



*The*  
**MESSENGER**

Vol. II


MARCH, 1906

No. 5



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# THE MESSENGER.

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All contributions for publication must be in by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

Send or hand all manuscripts intended for publication to ORIN LLOYD, Editor-in-Chief, Morehead School.

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## *Literary Department.*

DOUGLAS HILL, '08,

EDITOR.

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### HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, Va., April 12, 1777. His family was poor and his early education was very defective, but his reading in law and in general literature gave him a remarkable grasp of facts. The paternal ancestors of Henry Clay were English. The branch from which Henry Clay descended removed to America some time after the establishment of the colony of Virginia, and settled on the south side of the James river. His father died when he was but four years old. Although Henry's father was dead and he had to work hard, he did not stop school, but was committed to the charge of Peter Deacon, an Englishman. The school house which Henry attended was made of logs, with no floor but the earth, the entrance serving for door and window, always being open. Under these disadvantages Henry Clay was taught by Mr. Deacon reading, writing and arithmetic. Henry Clay's thoughts of Mr. Deacon were very good, but once he gave Clay a blow on the head, the mark of which lasted him his life time.



Henry's mother married the second time a man who seems to have taken a fatherly interest in the family. He was partial to Henry and saw that he was a boy of uncommon promise.

In 1791 when Henry was but fourteen years old, he was taken to Richmond to clerk in a store. But his step-father was not satisfied with Henry's place as a tradesman, judging him to be worthy of a higher place.

He took him from the store, and he was placed in the office of Mr. Tinsley as senior clerk. The first impression he made on the other clerks was that they had a fine boy for ridicule and they thought they would have some fun out of him. Henry's face was not handsome, whatever might be under the surface. His mother had dressed him in a new suit of Virginia cloth, cotton and silk mixed; his complexion was of pepper and salt color.

This boy was first put to the task of copying. He had a tongue and could use it, and whatever they said to him he was always ready for them, and they soon found he was more than a match for them. Though he was the youngest clerk, he was not long in gaining the highest place in the regard of his fellows.

Besides Henry's attention to his duties in the office, his habits out of office were excellent. When other clerks were out for amusement at night Henry was at home keeping company with his books. This habit is a material fact in solving the problem of Mr. Clay's character and history.

Mr. Clay's education was not only deficient, but unfortunate. He himself speaks of his neglected education, improved by his own exertions, without the benefit of systematic education. For such a self-relying mind, impelled by the necessity of his condition and circumstances, the promptings of his taste, were probably better than the best schools of systematic instruction.

The moment he entered the office of high court of

chancery of Virginia he began to feel his element, and from the time he was taken into the office, his fortune was decided. In consequence to his good behavior he enjoyed the favor of those whose kindness was most important to him. His character was very pure. He was a boy who always had a book in his hand while other boys played, the youth who was striving after knowledge.

In Richmond he was a favorite among his superiors, and all loved and were proud of him. He sympathized with the great principles of freedom and was the leading champion of human rights for the age in which he lived.

He began to study law in 1796, under Robert Brooke, the attorney-general. He was admitted to the bar in 1797, and commenced his practice in Lexington. He had a great influence on the jury, which soon brought him a very flourishing practice. He soon became a famous speaker, and at the age of twenty-six was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. His captivating manners and his striking eloquence made him a general favorite. Several of his speeches delivered in mass meetings astonished the hearers by their beauty and force.

In 1799 he married Lucretia Hart, daughter of a prominent citizen of Kentucky.

In 1806 Clay was appointed to a seat in the United States Senate, where he was at once made speaker. One of Henry Clay's most powerful speeches was made in 1813, on the subject of British pretensions, which led to the war of 1812.

In 1814 he went to Europe and acted as one of the commissioners for adjusting the treaty of peace at Ghent, between America and Great Britain.

He is best known for his endeavors to shut out European influences from America and in connection with the Missouri Compromise of 1820, restricting slavery to the Southern States. He died in Washington, 1852.

Clay, the people's favorite, was one of the greatest orators America has ever produced and was loved and idolized by all his followers. Where other men made themselves admired, Clay made himself loved. His own words form the true motto of his character—"I would rather be right than be President."

PAULINE E. WHITAKER, '06.

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### THE WISH OF JOSEPH LETETU.

As a child Joseph Letetu was not specially different from other children born and bred in a thoroughly provincial district; he resembled his playmates in not being a bit more intelligent or stupid, and, like them, he had but few ambitions—to eat much and to sleep sound.

