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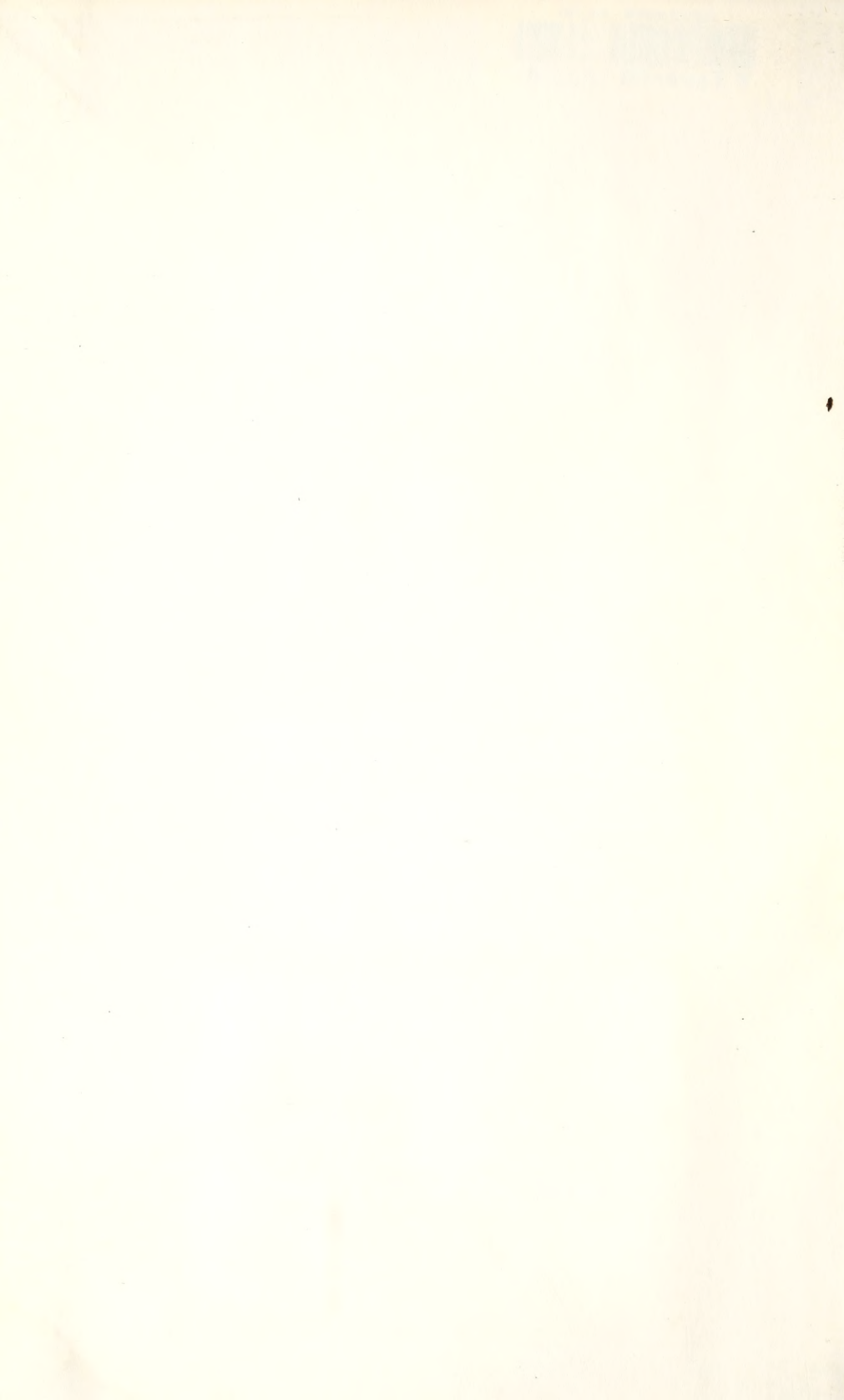
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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER



Published by the Students of Millsaps College

# SHURLDS

We shall again soon miss the bright faces of the Millsaps College boys; but before you leave us for your vacation, we wish to extend to you our heart felt thanks for your liberal patronage during the present session; though, while you are away enjoying your summer recreation, should you need a box of Lowney's or Allegretti's candies, do not hesitate to send us your mail orders, for they shall receive our personal attention.

Wishing you a most pleasant vacation, we remain,

xxxx

213 South State St. ❁ ❁

SHURLDS

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

VOLUME 3

JUNE, 1900

NUMBER 2

Published by the Students of Millsaps College

E. H. GALLOWAY	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
R. B. RICKETTS	- - - - -	(B. S. '98) Alumni Editor
S. L. BURWELL	- - - - -	Literary Editor
G. R. BENNET	- - - - -	Y. M. C. A. Editor
T. W. HOLLOMAN	- - - - -	Exchange Editor
C. N. GUICE	- - - - -	Local Editor

R. T. LIDDELL, Business Manager  
H. G. FRIDGE and L. F. MAGRUDER, Assistants.

*All remittances should be sent to R. T. Liddell, Business Manager also all orders for subscriptions, extra copies, or any other business communication. All matter designed for publication should be addressed to E. H. Galloway, Editor-in-Chief.*

*Issued the Fifth of each month during the College year.*

*Subscription per annum, \$1 Two Copies, per annum, \$1.50*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

In this issue of the Collegian, which is the last, allow us to urge the students to give more aid to the next editors of the Magazine than this year. The publication is for the students and the matter which it contains should be contributed largely by them. Next session let the students help the editors out.

\* \* \*

Millsaps scored a great victory when we carried off the State Oratorical medal at Vicksburg on the eleventh of last month. Mr. J. B. Mitchell, the winner of the handsome medal, received one of the highest grades on his manuscript of any speaker that has ever entered the contest. He has always taken a high stand in his classes, and has been an active member of his literary society. He is a loyal member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Millsaps should be justly proud of this honor.

122148

MILLSAPS WILSON LIBRARY  
MILLSAPS COLLEGE

With the founder of our College, Maj. R. W. Millsaps, strongly in favor of inter-collegiate games there is no reason to doubt that the Board of Trustees will grant the students the privilege of enjoying these sports next session. The majority of the trustees are in favor of granting this privilege and we are in hopes that they will take some decided action in the matter.

\* \* \*

The department of Mathematics of Millsaps College gratefully acknowledges a gift of seventeen dollars from Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss. This, and like gifts of his to the other science departments, amounting, during this session to \$100 and perhaps more, indicate how great is the desire on his part to see these departments well equipped and thoroughly efficient. Such generosity and enthusiasm encourage us to hope for a bright future in our science work.

---

### CLIPPINGS.

They met by chance.  
 No word was spoken when they met,  
 By either sad—or gay—  
 And yet one badly smitten was;  
 Thus they remarked next day.

They met by chance this autumn eve  
 With neither glance or bow.

They often come together so—  
 A freight train and a cow.

---

A little kiss,  
 A little Miss,  
 A little bliss,  
 A wedding—that's splendid.  
 A little jaw,  
 A little law,  
 Back home to Ma,  
 And lo! the trouble's ended.

—Ex.



   LOCAL DEPARTMENT   

T. E. Marshall spent a few days last week in Madison.

Final examinations have come and gone. What did you make on chemistry?

A. W. Fridge has been visiting his brother, H. G. Fridge.

Mr. F. M. Bailey will represent the Law Class in the contest for the Ligon medal.

Miss Katie Gray is visiting the Misses Cavett. Miss Gray is here for commencement.

All of the Seniors passed. So far in the history of Millsaps College no Senior has ever failed to graduate.

Messrs. Chambers and Holloman have been attending the commencement exercises of Whitworth College.

Our commencement this year promises to be one of the most interesting commencements in the history of the College.

The Law Class is at Raymond standing the State examination for license. We are sure that each one of students will do himself, and the Law school, credit.

Married: Box-Butts, at the home of the bride's parents, in Vicksburg, Miss., Rev. H. P. Lewis, Jr., '00, officiating.

On the night of June the eleventh the Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sigma Fraternities will have their annual receptions.

Mr T. W. Holloman, a prominent member of the Senior class, has just completed a very successful year with the Freshman Greek class. Mr. Holloman is very thorough in this branch and has succeeded well in imparting his knowledge to the cranium of the Freshman. By some mistake his name was left out of the catalogue, as one of the assistants to the faculty.

Belhaven commencement was a "howling" success. The debate by the members of the Senior class was specially fine. Belhaven is one of our best Southern female colleges.

On the evening of June the fifth, Mr. E. H. Galloway entertained the members of the Senior Class to a very elegant dining. The courses were elegant and delicious. The following toasts were responded to: Our Class, W. W. Holmes; Our Future, T. M. Lemly; Our Ladies, C. N. Guice. Our Host was responded to by W. W. Holmes. The occasion was a most delightful one, and will always be remembered by the Class of 1900.

Quite a number of the Belhaven girls are visiting friends in town. They will stay over for Millsaps commencement.

E. H. Galloway and T. W. Holloman will have the pleasure of accompanying the State Press Association on their trip through the west and east.

Prof. E. L. Bailey has been elected superintendent of the Jackson public schools. Millsaps regrets to lose such an accomplished teacher. The Collegian extends congratulations and best wishes.

Prof. J. P. Hanner has resigned his position. He will probably go to Germany to perfect himself in the Modern Languages. Millsaps hates to lose such a man. He goes from us with the best wishes of every student for success.

---

Down by the edge of the cold, pink sea  
 The grasshoppers sharpen their tusks all day,  
 While the oysters chirrup from tree to tree,  
 And the elephants swim and play.

The lizzard-birds flap their glistening wings  
 With the boa-constrictor's long-tailed cubs,  
 And the fleet rhinoceros yaps and sings  
 On the leaves of the bum-bum shrubs.

O, take me away to the mucilage lands,  
 Where the pink-whiskered sea serpent winks and  
 moans  
 And tha dolphins giggle and rub their hands,  
 And chew on rhomboid stones. —Ex.

 EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT 

This issue ends the labors of the present staff, and, in closing, the exchange editor wishes to say a few words. The Collegian, this session has been forced to pass through many vicissitudes. The long delay caused by yellow fever and the small student body have been serious drawbacks. The editor, in reading the various exchanges has been painfully impressed far too often of the deficiency of the Collegian. Her departments have been fairly good, but otherwise she always suffers by comparison. Under these circumstances the exchange editor is necessarily placed in an embarrassing position. We have appreciated the criticisms and trust that the Collegian has profited, and will profit in the future by them. We only ask that the unfavorable conditions which have this session, and for the one before, existed, will be considered by our many friends, both local, and those of college circles, in their final estimate of the Collegian. And the boys in the college must remember that a perfect magazine cannot be expected when the editors have so little aid from the student body. We trust the conditions shall be different next session and believe that the Collegian will soon take a higher rank, its proper place, among College journals.

In the *Emory Phoenix* for May we find a good article, "A Dissertation on Law," in which the author reviews the history of Law, its source and development, and shows how it has become a science and must, in the future have a complete triumph. The Exchange and Literary Departments in this issue are especially good. There are two or three good poems among which one on "Morning" is the best. The toast on "College Friendships" deserves praise. An editorial on the "Marking System" completes the list of the best things among its contents. This is an interesting question and must be settled sooner or later in all colleges and universities which have not settled it already. His arguments are good. An experience of a few years will prove to any man that the Marking system which generally exist are injurious and tend directly to make an aborted man. We believe that a complete



change along this line must be made for the sake of thorough education, and the sooner, the better.

In the *Ozark* we find several poems of merit more or less. The one on "Evening" is decidedly the best and shows a depth of feeling quite consoling after reading a good deal of college poetry. On the whole, the *Ozark* is superior to the other exchanges of this month in poetic productions. "Bill's Tale" is readable and the Science Notes are of very great interest.

The last issue of the *Whitworth Clionian* is easily the crowning issue of the session and well deserves its place. We have watched with no inconsiderable interest the progress of the *Clionian* during the present session. Whitworth enjoys the distinction of being the only female college in the State where a magazine of any considerable merit is kept up, and the last issue is proof sufficient that she should be proud of the *Clionian*. The first story, "A Prophecy," is good and the review of "No. 5 John Street" is fine. There are several short stories scattered about of more or less merit, and the Exchange Department is good. We must say, however, that the Editorial Department is weak and more original poetry would be, we believe, more representative of the spirit of the College.

In the University of Mississippi Magazine, the article on "The Educational Value on the Study of Law," by Prof. Somerville is worthy of careful attention. The poem, "What can a Woman Do?" is good and there are two long stories. The Editorial and Exchange Departments are strong, but a Literary Department is wanting.

The *Buff and Blue* for May is filled mostly with orations delivered at Presentation Day exercises. Among these "The Spirit of Fairies," "Poetry" and "Nature in Virgil" are the best. We are glad to see so much space devoted to athletics.

In the *Hendrix College Mirror* there is some good general reading. The comments of the Exchange editor are good, but his department is weak. A Literary Department would add much to the worth of the *Mirror*.

The baseball news in the *Reveille* has been interesting.

We have had many other exchanges and all are welcomed. We hope that next session, however, we may exchange with many more of our sister colleges. With wishes of success and prosperity to all, the present Exchange editor lays by his quill.

### SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

Stephen Luse Burwell	- - - - -	Ebenezer
William Thomas Clark	- - - - -	Yazoo City
Morris Andrews Chambers	- - - - -	Brookhaven
Ethelbert Hines Galloway	- - - - -	Jackson
James Ford Galloway	- - - - -	Calhoun
Clarence Norman Guice	- - - - -	Natchez
Thomas Wynn Holloman	- - - - -	Phoenix
William Walter Holmes	- - - - -	Kipling
William Lee Kennon	- - - - -	Jackson
Thomas Mitchell Lemly	- - - - -	Jackson
Henry Polk Lewis, Jr	- - - - -	Jackson
Thomas Eubanks Marshall	- - - - -	Carrollton
James Boswell Mitchell	- - - - -	Jackson
James Asgill Teat	- - - - -	Kosciusko

### History of the Senior Class.

- Stephen Luse Burwell,  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.  
—Leigh Hunt.
- Morris Anthony Chambers,  
"Fool," said my muse to me, "look into thy heart  
and write."  
—Sidney.
- William Thomas Clarke,  
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And naught is everything and everything is naught.  
—Horace Smith.
- Ethelbert Hines Galloway,  
I find the medicine worse than the malady.  
—Fletcher.  
There shall be no love lost.  
—Jonson.

James Ford Galloway,

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

—Shakespeare.

Clarence Norman Guice,

He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

—Wordsworth.

T. W. Holloman,

And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

—Chancer.

William Walter Holmes,

Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

—Wither.

William Lee Kennon,

I am no orator, as Brutus is; but, as you know me  
all, a plain blunt man, that loves my friends.

—Shakespeare.

Thomas Mitchell Lemly,

Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
On the wings of borrowed wit.

—Hobbes.

Henry Polk Lewis,

Write me as one who loves his fellow-man.

—Leigh Hunt.

Thomas Eubanks Marshall,

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

—Wordsworth.

James Boswell Mitchell,

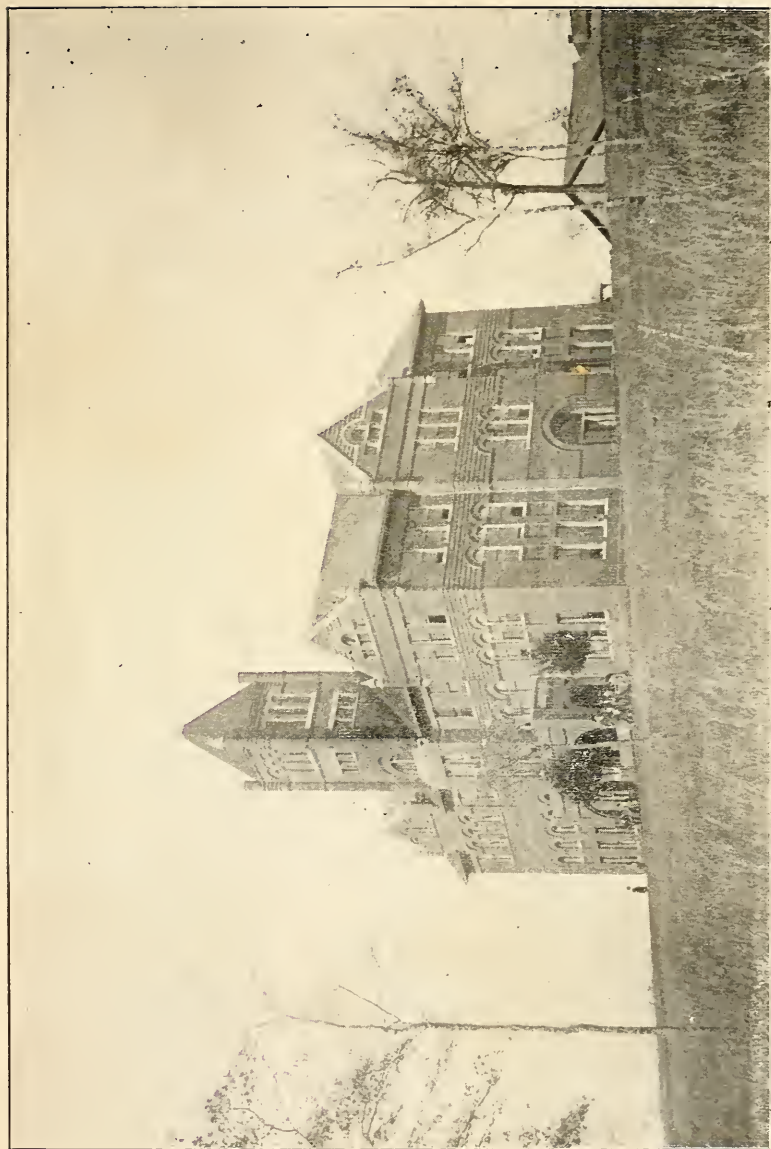
If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see  
Fortune; for though she is blind, she is not invis-  
ible.

—Bacon.

James Asgill Teat,

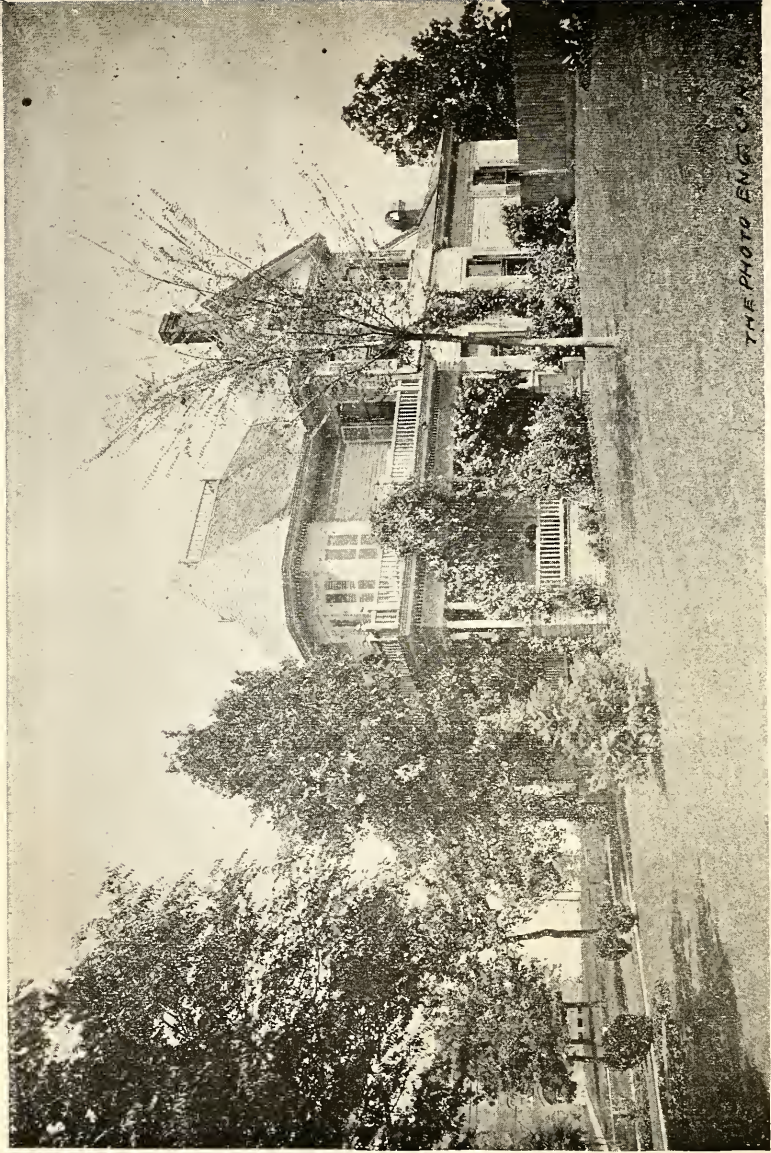
Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law  
itself is nothing else but reason.

—Coke.



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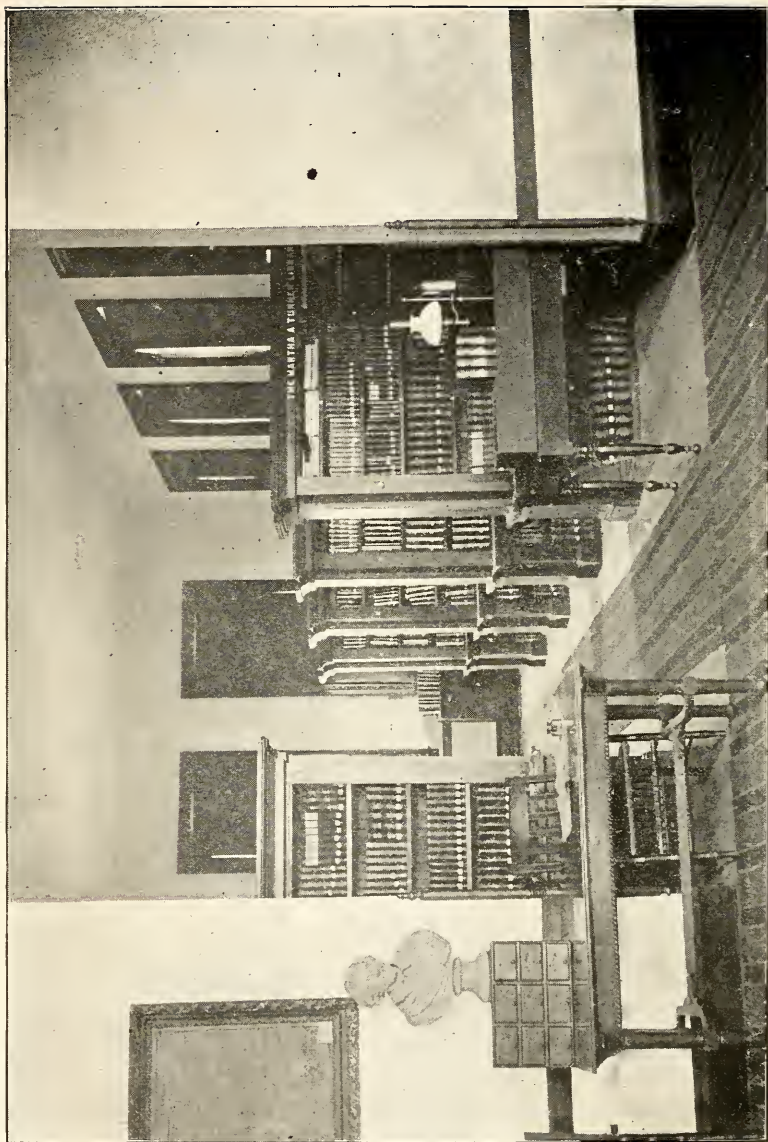
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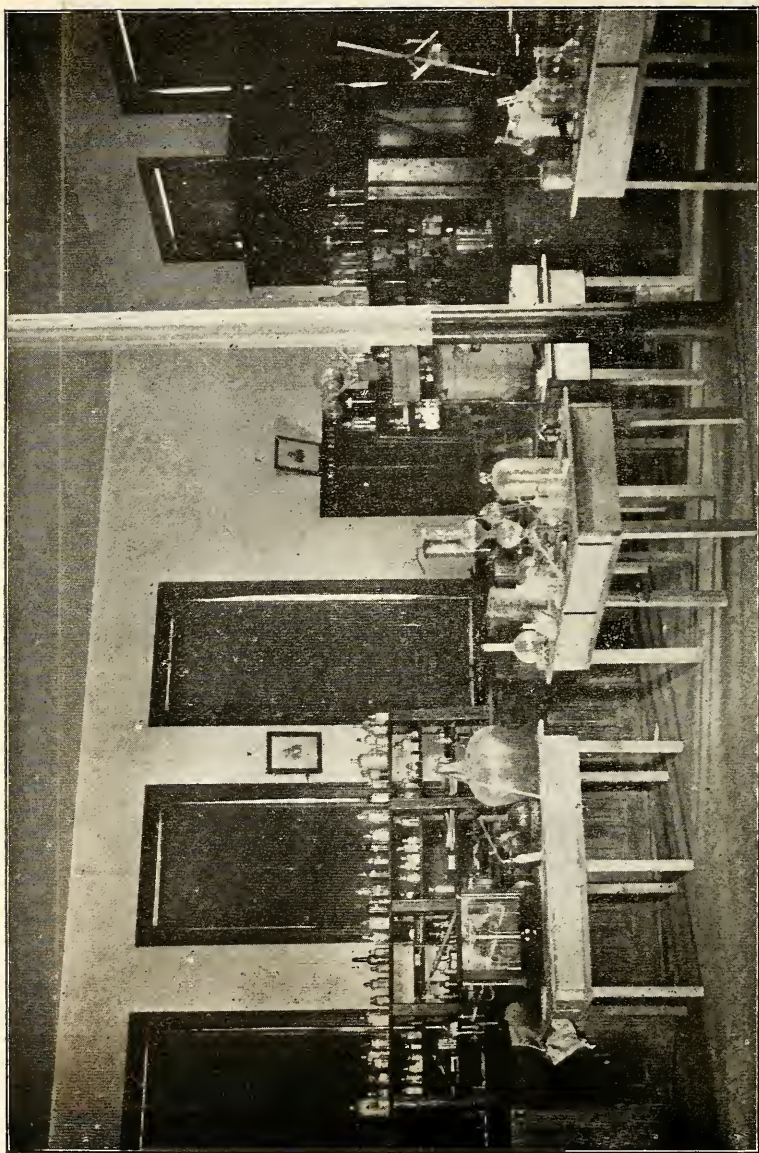


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MILLSAPS COLLEGE—THE LIBRARY—THE READING ROOM.



MILLSAPS COLLEGE—CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



J. B. MITCHELL

No man has ever had a more brilliant career in Millsaps College than J. B. Mitchell, of Leesburg, Va. Coming each year at the beginning of the second term, he has completed the required four years course in three years, gaining distinction in all his classes.

He is the proud possessor of the Mississippi State Oratorical medal for 1900, also of the Gunning medal for scripture reading, and the Galloway-Lamar debators medal.

Mr. T. W. Holloman, of Phœnix, Yazoo county, has always taken a high stand as a student. He entered Millsaps five years ago, and by his diligence and uniform courtesy has won the esteem of both faculty and students.

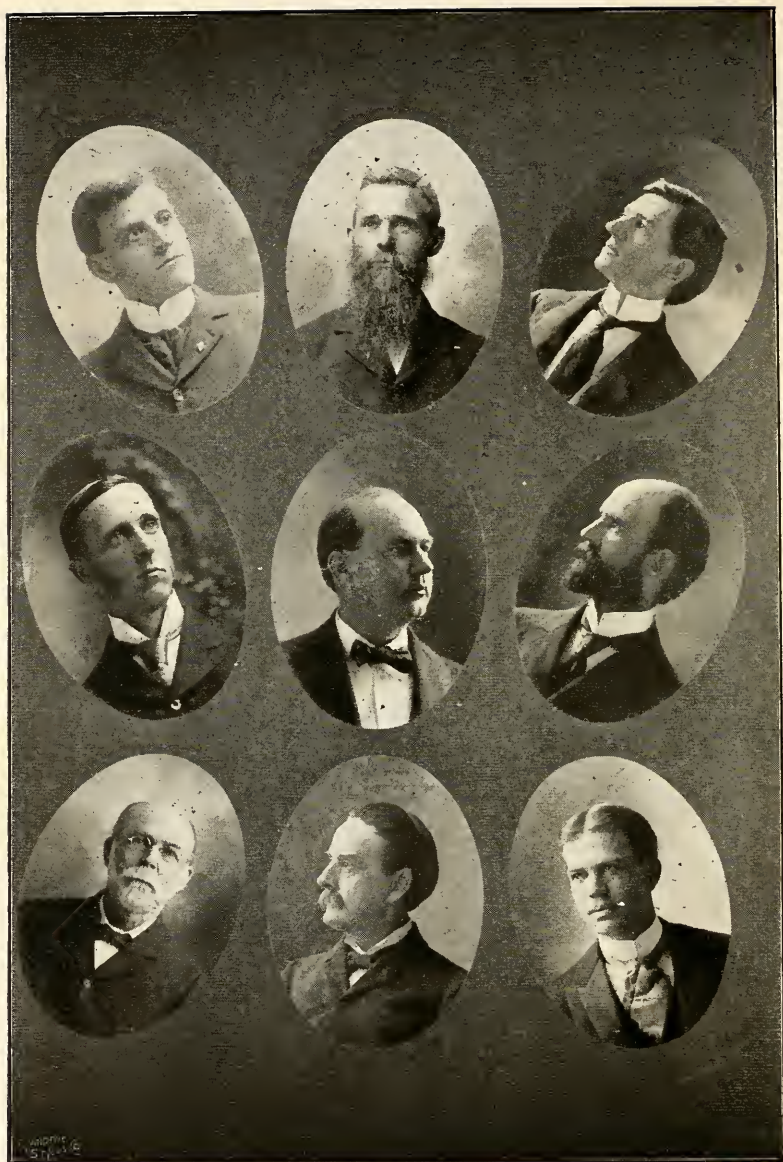
He has been both orator and anniversarian of the Lamar Literary Society, and was also one of the contestants for the Mississippi State Oratorical Medal.

We predict for him a brilliant future.



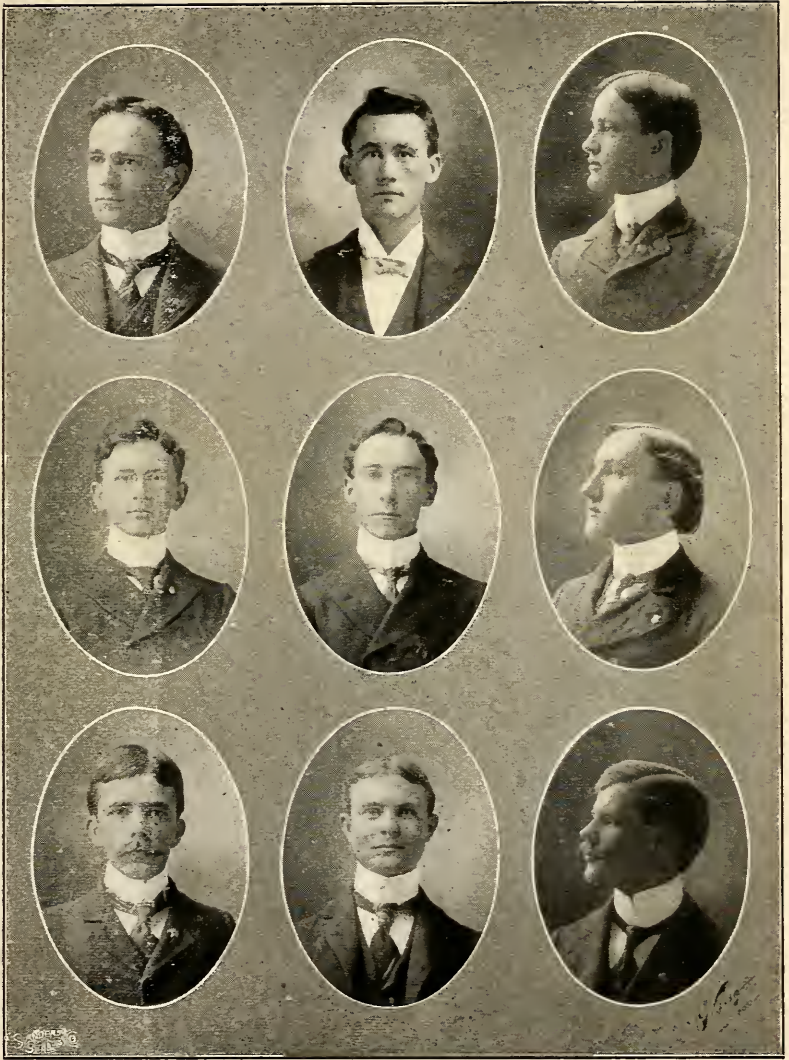
T. W. HOLLOMAN.





### MILLSAPS COLLEGE—THE FACULTY.

D. H. BISHOP, M. A., Professor of English.	J. A. MOORE, A. M., PH. D., Prof. of Mathematics and Astronomy.	E. L. BAILEY, B. S., Ass't Master Preparatory Dept.
A. M. MUCKENFUSS, A. M., PH. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physics.	REV. W. B. MURRAH, D. D., LL. D., President.	G. C. SWEARINGEN, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek.
R. S. RICKETTS, A. M., Head Master—Preparatory Dept.	EDWARD MAYES, LL. D., Dean.	J. P. HANNER, JR., A. B., Prof. of History and Modern Languages.



THE COLLEGIAN STAFF.

L. F. MAGRUDER  
C. N. GUICE  
R. B. RICKETS

G. R. BENNETT  
R. T. LIDDELL  
H. G. FRIDGE

S. L. BURWELL  
T. W. HOLLOMAN  
E. H. GALLOWAY





MILLSAPS COLLEGE—ALPHA MU CHAPTER OF KAPPA ALPHA.

GUICE	WILLIAMS	CAMERON	THOMPSON	CLIFTON
FRIDGE	EATON	NALL	BAILEY	GADDIS
LIDDELL	MILLER	BUIE	JONES	MANSHIP
HYER	TATUM	COOK	M'LEOD	HOLLOMAN
		ENOCHS	TEAT	



MILLSAPS COLLEGE—ALPHA Upsilon CHAPTER OF KAPPA SIGMA.

Ricketts	Crosby	Mitchell	Holloman	Galloway	Mounger
Alexander,	Magruder	Sively	Clark	Clark	Ewing
			Howell	Enochs	McLaurin
			Holloman		





CLASS 1900.

