

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 35
Number 4 *The Messenger*, Vol. 35, No. 4

Article 1

2-1909

The Messenger, Vol. 35, No. 4

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Recommended Citation

(1909) "The Messenger, Vol. 35, No. 4," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 35 : No. 4 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol35/iss4/1>

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THE MESSENGER.

VOL XXXV

FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 4.

Echoes of the Night.

B. L. R., '09.

The evening twilight gently breathes,
Beneath the trees and through the air;
The forest calmly, slowly wreathes,
And silence now reigns everywhere.

The leaves are folded in their sleep,
The birds are calm upon the boughs;
There is no rustling of the feet,
No noise save evening breezes' sougns.

This lonely forest which we see,
Arrayed in all the charms of night,
Is where the thought first dawned on me,
That nature's voice thrills with delight.

The gentle murmuring of the stream,
Now penetrates the tranquil air,
And evening breezes now doth seem,
To whisper music soft and clear.

These peaceful strains of nature's voice,
Returning through the open grove,
Inspire the soul to e'er rejoice,
And turn its thoughts to realms above.

Laughing Heart.

CHARLES LEWIS STILLWELL.

THE Pamucha Camp was nestled in a cleared space in the heart of a great forest, through which gently flowed the Kemanee river. It was spring-time and the warm afternoon was waning, while the deepening veils of evening were fast making up the glories of Nature.

As darkness settled a great light burst suddenly from the village and shot heavenward, while hair-raising war whoops rent the night air. It was the close of a great day for the Pamucha tribe. They had pitched camp at this spot on the day before, and on the night following one of their runners had dashed in with the news that a party of pioneers was camping a short distance down on the river, where it appeared they had been all the winter, but were making preparations for immediate departure. The braves collected, and about daybreak surprised the sleeping whites, stole their cattle and provisions, put the men to death and all the women but one fair, blue-eyed girl.

Laughing Heart was one of the handsomest and bravest men of his tribe. While slight of stature, his muscles were like cords of steel, and when he ran or wrestled they played over each other as parts of a well-oiled machine. His step, though as easy and elastic as a panther's, was one of conscious manhood and grace. He was eloquent, and, unlike the average Indian, somewhat talkative. He had been thrown with white hunters and traders, and had in that way learned some of the English customs and language. When he saw a warrior's hand raised to murder the beautiful girl, he had struck it aside, and then begged his father that she might live so he could have her for a wife.

Laughing Heart bound the girl on his pony with thongs of deer-skin, and walked by her side back to the village. She was given a wigwam by herself, with a squaw to attend her, and guards were posted on the outside.

Indian maidens brought her choicest buffalo meat, but she refused to eat. She could think only of the horrible scene she had just witnessed, and from which she had so narrowly escaped, only to a fate she knew not what. The yells of the savages rang again in her ears. She could still hear the piteous cries of the children, and the shrieks of panic-stricken women. She could see men fighting hand-to-hand, clutching at each other's throats. She saw Indians hurling tomahawks at their victims, and even tearing the scalps from their heads while still living. She heard again the rapid shots and could see some of her very relatives writhing in the agonies of death. She put her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the horrible vision, but it seemed to be seared in her brain.

And thus the day dragged on to a close. As the sound of riot broke in upon her, she wondered if they were preparing to kill her, and even wished they were. Death would be welcome, for then she would be with her loved ones.

She lay down upon a bear-skin and tried to sleep, only to start from her unsettled slumber with a cry of fear, as she imagined she saw the terrible scenes of the day re-enacted. Soon she was startled by the appearance of Laughing Heart at the door of her wigwam. He approached and sat down on the skin beside her. He spoke to her partly in his native tongue and partly in broken English. The maiden, whom Laughing Heart had named Sunny Eyes, though she knew nothing of the Pamucha language, could catch the meaning of his speech from his English words.

"Sunny Eyes," he said in his musical voice, "Laughing Heart's father, who is called Simitten (the Snake of Wisdom), told him to come and woo you. And so, Sunny Eyes, he has come to take the White Lily into his wigwam. Sunny Eyes, Laughing Heart loves the pale-face maiden. Will she love the Indian brave? He will make her the envied of the whole Pamucha tribe. The maidens will want the beads she shall wear, and the young men will wish to take the Silver Cloud from King Simitten's son."

He paused, as if waiting for her to speak. But she remained silent, and he continued: "Laughing Heart saved the pale-face from the tomahawk of the fierce wolf this morning."

The girl covered her face with her hands in horror and burst into tears.

“Do not weep, Sunny Eyes, for then your tears will wash Laughing Heart’s joy away, and his name will be given to another. Do not weep, pale-face, for Laughing Heart will not harm you.”

He paused, and began again, as if he thought she doubted his statement.

“Sunny Eyes, Laughing Heart is the youngest of his father’s four sons. Three of them have died on the war-path and gone to the happy hunting-grounds, and not one has ever broken a promise. And, White Lily, Laughing Heart has dismissed the guards and the old squaw is asleep. There is a birch canoe down by the river which the wrens and humming-birds helped him to build. It never yet made a journey, and in it we will float down the stream into Mattoka’s territory, and there we will live together. Mattoka is a friend to the pale-faces, and though an enemy to Simitten, he loves Laughing Heart. And, Sunny Eyes, Laughing Heart has a canoe, which he brought from the Lake of the Setting Sun. We will fill that with venison and skins to protect Sunny Eyes from the Evil Hunger Spirit, and the Rain Weather Spirit.”

The girl did not move for a few moments, and then, with a queer look of determination, nodded her assent.

Stealthily they went to the river. Laughing Heart launched the canoe in which they were to ride, first exclaiming with pride and delight as he did so, “See, pale-face, this canoe was made for a fishing journey, but the Good Spirit has willed that it be used for Sunny Eyes instead. The wrens and humming-birds will follow us and sing to the warrior and the white maiden.”

The other canoe was quickly put into the water and filled with provisions. The Indian tied it to the former with deer thongs, and they started down the river. It was now past midnight, and though the moon was nearly down, Laughing Heart’s keen eyes could easily see to steer from the rocks.

For some time he did not speak. Finally he said, “Would Sunny Eyes like for Laughing Heart to sing?”

The girl said nothing, and he composed and sang a song in the Pamucha language. His voice was well adapted to singing. The

notes rose soft in the still night air; at first hardly above a whisper, and then gradually clearer.

To the setting sun, Kemanee
Gently flows to meet the West winds,
And it sighs as it goes onward,
For poor Laughing Heart's dull sorrow.

Hear, then, hear, O pretty maiden!
Hear, O sunny-haired, bright Spirit,
Hear you Laughing Heart's sad ballad,
Hear of Laughing Heart's dull sorrow.

Laughing Heart was born a warrior,
Born to fight the fierce Kokokos;
Born to scalp the Cadamandos,
Born to grace Simitten's wigwam.

And he ever fought them bravely,
Ever followed after honor,
Ever spared the weak and helpless,
Ever graced Simitten's wigwam.

But he loves a pale-face maiden,
Loves the brightest Star of Morning,
Yet she speaks not to the Indian,
So his heart is full of sorrow.

When he finished he did not speak for a long time. The stars were now their only light, for the Great Spirit had "shut his left eye," Laughing Heart said, as the moon disappeared behind the mountains, "but the warriors were still watching them from the happy hunting-ground. Each brave," he continued, "has a star shining in the sky after he goes to the spirit-land for every scalp he takes on the war-path. When the Good Spirit is not angry with his children on earth, he lets the stars shine to tell them of the Islands of the Blessed."

Soon a mist was seen just ahead. "Sunny Eyes, yonder are the Falls of Minnerlenden, or Singing Fountain.

"Once the Snow Spirit fought with the East Wind for seven days and nights. From the north the Snow Spirit marched, found the East Wind and challenged him to a contest. Over the mountains and down the valleys they rolled, until they came to the falls of the Kemance. Then the East Wind looked up at the heavens, and saw his warrior sons' hundreds of stars. They gave him courage, and he called upon the Great Spirit for victory. Then he grasped the wicked Snow Spirit by the throat, and together they fell into the river. But the East Wind, being the lighter, always kept on top of the water. As they went over the falls the Snow Spirit was sucked under by the Evil Spirit, and was heard of no more; but the East Wind mounted upward, and since that time has nightly appeared at these falls to sing in celebration of the victory."

Laughing Heart changed his course, so that he slowly approached the river bank. When only a short distance from the shore he said to his companion: "Sunny Eyes, the Good Spirit will soon open his right eye, and we must not paddle after the rising sun. Under yonder rock Sadaraka hid from Laughing Heart for two moons before Laughing Heart could find him. There, pale-face, we will rest until the Evening Star rises and all the Great Spirit's torches burn again. Then we will carry the canoes around the falls on land, for if we try to go over them the East Wind will be angry and drown us. There is no danger here, for the East Wind will keep us from harm. Does Sunny Eyes hear him sing?"

The song Laughing Heart had reference to was the roaring of the falls, which grew louder and louder as they approached. They steadily moved toward the shore, and when it was reached the warrior pulled the foremost canoe close beside the flat rock, which extended on either side several feet out into the river, thus forming an eddy, which was almost a perfect place for landing. Several feet from the edge of the water was the tall, almost semi-circular rock of which Laughing Heart had spoken. It rose vertically for twenty or thirty feet, and then began to slant outward until it

hung considerably over the river. Some distance to one side was a path used for portage by the Indians.

Dropping the paddles into the canoe, Laughing Heart got out and untied the other canoe, saying as he did so, in broken English: "Simitten's fierce War Cloud. He want all pale-face scalp. Warriors try catch Laughin' Heart an' Sunny Eyes, but bow an' arrow death to Indians. Arrows War Spirit's tongues. Laughin' Heart keep from hurtin' Sunny Eyes."

As he pulled the canoe of provisions up on the rock, so that it would remain steady, Sunny Eyes shoved against the rock and sent her canoe out beyond the still water into the rapids. Springing quickly as she could to the other end, she seized the paddles and made for the middle of the stream. Laughing Heart called to her frantically, "Up stream, pale-face, up stream, up stream, Sunny Eyes, pull hard," but she apparently heard not. Laughing Heart looked hurriedly for a stick with which to push after the girl, but the rock was barren of anything that could serve his purpose. Realizing that he could do nothing to save her, he stood with his firm features, hardened by the grim stoicism so common with the red man in a time of danger or torture.

The maiden was soon in the middle of the rapids, and the canoe was already uncontrollable. It would shoot forward and then spin round and round, only to plunge forward with greater speed. The girl had now seated herself and was clutching the sides of the canoe. The Indian looked out into the early morning mists in the direction she had taken. He could now barely discern the canoe.

Suddenly it shot forward as an arrow and plunged over the falls.