In summer he went with the cattle to their pasturage, where he would stretch himself in the shade of the hedges, idly to dream the lazy hours away. In the winter he attended the village school because there was nothing else to do, and his parents desired it. He learned to read, write, and cipher, but that was all, for he had no head for study. This was kept up until his fourteenth year, when he happened to read something which completely unbalanced his weak wits and threw him into a world of evil dreams.

One evening he found in his father's tavern an illustrated book entitled "The Life and Death of Troppmann, the Assassin." He hid the book, for he knew his father would not let him read it, and in the morning he carried it to the woods, where, in the deep silence of the forest, he read with delight the horrible tales told therein.

The writer wrote mostly on the great length and size of Troppmann's thumbs, which were indications that he was of nature predisposed to murder.



Joseph dropped the book and carelessly examined his thumbs. He was greatly but gladly surprised, for his hands were those of a child, but his thumbs were disproportionately large, long, thick and curved—the thumbs of Troppmann. The idea slowly came to him that he was an assassin, a murderer, and that he could not possibly escape it. He read and reread those frightful tales, glutting himself with hideous and brutal thoughts. He was delighted, and if a playmate had asked him his favorite hero, he would have answered, “Troppmann,” and then perhaps added with great pride, “See, I have his thumbs.”

He avoided his former companions and sought the solitudes of the forest. He did not dream of youths, of maidens, of entertainments, and of flowers, but his two thumbs were always before him.

From his fourteenth to his eighteenth year his physical development was rapid, and he grew stronger and stronger, but his thumbs grew faster than the rest of his body. They grew larger and larger, and when alone he would move them to and fro, making the powerful joints crack.

It pleased him to watch the muscles grow, and he thought how easy it would be to squeeze one's throat into a pulp with such thumbs.

Then to test his strength he would strangle chickens, ducks, rabbits, and a fox he had caught. The fox bit him, but this only made him feel stronger, as he squeezed the fox's throat until he had killed it.

As time passed he grew more ambitious and experimented with larger animals, as the goat and then a calf. He was so pleased with this that he unconsciously let fall these four words, “Now I am ready.”

He was now ready to strangle his fellowmen, but he did not know which to strangle first, a man or a woman. To strangle a big strong man would be a grand thing,

and he thought of the fierce struggle, then the long-drawn-out agony, but he never thought of the death.

Then he thought what a pleasure, full of cruel delight, it would be to strangle a woman. He could see her before him in all her fright and horror. But first he would kill a young man—a young and pretty girl afterwards to suit his taste.

The decision made, the opportunity was not long in arriving. On the 14th of July an entertainment was held in the village. The peasants had hung their cottages with lanterns and the happy children were exploding firecrackers which they had tied to the tails of unfortunáte curs.

In a side street a gay party was dancing a quadrille. Joseph approached and wishing to be amused, broke the chain with his powerful hands and seized one of the girls.

One of the largest of the men angrily approached him and said, "Joseph, you are drunk; leave us or I'll—"

"Or you'll do what?" bawled Joseph. "What will you do, boaster?"

"If you want to know, follow me."

"Come on!" said Joseph.

A woman's voice cried, "O, Pierre, I don't want you to fight him!" But Pierre followed Joseph.

In a moonlit lane, far from the crowd, they went—Joseph was thrown to the ground and his opponent fell on top of him. For a moment he lay still, and then with a grab his two thumbs pressed Pierre's throat—a gasp, a lolling tongue, two staring eyes, and the soul had left the body.

At the end of the lane a woman's voice called, "Pierre, Pierre, where are you?"

It was Pierre's sweetheart who had begged him not to fight, and she was now seeking him in the shadowy lane.

"Here we are," replied Joseph. "Come, Marinetti; Pierre is waiting here for you."

She ran to the spot and beheld the body with the panting strangler standing over it. Uttering a cry of horror she turned to fly.

With a bound Joseph seized her. She begged for mercy, prayed and wept, offering anything if he would but spare her life.

In the distance the voices of the peasants could be heard, the exploding firecrackers, the dogs howling; and the dance and song continued.

Joseph still held his victim, playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse. Slowly the thumbs crept to her throat. He kissed again, for the last time, the ruby lips, and then, not too fiercely, but gently, the thumbs sank deeper, deeper—her head drooped like a tired flower. Such was the last of his terrible crimes.