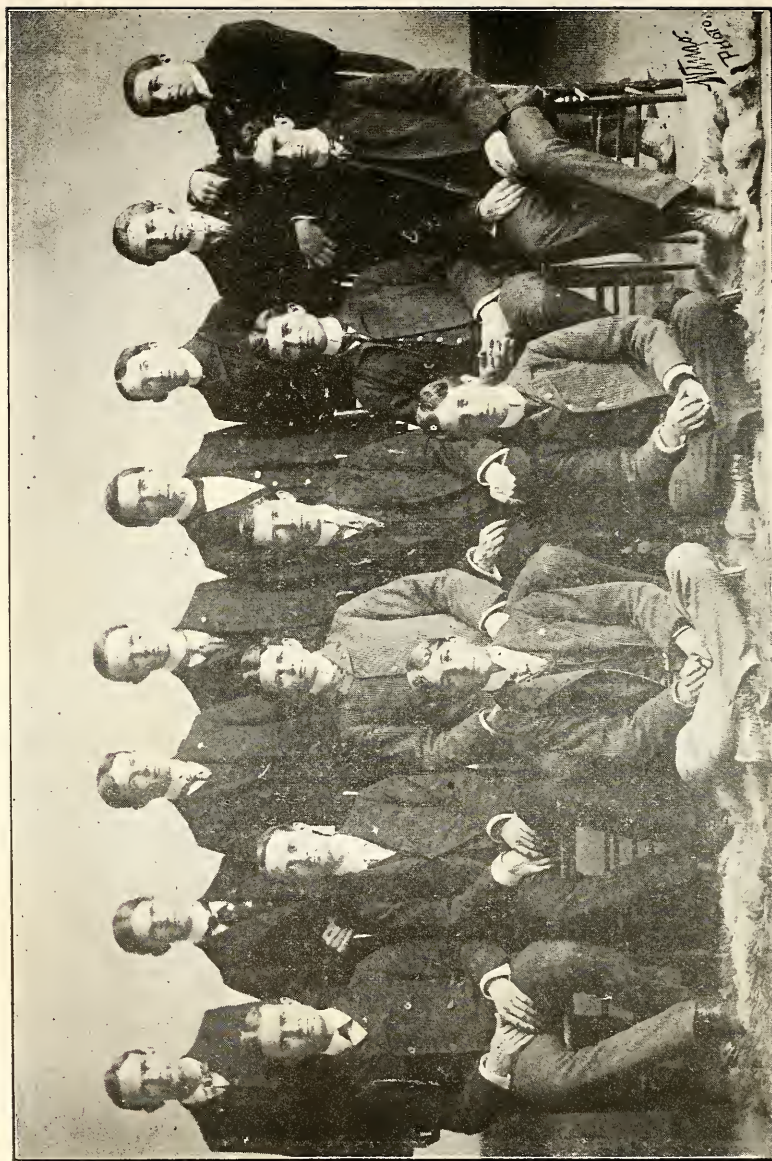
Clark	E. H. Galloway	Burwell
Mitchell,	Holmes	Guice
Chambers	Teat	Holliman
J. F. Galloway	Kennon	Lewis
		Marshall



CLASS 1901.

Nebblet	Liddell	Faton	Holloman	Ewing	Mounger	Ricketts,	Magruder
Hearst	McCafferty	Bennett	Clark	Whittington	Felder		





CLASS 1902.

Potter	Ellison	Howell	Simpson	Vaughn	Miller	Manship
Fridge	Whitfield		Duren	McGowan		Williams
			Clark	Clifton		



CLASS 1903.

- |         |            |          |        |           |              |        |
|---------|------------|----------|--------|-----------|--------------|--------|
| Weaver  | Easterling | Ratcliff | Emery  | Austin    | Lewis        | Gaddis |
| Ridgway | Baker      | Tatum    | Cook   | Jones     | Epochs       | Grant  |
|         | Johnson    | Hyer     | Crosby | Alexander | Featherstone |        |
|         | Pollard    |          |        |           |              |        |





BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

## History of the Junior Class.

The class of 1901 consists of the following:

George Robert Bennett,

"Villain and he be many miles apart."

Robert Lee Cannon,

"But first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

Robert Adolphus Clark,

"I like not this man, he hath a lean and hungry look."

Barney Edward Eaton,

"This bold, bad man."

John Sharp Ewing,

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Luther Watson Felder,

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Angello Albert Hearst,

"A very valiant trencherman."

Leon Catching Holloman,

"He doth nothing but talk of his horse."

Romulus Thomas Liddell,

"I have not seen so likely an ambassador of love."

Levin Freeland Magruder,

"And then the lover sighing like furnace with woe-  
ful ballad writ to his ladies' eyebrows."

Harvey Thompson Mounger,

"I cannot see how sleeping should offend."

James Thomas McCafferty,

"God make him and therefore let him pass for a  
man."

Robert Pierce Neblett,

"Let the ladies look to their eyes for I will make  
'hem weep."

Edwin Burnley Ricketts,

"Make all the money thou canst."

Hamilton Fletcher Sivley,

"When comes such another."

Walter Anderson Terry,

"Such stuff as greens are made of."

Holland Otis White,

"Man delights me not, no nor woman either."

Ebbie Ouchterloney Whittington,  
 "As true a lover as ever sighed upon a midnight  
 pillow."

EDWIN B. RICKETTS, Historian.

### Class Roll of the Boys of Nineteen-two.

COMPILED BY "SUE," YOUR HISTORIAN.

*"Hell's Empty, the Devils Are all Here."*

Henry Lafayette Clark—"Pete" the ladies' man.

William Larkin Duren—The American beauty.

Alfred Moses Ellison—The walking journalist.

Harry Greenwell Fridge—Somebody's darling.

George Marvin Galloway—The class May-pole.

Leonidas Hart—"The Wandering Jew."

John Blanch Howell—Hello! Central, Belhaven College,  
 please.

Charles Phelps Manship—For ladies only.

Hamilton Gordon McGowan—Our laughing mascot.

Joseph Anselm McLaurin—Munchausen's rival.

John Hugh McLeod—Were I like him, I would be willing  
 to die, even anxious.

Robert Laron Miller—A La Quin of Pike.

Clayton Duncan Potter—The man who brought the bear  
 to town.

Claude Mitchel Simpson—The heavy swell.

James David Tillman—"I never felt the kiss of love, or  
 maiden's hand in mine."

Allen Thompson—The wild and woolly man.

James Albert Vaughn—The lean and hungry man.

Richard Noble Whitfield—The last of his kind. We're glad.

Walter Albert Williams—Weary Willie.

Our heads are crammed with Sophomore lore  
 Swearingen, Bishop and Dr. Moore.  
 All we want is an honest pass,  
 Then we'll be in the Junior Class.



## History of the Freshman Class.

1. Charlton Augustus Alexander, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Sigma.....Jackson
2. Leonidas Birdsong Austin..... Oak Ridge
3. William Jackson Baker.....Pocahontas
4. Webster Millsaps Buie, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Alpha, Class prophet.....Brookhaven
5. Allen Smith Cameron, Kappa Alpha.....Meridian
6. William Felder Cook, Galloway Literary Society, Kappa Alpha, Class president.....Hattiesburg
7. John Isaac Covington, Galloway Literary Society, class essayist ..... Coffeerville
8. George Locke Crosby, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Sigma, Y. M. C. A.....Fayette
9. Richmond Smoot Dobyns.....Jackson
10. William Noah Duncan, Galloway Literary Society, Y. M. C. A ..... Memphis, Tenn.
11. Lucius Q. C. Lamar Easterling.....Brandon
12. Don Carlos Emery, Galloway Literary Society, Jackson
13. De Witt Carroll Enochs, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Alpha, Class Poet.....Brandon
14. Hugh Roscoe Enochs, Kappa Sigma.....Natchez
15. Francis Marion Featherstone ..... Jackson
16. Lewis Rundell Featherstone, Lamar Literary Society ..... Jackson
17. John Loyd Gaddis, Jr., Kappa Alpha..... Bolton
18. Felix William Grant, Lamar Literary Society, Oak Ridge
19. Eric Bowen Hyer, Kappa Alpha, Class Treasurer..... Jackson
20. Joel Franklin Johnson, Jr..... Jackson
21. Eugene Ellis Johnston, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Sigma..... Columbus
22. Robert Ferrel Jones, Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Alpha, class secretary . ..... Coldwater
23. James Marion Lewis, Galloway Literary Society, Y. M. C. A..... Jackson
24. Osmond Summer Lewis, Galloway Literary Society ..... Jackson
25. Estelle McFadin, Lamar Literary Society, ... McComb
26. James Ernest McNeill, Galloway Literary Society, Class Vice-President.....Binnsville
27. Frederick Davis Mellen, Galloway Literary Society, Y. M. C. A ..... Forest
28. William McDonald Merritt..... Jackson



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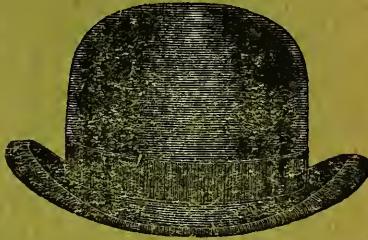
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# The Millsaps Collegian

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NOVEMBER, 1900

PUBLISHED BY  
Students of Millsaps College



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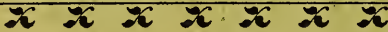


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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., NOVEMBER, 1900

No. 1

## *WHY THE JACK OF CLUBS GOES WITHOUT A BEARD.*

N route from Paris to Berlin good fortune threw me with a man who possessed the typical characteristics of a good companion. It was evident that he was no stranger to the points of interest on the continent, as his rich conversation showed. Our chat had touched on many and varied subjects, and as we finished a game of "hearts" we fell to discussing the origin of playing cards. I held the opinion that cards came from the East and that the portraits as seen on the standard court cards were originally intended to represent personages of great notoriety, such as Alexander, Cæsar, and others. To establish my position I quoted from such authors as D'Ambly and Willshire.

"I am unable to argue with you," my companion said. "Anything as to the history of cards must of necessity be mere speculation. This being the case I think I am entitled to a theory on the matter myself. It was quite recently that this very subject was forced on my attention. It happened in this way: While in an art exhibit in Berlin examining some of the most ancient specimens I came upon twelve portraits evidently by the same hand. The portraits were arranged four in a row and in three tiers. It was perhaps this arrangement that suggested to me the resemblance to the portraits on the court cards.

"The more I examined the portraits the more convinced I grew that some relation exists between the pictures on cards and these portraits. In the first row were what I conceived to have been the kings, in the second the jacks, and the third the queens.

"Quite sure that the faces were the same I passed to the details of position. Here I found an exact similarity between the portraits and the cards. I was now thoroughly convinced that I saw before me the originals of those faces that are so commonly looked on in the hands of pleasure seekers. There was one peculiar point about the pictures on the court cards that I remembered. It is this: In all standard decks the jack of clubs is the only man who has no beard. I noted that this was the case with one of the portraits. So I have no longer any doubt that the cards we use were taken from these paintings.

"Speaking of the jack of clubs' lack of beard suggests to me an old story connected with these portraits. It was told me by an old attendant in the art gallery, who observed my particular notice of the pictures. If you desire it, I will relate the story." I assured my friend that I would be delighted to listen to him and he related to me the following:

"As the tale goes, the twelve portraits represent the four sister queens who reigned jointly over a long ago defunct state, their consorts and four of the principal gentlemen of the realm. The exact situation of the state is not known, but it was long remembered for its thriving condition and the very genial dispositions of its inhabitants. Few domestic troubles occurred, but the neighboring states knew these people made bad enemies when disturbed. Knightly accomplishments were encouraged here, and the skill and prowess of the men of this state with the lance and the broad sword were known throughout many countries. I doubt not there were many gallant knights who went from this country to share in the battles for the Savior's Tomb.

"In this state the feature that determined the social rank of a man was nature's endowment of hair on his face. In no country was the man of beard more respected and looked to. The bearded men formed the nobility of the state and a natural division arose between the blondes and brunettes. The possessor of a dark beard always wore it

full, while the blonde types wore the mustache alone. These two classes were of course jealous of one another and strived assiduously to gain the predominance of favor in the royal eyes.

"Until now for many years this country had not known a woman sovereign. No well founded complaint could be established against the sisters, but it was a departure from the old traditions. The impatience of the people was ill concealed. The ministers, observant of the disposition of the people, often and forcibly urged the queens to select husbands from the nobility. The sisters were not loth to accept the advice, for the crowns rested heavily on such fair brows. But there was a difficulty which promised to give no little trouble. Suitors from both classes of the nobility presented themselves and combined against one another to win the hearts of the queens. These aspirants to the royal consortship were the noblest gentlemen of the realm and each party had numerous supporters. The suitors paid their attentions to the queens with great diligence. Attempts to show themselves in the most becoming manner were in order at all times. Each party sought to gain the most conspicuous place in the queens' retinue on state occasions. At times there even arose contentions among the lower classes as to the relative merits of the suitors.

"Affairs were coming to a desperate state and the poor queens were almost in despair when they appealed to their prime minister for a solution of the problem. This minister was a man of great wisdom and wide spread reputation. He was especially noted for the quick and perfect action of his fertile mind. Urged on by the hope of greater favor in the queen's eyes, he worked with a will to formulate some plan to extricate the sisters from their unpleasant position.

"After revolving many schemes in his mind the minister hit on one which he assured the sisters was beautifully simple and sure to be effective. This was what he proposed: To invite the suitors to a contest in the lists and choose the set who came off victorious for their consorts."

"This plan proved perfectly agreeable to the queens and was selected. The contestants were notified and the day of the meeting fixed. This contest naturally caused



great excitement throughout the state, and the people impatiently awaited the great day. The day finally came and the impatience of the people and anxiety of the suitors was to be eased. The great arena was scarcely able to contain the mass of excited humanity that had gathered. Citizens from remote parts of the state were present and there were many guests from the foreign courts.

The hour for the contest arrived, the minister arose and pronounced the following terms for the victor: To that knight and his companions will go the victory, the hands and hearts of the queens, the sovereignty over this nation, who first touches a hair of his opponent's head.

"The signal was then sounded and the first two knights rode at one another. They met with a jar and a clash but both received his adversary's lance on his body. The second champions were called and there ensued a similar result. The third pair met and the same thing happened. There was only one chance left now, and if that should fail matters would be in a worse state than before. Great agitation was visible throughout the crowd and many faces showed their anxiety. The poor queens were fast losing hope. The last pair was called. The blonde was he who goes as jack of the clubs, the other I will call the "king." Both were splendid specimens of manhood and sat upon their charges with becoming grace. Their armors clanked with the restlessness of their mounts and reflected the rays of the down-coming sun. The jack bore an air of confidence and he looked a worthy knight with his great blonde mustache curling without his helmet. The start was sounded and down the lists they tore. Many anxious eyes watched them as they sped toward one another, and hearts stood still when they met. The "king's" lance seemed to have gone far from its mark, and the "jack's" struck his opponent's shield. Here was indeed a disappointment, for nothing had been accomplished. The crowd jeered and the poor queens wept with shame. When all hope was about lost, the "king" slowly uplifted his lance, and dangling there on its end hung the "jack of club's" mustache."

As my companion concluded the train stopped for our station and with many thanks on my part for my friend's interesting company, we parted.

—EGDIRF.

*GEN. GROSVENOR ON THE NEGRO.*

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Gen. Grosvenor has offered to the southern people a solution of the negro problem, which is well and good. But in discussing the constitutional amendments in some of the southern States, their purpose and their injustice, he makes several statements which cannot be substantiated. He says that the purpose of these amendments is to insure the election of white men only to office, and indeed this is true, at least it is true while the negro remains in his present state. He says also that the purpose is to prevent the negro from helping choose who of the white men shall hold the offices. This is only partially true. The southern people are waging a war against ignorance and vice, and, as the first and greatest means to that end, are prohibiting ignorance and vice from having a voice in election. Gen. Grosvenor says that the result of this elimination of the negro from popular suffrage will be his degradation to serfdom even worse than ante-bellum slavery, basing his claim on the argument that, whereas before the war the master had an interest in the negro, in this case he would have no interest in him and no obligation to protect or support him. Gen. Grosvenor forgets that a community of interests as great as that of slavery days exists between the white and the colored man to-day in the south, that of landlord with tenant, of employer with hireling. Nowhere else does there exist such peaceful feeling between employer and employee as exists between the white man and the negro. And the very way to disturb it is to allow the ignorant and beastly negro (and no one will deny that he is such) to go to the polling place with his landlord, in order to cast his vote according to golden instruction. And if he votes for the same man with his employer, who, we will say, is the right man, he is not the recipient of that benefit which the right of suffrage claims to give—that of casting one's vote according to one's belief. For the negro has no belief except that which is given to him accompanied with a bribe, or that forced on him by the threats of an employer. These amendments are not unjust, or at any rate the Mississippi amendment, which permits all who can read or understand when read any section of the Constitution to vote, provided, of course, they are of voting age. This will al-

low the younger generation of negroes, in whose intelligence the north has so much confidence, to cast their votes, when they shall have attained to the necessary requirements. In answering the "negro domination" argument of the southern people, Gen. Grosvenor calls attention to the fact that Mississippi has no colored congressmen, and quotes that fact as proof that the negroes do not wish to vote for one of their own color. In another part of his contribution he says that the constitutional amendments debar the greater part of the voting population of each southern state from voting. In other words he plainly stated that all the negro population of Mississippi is prevented from voting, and a moment after makes a statement implying that the negroes might elect their own color to office if they wished. Surely for inconsistency, as well as other tricks that are vain, Gen. Grosvenor is peculiar. He closes with a verbal panorama of the brilliant progress the south has made while the negro has enjoyed the privilege of voting. The truth is, as every southerner knows, that the south retrograded until she got rid of carpet-baggers and negro suffrage. Then he asks, "Cannot the south be patient while the transformation is going on?" meaning by transformation the change of the negro into an intelligent being. Certainly, the south will not only be patient, but will help the negro onward, but before resigning herself to patience she will insure herself against rule or representation by ignorance the densest, and vice black as Egyptian darkness.

H. O. WHITE.



# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

VOLUME 3

NOVEMBER, 1900

NUMBER 1

Published by the Students of Millsaps College

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H. O. White, Literary Editor

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W. L. Duren, Associate Editor

J. B. Howell, Local Editor

Allen Thompson, Business Manager

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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We take pleasure in again greeting our friends, and trust that the pleasant relations that have heretofore existed will continue, not only during the present session, but indefinitely. Possibly it might seem to be a departure from the sphere of college magazine work to outline a plan of work, but without definiteness of purpose little is accomplished. We are of the opinion that college magazines have contracted too much their fields of operation, and have, consequently, neglected some important features of college training. One of these is, that the freedom to comment on current events, legislation, and the management of governmental affairs, is rarely ever exercised. We do not wish to be understood as advocating a distinctive political career for a college magazine, yet great issues are daily brought before the public that should be of



great interest to every person, especially the college man, and nothing would sooner awaken his interest in such matters than the discussion of them in his college journal. The college men of to-day will soon be the leaders of the people in the different vocations of life; if not, then they fail to perform the missions for which colleges and universities are designed to prepare them. The cultivation of the mind being the distinctive work of a college, no student should finish his collegiate career without having aroused a desire to know and perform the duties of a citizen. The exercise of the privileges of citizenship demands a thorough knowledge of the responsibilities of a citizen, and an ideal government is that one where men think and act for themselves with the inevitable result that they no longer are worked as machines by the cunning manipulators of party organisms. Thus in addition to the contributions usually found in college magazines, it is our purpose, at times, to note those things of general interest and importance, with the hope that it will be the means of encouraging some students to prepare themselves for the duties they soon must assume.

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#### *MILLSAPS COLLEGE SUCCESSES.*

The faculty and students of Millsaps College have cause to be proud of the achievements of their representatives in oratorical contests with other colleges of the State and South the past season. At the inter-collegiate contest in Vicksburg Mr. J. B. Mitchell, whose speech will appear in the next issue of the *COLLEGIAN*, was the successful contestant. A few weeks later at Monteagle, Tenn., in a contest with the colleges of the southern states, he was again declared winner. Close upon these successes, Mr. T. Wynn Holloman, in a second contest between the colleges of the state, at the Chatauqua at Crystal Springs, bore off the laurels. It is not with a feeling of boastfulness that we make mention of these things, but with a just pride for the splendid efforts of our representatives. The college, itself, comes in for a fair share of these honors, and, though just beginning its ninth session, is rapidly coming into favor and stands on no other merit than the efficiency of the work done.

*COLLEGE SPIRIT.*

The frequent mentioning of college spirit is likely to produce an entirely opposite effect to that which is desired, but it is well for the students to be reminded that there should be an awakening on this line. By college spirit we do not mean a narrow partisanship that magnifies the glory of our own institution and at the same time minimizes the merits of others, but we do mean that broad, liberal-minded disposition that prompts a student to enter enthusiastically into whatever venture involves the reputation of the college as a whole. If our representatives are to meet any other college in athletic contests, they should have all the aid possible from the whole student body. If we are to meet in oratorical contests, our representatives there should feel the inspiration that comes from a united effort. In the same way the effort to make the COLLEGIAN a success should be shared in by all. It is well to remember that in the college world the character of the institution itself is largely determined by the character of the college magazine, and that not the individuals alone, who are the medium by which the magazine is got up, but the whole college suffers from its failure. It would not be said that the editors got out a good or worthless journal any more than that Millsaps college got it out. Then it can readily be seen that since all are held equally responsible for its success or failure, all should be equally zealous in its support. The managers of the COLLEGIAN can not make it what it should be if those whose duty it is to support it criticise it the most harshly. We recognize the value of criticism and shall appreciate it, but we hope for a more substantial aid from the students of our own college, and think that with them we can verify the maxim that "united we stand."

---

*AN INSULT.*

We noticed recently a criticism of the life and character of General Robert E. Lee in one of the most prominent political papers of New York. Though the war has been over more than a generation, and despite the fact that the greatest efforts are being made to obliterate all

its traces from the minds of the American people, there still are some who delight to keep ablaze the sectional fires that smoulder in the bosoms of the Southerners. No better way to do this could be found than to cast reproach on the name of the greatest of the Southern generals, and not only the greatest of the Southern but the peer of any American. A man with such a nobility of character should be spoken of with respect even though he were an enemy. There are few men against whom no charge can be brought for having been, in some measure, unfaithful to a public trust, or having lived a life tarnished by some evil deed. Yet no such accusation can be brought against General Lee, whose life was one of faithfulness to duty and fidelity to the principles of right. Such a criticism, coming, as it does, from a great paper, is an insult that will be felt by the whole South. There can seem to be but one motive, and that the lowest—jealousy that such a man should come from the South. There will be no need to preserve the memory of General Lee by placing him in the Hall of Fame. Enshrined in the hearts of the Southern people it will last forever.



  LITERARY DEPARTMENT  

Too often, we fear, the Literary Department has its full share of blame in that great fault of College Magazines, pedantry. And this is not strange; a department devoted entirely and exclusively to literature could hardly fail of blame in this respect. A review of a book or magazine article does not admit of that full, free flow of careless thought and language which we often allow to a thing of lesser importance, such as the description of a horse race or masquerade. We must confine our language within bounds, and express our thought in guarded, conservative language. We are not barred from lively description, however; the lives of the authors, living and dead, offer good opportunities for such, and these opportunities shall be made the most of. And the review and criticism of books shall not be dry, unreadable matter, so far as it is in our power to prevent it, but shall be at once entertaining and instructive. We shall not attempt the disdainful manner of Johnson nor the cutting style of Macaulay. The criticism of youth may often be just as true as that of maturity; for if the college student has not the wide reading, ripe learning and varied experience of Macaulay, neither has he the cynic disposition which willfully misrepresents his fellow men, nor the unreasonable love of fine style which sacrifices truth to the sonorousness of balanced sentences. Our criticisms, when any are made, shall be put forth with a degree of diffidence proportioned to the sense of unfitness. Our duty to Southern writers, a duty common to all lovers of good literature, shall be faithfully kept in mind, and their names will appear frequently. The standard works of fiction, poetry and science shall receive the attention which their importance demands. Finally, we shall make this department just as attractive and just as helpful as we can.

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If the cruelest criticism, often repeated, can trouble a man, Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, must be full of trouble. Not one single poem has he written that did not disgust the English people. He has been besought on



every hand, if he will not resign, to at least cease writing. But his conduct would seem to show that the poet is either insensible to hostile criticisms or wofully stubborn. After every onslaught he rises, shakes himself as he was wont to do, and writes another poem. Sometimes he writes about the queen; sometimes he looks forward to the time "when Fame unrolls her scroll"—that eternal scroll. In the first place when Tennyson died the English people hoped to see the choice fall on Swinburne, as the mantle of poesy had already done. After a few months they were astounded by the appointment of Alfred Austin, a man who had written some lyrics, a few of which were passable. It was generously supposed, however, that some great gift lay in him, hidden to ordinary eyes and evident only to the prime minister. So they waited. As he hymned of imperialism he sang of British arms and heroes, but Kipling excelled him. He turned his attention to classical poetry, but Swinburne overshadowed him. So the only thing left him to do was to make the queen ridiculous by singing odes to her, and to insult the other nations of Europe by his disgusting braggadocio manner. Writing with the Fashoda incident serving as inspiration he represents the Continental powers as planning to strike England while, as they thought she slumbered. But, according to Mr. Austin, she arose, shook her mane, lashed her tail, and roared, "Where are my foes?" when straightway some slunk away, some cringed at her feet. When the Boer war began, Austin thought his opportunity had come, so he compared England, rich and powerful, strangling a few paltry commandos thousands of miles away, to poor and exhausted Rome, Hannibal and his victorious army at her gates. An English contributor to the August Critic makes fun of some lines of Austin's, especially this one: "Gleamed through the land, then over ocean wound." The poet laureate's jaded but stimulated imagination presented to his view an army which "over ocean wound," a sight surely unseen before. He tries to carry favor with the United States by singing of her love and respect for mother England, a very risky way, we should think. This contributor, after asking sorrowfully how long such shame shall endure, expresses the deep desire that Austin may soon, very soon, join the "Choir Inaudible." Surely

Austin's ranting verse must be galling to the pride of a nation that can boast the swelling, sounding flow of Milton and the liquid lines of Tennyson.

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James Lane Allen has entered a new realm, and if the interest he has excited may be understood as sign of victory, he has made a triumphant entry. In all his novels there enters a thoughtful, enquiring spirit, and in his latest novel he only goes a step further and writes about religion. In that delightful, because simple, love story, "A Kentucky Cardinal" is pictured the remorse consequent upon an inhuman deed. Georgiana, the heroine, is the embodiment of gentleness. To be sure, it is not easy for one acquainted with nowadays girls to understand and appreciate her motives sometimes. For instance, she required that Adam should love the gentle birds too well to kill one even for her sake. Experience would warrant one in saying that much the greater number of girls would require the sacrifice of more than a little bird for their sake. We must accept Georgiana, however, as we accept other fictitious heroines—without a counterpart on earth, and very few equals in heaven. The whole story is sweetly told—Adam's quiet life disturbed by the location of a family just across the way, his unreasonable anger at the birds, the quarrel and the happy ending. In the "Choir Invisible" he makes a perceptible advance. His characters have not that light, airy, fairy semblance which distinguishes those in "A Kentucky Cardinal." In the former book love is present, indeed, but there is a barrier which can't be gotten over nor gotten rid' of. Love's only reward is love, but love faithful unto death. The woman, wedded to another man, would have died before she would reveal her love, but it was too soon discovered. Then separation came. In his latest book, "The Reign of Law," it is said that he carries his hero from steadfast belief to stubborn unbelief, although the heroine is a simple Christian the whole thing through. In such a case the book will, in many places, be criticised unfavorably. Whatever the motive and moral of the book be, and whatever success may attend it, we could wish that this charming writer had been willing still to tell us of the birds and flowers and streams of his native state.

It must be admitted that we were never an admirer of George Elliot until recently. During those sultry days of summer when one's mind cannot be engaged in external activity, and is therefore capable of studying more closely the mental and moral states, we began the reading of "Romola." As the story advanced our interest increased. The gay and brilliant Tito held our attention, while the pensive, sweet, but strong minded Romola commanded our admiration. We grew absorbed as the steps of Tito's decline were traced by a master hand. Landing at Florence, destitute and a stranger, he soon came to know Romola. At first the thought of his father left in slavery haunted him, but he soothed his troubled conscience by promising himself that he would rescue him soon, and after awhile began to excuse himself for non-performance of duty by the probability of his father's death. He quickly won the love of Romola, and not long afterwards she became his wife. After this he could not afford to be tormented by the cries of a guilty conscience; his course lay plain before him. He had acquired influence and popularity by his gifts and his graces. By a slow process his heart became hardened to tender thoughts of the father who was kind to him in his childhood and of a woman who loved him in his young manhood. To increase his political influence, he became the trusted friend of each of several parties in Florence and was a traitor to all. Romola's remonstrances were not heeded. His father suddenly appears, in ragged apparel, in the streets of the city and keeps watch on Tito, who steadily refuses to ruin his prospects of fame by recognizing the old man whom he has so shamefully neglected. At last his ungratefulness and treachery uncloaked, his influence gone, deserted by Romola, dragged through the streets, he dies, dies with the fierce eyes of his avenging father gloating over him. Tito's faults were very few and very innocent at first, consisting only of a too great desire for personal comfort and safety, and a supreme love of popularity, but these increased so greatly that they drove out all sense of honor. By disregarding the voice of duty, he ruined his own character forever, and destroyed the happiness of beautiful and virtuous Romola for life. The story is splendidly told, and the moral is deeply impressed, namely to obey

the slightest impulse of conscience without delay. The awful fate of Tito shows what will happen if we disregard it. We are forcibly reminded of those lines of Burns:

“Its slightest touches, instant pause,  
Debar all side pretences;  
And resolutely keep its laws,  
Uncaring consequences.”

We have always had a decided preference for love stories. Very few novels, indeed, have met our approval that did not introduce that element. But in the course of our reading we do not remember to have read a love story which gave more genuine pleasure than “When Knighthood Was in Flower.” It seems that we have seen it described somewhere as silly trash, but we cannot, on that account, cease to appreciate it. There is doubtless a class of beings (not human surely) which either cannot or will not recognize beauty in such a book, persons who feel no throb of pulse, no thrill of the heart as they read of the desperate daring of a loving princess; we would be untruthful, however, were we to class ourselves in that way. We do steadfastly believe that such ungovernable love, such unreasoning devotion as are pictured in this book are not confined between book covers, else why do we love to read and linger over such scenes? In the book mentioned we find love inhabiting a beautiful temple and receiving the most acceptable sacrifices. The charm of the book lies partly in the intensity of the emotion arising from its continued repression: partly in the way the story is told, and partly for us, in the fact that the heroine is a princess, while the hero is nothing but a captain. And it ends happily. There is enough of trouble in this world for writers to cease adding to it by wretched endings.

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❧ ❧ ❧ EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

In assuming the duties of Associate Editor of the MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN we extend to the public and to our co-laborers of the staff a hearty greeting.

In this undertaking we fully realize the task to which unskilled hands have been called, but we will endeavor to make up the lack in skill by earnest effort.

Among other things the Exchange Department falls to the Associate Editor. Thus to the disadvantages consequent upon working in an untried field is added the burden of writing criticism of the ideas and productions of others. The limitations imposed by the very nature of the department impresses us with the fact that the exchange editor is a purely negative factor. He may not impress himself upon the college world by a positive expression of his own ideals, though they be ever so pure and ever so noble, and he may not express a thought upon a subject of his own choosing, however much that thought might burn for utterance and whatever might be its value to the world, until another has opened the way.

We are not unconscious of the magnitude of the task that lies before us, if we are to form it conscientiously and honestly, and we realize, too, that in this department we are carried not only beyond the possibility of taking refuge in those retreats into which timid and shrinking dispositions are wont to hide themselves, but we are pitted against the best intellects of Southern college life. Notwithstanding all this we shall endeavor to make our criticisms, whether favorable or unfavorable, the expression of candor, manly sincerity and honest judgement, founded upon honest investigation.

While we know our burden and our responsibility we have not become so absorbed in the one thought as to forget that there is a real and a positive side. We fully appreciate the fact that in this department we come closest to those characters whose ideas and ideals, when robbed of the silt and unreality of youth and when crystalized shall find expression in the statutes of state and nation, and in the choicest productions of our national literature,

and shall influence every art and every science. Hence we deem it a privilege to stand upon such an eminence and view the century's promise, and perhaps, by some friendly criticism, even change the course of future events.

Each year of a college man's life brings new experiences, opens new fields of usefulness and thus paves the way for the real service of life. We find ourselves upon the threshold of college journalism. Looking back over the past we find no parallel for this venture, but instead a life made up of experiences quite different from those likely to be had as the result of this departure. So whatever mistakes we may make in the performance of what we conceive to be "our plain duty," we hope that a common experience will enable our friends to place the blame where it justly belongs.

---

Among the first to gladden our heart was the Emory and Henry Era. As to mechanical execution it is among the neatest that comes to our desk. The matter, too, is interesting, and reflects credit upon the students of Emory and Henry. The article entitled "The Negro" is especially good. The author seems to grasp the true situation—the situation with all the environments of circumstances—and he treats it in a practical and common-sense way. We have seen nothing sweeter than "A Southern Idyl," contained in this same issue.

---

We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Tennessee University Magazine. It is full of matter from cover to cover, and the subjects treated cover a broad field and the greater part of them show careful preparation. The editor-in-chief seems to be independent in the matter of securing verse, as the indications are that he takes his trouble to the muses. Let us cultivate our gifts in this respect more, that we may develop the highest degree of perfection possible.

---

We have received the University of Mississippi Magazine, and no magazine holds a higher place in our esteem than this. The first issue is a jewel. The "Women of Shakespeare" is an excellent production. But that which pleases us most is the tone of its editorials. They are in

some respects a departure from the beaten path. College editorials, in many cases, instead of being expressions of thought are rather apologies for the absence of thought, and they have but one property of matter, viz: that of occupying space, but this cannot be said of the editorials of our University brother.

---

We are glad to welcome "Mississippi College Magazine." Our nearness to each other and our common ties insure it not only the welcome but the good wishes of the COLLEGIAN.

---

At the last hour we receive "The Emory Phoenix." We have not had time to examine it carefully, but from the partial examination we think the matter first-class. For this time we merely bid it welcome.

---

We have received, as yet, but few exchanges, hence the space occupied by our comments will necessarily be very limited.

---

*MY LOVE'S HANDKERCHIEF.*

---

I stole my love's handkerchief  
 And thus 'came a thief,  
 I steal sweet mem'ries of her  
 From it forever.

It's perfume subtle and rare,  
 As it lingers there,  
 Sweetens each thought and each sigh  
 Into rapture nigh.

I'll keep it, love's little ward,  
 For its past record  
 Of love's dear sweet happenings,  
 And the thoughts it brings.

So if there's ever a wound  
 I'll wrap it around,  
 And ease the pain of my heart,  
 Endurance impart.

EGDIRF.

❧ ❧ ❧ ALUMNI DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

Of the class of 1900 there are six who are this year doing post-graduate and professional work: Messrs. W. W. Holmes and C. N. Guice are studying theology at Vanderbilt, and Mr. E. H. Galloway is in the medical department of the same school. Mr. W. L. Kennon is working for a master's degree at Millsaps and has a fellowship; Messrs. T. M. Lemly and T. W. Holloman are studying law at Millsaps. Of the other eight, two are in the active ministry, Mr. J. B. Mitchell in the Indian Territory, and Mr. H. P. Lewis, Jr., on the South Vicksburg work. Mr. J. A. Teat is the junior member of the law firm of Teat & Teat, of Kosciusco. The senior member of this firm is Mr. G. L. Teat, of the class of 1898. Mr. Burwell took a course at Poughkeepsie, finishing a short while ago, and is now in business with his father at Ebenezer. Mr. W. T. Clark is book-keeper for Dan James, at Yazoo City. All acquainted with the genial and lenient nature of his employer envy Clark his position. The other three are pedagogues: Mr. M. A. Chambers is principal of the Blountsville high school, Mr. J. F. Galloway of the Montrose high school, and Mr. T. E. Marshall of the Carrolton high school.

The Alumni Editor wishes in one issue to tell of all the Millsaps men who are lawyers, and in another of all who are doctors, etc.

Mr. R. L. Miller, 1902, is principal of the Monticello high school. However he found time to visit the college a few days ago.

Mr. Freeland Magruder, 1901, is studying medicine at his home in New Orleans.

The Alumni Editor is forced to make his department rather short this time on account of space.



<span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span> <span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span> <span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span> LOCAL DEPARTMENT <span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span> <span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span> <span style="font-size: 1.5em;">❧</span>
--

“Don’t view me with a critic’s eye,  
But pass my imperfections by.”

With greetings we welcome both old and new students.

The campus now presents a lively appearance with its two hundred Platos and its four graces.

