

TRIED TO SIT HIM OUT

One of Mac Jones's Stories of Experiences With College Boys.

ALL OF THEM LEFT BUT ONE.

This "Jasper" Who Turned Out to Be a Country Cousin Lingered for the Night, and the Disappointed Lover Left in Disgust.

One of the best stories that Mac Jones tells in his recitals relates an experience that most young men will fully appreciate. Here is how it runs:

Everybody knows that there has ever existed between the theological students of Richmond College and the every-day, ordinary young men of Richmond a peculiar estrangement which is as unaccountable as it is unexplainable. If the college lads are playing ball with visitors, the Richmond boys will cheer most loudly for the visitors, and in other ways show their lack of cordiality toward the collegians.

Now, this feeling of coolness or jealousy caused me to be placed in a rather awkward and embarrassing position once, and, as the joke was upon me I think that the relating of it will cause no one to feel badly but myself.

I was at the time of this episode very much smitten with the charms of a certain charming young lady who resided near the college—at least, I imagined I was, which answered the same purpose. But, as attractive a young lady, in such



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close proximity to the college, like a magnet applied to the steel, drew dozens of collegiate admirers to her feet. This was a very unwelcome state of affairs to me, as it was the cause of my never finding the young lady alone, and, therefore, of my never having the much-longed-for opportunity of unburdening my love-laden soul unto her. These constant intrusions (as I called them of these ministerial fledglings, engendered the most bitter feelings of my life against my "lovers" rivals, until, at last, I determined to sit them out some evening, and tell my tale of woe.

The pretexts evening arrived, and, doming my best raiment, with an extra twist to my suburbs—which the short red-moustache, I sallied forth. With nervous step I approached the parental mansion of my lady love. When I entered, a fate seemed against me, and, there, sitting in their usual prim and awkward manner, were no less than six of "my friends" from the college. I made my best bow, and took the only vacant seat amongst the party left, at 10 o'clock, and, there, I knew they always left by a protracted plan. I was not disappointed, for, one by one, they all left, and, at a quarter of 11 they had all gone, except one; but, as bad luck would have it, this one sat like a fixture, seldom moving, and more rarely speaking, and so he had sat throughout the evening. I can see him now, sitting there in the chair next to his sweet girl, with his great red hands crossed serenely in his lap, with his huge feet stuck awkwardly out before him. His name was Scrub, and a more fitting cognomen I had never known. His long, yellow hair looked as if it were brushed with pomade, and his bushy brows and short and bristling moustache seemed shrunken; his eyes were dull, and his big mouth seemed constantly in a yawn—in short, he was utterly repulsive to me then, and even now, when time has lent its softening effects, his memory arises before me like some hideous nightmare.

Oh, how I hated that fellow! But I might have hated any other emotion that I might feel seemed alike indifferent to him. I talked as I never talked before; I made jokes, tried to draw him into the conversation—but all to no purpose. With an occasional "Y-es" or "N-o" and innumerable yawns, he still sat. I ignored him, and talked to the young lady—even attempted some little sentiment, but sentiment with that individual gaping at one proved flat indeed.

As the time had gone so slowly before, it seemed to me too quickly now, and it hardly seemed five minutes from the time the other collegians had left before the soft-footed French clock chimed out the hour of midnight. When would the lily of yore could he see I wanted to have a word with the young lady? To clap the climax to the French clock chimed out the hour of midnight, and I detected her twice suppressing a yawn. I moved closer to her, became more animated in my conversation—to use a slang phrase, "I talked a blue streak," but very few remarks did I get from either of my auditors. I hated for the young man to go, and he only smiled. I asked him if they had regulations at the college specifying when the students should seek their dormitories, but he only looked at me in a puzzled manner and relaxed into his former vacant stare without a word. How I would have liked to have thrown him from the window, but at that time I was tall and well muscled that was an impossibility to so slight a specimen of manhood as myself. But I'd sit him out if it took till morning, and as I glanced at the clock it pointed to past one, and simultaneously I heard mysterious rappings from above. The young lady appeared frightened and half rose. Ten minutes passed, and when I heard the sound of footsteps descending the stairs I bethought myself that discretion was the better part of valor, and grabbing my hat and buckhorn stick, I said "Good night," and with a ceremony stepped through the open French window to the veranda and quickly making my way to the street I awaited the ejection of my rival, the hated ministerial upon the parental boot. A great wave of joy surged through my heart as I pictured the ignominious scene to be acted in a few seconds. But again I was doomed to disappointment; for truth I had reckoned without my host. Upon the whole house was in darkness and no one appeared, and my rival remained inside. Merciful heavens! what could it mean? I slowly wandered home to a sleepless couch in a

