

MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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No. 8.

LE MISERABLE.

While sailormen among the seaweeds lie,
Pale wives their little candle-beacons burn ;
O'er many a new made grave goes forth a cry
Because the dear one never can return ;
Heart-broken mothers for lost wantons sigh,
And world-sick prodigals for fathers yearn ;
With empty cup all day, and sightless eye
The beggar sits, for hurrying crowds to spurn.

Yet for these poor ones there is some relief
In welling tears and pity-opened purse ;
But oh, my aching heart or planning head
How canst thou solace his hard, life-long grief
Whose only stumbling brought down that fell curse :
" There shall he lie, for he hath made his bed !"

SYMONS, '04.

"AH I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME!"

There was a big time down at August's that night. August kept a third rate saloon down in the Polish quarter of the flourishing little Pennsylvania mining town. He was ambitious. After lots of hard work and careful saving he had managed to fit out a bar of moderate dimensions, and was on the straight road to Easy Street. Now if you knew anything about those lower class Poles you would know August was prospering without my telling you so; because after all, wealth is a subjective term, and to the mind of a Pole of that class, the ownership of a saloon means prosperity, both present and to come.

Still further evidence of his prosperity might be seen in the little beer garden which lay back of the

saloon, with its dancing platform big enough to hold four sets if the dancers were willing to be crowded a little—and they usually were—its extensive grape arbor under which were scattered about promiscuously, tables and benches where the thirsty ones might quaff the foaming beer that ran like water on August's big nights.

In a far corner of the garden sat a young Polish fellow whom the girls were eyeing with glances rather too direct to be consistent with our ideas of propriety. But this was a beer garden, you know. Around him was life and gaiety in abundance. A five-piece orchestra was playing at one time the giddy Hungarian dances, at another the stately polacca of the Polish, and again the more conventional American quadrilles and lancers. Gaily dressed girls fitted to and fro pursued by the ardent young Polish fellows, many of whom had taken more beer than they could well carry. Here and there among the crowd stood barefoot women of goodly proportions, nursing a baby or two in their arms, enjoying the fun as much as the younger ones, and forgetting entirely the half dozen other little ones playing about their feet. But Yan was in scenes far different, both in place and kind.

Yes, there was the old village dancing floor in his native Poland. The orchestra was playing that same old polacca which this one was grinding out. Little Mary was leaning on his arm under the old tree, and together they were enjoying the pleasure of the others. Suddenly they are aware of a conversation which is being carried on behind them by two strangers. "Yes, I guess Yan Klodowski is one of them alright! But we can find him tomorrow. The Czar will have no more trouble with that hot-bed." They strain their ears in their endeavors to hear the remainder, but the two strangers move away and all they can hear is a disconnected — "Siberia"—

They have reached the turn in the road which brings them within sight of her little home. "It must be done, my dear one," he was saying in a broken voice. The hot tears were falling thick and fast on his hands as he tried to lift the fair little head

from his breast. "But listen my Sweetheart! America, you know, is Free! No exile there! No Siberia! No anything to disturb honest men! Homes are there for men who will work. I will go there, little one. I will build a home for thee! When it is ready I will send for thee!"

Now she was looking up into his eyes in trustful simplicity. "I trust thee, my Yan. It is best that thou shouldst go. I will not make it hard for thee. I know thou wilt be true to me. Thou wilt find me waiting—always waiting."

Now she was taking a little silver heart from her bosom. It was attached to a fine, closely woven chain of silver. "Thou rememberest old Anna, my teacher? She gave me this when I was a very little girl because I did my tasks well. I give it to thee. Wear it always next thy heart. It is a symbol of purity. I have loved it. Perhaps it may help thee."

One last lingering kiss and he was gone.

No, the village people couldn't have asked his little Mary any questions. Surely they must have understood.

That was five years ago. What had he to show for those five years of hard, unceasing work? Over on the hill was a little house, snug and comfortable. Around it was the garden he had planted and cared for after working hours. To be sure it was still in the saving fund, but he had steady work, and in one year more it would be his own. A month ago he had sent the money for Mary's passage across the water. In a few days she ought to land. And yet even at that thought his face was covered with gloom.

It was this way: Yan had sent Mary only enough money to pay her passage across. The rest he had laid aside for the little pleasure trip they would make from the sea to his home. Oh, what sweet dreams he had dreamed of the delights of that little trip! How his little Mary would open her eyes in innocent delight at the new and wonderful scenes as he would point them out to her!

But only a few evenings ago Andrew had come to him in great trouble. Andrew had been sick. Debts

had accumulated. The little home for which he had worked so hard these ten years was about to be sold, and his wife and little ones turned out.

The air castle of the pleasure trip arose in Yan's mind. Must it crumble? But ——. Two years ago he had been overpowered by the black damp in the mines, and Andrew at the risk of his own life had rushed in and dragged him out to safety.

It was done! The pleasure trip was forgotten. Next pay day was only three days distant. That would furnish him with money enough to go and bring Mary. He would explain about the pleasure trip. She wouldn't mind. The whole of his little pile was dumped into Andrew's hat and Andrew went on his way rejoicing.

But pay day didn't come in three days. The company postponed it a week. In the meantime little Mary would land and what was to become of her? Poor, weak little Mary alone in a great strange country and no money! Was it any wonder he felt and looked gloomy?