Laughing Heart gazed for an instant where he had last seen her canoe. Then, turning, he took the blankets and skins from his canoe, heaped them on the rock, and threw the venison into the river. Taking his bow, he shot an arrow out into the river, saying, "Go, follow Sunny Eyes to the Happy Hunting-Ground."

Then, striking flint to some dry leaves he had collected, he set fire to the pile of blankets. As he did so he began chanting:

Great, Good Spirit, take the warrior,
And the White Rose of the Valley;
Brightly burns the fire to light them
To the Islands of the Blessed.
Now, farewell, O brave Simitten!
Farewell, all you men and women;
Farewell, children; farewell, brothers;
Laughing Heart is gone forever.

Then, sending another arrow where he had shot the first, he said:
"Go tell the Good Spirit Laughing Heart is coming."

He put his bow back into the canoe, got in and quietly shoved it out of the eddy. Then he sat down and let it take its course. It drifted out of the still water with a slow motion, but as it left the shore farther and farther behind it quickened speed and soon was whirling in the rapids. When within a few feet of the falls it sped straight ahead, and shooting far out over the edge of the falls, it disappeared in the flood below.

Lee Ping Kwong.

BY AH FONG YEUNG, '09.

IN the month of August, Canton has its ideal weather. The mornings are cool and refreshing as the gentle wind blows the delicious fragrance of the numerous tropical flowers into the peaceful homes of the sleeping citizens. The sun is warm and bright, yet without its oppressive heat of June. The sky is cloudless, and the earth is everywhere clothed with green grass. These mornings soothe and gladden the hearts of men.

On such a morning, in the year 1883, there was a great commotion in a Chinese scholar's home in Canton. You could hear fire-works about two *lis* (miles) away. Students of Confucius, their relatives and neighbors, went in and out of Mr. Lee's house.

From a little distance one could hear them say, "Kown hai fas tsoi." That is, "I congratulate you, and may prosperity and happiness crown you." What was this commotion about? What was the event? Why did the people show him such respect? A baby boy had been born to Mr. Lee Tai Sun.

They considered the birth of Lee Ping Kwong—for that was his name—a good omen, for he was born on the 15th morning of August, and on that night the moon was to full. The Chinese observe this date as a legal holiday, and on this night they would go up to the house tops and light up the Chinese lanterns of different shapes and sizes. After the lanterns are lit their fantastic shapes, made clear by the rays of candles within, scattered over the whole city between the red roof tops and the bright blue sky, form a sight once seen never to be forgotten. Then they proceed to worship the moon. As Ping Kwong was born on this day, all said his life would be like the moon; his life would be perfect, and some day he would be worshipped by the people as they had that night worshipped the moon.

There was another reason why so many people came to congratulate this new father. Mr. Lee Tai Sun was a great student of Confucius. He had taught in several schools, and he was loved by all his pupils. He was a kind-hearted man, and always ready to help those who were in distress, and was very popular and well known in Canton. Though very intelligent, he was unlike the narrow-minded students of Confucius. He had read many western books and heard many sermons preached by the missionaries. Three years after the birth of his son he became a Christian.

Mr. Lee knew of the advantages of an education, and when Ping Kwong reached the age of seven he sent him to school. The boy was bright, apt and ambitious, and had always led his class; in fact, he led the whole school. He was a general favorite among his associates, being handsome and almost without faults. His face was clear cut with a mark of boldness; yet he was gentle and kind. He despised falsehood and esteemed honesty. Neither men nor women could pass by without looking at him with admiring eyes, and would pick him out as leader of men.

With such quick mind to grasp things, he soon committed to memory all the classics of Confucius and completed the courses in the Chinese college.

At the age of fifteen he entered a mission school, where he studied English. It was here that he learned of the Western customs. He saw that the missionaries' daughters and sons played together, talked with each other, sat on the same bench, and even kissed each other. He often heard them talk of love; but he could not understand what they meant.

One day in May the missionaries gave the students a holiday. Ping Kwong, with a number of the students, went to the *Tai Far Uen* (Big Flower Garden) to spend the day. There were many attractions, and they anticipated a fine time. The day was perfect; not a cloud bedimmed the bright blue sky. The students rose early and dressed themselves in their beautiful long silk robes, with their cues hanging gracefully down their backs. Ping Kwong was in an unusual happy mood that day, for he was a great lover of flowers, birds, fish, and, in fact, with all of nature's creation.

They reached *Tai Far Uen* about ten o'clock. While they were in the garden Ping Kwong became separated from the rest and wandered around by himself, until finally he reached a big iron cage, in which were two peacocks. His attention, however, was not attracted by these birds mainly, for opposite the cage stood the fairest and most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. He moved gradually around the cage toward her, but when within a few steps of her he stopped; for too well he remembered that the boys and girls were not allowed to speak or even see each other, and yet he could not help from glancing slyly toward her. Then he thought of the missionaries' sons and daughters, and the meaning of the word "love" seemed to dawn upon him. "Custom or no custom, I will speak to her," he said to himself. So he walked boldly up to her and made her a graceful bow, offering her a big white lily, and said, "*Choo Sun, Koo Nern, gor seung sown tze tai for ue Ne, Mong tar gip gee.*" That is, "Good morning, Miss; please accept this from me. This is my favorite flower. I wish that I could give you better things than this, for there is nothing

on earth that you do not deserve." She gave him a kindly smile and took the flower with "Dor jeer" or "Thank you." Growing bolder and encouraged by her receiving his flower, he continued: "Fairest lady, I know that you think I am impudent; yet I cannot help it; for you are the most beautiful lady I have ever seen. Although the peacocks in there are pretty, you are prettier. All the flowers in this garden are sweet; but you are sweeter. Although the sun is bright; but your eyes are brighter. Oh! I cannot describe you, for it is beyond my power. Whatever the consequence may be, I must say, and I will say, I love——." "Hush!" she interrupted his passionate words. Her smile had suddenly faded away, and yet she presented not a frown, but a look of distress. She said, "I am engaged." Ping Kwong's face went bloodless, and he leaned on the iron cage for support. He too was engaged when he was but four months old, but he knew not to whom.

When he had recovered himself the girl was gone. For a minute he stood like a statue. He stared with his black eyes only on the spot where she had stood a few minutes ago. "Where is she? Whither has she gone?" He turned to the path and started to run, but just then he met his school-mates. He was greatly agitated, and in an excited manner asked them: "Where is she? Which way did she go? Tell me—quick!" His companions seized him and thought that some evil spirit had taken hold of him. One of the oldest boys patted him on his shoulders soothingly and asked: "What is the matter, Ping Kwong? What has gone wrong? Why did you leave us?" "Ah! don't ask me so many questions, but tell me which way she went, and release me quickly." "No, we will not turn you loose until you have explained yourself. And now calm yourself, and maybe we can help you. You have plenty of time yet; it is only one o'clock." Then he calmed himself and smiled at his friends, but did not relate his wonderful experience to them, for he feared that his father would hear of it.

After they had strolled around the garden for an hour or more they started back to the mission school. From that day a complete change came over Ping Kwong. He stayed in his room

almost all the time and never mingled with any boys, as he had done in the past. He seemed to be thinking of something all the time, and took no particular interest in anything whatever. He neglected even his daily tasks, and his marks fell below those of the most stupid pupils. No, there was nothing that could interest him. He could think of nothing but the beautiful girl whom he had met in *Tai Far Uen*. He kept saying over and over again: "Will I ever see her again? I wonder where does she live? Oh! if I could only see her once more."

The day came unexpectedly. He went to church one Sunday morning, and on his way back he went into the greatest temple in Canton—*Sing Wong Miu*. He did not go there for the purpose of worshipping the idols, however, for he had been baptized into the Christian faith a year before; not for the purpose of sight-seeing and curiosity, for he saw such things every day. But it seemed that fate—if there was any—had directed him there. He walked in without turning his head either to the right or to the left. It seemed that he knew not what he was doing. Now he came to the main part of the temple, where idols of all kinds and sizes stood. In front of the largest idol knelt a beautiful girl—the same girl he had met in *Tai Far Uen*. He thought he must be dreaming. He rubbed his eyes himself to see if he was asleep. The girl was startled by his light steps behind her. As she rose and turned around she was confronted by the smile of Ping Kwong. He started to her with rapid steps, but she stepped backward as if to say, "Do not approach me." He seemed to understand her meaning and stopped, with the words: "Why did you leave me last May, when we met in the flower garden? I have thought of nothing else but you. I have longed and prayed God that I may see you again, and now he has granted me my request." "I too have thought of you, and I have prayed to the idols of the different temples, and to-day I come to worship this great King. But go now, for my maid is just outside. She may come in at any moment." He left her, but his love for her was stronger than ever. After that day, though he now frequented the temples, he was not favored with a glimpse of her.

Now Ping Kwong had attended the mission school for two

years, and he loved his teachers, especially the missionary who baptized him. One day as he read in the newspaper: "All the 'Foreign Devils' must be killed," a great dread came in his heart, for he knew that the missionaries were in danger. This was the Boxer Uprising of 1900. The sentiment against the "Foreign Devils" was increasing every day. The worse day came when the news from Peking reached Canton that the German Ambassador had been killed. There were mobs here and there, armed with axes, picks, revolvers, bamboos and broad-swords. The mission school and the residence of the missionaries were threatened. They were surrounded on all sides and were demanded to deliver themselves up.

The school had been disbanded, and all the pupils had left except Ping Kwong. He acted as the messenger for the missionaries, going out to find out the news from the native converts about the Uprising. Again and again he ventured out into the face of danger; but he had always managed to evade the violent mob. His friends and relatives urged him to leave the missionaries and save himself from death, but he ignored their entreaties, saying, "No, I will not leave them. They have led me to Jesus and saved my soul, and now I will live with them as long as they remain on earth. If they die, I will die with them."

They had had nothing to eat for several days, and yet he dared not go to the market, for all the people there knew him. One day he slipped out and was spying around to see if he could find a place of escape. Just then he felt a gentle touch on his shoulder. He turned around and found a servant girl before him. She handed him a slip of paper and a basket, and went quickly away to avoid being questioned. He approached the house cautiously and entered it without being observed. He gave the basket to the missionaries and said: "You all eat this. God sent it to you." Then retiring to his own room, he opened the piece of paper and read as follows:

*"Dear Friend,—*My maid has seen you several times coming out from the missionaries' house. She told me that you look worn and thin, and that you had escaped from the mob several times. If such is the case, why do you not leave them? I know that you

cannot get anything to eat, so I send you a few things in a basket. I wish I could send more, but my maid cannot carry them. Save yourself, and I pray the gods to protect you."

Having finished the letter, he mused: "I wonder who is this unknown friend of mine? I have no friends among the officials. For surely this paper contains an official seal. Whoever she may be, I know that God is looking after me."