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The central figure in "Villon, the Vagabond," Otis Skinner's new play, was one of the greatest poets and the greatest black-guard of the sixteenth century. His best poetry was written in prison, and his life was in a state of beastly intoxication. The acting opportunities of such a role can be imagined, and it is said Mr. Skinner takes full advantage of them.

The publication of Odette Tyler's novel, "Boas," has been so successful that the publishers have requested her to give them another book. Her next novel, which will be issued in June, is to be entitled, "The Sign of the Cross."

Frank L. Perley has just received the libretto of Millocker's new comic opera, "The Trial Kiss," which has achieved a great success abroad. If the book is as good as the music the work will be produced by the Bostonians.

THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR.

Evidence That the Proceedings Occurred in the Hall of the House.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Your issue of February 22 contains a very interesting article on the trial of Aaron Burr. The author (G. C. W.) uses the following language: "The trial is said to have occurred in a big frame structure, located at the southwest corner of Broad and Ninth streets."

"SITTING OUT STUDENTS, WERE YOU?"

valor, and grabbing my hat and buckhorn stick, I said "Good night," and with a ceremony stepped through the open French window to the veranda and quickly making my way to the street I awaited the ejection of my rival, the hated ministerial upon the parental boot. A great wave of joy surged through my heart as I pictured the ignominious scene to be acted in a few seconds. But again I was doomed to disappointment; for truth I had reckoned without my host. Upon the whole house was in darkness and no one appeared, and my rival remained inside. Merciful heavens! what could it mean? I slowly wandered home to a sleepless couch in a

remote part of the city. I couldn't understand it at all. I was very much upset, and to make matters worse I received a note the next morning from the young lady's father demanding an explanation of my unseemly conduct. I couldn't see my way out of the matter, but at last summoning the courage I went down to his office and frankly told the whole tale (except, of course, my passion for his daughter) and instead of receiving the harsh words I had expected, my story was greeted with a loud laugh. "Why bless you," said the old man, "but this is rich," and he laughed a loud hal ha! "Setting out students, were you? Why Scrub is my nephew from Buckingham, and the ministerial called to see me and the poor fellow, thinking you were a schoolmate of his friends, thought he had to sit up with you and entertain you."

And amid a roar of laughter I quietly left him, vowing never more to attempt to sit out a "Jasper."

ADA REHAN HERE THIS WEEK.

One Night Only in "Taming of the Shrew"—Seabrooke in Comedy.

At last we are to have a glimpse of Ada Rehan and the celebrated Augustin Daly Comedy Company, which has for so many years held captive the theatregoers of the eastern metropolis. She will be seen here Friday evening next at the Academy of Music, in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Her Katherine is acknowledged by the best critics of two continents to be a great personation. Brilliant as Miss Rehan is in modern comedy, she has been in the character of the poetic and charming heroine of the pleasing and fanciful Shakespearean comedies, it is generally acknowledged by her reviewers that in none of them does she reach a loftier height of dramatic artistic achievement than that which she attains in the role of Katherine. Here the full power, the most effective force, and the brilliancy of her genius are made manifest. However critics may have differed as to the

artistic relative values of her other impersonations, there has been but one verdict, of the merits of her work in this trying role.

In representing the dainty Viola and gentle Rosalind Miss Rehan's abilities are somewhat confined to sweet sentiment and a gentle touch of fancy; but as Katherine bursts these bounds, and in a whirlwind of feeling and passion discloses dramatic possibilities simply heretofore suggested. The poet of Stratford nursed an eccentric humor when he furnished his character. By one touch of genius he created the prototype of the one who would not be won, but by sonnets of the romantic swain, but by the strong and aggressive nature that fights its way to victory and commands respect. It is a splendid creature, rather haughty, and contemptuous than shrewish—dispirited, but not the vixen, and, above all, a woman to be won before she can be wooed. Miss Rehan will be supported by Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Charles Richmond, and, in fact, most of the