Gaily, the Troubadour touches his light guitar and harps the sweet strains, “O! for another Stephen.”

Mr. Lamar Hennington, a prosperous lawyer of Columbia, has been among our visitors.

Student—“Professor, is brass plentiful?”

Professor—“Only a certain kind.”

On his return from Poughkeepsie, Stephen Burwell, ’00, spent a few days with us.

We are glad to greet Prof. Ricketts on his recovery from a severe illness.

Thousand dollar reward—For a “prep” who defaced the college building.

We are glad to welcome R. D. Clark back, who was compelled to go home on account of sickness.

On November 10 we will meet Tulane in New Orleans; on the 12th, Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge.

H. F. Sively is manager of the foot-ball team. The captain has not been elected.

Dr. Dye and Prof. Hearst were welcome visitors during the past week.

Prof. B.—“Why, Mr. Hart, was the tragedy called a goat song?”

Mr. H.—“Because one sings and the others answer.”

The appearance of the campus, under Mr. Ackerland’s care, has undergone great improvement.

The contest for freshman honors waxed hot. Why did each want a brick?

It is not spring, but when Belhaven is seen a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

R. T. Liddell, the business manager of the COLLEGIAN during the session of '99-'00, was in the city on business(?). We wish you success, old fellow.

The Black Gowned Ones are now seen in large numbers, Belhaven having opened with as many students as could be accommodated.

A member of the Junior Latin class wants to know what writer is especially gifted in love poetry. He suggests that it be used as a text instead of *The Aeneid*. Poor fellow, some girl has his heart.

The newly-elected officers of the Freshman class are as follows: L. C. Hinds, President; E. J. Coker, Vice President; H. A. Wood, Secretary; S. M. Graham, Historian; E. Mohler, Poet; C. Brown, Prophet.

We are pleased to note that Mr. G. R. Bennett, the president of our Y. M. C. A., who has been very ill, is convalescent.

By certain machinations of the cruel seniors "Whit" has lost his highly-cultured mustache. Don't grieve, my little fellow, they're gone, but not forever.

The Sophomore class elected the following officers: D. C. Enochs, President; Miss Craine, Vice President; Miss Annai Hemingway, Secretary; H. F. Jones, Historian; Noble, Poet; Gunter, Orator.

Some of the students have been very ill of late. They are affected with enlargement of the heart. No wonder. They have subscribed for one copy of the COLLEGIAN and given one dollar to athletics.

Millsaps has a new feature in the shape of a clock which now thinks and talks, and we are sure under the tutorage of Dr. Muckenfuess it will soon master chemistry and physics.

The annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. was a grand success. An interesting program was rendered. Delicious refreshments were served, for which we are indebted to Mrs. C. B. Galloway, Mrs. Murrah, Mrs. Holloman and Miss Cavetti.

The officers of the Senior and Junior classes have not as yet been elected.

The officers of the Chicken and Turkey club have been elected. Their names, as yet, are not made public. The president, in his inaugural address, urged the committee of location to have a full report as to the whereabouts of the best specimens for the Thanksgiving banquet. He wishes to make this anniversary the most delightful in the history of the club. Invitations to the faculty and students who subscribe for the COLLEGIAN will be issued next week.

Millsaps was victorious in every contest of oratory in which she participated last year. We secured the highest awards of the state at Vicksburg by winning the State Inter-collegiate medal. At the Chataqua Mr. Holloman proved himself a successful speaker by taking that prize. Mr. Mitchell, our gifted orator, to cap the climax easily won the Gulf States medal, at Monteagle, thus giving to his state the victory, to his Alma Mater the proud position of first in the ranks of southern colleges. While we have had such signal successes, let us not sit idle and see our laurels lowered by any, but with renewed efforts seek to sustain our position. The Literary society fosters this spirit and gives to the college its orators and if we wish to maintain our standard it will be accomplished through this source. Therefore we heartily recommend and admonish each student to join either of the societies.

The Literary societies are now in full force and each gives a very delightful and instructive program. The anniversary speakers and commencement debaters for the Lamar were elected the evening of October 25, resulting in the following: H. F. Fridge, Anniversarian; G. L. Crosby, orator; A. Thompson and E. B. Ricketts, debaters. The Galloway chose the following able corps: W. L. Duren, anniversarian; H. O. White, orator; W. L. Felder and W. A. Williams, debaters.

For the first time in the history of the college have the students been allowed inter-collegiate games. By this condescension of the trustees and faculty a great enthusiasm has sprung up. Although this is the first year and we are supposed to be in our infancy, we hope to prove our ability both on the gridiron and the diamond, and that we may return from every field with victory. We have secured the services of Mr. Aby, one of the best foot-ball players and coaches in the south, and under his instructions hope to conquer our opponents. Without the co-operation of the students we can do nothing, and upon this the future prosperity of the teams rests. Every student should be a member of the Athletic association, and after becoming a member should take all the interest possible in everything connected with college athletics. Think of it. The victories of the teams are your victories; their defeat, yours.

Foot-ball champion McLeod, anticipating the results of the Millsaps-Tulane game, very proudly declared that on the day following the game his likeness would appear conspicuously on the first page of the Times-Democrat. A by-stander coolly remarked, "Yes, I believe it is customary to give the picture of the man who is killed in a game." McLeod became seriously silent and thought on a future state.

The following are those who have contributed to the Millsaps football team:

Maxie McKee	H. G. Fridge
E. H. Galloway	C. D. Potter
Couprey Nugent	T. W. Alford
H. N. Carter	Walter Robertson
N. L. Wingo	Lex Brame
Albert Eyrich	Taylor's Shoe Store
Dr. W. N. Wright	Hugh Gaston
Leonard & Cooper	Jeff Smith
Jenkins' Laundry	J. C. Holland
John Cleary	Brown Brothers
Winston Campbell	Garner Green
F. R. Smith	J. R. Stowers
W. C. McWillie	J. B. Lusk
Chalmers Alexander	Joe Martz
J. J. Moore	W. C. Wells



M. M. Chastine  
 J. A. Voughn  
 Dr. Magruder  
 J. J. Evans  
 Ed Yerger  
 F. B. Neal  
 George Hilzim  
 Fred Nelson  
 Logan Phillips  
 D. B. Dubard  
 Will Hemingway  
 Lott & Porter  
 Magee Porter  
 Thomas Folkes,  
 Allen Thompson  
 Buck & Holder  
 J. F. Robinson  
 Lucius Mayes

J. P. Matthews  
 W. O. Green  
 O. J. Waite  
 J. B. Sterling  
 Joe Power  
 John Mosal  
 W. W. Morrison  
 S. L. Burwell  
 O. C. Strauss  
 J. F. Hunter & Co.  
 James Jones  
 W. M. Jefferson  
 W. A. McLeod  
 Alec Montgomery  
 A. J. McLaurin, Jr.  
 Robert Henry  
 E. B. Ricketts  
 H. L. Whitfield

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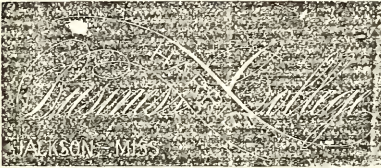
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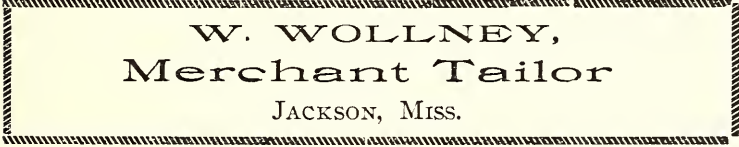
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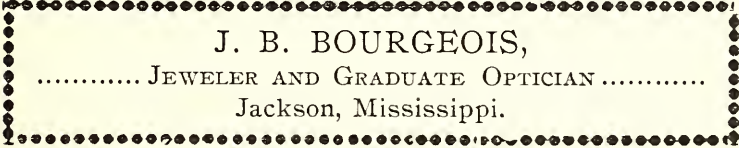
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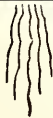
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## — *Butterfly Tie* —

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# The Millsaps Collegian

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DECEMBER, 1900

PUBLISHED BY  
Students of Millsaps College



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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., NOVEMBER, 1900

No. 1

## *A SON'S REVENGE.*



“GREAT Scott! I thought we were the only fools in town, to get out in this blizzard, but look yonder! there’s a woman; her business must be urgent to force her along the street in the face of this. Poor woman, she must be in trouble, It’s a pity about these poor people, anyway. They are not clothed as well as others, and yet they have to live in this weather.” The speaker and his companion were heavily muffled in furry great coats, and were almost in a run. The object of his notice was on the other side of the street, hastening along through the blinding sleet and snow with only a shawl, and that a little one, thrown over her shoulders. Every step was a struggle to her, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she forced herself through the storm. She looked thin and haggard, and shiver after shiver shook her frail, chilled body. The sleet and snow drove directly in her face with a fierceness which seemed born of purpose. But she fought bravely on, bending half forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping her eyes fixed downward. House after house she passed, and did not stop till she stood near a pretty residence. All looked cosy and warm inside of it, notwithstanding the cold without. After a time her numb fingers opened the gate, and it clicked with a frosty, frozen sound. When she had shaken from her the clinging ice and snow, she was shown to a room, well lighted and warm. She seemed strangely out of place in that room, well furnished and orderly and comfortable, while she was cold and ragged. On the farther side of the room near a fire, sat a man reading a newspaper. When the woman entered he



looked up and stared at her in amazement, wondering who it could be that had braved the awful night. She slowly approached the fire, holding out her hands to it. Then she straightened up, took off her frozen bonnet and began in a sweet, though feeble voice: "Mr. Rose, I've come to see you about my boy. I'm in trouble." "Is the boy worse, madam?" he coldly interrupted, displeased at her coming. "No, sir, I did not mean that. He is not worse, but when he is well he will have no work to do." "I had rather you would not bother me about that. It is a matter which could not and can not be helped. Your son was hurt at a time when I needed all the men I could get. He was no sooner at home in bed than I had engaged a man to take his place. This man has proved to be a splendid workman, and I cannot give him up. My number is now complete, and I cannot employ more men. I am very sorry this has happened, but I am sure you can find a place for him somewhere in the city." After a moment the woman, lifting her eyes from the fire to his face, said in still sweet, but trembling tones: "Mr. Ross, my son was hurt while he was working for you. He was carried home almost dead, and for these ten weeks I have nursed him, and it will still be several weeks before he can work. Unless he gets work soon we shall starve."

"I am truly sorry," said he, "that things are as they are. If I had a place vacant, your son should have it. But can you expect me, when every place is full and the work going on nicely, to take out my best man and put a feeble boy in his place? Common sense should teach you, madam, that I would not be doing myself justice to do so."

"Common sense, Mr. Ross, might, indeed, teach me so, but sense of right demands that a rich man take care of the person who was injured in his employ. Roy never once doubted that his work would be given back to him till he heard to-day that you had engaged a man permanently in his place. But now he is discouraged, and I fear it may cause him harm. There is no one but me to stay with him and nurse him, so how can I seek work for him? He will soon be well, and then can do his work as well as ever."

"Madam, I am very sorry we disagree, but I must be firm. All is running smoothly now, and to take a man out would throw everything into disorder. I must look out for myself just as you do for yourself. I cannot afford to

lose time. If a man falls out I find another to take his place. There must not be a lapse in labor. You surely exaggerate your situation. In a short while your son will have another place. However, that may be, I can not take him back. You are familiar now with my reasons." Then looking out of the window into the night, he remarked significantly "You will have a bad way home." With this he took his paper again and resumed reading. The tears which had hardly been kept back, now came at last, and the poor woman sobbed as if her heart were broken. She did not linger, though; she went out into the terrible night, moaning and crying to herself in agony, "What can we do? Oh, what can we do?"

Andrew Ross, the wealthy mill owner, left to himself, began to think. "Will this eternal bother never cease?" he frowningly asked himself. "What business of mine is it to see after the families of my employes? When I pay them up weekly there my business with them ends. If I take care of them when they are sick, when will they ever repay me? I know the poor fellows have a tight pull sometimes, but what if I took particular care of them all? I would soon be penniless. I recognize the peculiar hardship in this case. The mother cannot leave her sick boy, nor can she support him. Yet the boy should have saved something from his earnings, in which case I doubt not all will come right." With which soothing reflection he read again. Next morning he saw a little notice that read thus: "DIED—At her home in the row of tenements on Park street, Caroline Dean, aged 39 years, 4 months, of exposure to cold on the night of January 4th.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a sunny day in May, twenty years after, along a dusty country road in a western State walked a man old and tottering. His steps were slow and a death pallor was on his face. He was clad meanly, and his whole appearance showed poverty and neglect. Off to the left he saw a beautiful cottage surrounded by shade. "If I could only get to it I would live," said he. Leaning his whole weight on his staff and stumbling fearfully, he finally reached the place. But out in the yard some little children were playing; inside the door sat a woman, stitching with nimble fingers; in a field beyond the house a man was at work. When the old man came inside the yard, the woman quickly asked

him in, and noting with surprise and alarm his pallor, made him lie down, and set about preparing him food. Soon the husband came in and was so startled at seeing the aged face that he cried out roughly "Why, what are you doing here?" His wife, shocked at his abruptness, was about to remonstrate, when the old man, suddenly looking around, sat up in bed with a jerk, just as if he had been frightened in a dream. "My God!" he cried, "why did I come here? I must go again." And he would have gone had not the wife restrained him. "You must not go," she exclaimed. "You could not walk a hundred yards." He lay down again, too feeble and weary and faint to speak. The woman turned to her husband saying: "What on earth did you mean, Roy? Don't you see the man is nearly dead?" "Jane," began the man, slowly and thoughtfully, "that man murdered my mother." She gave a great start. "Twenty years ago I was working for that man, and was almost killed. While I was sick he gave my place permanently to another man. My poor feeble mother at once went to see him. It was an awful night—a night of snow and storm. He flatly refused to give me my place again. My mother came back chilled through; and she was broken-hearted. That night she died. Now, are you surprised at my words?" "My husband," she said tenderly, "he has done wickedly, and he has reaped his reward already. See how poor and ragged he is—see how he is suffering. I know you will not turn him out. Look—he suffers for it now." They saw the old man sobbing. "Now, can't you let him stay? Her words had their effect. After a moment's thought, he said: "Well, it would be murder to turn him out, and I do not wish to kill him. Let the old man stay."

And so he stayed, and the faithful nursing of the woman at last brought him back to health. He had suffered reverses—his mill had burned, he had lost all, and determined to come West to spend the rest of his days. He had fallen sick, and thus, by chance or Providence, had come to the home of the man he had injured. He spent his last days with them, striving to make a partial atonement for his cruelty to the mother by the constant care for the son and his family. And he succeeded. Roy came to love the old man, and the children might be seen any day clambering up into his lap, and clinging to his neck.

OTIS WHITE.

*THE POWER OF SENTIMENT.*

The power of sentiment is one of the strongest agencies known in directing human conduct. We read history and find it a very powerful motive among the ancients. At Thermopylæ we see its wonderful effect. After two days of fierce fighting the Persians, through treachery, got into the rear of the Greeks. Leonidas sees that all is lost. He dismisses the allies, but for him and his band of gallant Spartans there could be no thought of retreat. Spartan courage had never quailed. They had been taught since infancy that Spartans were never conquered as long as a spark of life enabled one Spartan to do his duty. Just so long they fought the Persians. The noble inscription put upon the monument afterwards erected on the spot well expresses the sentiment that animated their lives: "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their orders."

Hannibal's career is a most remarkable exponent of this power. At the age of 9 with his hands upon the sacrifice he swore eternal hatred to the Roman race. He grew up with one object, one all-consuming determination—to obliterate Rome. It had been the one object of his father's life. Carthage seemed to have been created solely for this purpose. Most great generals have been spurred on by selfish and other motives. In Hannibal's case not only the consuming fires of his warlike genius would not sleep, but he himself declared that the sacred obligations of a vow that could not be broken urged him incessantly; and the grand result was the accomplishment of that most gigantic undertaking of ancient times—the crossing of the Alps; and it carried him to the very gates of Rome.

So in mediæval times we find sentiment dominating the whole Christian world. The chivalric, generous sentiment of the knights and troubadours of the Middle Ages made history for some hundreds of years. The spirit of chivalry was just rising. The old religious feeling that had been felt since the earliest of Christian times, that to visit the Holy City was the most pious of all pious acts, was at its height. Peter the Hermit fired the hearts of the multitude by his appeals and incited them to action, while Pope Urban II., that Demosthenes of the Middle



Ages, inspired the leaders with his eloquence. The results are seen in crusades, those mighty popular outbursts of enthusiasm and feeling that shook Europe for two hundred years. Sentiment was supreme.

Then we find sentiment stirring Europe to its foundations in the German Reformation, and later resulting in the mighty French revolution.

Nor is this sentiment yet quenched, though in this day of commercial greed and political aggrandizement it would seem to have lost its potency. We have lately seen the effects of its power. The mighty heart of the American people throbbed in sympathy with the trammelled Cubans, and the war for freedom and right was the result. No people ever showed a more generous, chivalric spirit than was showed by the American people in this war at all times and at all places. American history, indeed, is full of sentiment. Our fathers set up lofty ideals. The exploits of our army and navy in the war for independence and other early wars have made a powerful tradition. The spirit of dauntless courage breathed into the American navy by John Paul Jones will never die.

But sentiment alone is not sufficient. There must be labor. In all our examples we see that not sentiment alone, but sentiment joined with hard, efficient work made success. This is pre-eminently true with us. The signal victory of the American fleet in Santiago bay shows this fact. The Spaniards doubtless had inspiring sentiment enough, but their work was very insufficient. But not only in the public service do we find this true. We find the successes of the private citizen made by hard, determined, efficient work, and the one thing that makes this work possible we find, in almost every case, is a strong, stirring sentiment, a healthy tradition.

The American people should cherish and conserve this sentiment. We of the South feel it more, perhaps, than the people of any other portion of the Union. For the American home of this sentiment has ever been the South. Our genial climate and the peculiar nature of our history have fostered it and our sons have lived it. There beats not a heart in our whole Southland that does not throb with pride at the mention of our generous, chivalric Lee, or of our noble Jackson.

And we of the South, so imbued with this spirit and cherishing it so dearly, would have the American people as a nation to foster it. It will effect *union* as nothing else can. The citizen of California and the citizen of Maine should treasure up the same traditions, and each should feel and love the healthful, inspiring sentiment that happily is felt with such power in the oldest parts of our country. And when this is true the American States will be, indeed, a *Union*.

T. WYNN HOLLOMAN.



# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### INTER-COLLEGIATE GAMES.

The results of our foot-ball games seem conclusively to show that the board of trustees acted wisely in granting inter-collegiate games. There has been an enthusiasm aroused among the students, which, if it existed, was never before shown. The loyalty and patriotism for his institution, the essential elements of a typical college student cannot, by any other means, be more successfully encouraged. The fervor and excitement incident to a game are the most unifying agencies possible, and the influences that give rise to them are love for the college and the desire to see it come off victorious from every

contest. No one can doubt that these motives are most helpful and we believe that no one who has ever witnessed the intensity of feeling shown by a student body at a game can doubt that permanent good is the result. Inter-collegiate games, moreover, appeal strongly to those having an inclination for such sports, and who would, other things being equal, prefer the institution that has them to the one that does not. It is a mistaken idea, too, that this class of boys is undesirable, for even a partial inspection shows that many of our most intelligent and useful citizens were the most zealous participants in college games. It is erroneous, too, to think that the preparation for these games must be at the expense of regular literary work. No more time is required for practice than should otherwise be spent in gymnasium, or in some other manner of recreation. The notion that brutality is inseparably connected with inter-collegiate games is fast losing ground. There was a time when this was not so, but the reduction of games to a scientific basis and the adoption of sensible rules have entirely eliminated this objectionable feature. The fact is that inter-collegiate games are but the outgrowth of the spirit of rivalry among students, all of one college. The debates in literary societies lead to debates between them, and these in turn to oratorical contests between colleges. In like manner inter-collegiate games are but the developments of college athletics. If, then, what has been said is true, viz: that they are valuable in promoting the right kind of college enthusiasm; in unifying the student body and developing a social feeling in it without sacrificing useful time; and if they have no brutal tendencies, then nothing is at stake, and they should be encouraged as one of the necessary features of college life.

#### LACK OF UNIFORMITY IN FREE-SCHOOL BOOKS.

The present method of adopting books for the free school of the state seems to have caused general dissatisfaction. The confusion attending the change and the demoralization following it are enough to demand a new method. These things, however, constitute the least important reasons for a change. As the present method is, each county is the final arbiter in the selection of its books and the different kinds are limited only by the number of counties in state. Obviously, the task of main-



taining a uniform curriculum, if not impossible, is very great. Take for example one of the most important studies, grammar. There are an almost infinite number and some of them utterly worthless, while it is lamentably true that many of the boards of adoption are incapable of distinguishing the good from the bad. Then in selecting them, while some get the best, others undoubtedly get the worst. The same is true of the entire course. Thus while the intention of the law is to have the best books obtainable for the free school curriculum, any county while nominally maintaining it, may in reality fall far below it by selecting inferior books. This condition of affairs prevents the establishment of a uniform basis for the free schools and makes impossible any system of grading that could, otherwise, be instituted. It seems that a better way would be, for the State Superintendent, assisted by some of the most competent teachers of the state, to select them, and compel the use of them in all the counties. The system of graded schools as exists in most towns, could then be made general. Another advantage would be that book firms being able to supply a greater demand could supply it at the least possible cost while the state as a whole could better hold them to contracts than a single county. Finally, the greatest advantage would be that a greater degree of thoroughness could be had than is now given, and the elementary work could be made sufficiently accurate to support any super-structure.

#### THE CASE OF THE BOERS.

The reception given President Kruger on his arrival in France seems to indicate more than an admiration for a man who has struggled valiantly, though vainly for his country's liberty. Nor can it be said to be due to the excitability of the French people and their tendency to hero worship, but it is a part of the universal sympathy felt for the Boers—a sympathy that has its origin in the inherent sense of justice. The demands of England have been universally regarded as unjust, and notwithstanding the fact that the result of the struggle has never been in doubt, yet the world has looked on with the prayer that at the last extremity, something might save the country for its countrymen. If anything could effect this safety, it must be the sight of the venerable exile-president, of

women and children dying in their country's service, and the inauguration by the British of the reconcentrado policy. The memory of the cruelties heaped on the Cubans by Spain, by means of this policy, is still fresh, and though the world would gladly forget them, the greatest empire on earth has started anew the system of warfare that would satisfy the most insatiate of savages. It will be remembered that England was among the first nations to denounce the practices of Spain and to defend the action of the United States. The wonderful inconsistency in Britain's conduct can be explained on no other ground than an inordinate greed of gain, and passion for conquest. If the intervention of the United States in the Cuban war was just, then the re-establishment of those barbarities in the Transvaal by England, which compelled her to action should call forth the united efforts of all nations to prevent a capital crime from closing the century.



❧ ❧ LITERARY DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧

**B**ED ROCK is a grand book. Its influence remains with you on and on after you have read it. It is not little, it is not frivolous; it is great, it is earnest. Its effect does not owe its intensity to a manufactured excitation. To be entrancing it does not have to be enveloped in the mist of faraway colonial days. To be stirring it needs not the wars of the Crusades or the battles of the Revolution or the attacks of Indians. To bind you under its spell, it needs not to incorporate oddities of scene or plot or language. You do not find in it the archaic language of "Richard Carvel." You do not find the mountains and gypsies of "Aylwin." You do not find the "Mommy" and "Dadda" of "Janice Meredith." In short, you do not find any of the little devices to catch the attention which are so sought and prized by the authors of 1898 and 1899. The ability of an author seems to be measured to-day by the facility with which he discovers tricks and turns and the good taste with which he inserts them in his book. The point of a chapter lies in the happy turn of a sentence or a dialogue, in a witty retort, perhaps. The success of a novel lies in the fact that the author has found a strange theme and builded thereon a fabric half feeling and half folly. Thomas Nelson Page has chosen a period in the history of the South that is especially attractive, not only to the descendants of the old Southern gentlemen, but to all who love chivalry in man, beauty and devotion in woman. For the old South was the home of chivalry and devotion and beauty. True, some there be who cannot feel the charm, who cannot understand why the old times should linger with us yet. They are to be pitied. Let us forget, however, that such exist; we can still enjoy the old stories and memories; for those who cannot we do not care. The times "before the war" are dear to us. They will ever be dear to us. We love the stories of hospitable mansions and broad plantations; of high-bred, chivalrous old men and gentle matrons; of handsome, daring youths and beautiful, cultured, loving maidens. Oh! let us love those

old times! Sad day for us when, pressed by busy cares, we shun the pleasant memories of our past. A country so fruitful in statesmen and warriors and heroes; so full of brave deeds, so rich in memories of knights who dared and maidens who loved, can never fail to be proud of its past. He who says that dwelling on the past unfits a people for the duties of to-day speaks falsely. Across the line there are those who, their own affairs flourishing, wish to meddle. They claim that the South's great drawback is the dreaming of the past, instead of attending to the present. Had the Southern people nothing to dream of except a Hartford Convention and a Salem Witchcraft, no doubt they would not dream.

Mr. Page reproduces the old Southern life with a tender and loving hand. Therefore he reproduces it truly and perfectly. His characters lived and moved when our grandmothers were eighteen. He saw the old times through a mist which rendered what was lovely more lovely and concealed whatever small part was unlovely; it may have been a mist of tears. After all, this is the spirit in which an author should approach his subject. He must be in love with it. And Mr. Page was in love with his subject. In all fiction I suppose there is not a finer character than Dr. Cary, in "Red Rock"—a perfect gentleman, courteous, dignified, kind; a model husband, a model father, a model friend; a man who gives his life, not only for his friends, thus fulfilling the Scriptural ideal, but even for his enemies. He appears in prosperity as a kind master, a kind man; a genial host, a welcome guest. When the war passes and leaves him a ruined man, then his character shines forth in all his brilliancy. He stays among his neighbors, helping them to their feet, caring for them, healing them when sick, in fact, sacrificing himself for them.

He distributes among the terribly poor the scanty sum he collects for his services from the poor. He willingly suffers what his neighbors suffer, even to insult and imprisonment. And he finally comes to his death in the act of saving the life of his and his neighbors' and the South's worst enemy, a carpet-bagger, a parasite.

Dr. Cary does not dwell only in fiction. Such men there were before the war; such men there are to-day. And they are many.



❧❧❧ EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ❧❧❧

During the month of November we received a number of magazines from the various institutions throughout the country. Some of these magazines are excellent in quality, but some are very poor. In many cases, however, these deficiencies are due rather to a lack of means for the support of the magazine, than to a lack of college spirit or of capacity on the part of the students and staff.

We gladly welcome the *Hendrix College Mirror*. On the whole it is a fairly good magazine, but we notice that in a "A Story of It Might Have Been," Longfellow is named as the author of the lines quoted, when in fact Whittier is the author. This should be a warning to those contributing matter for publication to let their quotations be accurately quoted and the right author named. The quotation itself may be so well known as to do no special violence to the interpretation of the production, nevertheless it takes something away and at least enough to spoil its beauty.

We note with pleasure the wonderful improvement in the *A. & M. Reflector*. It seems to us that with the large attendance there the *Reflector* ought to take rank among the best college magazines of the South.

We do not hesitate to say that the *Emory Phoenix* and the *Emory and Henry Era* are among the best of our exchanges. We have not seen a poor copy of either and they have not fallen into that onesidedness which is a characteristic of some of our magazines. One magazine, for instance, devoted about one-half its space to locals, another almost all of its space to athletics. Now, we are strongly in favor of these departments, and especially the department of athletics, but we do not think that any department should be allowed to exclude all other departments, but on the other hand we think that the magazine should be the mouthpiece of every department of college life.

We are glad to place the *Harvard Monthly* on our exchange list. It is the best college publication that we have ever had the pleasure to examine.

The *University Unit* for November contains much matter of real worth. Two productions, "The Aim of Democracy," and "Robert Burns," deserve special mention.

*Shamrock* for November is a delightful little magazine. True enough it is weak in some respects, but its one editorial is a crystalization of pure and noble sentiment. A plea for the preservation of purity—the priceless heritage of the American woman. May the sentiment live forever.

*Cap and Gown*, though not as pretentious as some other magazines, is nevertheless a nice little publication. In the November issue the Alumnae Notes have a very appropriate conclusion, viz: Hinds & Noble's ad.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines since our November issue: *S. P. U. Journal*, *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*, *Purple and White*, *The Washingtonian*, *Blue and Gold*, *The Revielle*, *The Jeffersonian*, *The Crimson M. S. U. Independent*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Stetson Collegiate* and *The Clionian*.



x x x LOCAL DEPARTMENT x x x

“We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
 We hang up garlands everywhere.  
 And bid the tapers twinkle fair  
 And feast and frolic and then we go  
 Back to the same old lives again.”

Hurrah! Hurrah for Christmas!

### Warning.

To the faculty, seniors and underclassmen: Don't stand with back to fire. Always face the devouring element.  
A JUNIOR.

H. P. Lewis, '00, who is pastor of South Vicksburg church, made a short visit to relatives.

J. A. Teat, '00, one of Kosciusko's prosperous lawyers, spent a few days with club-mates. He is the same "Babe" Teat.

Professor—"Mr. Clark, what is play upon words called?"

Mr. Clark—"It is called pun, and very frequently found in the Bible."

While on his way to conference, J. T. Lewis, '99, spent a few days with his many friends. He is always a welcome visitor.

I wonder what attraction W. T. Clark finds near the campus. Why, he comes to see the ball games.

That "clock" had a conflict the other day and "busted."

Miss Minta Johnson, of Madison Station, is the charming guest of Miss Katie Gray.

W. L. Wood (Dusty) of Brookhaven, spent a day with college chums.

Messrs. McLeod and Ligon of Hattiesburg, came up to witness the Thanksgiving game.

Messrs. Addison and George Harvey, of Canton came down to witness our foot-ball game with L. S. U. Mr. A's interest and enthusiasm was encouraging to the team.

Professor—(Class on Enoch Arden) "Mr. H., what qualities in Annie do you most admire?"

Mr. H.—(Not paying attention) "What Annie?"

The following officers of the Junior class were elected at the last meeting: R. L. Cochran, President; Miss Mary Holloman, Vice President; A. Thompson, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Millsaps, poet; J. B. Howell, Historian.

Our observatory will be placed on the hill just north of the college. The site has been surveyed and work will begin immediately. The lens is being made in Germany. The telescope is a generous gift Mr. Dan James.

Mr. H.—"My mind and Aristotle's run in the same channel."

Mr. F.—"Yes, but Aristotle made the channel."

Lieutenant Hobson was entertained by Alpha Mu Chapter of Kappa Alpha at a banquet given in his honor. The banquet hall was decorated with the fraternity colors and a delightful menu was served.

The members and guests of Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma were invited to the elegant home of Bishop and Mrs. Galloway to an annual Thanksgiving dinner of twenty-three covers. The decorations were of the fraternity colors and the favorite flower. The evening spent with this loyal hostess will ever be fragrant with pleasant memories.

On his return from the Vicksburg fair Lieut. R. P. Hobson was given a reception by the Stag Club. Many of the students and faculty had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished gentleman.

Professor—"Women promise to obey, but they don't, do they?"

Student—"I really can't say. I never had any experience." The Professor is a newly married man.

The Y. M. C. A., in honor of the Louisiana State University team, gave a reception which was much enjoyed by all. Rev. J. T. Lewis extended the welcome. Some very fine selections were rendered by our quartette, after which refreshments were served.



We here publish a part of a personal letter to one of our boys from a cadet of L. S. U.: "Your football team is composed of the most gentlemanly fellows that have ever invited us to play football. Every one, without a doubt, is a perfect gentleman."

On the evening after the Greenville game all the students joined in celebrating the victory with a "phantom" parade.

The "rooters" under the leadership of J. A. Vaughn have done magnificent work. The megaphone is a great addition to the efficiency of this body, which is so useful at all stages of the game.

We appreciate the congratulations from our State University on our victory.

We, the foot-ball team of Millsaps, are indebted to Mr. Haynes for a generous gift in the form of a splendid suit.

The Stag club very hospitably entertained both the Louisiana and the Millsaps teams at a german. The evening was much enjoyed by all present.

The first year of inter-collegiate sports! and the foot-ball team has covered itself with glory. Out of the four games played, we have lost two. Doubtless the team was criticized very severely after its two defeats while away on its trip. But, considering that our first game was with Tulane who has one of the strongest teams in the South, we feel highly delighted with the results. In our Thanksgiving game we wiped out the stains of one defeat by showing ourselves able to conquer the Louisiana State University team, who had beaten us on their own gridiron only two weeks previous. After their return from this unsuccessful trip every man went to work with the determination to do his part, and our coach left no stone unturned. This excellent work was shown in the score of 30 to 0 against Greenville. While we were victorious in this, it inspired every man to greater things, and when time was called on November 29, the score showed Millsaps 6; L. S. U., 5. With this issue Millsaps first football team bids adieu to its friends and thanks its many supporters for the munificent gifts and kind aid. We are proud of our record for the first year, but do not intend to cease our efforts until Millsaps shall take the stand among the foremost colleges in the South in athletics.

*AMOR AUTUMNUS.*

'Twas through a wooded, flowered vale,  
 Where leaves of autumn scattered lie ;  
 Or, tossing, frolic with the gale,  
 We idly strolled, my love and I,

Her cheeks were rosy as the west,  
 Her eyes were bluer than the sky ;  
 Her smile a witch's charm possessed ;  
 Oh, we were glad, my love and I !

I long had loved, but ne'er could tell,  
 Beyond a love-look or a sigh ;  
 Her simple smile would seem to spell  
 " We're only friends "—my love and I.

But on this golden autumn day,  
 When every zephyr whispered, " Try !"  
 Resolved I was to quit delay—  
 So while we wandered, love and I,

In tender tones I pleaded long—  
 I saw the love-light in her eye ;  
 Oh, Fortune fair our lives prolong  
 To bless that day, my love and I !

OTIS WHITE.

---

*A KISS.*

'Twas a kiss—that was all—but within it,  
 Bound together by love's golden cord,  
 Was a woman's faith and woman's trust,  
 And a woman's own richest reward

Of an answering love and devotion  
 That shall guard from the least carnal thought  
 That priceless boon of a woman's love,  
 With affection and confidence fraught.

Then regret not, my sweet, that you gave it ;  
 For 'twas hallowed by love's holy flame,  
 And as sacred to me shall its memory be  
 As to you is your dear mother's name.

R. LEE CANNON.

## ON A FLY-LEAF IN SIDNEY LANIER'S POEMS.

[Republished from the Vanderbilt Observer, issue of May, '97.]

Oh poet, that didst with such tenderness  
 And with such adoring lovingness  
 Utter forth the thoughts of clover and of corn,  
 Thou who didst translate the essence of the rose's odor  
 Into sweetest speech,—  
 Who didst enshrine in thine own heart  
 The spotless chastity which lilies  
 In their snowy night robes symbolize,  
 I here avow, I here do testify  
 My soul's sincerest love for thee.

This golden April morn, the dawn awoke  
 With songs of larks and mocking-birds.  
 A thousand trilling minstrels carolled forth  
 The symphonies of meadows strewn with violets,  
 Pastures with their lush-green grass dangling the crystal dew,  
 And budding groves quivering in grateful ecstasy  
 At the promise of the glad Spring-time.

Oh nature! thy sweet and mystic secrets  
 I thirst and yearn to know,  
 What fills this sea of trembling green with images angelic?  
 Who wrote the lyric music which yon glittering brook  
 Sends straightway up to Heaven?  
 Oh, could I find the voice to utter  
 One single thought that throbs to leave my heart,  
 One faint suggestion of the hidden feelings  
 Which thrill, yet pain my soul!