Nothing was to be done but to wait for pay day. There was one chance in ten that the vessel would be delayed, but try as he would he couldn't look on the bright side.

Oh how slowly those trains did crawl along! Would he never get there? And why wouldn't those policemen direct him in a way he could understand?

At last he was at the wharves. Yes, that vessel had landed two days ago. The immigration officials remembered a girl who answered to the description of Mary. She hadn't seemed to have any possessions except a little bundle of clothing and an old violin. Didn't know where she had gone.

He turned away broken-hearted. Visions arose of his poor little Mary in the clutches of those evil persons who lie in wait about the immigration offices to ensnare the innocent. Oh, the horror of it! Perhaps she was even now struggling in the arms of some brute and crying for her Yan to save her. The thought made him almost mad with agony. Distractedly he rushed about from street to street all

through the day and far into the night. When he was well nigh spent he found a cheap lodging place, but no sleep would come to his eyes. Sometimes he would doze a little but only to be wakened by the cries of his Mary ringing in his ears. Before daylight he was out again renewing the search, but no trace could he find throughout the morning.

At noon as he was standing disconsolate on a corner in the outskirts of the city his attention was attracted to a couple of little urchins who were talking about a girl with bright yellow hair and big sad eyes. "And say couldn't she play the violin just sumthin fine?" Eagerly he inquired of them. They had seen her that morning and had followed her a good ways "up that there road." And one of them had given her the penny his mother had given him to buy yeast.

Pressing a dollar into the little fellow's hand he rushed up the road. Hour after hour he walked through the hot, blazing sun, inquiring here and there at farm-houses. Sometimes he would take a wrong turn in the road and lose trace of her. And then he would have to go back a mile or so. At sundown he seemed no nearer to her than when he began.

At last he sat down under a tree near a cool, comfortable-looking farm-house. His weariness was so great that he was just about to fall asleep, when softly there fell upon his ears the twanging of violin strings as they were being tuned and then followed the opening strains of "Ah, I have sighed to rest me!"

Surely no violin but Mary's could sound like that! Up the broad steps onto the piazza he rushed. There was his little Mary, her heavy shoes and her skirts all covered with dust, her long yellow hair fallen partly over her shoulders, the tears standing in her eyes from the longings the music called up, playing for the simple country folk in the large airy sitting room.

A faint little cry broke from her lips, the old violin dropped from her hands and in another instant she was in the arms of her beloved Yan.

ON BEING INDISPOSED.

Some old English divine—I think it must have been Bishop Baxter—made a very fair estimate of human life when he said, “We are all poor creatures.” I admit that the hero of the modern novel—and especially of that new historical kind where so much villainy is run through the body—is a very Apollo of a man. To be sure he doesn't wear spectacles, nay, he never has even sore eyes, nor after lying three nights and days in a *fosse* is he ever troubled with that running at the nose which comes to common mortals as a reminder to buy overshoes.

He has lived inland up to that certain moment when he walks off with the distressed and charming young woman. He hails a wherry—always a wherry—and boards a stout little ship—always a *stout* little ship, too, for some reason, perhaps through the directions of the knowing old wherryman who wants to help the young pair—and that very evening the stout little ship drops quietly out to sea. The wonder of it is that the next morning and all the succeeding days the hero is up on the quarter-deck talking ways and means with the skipper, while the fair one stands beaming alongside and the rude, blustering wind kisses her rosy face and waves her long golden tresses over the hero's shoulder and out to leeward.

This thing always troubled me. Why is that young Joshua upon the quarter-deck smoking a long pipe with the skipper? Why, for the first week at any rate, can't he and the fair one be allowed to have their misery to themselves down below somewhere, with things set around convenient? Is a heroine's fortitude also extended to her stomach, that she can be banqueted so, and answer so daintily to those gallant toasts, instead of trifling diffidently now and then with a lemon and a small piece of zwieback?

These things always worried me. Long ago as I looked over the sides at the yeasty waves, I concluded that I was no hero and very little of a gentleman, to be so ill behaved and cause such trouble to the hard working deck-hands.

We are none of us heroes—with the exception, per-

haps, of physical directors of gymnasiums; no, as the good man has said, “We are all poor creatures.” We have snuffles—I mention this affection first, merely because of its proximity; having it myself, it is very near at hand—we have snuffles, and lumbago, and myopia, and measles, and mumps, and Russian influenza—and when you have caught this last you have caught a Tartar—and dyspepsia and rheumatism and granulated eyelids.

We always have something. The man who doesn't have something ready to jangle his nerves at the proper provocation, is a proud, unbearable hero. He'll step on your corns when he's in a hurry, just because he thinks a foot is a foot, and not an abiding place for sensitive callousities; he'll get jovial and over-affectionate sometimes, and fling his arm around your neck to the anguish of a boil clinging thereon for care and protection. He is an unsympathetic, uncharitable animal, an unnatural pet of Nature's, and I'm glad I don't meet him very often, and when I do meet him I wish in my pain that if he won't get something like a respectable person, he may fall out of window sometime, or have a cook-stove let down on his toe.

