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THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY JOURNAL is published each month during the session by the Washington Irving and Stewart Literary Societies of the University. Its aim is to encourage literary work in the University, and to this end contributions from all students are earnestly solicited. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the author; but, should he so desire, his name will not be known except to the Editors-in-charge.

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## COMPETITIVE ESSAY NO. IV.

### A Chapter of History.

On account of their genius and independent thinking, the Anglo-Saxon people have become a synonym for development. Long before their time, government had existed, but not after the manner in which their liberty-loving nature conceived it. The emigration of the Jutes and Angles from the heart of the German forests marked a change in the world's governmental policy: it hauled down the flag of despotism, which had so long waved over nations, and ran up in its place one more inspiring. It was from this small mustard seed, planted in the fertile soil of Britain, that the mighty tree of constitutionality was to grow. As the star of Empire moved westward it passed over the British

Isles to seek a place suitable for another world-wide empire; the continent had forfeited its claim in the failure of Rome. When this Anglo-Saxon government had grown strong it gave to America a germ which was to develop according to its inherent nature, and yet never unmindful of necessary and useful changes.

It was from ancestors of this nature that the founders of the United States commonwealth sprung. From the very first they manifested a peculiar power of self-government. Although they came out under charters granted by the English crown, it was because they were compelled to do so, and not from any strong desire of their own. Before the colonies were firmly established the idea of freedom began to work in opposition to these charters, and in a short time they were either thrown off or ignored. The transformation from British subjects to American citizens had begun; in this change some of the conditions which strengthened the foundations of our nation are very obvious.

Unlike some of the governments which Napoleon Bonaparte set up in a day and which were destroyed in as short a time, the United States grew from a small beginning, but grew steadily by taking advantage of her lessons of experience. It obtained strength from its very struggle for existence. The red man was hostile towards most of the colonies from the very beginning. They had to go prepared to fight all the time, and homes held under such circumstances were sure to be held dearer than if they were taken possession of without opposition. This continual fighting promoted a unity and fellow-feeling among the different colonies, which, strengthened later by the oppression of the mother country, broke forth in the national cry: "Liberty, or Death!"

Then the severe climate was a blessing in disguise: it was a kind Providence that led the pilgrims to the cold, bleak rocks of the North, rather than the warm, sickly shores of the torrid zone.

The country they first settled was not especially adapted to agricultural pursuits, and consequently the attention of the settlers was turned to manufacturing. Each settlement was distinct in its government, but they were all held together by their common commercial interests.

While these things were going on in the North the more fertile soil of the South was being developed in the agricultural line. Slaves were soon introduced, the planter flourished and development advanced rapidly. By the outbreak of the revolution England had in the Southern colonies some of her strongest and staunchest opponents. Although the interests of the two sections were so widely different, yet when the call to arms came they readily entered into a confederation for mutual protection. This did not, however, destroy the distinct unity of the original colonies. They simply banded themselves together for a common struggle against an oppressor.

It was at this juncture that the demand came for the true manhood of the embryo government. The call for the Minute men of Seventy-Six was echoed with increased intensity after the war was over. They were beset without by stubborn foes and within by dangerous enemies. But the desperation of their cause gave them strength. Up to this time the colonies had been in the main carrying on a defensive warfare, but now that all danger from open hostility was over, they had time to devote themselves to a new and important question. They must form themselves into a stable government. The colonial stage and the confederate stage had been passed, and the imperative demand now was for a strong union. The continental army had been victorious, it is true, but there was no strong organization to take up the affairs of the new-born republic and push the victory to final success.

When the war pressure relaxed the country began to show signs of disintegration: the standing army was merely nominal; the country had no prestige abroad, and the central government

did not have more than advisory power at home. At this crisis it was necessary to reach the individuals upon which the government depended before it was possible to strengthen the government itself. The Federal judiciary was the happy element embodied in the new Constitution, which was to bring about this necessary civil restraint and make the Constitution superior to the Articles of Confederation. United States Courts were established in all the States, and thereby the Federal authority was outlined and enforced.

The people of the United States, with their peculiar power of adapting themselves to circumstances, received this innovation without objection, and soon found themselves a nation united in purpose and power and awakened to the fact that they possessed latent energy sufficient to overcome all opposition, both internal and external.

Whenever men organize themselves together for any purpose they necessarily surrender some of their personal liberties, and when the Constitution was submitted to the different States for adoption, the people were not slow to recognize this fact. The question was between self-sacrifice and a strong government on one hand and the retention of greater liberty on the other. In their acceptance of the Constitution the people of the United States showed a true ethical principle in that they were willing to make this sacrifice in order to benefit their posterity.

Not in politics alone has the United States made such splendid progress. As a commercial people we are surpassed by none. Passing the splendid development of the North which has scarcely been disturbed by ripple within the present century, the unique industrial spirit of the South teaches us the true capacity in that line. After the war it was necessary for the Southland to change entirely her manner of living and thinking. This she readily did, and, after only a quarter of a century, we are successfully competing with the North in a number of industries, notable among which are the iron industry and

cotton manufacturing. The resources of our country are abundant and the means of hauling them are conducive to a growth of wealth, so that when we consider these things with the frugality of our people, this development has not been unnatural.

There remains another event worthy of consideration in the make-up of the American people—that is education. Among the first steps taken by those who made us a nation was the founding of higher institutions of learning. Those institutions have led to the development of the nation. From them come its leaders, law-givers and judiciary. However, for the great mass of individuals the public school system promotes the true happiness and prosperity of our country. In those portions of the country where the population is dense enough to support a school fund, we always find popular education carried on in a well organized and systematic way. The industrial effect of the intelligence obtained in the schools is incalculable. It enables the laborer to economize both time and material, and thus promotes alike the interest of the employer and employed.

At present the United States is attracting a world-wide attention as a nation, but it will never reach a strength greater than that of the individuals which compose it, and herein is an exhortation to rising generations to be strong men, for on them will depend the future honor and glory of our country. Americans are, and have a right to be, the happiest people that exist. They have fought and bled for their rights and struggled to perfect a civilization equal to any, and now the fruit of their labors may be enjoyed as long as the people keep inviolate the trust bestowed upon them.

CHRISTOBAL COLON.

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#### Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.

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By physical exercise we mean the work done with the object of perfecting the human organism in health and strength.