All that night Joseph, delirious, radiantly happy, roamed the fields singing a wild song. In the morning he met the officers and gave himself up. He told them his joy was complete, for his wish had been fulfilled. He desired nothing further but the kiss of the swift blade.

That he obtained without further asking.

KATE LEE HUNDLEY, '07.

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#### THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "LITTLE JOHN."

All of us who have studied geography at all have a general knowledge of the situation of New Foundland and its climate. If you have not made a careful study of this country separately you may not have noticed a small bay at the most northerly part of the peninsula that is separated from Labrador by only a small strait. On this bay is situated a small hamlet of about two

hundred and fifty inhabitants, mostly fishermen. These fishermen one would naturally suppose to fish for mackerel and cod—that kind of fishing being very successful in the gulf of the St Lawrence—but the men of this hamlet cast their lot in fishing to the north for salmon. And if they did not get a good supply of salmon to sell in the calm seasons, when they could get to the nearest market, it meant starvation in their isolated condition.

The fishermen of the hamlet that I have just mentioned had never failed to get a good supply of salmon in time to carry it to the nearest market, B—, and exchange them for clothing and provisions; but this year it was beginning to look serious when every day the ships would come in with only a small haul of fish. And as one of the fishermen expressed it:

“It looks as though we will have to move out or starve out.”

I have not as yet mentioned the boat whose trip I am mostly interested in. It was the “Little John.” Her crew consisted of eight men, including the captain, who was the owner of the craft.

The “Little John” had gathered up several hundred pounds of salmon, but her captain, John Martin, did not want to carry the fish to B— until he had a supply that would fully pay him for taking the long trip.

Hard times began to come; the winter was severe; the crew of the “Little John” and their families did not have food and clothing enough to keep them warm; but still John Martin, who did not have a family, would not listen to taking a trip to B— until they had secured a larger supply of salmon.

At last the weather became so severe that Martin consented to go—but, alas, it was too stormy to make a voyage safely. Martin, being a good sailor and a brave man, did not hesitate to prepare to sail for B— in a few days.

It was early on the first day of March when everything

on board had been inspected by the captain and pronounced by him as ready to sail.

The brave little boat left the harbor amid the shouts of those on the shore; but the shouts were soon lost in the distance and the breath of the March lion.

One thing in favor of the "Little John" was that the wind was behind her and pushing her on rapidly toward B—.

After they had been a few days out at sea, the weather became more violent, and on the night of the fourth day's journey, the jibsail, and one man were lost. After these accidents happened the captain began to see that things were more serious than he had thought, made an entry on the log-book, wrote a letter, and put the log-book and the letter in a waterproof case and threw them overboard just as the ship was swamped by a terrific wave.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the captain made the entry on the log-book, and wrote the letter, he did not know that he was as near land as he was at the time the ship sank, and therefore the case reached the land a few days after the storm had abated; but nowhere near the fishing hamlet.

The case was picked up near the shore by some life saving service men, and this is the last entry they found in the log-book:

"Fifty or sixty miles off shore. Heavy northeast by east gale. One man lost. Ship apt to sink at any time.

"MARTIN."

SOUTHGATE BEAMAN, '08.



## *Grammar School Department.*

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### THE DAWN.

The sun rose o'er the treetops,  
Throwing his beams across the earth,  
Everything shone under the rays of that beautiful sun.  
The lark was singing a beautiful song,  
The leaves were sighing in the trees above;  
A quail in the meadow close by was whistling a merry  
call,  
A farmer came from a cottage near by,  
And said, O what a beautiful dawn!  
A dove on the roof took up the cry,  
Everything began crying a welcome to the sun.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

### THE NIGHT.

The dusk of evening was falling,  
When up o'er the water the moon shot its rays.  
Then with one great burst of splendor,  
The moon came up from the sea.  
Far, far out on the ocean wide  
A white sail seemed to touch the sky.  
And on the sandy beach the moon beams fell casting  
shadows  
Where'er you looked.  
The water looked like silver,  
Under that beautiful moon.  
The moon folded from its ambush  
Upon the fiery trail of the monster that had gone before.  
Until it faded behind a cliff.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

**THE OCEAN.**

Far, far away on the shining water,  
Now a white sail upon it,  
Then a black speck upon the water.  
O'er the billows floating, flying,  
From the far-off rocky shore,  
Comes the sea gull, the white bird,  
Diving down into the water,  
Always sinking, rising,  
On the horizon a line of black smoke,  
Showed the approach of an Ocean Liner.  
The billows rolled from side to side,  
And the sun flashed upon the water.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

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**PEN PICTURE OF A FRIEND.**

One of my best friends lives in the mountains of North Carolina. The house is a neat two story one with vines all over it. In front of the house is a high mountain; behind it is one still higher; on the right is a smaller one and over in the distance you can easily see Mt. Mitchell. All about the house are apple trees which are laden down with Albemarle Pippins during the summer months. My friend's father is just like a child when he is with children. He rides on horseback with his daughter. Her mother is affectionate and loving. Her brothers are loving and she is a great pet.