I remember plainly the time when I came into my heritage of the ills of the flesh. On this point, my eldest sister differs with me about the date. She says that the doctor had no sooner told my father that I was a fine, healthy boy, and departed, than I set up a howl as if I had been insulted, and from nothing but pure contrariness, kept the house in a continual uproar for years afterwards. But since I was present, and yet have no memory of it, that point will never be yielded by me.

I made my first acquaintance with bodily imperfection shortly after I made acquaintance with a one-eyed man; that is, a man with one real eye and one glass eye. As I afterwards learned, he was an ex-surgeon of the French army; a courteous gentleman, who had lost half his view of this world while tending some poor fellow on an Alsatian battle-field. He was a great friend of my father's, even before I became so.

I remember it was in the days of my first pair of breeches that I came into the parlor when my Cyclops was present. He winked at me so beautifully the first time, that I accepted it as a sign of mutual understanding, and when a stick of multicolored candy closed the overtures I was seated on his lap. As I was admiring his travel seared face, one feature caught my attention. His left eye was flashing away merrily, keeping time with his laughing lips, and every now and then looking sideways to mark the effect of a sally upon someone in the corner of the room; but that other optic glared steadfastly at my father, as if it were a trustworthy eye set to watch my parent, an untrustworthy person.

That right eye stood firm as the French at Sedan, Dr. de Raymond being among them; no winking; no looking out of corners or up at the chandelier. Perhaps there was some trick about it like snapping your fingers. I tried it myself; posted one eye to guard the door knob, and tried to look out of the window with the other. It couldn't be done. There was no reconciling the winker with its more inactive counterpart, so I pointed at the sentinel optic and cried out in all the glee of a discoverer, "Oh, look at 'is eye!"

That was the last of me. Kicking, I was straightway whisked out of the room, and put to bed by the servant, at the command of my father. I have since learned that this is the common way of receiving a discoverer: with misunderstanding and maltreatment.

But if there were any hurt done, the good doctor bore no resentment. He came for me later and took me in his trap out to his country villa, where I had everything to amuse me, and no one to smother my talent with the convenient damper of bedclothes. It did not take me long to find out that the doctor's gooseberries were well favored and good to eat. But I made too much of this discovery, and right there occurred my first indisposition, painfully remembered through all these years.

What curious quackery our ancestors took to, in their illness, is shown by a little, old book I have

by me, called "The English Physician Enlarged," printed about 1650. It is arranged as a sort of botany; curative herbs—and all plants seem to have been curative to the pharmacopoeia of that day—arranged alphabetically according to their vulgar names; finely drawn arguments sometimes over the stars they belong to, and under what constellations they must be picked. In my last affair with the influenza this little book, so comically serious and learned, gave me great amusement; I must serve up a few passages to you:

"Hawthorn. It is a tree of Mars. The Seeds in the Berries beaten to powder being drank in Wine, are held singular good for the Dropsy. The Seed, bruised and boiled in Wine and drank, is good for inward tormenting pains, to admiration. If Cloths and Sponges be wet in the distilled water, and applied to any place wherein Thorns and Splinters, or the like, do abide in the Flesh, it will notably draw them forth. And thus you see the Thorn gives a Medicine for his own Pricking, and so doth almost everything else!"

Of Hound's Tongue the astrologer remarks: *"Misaldus adds to this, that the leaves laid under the Feet will keep the Dogs from barking at you; Hound's Tongue, because it ties the Tongues of Hounds, whether it be true or not, I never tried; yet I cured the biting of a mad Dog with this only Medicine."*

On gathering: *"Such as are Artists in Astrology (and indeed none else are fit to make Physicians) such I advise: let the Planet that governs the Herb be Angular, and the stronger the better; if they can, in Herbs of Saturn, let Saturn be in the Ascendant, etc., let the Moon apply to them by good Aspect, and let her not be in the Houses of her Enemies!"*

By all appearances this old herbalist was of good standing in his day; by which I feel 'twere better to be sick now than in the days of Cromwell. What a trade the barber-chirurgeons used to ply with our grandfathers! Whatever ailed a man in those days, nothing would do but they must clap on a leech or tap a vein and steal some of the old gentleman's blood, under the notion that he always was too choleric.

I wonder if nowadays the youngsters have to undergo the ordeals of twenty years ago. Do you remember how we were treacled and sulphured after the manner of the redoubtable Mistress Squeers, only ever so kindly, and with a small sized spoon and with her finial rap over the head left out? How we were guarded until in desperation we drank the boneset, or shuddering swallowed that sickly senna-tea? Think of the scores of bitter pills shrouded in a guileless spoonful of jam, and slipped down unbeknown! Think of the hot, mustard foot-baths, with salt in 'em; of bread poultices on these soul-trying boils; of the burning linseed plasters on wheezy little chests; of goose grease and camphorated oil rubbed in diligently on winter nights! Don't you remember how the mother kept the lamp burning all night; how she shaded your bed, and kept the steam coming out into the room, and kissed the hot forehead when you awoke, and waited at your service; the dearest, kindest, humblest servant in the whole world?

Oh, yes, we all have our indispositions. Some of us have weak eyes, and some wear spectacles; some of us have glass eyes—one apiece like my doctor—and over some a film is drawing like a stealthy curtain. Half the time we are wheezing, sneezing around, with the flood-gates of the eyes open and noses stopped up. Half the winter through we express the negative with that pasty accent "Dough," like Barney—"Good bordig, Bister Fagid."