Now the anti-foreign feeling had continued to grow, and the mob outside of the missionaries' residence was getting impatient. On the 11th of February the crowd began to hammer the door and yelling at the top of their voices that they must come out to them, or if not, they would set the house on fire. Finally the missionaries decided to give themselves up, and they told Ping Kwong to make his escape. But he did not wish to leave his foreign friends. He said: "No; I will not leave you. I was once lost, but you saved me. Although I have no power to save you from the mob, I would far rather die with you than to forsake you."

"Oh! you do not understand," said the missionaries. "We have talked this thing over, and we have decided to give ourselves up to them as soon as you shall have made your escape. You have been good to us, and you have risked your own life for us, and we now thank you. The reason why you ought to escape, because you are young and there is a great future before you. For we foresee a great change in China, and maybe God will use you as an instrument to reform this great country. We wish that you would go to America, for it is not safe for you to stay here. We have some money left, which we know would do us no more good, so we give it to you, that you may use it for your educational expenses in America. Now, good-bye, and may the blessing of God be upon you." Thus he was persuaded to make his escape. And with tears trickling down his cheeks, he bade them good-bye. That day the missionaries were led away and were put to death for the glorious cause of Christianity.

Ping Kwong went immediately home and informed his parents of the desire of the missionaries, and that he was going to America

at once. He went to the American Consul's office the next day to obtain a student's certificate for admission to this country.

The day came for him to leave his friends, relatives and parents. It was a pitiful scene in Mr. Lee's home that morning as the three knelt down in front of the family altar to pray God's blessing upon their only son. During the whole time while they were kneeling not a whisper was heard, except the sobs of the parents and son. Finally they rose up, and the father, with a trembling voice, said: "My dear and only son, your mother and I love you so much. I believe this is God's purpose, and therefore we will not oppose it. Always study God's word and remember the teachings that you have received at home. Now, my son, be brave, and may God bring you back—" But he broke down.

Ping Kwong walked off and left his parents standing in the hall. When he looked back he saw them at the door waving their handkerchiefs to him. He boarded an American steamer, the *Minnesota*, on the 15th of February. He was the only Chinaman on board, and everybody looked at him with suspicion on account of the disturbance in China. He had no one to comfort him, nor would any one talk to him in his loneliness. He now thought of his home and his parents, and he could imagine that they were still at the door with bowed heads and falling tears, and waved their handkerchiefs. Then he turned his thoughts to that girl whom he had met in *Tai Far Uen*. At last he burst out into tears, and wished that he had died with the noble missionaries rather than to suffer such agonies.

The voyage was calm and the ocean was smooth. On the 13th morning of March they sighted land, and a great shout was raised from the throats of the passengers. About twelve o'clock the ocean liner anchored off at the harbor of San Francisco.

Ping Kwong started to leave the ship with the rest, but an officer seized him roughly and said, "Hold on, 'Chink,' you wait here." He stood there trembling with fear, for he had never been treated in this way before, and he knew not why the blue-coat seized him so violently. While he was in China he had never seen any foreigners except the missionaries, and he thought that all the Americans were good and kind; yet the officer yelled at him as if

he were a beast. With such thought in his mind, how could he help from trembling.

The officer led Ping Kwong before the board of the immigration commissioners to be examined. He produced the certificate which the American Consul had given him. The commissioners found fault with the certificate, for it had no signature of any of the Chinese officials. So, under the Chinese Exclusion law, he was not allowed to enter. He pleaded with tearful eyes that he might be permitted to remain. He told them that he was advised by the missionaries to come to this country, that he might save his life from the Boxers; that, at the same time, he might receive a Western education, and that the American Consul said that the certificate would permit him to enter, but in vain. Then he finally asked that he may be allowed to remain until he could get the right certificate from China, which was granted.

The certificate did not come until seven months had passed, for at that time the forces of the different nations were in China, and it was hard to get anything before the Chinese Government.

While he was waiting for the certificate they placed him in a filthy shed where they kept all the immigrants. The unwholesome food, together with the unhealthy atmosphere, was too much for him. He was soon taken sick, whereupon he was removed to the hospital with the condition that Minister Wu would stand bond for him.

At last his certificate came, and he was allowed to go free once more. He entered Philip Andover Academy, where he ranked high in his studies. As his health gradually improved, he began to mingle with the boys. He learned to play foot-ball and other games, and soon he was liked by all.

When he came back to his room one evening, after a baseball game, he found a cablegram on the table. His face changed, and with trembling hands he seized the yellow envelope. "Is my father or my mother dead?" He hesitated to open the envelope, but at last he tore it open, and his eyes flashed over its content quickly.

"Come immediately. The day of your marriage comes off next month."

"FATHER."

His face hardened, and he tore the paper into bits. He threw himself on his bed and cried out: "No; I will not go back and marry a woman whom I have not seen. I would rather die than marry one whom I do not love."

He rose from his bed and walked unsteadily toward the table. His eyes fell upon the Bible. He picked it up to see if he could find anything there that would comfort him. He opened it, and in turning the pages his eyes fell on the passage, "Honor thy father and mother." Then he thought of Confucius' teaching concerning filial duty. He gave a deep sigh and sat down in deep meditation. "Well, Confucius taught us to obey our parents, and God commands us to do the same. If I rebel against my father, I would commit a sin. Ah! what must I do?"

He turned around suddenly and began to pack his trunk. He had decided to go by the next steamer that sailed for China, and cabled his parents accordingly. It seemed that everything had turned against him, and now he did not care what happened to him.

He sailed from San Francisco on the 14th of April, and after a period of little over three weeks he reached Hong Kong. That night he took a steamer for Canton and reached there about six o'clock in the morning. On arriving at his home he found his parents eating breakfast. They rose up from their seats and greeted him warmly and affectionately. After Ping Kwong had paid the usual respects to his parents, he cast his eyes around the room. It was already fixed up for the coming marriage, and there were many presents from his friends and relatives. But it seemed that he cared nothing for them. His parents wondered at his coolness; and yet they dared not to question him.

On the 25th of May, 1902, there were a band of Chinese music, a sedan chair decorated with red silk, flags and two large lanterns in front of Mr. Lee's house. It was known to the public that Lee Ping Kwong was to marry Wong Poi Lan, a beautiful daughter of his Honor, Wong Ming Yun.

The marriage procession started from Mr. Lee's house at nine o'clock for Judge Wong's residence to bring back the bride. After they had waited for several hours a girl dressed in red silk, with

her eyes swollen with weeping, escorted by her parents, came out to the sedan-chair, and the girl was placed in the chair and the door was closed upon her.

The procession started back to Mr. Lee's house. When it reached there Ping Kwong came out with his long silk robe on. According to the Chinese custom, he went straight to the sedan-chair and bowed three times at the door. Then he took the key and applied it to the latch. It flew open. He drew back suddenly, and stared in the chair for fully a half minute, and then moving forward with stretched arms, he drew the girl he had met in Tai Far Uen up close to himself, as he said:

Poi Lan, I am the most fortunate man on earth. Our parents know how to make engagements after all."

Sunset.

T. E. P., '09.

The sunset's here, day past, the evening on.
This moment passed away will ne'er appear
Again to me, except in mem'ry dear.
I see what is, I feel, and then 'tis gone—
The vision beautiful! The sun ne'er shone
Such tints of marv'lous beauty and so clear,
Or else I never saw before as here—
I wonder if I cannot see alone—
The sun, the sky, the earth, the field, the tree,
Beautiful to one, who, with the artist, sees
The mellow shades and tints—how soft they be!
The yellow, red, and purple in degrees,
And how the richer shades the feelings please.
Oh! teach me more of beauty than I see!

A Contrast Between Juliet and Portia.

MISS RUTH THOMASSON, '11.

IN the "Merchant of Venice" we are not told how far north the fair Portia's seat of Belmont was, only that it was on the continent, but on contrasting the characters of Portia and Juliet, and remembering that the sunny Italian Verona was Juliet's birthplace, we must conclude that Belmont was some distance farther north. It would be strange indeed if the perfectly poised Portia had been, like the impulsive, emotional Juliet, a maid of the South; for, although in some respects their situations were similar,—although both were sincerely, nay deeply, in love, there could scarcely have been found two maidens more unlike in temperament.

Without doubt Portia, though young, was several years older than Juliet, and for some time before the opening of the "Merchant of Venice" she had had her court of admirers. Fatherless and motherless, she was a rich heiress and the mistress of her estate. Her devotion to her father's wish, her confidence in his wisdom, and at the same time her self-reliance seem to indicate that before his death she had been very intimate with him; probably she had been his pupil, and later on his confidante in matters of importance. At any rate, the opening of the Merchant of Venice finds Portia a young girl at the head of her household who had already seen much of society and who was certainly a clever judge of her many wooers. None of the latter had won her heart, and very much weary of their suits, she was impatiently waiting for their departure, firm in the resolve to give herself to no one unless she were won according to her father's will, through the choice of the caskets.

How different from this was Juliet at the beginning of Romeo and Juliet! Fourteen years of age, she had as yet enjoyed the companionship or society of scarcely any one save her faithful, garrulous old nurse. Lovers she had not known before the night

of Capulet's ball, and it seems that she was supremely indifferent to them before Romeo appeared. In her home she had been carefully sheltered as the only child in a proud, aristocratic family, and being of a gentle, clinging disposition, was entirely dependent upon, and obedient to, her elders. In short, she was still a child with all of life before her.

This was Portia's character, and this Juliet's when true love came to the heart of each. Naturally, it produced very different effects upon the two. Juliet's love was love at first sight, passionate, and all-consuming. None of her affection had been squandered on passing admirers, and now when this first love came demanding everything and giving everything, she gave her all unreservedly. She counted not the cost; had no room for calm thought, and from that time on her life was dedicated to this great, pure emotion, under the influence of which the bud of girlhood was to unfold into the blossom of womanhood.

Portia's love, although her first and single love, was not impulsive love at first sight. Some time before Bassanio came to woo her she had seen him; but, although favorably impressed, she did not seem to have cherished since that time any decided affection for him. When he came again, however, love took possession of her heart in reality. And yet Portia's love was not nearly so impulsive or unreserved as Juliet's. It was a love of much more gradual growth, and was bred of the head as well as of the heart. Before she loved she admired, and when she did love she was not so ready as Juliet to commit herself in words. Even then, except for one brief moment, her emotions did not overwhelm her to the loss of her accustomed poise. When Bassanio's eyes compelled her to speak true and reveal her heart, she did so, but not with Juliet's abandon. Only at that moment when she saw that Bassanio had chosen the right casket did she impulsively unbosom her soul. Then she exclaimed:

“How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing! Make it less,
For fear I surfeit!"

This would tend to show that she did love as deeply as Juliet in spite of the fact that she was more reserved and moderate in expressing her new-found joy.