It is assumed that no one, though they may underestimate the value, will entirely ignore the importance of having good health. And by good health we mean something more than simply being able to be out of bed. It means a superabundance of animal spirits, a feeling of exhilaration that makes life worth the living, a feeling of intense satisfaction in the mere acts of breathing and moving about. Good health also means energy and ambition—the two most important qualities in the attainment of success in any line of work.

It will, no doubt, be new to some that one's energy can be developed the same as his muscles. The body is a storage battery, as it were, in which can be stored up energy. To do this we must set about to acquire vigorous, pulsating health. Now, how shall we acquire this health? By physical culture. Although physical exercise is not, by any means, the whole of culture, it is a very important part of it, and one that is often overlooked and neglected.

In the first place, bodily exercise helps to produce health by breaking down and removing the old, worn-out tissues of the body and replacing them with new ones. Strength of muscle is attained, and retained, in proportion to the frequency with which these atoms or tissues, of which the muscles are composed, are changed or renewed; something similar to the way a tree is kept young and vigorous by intelligent pruning—cutting off branches before they decay, and letting fresh young ones take their places.

Again, exercise helps one to attain health by assisting nature to free the body from effete and poisonous matter which is constantly forming in the body, and which, if not habitually kept removed, is always a source of injury, beside furnishing a place for disease germs to lodge and thrive.

It is just as much a duty to exercise the muscles every day as it is the brain. Evidently our muscles were given to us to be used. "Use or lose" is nature's motto, and just so sure as we



fail to use our muscles in that proportion, we lose them. If an arm is put in a sling and not given any exercise what is the result? In a few months or years the muscles would waste away and the arm would become but little more than skin and bone—almost entirely useless. As function makes structure, so a lack of function tears down or destroys structure.

It has been asserted that "muscle is not good for the brain." We think the contrary of that statement is nearer the truth. While there have been some men with great intellects and feeble bodies, they did not possess the great mind because of the feeble body, but in spite of it. With a good physique and the same amount of brain culture they would have had much greater intellects. By far, the majority of our great men of the past and present, had good strong bodies and kept them healthy, either by systematic physical exercise taken for the purpose, or by exercise taken through the medium of manual labor, which, while not so good from an æsthetic or physiological standpoint, scientifically speaking it produces the same results. A few examples will suffice to demonstrate the truth of this.

George Washington did not only practice exercise for health, but was an athlete of no mean ability. It is stated that he excelled the present champion of pugilism, James J. Jeffries, in every measurement of the body, and as he was an expert at boxing, it is thought by some that if he were now here, and cared to try it, he could make the big fellow hustle to retain his laurels as a fighter.

William Cullen Bryant exercised regularly in his room every day almost to the time of his death at the age of 84. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson also knew the value of exercise and took it accordingly.

Almost everyone knows that Gladstone reached his advanced age with superb health and strength of body and mind by a course of physical culture kept up for many years, but not so many are aware of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt and George

Dewey have for years been enthusiastic devotees of athletic exercises. Also note the sturdy physiques and the stamina of Tom Reed, of Maine, and William J. Bryan. Certainly no one will claim that the minds of these men have been handicapped by having healthy bodies.

Have you ever noticed the effect that systematic physical training has on a weakly or an awkward, clumsy boy? Many a young man who has joined the regular army, from the training he received in it, has so changed in his appearance and manliness in a few months, that even his closest friends fail to recognize him. The effect, at West Point, is even more noticeable—because they begin there younger and the training is more thorough.

Many people suppose that health or ill health is natural—that they have no control over their health—that if they are weak and sickly they cannot help it. No one ever had a more erroneous idea. "One has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for being hungry when food is at hand. If one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health. Vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this exalted physical condition, is within the reach of all."

A striking illustration of the truth of the above words is that shown in the life of the author of them. At the age of sixteen he was a consumptive invalid. Physicians and drugs failing to give him any relief, he at last tried physical culture. In a few years he not only acquired health but became a champion athlete, and one of the best, if not the best, wrestlers of his weight in this country; and wrestling, above all other forms of exercise, requires the greatest amount of health, strength and endurance.

But probably the most marvelous change wrought by physical culture is that in the person of Thomas Houseworth, of Los Angeles, Cal. When he was 65 years old he was given up

to die by his physicians. He became interested in physical culture and in a short time all the energies and powers of youth were restored. He says he feels as vigorous, as hale and hearty as he did fifty years ago. He is now, at the age of 72, the champion high-kicker of his locality; winner of a handsome gold medal for performing a system of exercises the most easily and gracefully in a contest in which were 292 competitors. At the present time he is in New York City teaching physical culture to others.

Who can estimate the value of daily systematic exercise?

—C. M. DOUTHITT.

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**An Almost Tragedy in Five Short Acts.**

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PROLOGUE.

He, who reads this little play,  
 Will see the life of men whom day  
 By day he meets on life's highway;  
 Of whom the bard his tragic lay  
 Might sing. If bard refuse to stay  
 In his high flight of fame, Pray!  
*Prosy Muse*, thy power display,  
 And while the poets in tombs decay  
 Let's steal from them their fame away.

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ACT I.

*C—.* *A private chamber in boarding-house. Curtain rising discloses James Winthrop in the act of shining his shoes.*

JAMES W.—Well, I suppose there is no way out of it. I shall have to make the best of a bad bargain. I hate to waste the entire evening. If the thing were to be done over, Mrs.

North would receive my compliments and regrets, for an old recluse like myself is bored to death—

(*Loud knock at door.*)

Come in!

*Enter Robert Spence, friend to James Winthrope.*

ROBERT S.—What under the heavens are you doing—blackening your shoes at this hour? Why, Aristotle, one would think that you had left the Lyceum, and were seeking admittance to Olympus in order to win dear old Venus. Have you renounced your hermit vows, and are you really going to leave the desert and seek the joy of civilization?

JAMES W.—Bob, you will be surprised at my new departure, but not more so than I am. I have accepted an invitation to spend the evening at Mrs. North's. She has a young lady visitor, a Miss Somebody, and has asked around a few young people to meet her. This Miss Somebody is, or pretends to be, very literary, but I have my doubts regarding this fashionable feminine literary passion.

ROBERT S.—Come now, Philosopher, give the devil his due. Do not think that all wisdom will die with you. I suppose Mrs. North invited you because of your great literary pretensions; certainly, had she looked for real merit, she would have sought out her man among your friends—Robert Spence might have filled the bill. But let it pass.