And so we go on. I say "Howdy do," and you answer "Howdy do," and we wheeze along glad that catarrh of the head isn't as bad as that of the stomach; we learn to bear one little infirmity with others; and, after all, it isn't such a bad thing for the world.

And so it is; to-morrow or sometime like that, you will be coming down the old street, getting ready that good old smile to greet me and the "Howdy do," and I won't be there. The dear mothers look after us as long as they can; and then the dear girls who have come to know our infirmities. We take our pills in jam, and send a few dollars and some flowers

to poor folk in the hospital. But at last, along comes old Pallor—old Pallor that we've been dodging so long—and gracefully he reaches out and lays us by the heels. And there is no more "Howdy do."

"Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets."

GILBERT PROWER SYMONS, '04.

ON COLLEGE TRAINING.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,

March 13th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Editor:

Reading recently Senator Hoar's Reminiscences, I was much struck with his estimation of the instruction received at Harvard University sixty years ago. Imperfect as were both its literary and scientific appliances he considers that the discipline and associations of that day imparted more real intellectual strength and manly character than is now attained amid all its abundant resources.

Thinking that it might interest the readers of the ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER and illustrate the value of not departing too far from the old standard college curriculum, I have copied its leading points for publication, if you think it advisable.

Very truly yours,

WM. W. OLSSSEN.

SENATOR HOAR ON COLLEGE TRAINING.

I do not think Harvard College had changed very much when I entered it on my sixteenth birthday in the year 1843, either in manner, character of students or teachers or the course of instruction for nearly a century. There were some elementary lectures and recitations in astronomy and mechanics. There was a short course of lectures on chemistry accompanied by exhibiting a few experiments. But the students had no opportunities for laboratory work. The substance of the instruction consisted in learning to translate rather easy Latin and Greek, writing Latin,

and courses in algebra and geometry not very far advanced.

There was nothing in the teaching of Latin or Greek to inspire the student with any love of Greek or Latin literature. The Professor never pointed out its beauties or illustrated the text in any way. The students in succession were called upon to construe a few lines, reading one or more Greek words and then giving their English equivalents. I had four or five persons in my class who became afterward eminent classical scholars. I do not believe that when we graduated there were more than four men in the class who could write a decent Latin sentence without the laborious use of grammar and dictionary. Yet somehow the graduates of Harvard got a good intellectual training from the University. The rough country boy if he had it in him came out at his graduation a gentleman in behavior and in character. He was able to take hold of life with great vigor. Not more than three years were spent in studying a profession. But the graduates of Harvard College and Harvard Law School were apt to take quite rapidly the high places of the profession. That was true then much more than it is now.

It will not do to say in answer to this that it takes a greater man in this generation to fill such a place than it took in other days. That is not true. The men of those generations have left their work behind them. It does not suffer in comparison with that of their successors. There was something in the college training of that day, imperfect as were its instruments and slender as were its resources, from which more intellectual strength in the pupil was begotten than there is in the college training of the present generation. I will not undertake to account for it. But I think it was due to the personality of the instructors.



A LITTLE BIT OF "JOGRAPHY."

Some ninety-odd hundred miles from New York City along the old Fortieth Parallel is Korea—spelled with a K—"The Hermit Land," "The Land of Morning Calm." Korea isn't much of a place, nor has it been for the last five thousand years. If it was before that remote date we shall never know it, for its history referring to that time is rather evanescent and untrustworthy.

However, at present Korea is attracting a great deal of valuable attention. It is much the same with a penny. A penny is a small thing; but you give a baby a coin of that stamp, and his greedy, grown cousin comes along and tries to scare that baby into dropping that penny, whereupon, the infant deposits his treasure into his only pocket, the precious tummy which nature gave him; and lo and behold that penny has risen in prominence above all its copper-colored brethren—and more than one person will stop in his search for dollar gold-pieces to find out something about that remarkable penny. "It is up? It is down? It is still there? *Where* is that penny?" That's the question.

It is the same way with Korea. "Where is this Korea?" people ask. The amount of geographical knowledge clinging to us still from the time when in country school we disappeared behind that wall of an atlas, is very small and not very helpful in this crisis, made up as it is of great generalities—which no one could forget even if he wanted to—and of capriciously inconsequent pictures of coal barges on the Ohio River; African pigmies shooting with the blow gun; the World's five Zones with nothing in the "Artick"—we had'nt grown to saying "arck-tick" in those days—to pretty nearly everything wild and terrible, such as "Hellafunce, tigers, jagyuars, hitta-possuses and gerillas, in the Torrid.

All that we can say is that this Korea in our time, sir, began with a C, sir, and was somewhere out around Chiny or Borneo or some such deestrick.

So we'll have to get down the old atlas—bless its

tattered and becrayoned leaves!—and these new magazines, and figure it all out afresh. Yes here it is: some ninety hundred miles due west of New York City. It isn't hard to get a picture of it in one's mind. Just shut your eyes, and push the United States up north until Jacksonville is where New York City ought to be. Then we have it. Korea is a peninsula just of the general shape and direction of Florida, only a fourth larger. Instead of the Atlantic Ocean read the Pacific; instead of the Gulf of Mexico read the Yellow Sea; for New Orleans put Port Arthur; magnify the Bahamas ten times into two big islands and call them Hondo and Yezo, or Japan; for Tampa put Chemulpo with Seoul the Capital a few miles inland; call Georgia Manchuria and Savannah Vladivostock, and there you have it all pricked out before you.