After love entered Portia's life she was still much the same in other respects. There was the same dignity and self-reliance, the same balance between emotion and reason. At the very height of her joy, when of all times we might expect her to have been recklessly selfish and unwittingly blind to everything except herself and her love, with wonderful strength she sent Bassanio speeding to the help of his friend Antonio, and soon followed herself. She summoned all of her keen intellect and strength of mind to bear upon the emergency of Antonio's need. This sacrifice she felt as nothing but her duty, and it must have sweetened the life of Portia and Bassanio when, with Antonio's danger past, they were re-united at Belmont.

Thus Portia's love showed itself. As great a sacrifice as was demanded was made, but see what a different sacrifice was Juliet's, and how infinitely harder was her trial. The young girl Juliet was left without anything to uphold her but Friar Laurence and her love. Father, mother, and nurse were all, to say the least, unsympathetic with her. She had been compelled to keep her wedding with Romeo a secret, and then to face her father's determination to marry her to Paris. No earthly power, however, could have parted her from Romeo. Under the pressure of this crisis and of her matchless love, behold! the child Juliet became a woman of strength. This strength was a kind of half-despairing fortitude, born of her love, and for her love alone. We all know the story of how, in the supreme sacrifice, life was demanded, and how Juliet offered it unhesitatingly, happy to die at Romeo's side.

Such was Portia, whose lot was happiness; such was Juliet, whose lot was a glorious, love-crowned death. Perhaps Portia's character is more to be admired as more suited to this life of ours, but who can help loving Juliet the more? The impulsive, warm-hearted Juliet is dear to the hearts of all.

A Nature Setting from Meredith's *Richard Feverel*.

BY W. J. M., '10.

THE style of Meredith is involved, and it is not always easy to grasp his meaning at the first reading of a sentence. This is particularly true of his novel, "The Egoist." The occasional aphorisms he introduces do not tend to simplify his style. These apothegms are a feature of "*Richard Feverel*." Let us quote a few from Sir Austin's "*Pilgrim Scrip*." This one seems to strike the key-note of the story: "The tenacity of true passion is terrible; it will stand against the hosts of heaven, God's great army of facts, rather than surrender its aim, and must be crushed before it will succumb—sent to the lowest pit!" Furthermore, he says: "Woman will be the last thing civilized by man." "In man," observes "*Pilgrim Scrip*," "wisdom goes by majorities." And not least unworthy of mention among his striking sayings, "We went to Science for light, and she told us we were animals." "Culture is half way to heaven."

Nature herself plays a part in his stories. The river, the forest, the storm, are not for mere adornment, but are an integral part of the story itself. This is wonderfully brought out in "*Richard Feverel*"—in the lyric passages that describe Richard's first vision of Lucy by the river, and in the chapter "*Nature Speaks*," giving us an account of Richard's purification by the storm. Meredith, in these passages, proves himself both artist and poet. To illustrate: Richard sees Lucy "surrounded by the green shown meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, *she was a bit of lonely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction.*" . . . "I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking, and she, with a soft word of farewell,

passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes." I make an unextravagant statement when I say that the chapter describing Richard's purification by the storm, for exquisite beauty and nature-harmony, surpasses anything I have ever read in the English language. One must read it all to appreciate it. The night and storm is over, "a pale grey light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn." . . . Richard "looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped; warm, fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with white corn under a spacious morning sky."

On Valentine Day.

BY "GREENE," '11.

I NEVER could tell just how it happened, unless I attribute it to Kismet. The facts are these:

The afternoon of February 13, 1907, found me walking down Broadway through a driving storm of sleet and snow, with the temperature at about five minus. I kept on my feet with difficulty and dodged here and there to avoid collision with other pedestrians not more fortunate than myself, for the cars had stopped running on account of being ice bound, and a cab was not to be had.

I had just reached New York after an absence of two years, and had arrived almost two weeks ahead of the time I had finally written my people I would arrive, and was making my way home to give my mother and sister, as I thought, the surprise of their lives. When but a few blocks from home, I saw coming towards me a girl whom I instantly recognized to be my sister. The recognition was mutual, and with a little cry of delight she rushed forward to meet me, as I sprang to her with open arms. A sudden

flurry of snow half blinded me. I clasped a form in my arms and kissed a pair of lips. I heard a slight muffled scream, and my sister's voice at my side, and found myself holding a blushing and indignant girl in my arms. As I stood utterly dumfounded, with her eyes flashing, she said, "How dare you—you—you wretch?" and with tears of anger and mortification standing in her eyes, hurried on before I could recover myself sufficiently to apologize. I then greeted my sister in a more dignified fashion, and began explaining, much to her amusement and my irritation.

The next evening I went to call on an old friend of my father's, whom my mother informed me was in town. My father and he had been in college together, and after graduating had separated, father going to New York and his friend to Europe, where he had remained until a year ago. My father had always requested me to visit his friend if ever I had the opportunity.

The butler ushered me into the bright parlor. A moment later Dr. Henry K. Hart stood before me. Though he had grown older and his hair was silvered, I would have easily recognized him from the portrait we had of him in our library. He gave me a warm hand clasp, saying in a cordial tone: "Ah! Charles, if I had not had your card, you are enough like your dear old father for me to know you were I to see you in Iceland. Tell Miss Hart to come down," addressing the butler. And then continuing: "I'll call you Charles, as I used to call your father. He was the dearest friend I ever had, both in college and out, and—"

The door opened and the girl of the afternoon before stood in the doorway. When she saw me the color rose in her face with a rush. "Oh!" she cried and rushed out.

"Miss Hart has seen me before," I said in explanation. And then I told him of the *unfortunate* occurrence of the previous afternoon.

When I had finished, he left the room, saying he would explain the matter. In about ten minutes they were back. She was calm now, but her cheeks were still red. Extending her hand, she said: "Mr. Greene, papa has told me who you are, and I am awfully glad to meet you. He is certain, and I agree with him, that you

thought I was your sister. Please pardon me for the rude things I said to you."

Shall I say that before many months she became my sister's sister, though not mine. She was more than that to me.

The Devil's Diary.

EDITED BY OWEN 'LEVEN.

FEBRUARY 12, 1903.—Not a few great men have arisen from the humble position of "printer's devil" to the heights of fame. Since I have the distinction of acting as "devil" for the town paper, I think it is but just that I should keep a careful record of this part of my life for the antiquarians two thousand years hence. That is why I have begun this diary. For the launching of an important project like this, surely Abe Lincoln's birthday is a fitting time to begin. Hence the date of the first entry. The immortal Abe began simply as a rail-splitter, it is true, but to do him justice I ought to remark just here that he certainly was uglier—oh! much uglier than I. But his hair wasn't red like mine, and I am quite sure that he did not enjoy the luxury of freckles as I do.

One more preliminary remark, and I shall "plunge into the midst of things," as Mr. Milton once said about his writings. The idea occurred to me that when in after-ages this MSS. is discovered the critics may doubt the authenticity of this stuff, thinking that these reflections and observations are altogether too profound for one so youthful as I am now. But to thinking people it is only necessary to recall all the geniuses who have displayed such remarkable precocity as I dare not hope to amaze you with, and the matter becomes quite clear. With this bare suggestion I hasten on.

No; I can't write any more to-night, for I must get to work on my algebra, for "Old Baldy"—he is one of my contemporaries—

and then to bed. Moreover, the Editor implored me this afternoon to be at the office early to-morrow to help print the first pages of "The Stony Lonesome Times" before school time. So good night.

FEBRUARY 19th.—If your mathematical ability is at all developed, you can see from this date that about seven suns have set since I laid aside my pen for the more practical duties of life. But arithmetic could never enable you to find out why I have had such a hard time all this week trying to keep myself from throwing this stuff into the fire. But at the critical moment I just seized my hair with both hands, and hissed between my clinched teeth: "I will write this 'devil's diary' in spite of Fate. Nothing can deter My Furious Majesty! So there."

I think this is the first great crisis of my life. I scarcely know how to write about it. I think it is my very first love affair. She sits just across the aisle from my desk, and last Monday morning the attack came on. My eyes had been intent for fully ten minutes on my algebra, and I was thinking hard and unconsciously combing my hair with my inky fingers. Great knots were forming on my forehead when, for some unknown reason, I straightened up in my desk and absently glanced across into Mary Jane's vicinity. Shall she ever fade from my memory as I saw her then? Never! There was an unstudied lesson in the open book between her elbows, which rested gently on the desk. One tiny hand supported her dimpled chin, and the fingers of the other held a pencil, which was pressing, cruelly I fancied, against the softest cheek in that school room. She was regarding me out of the corner of her great dark eye. My heart bounded. She blushed. Her eyes traveled swiftly back to her book, and the little hands seemed to be embarrassed, for they would not keep still.

I tried in vain to eat dinner that day, and could not. At supper I was getting no better very fast indeed. I was as pale as the fly-leaf of Mary Jane's book. My mother was alarmed, and said: "My son, you are very ill; you have been studying too hard," and she was going to send for the doctor, but I stoutly objected to this.

"It is nothing, dear mother," I said with sparkling eyes. "I have been losing sleep, and I think a good night's rest will help me."

And I went off to my room at once. The muse had knocked for the first time in my life that day, and I sat down before my desk, drew forth one of my old exercises, and wrote as follows on the blank side of the paper:

"O Mary Jane! My heart's in pain,
For love has lit my soul in flame;
I care not how you take this vow—
I'll love you just the same."

That was an attempt to express in words a minute little portion of the great sea of passion that rolled and swelled in my heart. I copied the verse on a dainty piece of paper which the printer had given me, and next morning cautiously slipped it into Mary Jane's desk. After recess I found that it had returned to my desk, and in a delicate feminine hand were written on the back of the paper the following, which, if I were not a student of physiology, I would declare caused my heart to cease its labors for several seconds:

"O my! You are only dreaming. Forget it. I wouldn't have my mama know for anything how foolish you have been behaving toward me. So no more now. "M."

"P. S.—Sorry I couldn't reply in verse, but you know I am not a genius like you are."

Mary Jane doesn't look "out of the corner of her eye" at me any more. I think surely she was just fooling the other day. Mother said I ought to quit school a week, and I have begged her to let me work in the printing office until "my mind is rested." She reluctantly consented. I felt that I would go mad unless I employed myself in some way. I needed a change of scenery. I wanted to go to the country to see uncle, but mother wouldn't hear of it.

Say, these newspaper men are mind-readers. I'll tell you how I found out this. When I went to the office this morning the

foreman said gruffly: "Come here, you little devil." I followed him over to where the last edition of the newspaper lay ready to be folded, as I thought.

"Did you print all of the paper yesterday?" he demanded in the same gruff tone.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "and have already begun to distribute the type for next week's issue.