My friend is a girl ten years old, but she is so well grown she has the appearance of being thirteen. Her hair is light and curly. Her eyes are dark blue with black lashes. She has regular features, and is tall and slender.

She has very winning ways. Although she is not studious, she has a plenty of good common sense. My friend is full of fun, being ever ready to join in any mischievous prank.

She is not fond of running games, but likes to play croquet, to ride horseback, and to ride on a bicycle. She is not afraid of any animal, and has often ridden a frisky pony and even a vicious steer.

Her pony is named "Zeb" and he seems bent on breaking her neck, but as she is so fearless and so good a rider he has not succeeded yet.

My friend lived in Charlotte many years, but she now lives at Waynesville, or at least eight miles from there. The roads are very bad, and it is such a long way to town that her mother sent her to Salem. She is very attractive and has a number of friends.

ELISE R. LLOYD, Fifth Grade.

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#### JOHN'S COMPANIONS.

(Original story, using words in a spelling lesson).

Once upon a time there was a little boy named John. He had two *companions*; a *squirrel* and a *robin*. They loved the *cedar* tree. Sometimes the *robin* *perched* on it and played *musician* and *beckoned* to the *squirrel* for *mischief* to *seize* him. One day the *robin* was *freezing*, when the boy came *rapidly* and got him. He gave him some *insects* to eat, but the bird did not get better, so he took him to the chop box and got the axe. He *poised* it a minute, then cut off the bird's head. He ate the *shoulders* and *entreated* for some more. He and his *squirrel* had *counsel* together.

W. H. BRANSON, Fifth Grade.

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#### OUT WITH THE LOGGERS.

I was looking for work when I came up with a man that was looking for hands. He asked me if I would not like working with some loggers. I asked him how much he would pay me. He said that he would pay me fifty

dollars a month. I thought that was good wages, as I was hard up for money.

The man asked me if I liked cutting logs. I told him I had never cut logs and did not know anything about it. He said, "I will put you to hauling, then." I told him that I would like it all right. He said, "It is about a mile to camp, but yonder comes a team of mine, you may go with that out there." The team came for provisions.

The first of the day I did not like it so well as it was so cold. About ten o'clock we saw a deer. I did not have a gun, but some of the loggers did. They shot at him and he fell, but was not dead. I ran to him with one of the axes and hit him in the head. He died in half an hour. I got time to build a fire and warm, as there were about ten teams hauling. I spent part of my time in watching the cutters. They would cut a tree down and cut the branches off for us to haul.

"It is now time for dinner," said one of the men. We drove up to the cabin, fed the horses and went in. We pulled off our wraps, washed our faces and hands, and ate dinner. We had a large table, as there were about fifty of us. We went back to work that evening. I forgot my gloves and my hands nearly froze, as the foreman would not let me go for them. It seemed to me as if we were working twenty hours a day. It seemed that it was about half past five when I asked the foreman what time it was. He said it was half past two. It began to snow so hard that we had to go in for the day. I was certainly glad, as I was nearly frozen.

The cutters sharpened our axes as we sat around the fire. We ate at five o'clock. That night we sat around and told what we had seen that day. We went to bed about eight o'clock. The next morning I was awakened by the noise of the cooks making fires to cook breakfast. I worked only about one year with the loggers.

HERBERT HIGH, Fifth Grade.

## *Editorial.*

ORIN LLOYD, '06,

- - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

### SAINT PATRICK.

On the seventeenth of March falls the day of Saint Patrick, the apostle and patron saint of Ireland. It was in the province of Valentia, about 396 A. D., that his birth took place. A few years later, Patrick's father, Calpurnia, took up his abode on a farm near the Solway. From this place, Patrick, when only sixteen years of age, was kidnapped by a band of marauders, and sold as a slave to a petty Irish chief. After serving this man six years as a bondsman, he made his escape, and, resolving to convert Ireland to Christianity, went to France. Here he became a monk, first at Tours, and afterwards in the celebrated monastery of Leries. He received the papal benediction from Pope Celestine I, and was sent to Ireland in 432.

