cease his efforts until he could bring home the prized quarry. He had often said that he would hang up "Old Trusty"—his rifle—and hunt no more, if she would be the first to send a bullet crashing through the deer's head.

Early on the morning of the bullet-mould episode Esau had decided to go hunting again. He put a fresh cap on the tube of "Old Trusty," slung his shot-pouch over his shoulder, called his dog, and started out. About half-past seven he heard the dog start the trail back in the head of Devil's Fork. He quickly climbed to the top of a very high point, and crouched behind some shrubs. Very soon he saw the deer coming like a streak around a little bench on the mountain-side, about thirty yards below him. Breathlessly he waited, until he obtained a fair view of the running mark, and fired. The deer fell to its knees, but was up and away in an instant. The shot had glanced from the animal's horn, and only stunned it. Bewildered, it ran around and around the hill, with the dog in hot pursuit. Esau hurriedly poured more powder into the gun, and reached for the shot. He pulled out some of Mary Ann's beads, and, running his hand into the pouch again, he found out, to his consternation and anger, that he had nothing but beads. He poured a handful into the barrel, and literally peppered, or, rather, salted the sides of the deer. Disgusted, he returned home, with wrath in his heart. He found Mary Ann on the kitchen porch, stringing pepper pods.

"Mary Ann," began Esau, witheringly, "I spent three hundred an' fifty dollars on yore edication last year. If makin' beads is all they learnt you, I wish I had bought Sim Holden's mules. You'll stay here, and help with the craps this fall."

Mary Ann went into tears, but the old man was unrelenting. Tears and entreaties had no effect on him. Silently he saddled old Kate, and started to town after salt and chewing tobacco.

About two weeks later Esau cleaned out his gun, and, making sure that he had bullets in his shot-pouch, started out, early in

the morning, after the deer. Nine o'clock came, then ten, then eleven, and still his dog had not found the trail. Thinking that the deer had left the country, the old hunter set out for home, very much disappointed. At the base of a very high cliff he came upon the dead body of "Long Prongs," who, in the darkness of the preceding night, had fallen over the precipice.

"Waal, I be durned," Esau exclaimed to himself. "I made him break his neck if I didn't shoot him. I knew something would have to stop him from running."

Wishing to keep the skin as a memento, Esau got out his hunting knife and carefully began his task. The beautiful glossy sides were perforated with holes made by the salt beads, and the hunter swore under his breath.

Then he made a startling discovery. The flesh was not tainted in the least. It was as fresh as if it had just been killed. Not knowing the real time of its death, Esau quickly jumped to the conclusion that the salt had preserved the meat. Elated, he shouldered the carcass, and, though it taxed his strength, he managed to carry it home.

The next morning, over a heaped-up platter of tender, juicy steak, the old huntsman was in an unusual good mood. After finishing, he arose from the table, and, dragging his shirt-sleeve across his mouth, said, "Ma, wake up Mary Ann."

Mary Ann came into the room, and silently began pouring water into the wash-pan. Esau walked over, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, said, "I'm goin' to sell all that virgin timber in the North Cove to-day, and you can go to any of them colleges you want to, honey."

Whereas, it has pleased the omniscient Creator to take from its earthly sphere the soul of

ALVAH B. HOVEY,

Therefore, be it resolved, by the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society of Richmond College:

First. That we hereby express our profound sorrow at the loss of one who was a student so conscientious in his daily tasks, so loyal to his College, so faithful to his Society, and so promising for a full and useful life.

Second. That we have lost a friend who, by his gentleness and quiet, unassuming manner, won our respect and admiration.

Third. That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in their grief.

Fourth. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and a copy be published in the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

CLYDE C. WEBSTER,
J. VAUGHAN GARY,
Committee.

Richmond College, October 17, 1914.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God, in His wise providence, to remove from our midst our classmate and friend, Alvah B. Hovey; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That we deeply feel his loss, and he shall be greatly missed as a sincere friend and co-worker in our College life.

2d. That we extend to his family our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, a copy spread upon the minutes of the class, and a copy printed in the COLLEGE MESSENGER.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1916.

By J. A. LESLIE, JR.,
President;

J. A. CARTER,
Secretary.

THE MESSENGER.

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EDITORIALS.

In this, the first issue of THE MESSENGER published on the new campus, we wish to extend our greetings to the student body, and especially to the hundred or more men of the Freshman class. The College has entered upon the new era of progress which has been heralded by its supporters for the last

decade. The increase in enrollment already bespeaks the new life which has come with the new site and new buildings. The future of the College, however, has been too often elaborated for us to go into detail now. A brilliant future is assured the College, but ours is another concern. Will THE MESSENGER keep stride with the College in its progress? This the student body alone can answer.

THE MESSENGER, until the present time, has maintained a very high standard, which it will be difficult to maintain, much less surpass. It has ranked among the best college magazines in the country, and two things are required to maintain that standing. First, money is needed, and, second, literary contributions.