"Been distributing the type!" he gasped, as he jerked down a bunch of papers and displayed to me their fourth page covered only with a great white blankness. I had forgotten to run the last page through the press.

I looked up at the great, gawky printer, and I think my face must have been about as blank as that last page.

"Have you distributed this page?" he growled down at me.

"Just one column," I moaned. "I wasn't quite as industrious as you feared."

"No; but you are the biggest little fool I ever saw," he roared. "What *is* the matter with you?"

But the clouds on his face began gradually to disappear, as he snatched a pair of scissors from his apron and began to cut out the unlucky column from the only paper which I had printed in full.

"Here, set this up before the editor comes in," he said, soothingly, "and let's get this ill-starred 'sheet' out of here."

I took the copy and set to work. About nine o'clock, when I had reached the middle of the column, the editor dropped in. He propounded his usual Saturday morning query—"Have you mailed the paper?" I became very industrious just then, but I watched the foreman assume a rather broad grin as he strode around the paper-cutter into the editor's sanctum.

"Why, you see, Mr. Mahon," he said, as pleasantly as he could, "the devil forgot to print the last page yesterday, and has unfortunately distributed a part of the last column."

The editor simply stared.

"I think he must be crossed in love," gently added the foreman after a moment's pause. "He has been acting of late like an ambitious little candidate for the insane asylum. I don't know what to do with him."

My face began to burn under the fire of these delicate compliments, but I kept silent, while the editor turned on me.

"Don't let me hear of anything like this again," he said curtly, glancing first at me and then at the foreman.

"Say what you please, sir, about 'love' and 'the insane,' but I hold you responsible for the actions of that little brat. Gentlemen, get busy!" he snapped as he wheeled around in his chair and began to write.

It did me good to see the foreman get his share too, and when he came around to the high stool on which I was sitting I grinned in his face just as diabolically as I could. But in a moment Mary Jane's *postscript* flashed into my mind, and I began to feel just about as desperate as my name-sake, the fallen angel, must have felt as he opened his eyes and found himself lying prone in the depths of the great abyss.

FEBRUARY 23d.—I am at school again, but I can't study. Professor cracked my head this morning with his pencil because I couldn't add fractions with unlike denominators, and those silly girls began to snigger. Counfound them! You just wait. I am going to try to be a woman-hater like some grown-ups I have read of, and begin to study like a demon. When Mary Jane becomes quite dazzled by my brilliancy, and begins to bid for some more of my poetry, I shall teach her how to—but just wait. Not another sentence shall be written here until I can write facts instead of prophecies.

A Sigh in the Dusk.

BY H. M. B., '08.

I.

A sigh in the autumn's dusky chill
 When the heart is cold,
 And shadows dark with frosts that kill
 Wrap fold on fold,
 And dead leaves drop in the twilight still

Barker

Through the lonesome wold,
 And creeping mists the vistas fill
 In damp breaths rolled—
 Day's end and year's end, gloom filled and chill—
 And the heart is cold.

II.

Only a sigh at dusk of day
 When the heart is sore;
 In the gathering shadows, dark and gray,
 Loom years of yore,
 While rustling tree-tops, whispering say
 Names now no more;
 While fades the sky's last glimmering ray—
 Hope lost long before—
 Gloom, shadows, memories, at dusk of day—
 And the heart is sore.

Charles Robert Darwin.

HENRY W. WILKINS, '11.

DARWIN was born in Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809. It was in this same year that a coterie of immortals were produced, namely, W. E. Gladstone, Alfred Tennyson, Edgar A. Poe, and Abraham Lincoln. One would think that it was in this year that beauty, truth and liberty were born.

The school life of Darwin soon showed what he was best fitted for. His love for the adventures of explorers, the study of natural history, a growing desire for science, combined with a profound dislike of all languages, is enough in his boyhood days to foresee his field in life. Having reached the age of sixteen, he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, but, strange to say, after two sessions he left Edinburgh and went to Cambridge to become a clergyman.

But both medicine and theology seemed to cramp the youth's restless and aspiring mind. However, while at Cambridge he seized every opportunity to go out collecting plants and observing things about him with Henslowe, the professor of botany, and Sedgwick, the celebrated geologist.

A few years passed, and through the sound advice of Henslowe and his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, he accepted an offer to accompany Captain Fitzroy as naturalist on H. M. S. "Beagle," which was to make a rather extensive surveying trip. This expedition lasted about five years, and was, as Darwin says, "easily the most important event in his life, for it determined the course of his future career." A short time after his return he published his researches in book form under the title of "A Naturalist's Voyage."

This was Darwin's first book, and it is not too much to say that it is one of the most delightful records of such experiences that we have. Wallace, Moseley, and Belt have made this book the model for their subsequent writings upon travels. In it Darwin shows himself as a pantheistic lover of nature, a close and impartial observer, a kindly and just critic of both savages and missionaries, and a profound student of organic and inorganic nature. The wider field of his observation and the maturity of his judgment in later years gave birth to the famous theory of evolution.

Some adverse critics of the evolutionary theory, upon being unable to mar his character or to combat him within the severe limits of observation and experiment have attempted to make Darwin a mean and contemptible plagiarist. It is true that Democritus, Empedocles, Lucretius, Buffon, and Lamarck have all contributed their part in the historical development of the evolutionary theory, yet it would be unfair to say that Darwin was not really responsible for the theory. Greek philosophy vaguely foreshadowed the idea; Roman philosophy, whose representative was Lucretius, suggested it as a world theory; the illustrious Frenchmen Buffon and St. Hilaire revived interest in it, while Lamarck, the eminent predecessor of Darwin, caused it to receive scientific notice; yet it required the steadiness, the poise and scholarship of Darwin to introduce unity into the idea. Thus the theory of evolution before the advent of Darwin was only a loose, uncertain conception of the

real truth. Greater details, more data, accurate classifications, a sense of coherence, and the work of the unification of the different ideas into a mighty fabric of truth—this was the work of Darwin.

The evolution theory, of which Darwin was the father, like all other ideas, are the product, in large part, of an historical process, growing out of the unceasing experience of men. Ages produce both ideas and men, but ideas are never complete until the untiring genius of a Spinoza, Kant, or Darwin comes to bring them from darkness into light.

The *Variation of Plants and Domestication*, the *Origin of Species*, and the *Descent of Man* are all epoch-making books. There is in these books no attempt at such diction as belongs to Huxley, nothing ornate and pedantic, but a simple and unaffected style that belongs to Darwin alone. He was also entirely free from the fascination of the epigrammatic style that often borders on a stubborn dogmatism. The truth is, that Darwin, like Emmanuel Kant, the great German thinker, found it particularly hard to find words to express himself. Thus over twenty years of observation and experiment and writing was required to produce "*Origin of Species*."

Darwin was the most cautious of scientists, never exaggerating a fact, but often undervaluing it to escape rashness, never assaying to prove anything without the assistance of a great mass of facts procured by observation and experiments, never setting up his own little philosophy of things and then attempting to reconcile facts with the theory, but rather allowing the facts under his close scrutiny to lead him to whatever conclusion he would have a right by legitimate inference to reach, always reasoning closely, making his arguments long-sustained by a wise marshaling of facts, and in this way he leads us on, keeping ever an humble openness to new truth. The impartiality and open receptivity of his mind shows itself clearly in all his thought, and especially in his relations with Weissmann, the great German thinker. Weissmann had formulated a most plausible theory upon the "transmutation of acquired characters," and Darwin, although it was not strictly within his line of thought, had also constructed a theory upon the same subject. However, in offering his theory to the scientific world he said that he could not sustain his idea by any observations what-

ever; that it was purely speculative with him, and that therefore it was not worthy of the notice that should be given to Weissmann's idea, upon which Weissmann had bestowed much labor and observation. It seems that this is the only time that Darwin entered the realm of speculation when dealing with a scientific subject, and even then he made it clearly understood that his idea was very uncertain and without sufficient grounds to warrant its acceptance.

The trend of modern philosophy and science suffices to show us what a remarkable influence the mind and works of Darwin had upon them. The prolific brain of Herbert Spencer evolved from Darwin's idea a new and more consistent view of all departments of human activity. He applied evolution to psychology, ethics, and sociology, and thus transformed modern idea of mind, morality and society. Mind was given a place among the relativities of the universe, morality manifested itself as a changing need, and society was seen to be an historical process and obeying laws which it was to man's interest as an active and thinking being to understand, and in the end control. A safer focus upon life was gripped while new and broader vistas of truth were opened to that well-nigh ceaseless scientific activity that followed. Wherever science was interest was aroused. Science and philosophy are international; they know no national borders, and as a consequence the unwearied German received Darwin gladly, and men from all parts of the world—after enough time had elapsed for the consideration of these vital problems, welcomed him. Lyell, Huxley, Wallace, Spencer, and Haeckel have received their intellectual impetus from Darwin.

In this fast and changing age we read consciously or even unconsciously into our mad and fear-stricken lives, and into the institutions which we have established the idea of change. The peculiar combination of certainty and uncertainty with which we view everything is but the spirit of the evolution theory absorbing us. We are certain of change, but we are uncertain as to what will happen after the change. Thus the evolution theory, in some form or other, sweeps into every phase of life, and most of us are too busy combating the baneful effects of some of our immediate social and physical processes to be troubled with the theory.

In these days in thinking of Darwin and his theory we are justly inclined to take a Pragmatist's view of it. Only so far as the theory is useful to us, to the needs of life, do we trouble it. Darwin is an hero because he is useful. Usefulness in its largest sense takes in the whole of human life. In this way we come to what appears upon first thought a gross, selfish conception, but which, when fully understood, causes Darwin to stand out as a benefactor of the human race.

Darwin is one of the noblest characters in the history of man. In all the years of his quiet and exhausting labor he kept well-nigh flawless the ideals of his strong manhood. The gentle spirit of his life; his ardent devotion to justice, and his symmetry showed a man who exemplified in his own life that true religion is deeper, wider, and grander than all of our creeds. His life is a high example of perfect loyalty to truth. Power, popularity, position, and personal aggrandizement appealed to him in vain. A certain great preacher has said "that he illustrated the greatness of goodness and the goodness of greatness." He lived in the midst of anathemas and a perfect turmoil, but he was untouched, so that when he had grown old and the press and pulpit had ceased its thunderings he passed his last days in a restful serenity. He conquered at last. In acknowledgment of his great achievements and far-reaching contributions to civilization England gave him a resting place in Westminster Abbey, and he sleeps near the grave of Newton. Canon Farrar, one of England's prominent clergymen, standing near his grave, said of him: "If high purity and rigid performance of duty constitute a blessed career; if what God requires of us is to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him; if to do unto others whatsoever you would have them do unto you be the law and the prophets, then I do not hesitate to say that rather than by the side of any formalist or any Pharisee, whose daily deeds belie his vaunted orthodoxy, and make men turn with scorn from his religion, I, for one, would rather take my stand at the Great Assize with one who may have borne the stigma of a heretic, but who showed the virtues of a saint."