His mission of converting Ireland to Christianity was successful, and it is said that he founded over three hundred and sixty churches, baptized with his own hand more than twelve thousand persons, and ordained a great number of priests. He died at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick. His relics were preserved at Downpatrick till the time of the Reformation. The place is still venerated by the Irish people.

### THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY AND ILLEGALITY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

The territory known as the "Louisiana Purchase" was acquired from France by the United States in 1803, during the first administration of Jefferson, and the consul-



ship of Napoleon. The Louisiana territory, as it was called, embraced the entire tract of land lying between the Mississippi River on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west. The commissioners of the United States government who brought about the purchase of Louisiana were Monroe and Livingston. Jefferson knew that there was no clause in the Constitution which justified the purchase of any lands whatsoever, and so he voiced the desires of the people at large when he purchased Louisiana.

Had the United States and France been private parties, the conveyance of Louisiana to the former by the latter could easily have been set aside in a court of law. France had ceded Louisiana to Spain in 1763. Thirty-six years later Napoleon wished to get it back. He therefore offered the King of Spain, as a consideration, a large addition to the Italian domains of the Duke of Parma, his son-in-law. The King ceded Louisiana to Napoleon on the condition that France was not to alienate the property, but was to restore it to Spain if the King's son-in-law should lose the whole, or the greater part, of his estates. A few years later he lost them all. However, Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States regardless of the protests of Spain, which, even at that early date, feared the growing power and the enterprising spirit of this country, and was unwilling that its boundaries should be advanced towards the rich Mexican provinces.

From a moral point of view, Napoleon certainly had no right to sell Louisiana, and had Spain been a powerful nation he would not have been allowed to do so. Happily, Spain was weak, for the United States would have become the owner of the Louisiana territory at some time, and it was better to acquire it peacefully and at that time.

# *Poems Everyone Should Know*

MARY LUCY HARRELL, '07,

EDITOR.

## LAND OF THE SOUTH.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—  
 How proud thy mountains rise!—  
 How sweet thy scenes on every hand!  
 How fair thy covering skies!  
 But not for this,—oh, not for these,  
 I love thy fields to roam,—  
 Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—  
 Thou art my native home!

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou hast prouder glories, too,  
 Than nature ever gave,—  
 Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,  
 And Freedom's pinions wave,—  
 Fair science flings her pearls around,  
 Religion lifts her dome,—  
 These, these endear thee, to my heart,—  
 My own, loved native home!

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—  
 God bless thy rosy girls!—  
 Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—  
 Their hearts are pure as pearls!  
 And grace and goodness circle them,  
 Where'er their footsteps roam,—  
 How can I then, whilst loving them,  
 Not love my native home!

Land of the South!—imperial land!—  
 Then here's a health to thee,—  
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand,  
 May'st thou be blest and free!—

May dark dissension's banner ne'er  
Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—  
But should it come, there's one will die,  
To save his native home!

—*Alexander Beaufort Meek.*

---

We pity those whom jails of loving stone  
Hold for a life-time in their stern control,—  
But ah! the dreariest prison man hath known  
Sin builds from viewless quarries in the soul!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

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#### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the wing'd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
 Went envying her and me;  
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
 In this kingdom by the sea)  
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
 Of those who were older than we,  
 Of many far wiser than we;  
 And neither the angels in heaven above,  
 Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
 dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side,  
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
 In her sepulchre by the sea,  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*



As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
 Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;  
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh  
 and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

—“*The Marshes of Glynn*”—*Sidney Lanier.*

## A THOUGHT.

The summer rose the sun has flushed  
 With crimson glory, may be sweet;  
 'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed  
 Beneath the winds' and tempests' feet.

The rose that waves upon the tree,  
 In life sheds perfume all around;  
 More sweet the perfume floats to me  
 Of roses trampled on the ground.

The wavering rose with every breath  
 Scents carelessly the summer air;  
 The wounded rose bleeds forth in death  
 A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is truth beyond our ken—  
 And yet a truth that all may read—  
 It is with roses as with men,  
 The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom  
 Out of a heart all full of grace,  
 Gave never forth its full perfume,  
 Until the cross became its vase.