But poet! Southern poet! Hadst thou but seen this morn  
 And felt its gracious sweetness  
 Stirring joyless hearts and lifting  
 To the buoyant skies souls weighted down with care  
 And shedding life and hope and love and promise  
 O'er all this fretful world;  
 What songs, immortal! What visions, pure celestial!  
 What heavenly flames of thought and feeling  
 Wouldst thou have bodied forth  
 In rapturous strains of melody sublime.

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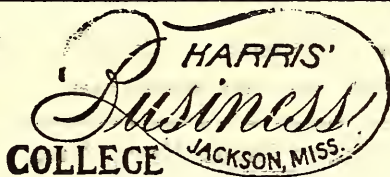
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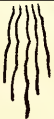
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# To The College Students


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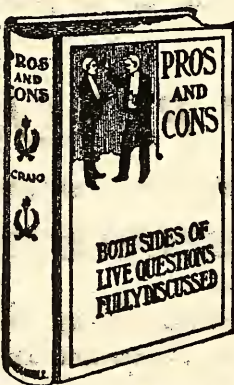
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# The Millsaps Collegian

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JANUARY, 1901

PUBLISHED BY  
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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., JANUARY, 1900

No. 3

## *THE WOMAN IN BLACK.*

I had come all the way from Chicago on the "Limited."

It left late that night, so I took a sleeper and saw nothing more of the passengers until the next morning.

I did not get up until late, and when I had finished my toilet, I decided I would go to the "smoker," have a good smoke and get a morning paper. After my smoke I came back and sat down in an empty seat in one of the regular passenger coaches and began to scan over my paper, when my attention was attracted by a lady sitting diagonally across the car from me. She had with her a little boy who seemed to be in quite a playful humor; but she wore on her face a look which indicated to me that she had just passed through some trying ordeal. She wore a bandage about her head, and her long raven hair fell in two plaits about her shoulders.

She was dressed in black, and from her general appearance I decided that, so early in life, she had been deprived of the one whom she had chosen to be her life-long companion and protector. She was careworn and sorrowful, and the rose from her cheek had long been driven out by the cruel pangs of pain. But above all, there was in her face and expression something beautiful, something almost angelic. In the depths of her large black eyes there were unmistakable evidences of a lovable nature. It seemed to me that, in the merry disposition of the little boy, I could see a reflection of what the mother naturally was. About his dress there was every mark of neatness, and his beautiful black curls fell loosely in long ringlets about his shoulders.

As he would laugh and talk to his mother, I could see that she was delighted to see him so playful, but was wholly unable to join him. I was sure she saw me watch-

ing them and in a few minutes she stood him up on the seat and turned his face toward me. He began to laugh and jump up and down on the seat, and I saw, for the first time, a feeble smile play over her face. But it did not last long, and in a few minutes she laid her head back on a pillow and seemed to want to rest. I knew a little rest, and sleep if she could get it, would do her good, but I did not see how she was to get it with that little fellow making things as lively for her as he possibly could.

I decided it would be nothing amiss for me to slip the little fellow away from his mother and let her get the much needed rest. I thought I could play with him for a while, at least. In a few minutes, when his mother was apparently asleep, I held out my hands for him to come over to me. He seemed perfectly willing to come, but had been on the train long enough to find out that he could not walk by himself. I just stepped across the car, picked him up, and set him down on my seat and we began to have quite a lively little game. In a few minutes his mother aroused herself to see that her boy was all right; as she had become accustomed to do on account of having no one to look after him for her. She saw that we had made friends, and laying back down on her pillow, seemed to give herself no further concern about his safety.

I was never any great admirer of children, especially small ones; in fact, I had something akin to an aversion to coming into direct contact with them, but I must confess that this one had completely converted me, so far as he was individually concerned, at least. In so short a time I had really developed a fondness for the child. He was so light hearted and gay, so full of fun, and he seemed to impart his joyful mood to all around, except his poor mother, who was wholly unable to enjoy what was attracting the attention of all the other people in the car. But I dare say even she was the better off for his mirth.

After awhile his mother awoke and saw her treasure still in my hands. I could see that she wanted him, for in him she found her only remaining pleasure.

I decided that I had had him long enough and had better carry him back to her, which I did.

"You are very kind indeed, sir," she said, and I recognized an unmistakable culture in the clear, distinct accent of her voice.

"It has been quite a pleasure to me, I assure you. He is a lovely child. We have had quite a jolly time while you were resting."

So saying, I resumed my seat across the car and contented myself with my paper and an occasional glance at the mother and her child.

I had only a few more stations to pass until I should reach Brabston where I was to get off. I was wondering who she was, where she was going and things of that nature which a man's curiosity would naturally bring up about a person in whom he suddenly become interested. When the porter called out Brabston, I saw her making ready to get off, too. No one seemed to be assisting her in any way, so I took her luggage and helped her off myself. I called a cab for her and helped her in it and started to leave her, when I saw she was growing pale and knew she should get quiet as soon as possible. I asked her where to direct the cabman, but she did not answer.

She had fainted.

I knew something should be done quick. I saw 815 Chestnut St. on her grip and I asked the cabman how far it was.

"Jis roun de corner, sir," he said, and I told him to drive there as quick as possible. I stepped into the cab and closed the door.

In a few minutes the cab stopped, the cabman opened the door and said that was the place.

The next thing was to get her in the house, and I saw only one way to do that and that was just to take her up in my arms and carry her in. It was a case of emergency and I did not hesitate to consider the propriety of such an action, but simply proceeded to take her up in my arms and carry her in the house.

In a few minutes I had succeeded in reviving her; I gave her a little stimulant and she seemed to be resting well, so I thought I could safely leave her and go to look after some of my own affairs.

I started to go, when she said, "Wont you to give me your name please."

I handed her one of my cards which had on it Dr. H. R. Richardson.

"Doctor, you will come back again will you?" she said.



"Yes, if you wish, I will come again this afternoon at 3:30; will that suit you?"

"Yes, any time."

I closed the door, got into the cab and drove away.

Who was she? I did not even know that. I had promised to call again in the afternoon and I would surely find out.

I remembered the street and number and I supposed I would have no trouble in finding the place again.

I saw from their surroundings that they were fairly wealthy. The house was large with a long, deep portico of the old Colonial style supported by a row of massive columns. In front of the house there was a fountain and in the basin of the fountain water lillies were growing profusely. On either side of the walk stood a large magnolia tree, under which, and also in the cozy nooks in the yard, were rustic seats. In all my life I think I have never seen a more majestic, inviting place.

No doubt they were aristocratic and influential people and it is a wonder, I thought, her mother had not dismissed me and sent for the family physician, and I might never have had an opportunity of knowing anything more of her, but, luckily for me, I would doubtless, as it was, become acquainted with the family and there was surely nothing to be lost in cultivating the acquaintance of a family so prominent as they seemed to be, especially by a young physician out prospecting for a location.

A few minutes before my appointed hour for calling I began to think of something to carry around to her to cheer her up a little. I thought she needed something of that nature about as bad as anything else. But to save my life I didn't know what to carry. I thought, possibly, I would find something on the way around there which would be appropriate; which happily I did. It was only a bouquet of roses, but I thought if I was sick nothing would give me more pleasure than those roses, and if I could appreciate them I knew such a woman as she would.

A servant met me at the door and ushered me in. She had told him of my coming and instructed him to invite me in as soon as I came.

She was alone in the room when I went in and I saw she had been weeping. It touched me to see so lovely a creature suffer as she was and not be able to help her. It

was my business to help people when they were suffering and I felt like I ought to help her. I could remedy physical ailments, but this was entirely out of my line, however, I had some hope that the flowers would be of some comfort to her.

"See, I have brought you some flowers," I said, "I did not know what else to bring, and I wanted to bring you something."

"O; how kind and thoughtful of you! You are the only man in the world who would ever have thought to bring them to me. Do bring them here, I want to put my hands on them. They are so fresh and sweet. I know they will make me feel so much better."

"I do hope so," I said, "I really think you are looking much better and you will soon be well and alright again."

"I hope so. I really think, if I had you to come to see me all the time and bring me flowers, I would soon get well sure enough. I am going to have you come to see me until I do get well if you will."

Just then an elderly lady came in.

Dr. Richardson, that is my mother, she said.

I knew very little more than at first, so I just proceeded to ask her her name which she said was Mrs. Berton. I was still not at ease for I did not know the younger lady's name, and while I was in the business I determined to find out.

"Must I call you Miss Berton?" I said turning to the younger lady.

"Y—Yes—No, Hellen Newcomb is my name. I was sure you knew it, tho' I don't know why I should have thought so. I was so troubled I did not think to tell you and you so good to me, you only thought of my safety and welfare. I suppose that is why you never thought to ask me. I don't know what I should have done had you not been so kind to help me, Mamma says she knows you are the only man on earth who would have ever thought to help a poor, sick, strange girl, and I am almost ready to believe it myself. Mamma don't put any too much confidence in men folks any way and I—well, I have put *too much* in them already."

"I think what first attracted my attention was your little boy," I said.

"I cannot often play with little children, but I took a fancy to him at first and felt like I wanted to play with him. I could not help stealing him away."

"I must go now, you are tired and rest is what you need."

"Remember, I want you to wait on me until I get well."

"I'll call again, then, in the morning. Good bye."

I was not pleased at the way she was doing. It is true she was cheerful while I was there, possibly too much so. She was subject to a reaction.

I saw signs of a continued illness and I had fears of a severer attack than either she or her mother had any idea of. I thought the best thing was not to alarm either in the least, if I could help it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### BILTMORE.

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Almost every one has heard of "Biltmore," the country estate of George W. Vanderbilt, but one who has never been fortunate enough to see it, does not realize its vastness and extent. It is located in the most beautiful of the mountains of western North Carolina, two miles from the beautiful little mountain city of Asheville, the noted all-the-year resort. No more ideal place in America could have been chosen for Biltmore than these mountains of North Carolina, poetically called "The Land of the Sky." Though there are no mountains here of as great an elevation as in the far West, yet where those of the West are rugged, barren, and forlorn looking, the mountains of western North Carolina are clothed in green-hued forests to their very summits.

Formerly visitors were admitted to the grounds of Biltmore every day. But, as people so many times do, they so abused their privileges that things had to be changed.

Now visitors are only admitted on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week, and then only a hundred a week. Fifty tickets on each of the two days mentioned are divided up among the different liverymen of Ashville, from

whom the tickets can be secured and carriages to drive over the place.

Miles beyond count of splendid model roads have been built, which wind through beautiful visions of flowering plants and shrubbery collected from every part of the earth.

The tract of a hundred thousand acres contains mountains that rise to a majestic height, surrounding magnificent valleys through which beautiful streams flow merrily along over moss grown rocks. From the peak of the highest mountain the eye can not reach to the boundaries of the place.

Time and money have not been spared to make Biltmore model in every respect. Over \$3,000,000 have been spent on the grounds alone and thousands are being spent every year to more improve the place. Over four hundred men are employed a day to keep it up. As you drive through you see men engaged on every side from sweeping the drives to the skilled landscape gardener superintending some work that will add to the beauty and completeness of the place.

There is a model dairy, where is collected the finest breeds of cattle in the world. In every line of agriculture, forestry, and floriculture there has been the highest development, under expert direction, not only to improve the place itself, but also to furnish a working model which would be an influential factor in raising the standard of the entire region and State.

In our drive the guide pointed out an immense hill with large boulders jutting through the soil which looked as if it had been the work of ages. But this was a case where a "mountain was moved" literally.

A hill was wanted in another place and it was simply made. A large patch of cabbages was thriving on the spot from which the "mountain" had been moved.

There are numerous springs along the road from which crystal water flows as cold as ice. One of the main features of the drive for the sentimental person is to stop and take a drink from one of George Vanderbilt's springs.

One of the most interesting spots on the whole place is the old cabin and little piece of ground of the old negro who refused to sell out to Mr. Vanderbilt when he offered



him several thousand dollars for it at the time he bought Biltmore.

Some man expecting to make a "fortune," advised the old negro not to sell at the time, telling him that if he would hold his property for a while he would see that he got more for it. But when the colored gentleman and his "company" got ready to sell, Mr. Vanderbilt told the old negro that his place would not bother him at all and that he could continue to live in his cabin peacefully.

So the old man still lives there in his humble home which he once could have sold and built for himself a "mansion," which in his own estimation would have rivaled the mansion of the lord of Biltmore. The little homestead is a very picturesque sight, situated there in the valley surrounded by the mountains and in sight of the houses of more stately build.

There is a private hunting ground stocked with all the kinds of game and animals that delight the sportsman: This, it is said, is one of Mr. Vanderbilt's favorite sports and much of his time at Biltmore is spent here.

The mansion, which was begun in 1890 and finished in 1895, is said to have cost upwards of \$3,000,000 and is the most costly private residence in America. Some one who stood spell-bound on the explanade of this magnificent chateau, remarked that he could well understand why Mr. Vanderbilt selected this spot of all others in America for the erection of a home which is as supreme among the houses of men as this spot is among the creations of nature. The building is rich in every detail, and there is very free employment of decorative sculpture. On the front of the main tower is Mr. Vanderbilt's monogram made of solid gold, the letters being some six or eight feet long.

He has established a school for colored youth and it is doing splendid work. He has also built an Episcopal church on the place, which has a regular pastor, the members of it being mostly the people employed at Biltmore. Mr. Vanderbilt takes up the collection in the church when he is there and always waits for each one to put something in the plate.

Biltmore approaches more nearly the idea of the old English estates than anything in America, and is truly a place worth seeing.

A. W. DOBYNS, '99.

*WHEN TAPS SOUNDS BEFORE NIGHT.*

The jolliest company in the regiment was unusually sober. Not even the captain's pet ventured on any of his little cracks by which he usually kept a crowd at his heels in uproarious laughter. In the men's conversation there was a noticeable absence of the slang expressions developed in the four months of camp. The quiet that prevailed through the company street was only now broken by the voice of the First Sergeant as he called: "Turn out Corporal Sparks!"

The corporal immediately obeyed the command and was notified of his detail as commander of the funeral escort to attend the burial of Private Henry C. Walton.

This was company "M's" first death. We had gone through the four long hot months of camp at Chickamauga and though every other camp had lost two to six men, until now we had kept our original number. Many mornings there were reported for duty scarcely enough men to make out the regular guard detail of six or eight privates. Typhoid, that ruthless ogre had stalked through the camp and every tent showed his victim. The sick report had swelled from a few names to full pages with the invariable prefix, typhoid opposite the names. Poor Walton had given up early in the game. Naturally of a meagre physique, he had lain in the hospital until he presented the appearance of a spectre. It seemed inevitable that he would go. But the hopeful news finally came that a general leave would be granted the regiment and we would soon be on our way home. This had a rallying effect. Slowly he gained strength and a few days before we were to break camp, he was able to report for duty. After reaching the state we were to remain in camp about two weeks preparatory to being given furloughs. It was here, back in our own State, after an absence of four months, that seemed like so many years, Walton went into a relapse. Typhoid, the insatiable, had only given him a short furlough and now his time was up. It was a brief struggle. The first spell had sapped his small amount of strength and there remained little vitality with which to combat a second attack.

The afternoon was sultry and as the sun fitfully appeared from behind floating masses of clouds, the atmos-

phere was left heavy and heated. We stood in the village grave-yard on the side of a pine wooded hill overlooking a sandy valley where the white tents of the camp spread out in graceful rows, and beyond appeared an old ante-bellum mansion thrust in among a magnificent grove of oaks. My silent enjoyment of the scene was here interrupted by the appearance of the modest funeral carriage as it slowly approached up the sandy hillside. A baggage wagon served in lieu of a hearse, and the small escort plodded along by its side. I fell to thinking of his first appearance in camp. He was above the ordinary height, with a small thin body and a long neck that supported a head slightly out of proportion. He had worn a rather seedy frock coat and his oddly shaped derby hat made him look taller than he actually was. In manner he was quiet and unassuming. He went about his duty silently and seldom joined in the horse play that was general throughout the company. It was only the day before that I learned he had left his widowed mother almost destitute, and perhaps now living far out in the country, she was yet unaware of her son's death.

The wagon had arrived and the box was being carried toward the open grave when I came out of my reveries. As we stood about with uncovered heads the Chaplain went through the service and made a short prayer. Then the salute of three volleys was fired over the body, and after this came taps. As the tones came from the bugle mouth, clear and distinct, they seemed to drift almost traceable over the hillside, and the last lingering note left a silence that stole through the listeners hearts and produced a peaceful calm. This was the young soldier's last taps; his awakening reveille would be sounded through golden bugles, and from angels' lips.



# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### CONFERENCE ON INTER-COLLEGIATE GAMES.

The action of the conference in regard to inter-collegiate games has been the source of much regret and disappointment to our whole student body. We were of the opinion that the necessity of these games had been fully made known and that an investigation of the manner in which those games that our own team took part in, were conducted, would show conclusively that they are an almost indispensable feature of the college life. We do not doubt the integrity of the members of the conference, or their conscientiousness, but we do think that their action was unwise, and that the college will suffer from it. The management of a college and the direction of its affairs requires as careful study as any other vocation that men are engaged in, while it is also essential to keep in touch with the movements throughout the college world. There was once a time when a study of the classics con-



stituted the literary work of a university, and the mere proposal of a change was sufficient to bring forth bitter attacks. Since then, the developments—following the change that had to be made—in scientific researches, leading up to the most useful modern inventions, are so overwhelming in their importance, that now, to us, it is a matter of surprise that the old idea was ever entertained. But together with the expansion of the literary courses, came that of college athletics, terminating in inter-collegiate games. They are now a permanent feature of the leading colleges and universities of the country, whether denominational or not, and even the suggestion of abolishing them would not be entertained. If they are hurtful to the best interests of the institutions where they exist, or to the students engaged in them, and if they have a demoralizing or an immoral tendency, is it not reasonable to think that those who are placed in the management of our great universities, and who are eminently fitted for their work, because of a long connection with, and study of it, would have discovered the mischief and discontinued the practice? The evil, if it exists, is so deceptive as to baffle the skill of our greatest college men. But to narrow the question it might be asked, what are the chief objections to inter-collegiate games at Millsaps? They seem to be that inter-collegiate games are as a whole injurious, that they result in bodily injuries and lead to gambling. The first objection seems to be answered by the fact that far the greater part of our colleges and universities have them and if they are bad, the delusion is general. To the second, it may be admitted that a few accidents occasionally happen, but so few in proportion to the number of games played, as to be insignificant. If an occasional accident condemns a practice, then the gymnasium must be closed, for accidents, as many as in a foot-ball game, occur there. Men would have to stop travel lest a wreck occur and the result is that we would have to lead a life of hopeless inactivity. To the third it may also be admitted that, among outsiders there may be a little betting on a game in which our own team might be engaged, but among our students, experiences have shown there would be none. If the abolishment of inter-collegiate games at Millsaps should be a decisive step in abolishing gambling, there would be no objection whatever, but all must see the insignificance of a foot-ball game,

and the fact, that without any, the opportunities for gambling are still inexhaustible. We hope that the conferences will give the matter a careful study and then we feel confident that the resolutions recently passed will be rescinded.

#### CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS.

The Christmas holidays just past, have recorded more fatalities than the six months preceding. From almost every town, and especially from those that have open saloons, came the report of some drunken row, and in the cities murders were very frequent. It seems as if the anniversary of our Saviour's birth is largely selected as a time, before all others, for unrestrained drunkenness and licentiousness. Men delight to roll in the mud, to indulge in the most obscene profanity and finally to murder, thinking that, in this way only, are they appropriately celebrating and enjoying the season. The extent of the enjoyment is measured by the number of times or by the length of time they have been drunk. It is doubtless true that many families go destitute of a Christmas dinner, and that Santa Claus never gladdens the hearts of many little children because the father spends the earnings that should be given to these things, in his drunken carousals. This is not, by any means, confined to the poor class alone, but perhaps the women and children of the poor feel its effects the most keenly. To many it seems to be a time when they should allow themselves a return of their brutish natures and animal instincts, to defy the authorities, to dishonor the laws and then attempt to justify their conduct by saying that it is Christmas, a time for such things. They seem to have no conception of the significance of the occasion, for there could not be a more inharmonious blending than lawlessness and the principles of our Saviour. To Him, it would be preferable never to have the anniversary of His birth celebrated, than to have it celebrated in such a manner. One of the duties of our age is to teach men to reverence, instead of desecrating this time, and to seek an inspiration from the greatness of the event it celebrates, rather than to defame it by debauchery. There can not be a proper observance of Christmas until men realize that to the birth of the Saviour are due the civilization of our time, the basis of governments and liberty, and greatest of all, the reconciliation of God to mankind.

  LITERARY DEPARTMENT  

Anybody who doesn't love Christmas time is unique—he is a strange creature under the sun. Aside from its primary and original significance which gives the day of Christ's birth its charm for the serious, it is a time of rest for the laborer, whether he labors for a support merely, or whether he is a student. There's a reason for almost every idiosyncrasy, but for that which manifests itself in failure to love the Christmas-time there can surely be none. The person who does not love it must have fought and conquered his better nature long ago. It has always been a season of rejoicing and merry-making among all nations that recognize Christ as the Son of God. Care has given place to mirth, the frown makes way for the smile, and hearty laughter completes the joy. Thoughts of business are banished, and all of life is happiness. Over in England the country 'squires make ready the feasts, and gather the boughs, and drag in the Yule-log and let it burn the whole night through. The musicians thrill the soul of the patriotic Briton with martial music, or please the gentle ladies with lays of love. The maidens doubtless long for the time when they shall try their hands at Christmas cake, and by chance direct their steps straight under the fateful mistletoe.

In our own land the anniversary of the birth of our Lord is celebrated in almost as many ways as there are people. Those who keep in mind what the day means, and feel its sacred influence, cannot but observe it with thankful hearts. To them it is a cherished remembrance of that event which meant more to the world than aught which has happened or can happen. They spend the day for the most part quietly, thoughtfully and prayerfully. Those of younger years, in whom there is less devotion than of deviltry, less of sobriety than of mirth, employ the time in fun and frolic. The school-boy, study-free, makes reparation for hours of torture by hours of pleasure. He drinks deep of soothing indolence or intoxicates himself with draughts of love. He takes a trip to the country, perhaps, and instead of probing the human mind he em-

loys himself more pleasantly in reading Christmas carols. Instead of hastening to the school or college building he strolls through lanes beneath the evergreens and returns laden with holly. Instead of tampering with combustion in the laboratory he frightens geese with fire-works. He sees and loves the silver sheen which the moon casts over the trees; he never thinks of calculating the intensity of its heat or its light.

He doesn't find the momentum of a moving ship; he simply takes a boat-ride. His pleasures are not to be counted.

But, sad to say, this is not all of Christmas. With some; it is a time of drunken riot and shameful debauchery. The same air which carries the chime of the Christmas bells and the tidings of good things bears the incoherent mumbling of the inebriate. The streets abound in men whose veins are full of fire, whose vile tongues, locked at other times by law, are loosened. Surely, such things should not be. They not only offend polite society—they defy heaven. But in spite of misuse, Christmas is the gladdest time of the year. The school-boy finds it impossible to think of aught else, and the friends he makes during the holidays will be friends forever, we trust.

It is truly a cause for gratulation, the love of reading. Those who have it ought to be thankful; those who have it not ought to try to get it. Of course, it can be abused. So can any other good thing. If we read and never put to use what we read, we are foolish; if we put it to bad use, we are criminal. But as a rule one who loves to read will learn more quickly and easily. "Reading maketh a full man," and we must read if we would learn. It is not the lessons we recite daily that will do us good in after life. They are forgotten soon. But what we read remains with us, and in many places of difficulty lends itself to our aid. Reading is exceedingly helpful to us. With regard to those things nearby or connected with us, observation furnishes us with the most exact knowledge, but reading teaches us of foreign lands, which most people cannot see. And by reading we learn of the ancient world, its manners, its peoples, its history. The art of writing has improved so wonderfully that there is now no excuse for a poor book. Descriptions are not now long and rambling, as they once



were. English phraseology is clear and compact. To confess oneself a non lover of literature is to confess to a serious deficiency. It is today a requisite, we may say, to good breeding. There are those, it is true, who read too much. On the other hand, it may be necessary to acquire a liking for literature. Nevertheless, the liking is necessary to a perfectly well-bred person. When we speak of dislike for literature we mean a total disregard for all literature. A very little reading is much more beneficial to some people than a great amount is to others. In most cases very extended reading is hurtful. When it is all over, one wonders if he has not wasted his time. When one reads with profit, he knows he has not wasted his time. A rigid surveillance must be exercised over our reading, or we will often find ourselves worse than wasting time. But to one who is cautious and sensible, reading is productive of the very greatest benefit.



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XXX EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT XXX

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The exchange department of the Collegian extends a hearty greeting to friends old and new, as we launch upon a new year and a new century. We feel that time never offered such an opportunity for making great resolutions, for just behind us are the glories of a century dimly lit by the sunset's amber glow, and just in front, bursting forth in glorious dawn, a century of measureless possibilities. Let us place our goal far beyond any achievement of the past, nor rest till we shall have found success.

The December issue of *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is upon our table, and we found much pleasure in examining it. The oration—"The National Crisis," is very interesting, and aside from all sentiment and without disparagement of others we may say that it is a superb oration.

Two other articles deserve mention also. "The Poetry of Poe," and "The Relation of Mathew Arnold to Christianity."

Arnold's departure from his early training leads us to remark that the churches should jealously guard the purity of the college men and women, and to this end should fill the pulpits of college towns with their strongest men, for the same scepticism that Arnold met lurks in the shadows of the institutions of learning today, and if ruinous results are to be prevented it must be by the overmastering force of logic.

We notice from the *Tulane University Magazine* that Tulane is pressing forward. In the organization of a second literary society she proposes to know herself and by concentration of effort in the matter of publishing a magazine she proposes that others shall know her. Thus far she does well, and the Collegian wishes her unbounded success.

*The S. P. U. Journal* for December is up to the standard, but, if we may say so without offense we think the article, "*Time, the Great Vindicator*," is the climax of 19th cen-

ture achievement, for we do not remember to have seen before this an article arranged to be read with a stereoscope.

The Lanier memorial issue of the *Emory Phoenix* is exceptionally good.

We admire the disposition to honor the literary genius of the South. We admire the spirit not from any desire for a selfish independence, but because of the conviction that Southern genius has never received just recognition.

"A Newspaper Cut" is also interesting to us as Jackson, Miss., is named as the arena of action. And it came to pass that the fame of the beauty, grace and purity of the Mississippi woman spread throughout all the regions round about, so much so that the youths of a far country dreamed of her.

We are glad to place the *University of Arizona Magazine* on our exchange list. It is the same age as our own magazine. So, although our homes are divided by many a hill and dale, ours fanned by balmy breezes and theirs lit by the sunset's gold, we feel that we are near in purpose.

We have other excellent magazines, and among these are two of more than ordinary merit, *The University of Virginia Magazine* and *The University of Mississippi Magazine*. We have not the space to review separate contributions now so we pass them by until another time.

In addition to those already mentioned, we desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The University Unit*, *The Reveille Emory and Henry Era*, *Buff and Blue*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *The Maroon and White*, *The Jeffersonian*, *The Purple and Green*, *Blue and Gold*, *The Shamrock*, *The M. S. U. Independent*, *The Clionian*, *The Stetson Collegiate*, *A. & M. Reflector*, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Hendrix College Mirror*, *New England Conservatory Magazine*, and *Cap and Gown*.

x x x ALUMNI DEPARTMENT x x x
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The Alumni Editor takes pleasure in publishing the following resolutions of the Alumni Association passed at the meeting last commencement. They show the sentiment and honest opinion of the Alumni. In publishing them we would remind all readers that these men have the welfare of the college at heart as no others can have, and that their views are worthy of conscientious consideration by those whose province it is to legislate for the college. The resolutions are as follows:

We, the members of this Association, having severed our connection as active students, with the college, are in a position to view the matter from an unprejudiced point of view and, from our personal relations and contact with young men, both prospective and actual college students, we believe, in order to place *Millsaps College* in a position equally as inviting to new students and equally as appealing to old students in all the phases of modern college life and in all the fields of mental and physical development, as is the case in the colleges and universities where such is allowed, that the material interests of the college demand inter-collegiate athletic sports in part or in whole, the conditions and regulations to be prescribed by the faculty. Therefore be it

*Resolved,* That it is the sense of this Association that the Board of Trustees should take action granting to the faculty the right to prescribe certain rules and regulations under which the students of Millsaps College may engage with students of other colleges in athletic sports.

Prof. G. L. Harrell, '99, who was last year Professor in Whitworth College, and was one of the authors of the above resolutions, is now Professor of Physics and Chemistry in Hendricks College, Conway, Ark.

J. T. Lewis, '99, who has been a member of the North Mississippi Conference for a year, is now located at House Hill, Miss.



H. B. Watkins, '99, joined the Mississippi Conference at the December session at Brookhaven and has for the present year the Anding Circuit "over in old Yazoo." Herbert has payed us several visits of late.

All their friends at the College were delighted with the visits of Ethelbert Galloway and C. Norman Guice, both of the class of 1900, during the holidays. "Bert" was home from Vanderbilt, where he is studying medicine, to spend the holidays. Guice has been forced to quit his studies in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt on account of his health. He, too, joined the Mississippi Conference and is now located at Philadelahia, Miss.

Dr. T. M. Dye, of Steen's Creek, Miss., has made several visits to Jackson of late.

Two occurrences of no little interest have occurred during the last month. A few days before the holidays, Mr. T. E. Stafford, '98, who has since his graduation studied medicine at Tulane University, was married to Miss Pearl Parker, of Shubuta, Miss. The best happiness and success are our wishes to "Epp."

The other occurrence was the marriage of J. B. Mitchell, '1900, to Miss Mamie Scales, of Macon, Miss, January 23, 1901. Mitchell, faithful to the prediction of the class prophet, has the distinguished honor of being the first benedict of the class of 1900. He is now in the active ministry at Guthrie, Oklahoma. In the name of the class of 1900, the Alumni Editor wishes him the best to be had in life.

Every two or three weeks we are greeted with the smiling face of W. T. Clark, '1900, of Yazoo City. Madam Rumor, whispers softly of these frequent visits of "Bill's."

A new shingle, with the words "Peyton & Ricketts, Attorneys at Law," is now seen hanging out of the Harding building. The junior member of this firm is R. B. Ricketts, B. S., '98, L. L. B., 1900, whom the writer had the honor to succeed as Alumni Editor of the Collegian.

Mr. J. C. Hardy, L. L. B., '98, now President of the A. & M. College of Mississippi, spent the holidays at the home of his father-in-law, Judge A. H. Whitfield.

F. M. Bailey, L. L. B., 1900, is practicing law at Winaona, Miss.

H. S. Stevens, '95, a rising young lawyer of Hattiesburg, Miss., paid the College a visit a short while ago.

J. B. Allford, '98, now a pedagogue at McComb, Miss., passed through during the holidays on a pleasure trip to Yazoo.

H. P. Lewis, Jr., 1900, is now a member of the Mississippi Conference, and is located at Anguilla, Miss.

A. J. McCormick, '96, one of the most prominent young men of the Clarksville bar, passed through Jackson some time ago.

George B. Power, '97, of the Natchez bar, spent the holidays at the home of his father, Col. J. L. Power, in this city.

Both members of the law firm of Teat & Teat, of Kosciusko, have been in Jackson on legal business of late.

Mr. Percy Clifton, '98, who is practicing law at Biloxi, spent the holidays at his father's home in this city.



❧ ❧ ❧ LOCAL DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧
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Alas, after the holidays we have returned homesick, wishing that Christmas would last all the year.

From their Christmas vacation, we are glad to note the return of our student body and, also to welcome many new faces; we wish for all a prosperous year.

E. H. Galloway, '00, now of Vanderbilt, came home to spend the holidays with his parents and was most cordially welcomed by his many friends.

Mr. Pope Jordan, after some months spent at the University of Missouri returns to Millsaps. Assuring us by his presence that Millsaps is the place.

Colds are the fad, and you might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. So take a "grip."

Mr. Hayes, of Euporia, is numbered among our recent visitors.

Mr. J. H. Gardner from somewhere (?) on the Gulf and Ship Island spent a few days with friends.

Miss Lewis, of Edwards, is the attractive guest of Miss Katie Gray.

Miss Katie Redding has been the charming guest of her aunt, Miss Annie Linfield.

The Faculty started the New Year in a horrible manner by making lessons twice as long. The man of the twentieth century is to be a wonder.

A certain "Prep" has a little book in which he writes what he ought to buy and calls this his "autobiography."

While on his way home from Vanderbilt C. N. Guice, '00, stopped over to see his many friends.

The senior class at their last meeting elected the following officers: J. T. McCafferty, President, A. A. Hearst, Vice President; W. L. Felder, Secretary; E. O. Whittington, Treasurer; J. A. Vaughan, Historian.

The latest importation to the College is two hundred pounds of "glass." A specimen which will be quite an addition to the Law Department.

H. B. Watkins, '99, on his return from the Mississippi Conference spent several days in Jackson with his mother and friends.

W. L. Duren has been chosen by the Faculty to represent Millsaps at the inter-collegiate contest, and we feel assured that in this wise selection our College will be creditably represented.

G. R. Nobles has gone home to recuperate. We refer him to "Job" for comfort.

Misses Cavett's visitors, after a delightful stay of some weeks, have returned home. They were the recipients of many social attentions.

Some of our boys were most severely and vehemently charged with misconduct at the Capitol Street Church. We are glad to note that after thorough investigation they stand honorably acquitted by the Faculty.

Since the close of the football season some interest in basket-ball has sprung up, but we find nothing that stimulates the students with enthusiasm as the "game of all games"—football. And we sincerely hope that the Conference will reconsider the action taken on this question. We feel that we ought to be able to compete with all colleges in athletics, as well as curriculum. Let us be among the first or none.

#### LAMAR LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.

During the past three months there have been many political contests in the Lamar Literary Society. Factions have been formed and the constitutionality of elections debated and passed upon, but every contest has been marked by friendliness and good will.



Mr. H. G. Fridge was elected anniversarian, and Mr. A. J. McLaurin, Jr., orator of the occasion.

Messrs. Allen Thompson and Edwin Ricketts were elected commencement debators. These gentlemen have proved their debating qualities, and the society is confident

of a victory next commencement. They are to uphold the affirmative side of the following question:

Resolved, "That a higher civilization has no right to force itself upon a lower one," against Messrs. Felder and Williams of the Galloway Society.

The following are the officers now serving: H. G. Fridge, president; C. D. Potter, vice president; D. C. Enochs, recording secretary; L. R. Featherston, critic; H. A. Wood, treasurer; Hilburn, censor.

Several weeks ago a public debate was held, and the question. Resolved, "That political parties are not necessary to a democratic government," was discussed.

Messrs. Pitman and Potter represented the affirmative; Messrs. Lemly and Holloman the negative. "Bellhaven" and many of our young lady friends from town were present. The young ladies and teachers from Bellhaven were asked to serve as judges. Their decision was in favor of the affirmative.

A word of praise for our society. We are proud of her record in the past, and her success in the future is assured. Why? Because she has taken a page in the Collegian? Not altogether, but because out of the four "Coeds," four have become Lamar's.

C. D. POTTER,  
Cor. Sec. L. L. D.

*WRITTEN ON THE FLY LEAF OF A XENEPHON.*

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A pony like Sapolio  
Both time and labor saves;  
It bears me o'er the rugged heights,  
It skims him o'er the waves.

Then come my pony, come to me,  
With glad and gallant tread,  
And rest thy golden mane upon  
My tired and aching head.