The action on the part of the Retail Merchants' Association of Richmond in refusing advertisements has made it absolutely impossible for the Business Manager to derive sufficient revenue from the advertisement department to finance the magazine successfully. It is, therefore, necessary that the subscription department make up this deficit. We therefore urge every man in College to see the Business Manager at an early date, and subscribe to THE MESSENGER.

Concerning the literary contributions much should be said. Each year THE MESSENGER loses a number of its best contributors by graduation, and this year has been especially disastrous in that respect. We have lost contributors whose places will be hard to fill, and yet it *must* be done, and it rests with you to do it. If you fail the magazine fails.

We do not know which of you new men are gifted with the talent of writing, and we therefore urge that you turn your literary efforts over to one of the editors. If we find that we are unable to publish them we will criticise the faults to the best of our ability, and return them to you, so that you can try again. Remember that practice makes perfect.

We need your help! Rally to the cause, and help to make this the banner year in the history of the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

It will be noticed that, with the establishment of the West-

hampton Woman's College as a co-ordinate institution with Richmond College, the policy of THE MESSENGER has changed. Heretofore the policy in respect to the "co-eds." attending the College has been a system of taxation without representation. Realizing that this condition at one time in the history of our country produced war, and that this would inevitably follow again if such a policy was continued, the officers of THE MESSENGER arranged a meeting of the officers of the two Colleges to act as a board of arbitration in adjusting the matters incident to the establishment of the co-ordinate institutions. This board decided upon the plan of a co-ordinate magazine.

Under the new plan the literary articles will be published together, as heretofore, but Westhampton College will have a department in the magazine conducted by its own editors. We welcome this new department, and hope that the Westhampton student body will co-operate, so as to make it a great success.

For several years there have been grave discussions among the Faculty and students of the College concerning the best means of bringing the students into a closer relationship. These discussions, however, have brought about very little action, and it seems that we are as far from solving the problem as ever. Some definite action is needed. The College has reached a point in its development where the co-operation of the entire student body is necessary for further progress, and some plan should be adopted immediately whereby this result might be accomplished. After a careful study of the subject, THE MESSENGER wishes to advocate a plan which has proven very successful in a number of other colleges—namely, student self-government.

It is a well-acknowledged fact that organization produces co-operation, and without organization there can be very little concerted action. This fact has been too firmly established by human experience to need any argument. There are those, however, who seem to think that the student body of Richmond College is sufficiently organized.

Let us consider the present system for a moment. Each College activity has its separate organization, but there is no organization which represents the entire student body. What is the result? When a question arises which involves interests of the student body we have no adequate means of settling it. When the students desire a favor from the Faculty it is necessary to resort to the cumbersome method of circulating a petition. When the honor system, which should be enforced by the students themselves, is violated, it is necessary for the Faculty to take the matter in charge and administer the punishment. Does this indicate that the present system is working effectively?

A well-organized system of student self-government would furnish a quick and efficient method for handling these problems. Questions of importance could be threshed out by debate before the regular meetings, and settled by ballot, while the questions of minor importance could be quickly disposed of by a student council, operated under the direction of the Association.

The most difficult task in perfecting such an organization is the working out of a plan especially adapted to our needs. This should not prove arduous, however, since a study of the methods which have been adopted in other colleges will furnish ideas which may be modified to meet our demands. Far be it from *THE MESSENGER* to attempt to suggest a complete plan under which the organization should operate. This should be worked out by a representative committee from the student body. We shall only attempt to suggest a few features which are prevalent in all organizations of this kind.

Two things are necessary for the successful operation of student self-government—a good constitution and an efficient student council. The constitution should be drawn up by a committee, and adopted by the student body. The council should be representative of the student body, and should have broad powers, which should be clearly set forth in the constitution. They should be empowered to try and punish any one accused of violating the honor system, and should be given general supervision over the affairs of the organization.

Space does not permit us to go any further into this discussion, but we believe that a system can be worked out which

will meet every demand of the College, and we believe that the adoption of the plan will be a progressive step in our history. It cannot be accomplished, however, by a policy of "watchful waiting."

One familiar figure is missing as this college year begins, and there is a sense of loss in the heart of each of us, even though it may not find expression on the lips. With the waning of the summer Dr. Charles Hill Ryland quietly passed into the beyond. Many generations of students have heard, with sorrow, of his death; for, in the years that are gone, he had befriended them as college boys, and they have remembered him in gratitude and love.

Around the old College his presence was a benediction. He never seemed old, so active was he to the last, so mentally alert, so alive to the daily routine of the institution to which he gave the best of his years, so interested in the newer College. He literally died in the harness. Only a little while before the brief and fatal illness came, he was planning the removal of the library to the new room at Westhampton. It was his wish to see Greater Richmond College in session, to witness the fulfillment of his dreams, to give his blessing to this academic child, grown so big and about to start on a new career. But it was not to be. In one sense it was fitting that old Richmond College and he should pass together; for it he had labored, for it he had lived. Though many helped to make the College, he was the one person who incarnated in the fullest sense its struggles and its ideals. In him the past and the present joined hands, and in him the future found a hopeful prophet.