Korea is not altogether like Florida. It is really worth twenty to Florida's one. Instead of a Dismal Swamp and Okegeechee morasses it has a back-bone of moderate mountains whence flow streams in every direction watering the fertile soil and draining well the land. The soil in addition to being fertile of itself is also tilled, bringing forth, as my magazine tells me, rice, barley, millet, wheat, sorghum beans, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, tobacco, cotton, apples, pears and small fruits; beside which, such creatures as cattle, chickens, geese, ducks, pigs and horses thrive, "but no goats or sheep." Quite an appetizing list! Really my mouth watered as I copied it, for all that excluding mention of mutton.

My writer's description of the people is quite attractive. If I were in the missionary line I would feel quite drawn to the Koreans. In general they are "robust, amiable, industrious, pleasure loving, and given rather to the arts of peace than to the ardors of war."—Good point that last.—"They are agricultural rather than commercial"—better still. "They are kindly and generous"—best of all. "They have no national religion and never have had. Confucianism, so far as regards the worship of ancestors, the reverence for parents and the dignity of family, has a

stronger hold than any other religion." The average Korean is a big, generous-minded, good hearted and half-naked athlete, who has fallen into the way of letting the world use him just about as it likes. Apathy in his disease: he doesn't give a continental for anything, so long as he gets something to eat now and then. The Korean is not Chinese, and he is not Japanese. His stock runs back through the best of the Mongolian line, and, little as he knows it, he has better brains, heart and body than either the fat Chinese or the wiry Jap. All he lacks is nerve. But nerve is a bad thing to be short of.

If the Koreans ever had much nerve they lost the most respectable part of it about three centuries ago. Just about the time when the haughty Spaniards were making grand preparations to disembark from their Invincible Armada upon the shores of England, the Japanese were up to very much the same caper with Korea for a landing place, and this difference: their preparations were certainly not grand, and their behavior can scarcely be called haughty. The Japs of that time were an insignificant, hungry, numerous and very active little people. And one year, every man Jap of them that could spare time, piled into the family skiff, and bobbed away across the Japan Strait, and up on to the Korean shores and all over the Korean land before the deliberate and good-natured inhabitants could say Jack Robinson, if they use such an expression.

Then there was bloody work! As most modest and well-meaning people always do, the poor Koreans got the worst of it; and as is to be expected, the Japanese got the best of it; money, idols, precious stones, fabrics of gold and silk and silver. They just took their pick, which included a number of the most charming women and every skilled workman they could lay hands on.

When the Japanese left Korea, they didn't leave much. They couldn't very well take the soil, or the babies and old women, and so, after a while, as was natural, the country grew up again. But it wasn't the same Korea. The best of everything was gone,

yes, and the second best with it. The people, as historians put it, had relapsed into a state of involuntary atavism; which means that the Japs had pushed them back several centuries. Then just when they had got a fair start, the Mongols from Manchuria took it into their heads to come down and see how the Koreans were getting along. Evidently the visitors were displeased, for they cut up something awful and only departed when the Koreans acknowledged that it was like old Japanese times once more.

And so it has gone on. Korea has been like a small child strayed into a tough neighborhood—surrounded, picked at from all sides, discomfited. Her products, her wealth, her good blood, her ideas, her craftsmen have from time to time been systematically filched from her. The reigning power is an absolute monarch who looks to his vassal lords for frequent and considerable tribute. They in turn squeeze their stewards, who, to make up for that painful treatment, take it out of the poor farmer and the coolie, the workman and the pedlar. If a man prospers he is really making trouble for himself, for the authorities are only waiting—as for a ripe lemon—to pluck him.

Small wonder, then, that industry does not thrive and enterprise lies languid. The way to get fine blades of grass is to run a mower over your lawn every day. Soon those blades will be microscopic and four-leaf clovers harder to find than hairs on a frog. So it is with the Korean. He practices minimums. The less he has, the less people will pick on him. The more he leaves to nature, the less responsible is he. Small wonder that he is so wretched; great wonder that he is so happy and strong and brainy and good natured. "You can't get blood out of a turnip"—nor as they say in Devonshire—"a shirt off a naked man." This is the poor Korean's philosophy, and, thus secure, he lives out his slim and colorless existence.

Korea has lain for years, spoiling between China and Japan. Eight years ago Japan conclusively won the right to possess it. But no, the powers had to interfere, until now the far-traveled Russian arro-

gantly claims both that choice bit of China, Manchuria, and a half sovereignty over Korea. Japan is a little country, crowded to the limit with people of great colonizing power. Half deserted, neglected Korea is its natural outlet. It must have Korea or stop growing—and to stop growing is to perish. Ethnologically Japan will be the salvation of all that in Korea is worth saving. It is Japan's duty to take up that work. Then the arts and crafts which she has borrowed and imitated will thrive on their native soil, and the fertile earth will once more rejoice in abundance to nourish a people whose worthy weaknesses shall be redeemed by the fostering care of a sister nation.