Take me upon thy spacious back,  
And through Greek mazes bear  
To those clear heights of joy serene,  
Above Hellenic Air.

Not India's mines, nor Eden's groves  
Could tempt me now to leave,  
The gallant back, whereon I sit,  
To which I fondly cleave.

Borne thus upon my flying steed  
I'll scorn the student's woes,  
And ride with flying colors through  
Examination's close.

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## Southern Colleges.

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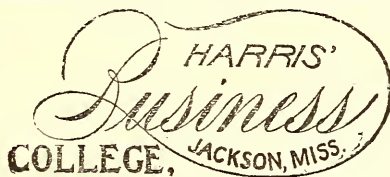
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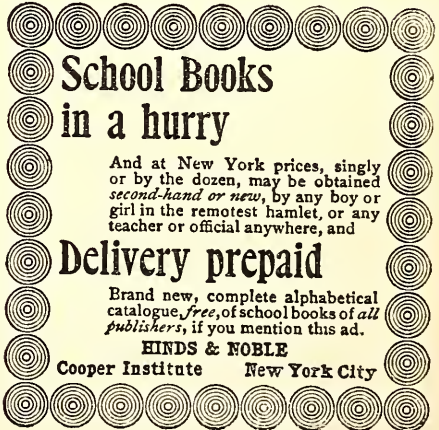
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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 4

## *THE WOMAN IN BLACK.*

[CONTINUED.]

It is not worth while for me to relate the events of the following week, suffice it to say that my evil forebodings were not without foundation, and during the week almost my whole time and attention were given to tending on my new patient.

The time came when I was compelled to return home. In the meantime mind you, I had decided to try my luck at hanging out my little shingle at Brabston, and I was going home only to make preparations to permanently return as soon as possible.

I had, while Helen was sick, come to be on quite intimate terms with Colonel Berton, and, I feel quite sure, had won his confidence and esteem. I talked with him about the advisability of locating there and he gave me considerable encouragement, saying that he thought there was a good opening there for a young man, like myself, who had the elements of success in him. (I wondered if he intended to include the "like myself" in the last part of his sentence.)

However that may be, in a short time I was a practicing physician in the town of Brabston; possibly the real situation would be more accurately represented should I say soliciting physician. Whether or not I had embodied in me the elements of success I cannot say, but I can say that the end of the first year found me succeeding in a greater or less degree. I had made quite a host of friends, more especially among the elder class of people.

I knew they were the ones on whom I must depend for success or defeat. So I thought it to my advantage to gain their confidence by attending to business in a business

manner and then I could enter more social circles as the opportunity afforded. I was always fond of society and it was an undertaking of no little difficulty for me to hold myself entirely aloof from social affairs and devote my time to taking advantage of every opportunity which was afforded for me to gain the esteem of the people at large. Do not think, however, that during all this time I had failed to be an occasional visitor at the Berton residence. They assured me that I had a most cordial welcome at their home at any and all times, and I found so much pleasure in my little calls there that they gradually became more frequent.

Colonel Berton had become my closest personal friend and adviser; indeed I never hesitated for a moment to seek his advice on any matter of importance.

The time came when I thought I could give more regard to my social duties in which I found so much pleasure, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for Helen and me to drive out to the Springs and back in the afternoon. One afternoon sometime in June, I don't remember exactly when; no matter, we had driven quite a distance without either having said a word, just driving leisurely along a shady lane. I hardly think I shall ever forget it, at least not soon.

The sun was getting low and it threw long shadows of the trees across the dusty road. There was a gentle breeze stirring which caused their leafy tops to cast dancing shadows on the ground.

"Helen, what have you been thinking about so long?" I said, not thinking for a moment what it might be.

She raised her eyes to mine and, giving me a long, searching glance, said: "You don't know about my troubles, do you?"

"No," I answered, "no one has ever mentioned the subject to me and I have never asked. I thought if you would like for me to know you would probably tell me sometime. I thought too, perhaps, you never liked to mention it."

"No, I never speak of it," she said, "tho' I think of it a great deal; too much, I suppose. But if you would like to know I will tell you."

I expressed my desire to know, and then a peculiar feeling came over me, a feeling that I had never experienced before. I felt that she, a poor, weak, helpless woman, had



put confidence enough in me to open to me her very soul. "I will tell it to you as briefly as possible," she said, and began.

"Papa sent me to a boarding school, and while I was there I met a young man at a ball one night who made love to me. I, a fickle young girl, thought I would just have a little fun, as we called it, and for that reason I gave him all the encouragement necessary. You know at the boarding school they kept us penned up like we were prisoners, and when we did get out we were literally wild sure enough.

"He was handsome, well dressed and apparently a gentleman in every respect, and arrangements were made for him to see me again.

"Things developed until they became of a more serious nature. I had really fallen in love with him and he with me, so he said, and I have no reason to doubt that he was then. He was lovely to me.

"After awhile we became engaged. I was graduated that year and he came to see me several times after I went home. Mamma and papa were altogether very much taken with him and readily gave their consent to the marriage and, in short, we were married.

"I was supremely happy for awhile. I did not know before that life could be so beautiful, even now I cannot doubt that he did love me then. But—a change came."

She stopped and I looked up at her. Tears were in her eyes and that I could not bear.

"I know the rest," I said. "The same old story of a mismatched marriage."

"Yes," she said, "we were never quite happy after that night he was unkind to me. I have forgiven him all and I trust that God in heaven has too."

She did not say anything more and I was truly glad of it. I have often wondered what it was that happened on the night that she spoke of, but would never ask her. When we reached home it was nearly dark.

"Do come in and take tea with us," she said, "we would all be so glad to have you, especially papa and I."

"No, I cannot this evening, but will tomorrow evening do as well?"

"O, yes; any time you wish. I will look for you then. Good bye."

Poor creature, I thought, she is too much like an angel for this earth. How could any man be brute enough to

be unkind to her. Really the question which presented itself to me was how could any man help loving her.

The next evening I went as I had promised, and found Helen and her sister Mary in the parlor waiting for me.

Mary was playing a waltz, and when I entered I would not hear to her quitting. On this evening my soul was unusually responsive to the music, and in a short while Helen and I were floating about over the room in a manner most delightful, to me at least.

With my great arms around her I felt strong enough to guard and protect her and love her too, if that should call for any physical strength, and I thought too, that my life would be supremely happy should I be allowed to do so. I knew I was in love with her and the next thing to be done was to win her love if possible, about which I confess I had my doubts.

Soon Mary stopped playing and, of course, we stopped, else I think we should have been there yet.

I think we all were in an unusually good humor that evening; I know I never heard Helen laugh and talk so freely, and Mary too, jolly little body that she is, was giving her share of fun for the occasion. She has a wonderfully comprehensive little mind and I can't help but believe that she appreciated my feelings, for just at that time she ran out of the room, leaving us alone.

"Harry," said Helen, as we sat down on a sofa, "you always make me feel so happy when you are here."

"Then won't you let me make you happy all the time; you know that I love you?"

"O, I did not mean it that way. I can never marry any one; I could never trust any man again. You know, Harry, that I trust you as a friend, but—"

I remembered what she had told me about her mother, and fancied that she was like her in some respects. The only way that I saw to carry my point was to convince her that all men were not like her first husband, and in this case I, the defendant, had to do my own pleading. So I proceeded as best I could.

"Helen, you know you do not distrust all men."

"Yes—all."

"You know there is one man whom you trust."

"No, not one, I cannot."

"But I know there is one in whom you put the utmost

confidence; you know that you trust your father."

"O, I was not speaking of him. I know I can trust him, but he is the only one. You are always tripping me where I least expect it."

"Now if there is one can't there be two?"

A tear fell from her eyes. I knew I had won and, taking her little hand in mind, I gently pressed it to my lips.

A moment's silence prevailed, during which we both sat in deep study.

"Harry," she said, after some minutes, "I cannot, I must not, I will not. If you wish us to remain as we are, the dearest of friends, then you will not mention this again, I cannot bear it."

"Just let me ask you one more question, won't you. Then as you wish?"

"Y-e-s, one more if you want to."

"Will you answer the truth to my question?"

"Yes."

"Then will you say that you do not love me?"

"Harry, you are beginning to be mean to me already."

"It's only a means to a happy end," I said.

I did not get an answer in words, but one that meant far more than words can express. I folded her to my bosom with all the sweetness of a first embrace.

Helen says she doesn't believe yet that there are but two men in the world that can be trusted. They are her father and myself. She says little Fred will make a third one when he comes to be a man. But I tell her that I can convince her that there are more, in the same way that I convinced her that there were two.

"No you can't," she says, "I am not in love with any more."

WALTER A. WILLIAMS.

---

### SHELLEY'S SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK.

---

Carlyle's remark that: "It is well said in every instance that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him," seems to be especially true of Shelley. Here not simply the profession and assertion of a creed is meant; but "religion" has a larger and higher sense, it means the

spiritual relation of a man to the Unseen World. This spiritual relation was more to Shelley than his poetry; in almost every instance his poetry was simply a record of his spiritual existence. His mind seems never to have been at rest concerning this vital question. We see him dreadfully in earnest with himself and with the Universe. Although belonging to that class of minds, as Shelley's did, that derive their conceptions from impulses and have not that constant surveillance of the conscience, it, nevertheless, did not rest in an easy abandon of indifference and disregard.

It would be difficult to conceive of a man more naturally fitted for a religionist. His face, his comportment, his every aspect, were those we would look for in the spiritually concerned nature. And yet how warped was this nature. How much at sea were his sensibilities. De Quincy says, "Can we imagine the case of an angel touched by lunacy? Have we ever seen the spectacle of a human intellect exquisite by its functions of creation, yet in one chamber of its shadowy house already ruined before the light of manhood had cleansed its darkness? Such an angel, such a man—if ever such there were—such a lunatic angel, such a ruined man was Shelley, whilst yet standing on the earliest threshold of life." While still young he had "the vision" of sublime beauty and happiness and the ceaseless contemplation of the ideal world built for him a wall around the actual. Eyes fixed on the splendid apparitions with which he peopled space he went through the world not seeing the highway, the stumbling stones of the roadside. Seldom has a mind been seen that went so far above the actual. He lays aside the laws of nature and rushes into that spirit-peopled world where his shadowy apparitions flit about like their companions, the clouds.

Shelley's belief went through three stages; first, a gross materialism, then what might be called Nihilism, and later it showed the influence of Plato. During this first stage "Queen Mab," his initial production of any consequence appeared, and here we see him in his bitterest mood, as if he felt himself the Guardian Angel of man, and shuddering at what he considered the disfigurement and desecration of man's greatest legacies, "dared to hurl defiance" at Christianity, Government and all established institutions. He whirled and snapped at these "curses of man" like an enraged mother-eagle protecting her brood.

The degree of antagonism that this poem aroused in England was not calculated to sate his overpowering wrath. People may forgive personal wrongs, but when their existing establishments that are gathered around them for the furtherance of imperative needs are attacked, then there is no forgiveness. Such violent execrations backed up by such an uncompromising nature was a new spectacle to the English people and many naturally felt for the poet an increasing animosity that bids fair to continue with the life of his writings. Nothing is more singular than that a poet of this rank should have felt an almost fierce joy in the possession of opinions which, if true, would move a sensitive nature to the keenest and deepest melancholy. That this life is all; that this earth delivered of the oppressions of Religion and Government would be the reality of Heaven; that there is no God, but only atoms and a moulding breath; these were singular doctrines by which to produce joy in the possessor. They could only have been received with joy by a wild imperious mind bursting with eager energy and unknown to any form or law.

From this stage his mind passed to another, but not immediately to a greater belief. On the contrary it was the philosophy of Hume which succeeded the materialism of the first period. It is less difficult to see why Shelley accepted this view; for what Hume held, that there was no substantial thing, either matter or mind, but only "sensations and impressions" inhering in nothing and going nowhere was almost natural of Shelley to believe. His mind of a swarm of ideas, thoughts, fancies, streaming on without his volition, in no definite plan or order; these clouded his intellect and prevented him from seeing the outer world. Shelley may be pardoned for thinking that these ideas, the fancies were all; for they were so much of the man himself. He pursued the study of this system of philosophy with zeal, and these speculations produced a ferment in his brain; they excited his wild nerves and appalled his imagination with their blank results. He at last was obliged to pause in the last fragment of one of his metaphysical papers, as he says, "overcome by thrilling horror."

In this state of mind he began the study of Plato. Here again we see him naturally attracted. He's found a master in this great mind rising above the clouds of paganism that surrounded it. He already held that the



all-apparent phenomena were unreal and that the idea was superior to the evidence of the senses; and he craved to believe in something noble, beautiful and shadowy. He found delight in Plato's philosophy for its bold imprudence, its love of adventure and mystery. All his later writings are colored by this theory; though at times there is seen a momentary return to his old conceptions, as if a shadowy misgiving still lurked in his mind. He seems though, never to have accepted that part of Plato which forms the basis for the church to place him among the first preparatory preceptors of Christianity. In this, the highest state of spiritual existence to which he clearly attained, there seems to be no distinct conception of a creative being, so essential to a real religion. This "idea" which he acknowledged, he changes into a spirit, gives it life and motions but no more; and while he admires it, he yet fails to worship.

It is difficult to estimate to what extent this self-enclosed, self-absorbed nature was influenced by outward life. A remarkable fact is, that no writer on Shelley mentions in more than the briefest manner his mother, his relation to her, or what her influence over him might have been. There was nothing in common between him and his rather easy-going father. If he had, as a child, been reared to reverence religion, it would not have been so easy for him at the age of seventeen to address his "Necessity of Atheism" to heads of the colleges at Oxford. While still at Oxford he took an oath characteristic of the man. "Here I swear—and as I break my oaths may Infinity, Eternity blast me—here I swear that never will I forgive intolerance."

Robert Louis Stevenson says of Shelley: "Chafing at the Church of England, he discovered the cure of all evils in universal atheism. When the torrent sweeps the man against a boulder, you must expect him to scream, and you need not be surprised if the scream is sometimes a theory. Shelley was a young fool, but it is better to be a fool than to be dead. It is better to emit a scream in the shape of a theory than to be entirely insensible to the jars and incongruities of life and take everything as it comes in a forlorn stupidity." This theory of his was continually advancing and let us be pleased to feel with one of his

commentators that if he had lived to a ripe age he would have cleared his mind of the shadows and eventually would have accepted what was best and truest in the Christian faith. EGDIF.

---

*THE PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE OF BACTERIA.*

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COMPILED BY W. L. KENNON, 1900.

The following article is written in recognition of that increasing desire on the part of the people not only to accept and welcome the discoveries and advancements of the scientific world, but to understand their true scope and bearing. And also to set aright many prevalent misconceptions in regard to the science of bacteriology, which tend to deprive it of its true scientific bearing.

This science may be classed among the many others which have had their birth during the 19th century, for the science of bacteriology was not thought of when Van Leenwenhoek turned the first microscope, the product of his own hand, into the abysses of the microscopic world.

In order to understand the true scope and bearing of the science, it is necessary to consider two theories with reference to the facts in the case. The first of these, and the one which most naturally presents itself to us, considers that there are definite species of bacteria, each characterized by a constant form, which always remains the same. It further considers that every disease and fermentation are casually concerned with but one of these definite species, and the specific bacillus and disease are always found coincident. This theory is known as the "form genera," or in popular language is what is generally understood by the modern "germ theory."

This theory is a very pleasant one to consider, as it appears to relieve us of all responsibility in regard to the contraction of disease, but when considered with reference to the facts we find it wholly incompetent to explain them. According to the theory we find that every typical fermentation is caused by a definite species, but as a fact there have been discovered three distinct bacilli capable of producing vinegar from alcohol.

The same thing is found to be true with respect to

the ability of producing disease. We find that a certain species of bacteria will produce disease in one person, while another will remain entirely immune. For example take the typhoid bacillus. A whole community may be exposed to this germ by the use of contaminated water, while only a small per cent ever contract the disease. The same thing is noticed in nearly every epidemic. Such considerations as these have shattered the very foundations of the theory of constant species.

The ability of bacteria to cause disease as well as provoke fermentation is, as a matter of fact, variable; it may increase or decrease according to certain conditions. And since the bacteria depend on the conditions of health for the provision of their food and energy, we find that these are the conditions with which they vary. The bacteria can remain the same only as long as these conditions do not vary. So that bacteria must either adjust themselves to the prevalent conditions, or form spores that will preserve the species until favorable conditions return. Thus the different species are not to be considered specific in the natural history sense.

We have been able experimentally, in our laboratories, to render many of the most virulent germs, such as cholera, anthrox and tuberculosis, entirely harmless by subjecting them to unfavorable conditions, and by supplanting their original conditions to renew their original activity. So we must consider the original "form species" as mere nutritional modifications.

The ability of bacteria to provoke disease as well as cause fermentation, being as we have seen, only qualities of adaptation, makes it possible for us to discuss scientifically the cause and prevention of disease.

In investigating the cause of disease we are confronted with the specific disease germ as entirely, as I have previously referred to in other words, that each disease is casually concerned with only one specific disease germ. Which in the light of our other theories appears impossible even if it could otherwise explain the phenomena, which it cannot do.

The term "cause" is used here in its strictest scientific sense, that is, it is exactly equally to the effect it produces. For example, in considering the effect produced by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder, we might

either consider as the cause, the spark or external stimulus, which provoked the explosion, or the quantity of gunpowder present.

In the first place we have as the cause something external and bearing no quantitative relation whatever to the effect. In the second place we have something internal that is exactly concurrent and equal to the effect. We shall regard the latter as the true cause.

Since whatever be the external conditions, the eye only perceives light and the ear sound, it is therefore in the internal conditions of the cells and tissues alone that determines the character of the effect. And this is found in our predisposition toward disease, which may be either inherited or acquired from the external conditions. Now as these external conditions vary, our predispositions vary and the predisposition toward disease may be transferred into disease by the application of the least external stimulus, which is to be found in the bacteria, much after the same fashion as the explosion, where the spark or external stimulus is represented by the bacteria, the quantity of powder by the predisposition, and the effect produced by the powder as the disease. Here we see that the disease produced is just as dependent, on the amount of predisposition, so to speak, as the effect produced by the explosion is dependent on the quantity of powder present. Now since our predispositions vary and are dependent on the external conditions, we are forced on every hand to acknowledge our relation to the soil, water, food and social surroundings.

To illustrate the foregoing principles by a concrete example let us consider some facts of our recent epidemics. Comparing the late epidemics with some of the preceding ones, we find on the whole, that they are much less virulent. We also find that in the same epidemic, that the virulence varies greatly in different localities, and that in the individuals themselves some succumb almost instantly, others rapidly recover; while some remain entirely immune.

How can these facts be explained? Certainly not by the "specific germ" theory, for in that event, if we consider the specific germ, which always remains constant as



the cause of the disease, it could not vary with either time, place or individual.

On the other hand, however, when we consider the relations of the germs, and of their adaptation to the prevalent conditions, we find a full explanation of every detail. For we see that when the conditions for the cultivation of the germ are favorable, that these conditions alone will decide the character of the disease, and we have found that these may vary at different localities as well as in different epidemics. Now as to the individual, we see that his acquired predisposition decides the character of his disease and that the bacillus is only the spark which lights the internal fire, that so often consumes many a valuable life.

Now as we see that all responsibility is thrown back on the individual, and we can no longer blame the bacteria for our own imprudences, the all important question presents itself for our consideration, namely, that in the same way that no fermentation can take place unless there is some fermentable substance, no disease can take place if there is no predisposition toward disease; can this fermentable substance or predisposition be removed and, if so, how? This question, although so important, is capable of very simple solution, in fact I am afraid that the simplicity of its solution has given rise to our recent trouble.

There can be but one way to successfully combat disease—that is to combat the cause, or remove the predisposition. This can be done by observing the strictest sanitary and hygienic measures as well as putting ourselves through natural ways of living, and so modifying our social conditions that our predispositions may be entirely removed and we can no longer furnish the fuel for the fire of our own destruction.

On the other hand if we neglect these measures, we not only accumulate the fuel, but we can also cultivate the spark to ignite it, for the most harmless bacteria, when subjected to the favorable health conditions, may be transferred into the most virulent variety.

The following consideration will show the full significance of the preceding facts: If a person contracts cholera for example, then according to the prevalent conceptions, the cholera bacillus only can be responsible.

It is just this belief that has made the science of bac-



teriology so popular in the eyes of the unreflecting multitudes and the many easy going physicians. We need no longer, it is supposed, be solicitous about our own mistakes and imprudences. Come what may, we are morally protected and secure in the consciousness of our individual merit; we can now lay all responsibility on the bacteria. A fatal blow is dealt to these self-deceptions and illusions by simply pointing to the fact that the bacteria can provoke no fermentation unless there is some fermentable substance for it to come into contact with, and only then under the proper conditions. In the same way there can be no disease unless the predisposition exists. Where no susceptibility to disease exists, we may harbor the germs with impunity. We should revile the malicious bacteria no longer, but should mend our own ways and improve our conditions until the bacteria can find no lodgment in our systems. This, as I have said, can only be accomplished by putting ourselves through sensible ways of living.

This is, in a few words, the practical lesson of bacteriology, notwithstanding the many contrary conceptions and prejudices.

It is a less comfortable doctrine, but it is nevertheless a more nearly scientifically correct one.



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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### TRASHY LITERATURE.

If we judge from the amount of trashy literature that is being published, the extent to which it is read, we arrive at a surprising conclusion, and there is every reason to believe it is being read, else the publication of it would be unprofitable and cease. In this, as in other things, the law of demand and supply holds good and the supply is governed wholly by the demand. It is likely, though doubtful, that the percentage of readers has not increased over any other period and that the increase in the number is due only to the natural increase of population. Yet in spite of this, it seems strange that the number does not, each year, materially diminish. The most superficial observation is sufficient to bring out the pernicious effects of bad literature. The mind can be developed, only when nourished by literature suggesting thoughts and ideals above its native power of acquirement and it's to be remembered that the development of mind is the highest aim of reading. If

the aim of literature were, solely to give pleasure and to furnish entertainment for a leisure hour, even then it requires a standard much above that of the current novel. The weak, insipid and sentimental characters of novels are but the prototypes of what their readers will become. It should be borne in mind, that it is not necessarily an originally weak intellect that reads them, for the truth is that the reading of them produces weakness. The difference of level in the intellectual capacity of mind and the intellectual capacity of worthless novels cannot long be maintained, and the hurtfulness is further seen from the fact that no increase in the level of the novels results from the corresponding decrease in the level of the mind. It is as senseless to say that a man is not influenced by his associations, as to say that he is not influenced by the character of literature he reads. History proves this assertion, for a study of the literature of any nation at any period is an unfailling index to the social and moral customs of the time, and the reason simply is that the literature determines the character of the people. The tendency of the trashy novels of the present time is to take away the admirable characteristics of manhood, and to inculcate the idea that effeminacy is the highest virtue.

#### THE IRWIN RUSSELL MEMORIAL.

It is regrettable that the movement inaugurated a few years ago to erect a suitable memorial to Irwin Russell seems abandoned. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of the proposed memorial and when the question was being agitated, there seemed a general desire for the success of the undertaking. At this time, after the general study of Irwin Russell's poems, it seems useless to remind the people of the state, of their merit. Yet since it was proposed to erect the memorial on that basis, something needs to be said that will prevent them from being again forgotten, as they were before interest was aroused in them. The people of the state have always been sensitive, when reproached with lack of respect for their truly representative men. They refer, with pride, to those men who achieved greatness in political and military fields, but to the only man of Mississippi, recognized by the educated at large as a literary man, they appear wholly indifferent. They seem to take no pride in the inauguration of a new literature, which at the time of its inauguration was wholly

new, by a native of their own state. The same indifference shown the poet during his short, sad life, the same failure to recognize his genius and the same unsympathetic feeling that permitted him to die in poverty seem to cling to his memory. Though Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, both of whom are admired by Missippians, and justly, are glad to ascribe much of their success to the works of Irwin Russell and his insight into the negro character, they yet fail to see that he did something worthy of preservation, or that entitles him to an open expression of their esteem. Until the people of our state show a willingness to encourage literary men, we shall continue to hold the unenviable record of being the least valuable in the South's production of literature.

#### THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

With the death of Victoria there passes from the councils of a great nation, the noblest of sovereigns. Though she has never shown a strong, decided will, such as was manifested by Elizabeth, yet she possessed a nobility of character and a firmness for the right, that no other English ruler has had. Her counsels were always prompted by humanitarian motives and the record of her deeds shows none that should be hidden from the public gaze. Her reign encompasses, in all respects, the most brilliant period of English history, Art, science and useful inventions surpass any preceding age and the literature of her reign rivals the Elizabethan period. One of the notable events of her reign, however, has been the steady withdrawal of power from the crown, and it was a pathetic scene to see the aged queen pass away lamenting the prosecution, by her government, of an unjust war, that she was powerless to prevent. Now that the Prince of Wales has become Edward VII, it is probable that, when the novelty of the position vanishes, and he comes to the full realization of himself, he will refuse to King only in name, and passively submit to the will of parliament. It does not seem in accordance with the nature of man, while nominally the head of the government. to pass before the world, a mere figure-head. That the power lodged in a president by a government like the United States, where the greatest freedom of government is claimed by its citizens, should far exceed the powers of the ruler of the greatest kingdom, seems paradoxical. But as Edward the VII has, perhaps, lived, so long in a state of alternating

hope and despair, the final attainment of the throne may satisfy his dreams of power and the high sounding title of King may be the limit of his aspirations. There may be no effort on his part to regain a part of the lost power, and, indeed, this seems more in accordance with his past behavior, which is a reminder of the times of convivial kings and courts. Perhaps he will permit the affairs of his kingdom to be managed by a premier who is answerable to the people for legislative deeds.

#### MOBS IN OTHER SECTIONS NOT DUE TO THE SOUTH.

The Southern lynching has been put to shame by the fury of a recent Kansas mob, yet some of the Northern papers and magazines deprecate the expansion of Southern violence to the West, and look with fear and trembling to the time when it shall envelop the North and East. That mob violence is the greatest evil of the South is undeniable, and its prevalence justly calls forth the indignation and rebukes of those who believe in the the majesty of law, among whom is to be found, by far, the greater part of Southern men. But that mob violence is pre-eminently a Southern invention, and that lynchings in other parts of the country are due to the propagation of Southern sentiment and custom, is a charge to which a plea of not guilty must be entered. The only means of suppressing mob violence is by suppressing its causes, and whenever the causes existing in the South prevail elsewhere, there, too, will the mob always be found. The only reason that a greater number of lynchings happens in the South than in the North, East and West is that the negro population and the negro crimes are confined almost exclusively to this section. The spreading of the negro and the consequent spreading of the crimes that cause lynching in the South, cause lynchings anywhere else, be it North, East or West. The passion and fury of men that lead them to defy law and order do not have to be assimilated. They are inherent qualities and but need the same stimulation to arouse them in one section, as arouses them in another. With reversed conditions and with comparative immunity from the causes of mob violence, the South would be as free from it as the North, and were the North forced in the same circumstances as the South, it is doubtful whether her conduct would not call forth the same indignation, she so freely bestows on us.





 LITERARY DEPARTMENT
 

*THE HAYNE-WEBSTER DEBATE.*

It seems to be the commonly accepted belief today, in the South as well as elsewhere, that in the celebrated debate between Robert Y. Hayne and Daniel Webster, in the senate of the United States, Webster came off more than conqueror. It might be objected that the best policy to pursue in regard to those old matters is to let them rest. But no Southerner who has a spark of that bold and fiery spirit which made Hayne resist to the uttermost any injustice to his native state and his native land can for a moment gain his own consent to accept any suspicious statement simply because it has been echoed from mouth to mouth and thus has acquired a familiar sound. We see and recognize no barrier beyond which our reason may not venture; we perceive no cause for which we should remain silent on any subject, whether it be of a nature pleasant or painful to remember, whether it call for the smile or the tear. If we believe an injustice has been done any man or any cause, it is our duty to say so, and seek to have justice done. Besides this, human nature is wonderfully easy to impose on, and Southern people are not shrewd overmuch. So, forgetting for the moment those time-worn sentences which closed Webster's speech, and which, by the way, were not his exact words as he spoke them in the senate, and forgetting Edward Everett's description of the scene, let us bring the case before the tribunal of reason, and get an opinion of our own, independent of any man's recorded opinion. The following were the circumstances which called for the debate, and the events which led up to it:

On Dec. 29, 1829, Samuel A. Foote, of Connecticut, moved, in the senate of the United States, the adoption of a resolution to inquire into the quantity of public land then unsold, and to consider the advisability of limiting the sale of these lands.

Now there was nothing in that resolution of itself to excite hostility in any quarter; the explanation takes us

back to the early years of the century. Just after the war of 1812, congress, in order to encourage manufacture in this country, placed moderately high duties on imports. Calhoun supported this measure from a purely patriotic motive; Webster opposed it. Not content with this much aid, the manufacturers, who were greatly increased, clamored for more, and in 1824 they received it. By this time New England had discovered that her future prosperity lay in manufacture; the South had discovered that she must depend mainly on agriculture. Calhoun began to oppose protective tariff, Webster to support it. In 1828 was passed the "tariff of abominations." From this on the struggle waxed fierce between protectionists and non-protectionists.

The West, which seemed to have no possible interest in one side more than the other, was invariably found on the side of the North. The explanation, Channing says, lay in this fact: By the heavy duties on imports the revenue was very greatly increased, so much so that there was a great surplus; this surplus was devoted to internal improvements, almost every one of which was found in a Western state. The West could well afford to support the East in return for these benefits.

When the question of public lands came up, the Southern leaders thought they had the chance to separate the West from the East. So Hayne supported the charge of hostility to the West, first brought against the East by Benton of Missouri. Webster's friends thought him the proper man to respond, so he made his first speech—that on the Foote resolution. Thereupon Hayne made his great reply.

Having the main points of difference clear before us, we may proceed to the battle of the giants. We will notice each of Hayne's attacks and Webster's reply to it. We must remember that both men strayed far from the subject under consideration. Both had minds and hearts full of things which clamored for utterance, and at this moment Hayne discerned his opportunity, took his enemy by surprise, and launched the defiance of the South full at the North. He begins by disclaiming a hostile intention in his former speech, and boldly charges Webster with cowardice in shrinking from meeting Benton, his accuser, and directing his blows at himself (Hayne) instead. With a stroke of policy he assured Webster that the West need-

ed no aid to repel attacks. In reply Webster stated that he had replied to the man whose remarks he had heard. He refers contemptuously to Hayne's "matches and over-matches," declaring that such words are out of place in the senate, a body of equals gathered for deliberation. Hayne next refers to the paternal care of the East for the West, and quotes the words of an Englishman of 1775, "They have grown great in spite of your protection." Webster makes a good reply to this, showing the injustice of applying words spoken of a foreign enemy to a section of the same country and the same government. Hayne humorously deplores his ignorance of Nathan Dane, the great Solon whom Webster had praised so abundantly. Webster reaffirms the man's great deeds, and reproaches Hayne for his light mention of a name so honored.

Hayne next contrasts Webster of 1825 with Webster of 1830. In 1825, Webster, like Hayne of 1830, favored the sale of the public lands, not for the money they would bring, but for the purpose of having them settled. In 1830, Webster says that the public land should be treated as so much treasure. Hayne indignantly reproaches those who regulate their policies by the money standard. Then he asks, "Why, if you favor the retention of the public land as a treasure, do you consent to vote away immense bodies of it for particular purposes, such as canals, railroads, etc?" Webster answers that he does not believe that the public land should be held as a treasure (that is the only meaning, however, to be got out of his previous words). He evaded Hayne's question, only saying that he considered a canal in New York or a railroad in Ohio a benefit to South Carolina and the other states as well. The welfare of the South is as dear to him as the welfare of the North or the West.

Next Hayne notices Webster's great professed love for the West, in common with that of the other Eastern leaders. He entangles Webster fast when he says, "You bitterly reproach the South with hostility to the system of internal improvements, at the same time admitting that the South has conscientious scruples in regard to that matter. Do you mean to imply that if you were in our place you would vote in violation of your conscience?"

Next he traces the coalition of the East with the West. When he entered congress, the New England members were nearly all opposed to these same measures they now

so cordially support. This consolidation was effected as the result of an agreement looking toward the reciprocal distribution of government favors (tariff and internal improvements). In reply Webster said that the East had always been a friend to the West, and in 1820 had voted almost unanimously for the reduction of the price of land, a favor solicited by the Western states; the Eastern members had done it because they had thought it just. Hayne, in reply to Webster's wish that the national debt might exist forever, if it would serve to bind the states together, declared that a moneyed interest in government is essentially a base interest, and is opposed to all the principles of free government. He deplors the expectation of pecuniary favors which binds whole sections to the government. Then like the impulsive Southerner that he was, he burst out in defiance of threats; he examines the origin of the slave trade, and traces it to New England; he declares that since slavery is established in the South, the trust must be fulfilled. He denounces terribly those false philanthropists who send missionaries and tracts to the South, while they starve their own poor. He repudiates the charge of weakness, declaring boastfully that out of a half billion's worth of goods exported in ten years, two-thirds came from the South. He quotes a Northern authority as saying that the Eastern states made their money off the South, and yet did all in their power to injure her. He asks of the North simply to let the South alone and allow her to manage her own affairs. Then he breaks out into a splendid eulogy on the great men of the South, who lived and labored and became great while slavery existed. He declares that no other people have shown their devotion to their country in times of trial more nobly than those of the South. When it was for her own interest to remain attached to England, she boldly joined her sister colonies in resisting the mother country. He quotes from Burke to the effect that the Southerners, who owned slaves, had a nobler conception of liberty than those who lived to the northward.

Hayne says the real difference between him and Webster is the same as that which distinguished the Democratic party of 1798 from the Federalist party of the same time; namely, the difference between the man who wishes the general government to be limited to some extent, in order that the states may not be entirely at its mercy, and



the man who favors the strengthening of the general government, at the expense of the power of the states. In response, Webster endeavored to establish a distinction between the consolidation which the fathers of the republic longed for and that which Hayne dreaded. In the very first part of his speech Webster took up Hayne's mention of slavery, and declared that he had made no attack on slavery. He disclaims any intention to interfere with it, since it is not an institution that touches him closely, although he thinks it is an evil. The place where Hayne strikes most effectively, though, is Webster's change on the tariff question. He reminds the senate of a meeting held as late as 1820 in Boston to protest against the tariff. He recalls Webster's denunciation of the tariff measure, and his doubts of their constitutionality. Next we find the great New Englander in 1824, boldly championing free trade in the house of representatives. Here he met and routed the advocates of monopoly. But lo! in 1828 we find him supporting and voting for the "tariff of abomination." In his reply Webster approaches this matter with an air of boldness and defiance, but he leaves it very abruptly. He says that his change of policy was not an inconsistency, but an advance made to suit new conditions; that he was disposed to vote for the tariff of 1828 in view of the many millions invested in manufactures in New England. He says that New England cannot now be expected to work right against her own interests. He is evidently tired of the subject, and says, "No more of the tariff." No wonder it is unpleasant to his ears. It is here that Hayne comes seriously to the front, and exclaims: "You say the tariff measure did not come from the East, and treat it as if the East had no interest in it (referring to Webster's first speech, of course); the West, through one of her representatives, refuses to acknowledge the tariff as her offspring, and declares it has nothing of benefit for that section; the South comes in and tells you in the most earnest manner, that the measure, 'of no value to the East or West,' is utterly destructive to her interests. We solemnly declare that we believe the whole system to be unconstitutional, and a violation of the compact between States and Union. Our brethren refuse to release us from a system which 'not enriches them, and makes us poor indeed,'"

Hayne here bursts into a sublime declaration of war,



declaring his innocence of beginning hostilities, but devoting himself, while God gives him breath, to defending his country, and driving back the invader discomfited. He glorifies his own state, showing his patriotism through the changing times of the revolution, and the perils of the war of 1812. In vivid contrast to this conduct he points to the state of feeling in New England in 1812. He recalls how it was solemnly declared in the North that it did not become a religious people to rejoice at the victories of our army and navy; how it was resolved to "resist our own government, even unto blood;" how everything was done to cripple the resources of the government; how no loans were allowed to be made; how New England ships were supplying with provisions the very soldiers who were laying waste our land; how in some places on the coast neutrality was declared, and the enemy permitted to occupy the land until the close of the war; how some declared that the Union should be dissolved; how even the clergymen of Boston and other places pronounced a curse on those who should aid in any way their own government in this crisis. He says that the country that allows such sentiments to be proclaimed everywhere with impunity must certainly be disloyal.