Dr. Ryland dedicated his life to the College with singular devotion. It is fortunate indeed for an institution to grow up around such a personality; the best part of its assets is in men of character and sound wisdom. There will not arise among us a man of wiser counsel than Dr. Charles Ryland, nor one whose judgment will be more dependable. He had, in a remarkable degree, clearness of head, steadfastness of purpose, purity of heart, and an energy that almost defied physical infirmities

He inspired confidence; everybody trusted him; his word was better than a bond. He was a courageous man, and, on occasion, was a good fighter for any cause he espoused. He had convictions, and he stood for them; he was a Christian knight without fear and without reproach. And, with all these other qualities of head and heart, Dr. Ryland had a certain future-heartedness which was almost youthful in its zest for new achievements. He did not impress one as living in the past, but as looking confidently ahead for better days and vaster issues. His life is a noble heritage for us of this College, where he labored so earnestly and built so well. We rejoice to have known this strong, heroic soul, and we shall cherish the memory of his unselfish life. In thinking of him, those noble words of Matthew Arnold, in tribute to his father, come to us:

O, strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, a-far,
 In the sounding labor-house vast
 Of being, is practiced that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

For a number of years Richmond College has felt the need of an honorary society of some kind, as a reward for work well done, and as an incentive to students in the future. Other colleges have them, and have fully proven their worth. The Faculty recognized the value of such a society, and the student body clamored for it. Therefore, we are glad to announce that this great need was met by the organization of the Arachnidæ at the close of last session.

The following were elected charter members:

Class of 1910—R. C. Ancarrow, R. A. Brock, Jr., Miss Frances Coffee, T. C. Durham, and C. D. Miller.

Class of 1911—J. W. Decker, J. B. Duval, R. C. Duval, Jr., R. G. Smith, Miss Ruth Thomasson, and Miss Virginia Ware.

Class of 1912—E. G. Ancarrow, W. H. Davis, Frank Gaines, H. E. Owings, E. P. T. Tyndall, and Miss Jessie Wood.

Class of 1913—J. W. Elliott, J. A. George, E. C. Primm, and Miss Marion Monsell.

Class of 1914—Miss Louise Baldwin, Miss Alice Spiers, E. N. Gardner, S. J. Rowland, C. C. Webster, C. H. Willis, R. S. Wingfield.

The object will be to elect each year the members of the class of the current year, and, at the same time, elect members for a college generation back (four years). Next year election will be from the classes of 1915, 1909, 1908, 1907, 1906.

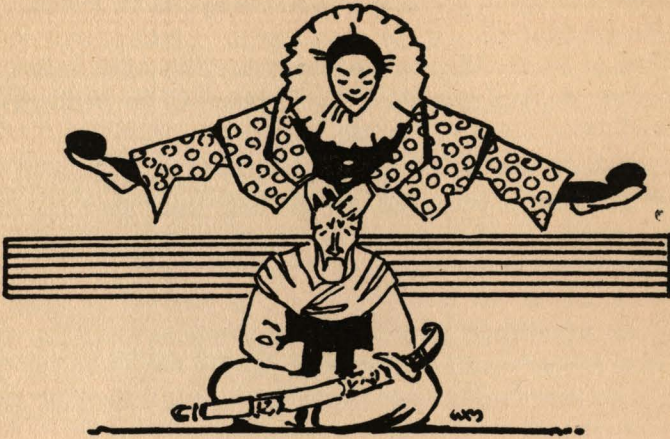
Qualifications for membership are as follows: In order to qualify, a student must have an average grade on all of his work of at least 90 per cent., and he must further belong to the first *sixth* of the class on the basis of scholarship, and he must be of good character.

It is evident, therefore, that one must make a good standing throughout his college course to meet the requirements. It might be well to strongly impress this fact on those just beginning work in Richmond and Westhampton Colleges.

It was decided, at a meeting of the Society called June 13, 1914, that the Society meet annually on Wednesday evening of Commencement week. This will be quite an aid in bringing back alumni who might otherwise neglect that gala time.

It is also the desire of the Society to petition Phi Beta Kappa Society for a charter at its next meeting. All members of the Faculty who are members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society inform us that the requirements are practically the same, and there could be no objection on that score. It may be some time before such a charter is obtained, for it is quite difficult to secure, and will be an honor to the College, as well as to the individual members. It is necessary that the Phi Beta Kappa members of the Faculty recommend those who have fulfilled the requirements, but election follows, as a matter of course.

Let the hope of attaining such an honor spur you on.



CAMPUS NOTES.

Nick Carter, '16.

The formal opening of the College session was held Tuesday, October 6th, at 11:00 A. M. The auditorium was crowded to overflowing with the Faculty, students, and visitors. The Faculty appeared in their academic robes, which gave much dignity to the occasion. The exercises consisted of addresses of welcome by several prominent men from the city and songs by the Richmond College quartette.