JAMES W.—I sincerely wish you were in my boots. What do I care for society, for *chit chat*, for gossip, for affectation, and particularly for girls? Modern girls have so little real hard down sense. They weary the life out of a man talking nonsense, or worse still, trying to be very literary, and making ludicrous blunders. But what must be must be, and martyrs are still being sacrificed; not now for truth, but for sham. Bob, you will have to excuse me. Can't you drop in to-morrow evening, and I promise to have a score of rich jokes gleaned from this evening's field of literary pretense.

ROBERT S.—All right. I'll be on hand. Look out, Aristotle. Remember that Napoleon met his Waterloo. Good-night!

JAMES W.—Wait! I will walk as far as the corner with you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Curtain.*

---

ACT II.

*Scene the same. Curtain rising discloses John Winthroppe and Robert Spence seated and engaged in conversation.*

ROBERT S.—You say that you had a very pleasant time, that Miss Randolph is "tolerably pretty and not so dull a girl as might be imagined." You are an old clam. Why do you sit and gaze into the fire with that far-away look? Aristotle, do you mean to say that Napoleon has met Wellington and surrendered without a battle? I knew that your young affections would be trifled with, and here begins the tragedy. Speak out, man!

JAMES W.—I wish you would stop your nonsense. Why, Bob, you should be the last person in the world to accuse me of such folly. What a figure I would cut falling in love with any girl.

ROBERT S.—Don't be afraid; you will never see that figure. Lovers never see themselves as others see them. Now own up. Don't you feel a little peculiar somewhere on the left side of your anatomy?

JAMES W.—To tell you the truth, old man, but for the study of physiology, I would not know that I have a heart. And further, excluding my case, it is very foolish to talk about *feeling* your love, as though it were some material thing battering away at the walls of the heart. I have no patience with such talk. Since you ask the question, I will not deny that Miss Randolph has changed my opinion of the opposite sex—

ROBERT S.—Symptom number one!

JAMES W.—Wait until I finish: and has revealed to me that some women are more intelligent than I had thought. She is a sweet, modest, intelligent girl, and I think I shall enjoy her friendship, for we have agreed to be friends, and I am to call to-morrow evening.

ROBERT S.—Great Scott!

JAMES W.—Bob, you do get the most absurd notions in your head. Do you think that I have so little stability of purpose as to be turned aside from the course of life already chosen by a slip of a girl? She simply asked me a question as to the meaning of a passage in the "Idylls" and I am going around to talk it over with her. A hot-headed fellow like you can never do things in moderation, but must plunge into the flames of passion; now watch the progress of Platonic love.

ROBERT S.—"Plato, thou reasonest well:" alas! "to err is human."

JAMES W.—So you doubt the practicability of such a plan.

ROBERT S.—Yes I do most emphatically. How long will Miss Randolph be here?

JAMES W.—I believe she expects to remain some five or six weeks.

ROBERT S.—Napoleon, think you of Waterloo.

*Curtain.*

---

ACT III.

*Scene the same. Time six weeks later. Afternoon. James Winthrope and Robert Spence: Winthrope walking up and down the room, Spence seated by table.*

JAMES W.—You are utterly wrong, Robert, in your view of this matter. I have told you of the change that has been wrought in me; and, though you may laugh, I renounce the old hermit vows forever.

ROBERT S.—A wise man is always open to conviction; the fool never: therefore, I rejoice that my Aristotle has been convinced. But be not too hasty. Are you sure that you love the girl? Has she showed signs of caring for you?

JAMES W.—Why, of course, I am sure; and you can scarcely think me so blind as not to see that she cares for me. I could name a thousand instances in which she has practically declared her preference.

ROBERT S.—Name one, and let me be the judge.

JAMES W.—Well—well, now to think of it, it is hard to settle on any one act or word. No, I do not believe I can name a single instance; but you must not think I am so light-headed as to imagine such things.

ROBERT S.—Beware of your imagination. It is a tricky dog when you are in love. But, James, you have confided all this to me in such a serious way and so taken my breath that I have not asked you about the views of one James Winthrop, Philosopher and Scholar, who expressed his mind very freely some six weeks ago. What thinks he of a "slip of a girl" changing the course of a stable life? What cares he "for society, for *chit chat*, for gossip, for affectation, and particularly for girls?" Do "they worry the life out of a man talking nonsense, or worse still, trying to be very literary?"

JAMES W.—You have me there, old man. I plead guilty. But this is no ordinary girl—

ROBERT S.—By no means. They never are.

JAMES W.—She is a very superior woman.

ROBERT S.—So are they all.

JAMES W.—What do not mean, Robert? Are you trying to make fun of Miss Randolph?

ROBERT S.—Not for an instant. I admire her, but was merely commenting on your symptoms. It's a genuine case; guaranteed to kill, if not cured.

JAMES W.—With all your foolishness, I value your advice,

and have asked you to come this afternoon to talk over the question of proposing to Miss Randolph this evening.

ROBERT S.—Why are you in such a hurry?

JAMES W.—Well, she leaves for home to-morrow morning, and I cannot stand this uncertainty.

ROBERT S.—How is your left side these days?

JAMES W.—Oh, don't talk nonsense! I want to know whether or not I ought to bring the matter to an issue.

ROBERT S.—Answer me two questions.

JAMES W.—All right; ask them.

ROBERT S.—Are you sure that you love Miss Randolph?

JAMES W.—Not a shadow of a doubt about it.

ROBERT S.—Are you sure that she has shown a preference for you?

JAMES W.—Absolutely certain.

ROBERT S.—Well, then, fire away, and luck to you.

JAMES W.—Bob, old boy, you do not know what it means to love a girl. It lifts your life to an higher plane. It's an inspiration for all that's good. And then to feel that she cares for you; why, it makes the very sunshine brighter for the thought, and fills your heart with love for all the world—

ROBERT S.—Let me get out of here before you grow poetical. Luck to you. I will drop in to-night for news of the battle. Good-bye!

JAMES W.—Good-bye, old man.

[*Exit Spence.*]

*Curtain.*

---

ACT IV.

*Scene the same. Lamp not lighted; room in darkness save for fire light. Winthrop seated before the fire with his face buried in his hands.*



JAMES W.—Ah, fool to follow a butterfly because of its gaudy wing! The spell is broken. I see things as they are—

*(Enter Robert Spence without knocking.)*

ROBERT S.—You need not tell me. I read it all. It was your Waterloo. I was afraid of it.

*Curtain.*

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ACT V.

*Scene the same. Time, the next morning. James Winthrope seated in his room. Enter Robert Spence with note in his hand.*

ROBERT S.—I thought I would run over to see you this morning; met a boy at the door with this note for you.