Causes for the Closing of the Theaters in 1642.

BY J. W. DECKER, '11.

THE reasons for the closing of the theatres in 1642 may be divided into two general parts or heads: First, causes existing in the drama itself; and second, exterior or political and social causes. The first is largely caused by and dependent on the second. Without a doubt, political and social conditions aided materially the decay of the drama, but the decay of the drama had very little to do with forming those conditions.

Now let us take up first the interior causes for the decay of the drama. In the life of any people, a very brilliant period in any particular thing, such as literature, art, or music, is always followed by one of depression. The bright star of the English drama had shone in Shakespeare, and, to some extent, in his immediate contemporaries, so there necessarily followed a period of eclipse. But in the case of the drama this eclipse was sooner and more complete than is usually the case. The reason is not far to seek. The public soon tires of a thing, even if the sentiments and views of that public remain the same and the thing itself is uniformly good. With the drama, both of these conditions were violated, hence the strong disfavor in which the drama was held before 1642.

The art of blank verse, which had played such an important part in the Elizabethan drama, and indeed had made such a form of literature possible, had either been forgotten by the writers of the time or else the people did not appreciate it. Both of these causes probably entered into its decline.

The character of the post Elizabethan drama was crude and childish. It dealt in horrors and immoralities of all sorts, and was full of blood and thunder, coarse farce, pathos which turned out to be gross humor, and humor which was the height of foolishness. Whenever it attempted to be heroic it became silly. True characterization was absent and the pictures drawn are exaggerated and unreal. The lack of blank verse gave rise to rhymes and jingles.

Such a drama might continue for a while, but it could never become a real part of the life of a people as solid and good thinking as the English, and in order for any drama to amount to anything it must become a part of the people before whom it is to be produced.

When we turn to consider the second part of this subject, the political and social causes for the closing of the theatres, we find that it is by far the larger phase. Not only did social and political conditions have much to do with the decline of the drama, which I have shown was a direct cause for the closing of the theatres, but these conditions were also directly responsible for this blow on the drama, probably more so than the decay of the drama itself. Hence political and social conditions were both direct and indirect causes, and hence the importance of the second part of this subject.

In the first place, the coarse character of James and his court largely brought about the decline of the drama. It gave rise to the coarse and sometimes immoral plays of Massinger and Fletcher, which marked the beginning of the downward slope of the post Elizabethan period. The days of Elizabeth had been the most glorious in English history. In them the English people had been a whole; England was victorious on land and sea when at war, although there was almost complete peace; English explorers were pushing to all parts of the world; the English parliament and church were in concord with the sovereign. Contrast this with the conditions in the time of James. As soon as he ascended the throne religious dissension began and the Gunpowder Plot was the result. England also began to be subservient to Spain, and in view of all these facts there is nothing to wonder at in the degradation of the drama.

Next we take up the Puritans and their influence on the closing of the theatres. This takes us to the time of the actual closing, and for that reason and for others it is the most important aspect of the question. The Puritan influence and movement, dating back to the early days of James, had more to do with the decline of the drama and the closing of the theatres than any other one thing.

The Puritans were very temperate and sober, strict and simple, in their dress, manner of living, and character. They respected

womanhood to a high degree, and were adverse to all sorts of immorality. They loved liberty, and this brought them into conflict with the king. Idleness, games, and extravagant living were hateful to them. Such was the character of the people who gave the final blow to the theatres.

With the reign of Charles began one of the most remarkable conflicts in English history, the Puritan Revolution. The whole nation was torn up and tossed about by a gigantic upheaval. Enthusiasms, public feeling and the troubles of the time resulted in the neglect of the drama and the theatre. Real events of too stirring a nature were taking place right in England for people to take any interest in the imitations of such events.

When Puritan influence began to be felt there was, as one critic says, "a loss of caprice, passion, the subtle and gentle play of feeling, the breadth of sympathy and the quick pulse of delight." Therefore, the tendency in letters was away from the ardor of the Elizabethan period to something more quiet and tame, and these two last characteristics are especially unfitted for the drama. As soon as the times became out of sympathy with the drama the drama began to decline. In order for the drama to flourish there must be a leisure class to attend the theatres. But, as has been said, the Puritans hated idleness; and besides, too many people were interested in one way or another in the disturbances then going on, hence the absence of leisure.

When the Puritans began to be prominent they were the butts of many coarse gibes and jokes, as is the case with the founding of nearly every religious order. Now the theatres had taken a big part in throwing these taunts at the Puritan, laughing at his cropped head and sober view of life as compared with the gallant Cavalier. But the worm turned. When the Puritans came into power they showed no mercy, but crushed the theatre with a ruthless hand. They had been obliged to suffer for a long time in silence, but now they had their chance for revenge, and they eagerly grasped it.

The following is a copy of the edict itself, showing the reasons assigned for the closing: "Whereas, the acting of stage plays, interludes, and common plays, condemned by ancient heathens and much less to be tolerated among professors of the Christian re-

ligion, is the occasion of many and sundry great vices and disorders tending to the high provocation of God's wrath and displeasure which lies heavy on the kingdom, and to the disturbance of the peace thereof, be it enacted, etc."



Sketches.

Professor Metcalf at Louisville.

THE Gay Lectures for 1908-'09 at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., were delivered on December 29th and 31st and January 1st by Professor J. C. Metcalf, of Richmond College. The general theme of the three lectures was "The Preacher and Literature," the subject of each lecture being as follows: I. Literature and the Moral Law; II. Literature and Modern Preaching; III. The Preacher's Use of Literature. These three lectures will appear in "The Review and Expositor," the quarterly edited by the Faculty of the Seminary. Later they may be issued in booklet form.

The Gay Lectures are provided for by "The Julius Brown Gay Foundation," an endowment left by an eminent Baptist layman of that name. For the past ten or twelve years specialists representing various institutions of learning in America and Great Britain have given lectures on the Gay Foundation. Professor Metcalf is the second member of the Faculty of Richmond College to deliver the Gay Lectures, Professor H. H. Harris being the first or second Gay lecturer.

The Virginia Club, composed of the Virginia students at the Theological Seminary, gave Professor Metcalf a reception in the library building. Most of these men are old Richmond College students, Mr. John Moncure being president of the club. He acted as toastmaster at the banquet, and very gracefully introduced the speakers. Short talks were made by Professor Metcalf, Rev. V. I. Masters, of the "Religious Herald"; Dr. W. O. Carver, of the Seminary, and Dr. Woody, a prominent physician of Louisville, who, as an Alumnus of Richmond College, has done so much to establish a strong Alumni chapter in Louisville.

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

BY A. L. SHUMATE, '11.

THE writer of "The Deserted Village," judging from this poem, seems to have seen much of the world; and as he meditates with regret and sadness upon the empty formality of complex society, and the evils of wealth and luxury, his thoughts flow back to the pure, simple life of the quiet and beautiful little village where his boyhood days were spent.

The poet describes those happy scenes of former days, so precious to the memory, in the most charming and touching language. He enumerates, one by one, the charms of that free, happy village life; but now all those charms had fled; things had changed, and other feet now ruthlessly pressed that sacred soil. "Sweet Auburn" was no more.

He speaks of his long-cherished hopes, that after all his labors, wanderings, and vexations of life he might come back here and die in peace at home.

The grass-covered hills and the beautiful valleys are described, and many of those lasting, youthful impressions on his mind are recorded. The village preacher is pictured as a noble, earnest man, whom all the people loved. Then we get a glimpse of the master who taught the little school. All these things were brought to mind, and then sadder than ever came the consciousness that all those happy days were gone, and even the dear little village was no more. With a full heart the poet compares the blessings and joys of the rich and proud with the freedom, simplicity, and beauty of the country life, one charm of which, he says, is more dear and more congenial to the heart than all the gloss of art.

Why all this change? Why is that ideal life of sympathy, simplicity, and purity crushed out and supplanted by a life so unsympathetic, so complex, and so debased? Luxury, and greed for gain, have been the mighty forces that have wrought this change.

The poem is beautiful in structure, attractive in style, and touching and elevating in sentiment.

Sorrow—A Fable.

BY R. G. S., '11.

ON, on I went that October afternoon, and upon me was the feeling of despair. It was not the despondency of a naturally morbid being, but the despair that grows out of bitter sorrow; sorrow such as grows and grows into its victim till it reaches the heart and breaks it. I have often thought in after years that if there is a hell, to which wayward mortals will be condemned, that that hell is a state of sorrow or remorse. Certainly no physical pain could equal the sharp pangs of emotion that overcame me on that eventful afternoon.

It had been such a hard fight for life, and he was so young. He didn't deserve to die, and he had so much to live for. When the doctor said that the end was near, I still believed that he would live. It was as though some fundamental law, some fixed principle by which one's life has been guided, were suddenly cast aside and proven false; and I couldn't grasp it. Fondly I hoped that a change would come for the better. But when the icy hand of death stole over him, when I saw the young face pale and the eyes grow glassy and heard the death rattle in his throat, I knew that the doctors had spoken the truth. Then when they lowered him in the grave, and heaped the cold earth upon him, despair seized me. Oh! the nameless feeling of isolation, the dreary loneliness that comes over one, when he sees his loved ones laid in their last resting places; when he realizes that no more will he meet their smiling faces and hear no more their friendly voices. I will never forget the darkness and the despair that took possession of my soul as I turned and walked aimlessly away.

Where I was going I knew not, nor cared. This alone I knew that I must get away from the sight of men. Their calm faces, careless walk and unconcerned manner rasped harshly on my feelings and made me long for solitude. And so, unconsciously per-

haps, I was drawn towards the country; to the quiet fields and the running brooks, where the air is fresh and all things savor of purity.

And thus, far from the din and clamor of the city, far from the faces of men, all alone, I sat down beneath a large oak on a little woody hillside. Here, in the arms of Nature, I was soothed. The sharp pangs of emotion were softened. I forgot the fierceness of the "Struggle for Existence," forgot the unfairness of it all, forgot even for the time the cause of my sorrow, and gazed around me, charmed by the beauty of the autumnal foliage, and at the gurgling murmur of the little stream which trickled down the slope. 'Twas the reaction after the violent storm of emotion; 'twas the relation of man to Nature.