—*Abram Joseph Ryan.*



Remorseless Time!—  
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power  
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on  
 He presses and forever. The proud bird,  
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
 The fury of the Northern hurricane,



And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down  
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep  
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,  
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles  
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations; and the very stars,  
You bright and burning blazonry of God,  
Glitters awhile in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,  
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,  
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—*The Closing Year*—George Denison Prentice.

## *In Lighter Vein.*

FELICIA KUEFFNER, '06, - - - - -

EDITOR.

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

### STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train, no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy negro. "It shall be did sah."

The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester!"

He exclaimed, sitting up, "Where's that porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro, and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you *are* a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"What!" gasped the porter, jumping up, as his eyes bulged from his head; "was you de gemman dat give me a five dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot."

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

Mr. M.—"Miss M—, please draw for me an equilateral triangle" (which must be proven in geometry).

Miss M—brings an equilateral triangle, drawn, to the

teacher and he asks: "How do you know that it is equilateral?"

Miss M—"Because I measured it."

Mr. M—"Suppose you have nothing for measuring?"

Miss M—"Then I'd borrow something."

Teacher—"I'm going to send for your mother, John, and show her what a shocking composition you brought in today."

John—"Go ahead an' send for her. I don't care—me mudder wrote it anyway."

Teacher—"Who can give me an example illustrating the difference between *like* and *love*?"

Mable—"I like my mother and father; and I love plum pudding."

Johnny—"I'd like to buy some shoe strings, please."

Salesman—"How long do you want them?"

Johnny—"Why, I want to keep them."

Judge—"Pretty girl (to new grocery clerk)—"Do you keep dates?"

Clerk—"Certainly. How would 8:30 at the entrance of the Academy suit you?"

Mrs. Tompkins—"Well, Sally, I suppose you've given the gold fish plenty of water?"

Sally—"Goodness, no, ma'am; 'cause they 'aven't drunk all they've got yet."

He steps up to the bar and calls for a glass of the best Irish whiskey. Having drunk it he starts for the door. Landlord calls him. "Here, you have not paid for that whiskey." "What's that you say?" "You have not paid for that whiskey." "Have you paid for it?" "You bet I have." "Then what is the use of two paying for it?"

A man "who knows it all" was not in the least surprised when he heard of a motor car which could be turned at will into a bedstead or grand piano. He says he knows a man who turned a motor car into a telegraph pole, a ditch, a fence, and horse all within a few hours.

Little Tommie—"Dad, if I was twins would you give the other little boy an apple, too?"

Dad—"Certainly, my son."

Tommie—"Well, then, you surely ain't going to cheat me out of an apple because I'm all in one piece, are you?"—Ex.

## *Exchange Department.*

STERLING R. CARRINGTON, '06, - - - - - EDITOR.

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One thing to be greatly regretted by the Exchange Department is the paucity of the magazines which are on our list. We would take it as a great favor if any of the student body or others would give us the names of any college or school magazines with which we do not now exchange. With your co-operation in this matter, it is hoped that there may be a decided change for the better by next month.

The January and February numbers of The College Message are on the exchange table. The former contains a very good nameless story on the subject of love. "A Reverie," in the same number, is a very graphic description of the main points of the life of its heroine. The magazine could be greatly improved by more additions to the Literary Department. This entire department is not equal to the previous issues in either quantity or quality. The February number is a slight advance over the last issue, containing several stories, and, also, the didactic poem, "Lovey-Loves."

The discussion of "The Victorian Age of Literature," in The High School Monthly for January, is a very creditable article for a high school magazine. "A Reproduction in Rhyme of the First Canto of 'The Lady of the Lake'" is fairly well wrought. Both the affirmative and negative sides of a debate are given in this issue. Both are spirited and well written. "Smiling Eyes," on Cupid's theme, has the true poetical ring and gives us an inspiring ideal.



The writer of "The Princess," in the January issue of *The Guidon*, has a deep insight into Tennyson's poem of that title. "Christmas Emblems and Their Significance" is an interesting sketch.

The *Park School Gazette* for January is very well edited. The opening article, "The Wesleys in America," was read with much interest. Other valuable contributions are the poems, "If We Knew," and "Autumn." "The Prodigal Son; or, Coming Home to Die," and "A Coat Tale," both fiction, should, perhaps, be included in the list of those deserving mention.

We beg to extend our thanks for the following exchanges: *The College Message*, *The High School Monthly*, *The Guidon*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Academy*, and *The Oak Leaf*.

**OUR PRESIDENTS, OUR VICE-PRESIDENTS, AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES TO WHICH THEY BELONGED.**

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