*[Hands him a note.]*

JAMES W.—Sit down, Robert. Thank you for the note. Excuse me while I read it.

*(After a hasty glance, Winthrope jumps up, seizes his coat and hat, and rushes out of the room.)*

ROBERT S.—What on earth is the matter?

JAMES W.—Read that!

*[Throws the note through the open door and is gone.]*

DEAR JAMES:

You have been severely enough punished for your conceit and evil opinion of women, of which I accidentally learned. I wanted to make you suffer, and am now willing to pardon the transgressor. My train leaves at 9:30 this morning. If you will come to the depot, you may receive a different answer from that given last night.

Yours ———,

KATHERINE RANDOLPH.

C—.I-15-00.

ROBERT S.—Well!

*Curtain.*

—PERE SHAKES.

Love Among the Ruins.

---

(Selection from the Poem of Robert Browning.)

I.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—  
Was the site once of a city great and gay,  
(So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
Ages since  
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
Peace or war.

II.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,  
As you see,  
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills  
From the hills  
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run  
Into one)  
Where the doomed and daring palace shot its spires  
Up like fires  
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
Bounding all,  
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,  
Twelve abreast.

V.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve  
Smiles to leave



nature and an intimate acquaintance with the throbbings of the heart in all its struggling. It is here that he lives and works and sings.

The purpose of Browning's life as a poet was, in his own words, "to look on real life," to seek "how best life's end might be attained." He turned all his energies and his genius to the study of the soul, where he realized that he could find life which is life. He sought to know men and their cares, their hopes, their fears, to find for himself and for them the life of happiness and joy.

Intensely spiritual in his view of life, his purpose was in large measure determined by it. He looked upon the soul as the only object "worthy of study." Thought-life to him was the only real life. The soul alone of all things earthly would survive temporal existence because of its relation to the eternal and unseen, its development is the supreme interest of life.

This view of life, which in Browning gave us a poet of a new order, was not at all out of harmony with the spirit of his age. As the spirit of Shakespere's age was action, so the spirit of Browning's was thought. Amid the struggles of the human spirit to rise upward and grasp the meaning of truth, he must deal with human thought.

To fulfill his purpose, he gave himself up to the analysis of the human soul in all its various aspects, and workings, and intricacies. He dwelt here and lived by watching the soul in its mental and spiritual development. He labored, not to paint the action of a soul, but to hold before us its inner power and possibilities.

He reveals to us in his own matchless way the typical soul. He himself speaks as a type of that which he would reveal to us. The "romance of his life was in his own soul." He was in love with life, with truth, and with love. His perfect health and magnificent physique kept him from looking on the dark side of life and made, him, no doubt, the optimist he was. His

tender and chivalrous love for his wife has been described as that of "ideal lovers in an ideal romance." It was indeed a marriage between true and congenial minds. He projected his own spirit and ideas into his characters. Their soul-history is often a reflection of his own noble and glorious life. When he came to die, his soul spoke out as only a true and typical soul can. He had no fear of death before his eyes, but a firm confidence in an all-controlling Providence. Death to him was only a change, a beginning of life in which God and Soul are the two absolute facts. By his own life and death, he has shown us best what a noble and beautiful soul is, and has accomplished his purpose in revealing to us a real life that attained its happy end.

But such a purpose as his could not perish unfelt and unheeded. The embodiment of such a purpose shall be known enduringly among men. Browning's work of love shall live on in the thought of generations yet to come, molding it into new form and animating their life afresh.

His life was noble, but it was so because of a noble purpose. He realized his aim, but it was only by firm and constant adherence to his plan. His life and labor live on, but it is because of his "serene faith in God, and immortal life, and the soul's unending development."

—P. H. H., JR.

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### The Coliseum by Moonlight.

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(A Selection from *Manfred* by Lord Byron.)

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
 I linger yet with nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
 I learn'd the language of another world.

I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering—upon such a night  
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
 The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber: and,  
 More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Began and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bowshot.—Where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
 But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which softened down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old!—  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.

### The Art in Literature.

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We hear an oration and wonder at the effect produced. We look at an engraving, or a painting, and are filled with admiration. A book gives us a new ideal, and we feel the power of truth and its presenter. Music likewise cannot be thoroughly explained as to its influence. An analysis of the principles of art, however, will assist us here.

Ruskin has given us six qualities to be found in the execution of an ideal painting. These are "truth, simplicity, mystery, apparent inadequacy of the means used to the effects produced, decision, and velocity;" to which he adds that strange thing, "strangeness"—i. e., originality. While the great critic applied these qualities to painting, they are perhaps equally applicable in a work of art of any description. Certainly, they appear in artistic literature.

First, as to the "truth," Ruskin says: "All qualities of execution are dependent on a far higher power than of mere execution—knowledge of the truth. For exactly as an artist is certain of his end will he be swift and simple in his means; and as he is accurate and deep in his knowledge will he be refined and precise in his touch. The first manipulation, then, is that delicate and ceaseless expression of refined truth which is carried out to the last touch and shadow of a touch, and which makes every hair's breadth of importance and every gradation full of meaning." As in painting, so in literature. It must be truth, truth even as to matter of detail that is set forth on every page, in every line, in every word. Rules and principles of construction are of themselves valueless. Truth, truth in its relations is the prime quality, others being built on this.

"Simplicity," which derives its power from truth, is essential; for "the more unpretending, quiet and retiring the means,

the more impressive the effect." This is obvious as a quality in literary effort.

As to "mystery," Ruskin says: "Nature is always mysterious in her choice of means; and art is always likest her when it is most inexplicable." Even so in literature. In proportion as it has its effect, in that proportion is there an element of mystery about it as to the efficacy of the means used to produce that effect. Results, impressions must come among us unawares as to their real source. It is this which makes art interesting to all grades of mind. If the more cultured feel a deeper impression and have a correspondingly greater comprehension of the means used, there is also felt to be much beyond as to the latter, and it is this fact which produces the effect.

The last-mentioned criterion is closely related to the fourth; viz., a certain surprise on the part of the beholder that the means used should produce the effect. This principle may readily be applied in literary art.

Then there is that necessary quality, "decision." It must appear that what was done was done "fearlessly and at once." There may have been much previous preparation, and many after touches, but generally genius asserts itself (and in literature, as well as elsewhere) by sudden flashes, with decision.