The speakers for the occasion were President F. W. Boatwright, who presided; Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson, Mayor Ainslie, State Superintendent of Schools, R. C. Stearnes; City Superintendent of Schools, J. A. C. Chandler, and Rev. W. L. Ball. The speeches were full of praise for the past achievements of the College, and prophecies of a brilliant future. It is needless to say that they were thoroughly enjoyed.

Dr. Boatwright announced, at the conclusion of the exercises, that the formal openings of the buildings will take place at a later date, at which time several days will be devoted to appropriate exercises, and the public will be invited to inspect the new plant.

The joint open meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologist Literary Societies was held Friday night, October 9th, in the College auditorium. The attendance was large, several members escorting "fair ones" from the city, others bringing them from across the lake.

The programme was interesting and instructive. The Philologist Society was represented by C. A. Tucker, who delivered the oration for his Society; President E. N. Gardner, who read, and R. C. McDaniel, who declaimed. The orator for the Mu Sigma Rho Society was J. Vaughan Gary; the reader, J. A. Carter, and the declaimer, M. L. Breitstein.

A reception followed the programme, during which the guests enjoyed the proverbial ice-cream and cake.

Nearly all of the College engines are on the track, and running smoothly, with new engineers at the throttle. The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society elected J. Vaughan Gary, President; the Philologist, E. N. Gardner. R. Inman Johnson was honored with the presidency of the Senior Class; J. A. Leslie, the presidency of the Junior Class; C. C. Boyd, the presidency of the Sophomore Class, and Clark, the presidency of the Freshman Class.

A Dramatic Club has been organized, under the advisorship of Dr. W. A. Montgomery, with "Nick" Carter as President. The Club will give short dramas throughout the year, thus training themselves for a big pageant in the spring.

Try-outs have been held for the Glee Club, and several excellent voices have been discovered. This was very gratifying to the director, since so many old members did not return to College this year. The Mandolin Club has also begun its work, under the leadership of M. L. Breitstein.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception was held Thursday night, October 15th. A large number of visitors were in attendance from Westhampton College, the city, and the student body. After a short address of welcome, President Durham introduced Dr. McDaniel, who made a forceful appeal for Y. M. C. A. work.

Dr. Anderson, in an excellent talk, told of the influence of the Y. M. C. A. on the College, and Professor Norman spoke of its social advantages. Westhampton added to the pleasure of the evening by furnishing a violinist and soloist for the programme. Refreshments followed.

It was his twentieth visit to the Normal School that afternoon, but Billy Covington was surprised when the colored maid, who met him at the door, asked: "Is you bo'din' hyah?"

"Rat" Johnson, the ultra-successful politician, was seen running across the campus. Joe Leslie, far in the rear, yelled, "Hey, 'Rat,' what office are you running for now?"

"Post-office," "Rat" replied.

Pete Dunford was dressing on the "morning after," when a "Rat" came up the stairs, warbling lustily. Endeavoring to put a two-inch knob on a one-inch tie, Pete called out: "Hey, fresh 'Rat,' do you appreciate good music?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then please quit that fuss."

Lately Parker Wilson read an unmailed letter from a "Rat" to the folks back home. It began thus:

"Dear Folks,—I am getting along fine in College. I am one of the draw-backs on the foot-ball team."

Dr. Powers was endeavoring to arrange the seating in Math. 1.

"Are you in your right seat?" he asked a "Rat."

"I don't know, sir."

"What's your name," asked the Doctor.

The "Rat" puckered his brow, and thoughtfully scratched his head. Then a great light broke over his countenance, as he joyously exclaimed, "Bishop!"



Dave Satterfield, '16.

Prospects for a winning foot-ball team are brighter than they have been for many years. Among forty huskies who reported to Coach Dobson when the first try-out was held were Newton, Coburn, Hutchinson, J. Wicker, Robins, Ancarrow, Pollard, Privott, and C. Wicker, of last year's team.

The showing of the team so far in all of the games has been highly gratifying to the coach and student body. Our line is showing strength and aggressiveness, both on defence and offence. We are very fortunate in having a bunch of substitute lines-men who can credibly stand the gaff of a real battle should any of the 'Varsity forwards be injured in the *melee*.

"Dyke" Klevesahl, our stellar full-back of last year's championship team, will be unable to return to school this fall. His loss will be sorely felt, since he was not only a good foot-ball player, but captain of the track team for this year.

The team has suffered a fearful blow in the disqualification of "Rock" King and Harry Carter, and the forfeiture of the game won from Hampden-Sidney. But this has not discouraged the team nor the student body. On the other hand, it has acted as a stimulus, putting determination into the men to win or die.

This is our first year at the new school, and it is our endeavor to make it one that will never be forgotten. Every member of the student body has a duty to perform. Let's get down, and put our shoulder to the wheel. Remember, when the team fighting on the gridiron hears you "rooting" and singing for them, it fills them with the famous old "never-say-die spirit," and it wins. It has been said that our teams never show a fighting spirit. That, however, is a thing of the past, for we have begun a new era, characterized by an enthusiasm and "never conquered" spirit, which will place old "Red and Blue" in the front rank in athletics.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 41; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 0.