How long I had been sitting here I know not, but what happened next I can never forget—never. I am not of a superstitious trend of mind, and it did not, I think, grow out of my sorrow, for, as I said, I had for the time forgotten that, but the impression that it made upon me will only be blotted out by the grave. Ofttimes, at the dead of night, I awake, and in the darkness it comes back to me. Sometimes, when alone I see it again in broad daylight. The horror and weirdness of it haunts me at all times. It was this. As I sat beneath that tree on that October afternoon, looking at nothing in particular save, perhaps, the autumn-kissed shrubbery, there loomed up before me a misty form. I closed my eyes and opened them again, thinking I was mistaken. No, there it was not ten yards in front of me. And now the form had taken shape. It was the figure of a—God knows what I should call it! A horrible, gigantic shape clothed, or shrouded I should say, in a long black robe. But the face of the form, O God! the face was what filled me with a nameless fear and loathing. Never in the wildest roamings of the imagination could such a face have been pictured. Such a stern set purpose, and that purpose an evil one, was depicted there that I felt a chill creep in my very bones, and it seemed to me as though my heart had ceased to beat. *For I say to you, that the face was not as that of man, but as one might picture a demon of hell!* And the demon was holding in its clutch the drooping, helpless form of a man. And as I looked with terror chilling my

blood, I could see the skeleton-like fingers tighten and tighten and tighten until I knew that the man must die. I tried to rise; I tried to cry out. My limbs refused to move; my tongue refused its office. Then the horror of the thing gripped me like a vise. Terror overcame me, and for the moment I lost consciousness. But quickly my senses regained control of my being, and I opened my eyes. Before me lay the sloping hillside and the nut-brown fields beyond, beautiful in the light of the sinking sun, and—nothing more. But deep within my soul, faintly and indistinct, it dawned upon me that the demon was Sorrow, and his victim grief-stricken Man.

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The Chapman-Alexander Meeting—Its Influence Upon Richmond.

B. L. R., '09.

Becher & Rhodes

THE Chapman-Alexander meeting, which closed on the night of January 24th, is said to be the greatest of its kind ever known in the history of Richmond. It was a great united effort put forth by the Protestant denominations of the city to extend the kingdom of Christ.

The campaign in every way was a success. Throughout the entire series the meetings were pervaded by a oneness of spirit and a singleness of purpose. All the denominations were united as one, and there was perfect agreement and co-operation in every effort. Also the meetings were liberally attended by the citizens, crowds being turned away at practically every service. This was not only true at the Auditorium, but the various districts were also well attended. The throngs were not attracted through curiosity merely. It is true Dr. Chapman is eloquent, but, as some one has said, "it is the eloquence of simplicity."

The effect of these meetings upon Richmond and upon the State will be far reaching in its influence. The earnestness and zeal of the evangelists have inspired the Christian people to a new conception of their mission. The truths of the Gospel were presented

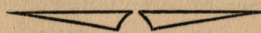
in such a way as to convince men that faith in Christ is the only thing that can satisfy the needs and desires of the human heart.

The different denominations of the city have been brought together in bonds of fellowship and sympathy, with a consciousness of the fact that they are one in Christ. Pastors from the various churches have expressed themselves as to the blessings that have come to Richmond and to the State through the influence of these meetings.

The campaign not only served to give new life and strength to Christian people, but thousands were led to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. The definite results are yet unknown, but Rev. Thomas Semmes, city chairman of the campaign, said the number of conversions would probably reach three thousand.

It is encouraging to observe the interest manifested by the business men of the city. Governor Swanson, speaking at a luncheon in the Masonic Temple, said: "True religion makes better citizens; it makes honest business men; it makes the work of governing easier; it makes the lives of communities purer; and above all, it carries into the heart of the humblest that divine and blessed doctrine that each man's soul is of eternal value." Truly the impressions of the meetings will long abide in Richmond and their influence will live forever.

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, with their co-workers, left the city on January 25th for Boston, Mass., where they opened another evangelistic campaign. In March Dr. Chapman, Mr. Alexander, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Robert Harkness, and Mr. Naftzger will sail from Canada on a trip around the world, and the benediction of thousands of people in Richmond will follow them in their journey.



THE MESSENGER.

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A Need. There has recently been much agitation of the question as to why the age of great men seems to have passed. Various reasons have been assigned why America has been lacking in this respect in her later history, and this question is pertinent to Virginia, who heretofore has had a lion's share of great men. It is not the object of this article to bring forward any new reasons or remedies for this apparent dearth, but, if possible, to turn attention to a few facts about the regard of Virginia for her great men.

The people of Virginia have had an honorable and a creditable past. They may have had more than their share of presidents. Virginia can boast of many wise statesmen, good generals, judicious governors, and natural leaders. Of men who have made history. So far so good. The people may well be proud of such a State. But what is Virginia,—what are the people of Virginia doing to preserve, to keep alive the memory of these great men? This question, it seems to us, is a live one. January 19th should be a great day in Virginia. A day when men should bring to mind him who

prized a good name rather than great riches—who was reared, lived, fought and died on the soil of his native State. Yet what colleges in Virginia, *the places where the men of to-morrow are being trained*, had any speeches made, any papers read, any service held, any holiday given in honor of Robert E. Lee? What notice will be taken in this same world of education of February 22d? But some will say one hears so much of this and reads so much of this, that, or the other person that it is boring to hear some stump orator declaim the glories of the "Father of his Country" and the "immortal fame of Robert E. Lee" on any and all occasions. This we do not deny. But it seems to us that if the people really wanted to hear a critical paper read, or a well-prepared speech, on a certain subject delivered, and would make their wishes known, no great difficulty would be experienced in inducing a suitable person to write or speak on the subject.

At the University of Missouri is an old tombstone which at one time stood over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, and which was presented to that university by the University of Virginia. When Jefferson's birthday comes, half holiday is declared, and with speeches and eulogies the students deck this tombstone, which stands on the campus, with wreaths. What do the educational centers in his own State do to celebrate his birth? With possibly the exception of the university which he founded, his birthday is hardly noticed. Has the day come when we stand passively by and permit our sister States deck the brows of our heroes and statesmen, to laud them to the skies, extol their virtues, and sing their praises in our place? We hope it has not. We hope it never will. And perchance if we pay honor where honor is due, we may help to solve the question of why there are no more truly great men, for it may be seed sown in the heart of some one, great or small, who sees the celebration and purposes in his heart to one day be great, for does not Emerson tell us that the youth who surrenders himself to a great ideal, himself becomes great?

We say we are proud of Virginia; we are proud of Virginians, and we are proud to be Virginians. We have a right to be. But let it never be said that we let conservatism, or perhaps a bedimmed vision of what is right, stand between us and the duty we owe to

our State, our great men, and to ourselves. And if we still believe, with the poet, that

“ Nowhere the roses bloom so fair,
 As in Virginia.
 Nowhere so ruby red the wine,
 As in Virginia.
 Nowhere men braver stand in line,
 Nor purer women—more divine,
 Than in Virginia”

let's prove it. For the trite saying that “actions speak louder than words” is still true.

Faculty Lectures.

THE MESSENGER wishes to congratulate the students of the College for the intellectual treat in store for them. Under the direction of Dr. W. H. Whittitt a course of lectures by different members of the faculty is being arranged, and will commence in the near future. This, it seems to us, is an excellent idea, and we hope these may be so successful in every way that we will have a similar course each year in the future.

That we have eminent and scholarly professors is indicated by the fact that other institutions send to us for lecturers. Moreover, there are many of us who have never heard any of our faculty lecture outside the class room. In fact, we do not believe there has been one public lecture given at the College by a member of the faculty in the last three years.

This course, coming, as it does, between the delightful course of lectures delivered by Dr. Bliss Perry last November and the much-anticipated lectures of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, to be delivered in March, will form a fitting center.

We think we can guarantee our faculty a full attendance; for if they can find time to prepare and deliver the lectures we certainly can find time to hear them. Especially do we think we have grounds for the guarantee when we consider the subjects already

decided upon, and know others equally as good will be arranged later.

Professor J. C. Metcalf, of the Chair of English, will open the course, his topic being "A Brother to a Prince, and a Fellow to a Beggar." Professor J. A. C. Chandler, who has charge of the History Department, will follow with "The South in the Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States," and Professor W. P. Dickey, of the Chair of Latin, with "Linguistic Economy."



Campus Notes.

D. N. DAVIDSON, EDITOR.

PROFESSOR J. C. METCALF delivered the Gay Lectures for 1908-'09 at the Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Ky., December 29th and 31st and January 1st. After the lectures he was given a reception by the Virginia Club at the Seminary.

A Course of Faculty Lectures is being arranged under the direction of Dr. W. H. Whitsitt.

A comedy, "Rebecca's Triumph," was presented in the College chapel February 9th for the benefit of the Richmond College Endowment Fund, subscribed by the girls at the College.

The inter-society debate will be held on February 26th between the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologian societies, and a warm time is expected, for the men on both sides are good, and have been preparing their arguments for some time.

A debate between Richmond and Randolph-Macon colleges has been arranged, and will take place on the night of April 30th in Richmond College Chapel. The College will have to live up to her old reputation, so "get busy," boys.

A Coed (to Dr. Bingham, in Chemistry Laboratory)—"Doctor, isn't a little rat a mouse?"

Dr. Bingham—"No, indeed. They are—"

Coed—"But isn't a lot of mouse, mice?"

A ministerial student (preaching at Soldiers' Home)—"John Bunyan was thrown in Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years, and as a result we have 'Paradise Lost.'"

Professor Dickey—"Who was Minerva?"

Camden—"She was the god of war."

Benton—"I don't understand why people say I speak *instinctly*."

Danner (addressing some of his friends)—"Did any of you ever read *Tennyson's 'Lady of the Lake'*?"

Cox (a sophomore)—"Nobody never did give me no answer."

B. M. Davidson (in a sermon)—"We have just been celebrating the birth of Christ, which occurred 500 B. C."

A Rat (after seeing a young lady home from a gathering)—"Excuse me; I don't believe I've ever met you, but my name is—"

A friend to Stillwell.—"Have you an eraser with a rubber on it?"

Fleet to young lady (conversation overheard)—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love."

Yowell—"There is too much *fraudery* in our politics."

Student (English "A" exam.)—"The first period of Shakespeare's career was in the workshop; the second, on the flag staff."

Hill (at the bookstore)—"I want a 'Euthyphron.'"

Manager—"Well, sir, there is the 'phone; go ahead."

Estes (talking to his lady love over the 'phone)—"I lost my voice crying for bread."

Dr. Harris (unseen by Estes)—"He lost a part of his anatomy—his heart."

Rogers—"Brutus Iscariot was a traitor.

Abbott—"Is Miss Jones in the *miraca* class?"

O'Flaherty—"That preacher is a *finatic* on temperance."

Professor Ligon—"Mr. Fleet, how many dimensions has a line?"

Fleet (hesitating)—"Why-er two, professor, where it ends and where it stops."

B. M. D. (at Wright's with a Rat, who declined to drink)—
"Come on and have one. Have a *Gorilla* on me, anyway. That won't hurt you."