The sixth criterion is "velocity." "Of two touches as nearly as possible the same in other respects, the quicker will be the better. There will be more evenness, grace, variety in the quick than in the slow one." As the mind thinks, the hand moves. Rapidity of thought, rapidity of touch, makes the best effect on canvas. So truth expressed in language is best set forth in words corresponding to a rapid rate of thinking. The mind acquires momentum, so to speak, by movement. The faster it moves, the farther. And as words keep pace with the thought, the greater their effect.

A crowning quality is added when Ruskin declares that there is implied in it all originality. Indeed, we may say of



truth and originality (i. e., personality,) that the other qualities are means (essential, it is true,) of bringing these two facts into harmonious and effective relations. Thus art is the expression of truth, it is the expression of truth through a spirit devotedly in love with that truth; and as one does well what he loves, and as what one loves is an index of his character, art is an expression of individuality. Now, it is true that literature, in general, is not one of the fine arts, as is poetry; yet there is more or less of art in the former. And while literature serves other important ends than those of art, it remains true that in the sense we have been endeavoring to explain, its great ideal has an artistic aspect. That ideal is the presentation of truth with the addition of personality. —E.

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### The Last of the O'Haras.

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On the shores of one of the small bays that indent the coast of Western Ireland stands the ancestral home of the O'Haras. Lowly and forsaken, it now suggests little that would lead the visitor to think that it once contained within its walls the most powerful family of Western Ireland, a family indeed that stood in the front ranks of the Irish nobility and was noted alike for the grace and beauty of its women and the bravery and patriotism of its men. For many years the old house has stood thus, uninhabited save for an old couple who live in one of the wings and take care of the place as best they can.

A few years ago, while visiting some friends living in the neighborhood of the manor house, I was seized with the desire to make an excursion to the place and, if possible, to find out something about the family who once lived there, and to hear the story of its abandonment.

So one morning, rising betimes, I set off across the moors in the direction of the bay; and, after a ride of several miles, ar-

rived in sight of the object of my journey. In a few minutes I was riding up the drive-way which leads from the road to the main entrance of the manor. It was with some difficulty I made known my wishes to the old keeper. At last he seemed to understand that I desired to go through the house, and with ominous shakings of the head he finally lead the way. We entered first a broad hall, which extended the full length of the house and into which opened the rooms on the first floor. At the farther end a winding stair lead the way to the higher stories, from the windows of which we could look out over the placid waters of the bay to the line of breakers which separated it from the rolling Atlantic.

After wandering for some time through the many rooms, we came at last to one which formed the base of the main turret. To the observer it would appear that this room had been deserted for only a few weeks, as curtains still hung at the windows, and the furniture, old-fashioned as it was, did not partake of the general decay which was so evident in the other parts of the house. What most aroused my wonder was a dull brown stain which showed up plainly on the floor of the apartment. Instinctively I felt that this stain was in some way connected with the present condition of the house; so, under pretense of weariness, I sat down and proceeded to draw out my not too willing guide on the subject. After some trouble, including the transfer of divers shillings from my pocket to his, he began and told me the entire history of the O'Haras.

It appeared that the last of the O'Haras was a leader in one of the many futile insurrections of the Irish people against the English rule, and on its failure his property was forfeited and a price set upon his head. However, he managed to escape to France and lived there for some years, plotting to overthrow the English power and regain his lost possessions. But after a time he disappeared and nothing was heard of him for so long that even his relatives began to think that he had followed the ex-

ample of so many of his followers and had gone to the New World, there to begin life anew.

In the meantime an Englishman had bought in the O'Hara manor, turned the family out on the moors, where they would have doubtless perished but for the peasantry, and had fitted up the house for his own use. Soon by his overbearing and cruel ways, he won the hatred of the people, and plots were formed against his life. But fear of the soldiers, quartered in the neighboring town, deterred the people, and for a time things went on smoothly enough on the surface, but below surged the growing hatred of the peasantry.

Some time afterward it began to be rumored that O'Hara had reappeared in his old haunts and was hiding in the vicinity. Indeed, it was said that a lugger had been seen in the bay, that a boat containing three persons had been seen to land, and after a time to return to the lugger, this time with only two persons in it. Then the larger vessel, taking advantage of the tide, had put to sea again. A vigorous search was at once begun, but in vain. The peasants seemed utterly ignorant when interrogated by the soldiers.

And now at night the cry of the banshee was heard on the hills opposite the manor and the hated landlord was doomed. One morning he was found stretched on the floor of the turret room weltering in his blood, and sticking in his breast was a silver-hilted dagger, known to belong to O'Hara. On the dead man's face there yet appeared that look of intense horror and dire fear which only the sight of the avenger can give—the look of a bad man when he knows that the hour of retribution has come.

A strict watch was at once set and in a few days a ship of war appeared in the bay. And this time the search was not in vain, for in a short time the hiding-place of O'Hara was discovered and he was taken. When brought to trial he did not deny his crime, but stated that he killed the man because the latter

had robbed him of his home and had turned his family out to perish.

The day after the trial O'Hara was hanged to the bowsprit of the war ship, and that evening she sailed out of the bay, with the body still dangling at her bows for a warning to the Irish peasantry.

But they say that even yet the banshee may be heard shrieking at night on the moors, and in the starlight a spectre ship may be seen gliding down the bay, while at her bow swings a figure which ever throws up its arms as if in sorrow and seems to hurl curses toward the manor house. —H.

## Editorials.

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It is difficult to name the secret of success. Genius seems to laugh all rules to scorn, and at each appearance wears a different dress. Still there is a secret spring in all great lives, and, differ as they may in the out-working of this hidden power, it is the same in all. In a word, it is *intense conviction*. A soul which is shallow may have the colors of a stagnant pool upon it and judge them beautiful, but only the deep soul can have the royal coloring of old ocean. As the bosom of the pool is not moved by the great tides of the ocean, so the shallow soul is undisturbed by the great soul tides. Here our figure reveals the secret of soul power. Intense conviction bears with it intense suffering or joy. Yet this is the secret of success. Whether it be a Napoleon causing Europe to tremble, or a Paul proclaiming a new faith in hostile Athens, the secret of success lies in the soul's intense conviction. We must weigh the matter honestly; it is manly to be intense; it brings deep suffering when the purpose of the life seems thwarted; in the end it is the source of exultant joy when the contagion of our conviction has touched the world.