But Russia in Korea is economically a world mistake; she has no right there either by reason, law, or the promise of the future.

DISJUNCT PROWLER, '04.



"SEND ME."

"Whom shall I send," the Master saith
 "And who will go for us?"
 The Harvest's ripe, the Laborers few;
 How can we tarry thus?

Lord, teach us when we hear Thy call
 To give ourselves to Thee;
 And, leaving all we love behind,
 Say, "Here am I, send me."

BRINCKERHOFF, '05.

EDITORIAL.

On March 13th, the term of office of R. E. Browning '04 as Business Manager of the MESSENGER expired and L. W. Smith, '05, was elected to the position. In Mr. Browning the MESSENGER has had a manager possessed not only of ability but also of willingness to work. The way in which he has conducted the business of the MESSENGER should justly be a source of pride both to himself and to the whole college body. From a financial point of view the MESSENGER has been an entire success this year. When Mr. Browning assumed his managership the MESSENGER had a small debt against her but by attending strictly to business and taking advantage of every opportunity he has handed over his accounts to his successor with a comfortable balance on the right side of the ledger. The office of Business Manager of the MESSENGER is no sinecure, but it requires a great deal of hard, energetic work to make both ends meet. There's more truth than fiction in the statement of one of our Alumni who said, "The Business Manager has the hardest and the most thankless job the college gives any of her undergraduates."

Truly the work of Mr. Browning is very encouraging, and the Editors congratulate him as one of the best managers the MESSENGER has ever had. We wish Mr. Smith all success and hope he will profit by the example of his predecessor and run things on the same up-to-date plan.

This is a miserable time to get out an edition of our paper, I use that word *miserable* advisedly. It's this way: Our Easter vacation began Tuesday, March 29th, at noon and lasts until Monday, April 11th and that's why I say this is a *miserable* time to edit a MESSENGER. By our contract with the printer we must have all our material in his hands by the first of each month if we wish the paper to come out promptly on the fifteenth, so that makes us edit this number during a vacation and that truly is miserable. We could even rightly use that poor overworked, wornout and

abused word *awful*. Every fellow who has ever attended college—I'm in no writing form to-day, just spelled college with a "k"—knows what an almost impossible thing it is to do any work during vacation time. Nearly every vacation since I've been here I've taken books home intending to do a certain amount of hard study before returning but every time I brought them back to do the work at college. As a general thing the books were never opened from the time they left college until they returned and once were so completely forgotten that I came back without them. Yes, it's under these discouraging conditions that we are "getting out" this number, so, my dear reader, make allowances. I suppose some of you will say, why didn't you have it all written before the vacation began. That's easily explained. The Profs. wouldn't let us. I don't mean to say that they issued an edict forbidding us, no, they use more powerful agencies. The faculty believe in making us appreciate vacations. Perhaps there was a time once when S. Stephen's men did not know how to appreciate them but that time has passed and is buried with the past. How do the Profs. do it? Just this way. Just before each vacation every Prof. gives each of his classes a quizz or else assigns some heart-breaking subject for a long theme to be handed in before vacation begins. Everything comes in a bunch; "the more the merrier" is their motto. That's why we did not get this number edited before the Easter recess began, and are wishing we did not have to do so now. It's a mighty hard thing to write readable matter when your brain is all tangled up and bemuddled with philosophical themes and quizzes of every description, but worst of all is the thought that now by rights you should be home with your own people having a good time. These conditions surely are not conducive to able editing.

There has been considerable discussion lately among the students concerning what would happen in case a bad fire should break out in the new buildings. Our means of fighting a fire are very limited

and there are practically no ways of escape for the students living on the third floor. It has been shown that the third floor men would be hopelessly imprisoned if a fire should rage in the hallways. The matter has been thoroughly agitated and propositions have been advanced for the procuring of all kinds of fire-escape appliances, etc. Its a good thing—keep up the agitation. It can't do any harm and it may do some good, but don't pity the third floor men too much; in many respects they merit your envy more than your pity. Their rooms are not catchalls, club or smoking rooms, and when a third floor man wants to sleep he can do so without fear of the men above him turning his room into a sounding box. If you room on the third floor you have fewer callers to be sure but you can feel sure that they are the real articles and not simply droppers-in to spend a few minutes because they have no other place to go. But now look at the first floor men. Their rooms are veritable omnibuses; they catch every thing from text books, caps and gowns to baseball bats and gloves, tennis rackets and superfluous articles of clothing. Yes, they are ideal dumping grounds, and its marvelous how much they can hold. When the fellows have a few moments to waste they drop in one of the ground floor rooms. In fact they often become mere club rooms with the occupants as janitors. There is very seldom a moment in the day or early part of night but that some student has time to loaf and he generally loafs in a first floor room because he is sure of finding company. The men on the first floor aren't supposed to study; they entertain and search out your belongings from the rubbish pile when you call for them. Yes, its next thing to impossible for a man rooming on the ground floor to be a "good fellow" and keep a respectable looking room or be a good student. The second floor? They are only medium—just fair receptacles for the extra things which can not be piled into the rooms below. They are on the fence, so to speak, between the good and the bad; neither hot nor cold and therefore not worth talking about.