He then notices the Hartford convention, and pictures in the most effective way the disgruntled delegates, who were compelled to return to their homes proclaiming the success of our armies, while their hearts were black with treachery. He reminds the senate of the uproar in New England at the time of the Embargo Act. He quotes Jefferson's memoirs to the effect that he (Jefferson) had heard from Adams that the New England states, especially Massachusetts, were contemplating withdrawing from the Union, and were already negotiating with Great Britain in regard to commerce. On hearing these things, he thought it best to be rid of the Embargo Act, rather than break the Union. Hayne also quotes from a speech of Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard College, made in congress, on the purchase of Louisiana: "If this bill passes, it is virtually, in my estimation, a dissolution of the Union." And after Hayne had paid his respects to the New England traitors, "the war party in peace, the peace-party in war," he highly praised the firm democracy of that section, which, though surrounded by treachery, kept perfectly pure from taint itself. At this point Hayne asks,

“Who are the real friends of the Union?” He answers: “Those who would confine the federal government within the limits prescribed by the Constitution and preserve to the states those powers not expressly delegated; who would administer the government in a spirit of equal justice, thus making it a blessing and not a curse.” He takes up Webster’s assertion that “it is a ridiculous notion that a state has any constitutional remedy” against a gross, palpable and deliberate violation of the Constitution. He brings into evidence the Virginia resolutions, and Madison’s report, in the latter of which it is expressly declared: “The states, then, being the parties to the Constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity, it follows of necessity that there can be no tribunal above their authority to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated, and consequently that, as the parties to it, they must themselves decide in the last resort such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition.” He further calls up the resolutions of the Kentucky legislature, inspired by Jefferson, which declared that “each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress.” He quoted Jefferson’s opinion, as expressed in writing, of the high tariff and internal improvements, and his belief concerning the point at which armed resistance should begin, and proved conclusively that South Carolina had gone not a step further than Jefferson himself thought just. Thus Hayne showed that the South Carolina doctrine was the republican doctrine of 1798, promulgated by the fathers of the faith, plainly recognized by the founders of the Constitution. Hayne declared that the doctrine of the federal government’s being the exclusive judge of the extent, as well as of the limitations, of its own power, is utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the states. It made but little difference, he said, whether congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. Such a government is a government without limitations of powers. He says that South Carolina has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union by the only means possible, that is, by a manly resistance to tyranny. He says the principle involved is the chief ground of complaint, “a principle which, substituting the discretion of congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the states

and people to the feet of the Federal government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own." Then he closes with that noble sentence: "If, acting on these motives—if, animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character—we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, 'You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty.'" To Hayne's charges against New England for treachery and disloyalty, Webster made a very weak reply. Indeed, the evidence was so overwhelming, both as to her conduct in 1812 and 1809, that Webster could only refer to it contemptuously and try to minimize its importance, claiming that all the sentiments Hayne had mentioned were the mere effusions of "warm heads in warm times." His raillery, however, could not destroy the significance of that shameful conduct. In reply to Hayne's contention for states' rights, he pointed out the confusion which would result from having as many judges as there were states, each one judging according to its own interest. He declared that the Supreme Court alone had the right to decide whether a law was constitutional or not. He noticed very briefly the authorities Hayne had introduced, but could not dispute facts. He closed with a fine appeal for Union.

No one who examines closely the writings of Jefferson and the other founders of the Republic and Constitution can doubt that Hayne represented their views exactly, however much Webster talked of the purpose of the fathers. The question was: "At what point of oppression must resistance begin, and to what length must it go?" Let each one answer as his reason dictates. Hayne and Calhoun thought the tariff measure of 1828 sufficient cause for resistance; Webster did not. No amount of reasoning could ever reconcile them. Hayne supported himself ably, and all Webster did was to state at great length, but very clearly, the sentiment of his party and his section. As long, of course, as he confined his imagination to cases more or less inconsiderable, he had the advantage; his doctrine of non-interference and submission worked very well. But Hayne was considering "a gross, palpable and deliberate violation of

the Constitution." The Supreme Court was to him the Federal government, and so it is today. He saw what chances for misrule lay in the future, and wished to destroy them. Webster exhausted a great portion of his time in proclaiming the paramount importance of the Union. It was very easy for him, who lived in the prospering part of the country, to talk thus. But, for Hayne, the evil was a present, pressing one. He, in common with the whole Southern people, felt the burdens of unjust taxation. Just as Hayne showed, human nature is much the same in Massachusetts and South Carolina. Injustice will be resisted, whether it be unjust taxation or injurious restriction. So we may sum it all up thus: Hayne, by masterly argument, and by citation of the political fathers, established the constitutional right of a state to resist oppressive measures. His minor work was to point out Webster's inconsistencies, and the equal blame of the North with the South. Webster made a clear exposition of the opposite view, that which favored strengthening the hands of the government, and pleaded for Union. This is all we can say. Webster did not shatter Hayne's argument they were unanswerable.

As Channing says, Webster's reasoning was historically unsound. He did not correctly interpret the will of the makers of the Republic; he only gave the views of a party. A graver question was before the nation than was ever presented before. It could not be answered in words; it could not be unravelled by reasoning; it could not be settled by arbitration; some would say that only war could have settled it. But they are wrong. The question remains. The only way to preserve the Union is to employ even-handed justice. When one part of it is oppressed by the rest, no provision or law, even though it had been created with man, and had endured ever since, could make that people submit. It would not be right, and heaven would not permit it.





❧❧❧ EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ❧❧❧

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN the Exchange Department has added some new magazines to its list, and among these are the *Vanderbilt Observer*, *Martin College Crown*, *The Academician* and *The Maroon and White*.

The *Vanderbilt Observer*, for January, has a criticism of "The Reign of Law," that is well written, and it seems to us that the writer has not only expressed his criticism in admirable language, but displays considerable ability as a critic and certainly a thorough knowledge of the subject under consideration.

We notice, however, some expressions of disappointment on the part of some of our exchanges as to the character of *The Observer* as compared with what they had expected from that institution, and we confess that the variety was not what we had expected, or even what it has been in former years, but be it said that that which appears is well written, and our conception of merit is, that a little well written is infinitely better than much poor composition and poorer thought.

We have received the first issue of *The Martin College Crown* and *The Academician*, two girl college magazines just beginning their career.

We gladly welcome them to our table and give them the assurance that THE COLLEGIAN wishes that their career may be one continuous train of successes.

The January number of *The Clonian* has a splendid article on "The Twentieth Century Woman."

We have no special complaint to register against the woman of the past, but we desire to commend this article for what seems to us its foresightedness and its pure Christian sentiment. We verily believe with the writer that woman's influence in shaping life and character, whether of individuals or nations, shall count for vastly more in bending the boy than in polishing the man.

*The University of Mississippi Magazine* has two excellent



articles in the January issue, "Old Love Letters" and "The Legend of Lover's Leap."

The subjects appeal to us all, for who ever truly loved and never saw one object of his affection drift from his arms and leave but a sacred glow, a memory where once had been the real.

The last issue of *The University of Virginia Magazine* contains two splendid articles, one "The Hall of Fame," the other "The Stone Cross."

The first named sets forth in plain terms the unwillingness on the part of the North to give just recognition to the genius of the South, and the second is a beautiful story of the time when the seeds were sown, from which this narrowness is the ripened fruit.

In addition to those already mentioned we desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

*The University of Arizona Monthly, Tulane Collegian, Emory and Henry Era, Emory Phoenix, Southwestern University Magazine, Harvard Monthly, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Randolph-Macon Monthly, S. P. U. Journal, The Shamrock, The Washingtonian, The Stetson Collegiate, Buff and Blue, Mississippi College Magazine, University Unit, Purple and Gold, Blue and Gold, A. & M. Reflector, The Reville, Hendrix College Mirror, Cap and Gown, Purple and Green, M. S. U. Independent and The Crimson.*



❧ ❧ ❧ LOCAL DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

“Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

As intermediate examinations have been the absorbing theme for the past two weeks our local material has been too much occupied to furnish items of interest.

The distinguished visitors to our campus during the past month, were Dr. Goucher of Baltimore, Bishop Galloy and Major Millsaps.

Mrs. Countes and beautiful little daughter, Minnie Low, are cordially welcomed as residents of Millsaps addition.

Mrs. Brister was the guest of Mrs. Quinn for several days the past week, having come over to visit her sons, “Ben” and “Hugh.”

Teacher—“Name the bones forming the skull?”

Pupil—I’ve forgotten them for the moment, but have them in my head.”

’Tis with pleasure we welcome back J. Booth one of our former students.

Mr. Lamar Hennington spent Saturday, the 26th, in Jackson and on the campus shaking hands with his friends.

A problem to be solved: “Why is it a certain young man finds his brother (?) at Terry so attractive.”

Miss Irene Featherstone, who is now teaching near Edwards, made a flying visit to home folks Sunday.

Master Ralph Muchenfuss celebrated his second birthday on February 2nd. He is a bright, bonny boy, the pride of fond parents and much beloved by many friends.

Professor—“What is a planet?”

Student—“A lot of earth and water made to fill up space.”

Mr. Cunningham has been home recuperating from a

threatened attack of pneumonia. We are glad to welcome him back.

Mr. D. C. Hill, of Mississippi College, paid a visit to friends last week.

Mr. George Crosby, one of our brightest and most highly esteemed young men, is now pursuing his studies at Columbian University. He carries with him the best wishes of a host of friends.

We are glad to note that the site has been selected and the work on the James Observatory will soon begin. This will be a very handsome addition to Millsaps.

We, the boys, wish that some generous lover of boys and their sports would donate enough to fit up our gymnasium, thereby developing us physically. For without training of this kind we are afraid of becoming mental dwarfs.

Mr. R. L. Cochran, in response to a telegram, left for home last week. We regret so much the necessity of his going for he was one of our best students.

At the last meeting of the M. S. class the following officers were elected: William Lee Kennon, President; W. L. Kennon, Secretary and Treasurer; "Bill" Kennon, Historian and Liar.

The Library is the recipient of a munificent gift in the form of a beautiful set of encyclopedias. The donor is our generous and much beloved benefactor, Major Millsaps:

Mr. Williams, State Secretary of Louisiana and Mississippi Y. M. C. A. work, and, also, Mr. McElhany, representative of the International Colleges, spent several days here looking after this department of Christian work. These young men are doing a great and effective work.

The address of Dr. Goucher, president and founder of the Woman's College, of Baltimore, was interesting and instructive; and we can assure him that the timely lesson given will prove of material benefit to all who heard him.

Professor—"What is the difference between a physical and chemical change?"

Student—(of chemistry)—"A physical change is one

prescribed by a doctor when you get sick. A chemical one performed in the laboratory."

We regret the going home of H. W. Jenkins. He was appreciated as a young man of true worth and for many sterling qualities. Come back, Jinks.

Professor Ricketts has been absent for several days in attendance at the sick bed of his sister, Mrs. Woodside. With regret we chronicle her death, and deeply sympathize with him in this sad bereavement.

Professor Wm. Kennon very creditably and satisfactorily filled the position of Professor Ricketts while absent.

The baseball team, of Millsaps, has received two challenges. One from Tulane, desiring a game on April —, the other from Chamberlain-Hunt Military Academy. Inter-collegiate games have already given us notoriety.

#### LAMAR LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.

The most interesting debate of the past month took place January 25, 1901. Subject, Resolved, That the Ship Subsidy Bill is a political evil. The Affirmative was well discussed by Messrs. H. A. Wood, E. B. Ricketts and H. L. Clark, while the Negative was ably upheld by Messrs. A. Thompson, P. M. Harper and T. W. Holloman. The committee of judges rendered their decision in favor of the Negative. At the same meeting the following officers were elected to serve during the third quarter, viz: A. W. Fridge, President; H. A. Wood, Vice President; A. S. Cameron, Recording Secretary; O. W. Bradley, Corresponding Secretary; M. S. Pitman, Treasurer; H. L. Austin, Critic; Phelps, Door Keeper; A. M. Ellison, Censor; H. Hilburn, Chaplain, and Mr. F. R. Smith, Monthly Orator.

Mr. C. D. Potter, of the Lamar Society, and Mr. J. T. McCafferty, of the Galloway Society, have been selected as debators in the Millsaps-Centenary Debate, which is to take place at Fayette, Miss., sometime in the near future.

We are glad to welcome so many visitors at our meetings and hope there will be more in the future.

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
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# The Millsaps Collegian

MARCH, 1901.

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., MARCH, , 1901.

No. 5

## *THE JOKER JOKED.*

It was late at night. A still hush was settled over the old plantation at Shermanville. Nellie, the only daughter of the prosperous farmer, there in her own quiet little room, was alone—upon her bed she lay for a long time, sleepless, now and again breaking the stillness of the night with a low, involuntary sob—yesterday her mother, the dearest friend of life, had passed away from earth forever. Today she had been laid to rest in the old family burying ground at the village church yard, and the loving hands of her father had led Nellie away from the little mound back to the old home—now so lonely, so deserted. Nellie's heart seemed all but breaking. That on which her heart had fastened, and that to which it had grown in love, tender and strong, had suddenly been torn from her and the wound seemed painful, more painful than she could bear. What could heal this hurt? What could drive away this sorrow and bring back the happiness once more to her heart? Her father was a man loving enough, I suppose, but he had not that natural sympathy which could help him be all in all to his child. She could not fly to his arms and in his love forget her terrible sorrow. And so tonight Nellie had lain for hours trying, in vain, to find relief from all her pains in sleep—only her sobs expressed the deep anguish of her heart. She fell finally asleep, her body, tired with days and nights of weary watching, carrying her deep into the land of dreams. And as she slept she thought she sat weeping in the garden near her father's home when there came to her side the tall, handsome figure of a youth whose face was full of kindness and whose voice soothed her sorrow.

When Nellie awoke the sun was high in the heavens and looked brightly in at her window. For a moment she grasped the joy of her dream but then the real sorrow of her life swept over her and she was the same sad little girl as before.

The scene changes. It is Friday morning of the week just preceeding commencement at Belhaven Female College. The lawn that stretched out before the College building was a scene of lively interest. The girls, the students of this popular institution, were preparing for a lawn fete to be given that afternoon, to which had been invited a large number of boys from the popular College just over the hill in the same little city. In groups were the girls scattered over the spacious campus, arranging tables and decorating for what was to them an all-important occasion. Their faces wore expressions of anticipated pleasure, both for what was to be theirs today in the delight of entertaining that jolly, *handsome* crowd of college fellows, and for what commencement was to bring them, followed by a happy return home, a place which the college girl learns to love as few people else do. I dare say that there is no one who can sing "Home, Sweet Home," that song which will never grow old but will live forever in the tender truthfulness of its sentiments, with more earnestness than the college girl. Or at least, my dears, it was thus when I knew about college girls, but that has been a very long time ago.

But to our more immediate narrative: Around a large table near the center of the lawn was seated a group of girls arranging into bunches the flowers with which other girls were decorating the tables scattered here and there. In happy conversation they anticipated the coming of the guests and the joys of the evening. In merry jest they predicted whom each one would welcome the most heartily and which youth each maid would await with the greatest degree of impatience.

"Ah, I shall get that talk with Steve that we have written of so long," laughed one merry little maid as she reviewed in her mind many a note received "on the sly."

"And 'Old Wharton' shall tell me that joke he has had on me all this session, and which he never has had a chance to tell me," cried another while her black eyes flashed as tho' she had long since gussed what the "joke"

was, but still was all the more eager to have him tell it to her—(that was a way girls had when I was young, *my dears.*)

“Oh, I want to get even with Norman Sneed for the way he treated me at the K. A. reception the other evening. He knew that I expected to have him all to myself, and he had said that he wanted to talk to me alone. Well, instead of that he introduced me to a freshman and left me and I did not see him again during the whole evening.”

The speaker was one of “the specials” to whom extraordinary privileges, in the way of receiving visitors and going out with young men, were given. Her admiration for young Sneed was well known and had been a matter of comment among the students for several years. Nor had Norman seemed indifferent to her. She was bright and entertaining, and, moreover, was unusually pretty (just the sort of girl with whom the young men of my day loved to appear in public.)

From freshman to senior had they gone together, and now toward the close of this, their last year in college, Ethel naturally expected that he would speak out and tell her of that love which she had many reasons to believe he felt for her. He was the only son of a wealthy Mississippi planter and his father was giving him every opportunity of gaining a first-class education, which opportunity Norman had used well, and now was on the eve of receiving his Bachelor's degree. Among his college mates he was spoken of as “the most popular fellow in college,” and among the young ladies of the town and of the neighboring college he was an “especial favorite.” Tall, handsome and commanding was he, and yet so truly gentle and courteous, and his thoughtfulness of others around him was always apparent.

How he could love Ethel Irwin, though, was ever a matter of wonder among the college girls, for those who knew them both intimately knew well that in disposition they were far different. That Ethel, though she seemed gentle and thoughtful when with him, was in reality far otherwise. Her extremely jealous nature had been often especially noted. Nevertheless she was popular in a way, and always succeeded in winning a crowd of assistants in any college scheme she undertook. She had been disap-



pointed at the Fraternity reception on that evening referred to in not having her much longed for talk with Norman, and it had seemed to her that he had slighted her intentionally—when (truth to tell!) he had left the hall for awhile to go to the bedside of a sick friend and had not been able to return before Ethel left. Now she resolved to punish him, and she at once invoked the assistance of the crowd of girls just then around her.

“Girls, I want you to help me out,” she said, and her eyes danced as she anticipated the fun it would be. “I am going to introduce him to that insignificant little Nellie Sherman this evening and I want you girls all to leave them alone for some time. What a joke it will be to see him try to talk to her, and how punished he will be for the way he treated me!”

All the girls—though some with reluctance—consented and the preparations for the evening went merrily on.

Nellie Sherman, the innocent party to this scheme, was a junior who had entered college but lately, (and whom, my dears, you will easily recognize as our little girl from the plantation.) During the time she had been here she had established a reputation among the girls for two qualities which boys are said to shrink from specially, namely: those of quietness and homeliness. She had made no intimate friends, and shrinking as she did from strangers, none of the girls knew her well. She had seemed to them to suffer from great spells of homesickness, and had spent most of her idle moments entirely alone, sitting beneath a shade tree on the campus or quietly alone in her room.

And so the idea of this jolly, handsome college boy being “cornered” with this quiet, homely maid promised endless amusement to the girls, and sufficient punishment for the slight “Mr. Sneed had done Miss Irwin.” She, (cruel as were some girls in my day,) tingled with delight as she thought of it, and with what relief he would come back to her when she should see fit to relent and release him.

And so the day passed and the shades of evening came silently on. The cards had borne the hour of six and at that time the expected guests began to arrive. The col-

lege boys came in groups and were soon scattered over the lawn in happy conversation and in merry jest. It was a jolly company gathered there, and ever and anon through the years that refreshing, delightful scene of my college days comes floating back to me.

The fresh, happy school girls, the center of a group of handsome college boys, seemed to be in their highest spirit and made the air ring with merry laughter. Seated on benches or chairs, or even on the green carpet of grass; wandering at will o'er the wide-spread lawn; or grouped around the tables where "dainty and delightful refreshments were served," the boys and girls passed the evening away in a manner as merry, as happy, as jolly, as only the college boys and college girls of my day knew how to do.

At an early hour young Sneed appeared. Dressed simply he appeared the very picture of healthy, handsome manhood, and attracted the attention of all eyes as he moved across the lawn. He was greeted cordially on all sides, which greetings he returned in his own courteous, friendly manner, and then turned to Miss Irwin, who made room for him upon a bench where she was sitting in the midst of quite a company of boys and girls. After a few moments of general conversation she said to him:

"Norman, I have a little friend over here whom I am anxious for you to know," adding, "She has recently come to college and I think you will find her interesting."

Norman was surprised at this, but said courteously, "I shall be delighted to meet any friend of yours, Miss Ethel," and they moved off together, he not noting the titter that had followed him from the crowd.

In the meanwhile little Nellie Sherman, who had only consented after much urging on the part of the teachers and pupils to attend the party at all, sat on the grass near the border of the lawn, listlessly watching the gay company before her, on her face an expression of scornful sadness. Moreover, she appeared especially plain this evening. She was surprised to see Ethel Irwin approach her from the opposite side of the lawn, attended by one of the handsomest of the college boys. She was surprised be-

cause Ethel had never spoken to her at all except in an occasional taunt and she expected attention from her now least of all, but there seemed something strangely familiar to her in the face of the boy. She noted a surprised look on his face as it also rested on hers. However, there was no time for wonder, for even now Ethel was at her side, and said in her sweetest possible tone:

“Miss Sherman, I wish to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Norman Sneed.”

A crimson flush overspread Nellie's face, and she acknowledged the presentation with a mere nod. An embarrassing pause followed, which was broken, however, by Ethel's saying further: “I know you two will find each other interesting.” Then she moved leisurely across the campus, the eyes of both Nellie and Norman following her in utter amazement.

The eyes of the whole company were turned upon them and peals of laughter were heard from all sides. Ethel seemed to enjoy her joke immensely and returning to her crowd she watched its progress from afar, and with eager impatience for the time to come when she might release him and have him to herself once more.

After an awkward moment or so Norman caught on to the joke that was being practiced on him, and his face flushed with indignation as he saw that many of the guests were watching them and heard their [shouts of amused laughter. His pride for a moment was hurt that a senior should be submitted to any such treatment, and he felt humiliated at being the object of such a personal and public joke. He had noticed on approaching that the young lady was not at all attractive looking and so he guessed that she had been chosen as the fittest person to use in this joke on him. However he resolved to get out of it as easily as possible without being too rude. And so he turned to her, intending to talk for a few moments and then excuse himself and leave her. So he said in his most formal tone, “I am glad to meet you, Miss Sherman. You haven't been in college long?” He looked down on her as he spoke and his manly heart rebuked him when he saw that her face was the very picture of embarrassment, and

that there were tears in her eyes which she was vainly trying to restrain. He knew then that she too realized that she was the object of a cruel joke, and he felt what must be her embarrassment. He yielded to his chevalrous impulse to protect her from it, even though it should spoil his whole evening.

"Come now," he said, and his voice was full of kindness "They can't joke us!"

"Please go back to them," she pleaded, "I don't want you." "I will if you insist," he said gently, "but why should we allow them to see they have teased us. I do not know why they should wish to tease you thus. I am only very, very sorry that you should be embarrassed on my account. Let me stay with you and I will be very, very good," he laughed, "if you will only talk to me." He threw himself back into a comfortable place on the grass by her side. In his own simple fashion he told her about their life at the college over the hill; about his home in the Mississippi hills and about his hopes and plans for the future. After awhile she became interested and her face brightened as he talked on giving her little time to reply. Then after a pause he asked her about her own home and about her future. She answered shyly at first, but finding him a sympathetic listener, she told him all about her home in the country, where she had passed all the days of her life; how happy she had been under the protecting care of her parents. It was only when her mother had died some months since that her troubles began and she tried to tell him how lonely it was there after her sweet mother had been called away. Her father not knowing what else to do with her had sent her here, where she declared it was tenfold more lonely to her than in her father's home on the plantation. All this she told him, and time and time again her face would seem almost pretty with enthusiasm for home, and then her eyes would droop with tears.

Norman found himself so interested that he almost forgot the crowd around him and talked and listened, interesting and interested, 'til near an hour had passed away.

Ethel and her companions felt themselves a little disappointed that Norman was taking the matter so naturally

and that Nellie was actually talking away at a great rate. Ethel had just decided it was time to release him, when she was astonished to see Norman arise and lead Nellie across the campus to one of the tables where they had refreshments, all the while engaged in "animated conversation." She saw Nellie look up at him, her own eyes full of interest in what he was saying. She saw Norman look down into her face and she grew real jealous to see how entertained he seemed. When they had finished Ethel said to her friends, with an assumed gayety: 'Come, let's release poor Norman. Surely he is punished sufficiently.'

"Punished, the mischief!" said Steve Clark, "I never saw a man so interested."

"Oh, that's all assumed," retorted Ethel.

Just then this couple reached Nellie and Norman, who had retaken their former seats. They now saw what surprised them still more. Norman's handsome diamond-set "frat" pin adorned the breast of the homely maid, and on their faces were expressions of mutual confidence. Tho' the opportunity came more than once Norman did not try to leave her, and it was only when the departing hour had fully come that he pressed her hand in a reluctant farewell.

That night 'til a late hour three minds were sleepless and three hearts beat with more than ordinary emotion.

Ethel Irwin's was filled with anger and disappointment, but she still thought Norman only joking her.

Norman Sneed lay awake and in his mind was a bright pair of brown eyes which looked sweetly and confidently down into his own.

Nellie Sherman went away to her room, a new happiness in her heart. When she finally slept that night there came to her the same dream that she had had that sad night at home. There was at her side the same handsome youth, who took her hand and in the same kind voice bade her weep no more—but this time she knew the youth was Norman Sneed.

I remember, my dears, that our commencement came first that year, and on graduating night the girls



were brought over to our college to hear and see it all. Two pairs of eyes watched Norman Sneed with especial eagerness as he walked up on the stage that night. Two pairs of ears were strained to catch every word of that eloquent graduating oration. And then when the President announced that this year the Senior medal was awarded to Mr. Norman Sneed, two hearts thrilled for him.

When it was all over the girls waited a moment for the crowd to pass out. I was standing near Nellie Sherman, with Erma Tucker. (The best girl friend I had in those days, my dears. God bless her! she's married, too, now) so I saw and heard what happened. It was then that Nellie saw Norman come toward their crowd as if looking for some one. She saw him stop and receive the congratulations of Ethel Irwin and was surprised to see the look of eager search still linger on his face. A moment later he was at her side. It was then she thanked him, in words simple and full of earnestness, for his kindness of that day. It was then she congratulated him on today's success. It was then she offered to return his "frat" pin. But it was then that he told her how happy that evening had made him, and that he wanted her to keep the pin 'til he should come for it in the country.

"And will you indeed come?" she asked.

"I will come, Nellie, if you will promise me one thing," he said.

"What is it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Why your self, Nellie!"

For a moment she hesitated, but then looked up into his handsome face and said: "I must have given you that at the fete last Friday, Norman, or maybe it was when you came to me in a dream at home, at any rate I am all yours now."

As we watched them on the evening they met and as we watched them together just then, so we have watched them all along their pathway, and Erma and I are both sure that Nellie and Norman have got the best of the joke from then even 'til now.

"NINETY-NINE,"

*UNGWALA.*

---

Check thy wild flight, O, tim'rous deer,  
 Thy frightened mates enjoin not fear;  
 Bend thy mild eyes in soft'ning way  
 On yonder maid watching by day.  
     Her lover is gone,  
     Gone to his war hunt,  
     Beyond the Chickasawha.

Soft thy sad note, O, whippoorwill,  
 Of darkness bred and evening still,  
 Bring thy weird chant to tune more gay  
 For heart that mourns this long delay.  
     Her lover is there,  
     There on his war hunt,  
     Beyond the Chichasawha.

Whisper good word, O, knowing voice,  
 To list'ning ears, and bid rejoice;  
 Keep not mouth-tight, but fear allay,  
 Lest silence would thus seem to say:  
     Her brave will ne'er come,  
     Come to his love trust,  
     On the banks of Chickasawha.

Slack thy swift flow O graceful stream,  
 In measured drift, despondent seem;  
 Show thy face smooth, reflect each ray  
 That slanting strikes and leaps in play.  
     Ungwala here mourns,  
     Mourns for her lost love,  
     Sadly, O, Chickasawha.

Sing thy wind song, O, yearning pine,  
 In mournful tune and solemn kind;  
 Rock thy tall form in gentle sway,  
 With sober leaf bestrew thy clay.  
     Ungwala is dead,  
     Gone to her deathbed  
     In silent Chickasawha.

EGDIRF.

*A LOVE STORY IN S'S.*

---

Sturdy Sammie Simpson sought sweet Sallie Steven's society so soliciously, several social societies severally said senteniously, "Sallie's surely secured Sammie! Sallie's Sammie's sweetheart! Sammie's Sallie's slave; society shall soon see something startling!

Saturday Sallie sat sewing steadily, singing softly. Suddenly seeing Sammie's shadow, she siezed scissors, snipped savagely, still singing softly.

Sammie said slyly: "Sweetheart, sing Sammie something sadly sweet." Sallie started, seeming surprised, saying "Sammie Simpson, stop saying such silly stuff, spoony sentiments sound softly; say something sensible." So Sammie straightway said: Sweetest Sallie set sometime soon." Sallie serenely said, "say Sunday."

"Surely, surely," shouted Sammie, supremely satisfied.

Sequel — Sammie Simpson safely secured; Sallie Stevens settled; Sammie's suited. Society's satisfied.

"BULLETIN."



# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### THE OBSERVATORY.

In another part of the Collegian will be found a set of resolutions of thanks to Mr. Dan. James, of Yazoo City, for his generous donation of a fine observatory and telescope to the College. Such substantial gifts add greatly to the institution's facilities, and insure it a greater degree of success and a larger field of usefulness than it has heretofore enjoyed. The constant need of a well-equipped observatory has been recognized since the very beginning of the institution's career, but it has been found impossible to provide fully for all departments, and so the department of higher mathematics became the unfortunate one. This gift has been made by Mr. James as a memorial of his recently deceased father, the Hon. Peter James, who was, at the time of his death, a trustee of the College. This memorial should not be considered simply as a gift by those of us who are interested in the institution, and

who will derive the benefit of it, but also as indicative of the deep moral and religious character of him whom it commemorates. No more worthy tribute of respect could be paid a father than that through the benevolence of his son, the work of the institution dearest to him should be materially and permanently increased.

#### ATHLETICS.

The season of field and gymnastic sports is now on us' and we trust that our students will take advantage of every opportunity offered. Though the great stimulus may be lacking, there is yet a necessity to organize strong baseball and tennis associations, and be ready for an emergency. Between the recreation of strolling to town, and the consequent forming of a bad habit, and that of taking part in some athletic diversions, the latter is decidedly the better. If the same interest is shown for field sports this Spring as was shown last fall, there will be nothing to prevent us from having an interesting field day. In neither of the two past years has there been even a pretense of field-day, probably because through lack of inter-collegiate games and college life, no enthusiasm could be developed. But now it would seem to be a case of sulking in tents were no field-day exhibitions given. Another feature of athletic opportunities that has so far been neglected is the gymnasium. The need of this is imperative. Some students, each year, through the mistaken idea that they have no time for exercise, so neglect their physical condition, and become so completely inveterate that life itself seems partially gone. As a result their work does not fulfil their expectations, and they make the irreparable mistake of going home before the session closes, appearing to all as fugitives from final examinations. Or, if they do not go home it takes all the vacation for them to recuperate, and often they attach blame to the location and surroundings of the institution simply because they have acted imprudently.

#### SALOON SMASHING.

Though the rash and lawless acts of Mrs. Nation could hardly be justified by any circumstances, yet the support given her in saloon smashing and the readiness of



the prohibitionists to aid her, show how deep-rooted the sentiment against the sale of liquors is becoming.

The rightfulness of a law in any State to protect a business that has for its aim the destruction of life, happiness and morality, might well be questioned. The great demand of the times is that some restraint must be put on the sale of liquors, if, indeed, the total abolition of it is not possible. Such crusades as those inaugurated by Mrs. Nation will arouse the temperance advocates all over the Union, and will doubtless lead to a more energetic warfare in the future.

Those whom the world dubs fanatics are often the ones most instrumental in bringing about reforms. It is not the rashness of the fanatics that leads to these results, but the incentives that create the rashness.

If the moving cause is a worthy one, then when the whole people become thoroughly awake to the necessity of some action, its accomplishment usually proceeds quietly and so sets in unfavorable contrast, the methods of the inaugurator. But however beneficial the final results of saloon-smashing may be, it must be admitted that the incitiory measures are in their tendency productive of harm. In the particular cases in Kansas it is not unlawful, perhaps, except as disturbing the peace of the community, since the saloons are run in violation of the law, but in other States where saloons are run in accordance with law, saloon-smashing would, of course, be lawless. When men, in defiance of law, assemble and commit some deed in open violation of the law, they must be classed as mobs. It does not matter whether a mob deals swift punishment to a criminal or whether it forcibly smashes a saloon, the tendency is the same, the dethronement of law and the destruction of all avenues through which escape from any evil is possible. To destroy law is to give license to any man to do anything he may desire, and this is eminently worse than to have evils, even if they are but partially restrained by the laws, yet subservient to them. The only means of dealing successfully with the whiskey forces are through the education of the people, and their realization of the enormous consequences involved, and then through lawful measures will relief be found.

❧ ❧ LITERARY DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧

*GOLDSMITH'S VIEW OF THE POOR.*

---

Oliver Goldsmith's prose is considered, and rightly considered, the high-water mark of excellence in the use of the English language, both in England and throughout Continental Europe. There is no purer and more melodious flow of English anywhere to be found than we have in his Letters. His comedies, too, are full of humor. His poetry, however, though very beautiful in places, and smooth throughout, gives expression to a spirit that seems to have clung to Goldsmith the spirit of discontent.

Had this discontent ever alternated with satisfaction, we could forgive Goldsmith; nobody is contented all the time. But it was his normal condition. No matter what he looked at, his morbid melancholy colored it dark. Furthermore, he merely remarked the fault; he did not give a remedy. He did not even point to beauties which might outweigh imperfections. It seemed that he was blind to all save the bad.

Take, for example, his view of the condition of the poor. In reading his poetry, one cannot but be struck with his many laments for the poor of England. They are ground by laws, "and rich men rule the law." The country swains, who formerly owned each his rod of ground, pressed by contiguous wealth, have sought a kind share. He pictures an old woman, the last of the original inhabitants of the Deserted Village, keeping alive her little spark of life, "picking" her wintry fagot from the thorn. Querulously he asks where poverty shall go to be freed from the pressure of pride. With immense exaggeration he describes the dangers of the New World, the diseases, the murderous attacks of savage men and savage beasts. Families, dispossessed of all they owned, were forced across the Atlantic, and after wandering awhile amid the wilds of the New World, found a premature death. He betrayed his weakness incessantly. His descriptions of the poor would have better suited the peasantry of France, who for food were actually forced to pick the grass from the

hillsides, while their earnings went to maintain the Grand Monarch and his court in the splendid palace of Versailles. The lot of the poor in England was immeasurably better than it was in the other nations of Europe. Even in Goldsmith's time the common people were beginning to take the place they now have and hold in England. Even then, the yeomanry was the bone and sinew of the British army. Even then the man who hoped to rise in the British politics had to pay much regard to the poor and middle classes. It is true, often the peasantry was taxed and in other ways oppressed beyond its endurance, till it must rise up, or perish from the earth. But the poor had their joys. When toil was done, at the falling of the shadows, they could eat their frugal supper with their devoted families, then sit around the firesides and talk of all they heard and all they saw. Goldsmith seems to have been a malcontent rather than a sympathizer.