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WE DO not wish to preach, but let us ponder the meaning of these thoughts in relation to the individual life. With the return of spring, Commencement throws its shadow (a luminous shadow) over college life, and stands as the ending of the old, the beginning of the new for very many of our number. Do we go forth with intense conviction? A man, great in deeds of battle, has recently launched his bark on the troubled waters of politics, and has refused to tie himself to any party or principles. The world is laughing at his folly. Is it less foolish to lift anchor and drift out from the haven to the sea of life equally

undecided as to the voyage? The world laughs at the folly of such men, and rightly so.

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A LEADING educator has named the depreciation of Degree Theses among College men an evidence of declining scholarship. Certainly his judgment is well grounded. The vicious idea is too prevalent that the Degree, rather than the scholarship for which it stands is the goal of student life. Instead of viewing the thesis as the fruit of a course of faithful labor, an evidence of literary ability and scholarship, it is looked upon as Academic red-tape. The day appointed for the reading of these *little compositions* (they deserve not even the title of essay, much less thesis) is a nap day with the Faculty. There are exceptions to this statement. Some students feel that this requirement is more than an empty form, and spend a reasonable amount of time and labor in preparing a thoughtful thesis. The vast majority are swept away by the *zeitgeist*, and depreciate the thesis. This is a straw which indicates the way the wind blows. Striving for the Degree as an end in and for itself has lowered the meaning of the Degree. The statement is ventured that more than one-half of the College graduates of the country have to point to their Degrees rather than to themselves in vindication of their scholarship. Truly it is a woeful condition! The remedy must be found in a change of public opinion in College circles regarding the end of the literary courses. Emphasis on the Thesis will aid in this movement. A rigid requirement by the Faculty will make this emphasis. We earnestly urge that the Degree be *in reality* conditional upon the presentation of a carefully prepared, thoughtful thesis. When the Degree has been withheld from some candidate until this requirement is met, we shall witness a radical change in the literary ideals of this University.

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It is well to hold an ideal before the mind in every sphere of work. Especially is this true in literary effort, where so much depends upon looking to a true goal. Our JOURNAL has had a very unique history. Its ups and downs have been many, but until some two years ago it had never assumed mature proportions. The Editors last year revolutionized the publication

and set an high standard of excellence. Still, there was a serious flaw in the proportion of literary contributions and department work, the former covering not more than eighteen of the forty pages, while the latter was allotted twenty-two. This year our effort has been to improve this proportion by giving twenty-six pages to contributions and only fourteen to departments. We believe this to be the right proportion, for the publication is primarily literary in its nature. As was expected, it has been difficult to conduct the JOURNAL on this basis, yet it has been done. To the Editors for next year we suggest an active campaign in the stimulation of interest, that the present amount of contributed matter may appear, being not less in quantity and better in quality. The recent favorable criticisms of our JOURNAL, by very many of the college publications is a source of much pleasure to the Staff. We desire that journalistic work may be an important part of this University, and that each student may take a pride in our magazine. The ideal publication is, in size, about forty or fifty pages; in contents, divided between contributions and departments, much the larger space being given to the former; in quality, let it be dignified, yet fresh and interesting.

## The Monthly Mail.

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The first number of the *King's College Magazine*, which it has been our pleasure to look over, lies upon our desk. The first piece of note which it contains is a biographical sketch of Father Ryan, the Southern Laureate. For one who has read any of the many fine poems which he wrote, this little account of his life possesses a great deal of interest. The article is written in a pleasing style and is entertaining to the reader. "The Irony of Fate" is a very improbable little story and does not compare with a "Tramp Abroad," which follows it. The latter is well written and lacks the tragic ending which one so rarely fails to meet with in stories of its kind.

"The End of Intellectual Culture" is a collection of somewhat trite truths thrown together without any well-defined logical arrangement. The poetry in this number falls far below the other contents of the magazine in respect to excellence, some of the pieces, indeed, being little better than doggeral. The main criticism which we have to offer upon the magazine as a whole is in its inartistic appearance and general make-up.

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*The Georgetonian* for March opens with the concluding chapter of a continued story, "Over the Lake." As we have not had the opportunity of reading the previous installments, we do not feel able to make any comments. "An Upright Man" is the title of a character sketch of Jean Valjean, the hero of Hugo's famous work. This piece is worthy of praise. This number contains a few short poems, some of which are fairly good, and some alas! fairly bad. *The Georgetonian* lays itself open to severe criticism in that it contains some department work in that part of the magazine which is professedly set apart for purely literary productions.

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The March number of the *Davidson College Magazine* is largely given up to short critiques of different authors and their work.



Of these, the one on Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" is, perhaps, the best. In addition to a sketch of the play itself, the writer gives us a brief account of Marlowe and his relations to Shakespeare. The article is good and is worthy of careful reading. We also have a comparison of "Philacter," Fletcher and Beaumont's well-known comedy, and Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The basic difference in the two plays make it well-nigh impossible to draw any just comparison between them from a literary point of view, so this article has not the same interest for the reader as the preceding one on Marlowe.

The one piece of fiction of which this number can boast is simply the retelling of an old story, which in one form or another, under different names, has appeared in every magazine, college or otherwise, in existence. And yet this same old story never wearies, for it is a story of self-sacrifice, the noblest quality in human nature. Though the plot may be old, "Other Mothers' Sons" is worth reading.

There are two or three other articles of more or less value which lack of space prevents us from more than mentioning. The entire magazine is good, but would be improved by the addition of more fiction and some poetry.

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*The Peabody Record* contains a short piece entitled "The Passing of the Cowboy," which is interesting in that it gives some account of the lives and deeds of those border characters, who now are fast disappearing even in the extreme West. Wild and rough as these men undoubtedly were, yet they played an important part in opening up the country west of the Mississippi to civilization. The best fiction in this number is to be found in that department headed In Minor Strain. "There Was a Man" is well written and its pathos is very touching.

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### Clippings.

#### THE SPIRIT OF HATTERAS BAR.

A weird spirit lives in the ocean that breaks  
 Forever on Hatteras bar.  
 At the distant sound of the storm he awakes  
 And answers its call from afar;

And ever, as down the lone desolate shore  
 The wild tempest thunders and raves,  
 He joins his fell voice with the storm-king's roar,  
 And shrieks o'er his thousands of graves.

"Come on, gallant ship, that sped from your port  
 To dare the stern might of the sea,  
 For man's puny struggles and groans are my sport—  
 Seek no pity, no mercy in me;  
 Oh, 'tis well the good-byes were tender and sweet,  
 Ere your proud keel my dark waters clave,  
 For never shall those in the far haven greet  
 Them that sink 'neath my treacherous wave.