The squad, twenty-two strong, went to Chapel Hill, after one week of practice, to meet the sturdy aggregation from the University of North Carolina. The Carolina warriors had been in a training camp since the 1st of August. Carolina is unusually heavy this year, and the outcome of the game was in no way discouraging, especially as we had two linemen who were playing their first game of foot-ball. For Carolina Homewood in the back field and Captain Tayloe played a smashing game. The whole Richmond team played well and hard.

<i>North Carolina.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Richmond College.</i>
Winston.....	Left End.....	Privott.
Ramsey.....	Left Tackle.....	Durham.
Cowen.....	Left Guard.....	Coburn.
Tandy.....	Centre.....	Wicker (Craven).
Jones.....	Right Guard.....	Woody.
Tay.....	Right Tackle.....	Carter.
Homewood.....	Right End.....	Cosby (Heubi).
Bridges.....	Quarter Back.....	Ancarrow (Pitt).
Tayloe.....	Left Half Back.....	Logan.
Turner.....	Right Half Back.....	Bruce.
Parker.....	Full Back.....	Pollard (Wicker, C.).

V. M. I., 10; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 0.

In a very hard-fought game the team suffered defeat at the hands of the Virginia Military Institute by the score of 10 to 0. Both teams lost heavily from penalties and by repeated fumbles.

The scoring came in the last five minutes of the last quarter, when Holderby got through the line for a touch-down, and, three minutes later, Harris made a beautiful drop kick from the thirty-yard line. Captain Ancarrow had the misfortune to break his nose, but continued to play until the end.

Logan, J. Wicker, and Pollard did good work for Richmond College, while Bain, Oakes, Cramer, and Holderby were the stars for the Cadets. The line up:

<i>V. M. I.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Richmond College.</i>
Holderby.....	Left End.....	Privott.
Somers.....	Left Tackle.....	Durham.
Kidd.....	Left Guard.....	Coburn.
Beasely.....	Centre.....	J. Wicker.
Cramer.....	Right Guard.....	Woody.
Murphy.....	Right Tackle.....	Carter.
Goodman.....	Right End.....	Goode.
Gray.....	Quarter Back.....	Ancarrow (Capt.)
Oakes.....	Full Back.....	Pollard.
Steed.....	Left Half Back.....	Logan.
Bain.....	Right Half Back.....	Bruce.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 62; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 0.

The game with the University of Virginia resulted in an overwhelming victory for the University. It was a very disagreeable day to play foot-ball, cloudy and very warm. For the first twelve minutes of play Virginia was unable to break the Spider defence, but after that they ran through the lines, around the ends, and anywhere they pleased. When the final whistle blew Virginia had piled up sixty-two points, while we had been unable to score. Captain Ancarrow went into the game in the last quarter, and, unfortunately, broke his nose again.

For Virginia, Word, Gooch, and Mayer were the principal ground-gainers. For Richmond College, Privott and Newton played a good game. The line-up:

<i>Virginia.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Richmond College.</i>
White.....	Left End.....	Privott (Cosby).
Ward.....	Left Tackle.....	Durham (Coburn).
Coleman.....	Left Guard.....	Woody (Coburn).
Evans.....	Centre.....	J. Wicker (Craven).
Moore.....	Right Guard.....	Hutchinson.
Barker.....	Right Tackle.....	Robins (Carter).
Gillette.....	Right End.....	Newton.
Gooch.....	Quarter Back.....	Ancarrow.
Mayer.....	Left Half Back.....	King.
Word.....	Right Half Back.....	Logan (Bassett).
Sparr.....	Full Back.....	Roden (Pollard).

RICHMOND COLLEGE, 26; HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 9—(CHAMPIONSHIP).

We entered this game without the services of Captain Ancarrow, who was still out on account of injuries received in the Virginia game. C. Wicker, in his place at quarter back, played like a veteran; he was heady at all times, and quick to detect the weak spots in the enemies' front. To say that the "drubbing" we administered to the wearers of the "garnet and grey" was a surprise to them expresses it mildly. They were simply dazed.

Most of the gains for Hampden-Sidney were made on end runs and forward passes, while our gains were made through their line. "Rock" King, Pollard, Logan, and Craig tore through their line time after time for long gains. In the first quarter Durham scooped up a fumbled ball, and ran thirty yards for a touch-down. This showed the effect of Dobson's coaching in the early season in picking up a ball on the run. In this quarter Bugg, for Hampden-Sidney, kicked a beautiful drop kick from the thirty-yard line. In the second half Thurman, the "Tigers'" diminutive quarter back, got around end for the only touch-down they were able to make. Robins played the best offensive game of his career. Coburn, Newton, and Oakes also played a good game. The line-up:

<i>Richmond College.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Hampden-Sidney.</i>
Privott (Cosby).....	Left End.....	Oliver.
Durham.....	Left Tackle.....	Ebel.
Coburn.....	Left Guard.....	Haynes.
J. Wicker.....	Centre.....	Bowling.
Oakes.....	Right Guard.....	Warrick.
Robins.....	Right Tackle.....	Shackleford.
Newton.....	Right End.....	Bugg.
C. Wicker.....	Quarter Back.....	Thurman.
Pollard (Roden).....	Full Back.....	Perkins.
King.....	Left Half Back.....	Driver.
Logan (Craig).....	Right Half Back.....	Pendleton.