Professor Ligon (discussing addition and subtraction)—"Now, Mr. W. . . ., you don't mean to tell me that if you had two Latin books and gave one away, you would have a horse left?"

Mr. W. . . .—"No, sir; I guess I'd only have a pony."

Dr. Loving (illustrating the advantages of tall smoke-stacks)—
"Now, Mr. Snead, you will have to get the idea straight in your mind as to why a high smoke-stack produce a draft. It is perfectly simple. Tell me what a cork does when you put it in water?"

Joe Snead—"Uh-er-uh, it sinks, doctor."

An Academy Rat to Little Dick Richards—"Say, does your mother know you're out?"

Little Dick—"Yes. She gave me a cent and a half to buy a fool with. Are you for sale?"

ON the night of January 30th our track team met defeat at the hands of Georgetown University in a half-mile relay, in Baltimore, by a small margin of about five or six yards, the relative times being 1:43 and 1:45. It was most unfortunate that at the very last moment Georgetown declined to run the mile relay, which our men had been training for, and said they would run the half mile or none. However, when we look back over our races with

Georgetown for the past few years, we cannot blame them for not wanting a mile relay. We shall look forward to the February meet with pleasure, for we believe we have the boys who can and will "deliver the goods."

It is most unfortunate that some of our freshmen are taken *ill suddenly* late at night. *Dr. Rumour* says the indisposition is of a spasmodic nature, only appearing with the sudden advent of uninvited guests. The malady, sad to relate, seems to be spreading, but precautionary measures will probably be taken to prevent same. One redeeming feature, however, is that it only lasts a short while, and the patient is able to attend classes the following day, as well as meals, in good spirits.

Soph More's Essay on New Year.


(Taken from a professor's files before he had a chance at it with his pencil.)

New Year is here. The old year has gone. New Year came just after Christmas of last year. New Year also came this year on the first day of January. You know *Janus* in Sanscrit means "new life," and *Aryus* means "of the time." So January has come to mean "new life of time." All this, of course, has been discovered since last year, so that accounts for New Year coming on the first of January this year.

New Year is caused by the earth's revolving around the universe. For if the earth would not revolve, then time would stand still, and there would consequently be no day, and if there were no day, then there could be no years, for years are a multiplied conglomeration of days, and if days were nothing and if nothing were multiplied by nothing, then we would have a multiplied conglomeration of infinite nothing.

Suppose the earth did not revolve. Then everything would be nothing; everywhere, nowhere; nowhere, everywhere. Therefore, a part of everything would be less than nothing; a part of everywhere, less than nowhere. Therefore, I, a part of everything, would be less than nothing; living in a part of the universe would be living in less than nowhere; living in a part of everywhere would be living in less than nowhere. Therefore, less than nothing would be scrambling around in infinite nothing in search of something, and less than nothing would have less than no time to find a time to hunt something, and there would be less than nowhere to hunt somewhere to put something made out of infinite nothing.

THE First Annual Indoor Meet of this College, to be held at the Horse Show Building Saturday, February 27th, promises to be one of much interest. There will be four scholastic events (all scratch) and eight open events, and several good relays have been arranged. Prominent athletes from almost all the colleges of this State will participate, as well as many from other States. One of the most interesting features will be a three-cornered relay between William and Mary, Randolph-Macon, and Richmond College. All three of these colleges have good runners, and the race will be close.



Alumni Department.

G. G. GARLAND, EDITOR.

C. M. Long (B. A., '91), Professor of English and Philosophy in Bethel College, Kentucky, has just published a book called "Virginia County Names."

Miss Elizabeth H. Hancock (B. A., —) is the author of the novel, "Betty Pembroke."

S. H. Templeman (B. A., '05) has just paid another visit to Richmond. His friends doubtless know why.

C. H. Jones is conducting a revival in Waco, Texas.

Sparks W. Melton, recently pastor of the First Baptist Church, Augusta, Ga., has accepted a call to Freemason Church, Norfolk, Va.

M. E. Parrish (M. A., '88) has come from Shelby, N. C., to accept a church in Portsmouth, Va.

The last Virginia Legislature provided for two new normal schools—one at Harrisonburg and the other at Fredericksburg. The presidents elected for the two schools are Richmond College Alumni—Julian A. Burruss for the former and Ed. H. Russell for the latter.

Dr. Mitchell Carrolls (M. A., '88), Professor of Latin in George Washington University, has recently been elected Secretary of the Archæological Institute of America.

It is interesting to note that all of the officers of the Richmond Educational Association (which numbers nearly 900 members) are former Richmond College students. They are: Mrs. B. B. Munford, President; Hon. A. J. Montague, Vice-President; Mr. A. H. Hill, Secretary; Mr. J. C. Harwood, Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Wm. C. Tucker, Treasurer.

Among the recent alumni visitors to our campus are: Rev. W. J. Shipman, Rice's, Va.; Rev. R. A. Williams, Fredericksburg, Va.; Professor W. B. Cox, Amherst, and Mr. L. C. Catlett, Gloucester.

Exchange Department.

T. W. OZLIN, EDITOR.

The Poe Memorial number of the "University of Virginia Magazine" is indeed a credit to the whole editorial staff. It makes manifest the fact that the University reveres the memory of her most famous son. It is indeed a creditable effort when viewed from the standpoint of history only, but when we consider its merit as throwing new light on the life and works of this weird genius we are still more impressed with its value. This number must of necessity serve to heighten the appreciation of Poe's character in all who read it. We seem to get a peep-in on the life and character of the poet, written by those in a position to be conversant with the facts, and it is a view that we could not get in any other way. It is a partial vindication of this most maligned man, and cannot but result in helping to dispel the popular notion that Poe was devoid of all the qualities which should recommend him as a man.

The first sketch, "Poe and the University of Virginia," gives the facts of his university career, as proven by the records, and the memories of those who knew him. These are facts that should be published abroad, since they must prove a valuable aid in dispelling the commonly accepted notion that Poe was a mere idler and gambler during his stay at the University. "The Raven" tells of the remarkable interpretation of that famous poem by the music of Max Heinrich. It is an interpretation of the feeling, and leaving the meaning as much a mystery as ever.

These and numerous other articles, of which space forbids a detailed review, gives us, in a concise way, glimpses of Poe as a student, man, author, and poet. The poem dedicated to his memory and his works are all appropriate and good. The writers seem to have been imbued with the spirit of their subject. We delighted in this number, and trust that it may be read far and wide.

"The Randolph-Macon Monthly" for December is a number that any university might be proud of. On the whole, it is the best col-


lege magazine that has come to our desk in many a day. The cover design is most attractive and artistic, and fully symbolical of the season to which it is dedicated. The initial story, "The Moth," is an attractive presentation of the old, old story of a wasted life and the awful remorse which can only be relieved at the muzzle of a revolver. "A Re-enforced Cloud" is a breezy story of society life in a great city. It is well written and makes interesting reading. "The Return of the Outcast" is the best story among many good ones in this number. This is a story of splendid proportions for a college magazine. It is decidedly the best that has appeared in any college publication that comes to our desk. Beautifully written, it holds the attention throughout. It is the story of two lovers, separated and made to suffer for the pride and quarrel of their parents. The hero, Niely Baker, goes out into the world in a mad effort to drown his sorrow. As is usual, hardship and disappointment overtake him, and there seems no escape but through drink. Almost over the verge he checks himself, and determines to make another effort to rise. This time he succeeds, and becomes the author of books, portraying his own troubled life. These touch the popular chord, and he finds himself famous. His books are dramatized, and he becomes the leading actor. In a tour with his company he stops at his old home town, and is recognized by his aged father and his former sweetheart while on the stage.

We would like to mention the other splendid stories and sketches in this number, but we must leave it by, extending our heartiest congratulations to all who labored to make the Christmas issue a success.

"The William and Mary Literary Magazine" is usually one of the best college publications, but the December number fails to measure up to our expectations. In some way it seems to have lost some of its usual attractiveness. We find only four articles of merit, and two poems that are fairly good. The prose material is rather heavy, the essays having a strong flavor of the encyclopedia and class room. The Pioneer is a curious enough story, with no plot, no beginning, and no end. The only readable story is "The Runaway," and this could be improved by a second writing. We

hope to receive better things from old William and Mary in the future.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: "Hamden-Sidney Magazine," "Red and White," "The Chisel," "Southern Collegian," "Wake Forest Student," "The Acorn," "Limestone Star," "Western Maryland Monthly," "Gray Jacket," "The Lesbian Herald," "The Georgetonian," "The Wake Forest Student," "High School Student," "Pharos," "Emory and Henry Era," "The Carolinian," "Furman Echo," "The Mercerian."



Clippings.

As I lay on my couch at midnight,
While the clock was tolling the hour,
The Spirits of Coffee came o'er me,
Enthralling with mighty power.

I counted the sheep jumping fences,
I whistled and sang songs galore,
I tried making rhymes by the hundred
And thought me a poet for sure.

Till a voice cried out from the silence,
In language exceedingly terse,
"Poeta nascitur, non fit, Sir,"
Beware of the making of verse.

The language I speak may be dead, Sir,
My words you've oft tried to stammer,
Are surely alive with true meaning."
Said the Ghost of my old Latin grammar.

—Dot.

Mrs. Henpeck (to husband's spirit)—"And you are sure you are happier there than you were on earth?"

Henpecked Spirit—"Oh! yes, much happier."

Mrs. H.—"Well, I wish I might join you in heaven at once."

Henpecked Spirit—"Oh! I'm not in heaven."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

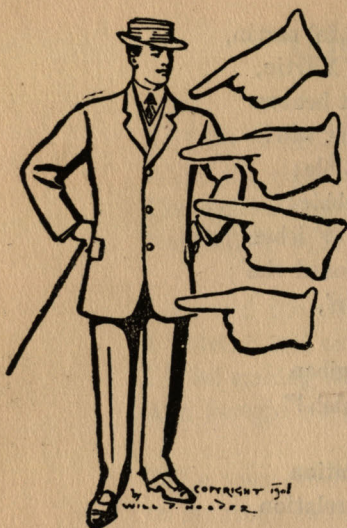
He: "What do you mean by keeping me standing here all this time like an idiot?"

She: "Now, really, dear, I can't help the way you stand."

“How’e we gwine to know fo’ sartin,
Brudder Ephram Henry Martin,
Whether thar’s a place in hebben
Fo’ de black folks, tell me, sah!
I’se sho’ studied all de Bible;
Studied like de berry debble;
Read it thru’ some seben er’ leben
Times to find him mentioned tha’;
But wid all my ’vestigatin’,
Spiten all sophisticatin’,
I could neber find him giben
Nary a word. It’s singulah!”

“But, sah, in you’ peroration
Yo’ oberlooked, sah, one relation.
Thar is one, sah, to redeem us,
Dat is brudder Nigger-demus.”

—*Me.*



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