Top floor rooms may be dangerous in case of fire but their good qualities by far overbalance that one point brought against them.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'01. J. Paul Graham, Professor of Latin and Greek in East Liberty Academy, Pittsburg, Pa., mailed a hastily-written, ink-bespattered note to his brother-in-law, J. G. Hargrave, '06, the other day. Such a letter from a man so well known for his steady nerve and easy-going philosophical disposition created quite a disturbance in Hargrave's mind, until he came to the cause of the excitement evidenced by the appearance of the letter.—Miss Mary Alice Graham has been born into the world. We welcome you, Miss Mary, another daughter to the world and to S. Stephen's.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—Dr. Hopson visited about fifteen different clergy during the Easter recess.

—Special services were held during Holy Week in the Chapel, the Warden officiating.

—A big freshman—or a fresh bigman—has been around trying to wrestle with the upper classmen. Says he's getting ready for the wrestling match.

—Have you heard about Uncle Joe—*Uncle Joe Hargrave*? No! Well, read the alumni notes till you come to the one about "Bill" Graham. That will explain all.

—There is some talk and much excitement about the coming spring baseball games between the upper and lower classes. Deep feeling underlies the few light remarks made on both sides.

—Last year's business manager has gone out. Another has taken his place. We hope he will have as good success as did the last. We need to say nothing further here about it, as it is taken up among the editorials.

—Last month we spoke of the light in the Warden's and the pleasant thoughts it gave us, etc. This month we shall get even more pleasure. The pleasure of retrospection is very great. We have been over to dinner, you know. We see more light now than we used to.

—The other day we overheard Mr. Hicks—long Hicks—complain of having a pain in his toe. We are wondering when he could have had the particular pain which he then felt. Sensations only pass at the rate of ninety feet per second. We learned that last term in our psychology.

—The Missionary study class is about to adopt a new time of meeting and intends to go into the study of missions more extensively than ever before. One of the members recently gave a very glowing account of the address of Bishop Kinsolving, of Brazil, in St. Paul's church, Po'keepsie.

—Boys! look out for the milk. Don't drink too much. We understand that one of the milkman's cows has been sick and that he has fed her over five dollars' worth of gin. Of course, we don't suppose you get any of that milk, but if you ever do, it may go hard with you. You know the rule here about drinking.

—On Palm Sunday, the Warden gave a short address of welcome to the congregation present at the morning service, and said, in brief, that the deed of gift by which the chapel belonged to the college, expressly stated that what we know as "the chapel" is in reality the "Church of the Holy Innocents" and that the people in the vicinity had not only the privilege of receiving but the right to *demand* all the sacraments of the church from baptism to burial, at the hands of the Warden of the college or the priest in charge of the chapel.

—We understand there is to be a leap-year dance at Red Hook. Maybe every one doesn't appreciate this fact as much as he ought, for be it known, that, whether intentional or not, the date is so fixed that those intending to go simply have to get back to college when the recess closes. Now this is an important fact, for hitherto the fellows have come back whenever they seemed so inclined. We think the faculty of S. S. owe the young ladies of Red Hook a vote of thanks for the measures they have taken to get the men back on time.

—This is the season of the year when we begin to talk about spring fever. And why shouldn't we? That unknown something already has us in its clutches. At times a delightful *ennui*, if I may be allowed to use such a worn-out word, takes hold of the men and then again a sudden onset of superfluous energy has to be worked off by playing such childish games as "duck-on-the-rock," or "buck-buck-how-many-horns-are-up," or else by climbing in and out of three story windows and all over the roof. But it does one good, anyway, this spring fever, and it evidences this fact: A new year is here, new blood flows in our veins, and the college is alive one more.



EXCHANGES.

Well, the Vernal Equinox is past again, a good seven days now. The ancient rustic who gave me a lift to-day said through that horny old beak of his: "B'y, b'y, she's been a haard winter, a haard winter; but she's breakin', she's breakin'." Yes, yes, my rustic is right. As I have been sitting here a sunbeam has stolen up to me and now is leaning over my shoulder, warm and tender, like a sweetheart; through the open window comes the sound of Phœbe singing "do-oo-lah, do-oo-lah;" and beyond her with a breath from the river sounds the old-time "thurr-ruh-ruh" of steamboat paddles. My pockets are full of sweet

birch and "slippery ellow," tribute from my landlord's young woodchuck of a son. Across there on my mantel I see the fat back of a dear old book, wherein on a certain page there reads—I can see it now: "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote"—ah, yes, then it will be spring. It is already here. A thousand new charms; new light, new warmth, new strength, new hope; surcease from a score of troubles—this is Spring.

What wonder that the dear season has so large a place in literature, since she has so large a place in our hearts! And yet, somehow or other, it is quite the fashion nowadays to be ready to jeer and ridicule the poetry of Spring at its first approach. I believe that the joke writers of the comic weeklies and the city newspapers are to blame for the existence of this tendency. Scepticism and satire now and then is a healthful reagent; but we are saturated with it. Every barber shop, waiting room and library is over supplied with these tawdry partisan sheets, filled with fat wit and unmerited bitterness. The man who takes his fill of them soon loses appetite for poetry and romance. Dickens could caricature and Thackeray satirize, but they worked, like true surgeons, for the sake of humanity. These barber shop sheets of ours are crude, wanton butchers.