When a youth, he had been profligate and thriftless, and when, in maturity, he found himself constantly in misfortune, and his neighbors well-to-do, he poured out foolish laments.

He does not suffer with the poor their troubles; he only remarks and complains of them. Therefore, he is no real friend to humanity.

By his complaints he could only inflame the poor against the rich. He could bewail forever, and not alter the state of things a particle for the better. It would be better for all concerned if such men would be silent on that subject, seeing they cannot possibly do good, but may do great harm.



❧❧❧ EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ❧❧❧

The February number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is an excellent number. The article, "Two Elements of a Literary Atmosphere, and Virginia's Claim to Them," is certainly one of the best we have seen in any college magazine.

It is worthy of notice first for the care with which it was evidently prepared. The writer has very carefully investigated the influence of natural scenery and legend upon the literature of the old world, and then alongside all this he has placed Virginia's scenic and legendary resources, and from this comparison he reasonably concludes that Virginia is rich in these two elements of a literary atmosphere.

Beside this the article deserves notice for its beauty and grace of expression. Every part of it is well done, and we think it one of the best articles that we have had the pleasure of reading for some time.

"An Uncalled for Revenge" in the last issue of *The Clionian* is, in our judgment, the best production of the issue. Viola is a repulsive character to us, nevertheless, the story is a good one. The plot is splendidly conceived, and the story is true to its name.

It seems to set forth the awful consequences of a girl's rash judgment from which fate saved all, but not until the happiness of one had been wrecked, a deluded husband had expired upon the bosom of a wife who needs must repent and pray forgiveness before she could imprint a kiss upon the brow of him whom she had sworn to love, and the delirious mutterings during the illness that followed had marshaled the jealous passions of Marion's heart for the overthrow of the happiness of her own home.

If girls are the same the world over, it seems to us that it would be well to be sure that "Jack" is flirting, for fate does not always serve us as a beast of burden.

We are pleased to add to the list of our exchanges *The Oaklandite* and *Crimson and Gold*.

Our exchanges seem to be slow in making their appearance this month. We do not know where the fault lies, but several of our best exchanges have not reached us yet.

## CLIPPINGS.

The following lines were found inscribed on the fly-leaves of a student's (?) "handy literal." They are reproduced not for any merit that is in them, but just because—well—because they were needed to fill up space:

If you want to ride this "Jack,"  
Get right up upon his back;  
If you want to enjoy the ride,  
Ride no way except astride.  
Don't always be affirming the fact  
That you positively would not ride a "Jack."

The way to do is to do it right,  
Thus you will get a better insight  
Than to be always in doubt  
As to what you are reading about.  
This advice is good you'll see,  
If a competent man you be.

Always be just and honest in your acts;  
Don't go about saying you despise all "Jacks."  
Learn this truth, my dear young men,  
Ungarnished truth is a beautiful gem,  
So much better than hypocritical pride;  
Be simply truthfui and say, "I love to ride."

—TITUS QUINTUS RICHARDFILIUS.

In S. P. U. Journal.

---

*Beauty's Mask.*

In gazing on thy mischief-loving face  
Where wit and humor sparkle side by side,  
No faintest sign of conscience can I trace,  
So well does Beauty mask what she would hide.

Yet in thy soul some tenderness must be,  
Like flowers which in hidden valleys grow;  
For little deeds that people tell of thee  
Reveal what lies beneath that "outward show."

M. P. J.

—In University of Va. Magazine.



*"Hurry Up Dar, June."*

Oh, I's goin' home 'fore soon—  
Hurry up dar, June.  
Wid yer busy bees a-wingin',  
Wid yer flowers all a-springin',  
And de skylarks sweet a-singin'  
Underneath de silver moon.  
Hurry up dar, June.

Yes, I'se goin' home 'fore long—  
Hurry up dar, June.  
Want to hear my ma a-sayin'  
"Son, its long ye have been stayin'!"  
Want to hear my pa a-prayin',  
An' my sisters' evening song—  
Hurry up dar, June.

Sure am goin' home 'fore quick—  
Hurry up dar, June.  
Den, I'll run fur de marshmallow  
O'er de new-ground field all fallow,  
Pas' de rock, below der shallow  
An' go swimmin' in de crick—  
Hurry up dar, June.

JOE HEDGPETH.

—In Emory Phoenix



❧ ❧ ❧ LOCAL DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

Socrates said, "Those who want fewest things are nearest to the Gods."

Mr. Lampton of Magnolia, made a short visit to the college.

L. F. Magruder, one of Millsaps former students, now associated with his brother in business in Yazoo City, stopped over on his return from Mardi Gras.

Mrs. Dr. J. A. Moore, who has been quite sick is now improving, we are glad to note.

Of what insect is a certain Belhaven senior most fond?  
Ants (Anse).

Mrs. Hawkins and attractive daughter, Miss Fannie, were the guests of Mrs. Warrel for a few days last week, enroute to their home in Milestone.

Quite a number of ladies have graced our campus during the past month, among the number, Mrs. T. B. Holloman and Mrs. Emory.

Rev. J. Tillery Lewis, now in charge of Hill House circuit was among our visitors. A cordial reception always awaits all former students.

A senior, growing weary of his correspondence with a fair maiden, replied to her latest billetdoux. "Dr. M— positively prohibits my writing to young ladies."

Rev. Dr. Wells, pastor of the 1st Presbyterian church of Wilmington, N. C., conducted the devotional exercises on the morning of the 20th.

What subject in politics do the seniors of Belhaven most dislike to discuss?

Senior—age.

Mr. R. P. Neblett spent several days in Winona last month assisting, Rev. Mr. McIntosh in a meeting

Messrs. T. W. Holloman, Allen Thompson and Frank Smith were among the carnival visitors.

Mr. Rickens Harper made a flying trip home last week.

Master Louis Brister and Julius McLaurin spent Sunday, 24th, with their brothers at the home of Mrs. Quinn.

We are glad to see Mr. McGee up and on the campus after his attack of lagrippe.

Professor—When the lector wished entrance into a house, he knocked on the door with his foot.

Pupil, (emphatically)—My book says it was with their faces, (farces).

H. T. Carley '99, now at Vanderbilt, after spending a few days at home recuperating, paid a visit to his many friends while on his return.

T. C. Bradford, now principal of the Deaconville school made us a flying visit last week. While here he subscribed to the Collegian. That is the proper way for an Alumni to show his loyalty.

Professor—What is an absent-minded man?

Student—A man whose mind is absent.

One of the most delightful functions of the season, was the chaffing dish party, given by Misses Cavett in honor of Miss Owen, the charming and attractive guest of Miss Mayes. This evening is long to be remembered by all of those present.

The snow was decidedly the most appreciated and popular visitor has had for sometime. All evidenced their pleasure by indulging in the old-fashioned game of snowball, and not a few went rabbit hunting. It was rough on the rabbit, but what fun!

An old church member died, of whose goodness there was some doubt. However, the pastor posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Johnson departed for Heaven this a.m." Someone else, obtaining a telegram blank, filled in these words and tacked it also on the church

door: "Heaven, 6:30 p m: Johnson not yet arrived; great anxiety."—Ex.

The inclement weather prevented Dr. Black from delivering his famous and interesting lecture on "Genesis and Geology" on the night of the 22nd. But he will favor us on March 8th.

Bishop Galloway's lecture on young men as Christian patriots delivered on last Sunday night at the First Methodist church by request of the Y. M. C. A. of Millsaps college, was indeed a most eloquent and scholarly effort. This message from our gifted and beloved Bishop gave us a clearer insight on a great question which now confronts us, and through its influence and power we are assured young manhood will be better equipped to meet the coming issues.

Bishop D. A. Goodsell, one of the most broad-minded and eloquent men in the Methodist Episcopal church, has accepted the invitation to preach the Commencement sermon on June 9, and to deliver the annual address June 10. A hearty welcome awaits him at Millsaps.

The Millsaps students have read with much zest and interest the very able argument given by Rev. R. W. Briggs in favor of football. We agree with him that the game inspires courage and manliness rather than inhumanity. He shows he realizes what football is and does not speak from heresay—condemning it because others do.



❧ ❧ Lamar Literary Society Notes. ❧ ❧

We have had some very interesting debates in our society this year, but none so interesting as the one given by the four "Coeds" Feb. 15. They discussed the following subject: Resolved, "That the works of art are more beautiful than the works of nature." The affirmative was well discussed by Miss Mary Holloman and Miss Crane, while the negative was ably discussed by Miss Millsaps and Miss Hemingway. The committee rendered their decision in favor of negative. It was indeed a treat to all who had the pleasure of hearing them debate.

The Lamar Society will celebrate her ninth anniversary April 19, 1901. The following program will be carried out: Anniversarian, H. G. Fridge; anniversary orator, A. J. McLaurin; annual address, Attorney General McClurg. We look forward to that occasion with pleasure. The following Invitation Committee was appointed: Messrs. H. A. Wood, Allen Thompson and Henry Wilburn. Also the following ushers: Messrs. H. V. Watkins, M. S. Pitman, W. O. Tatum, W. C. Brownman, C. A. Alexander and J. B. Howell.

We have discussed several interesting questions the past month. The question, Resolved, "That the South would be better off without the Negro," was ably presented by both the affirmative and negative sides, but the committee decided in favor of the affirmative. In our last meeting it was proven that the United States would not be benefitted by the Nicaraguan Canal. Our men have shown themselves to be first class debators.

O. W. BRADLEY,

Cors. Sec'y L. L. S.



## Resolutions of Thanks.

---

Millsaps College, Feb. 12, 1901.

Whereas, Millsaps College has long felt the need of better equipment in the department of Higher Mathematics;

Whereas, Mr. Dan James, of Yazoo City, through his generous gift in the erection of an Observatory with modern equipments as a memorial to his father and brother, has done much to meet the needs of and open new possibilities for this important department of the college work; and

Whereas, we are not insensible of the great honor conferred upon us in making us the custodians and beneficiaries of this memorial,

Therefore, Be it resolved by the students of the department of mathematics of Millsaps college, That Mr. James by his generous gift will not only have erected on Millsaps campus a befitting monument to the memory of his father and brother, but that he will have erected a more enduring monument in the minds and hearts of the host of young men whose names shall be entered upon our college roll.

Be it further resolved, That as an evidence of our high appreciation of Mr. James' munificence we do hereby express our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude.

Resolved third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. James, and that they be published in the Millsaps Collegian.

J. T. McCAFFERTY, 1901,  
E. B. RICKETTS, 1901,  
W. L. DUREN, 1902,  
D. C. ENOCHS, 1903,  
F. S. GRAY, 1904,

Committee.




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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

— APRIL —

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— 1901 —

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# MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., APRIL, 1901.

No. 6

## *IN THE FREE STATE OF COLTON.*

The days were gradually lengthening and the occasional warm periods, coming in advance of Spring, showed a short life for the cold season; and this to the well shown pleasure of both the officers and the enlisted men of a brigade of Confederate Calvary. With their camp situated at a nearly central point between the river towns and the threatened points in the Great Raider's advance; they expected soon to receive marching orders. Mess call had sounded and the evening meal was over. In the company streets, some seated on old boxes and others squatted on the ground, the men in little groups were engaged in good humored conversation. Hardy oak branches furnished the fires that threw out a pleasant heat, killing the effect of the evening chill. They laughed and joked one another and discussed the probable operations of the army in the coming fighting season. The troop wit was not without his court and he kept an uproar of good, healthful laughter about him, while from the lower end of the streets, where the stables were, there came the pleasant sound of horses grinding the corn between their teeth.

On Lieutenant Fred Warren, the beauty of this scene was entirely lost. He sat in his tent in the flickering light of a tallow candle with his hand thrust out holding a miniature daguerrotype so as best to catch the uncertain light on its surface. The distant look in his eyes told plainly that his thoughts were not on present surroundings. The picture showed the face of a girl, evidently just merging on real womanhood. While every feature presented the grace of approaching maturity, yet lingering in the rich brown depths of her eyes, there danced shadows of laughter and challenge. Silky wavelets of soft light golden hair clung around her temples as if defying any restraint of art. Dan Cupid had never drawn his bow into a more graceful curve than the lines of her full red lips presented.

As Warren gazed on the face, memory slipped back over years to childhood's great realm of unbounded pleasure. How short seemed the days then, with the bed never unwelcome at night. The grove of large, heavy-armed oaks was their kingdom, and they never tired of their reign. Then the long rambles after blackberries. He could see her now, with the berries crowding over the rim of her basket and her little white hands all stained by the juice. He thought of when all this came to an end and the sorrow of leaving his playmate.

Regularly through his years at college, he had written to her; but only honest, good, companionable letters. And when he returned—what a change. In place of the companion of those years when they held no secrets from one another, he found a grown woman. Her beauty fairly dazzled him, but he mourned for the old days. She seemed to have all the arts of a coquette and poor Warren often felt their sting. He was unable to account for his shyness in her presence until, on a sudden, he discovered that his little flame of friendship had sprung into a red blaze of a passionate love. And then the heartache.

Shortly before he had come away, he grew bold and reproached her, told her that she was a flirt and delighted in seeing a man suffer from love for her. At this she went into a passion, and they parted in anger. His mother spoke of her continuously in her letters; but in the last from home he was told how the vicissitudes of war had ruined her family and that she had gone away to teach in a country school. This news had pained him, and in his big heart he mourned that he could not have prevented it.

Here he became aware of a scratching on his tent front and in response called out: "Come in."

An orderly pushed aside the fly of the tent and coming in saluted.

"Lieutenant," he said, "The Colonel wishes to see you immediately."

"Allright, orderly; going right away," Warren replied as the orderly again saluted and left the tent.

Hastily arranging his uniform, he proceeded direct to regimental headquarters. There he found the Colonel awaiting him.

"Lieutenant," the Colonel said, after the usual salutations, "I have received directions to send an officer into

Colton County in the eastern part of this State. The people of this county resist the conscripting officers and as a consequence of their opposition to the war, a great many deserters have gone there. A full report is desired and I have chosen you to go and investigate. You will leave in the morning. I will not disguise from you that there is an element of danger and you had best pose as a civillian."

After more instruction as to the details, Warren left the Colonel, rather pleased to have a change from the monotonous camp life. He busied himself about his preparations for the journey and when everything was arranged he rolled in to get a good night's sleep.

Next morning Warren was awakened by the lively thrilling notes of reveille, refreshed by his night's rest, and physically at his best, his appearance greatly changed from that of yesterday.

In place of his close fitting gray uniform, he now wore the dress of a civillian in moderate circumstances of life. Though his coat ill fitted him, his shapely form defied it to conceal the grace of his erect carriage and well thrown back shoulders. His stocky neck and the curves of his muscles, where they showed, stamped him as an athlete. Of his 5 feet 10 he was every inch a man. A rather heavy chin, a nose, too large, yet well shaped, and honest blue eyes, gave to his face an agreeableness that was not ill pleasing.

After bidding a group of brother officers goodbye and giving a last glance to his outfit, he took the reins of his horse from a waiting orderly, and with an easy mount was in the saddle. On horseback he was thoroughly at home, and knew how to conform his position to the gait of his horse. As he passed along the country roads, he involuntarily spread his nostrils to get deep breaths of the fresh crisp morning air. All through the day he kept his horse at a steady gait and, when night came, rest at a farm house on the road side was welcome to both man and beast.

The next day was much like the first, except that his thoughts dwelt more on his mission. His mind was unable to furnish him with a picture of the people who would desert the cause of his dear South. Already he was mentally condemning them to whom he was sent.

As the afternoon wore past, the aspect of the country told him he was nearing his destination. Instead of the diversified growth of the timber farther back, he now saw all about him great unbroken forests of pine. Their tall forms swayed with the wind's gentlest motion and the long needle leaves, as they softly stroked one another, gave forth a sort of sighing song.

Afternoon gave place to evening and he was becoming concerned about a resting place for the night. He did not have to look long though, for soon he discovered at a short distance from the road a light coming from the window of a low house. A loud call brought the owner of the place to his door, and after a short colloquy, the farmer invited him to dismount and accept what accommodations he might find.

Next morning while at breakfast he learned from the conversation that the county site of Colton County was a short distance. Too much public attention might prove disastrous to his purpose, so he proposed to his present host that he might be allowed to remain here while he was in the county. Depending upon the fact that few of the farmers had gone into service and that the farming would be little interrupted, he represented himself as a cotton speculator. In this his statements were all accepted without question and he spared no means to make himself agreeable to the people with whom he came in contact.

A week or more was taken up in moving about, trying to make deals with the cotton owners he found. The people as a rule were in very poor circumstances and very illiterate. The farms were small and badly cultivated. They compared unfavorably with the farms Warren had been accustomed to, in his own section of the state. From what he could ascertain scarcely a slave was owned in the entire county.

It was now not so difficult for him to understand the indifference and opposition of these people to a cause in which they could not see themselves concerned. They were outspoken in their condemnation of the course taken by the State in the secession, and showed little love for either Confederate or Federal.

Warren learned that the opposition of the people was soon to be expressed in material form. A mass meeting

was to be held at the court house, in which meeting the course the county would pursue was to be mapped out.

Warren had determined to attend this meeting. So when the day arrived, he rode into town in company with his host. Only two buildings stood out in prominence, the court house and the hotel. Both were constructed of hewn logs with the openings between the logs filled with clay. Gathered around these were several country stores having high galleries on their fronts. The people were already coming in. Oxen were in evidence, yoked to heavy wheeled wagons in which women sat, while hardy sun-burnt children played around them. The wide galleries in front of the hotel and court house, and the adjoining grounds, were filled with groups of men.

They were all engaged in earnest conversation, while occasionally one could be seen to pull out his wad of home-cured tobacco, and after biting off a goodly piece, send out from his lips long jets of yellow fluid. The meeting was in the court house and Warren had secured a seat near the rear, but in good position to see. The rather elderly man who assumed the chair called for the object of the meeting.

A man from near the center of the room rose. At a casual glance his appearance was not uncommon; but as one looked closer, his sharp gray eyes, set over a hawk nose and the hard lines of his mouth, told of a possible desire to stand over his fellows. His ungraceful bearing had with it a rude dignity uncommon in a man of such surroundings and so young.

As Warren regarded him, he thought of a snake. After a short pause, as if at a loss for proper words to begin, he commenced in a rough, but commanding voice, "Men, we's come here today for a pupus. The State what we belongs ter has gone an' got herself into a scrape an' spect's us whats got no fuss to raise, to hope her outen it. We haint ergreed ter do what our State does; there haint no cause fer us to leave our homes and go away ter fight fer them stinking niggers. How many niggers is there in this county anyway? What man here's got a nigger whats his own? We haint got none, and we dont want none. Who asked the people in this here county if they wanted ter go erfligtin' Yanks? Nobody; taint cause we's erfraid; ef



them Rebs. think we wont fight, let 'em come over and meddle with us."

The speaker's tones were gradually growing higher, and with each sentence his vehemence increased. The effect on his listeners was visible. As something said struck them, they nodded at one another, and squaring themselves back against the benches, they chewed more viciously on the "terbaccy."

"I know how yer all feel erbout it," continued the man, "them big planters over in the yuther part of the State, whats got lots er land. and big gangs of niggers ter work it, wants ter keep their niggers. They go on a whole lot erbout fighting; but they's staying at home themselves. Precious little they wants to get a bullet shot inter them. While we here got ter work hard and don't live as good as them very niggers. Who you 'spose would work our farms so as ter keep up our families, if we went off ter fight? All of yous knows its hard enough now gettin a livin out this pore ground.

"What we oughter do now," and as he said this, he paused and looked his audience over as if to determine how they would take what he was next to say; the man was evidently satisfactory, for he continued, "is ter get a gov'ment of our own. We dont belong to them Yanks. And we haint gonter have nuthin ter do with the Rebs. Our State broke er loose from the Union, why can't we quit the old State? Why cant Colton County go it erlone, and let the others scrap ef they wanter? Whats the matter with us being the Free State of Colton? What says, yer men?"

"Hurrah for the Free State of Colton; Thats it Bill; go erhead, we'll stay with yer," and other such exclamations went up from the crowd. They stood up on the benches and threw up their hats, while they cheered and hurrahed lustily. To Warren's more refined mind there unconsciously came the commonplace comparison of a crowd of children rejoicing in a bon fire; so simple minded were these men and so easily led to delight in the new position presented to them. To him the scene also embraced a miniature Cromwell, a species of that type of men who possess a greater intellect than their fellows and with a baser nature; and who do not fail to use these for their own advancement. His mental analysis was inter-

rupted here by the former speaker calling for silence. When this was obtained he again took up his theme, saying: "Every gov'ments got ter have somebody at the head of it; somebody's got to see how things is carried on. You've got ter choose somebody as your leader. Who'll it be?"

Here the crowd broke in, in response to his question, they yelled: "You'll do; you'll be our Gov'ner."

This was accpted by the speaker as a deserved and expected honor, and when silence was again restored, he assured them that he would prove worthy of their trust. Suddenly stopping in his speech, he seemed to be trying to remember something. He brightened up soon, and raising his voice said: "Who'll swear ter stick ter the Free State of Colton through thick and thin? Everybody that'll swear, hold up their right hands."

He looked around the room and finding all hands up, seemed well pleased until his gaze reached Warren sitting motionless.

"Stranger," he said in an imperious tone, "them as aint with us, is ergin us. Will yer swear for The Free State?"

Receiving no reply from Warren he continued: "Well what do yer be then, a Yank, or be yer a d—n Reb?"

Hitherto Warren had retained his composure, but at this he felt a hot blush passing over his face that seemed almost to burn. He struggled to his feet, not knowing what he was to say, nor how he was to say it. His heart beat wildly and the saliva came pouring into his mouth from the glands in streams. The few seconds in which he could not compel his vocal organs to obey his will, seemed an age; while in that time he stood glaring at his interrogator like a fine breded hunter held at bay by a lot of curs that growled and showed their teeth.

Popular fancy was not with the chief though in this case, for his move was lost. The men recognized the apparent injustice in his demands and even before Warren could speak, cries of "Let him alone," "We'll see erbout him later;" were heard. The aggressor was forced to acquiesce and Warren regained his seat greatly relieved at the fortunate outcome.

EGDIRF.

*(To be concluded in next issue.)*

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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## THE NATION'S CHARGE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

SPEECH OF J. B. MITCHELL IN MISSISSIPPI INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

---

A nation, at the end of any period of its existence, is the embodiment of all the forces that have entered into its development; and the resultant of these forces determines the direction of its tendency. It is but proper then that nations should periodically make an inventory of those influences that are working for their development, of those tendencies that are shaping their destinies, in order that they may check the bad and foster the good.

Therefore in this the closing year of the Nineteenth century, amid the clash and din of modern mechanism, the whirl of commerce and the breath of war, we pause, and in the light of history, the chronicle of the births and deaths of empires, we demand of our own nation, "Whither tendest thou."

Guizot, the great statesman and historian of France, in contrasting ancient and modern civilizations, deduces the following law: "Those nations are the most stable and long lived whose evolution is the result of several contending principles, each struggling for the mastery, but no one of them completely dominating the others. On the other hand, that nation which is evolved in obedience to one overmastering element either sinks into stagnant immobility or develops with rapidity and brilliancy only to decay as rapidly." Applying this law to the nations of today, Mr. Andrew D. White, minister to Germany, shows by unquestionable evidence that our great national development is the result, not of several co-equal principles, each struggling for the mastery, but of one predominant element which he terms "mercantilism." Whether or not Guizot's law of national development, or Mr. White's application of it, be absolutely true, one fact we must admit, namely, that during these later years our nation has taken on a materialistic tendency that is manifesting itself in an abnormal development of the mercantile spirit. Every department of our national life is beginning to be permeated by this subtle and powerful influence. As evidence of this, the great political issues of today are no longer with reference to the mental and moral uplifting of the masses of our people, nor to the purification of our political life, nor to the perfection of our national government, but they are with reference to financial systems and commercial privileges. Again, this restless trade spirit, dissatisfied with the conservative policy of our fathers, is begetting within our nation an insatiable greed for foreign territory. It is robbing our legislative halls of some of its strongest minds. The corruption of our municipal governments, and the difficulty that arises in empanelling a competent jury are evidences that this commercial spirit so monopolizes the time of our best men that they can give no attention to the administration of the affairs of state. This influence is making itself felt upon the curriculums of our colleges; there is a demand for the intensely practical education, and that course is the most popular which requires the shortest time for its completion, and which can be turned to account for the accumulation of wealth. Consequently our literary world

must suffer, and the schools of poetry, philosophy and science must decline.

This subtle, materialistic spirit would cross the threshold of the sanctuary, it would rob religion of its spiritual significance, it would measure the influence of a church by the amount of its wealth, it would dethrone God himself and set up in his stead a pitiful philosophy whose ultimate analysis is sensualism here and oblivion hereafter.

This is the dangerous tendency that confronts us at the close of the Nineteenth century. Let the nation recognize it, and, in the name of the highest interests of our country, let it deliver a solemn charge to the Twentieth century: not that she should abate the industrial spirit, which *with all* has been a great blessing; but, in order that this blessing may not become a curse, that she should develop other elements of our national life until they shall wield co-equal power with the mercantile element.

The first to receive the attention of the new century should be the religious element. Religion is one of the powerful forces that must be reckoned with in the philosophy of history. So completely is it interwoven into the life-fabric of every nation that to destroy it means destruction to the nation itself.

A nation's character is but the expression of its conceptions of God; and the strength of any people may be measured by the purity and vitality of their religion. Horace said to the Roman, "Thou dost govern because thou confessest that the Gods are greater than thou." And in the higher and purer religious ideal of the early Roman we find an explanation of his superior national strength. Queen Victoria, when asked on one occasion how England had gained such pre-eminence and power, pointed with silent eloquence to the open Bible. In no nation has the religious element occupied a more prominent place than in our own. Who can estimate the influence of Christianity upon the American commonwealth? It entered into its settlement and its development. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are based upon the principle of individual liberty and equality which first found expression in the teachings of Jesus Christ. So interwoven is the Christian religion with our



national life that to lower the tone of the one is to weaken the strength of the other. Therefore let the incoming century proclaim with renewed ardor the profound doctrines concerning God. Over against the gross materialism of the age let her *posit* the spiritual life of the Christian religion. And upon the social and political problems of today let her bring to bear the ethics of the Man of Galilee.

The element that should next claim attention is that of education. The welfare of a government wherein sovereignty is vested in the individual is subject, more or less, to the whims of a capricious populace; and a powerful influence operating through the prejudices of the masses may seriously endanger the public good. We have in the materialism of today a subtle element that appeals primarily to the physical and sensuous nature of man. Therefore if we would avert danger from this and other sources we must educate the people, for as you elevate and strengthen the mind of man you weaken the influence of that which appeals to his lower nature; you make him a nobler sovereign, and thereby you give stability to government and strength to national character. Let the coming century then strive for the better education and upbuilding of the masses. Let it also build and equip great institutions of learning which shall call men from the business walks of life and arouse within them the sleeping genius, till in response to powers heretofore latent, we shall have great fabrics of philosophical thought; poets, who shall immortalize this age by their sublimity and beauty of their themes; painters, who shall portray the noblest attributes of the soul; musicians, who shall catch their inspiration from the choir of heaven. All these shall touch the noblest sensibilities of the people and raise the nation above the influence of sordid gold.

The political element should come next in this work of the Twentieth century. Revolutions and wars are the result of political corruption, and political corruption is brought about by incompetent and unscrupulous men—men who cannot withstand the influence of gold, but become the tools of corporations, monopolies and trusts. Let the century then call forth into the realm of politics the noblest sons of the nation. Let it teach them to respond no longer to the desire for wealth; no longer to the voice

of selfish ambition, but to the higher and diviner call of patriotic duty. Let it build up a political aristocracy composed of men who believe that he who administers the affairs of state stands hand in hand with him who ministers for God; men who would spurn from their midst with unmitigated contempt one who would seek to buy a senatorship with his hoarded millions; men who could forget petty sectionalism and private interests and think only of the greatest good for the greatest number; men who would consider not the financial benefit of a measure, but would keep ever in mind the honor, dignity and moral standing of the nation.

Finally, let the coming century conserve and cultivate the spirit of chivalry, that indescribable element whose components are nobility of soul, heroism and self-sacrifice. In this materialistic age, amid clanging of machinery, the rush of commerce and the mad race for sordid gold, let us not forget that spirit that speaks to us in the measured cadences of Homer's verse, that breathes in the wild song of the Scottish bard, that furnished the theme of the troubadour in ages past, that spirit which animated the ragged and half starved veterans of Valley Forge; the spirit that spoke in the vollied thunders of the guns at New Orleans; the spirit which prompted the noble heroism and self sacrifice which has crowned with such undying glory the women of our Southland. Can the spirit of chivalry die while there lives in the hearts of the people the memory of Johnston, of Jackson and of Lee? Let us bury forever all sectional bitterness and strife, but let us gather up the glorious deeds of the past and transmit them as a sacred and unperishable heritage to the sons of succeeding ages.

O, my country! In the years to come may thy great industrial arteries continue to throb under the mighty impulse of temporal prosperity; may thy hills be covered with temples and *unpolluted* altars where God, e'en the God of our fathers, is worshipped in purity and in truth; may you feel the power of majestic mind and thought; may thy statesmen be men of uncorrupted character and unsullied honor; may the chivalrous spirit of thy illustrious fathers live again in the hearts of thy sons. Then, though the stars of other nations may one by one go down into the bosom of eternal night, the bright and glorious star of thy own immortal destiny shall shine on.

## EDITORIAL.

*COLLEGE MEN NOT IMPRACTICAL.*

So much has been, and is still being said depreciatory of a college man's practical sense that it is regarded as a truism when some one sneeringly remarks that the visionary college man who thinks he will revolutionize the world will, after a trial, get the conceit knocked out of him, and come to a realization of his littleness. Most often the statement is made by those unable, properly, to estimate their own insignificance, but inflated with the assumed idea that they are intensely practical, and therefore of inestimable benefit to the world. It is not those who are sure of their foothold in life's struggle, but those who are not so permanently fixed, because of not having sufficiently prepared themselves for what they have undertaken, that decry others' worth, and attempt to excite prejudice against them. It may even be those who, after a trial of one or two years' work at college, gave it up, for the assigned reason of engaging in business of a more practical nature; but perhaps, the record of their work, while in college, might show that college work is decidedly so practical in the manner in which it has to be done, that the burden rested too heavily on their shoulders.

The fact is, that college graduates are to some extent, lacking in that experience that comes from actual contact with the different professions or kinds of business, but in the essential requirement for success they are not lacking. The most impracticable man is that one who so underestimates the forces that are to be met and conquered in life's battles, that he thinks, without having to make any preparation, his experience and native wit will tide him over every crisis. It is only the few of those not acquiring a college education, who become eminent, that are pointed out by the practicalists as representative of self-acquired attainments. The great multitude who live and die, unnoticed and unknown, are completely lost sight of. On the other hand, the few of the college men who are failures, are pointed out as representative of college culture, while the great number who make the leaders in the professions and other vocations engaged in, are silently passed by. The evidence of a man's practical worth can not be judged at the moment of his graduation. Having been for several years engaged in a work of preparation, very different

from that he expects to engage in permanently, it is not reasonable to suppose that he should be as familiar with details as a man who has been engaged in the identical work, perhaps, for years. The test comes, in the length of time required for him to master a profession, or business and the success he achieves after its mastery, in comparison with those who have not taken a college course. The most exacting comparisons show that the college man is the one who has made the greatest success, in all places demanding thoroughness and intelligence. The last analysis shows that college men put in operation the forces that give employment to the practical.

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*A SUGGESTION TO THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.*

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The Teachers' Association soon to convene in Jackson should take some active steps towards reviving the movement begun by our late professor of English, Mr. W. L. Weber, to erect the Irwin-Russell memorial. Unless some definite plans are again inaugurated and systematic work carried on, nothing more will ever be done. It seems that this task is one that the Teachers' Association would be glad to assume, and it comes properly within its sphere. The educational feature of the movement, awakening and interesting the people of the state in the memorial was completed by Professor Weber, and there are doubtless but very few who do not appreciate the effort that was made, and who would not be in hearty sympathy with any further efforts to raise the amount of money necessary to finish the work. Those who contributed the money already collected, are becoming impatient, and it is but just that they demand that something be done. It would have been better not to have begun the work at all, than, after having begun it, and almost made it successful, let it fail because no one will assume the responsibility.



*MY SWEETHEART.*

In memory's consecrated place  
 I seem to see a well known form—  
 A maiden sweet and fair of face,  
 And unscarred by the passing storm.

I see her raven ringlets play  
 In the light of an Autumn sun,  
 While by her side I seem to stay  
 And swift the moments run.

While I, my love sincere aver,  
 Her lips half-parted seem to say;  
 "Though chance and change our hopes defer,  
 I'll always love you as today."

Ah, those were blissful days of yore,  
 Nor shall I soon their sweets forget;  
 But that I squandered all my store  
 Of tender names, I now regret.

For chance did come and with it change.  
 She forgot her oft repeated vow—  
 The story is as true as strange—  
 She's married to another now.

—D.

*WHAT I LOVE TO DO.*

When 'tis early in the morning,  
 (Say half past five or six),  
 And the golden day is dawning,  
 And 'tis cold "to beat six-bits;"

When the birds outside are singing,  
 And the farmer goes to reap;  
 I love to pull the cover up,  
 And quietly drop asleep.

C. A. ALEXANDER, 1903.



After reading some of the very new novels, which control interest mainly by their swift succession of events rather than by any characters therein, it is refreshing to find one that does make its characters living and true. Such a book we have found in "Donovan," by Edna Lyall. Donovan, when we are introduced to him, is a boy at school, lately fallen into disgrace from a habit of card-playing. Always self-reliant, he asks no one to sympathize with or comfort him, but stands alone with his sorrow.

Just at this time his father returns from abroad after an absence of years; returns to find his son disgraced. Both father and son feel it keenly, but the love between them triumphs over all, and when the father dies, a few days later, the poor boy feels that he is alone.

His mother, a languid lady of fashion, had never seemed a mother to him; she had come far short of his ideal, constructed in his early boyhood. She was too nervous to trouble herself with the concerns of her children, so they grew up under the care of ignorant nurses, and at maturity found themselves ignorant of the very simplest principles of Christianity.

Donovan went home to his mother and little invalid sister, whose love for him was worship. He loved her, too, and watched with maddening pain her life ebb away. His gloomy creed excluded all hope of an after-life, so he thought of his sister's coming separation from him as eternal. Yet, not for all the world would he have had his sister abandon the simple faith she had laid hold upon, her delusion, as he regarded it, since he saw it kept her cheerful. Long hours would he spend in thinking of the blackness that awaited him ahead. Finally, after days of torture, during which Donovan watched by the bedside, the little girl died and the poor fellow felt that his life might well end at the same time. For some days he was dazed with grief and when he awoke it was only to be thrus from his own home by his cousin who had married his mother in order to get his property. This cousin had previously destroyed the paper on which Donovan's father, dying, had willed his property to his son.

Driven out into world the boy began to ask bitterly why some people were more fortunate than others; why other boys, when in childhood, were cared for by loving mothers, while he had never known such care. He saw injustice in the world and sought whence and why it was. Why could he be turned out of his father's house by a man he hated?

These thoughts deepened his gloom and in the darkness he wandered to London. All efforts to get work were fruitless, and, pressed by hunger, he became one of a trio of gambling-cheats, and followed the profession till he could no longer crush his conscience. Then he quit the work, and determined to seek the aid of a kind physician who had been with his sick father.

In this home he found a refuge. The mother treated him as an own son, and while she did not bother him with talk of Christianity, which he doubted; she showed him by her example that people can be good and kind and true. There was a lovely daughter, too, whose simple faith, so much like his dead sister's, greatly affected him. According to the advice of the Doctor, Donovan returned to London as a medical student. There he fell under the influence of a great, good man, an influence which changed his views entirely and drove away black doubts.