Summary: Goals from field—Bugg (1). Touch-downs—Craig, King, Logan, and Durham.

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. C. Ellett, '15.

A. R. Crabtree, B. A., '14, is teaching at Jarratts.

John Woody is studying medicine at the University of Valpariso.

W. E. Nelson, LL. B., '01, is practicing law at Lunenburg Courthouse.

"Tip" Saunders, B. A., '13, is engaged in business with his brothers in this city.

A. O. Lynch, B. A., '11, and W. B. Wiley, B. A., '13, are teaching at Fork Union.

Billy Gilliam, B. A., '10, and A. G. Ryland, B. A., '08, are teaching at Richmond Academy.

H. G. Duval, B. A., '14, and R. S. Wingfield, B. A., '14, are teaching at Chatham Training School.

George W. Blume, B. A., '14, and J. A. George, B. A., '14, are engaged in the lumber business at Altavista, Va.

Clodius H. Willis, B. S., '14, and Garland M. Harwood, B. S., '14, are taking work at Johns Hopkins this year.

"Doc" Hart, B. A., '12, has returned from Turkey, where he has been teaching for the past two years, and is now studying at the Seminary at Louisville.

Among the visitors whom we heartily welcomed during the past month were R. M. Willis, Frank White, Charles O'Neill, E. B. Loving, A. R. Crabtree, and Gray Garland.



M. L. Breitstein, '15.

Owing to the fact that we have not as yet received the usual exchange material, we may be pardoned for indulging, at the outset, in some suggestions as to some of the qualities an exchange department should possess, if it is at all to serve the worthy purpose for which it was created.

It seems to us that the practical advantage of exchange is much more effectively executed in the existent mutual giving and receiving of the magazines than in a limited classifying or listing of their contents without any criticism. This holds, of course, only on the condition that the exchanges are read. No catalogue exchange department, with its necessarily restricted consideration, can hope to accomplish as much real good as an actual investigation of the exchanges.

The first task, then, that presents itself to the editor is to criticise the exchanges in such a way that sufficient interest will be aroused in the reader to assure this desired personal investigation. In the second place, we propose that the criticisms be written with the purpose of discovering and passing judgment on the merits and demerits, not only of the various articles as works of literature, but also of the periodical as a school or college magazine. Are the various departments representative of college work and college activities? Is the magazine, as a whole, a true college magazine? These are some of the questions which the exchange editor should bear in mind. By no means should the criticisms be allowed to degenerate into an amiable exchange of bouquets or the department to deteriorate into a convenient assembling place for all the "nice" things that "others think

of us" and the jokes from other magazines that happen to appeal to the editor's sense of humor.

This does not necessarily mean that we are to emphasize "the paltry criticism of defects," rather than "the noble and fruitful criticism of beauties." It is, however, most desirable that our judgments and opinions should be formed with a certain amount of delicacy. We realize that a very delicate palate, on many occasions, may prove to be a great inconvenience; but a delicate taste for genius and beauty must always meet with approbation.

These criticisms should, by all means, be the results of our personal impressions. We should not be restricted by any consideration of what others might think of the same article or the same arrangement of material, but we should, without hesitation, give our own views and opinions. The exchange department is intended for the exchange of personal impressions and convictions. This is our third suggestion.

And this leads us to another desirable feature of an exchange department that has been more or less conspicuous in recent times by its absence—*i. e.*, comparison. The authority of most college exchange editors is not well enough established to make their judgments and criticisms acceptable simply on their statement. They must be strengthened by substantial and convincing evidence, if they are to have the desired effect. This can be best accomplished by an appeal to those models and principles which have been sanctioned by common consent and experience; for "by comparison alone do we fix the epithets of praise or blame, and learn how to assign the due degree to each."

In this year of literary endeavor it is our hope to give our exchange department its just valuation; to make it more than a simple, unadorned catalogue; to base our criticisms on personal impression, cleared of all prejudice, and perfected by comparison. In this way we hope to accomplish the great good of which the department is capable.

WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT

ETHEL L. SMITHER, '15.....	<i>Editor</i>
MARY D. SMITH, '15.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
DEAN MAY L. KELLER.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

STELLA CARDEN, '16.....	<i>Campus Notes</i>
FLORENCE E. SMITH, '17.....	<i>Athletics</i>
JESSIE M. WOOD, '12.....	<i>Alumnae</i>
HELEN A. MONSELL, '16.....	<i>Exchanges</i>

EDITORIALS.

The opening of Westhampton College marks one more milestone in the educational progress of the South. The first co-ordinate college for women, Sophie Newcomb, affiliated with Tulane University, has proved the need for its existence, and, for many years, has very successfully given the women of Louisiana equal privileges with the men in securing a college education. It remained for Virginia to take the second step, and to-day the Southern educators are observing, with no little degree of interest, Westhampton College for women, co-ordinate with Richmond College for men.