And so we are ready to welcome Spring poetry with every other sign of that season. All these things which touch me so gently to-day are but the appeal of Nature to what poetry there is in my soul; just as these common, yellow crocuses are the response to "shoures soote" and "the yonge sonne." To be sure, most Spring poems are common, ineffectual attempts—which only reminds me that though I find only one painted orchid for every acre of common dandelions and crocuses, yet I look gladly down upon these cheerful, common things and call them welcome. Let the Spring poet sprout; he's worthier than his smart critic, the penny-a-liner joke-smith. The common Spring poem is not a poem at all in form, but it is a poem in intent. In this age we cannot afford to smother tendencies toward Art. If

one man in ten of us on this lovely day was prompted to express his joy and was unashamed of that emotion we would not be mourning the lack of Tennysons and Bryants to sing for us. I believe we owe Shakspeare, in a great part, to his unabashed, Nature-loving audience. If Sweet William lived in our times we'd drive him to writing limericks and librettos for ballet-girl operettas.

When the exchanges have been reviewed it is usual for them to be filed in the library; but the *Vassar Miscellany* for March will linger in my book shelf unless I get an extra copy. I want it as a sample of the abilities of the American college girl. To be sure, this number cost \$120 in prizes; but then, good work is good work, no matter what its compensation may be. The Board of the *Miscellany* is trying hard to raise the standard of its charge. The Board is succeeding remarkably well. If the *Miscellany* keeps up to the grade of the March issue it ought to achieve more than intercollegiate fame. The names of some of its contributors ought to show up as "literary" in a decade or so. But then, a decade or so works wonders, especially with ladies' names.

"The Song of the Winds" is as fine a piece of descriptive verse as I have ever read in a magazine. One is almost startled to find such merit in a college paper. "The Song of the Winds" is the outcome of close observation, and a happy sense of the suggestiveness of word sounds—such ability as Shelley and Tennyson and Poe exemplified in their songs. The reading or declamation of this poem by a sympathetic voice will only heighten its beauty. Likewise the rest of the verse is very worthy of mention: "A Hymn for Easter," an ode breathing a rare spirit of devotion and joy; and a "Serenade," songlike and tender. We would like to reprint them, all three. Little faults show up, here and there, signs of youth and inexperience, but who cares for that. For instance, Miss Lucy Dickinson, Special—who has also contributed a clever character sketch, "The Colonel's One Defeat"—says in one place:

"No other ever shone in radiance so—but *He*."

However, Mrs. Hemans asserts in "Casabianca" that the Boy stayed on that famous old Deck,

"Whence all but *he* had fled."

Perhaps it's poetic license, who knows?

The Mount Holyoke has a pretty little story called "The Falling Out That All the More Endears," based on the parallels of life. I am glad to see how that more and more children and their ways are entering into literature. Some critics are howling already that the child in literature is becoming a craze, and will soon be spanked and sent out of it again. Let us hope not. Children, graces and disgraces that they are, figure no trifling part in life; they ought to have their share in literature. Ignatius Scannell of the *Xavier*—who by the way seems to be the heavy man of that journal—treats the baby brother very realistically in "The Instrumentality of Donald." "Marion's Muff" in the same paper is a very purile effusion—the kind that ought to be turned down—the kind where a silly high school girl falls in love with a sillier high school boy without rhyme or reason, except some such helpless machine as a muff. Love is a great thing, but at the hands of the high school Adonis—! I once came across a book of Flaxman's Outlines, wherein some Miss had decked out every blessed hero and goddess with harlequin suits of water color. Poor Flaxman. Hector looked like Thersites and Thersites like the very Old Nick himself!

It is good to see the *Williams Lit.* again. "The Blessed Isles," a poem in blank, heroic verse, is a true college effort. Touches here and there show acquaintance with classic models. The theme, a Greek Columbus, is a very pleasing fancy. "The Hilda Handicap" is a rather clever society story, reminiscent of Conan Doyle, where there is much ingenious machinery and hardly any flesh and blood humanity. The article headed "Ideal and Common-place" is very practical, treating of the compromise which the same man must make in life.

The Bowdoin Quill has come up several notches since last time. "Margherita" is true enough to life—a story of the tourist widow, who, like the maiden in the "Blue Alsatian Mountains," will have to wait and watch a long, long time before that precious tourist will put in an appearance again. The verse entitled "From Goethe's Heidenroeslein" is a case of misdirected energy. It is altogether inadequate. The translator did not hit it off very happily when he settled upon

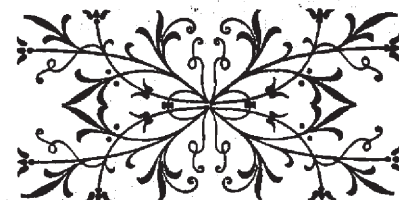
"Nestling on the heath"

as a parallel for

"Roeslein auf der Heiden."

If he was so hard up for a feminine ending, why didn't he say, "Nestling on the heather," or "On the heather nestling?" But then Mark Twain has collected valuable information for translators of German ballads. See appendix B in "Tramps Abroad."

The Queens University Journal of late has fallen into the painful habit of growing facetious at the expense of the dignity of the Scriptures. It is considered hardly in good taste and lawful to borrow the peculiar style of the prophetic books with which to dress up a bit of nonsense. For divinity students to offend in this way is still worse.



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