"Oh! far, far below in my deep, shifting sands  
 Sleep the proud and the great of the world;  
 Youth, wisdom and beauty from far-distant strands  
 Here, all helpless, to death have been hurled;  
 Full many fond hearts have through the sad years  
 Made mourn for the loved and the brave.  
 Their eyes have grown dim with their hopeless tears—  
 No escape from my merciless grave."

Thus the weird spirit shrieks while the loud tempest roars  
 And buffets the beach with its spray—  
 Grim spirit that haunts these wreck-strewn shores  
 And laughs at the storm's hopeless prey.  
 God pity the ship on Hatteras bar,  
 When the wild tempest thunders and raves;  
 God pity the sailor on deck or on spar  
 Who contends with the fierce-rolling waves.  
 —Wake Forest Student.

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TWILIGHT.

When the shadows steal softly o'er meadow and woodland,  
 And hush the tired earth with the murmur of night;  
 When the crimson-robed sunset has faded to purple,  
 And the voice of the day has gone out with the light;

Then soft as the silver-sweet strains of the zither  
 There rests on my worn heart a calmness and peace,  
 As tho the cool lips of the velvet-eyed twilight  
 Caressing my forehead had bade the pain cease:—

The grief and the pain of the purposely trying,—  
 The cheats and the lies of this earth-sordid life;  
 The greed of the grasping—the selling and buying—  
 The winning and losing—the passion and strife.

And I wander at will thro' the poppy-red pastures,  
 And dreamily float on the lotus-starred streams,  
 For the whispering night-wind is calling me softly,  
 And beckoning me to the shadow of dreams.  
 —Allegheny Literary Monthly.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

I sing not a song of birds or flowers,  
 Of forests, or painted skies,  
 I'm not in a mood to sit and brood  
 O'er an ode to my Lady's eyes;  
 No ballad of Spring, no Wintry dirge  
 Shall the strain of my music be,  
 But a song of life on the foaming surge,  
 A song of the briny sea.

And a song of the sea—of the gentle sea—  
 Where the ripples are hushed in sleep,  
 And the signal light is shining bright  
 O'er the vast and silent deep,  
 And only the stars in the cloudless sky  
 Look down, from above, on me,  
 As I muse and dream in the moonlight's gleam,  
 'Tis a song of the lonely sea.

*L'Envoi.*

Type of the sea—that other sea—  
 Where our life-bark aimless roam,  
 Where calm is found, and storms abound,  
 'Ere we moor in our tranquil Home.  
 —Georgetown College Journal.

## Alumni Notes.

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Mr. E. F. Koelle, '92, has been ordained an Elder in the Second German Church of New Orleans.

The Rev. Harris E. Kirk, '97, conducted not long ago a series of services at Lewisburg, Tenn.

The Rev. R. L. Nicholson, '99, has been called by the church at Elizabeth, Tex., to supply its pastorate.

Mr. S. M. McCallie, '98, of Chattanooga, a short time ago, stood a very fine teachers' examination. The examiners reported it to have shown splendid training.

The Rev. C. S. Sholl, A.B., B.D., '95, of Avondale, Ala., has accepted a call to the church of Brownsville, Tenn. Mr. Sholl has been doing good work and is winning a high place in the estimation of all who know him.

The Rev. J. T. Plunket, A.B., '77, D.D., of Augusta, Ga., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon of Chicora College, Greenville, S. C.

The Rev. J. W. Mosely, Jr., ought to be a happy man. Why? Because he was presented not long ago with a charming little daughter to gladden life's weary way for him.

The Rev. A. F. Carr, A.M., B.D., '96, has been chosen to deliver our Y. M. C. A. Sermon this year.

Hon. W. M. Cox, A.M., '97, has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address before the literary societies of the University.

Plans are maturing for the Alumni rally Commencement. Invitations are being sent to the members of the various classes for years back, and it is expected that the twenty-fifth anniversary will be a notable occasion in the history of the University.

## Campus Catchings.

The Lyceum Course is over.

The Tennis Association has arranged for a tournament to be played this spring.

J. W. Orr has been invited to preach at Ensley City, Ala., having in view permanent relation.

All who have subscribed for copies of the *Sou'wester* will oblige the Business Manager by prompt payment.

The many College friends of Miss Mary Cooke are delighted that she has returned from her long visit to Texas.

George Frazer has passed his twenty-first birthday and already the cares of age seem to be weighing him down.

Melvin went from Nashville to Anniston, Ala., where he preached at the Presbyterian Church with a view to a call.

"Pot" Hall says that although the former catalogues may not have been noticed, the new one will always be read (red).

The Palmer Homiletic Society has chosen Rev. George W. Patterson, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., to make the Homiletic Address at Commencement.

Miss Marion Faxon, who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Jno. M. Macrae, has returned home, to the regret of her University friends.

Rev. A. F. Carr, A.M., B.D., '96, of St. Louis, has been invited to preach the Annual Sermon to the University Y. M. C. A. It is hoped that he will accept.

Hardie was elected by the Foreign Mission Committee as a missionary to Brazil. This is an important field, and the committee has, we think, been wise in its selection.

Ogden, Theological, '00, has received a very flattering call to the First Presbyterian Church at Columbus, Miss. We are sure the church will have no cause to regret its choice.

McCalla, of this year's Theological Class, has accepted the call of the East Florence, Ala., Church, and will enter on his work after Commencement. We congratulate the church.

Mr. E. L. Hill, one of our Senior Theologues, has taken a group of churches, consisting of West Point, Ga., and Phoenix City and Lanett, Ala. We wish Lott much success in his work.

Dr. Fogartie (to "Pot" Hall)—Mr. Hall, there are three kinds of judgments; of perceptory, of memory and of imagination. If I should say "I think," to what does that belong?

"Pot" Hall—Imagination, Doctor.

Mr. Moffatt, representing the Foreign Missionary Work of the Southern Presbyterian Church, made an earnest address recently before the Students' Missionary Society. He urged the students to their part of this great and glorious work.

Not long ago Geo. Summey, Jr., celebrated his birthday with a delightful course dinner. Those present were: Misses Williams, Deaderick, Dinwiddie, Bryant, Emery, and Messrs. Wilson L. G., Grafton, Dinwiddie C., Pressly, and Bailey.