There are three types of co-ordinate colleges. The first type is practically a segregation of women within a college or university. It has no full separate faculty; the faculty is determined only by the teaching assignments for the year; and the lurking danger of this first type lies in the fact that the professor's main interest is likely to centre in the men's college. The next type has its instruction from the same staff, at an equitable hourly rate of payment, but it is still a case of extra—even though adequate—pay. The young men on small salaries are the ones chiefly affected by this, as the full professors do not burden themselves with additional classes, especially if they are in the woman's

college. In the third type good business and good scholarly service seems to be united with the benefit of a loyal permanent college staff. Here are found two separate faculties, each chosen for primary service to one or the other foundation, yet chosen to supplement one another in high scholarly specialization. With such an arrangement services are exchanged between men of the same rank, and, therefore, of the same financial rating; the number of hours of instruction is fixed for each instructor, and does not increase because of service to the neighbor institution; the instructor gains valuable time for research, and can narrow his teaching to a smaller field; the administrations both gain, in that they receive more highly specialized service for the same financial expenditure; and the students gain by receiving their instruction from specialists.

The costs of management are practically the same in the affiliated and separate colleges for women; but the affiliated college, of the third type, receives more highly specialized service for the same money than does the separate college.

The affiliated college shares also the intellectual standards of the men's college. Instructors demand an equally high grade of work from the men and women in the same departments, thereby offering that particular advantage of the co-educational school—namely, intellectual stimulus—without the direct consciousness of competition in scholarship between the men and women.

One of the most important features of the co-ordinate college is its social relations. In co-educational schools too often the men set the standards, or the customs of the older institutions, such as Princeton, Yale, and Cornell, are borrowed for the new institution. The women must either obey tradition blindly, or suffer social ostracism. Happily, to-day the co-ordinate college solves that problem by having a separate home life of its own, where the woman is hostess, and can set her own independent social standard. She is in her rightful place as leader of the social life of the college, and she no longer is forced to accept men's rules for men's colleges.

It is the wish of the Westhampton College women to share in the breadth of outlook, highly specialized teaching, and schol-

arly standards of Richmond College, and in the social life as well; yet, on the other hand, they expect to preserve intact the freedom of intercourse of their little world, to depend on themselves, and to find each for herself what she is worth as a human being.

There is a certain habit of mind which helps neither the man who indulges it nor the man or institution against which its force is directed. In common parlance, CONSTRUCTIVE this is "knocking." We all realize that OR we are at a crisis in the development of the DESTRUCTIVE. greater Richmond College. We are every day proving the value of an experiment in the educational world, the success of which rests with us. What do we mean to do about it? Are we going to stand behind our College, and uphold her hands, or are we going to declare to the world in general that the whole system of co-ordination will go to rack and ruin unless our private advice is immediately taken? Has it ever occurred to those who rail against faculty and upper classmen *ad infinitum* that they may possibly have had more experience in college direction and management than first-year students? Also, that what they are doing may be actuated by college spirit just as much as the student possessed with the habit of "knocking"? If things are not to one's liking, and the student can offer anything better or more practical, then let us have his idea. If there is anything in it, we will be more than glad to hear of it. But if he can't be a constructive force, let him cease to be a destructive one. Try to overcome that irrepressible longing to decry all things that fail to meet with the august approval of one just entering upon his college career.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Stella Carden, '16.

The social season at Westhampton College opened on September 25th, with an informal reception given by the Young Women's Christian Association to the new students. Miss Julie Hosier's singing and Miss Florence Smith's violin solo were greatly enjoyed by those present, after which refreshments were served.

On September 28th a surprise party to Miss Keller caused no small excitement among the girls of Westhampton College. At 8 o'clock the sacred precincts were invaded by Noah and all the animals of the ark, after which charades were given, and a wonderful birthday cake proclaimed by means of the sixteen pink candles the extreme youth of the new Dean. After an impromptu speech, the cake was cut, and the evening ended with dancing.

On October 2d the Chi Epsilon Literary Society entertained the Faculty and students of Westhampton College. A unique programme made the first meeting a decided success.

Westhampton's biggest social event took place on the evening of October 6th, at which time "The Student Government" gave a formal reception to the class of 1918. The Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes at Richmond College were invited. About one hundred and fifty guests were present. The reception was held in the Blue room and the rooms adjoining, all of which were beautifully decorated with golden rod and autumn leaves. Needless to say, a delightful evening was spent, of which we hope there will be many more.

The following class officers have been elected:

Senior Class—President, Mary C. Shine; Vice-President,

Irene C. Stiff; Secretary, Sara Thomas; Treasurer, Louise Goepfarth; Scribe, Margaret Monteiro.

Junior Class—President, Kathline Bland; Vice-President, Margaret C. James; Secretary, Stella Carden; Treasurer, Frieda Dietz.

Sophomore Class—President, Florence E. Smith; Vice-President, Florence Boston; Secretary, Gladys H. Holleman; Treasurer, Ruth Elliott.

Freshman Class—President, Frances Glassell; Vice-President, Mary Clay; Secretary, Mary Weaver; Treasurer, Emily Gardner.

Professor Olmsted (lecturing on evolution): "You did not descend from monkeys, young ladies, but nobody denies that you are co-ordinate with monkeys." And he wondered why we laughed.

ATHLETICS.

Florence E. Smith, '17.

With the opening of the first session of Westhampton College, athletics have taken on a new meaning and new interests. In former years we were, as co-eds., a part of the Richmond College Athletic Association. Now, as students of the co-ordinate college, we have our own organization, and many plans for the coming year.

Miss Fanny Crenshaw, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, has been chosen physical director. During her senior year at college Miss Crenshaw established seven world records in various forms of athletics. She is a true lover of sport in all of its best phases, and is a coach whose ability and enthusiasm are an inspiration to every student.

We needed at Westhampton a director who could begin in a new college with new material, and raise athletics to the prominent place which they hold in other colleges of first rank. We are sure that in Miss Crenshaw we have found the very person who is capable of doing this.

As this is the first year at Westhampton, we cannot expect to have the conveniences in all classes of sport, and we feel very fortunate in having a basket-ball court finished and now in use. The tennis courts are nearing completion, and plans for a gymnasium are being discussed.

Nearly every student in school is taking an interest in basket-ball. This is a very natural state of affairs, for the basket-ball season promises to be exciting. The class captains have already been elected, and each feels that it is her duty to bring out a winning team. Though many of our best players of last year did not return, we have in the members of the Freshman Class much promising material. At present most of the interest is centered in class games, and the class championship is our goal. But later in the season we hope to have a 'Varsity team, and expect to play against other colleges. One game has already been scheduled.

There are many other plans which as yet are rather indefinite, but tennis tournaments, track meets, and even a field day are all within our power and within our vision.

Although this year, as students of Westhampton College, we have our own interests and plans, we do not forget that we are also students of a co-ordinate college, and we intend to lend to the teams of Richmond College all the enthusiasm and support of which we are capable.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Jessie M. Wood, '12.

September, 1914, has marked an epoch in the education of women in Richmond College. Since 1898 women have been received into the institution and admitted to full scholastic privileges with the men. And greatly have they enjoyed these privileges. As the years have gone by, the Faculty and those interested in the College have been gratified to see the yearly increase in the number of women enrolled. But the women students have been growing in something else than in numbers. There has been a reaching out for more of college life.

Now, with the establishment of Westhampton College, women students can obtain not only the instruction previously offered, but, in addition, the broadening of character and personality that comes from life in a college dormitory. In every home, life centres about one personality. In a college it centres about the Dean. Westhampton College is very fortunate in having as its Dean, May Lansfield Keller, who is bringing so much cheer and courage to the always difficult task of beginning a college.

The women students of Richmond College are entering upon a great opportunity. Through co-operation and college spirit they can make Westhampton College the most highly-esteemed college for women in the South. But the opportunity does not belong to them alone. Every college looks to its graduates for encouragement and support. And now is the time for each alumna to rally to her *alma mater*. In memory of the dear old associations, let each of us resolve to help Westhampton College in every way possible. Let us encourage the students in whatever they undertake, let us bring our friends to see the College, and let us make our Alumnæ Association something of which she can be proud. We want to bring the highest honors, the richest blessings to *alma mater* in her new life and enlarged opportunities.

We hope to bring to THE MESSENGER every month news of

some of our alumnæ. It seemed fitting that in our first issue we should devote the space to the alumnæ who have just gone—that is, to the alumnæ of 1914.

Among those registered at Wellesley College for the Master's Degree is Louise K. Baldwin. We are highly gratified by this fuller acknowledgment of our degree by the Northern colleges, and we feel that we could not have chosen a better representative for *alma mater*.

Madge Clendon is teaching English and German in the High School at Manassas, Va.

Virginia L. Crump holds a position at the Westhampton High School.

Audrey F. Dillon is at present visiting in Baltimore, Md.

E. Hazel Gary is a member of the faculty of the Jarratt High School, where she has charge of the departments of Latin and German.

Elizabeth M. Gray is teaching in Arcadia, Florida.

Eloise J. Harris is teacher of Sciences and Dean of Oxford College, N. C.

Gladys W. Johnson is now making her home in Washington, D. C. She is an instructor in Latin at Round Hill, Va.

Emily Jenkins is teaching near Norfolk, Va.

Alice Spiers, who was a great student of languages during her College course, is teaching Latin and French in the High School at Louisa Courthouse, Va.

EXCHANGES.

Hereafter all exchanges from women's colleges will be handled by the Exchange Editor from the Westhampton Department of THE MESSENGER, Helen A. Monsell, '16. We feel that with co-ordination such an arrangement will tend to increase the interest of women's colleges in greater Richmond College, especially in Westhampton College, making them feel that our situation is more closely akin to their own than that of a men's college, or even of an institution which was co-educational.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



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