The Literary Address will be delivered by Hon. W. M. Cox, LL.D., of Baldyn, Miss. Mr. Cox is one of the most distinguished of S. W. P. U. Alumni, and is well known throughout the Church on account of his excellent address during the Westminster celebration of 1897.

The 1900 Catalogue has been issued. It is the anniversary number and is bound in the College colors. It contains beside the usual matter a valuable record of the events in the past history of the University. It is a very neat and well gotten-up edition, and is a credit to our worthy Chancellor.

Since our last issue Dr. A. B. Curry, of Birmingham, has visited us, and made two instructive and uplifting addresses on Home Missions. Dr. Curry is a man of power and influence in the Church. He is also an experienced pastor, and his talk did much toward stirring up an increased interest in the cause he presented.

During the past month, Mr. Powell received the sad intelligence of the death of his mother at her home in Florida. Mr. Robt. Price, Jr., was called to New Orleans on account of the

severe illness of his mother, who died not long after he reached her bedside. Our sympathies are with these two gentlemen in their hour of affliction.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference will meet in New York on the 21st inst. It will be one of the greatest Christian gatherings of the century. Dr. Robt. Price has been elected an honorary delegate from the Divinity School. Dr. Summey is a delegate from the Church at large. He and Dr. Price will leave for New York on Thursday.

A short time ago a number of her friends enjoyed an "Up Jenking" party with Miss Jennie Williams. Miss Williams is a charming hostess and made every one have a good time. Delicious fruits were served during the evening. The guests were: Misses Emery, Ellis, Dinwiddie, Bryant, and Messrs. Summey, Pressly, Grafton, Hardie, Joe Williams and Booth.

Dr. J. B. Shearer, President of Davidson, has been selected to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. The appointment is eminently fitting and proper. Dr. Shearer was for many years connected with this Institution and has shown himself at all times an earnest and devoted friend of the University. His many warm friends and admirers in Clarksville will be delighted to welcome him.

Mrs. Summey entertained the Westminster League recently. The feature of the evening was a "Picture Contest." Photos of a number of those present, taken when they were quite young, were displayed, and guesses made as to their identity. Delightful music, both vocal and instrumental, was furnished by Misses Pilcher, Howard and Bryant, and Messrs. Summey and Visor.

The management of *The Annual* is very greatly indebted to the following young ladies for illustrations and sketches with which to adorn that book: Misses Maude Harrison, Nellie Runyon, Alice Pickering, Louise Gracey, Em Tyler, Susie Ellis, Helen Dinwiddie and Nell Hyde. They also extend thanks in advance to a certain young lady who has said picnic to the Board of Editors.

On next Friday night, in the Chapel, there will be a joint debate between Stewart and Washington Irving Literary Soci-

eties. The question will be, "Resolved that a tariff for revenue only is more beneficial to the people of the United States than a protective tariff." The speakers will be:

Affirmative.	Negative.
S. L. S.	W. I. L. S.
P. H. Hensley,	M. E. Melvin,
J. C. Tate, Jr.,	J. F. Eddins,
Geo. D. Booth.	W. R. McCalla.

The last number of the Lyceum Course was the Katherine Ridgway Concert Company. The company consisted of Miss Ridgway, reader; Miss Edith Adams, violincellist; Mr. Frantz Proschowsky, tenor, and Mr. F. C. Bush, pianist. While all the performers were excellent, the star of the company was Miss Ridgway. Her rendition of the scene from *Quo Vadis* was superb. She was frequently recalled. A vote was taken as to which attraction had pleased the most. Out of 118 votes cast 90 were for the Ridgway Company. Every one expressed themselves in favor of a course next year, and it is hoped that one can be arranged.

On Monday afternoon exercises of a very interesting nature took place on the front campus. The ivy which had been sent to the Washington Irving Society from the home of Washington Irving was set out by the side of the main steps by Mr. Berryhill, President of the Society, after which Mr. Wharey gave a beautiful sketch of Washington Irving. Following this the President of Stewart Society, Mr. Clark, placed on the other side the steps a sprig which traces its lineage to Kenilworth Castle. Dr. Dinwiddie, in a most pleasing manner, told the story of Kenilworth. The audience was then invited from the "pagan" to the "religious" building, by the side of which Mr. Pankey, President of Palmer Homiletic Society, planted a piece of ivy which is descended from that growing on the Gray Friars Church in Scotland. Dr. Price, in his usual impressive and pleasing manner, told the history of this celebrated church, and ended by saying that this ivy would probably keep the honored Professor who used a portion of the building from teaching any new theology, etc. The students immediately called for Dr. Webb, who defended himself. The ivy from Kenilworth and Gray



Friars was kindly furnished by Miss Catherine Hawes, of Richmond, Va.

The first base-ball games of the season were played with the town team and the team from St. Bethlehem. The first on the 12th and the second on the 14th. The score of the game with the town boys was as follows:

S. W. P. U.....23 | Clarksville..... 3

Base hits—S. W. P. U., 13; Clarksville, 6.

Struck out—Albright, 9; McLain, 4; Boone, 4; B. Perkins, 1.

Base on balls—Albright, 1; McLain, 2; Boone, 2; B. Perkins, 1.

Hit by pitcher—Boone, 2.

Left on bases—S. W. P. U., 9; Clarksville, 6.

Earned runs—S. W. P. U., 7.

Passed balls—Daniel, 1.

Errors—S. W. P. U., 1; Clarksville, 12.

Stolen bases—S. W. P. U., 8; Clarksville, 4.

Allen and Albright led the batting.

The game with St. Bethlehem ended with the following result:

S. W. P. U.....16 | St. Bethlehem..... 3

Base hits—S. W. P. U., 15; St. Bethlehem, 5.

Struck out—Albright, 11; Welch, 4; Bradbury, 6.

Base on balls—Albright, 3; Welch, 2; Bradbury, 3.

Hit by pitcher—Albright, 1.

Passed balls—Daniel, 4; N. Bourne, 2.

Stolen bases—S. W. P. U., 15; St. Bethlehem, 2.

Left on bases—S. W. P. U., 8; St. Bethlehem, 6.

Errors—S. W. P. U., 4; St. Bethlehem, 10.

Earned runs—S. W. P. U., 6.

In the second game Orr led the batting, getting four hits out of six times at bat.

The team was the same in both games, as follows:

First base, Frierson and Orr; second base, Planck; third base, Albright and McLain; pitchers, Albright and McLain; catcher, Daniel; short-stop, Allen; left field, McGehee; right field, McFadden; center field, Norwood and Frierson.

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