Donovan had long ago discovered that he dearly loved Gladys, the Doctor's daughter, but noble boy that he was, he determined that he would endure the pain of separation rather than disturb her calm trust in Christianity. So he allowed the doctor and his family to believe a falsehood that had been told about him. But Gladys steadily refused to believe it, feeling sure that the nature of the boy was too noble to commit a crime.

Donovan's step-father came to die, and the boy nursed him till his soul departed. He finally cast darkness from him and received light. Joy came to him at last, and he told Gladys of his love. She had loved him all the time, she said, and had waited and wondered if he would come to her. Thus a life was turned from evil to right by the silent influence of the example of one Christian family that was Christ-like indeed.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Tulane University Magazine" for March has an excellent address by Mr. John Dymond on the subject, "How the Alumni Can Aid Tulane." It is an excellent address, and every sentence has the ring of loyalty to his Alma Mater.

It is deplorable that so many of the Alumni of our colleges and universities manifest so little concern for their institution when they have reached the place where they might be of the greatest service.

If every alumnus would show his loyalty, (may I not say his gratitude and appreciation for what he has received at the hands of his institution?), it would tell not only in the progress of the institutions themselves, but in the higher order of our citizenship. Let each of us, as we shall leave our institutions, go forth full of the idea that we have received only that we may give to others, and that neither time nor separation releases us from the duty we owe to the college from which we graduate.

---

In the March number of "The Martin College Crown" we notice a short article on football. In this article the writer seems to be unwilling to enter an open protest against the practice of this sport, but rather chooses the Socratic method of attack.

The question is asked as to whether the best intellects in the colleges take the lead in these so-called excessive games. We deem it sufficient answer to this to say that in the most successful football playing only those are allowed to play who make creditable grades, this is coming more and more to be a universal requirement.

Next the question is asked, "Are the men who are blessing the world retired members of the club?" If scholarship is made the basis upon which the members of team are chosen, and if a man's college standing is any indication of his future, is it not reasonable to expect that these men will take their places along with the benefactors of the world?

Next the question, "Is it the property of science, mathematics, literature, etc., etc., to show their highest outcome in the form of fast runners, high kickers, etc.?" It

is not, but it is the expression of the life that tells everywhere in the greatest and most useful scientific, mathematical and literary achievement.

Finally the sweeping question is asked, "Take these excessive games physically, mentally and morally—have they done anything for the general good of the race?" Like every other form of athletics, football has contributed to the development of physical strength, mentally it stirs many a boy to exert greater energy that he may be eligible to a place on the team and thus raises the standard of his scholarship. Morally the regulations of the game and meeting the competitor upon the gridiron, teach boys to curb the baser elements of their natures. So even at the risk of being called an "extremist" we dare to assert that football makes its contribution to the good of the race.

---

The March "Clonian" comes out in new and more attractive form. The exchange editor, we notice, makes some criticisms upon "The Collegian," to which we might reply in kind by pointing out violations of rules of taste, etc., typographical errors, and the fact that the copy before us has a part of the matter twice, a part not at all, and a page of ads in the middle of the reading matter. But we will not do so since we take the criticism in the spirit in which we believe it was offered, and in the belief that both of us will do better next time.

We are glad to have the assurance of their willingness to co-operate in the "Russell memorial" matter.

---

We are glad to add "The Student's Arena" to our list of exchanges.

"The Vanderbilt Observer" for March has a splendid article on Maurice Thompson, and an excellent story in negro dialect, "Uncle Ross shoots a squirrel."

---

See College Magazine printing advertisement of News Job Printing Office elsewhere in this issue:

❧ ❧ Lamar Literary Society Notes. ❧ ❧

Due to the fact of so many conflicting entertainments, the society has had but one regular meeting during the past month, therefore the corresponding secretary has very few items of interest.

The society was very much disappointed that Dr. Black was prevented from giving his lecture on Genesis and Geology because of the inclement weather, but hope that he will favor us at some later time.

The subject that will be discussed soon in the Mill-saps Centenary debate at Fayette, Miss., was discussed in the Lamar society, March 22d. Subject: Resolved, That the English were just in their treatment with the inhabitants of the Transvaal. The affirmative was ably discussed by Messrs. T. W. Holloman, H. A. Hood and E. Giles, while the negative was well upheld by Messrs. D. C. Enochs, C. D. Potter, and L. M. Gaddis. These gentlemen made long and enthusiastic speeches, and after which the committee of judges rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

We learn from the members of the invitation committee, that they have selected a beautiful invitation for our anniversary, which is to take place in the near future. And I feel that I can say for the society that a cordial invitation is given to those who may feel an interest in our society.

O. W. BRADLEY,  
Cor. Sec'y L. L. S.

---

*SPRING TIME.*

'Tis well said that the budding leaves, the flowers, the birds, and the spring poets come together. It takes them all to make up the delightful season of springtime. And if the young Orlando inspired by the renewed life of nature, sees in a vision a beautiful maid about whom he yearns to write burning words, let him do it. Do not turn on him a volley of sarcasm, for the words that burn for utterance might, if suppressed, consume his own soul, when tossing about under the scorching heat of spring fever, give him the boon of turning into immortal verse the dainty hands, the pearly teeth, the dark brown eyes, the auburn hair and the bewitching smiles whose light he fondly believes will guide him unto a happy day.



❧ ❧ ❧ LOCAL DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

The buds of spring begin to tip  
The willow and the ash,  
The boy of eighteen trims his lip  
To raise a fierce mustache.

Don't fail to join the Buffaloes.

Mr. George Bennett, of Madison, made a short visit to friends last week.

Miss Josie Featherstone spent Sunday, March 31, with her sister at Edwards.

We are glad to note the return of E. Armstrong and that he is much improved by his visit home.

Prof. H. (to a star gazer)—What are you doing?  
Prep—I'm viewing the anatomy.

We are assured that there is a very charming attraction for F. M. Glass at Durant, as he so frequently visits home-folks(?).

A. L. Thompson, a former student of Millsaps, now attending the Memphis Medical College, made his friends a visit.

Lamar Field spent a short while with clubmates during the past week.

Mrs. W. B. Murrah, after a week delightfully spent in New Orleans, is now at home.

When does a fellow display most faith?  
Chorus—In partaking of hash as a part of his diet.

Mr. Bingham, of Carrollton, a member of the Board of trustees, made a visit of several days in the city, attending the meeting of the executive committee.

Miss Katie Gray has returned from a pleasant visit to friends and relatives in Edwards.

The Collegian extends its congratulations to Rev. H. P. Lewis, Jr., and lovely wife and wishes them a life of prosperity and happiness.

Rev. O'Brien, of the North Mississippi conference, conducted chapel exercises while here visiting his son.

Of all the persons beneath the skies  
The inquisitive, "sucker," I most despise.  
This printer's trick was fixed for you,  
You're the one, I had reference to.

L. F. Baily, of Alabama, representing Underwood & Co., was with us for several days.

E. H. Galloway, '00, after a year very profitably and creditably spent in the Medical Department of Vanderbilt is now at home on his summer vacation.

It gives us pleasure to announce the marriage of W.A. Terry to Miss Lela Lewis. We tender them our best wishes.

Mr. McAnnally made the college a visit in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. work.

A member of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey was here for two days making observations.

A Prep, after reading several stories, and noting so often the words, to be continued, in a very decided manner said: "This fellow 'Tobe Continued' writes lots of pieces."

Prof. Morris Chambers, '00, who has been teaching school at Blountville for the past five months, spent a day with friends, on his return home.

Dr. A. F. Watkins, president of Whitworth, paid Millsaps a flying visit last month. Evidently he loves girls better than boys, or wouldn't have made his stay so limited. We appreciate his taste.

Dr. Murrah was in attendance at the inauguration of Pres. Alderman of Tulane University.

The faculty, on account of cruelty to animals, both Greek and Latin bred, has granted an elective course. Thanks to the originator of this scheme, remarks the B. A.

Millsaps considers herself very much honored in being allowed to entertain the Young Men's Christian Association Convention of Mississippi and Louisiana. This is an honor that is rarely conferred upon a college association, therefore, we hope and will endeavor to prove ourselves worthy.

Mr. Williams, secretary of the Student's Volunteer Movement, made us a visit of a few days, and while here delivered some instructive and interesting lectures concerning missions as operated by college students. This is a feature of the work that should be carefully considered.

On March 15th, Dr. Albion W. Small, the distinguished professor of sciology of the University of Chicago honored our college with a call. At ten o'clock he gave an address replete with interest, wit and sound advice.

The literary societies were the recipients of a most delightful entertainment given in their honor by the young ladies of Belhaven on 23d of March. The following program was happily rendered:

ENSEMBLE CLASS—Misses Wesson, Alma Smith, Jordan and Compton.

PAPER—LADY OF THE LAKE—Miss Brister.

DUET—Misses Jordan and Joffrain.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Miss Docia Tucker.

READING—Extract From Two Gentlemen From Kentucky—Miss Tucker.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Carstarphen.

CRITICISM OF BEN HURR—Miss Bertie Campbell.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Miss Canie Shaifer.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Alma Smith.

RECITATION—A Cuban Sea—Miss Hayes.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Miss Compton.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Berry.

ENSEMBLE CLASS—Misses Wesson, Alma Smith, Jordan and Compton.

After which we bashful (?) boys were allowed to indulge in conversation, for a short while, with the fair ones. The cordial welcome we received from President Fitzhugh and the young ladies, will ever be recalled as one of the sweetest recollections of college days.

. . . ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT. . .

The spring sports are now on in earnest. As March has passed with its windy days kite flying is at an end. Every student should now purchase a bag of marbles. You will be allowed to play on the campus without fear of protest.

The following is an interesting explanation of how baseball started: The devil was the first coach. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecah at the well he was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck a good many times when he beat the Phillistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a hard run. David was a long distance thrower and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.—Ex.

---

*A SPRINGTIME IDYL.*

Before me lightly trod a maid so fair;  
Around me floated nearing springtime's air;  
Whilst bursting buds bespoke green mantles new,  
And sweet wild odors drifting breezes blew  
My gaze I bent from what pure source to find;  
There came, a wild floweret or such in mind,  
When from the maid's white fingers so taper  
There dropped, ye gods, a chewing gum paper.

EGDIRF.





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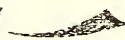


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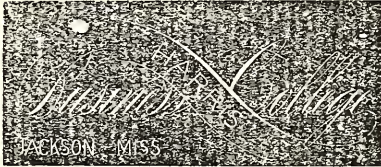
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*J. B. Sullivan*

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN



== MAY ==

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# MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., MAY, 1901.

No. 7

## *THE GEOLOGICAL TRIP.*

On April 15th, the Senior class of Millsaps College, under the leadership of Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss, left Jackson for the purpose of making geological investigations along the G. & S. I. railroad.

About six miles south of Jackson a quantity of limestone was observable. This limestone belongs to the Vicksburg group, and is good for building material. As is common for limestone, it is the product of coral formation. The country for several miles south of Jackson is remarkably level, having a black soil overlying yellow, calcareous clay.

The character of this clay is such as makes difficult the construction of a foundation for a large building or for railroads.

About twenty-five miles south of Jackson the country becomes hilly, showing that the nature of the soil changes, since the same denuding agencies that produce little effect on the country above mentioned covers this section, extending to the coast, into hills and valleys. Here also is the northern limit of the long leaf pine.

The first stop made by the party was at Saratoga. Numerous outcroppings of the oranges and formation were found in the regions thereabout. This formation is characteristic of almost the entire state, the delta being the chief exception.

A gravel bed known locally as "May's gravel pit" was investigated. The bed was unusually deep and of a good quality though slightly mixed with clay. The pebbles of

this bed were rather large. Another pit near by had much smaller pebbles, though in other particulars similar to it. The latter was somewhat inferior to the first bed.

A remarkable spring is at Saratoga, with an outflow sufficient to supply a town of 5000 inhabitants. Though near a swamp, an analysis shows the water to be very pure, there being less ammonia than is usually found in springs far removed from swamp deposits. This spring is, perhaps, a natural artesian well.

The second stop was made at Monroe, ten miles north of Hattiesburg. A gravel bed was investigated here also. The pebbles were very small and the gravel an inferior grade. Overlying the gravel is a layer of loam about four feet deep. This loam forms the surface and on it depends the fertility of the soil. It is the last sea deposit and is not connected with the orange sand deposit, which it slightly resembles. The depth of the loam gradually decreases towards the coast, where it ceases entirely.

Outcroppings of the Grand Guld formation were seen in the banks of Bowie river. Underneath this formation and forming the bed of the river was an impervious layer of mud and clay, resisting erosion remarkably well. The clay would be found at other places to be cemented with the loam, which here was the overlying formation.

The third stop was at Hattiesburg. The only interesting investigation made here was an artesian well. This well is about 400 feet deep. The depth of artesian wells along the coast is from 700 to 800 feet, which shows that the impervious bed supplying the wells dips towards the coast.

The fourth stop was at Bayou Bernardo five miles north of Gulfport. We were fortunate in finding here an outcropping of the formation known as the post tertiary. It has a black or gray color and its odor shows the presence



of hydragen sulphide. It is evidently formed of swamp deposits, since fossils of leaves, roots, etc., were found in abundance.

This formation underlying the orange sand, and being, of course, deposited before it, makes the water along the coast undrinkable if the wells are sunk into it. It turns the water of the streams black.

Rains and wind made investigation along the coast very difficult.

The first fact, in regard to Mississippi Sound, was its shallowness. This, as all evidence goes to show, is due to the gradual upheavel of the coast. There are smaller channels of greater depth than the average in the sound, due to the natural dredging of the channel by the outgoing tide. The pier of the G. & S. I. railroad extends to one of these channels. It is safe to say that if the channel were at some time dredged to a sufficient depth to admit ocean steamers, the tide would preserve it.

The Bay of Biloxi owes its depth to the same force, for being narrow the tide sweeps through it with great force. A small island is situated off the mouth of the bay, about three miles distant, built up by the sediment brought from the bay. Bay St. Louis presents a remarkable contrast to Biloxi Bay, being both much wider and more shallow. The width probably aids in increasing its shallowness, since the waves here have no force from being compressed into a smaller space. As would be supposed, there is no island opposite its mouth since no sediment is swept out to form it.

An effort was made to go to Cat Island, but the extreme shallowness of the sound prevented us from approaching nearer than a mile to the shore. This shallowness is not so marked at Ship Island, perhaps because the sediment of the Mississippi, such as is carried along

the coast of Mississippi first reaches Cat Island, which serves as a kind of reef for the other islands along the coast.

The prolific oyster beds off the Mississippi coast are due to the sediment of the Mississippi. Oysters must have two things if they thrive, salt water not many fathoms deep, free from an influx of fresh water and mud, and some means of being supplied with food. The sediment of the Mississippi, not sufficient to destroy them by an excess of mud, supplies them with nutriment, while its volume of water never reaches them. No other river of importance being near, they thus find off the coast of Mississippi an ideal home.

In conclusion and in behalf of the class, I wish to say that we feel deeply grateful to the people along the route, who showed us many kindnesses, and especially to the officers of the Gulf and Ship Island railroad, who gave us free transportation and made our trip in every other way as pleasant and profitable as possible.



# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### Our Success.

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The whole college has cause to feel proud of the effort of its representative, Mr. W. L. Duren, in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest at Meridian, May 3d. His victory aids materially, both in showing the thoroughness of the instruction offered by this institution, and in bringing it prominently before the public. In fact Millsaps College has had for the past year an almost phenomenal success, having taken in succession two inter-collegiate medals and one inter-state medal. Quite naturally the people of the state will watch its future career, and it is obligatory on all connected with the institution, both the faculty and students, to see that the reputation of the college does not suffer. Let it be thought by none that

these successes are due only to the presence of a few men of ability, but rather that Millsaps College, because of the advantages it offers, can prepare men for such occasions. We do not wish to be understood as saying that other colleges of our state are not equipped for the same purpose, but our desire is for the public to know what we are doing, and our aim is to encourage our students not to think the opportunity will find the man, but to prepare the man for the opportunity.

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### Inter-Collegiate Games.

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The time is fast approaching that will either commit the college to a policy of progressiveness, or the Chinese-like policy of excluding modern ideas and methods of doing things. For a college to be behind-hand by failing to enter into the spirit of the college world and keep pace with it, is as much a state of retrogression as for a nation to tread along in the way of its forefathers while the rest of the world is moving onward with gigantic strides. It is, then, devotion to the college and a desire to see it maintain its creditable standing among other educational institutions, that prompts us to urge the board of trustees to disregard the resolutions passed by the conference, and restore inter-collegiate games. We do not think it treason to advocate such action, since we think the conferences are mistaken as to what will be to the best interests of the college.

Whether the old time argument about the danger of these games is sound, does not enter, since in spite of it the best colleges have them. We are simply forced to meet the issue and answer, for the good of the college, the question, "Shall we keep in touch with the progressiveness of the college world and make our influence felt, or shall we attempt to change the established order of things and not only fail in the attempt, but fade from public view?"

If the granting of these games lowered the standard of scholarship, no one would ask it. But instead of lowering it, the tendency is to increase the efficiency of the work by bringing enthusiasm to the students and developing strong physical men, those best able to work. There is plenty of energy in our college to meet other colleges in contests requiring skill, strength or knowledge, and to fail to use it, especially when it seeks use, is to fail to do its duty and to use honorable means in making itself known. The world is not preparing its easiest places for college men to occupy, and the effort to prevent their going up against men in all the many kinds of inter-collegiate games is an effort to take away the resolution and determination needed for the contests of actual life. The aim of a college should not be to turn out intellectual weaklings.

In making this appeal to the board of trustees, we do not mean to impeach the motive of the conference; on the contrary we appreciate it. But, believing that their interest is misdirected and that their zealotry is misguided and calculated to do the college greater harm than good, we ask them, as its directors and as the men best acquainted with its needs, to consider well before they pass definitely and finally on this question.

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*IN THE FREE STATE OF COLTON.*

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(CONCLUDED)

Later in the day as Warren rode silently along by his companion the scene in the court room would continually come before his mind. It was only natural for him to condemn the action of these men, and yet, while he despised their low conceptions, he sincerely pitied them. Standing as they did, almost beyond the influence of enlightened refinement, it could scarcely be expected that they would be affected by the higher sentiments. Although Warren's habits of self command had served him in good stead, but



at the really crucial moment luck seemed to have taken things in charge and extricated him from what he mentally denominated a "pretty ticklish situation." On account of this easy escape he had not fully realized the danger of his position, and even before the farm house was reached he had entirely dismissed the morning's occurrence from his mind.

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When school hours were over Blanche Norman, feeling greatly depressed in spirits, gladly left the little school house and started on her walk to the place that served as her temporary home. Away off beyond the pine lands her thoughts drifted and dwelt upon her friends and happy associates of the dear past. The great pines overhead swayed and in their soft sighing sang an accompaniment to her memories. All of the strength of character of this delicately cultured girl was needed in this desolate place to keep her from becoming disheartened. Any comparison of her former pleasurable days at the old home and this dull routine of duty was painful. Relentless necessity had placed her in a community where anything approaching social intercourse was impossible and the continued self absorption of her mind was wearing on her. When she arrived at home, and while it was still light, without removing her clothing she threw herself on her bed and her tired brain yielded to sleep.

She had been asleep several hours when she was disturbed by the sound of men's voices coming from the adjoining room, and on suddenly awakening she was startled. The first words she heard, though, dispelled the after dullness of sleep and riveted her attention. Her heart beat so furiously that it seemed about to burst. Half risen from the bed she rested herself on one elbow and with her other hand clung to the rail of the bed and drank in eagerly every word. She immediately recog-

nized the voice as that of the man who on the morning had put himself at the head of the embryonic republic.

"I tell yer," she heard him say, "he's nothin' but er Reb spy, and we've got ter get rid of him. There hain't but one safe way, and thats ter kill him, and kill him ter night. The jobs yours, Dave Hanes, and if you's chicken hearted, you knows who aint."

Blanche Norman's mind grasped the meaning of what she heard with a woman's typical quickness. The stranger's presence in the community was not unknown to her and she had heard something of the occurrences at the court house. She immediately identified the stranger as the subject of the speech she was listening to. A moment was sufficient for her to decide what she must do; she must warn him. But where was he?

Even as she asked this question an answer came from the same source from which she had learned so much already.

"Its erbout four mile over ter Hank Parker's house," she heard the voice continue, "and by the time we get there everything'll be quiet."

Before this sentence was completed Blanche had slipped noiselessly from the bed and out into the open hall that ran the length of the house. From the gallery in front of the house she saw a group of horses hitched to the fence, and in less time than it takes to tell she was on one and tearing down the road.

Only a moment behind her the men came out in time to hear the sounds as they came from the beats of her horse's hoofs. The missing horse and empty room confirmed their suspicions already formed and they immediately set out at full tilt in pursuit.

Blanche's blind choice of horses proved a lucky one. She had heard her pursuers as they turned into the road and knew there was to be a race. Horse woman enough though to recognize good qualities in an animal when she

was on him, she felt confidence in the one she now rode. The cool breeze fanned her hot cheek and blew the loose bits of golden hair in streamlets around her head. A wild sense of nervous pleasure, something like that she had experienced back at her home when following the hounds, but far greater, came to her as she raced along between the high walls formed by the pines on either side of the road.

Before she could realize that she had covered the four miles that were before her, she recognized the house which was her destination at a short distance in front. A single light shone from the window of a corner front room, and this she felt certain was the room of the man she had come to warn.

As she leaped to the ground, she hastily threw the reins over a post in the fence and then rushed across the yard and into the open hall. As she hesitated here for an instant a sort of fear overtook her, but she put it aside immediately and knocked boldly at the room door.

Warren sat before an uncertain fire of pine logs dreaming, and the knock at his door operated as a surprise. He knew that he was the only one in the house awake, and rising to open the door, he wondered who it could be. As he opened the door and the light streaming through it revealed to his astonished gaze Blanche Norman all trembling and panting, he exclaimed in wonder: "Blanche, what on earth?" "Oh, is that you? I am so happy," was her response in an equally surprised tone. "They will kill you Fred," she went on, scarcely able to speak for want of breath, "They are just behind me."

"Explain, Blanche, who wants to kill me, and where are they?"

She quickly related to him what she had heard in the room adjoining hers and told him of her race with the men following close behind her; then grasping his arm she

pulled him toward the door and in an anxious voice insisted:

"Oh, don't lose any time; get your horse and join me in the road beyond the house."

Fred, not fully comprehending but feeling he had best do as she said, left her and went for his horse. After a very short time he joined her where she had said, and at the same moment they heard the approach of a party of horsemen. They lost no time but struck out in a hard gallop.

The men had evidently discovered them, for they did not leave the road at the house. Blanche's horse was well winded already, but having a good pacer in Fred's Kentuckian, he staid by nobly. They kept up their pace and as a consequence, after going several miles, lost the sound of their pursuers. It had been sometime since the last sounds of hoof beats behind them had been heard, and they were checking the speed of their horses, when, as they suddenly turned a curve they saw close in front a squad of horsemen halted in the road.

They were reining up their horses when one of the party called out: "Who's there?"

This came to Warren with a happy welcome, for he immediately recognized the voice of one of his sergeants. "Its Lieut. Fred Warren, Sergeant, and he is awfully glad to see you at this time."

The sergeant then told how it was that he came in such an opportune moment. Being out in this direction on a foraging expedition, on that day they had met a man from Colton County who told them something of Warren's predicament, and so they lost no time to get to him.

The Colton County horsemen had evidently given up the chase as they heard no more of them, and at the suggestion of one of the troopers who had noticed a house near by, Warren, with Blanche at his side and his escort following, rode in that direction.

The next day Blanche and Warren rode side by side on their way to camp. The troopers came close behind, most probably discussing what a handsome couple their Lieutenant and the beautiful young lady made. Warren's thoughts were again back with the beautiful days of the past.

Suddenly swinging in his saddle so as to face her, he broke what had been rather a long silence by saying:

"Blanche, I have been thinking of that day when I left you, I hope you will forgive me for what I said then; I was very foolish; and if I had known then how I really loved you I could not have been so guilty."

She turned her head aside and a squirrel, perched somewhere up in a tree, barked sharply as if to reprimand her for the two big tears that came in her eyes, while she softly replied to Warren:

"Fred, I never was really very angry with you." But as if heeding the squirrel's protest, she continued in a different tone: "I have been thinking sir, that I acted very wrongly in taking away this horse." Fred was not interested in moral questions nor in horses at this time, so kept silent.

Not noticing his failure to respond, she went on:

"I suppose I will have to invoke the old adage of, 'All's fair in war.'"

Fred had ridden close up by her side and before she realized what he intended he had leaned over and printed a kiss on her cheek.

She turned on him in well assumed indignation and angrily exclaimed: "What do you mean sir?"

Fred was prepared for this and quietly replied:

"I only stole a kiss so as to share your guilt and to show the truth of the old adage you quote by giving an instance of what holds good under that part you left off. As you have stolen the horse and I a kiss, I'll do what I can do to expiate. Suppose we trade?"



Long before this the troopers had ridden ahead and it cannot be definitely settled; but it is probable that a court in equity would have failed to determine in whom the title to the horse lay when they reached camp.

EGDIRF.



❧ ❧ LITERARY DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧

A very good book is Mrs. Burnett's "In Connection with the DeWilloughby Claim." The DeWilloughby family is a prominent and aristocratic one, a type of the rich Southern family of ante-bellum days. The daughters are beautiful and graceful and accomplished; the sons are handsome, and courteous and vivacious—all but one; "big Tom DeWilloughby is the shame of the family. He is too large, his movements are too awkward to please the correct tastes of his parents and his brothers. The father, despairing of making a society man out of his son, tries to make a physician out of him, but poor Tom could not bear the sight of suffering and came back home in despair. His father raved, and at last, overwhelmed by reproach and angered beyond control, he left his father's house and made his way to a country village.

Here he built a little store, became postmaster, and soon endeared himself to the people round about. They spoke lovingly of "big Tom" and considered him indispensable. He returned their love, and all lived in perfect bliss.

But an event suddenly changed everything. Tom adopted a little child and brought it up under his own care. The love that he had in his great heart he gave to this child. She grew to girlhood, to womanhood, and always loved her benefactor. She came to love Tom's nephew, a handsome youth, but the most touching part of the story is the constant love and perfect agreement between Tom and his adopted daughter.

The two lovers, Tom, and an old negro man, the family's servant and friend, went to the national capital and worked for months to obtain redress for the ruin wrought by the Federals in their domain. They succeeded at last,

and then all returned home, happy and assured of a life of peace and plenty to the end.

Tom, the hero, inspires love for his manly qualities, his great heart, his genuine grief, his absorbing love for the girl he had adopted. His cheerfulness is never-failing and all his qualities together make him most lovable, and give him friends everywhere he goes.

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## CLIPPINGS.

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### *AN IMPOSSIBLE GIRL.*

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No matter what may be his zeal, it seems he ne'er can  
 please her,  
 Tho' many efforts he doth make at every time he sees her;  
 And when he takes a tack and thinks that now he'll try to  
 tease her,  
 A great indifference doth appear provokingly to seize her;  
 And when she doesn't seem to know when he has tried  
 to freeze her,  
 He thinks it wouldn't be much worse if he had tried to  
 squeeze her.  
 But when he does the last-named thing we find he quickly  
 frees her;  
 And as he wonders where he's at, we hear him groan  
 "Great Cæsar."

—D. G., in S. P. U. Journal.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The April number of the *Mississippi College Magazine* is a splendid issue. We found much pleasure and entertainment in reading, "The High School in Mississippi," "Southern Orators" and "Man's Freedom and Opportunities."

*The Tulane University Magazine* contains an excellent address on "The Nicaraguan Canal." It is a strong argument for American construction and control of the canal. Everything points to the commercial supremacy of the South. The bitter jealousies of the past are dead and love for our common country lives instead. We are no longer exclusively agricultural, but everywhere factories add to worth and independence of the South, and the rapid growth of Southern commerce makes the canal a necessity.

*The University Unit* has some good matter, but does not seem to be up to the standard. We think it a serious mistake for a college magazine to copy selections from the leading newspapers and magazines of the country. It may be said that some college magazine might be wonderfully improved by magazine articles in place of the matter usually found in them, and we readily grant it. But the purpose of a college magazine as we conceive it, is to develop in the student the ability to do for himself, and every selection from *The Critic* or *Youth's Companion* has a tendency to defeat that very end.

*The Collegian* is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of Vol. 1, No. 2, of *Blue Mountain College Magazine*. The departments are not defined as they should be, but on the whole it is a very creditable effort and we wish the magazine success, and gladly place it on our exchange list.

The "Class Day Number" of *The Whitworth Clonian* is very interesting to us. The historian introduces us to some remarkable characters, and then the Prophetess, with inspiration equatorially mounted, searches the uttermost parts of the earth for these characters after the wonderful transformations of college life. We think the issue the most delightful that we have received.

"Some Phases of the American Short Story" in the April number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is a splendid article, and in our judgment, a strong defense of the independence and originality of American character.

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MY FRIEND.

---

Give me the thing you hide, my dear,  
Not the heart you show the world;  
But the love that was lost, and the dream that died,  
And the hope with its young wings furled.

For am I not thy poet,  
With heartstrings a lyre for thee,  
To wake the song that was silent,  
Left secret for God and me?  
The world will never know it,  
But that was the best of thee.

—MARY LILLIAN PIERCE, in *Vanderbuilt Observer*.



✘ ✘ ✘ LOCAL DEPARTMENT ✘ ✘ ✘

Three cheers for Millsaps and her victories!

Mr. Dan James, of Yazoo City was a welcome visitor to the College this past month.

Mr. Andre, of Mississippi College, has been the guest of E. O. Whittington.

Miss Bowan was the charming guest of Miss Linfield, during the teacher's association.

We were honored by a call from the Misses Ross, of Canton. Miss Mabel is the able assistant editor of the "Picket."

Prof. (to Bible student)—What man worked seven years for his wife?

Student—A man of Copiah county.

Dr. Murrah left Monday, the 6th, for Nashville, where he will attend the meeting of the Educational Committee.

Messrs. Simpson and White spent a few days in Madison very delightfully, the guests of the strawberry farm.

While enroute to New Orleans, Mr. J. R. Bingham, of Carrollton, accompanied by his lovely daughters, made Millsaps a short visit. We cordially welcome him and appreciated his manifest interest.

Prof. Ackerland will be prepared to give instructions in landscape gardening next session. Cultivation of bitter weed a specialty.

Uncle Ned's definition of a "bully": He was very vivid in the verbal exercises but when it comes to actualities, he was not so eager for conflict.

Prof. J. F. Galloway '00, principal of Montrose High School, spent several days on the campus, the guest of his cousin.

We are glad to note the return and improvement of D. C. Enochs after the dislocation of his arm.

Rev. Mr. Sharborough, of Los Angeles, Cal., conducted devotional exercises on the morning of April 29.

Laron Miller, principal of the Monticello High School, spent several days here standing the examination for appointment to West Point. Knowing his ability, we are assured of success.

Mr. Harwell, of Kansas City, was among our guests the past month.

Dr. Miller, president of Hendrix College, while en route to New Orleans, stopped over for a few days, and was entertained at the home of our president. His lecture on missions was very much enjoyed.

During the State Teacher's Association we were honored with calls from a number of those in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. North, of Raymond, were in attendance at the reception of the Kappa Alphas.

Messrs. McCafferty, Eaton, Holloman, Ricketts and White, were chosen by the faculty to represent the Senior class as contestants for the Ligon medal,

Messrs. G. R. Bennet and J. A. Teat were among our visitors, the guests of clubmates.

Dr. P. M. Catchings, of Georgetown, made a flying visit to his son, Philip, during the past month.

Dr. Alderman, president of Tulane University, who gave the opening address at the convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, which met here April 13-17, was the guest of Dr. Murrah.

Misses Featherstone, after a week most pleasantly spent in New Orleans have returned.

We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Prof. B.E. Young's father and extend to him the heartfelt sympathy of the Collegian.

Mr. and Mrs. Brister spent several days with their two sons during the past month.

Theological Student, (to Belhaven lass)—As you are Presbyterian possibly you can tell "What is the chief end of man?"

Young Lady, (whose knowledge of the catechism is not so extensive as her power of observation)—So far as you are concerned, no one could be in the least doubt after seeing your feet.

We are glad to note that Mr. Hilburn's father is much better and he has returned to his school work.

W. L. Doss, of Centenary College, was one of our appreciated visitors, while here attending the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

Messrs. Bennet and Duren attended the senior reception at Whitworth and report a very pleasant visit. Mr. Bennet has a sister attending school there, and Mr. Duren has (?).

Mr. A. Thompson was chosen by the faculty to be our representative at the Chatauqua contest, held at Crystal Springs in July.

The Anniversary of the Galloway Literary Society was a great success. The speakers for the evening were: H. O. White, orator; W. L. Duren, anniversarian, and Governor Longino delivered an instructive and interesting address. The program was interspersed with music which added much to the pleasure of the evening.

On the night of April 26th, Alpha Mu Chapter of Kappa Alpha entertained their friends most delightfully at their annual reception. The halls were beautifully decorated and delicious refreshments served. The memory of this evening will long linger.

Millsaps has a due right to be proud of her records. For on the evening of May 3d we had the pleasure and honor of taking off two medals (all that were offered for that night.) W. L. Duren scored a victory by taking the State Oratorical medal at Meridian, and B. E. Eaton, at Fayette in debate against Centenary, was awarded a very handsome medal. This is *only* the fifth intercollegiate medal Millsaps has won within the last twelve months. A large and enthusiastic number of students attended the contest at Meridian.

On the afternoon of May 4th, we enjoyed a trolley ride which was given by the business men of Jackson and the manager of the car line. After two hours very pleasantly spent the participants repaired to Shurld's where delicious refreshments were served. We appreciate this courtesy and honor bestowed upon us by our friends in consideration of our victories and will remember this evening with much pleasure.

The Senior geological survey, under the direction of Dr. Muckenfuss, on their recent trip through the southern part of the State, made some remarkable discoveries, which will add much to our museum and be of lasting

benefit to the young geologists. Millsaps feels proud of these noble youths who risked their lives for the advancement of Science. The weather was extremely disagreeable and "Spider" caught one of those prehistoric colds which as yet he has not deposited in the museum. "Greedy Bob", while excavating found the nest of an Archaeopteryx being somewhat hungry, he devoured as many of the eggs as possible, and now the "egg-eater" after a severe sickness is a wiser and better boy. "Dr." Kennon, the scientist, had the fossil of an Elasmoramus of the Cretaceous period fastened with "pa's" strap, but alas for the strap. The three ladies men of the class secured from the fisherman's wife remains of paradoxides and tetrabanchita, very interesting specimens. Diamonds were exceeding rare and very few large ones were found. The members of the party are under lasting obligations to the manager of the Gulf & Ship Island railroad, who made this trip possible by the granting of 17 passes.





. . ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT. . .

The boys since our last issue have been quite active and have exercised their vocal organs by yelling for the medal winners. We have had remarkably fine results from our continued practice in leap-frog and marble shooting.

**DEAD.**

COLLEGE SPIRIT DEPARTED THIS COLLEGE

December, 1900.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

The following prescription has been effective in all previous cases:

For Millsaps College:

Spirits of inter-collegiate football.....	4 g.
Syrup of " baseball.....	5 g.
Oil of " Oratory.....	4 c.

Directions: Practice well before using, take one dose in fall, another in spring and a third in the summer and college spirit will take on new life—Dr. J. B. H.

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## Southern Colleges.

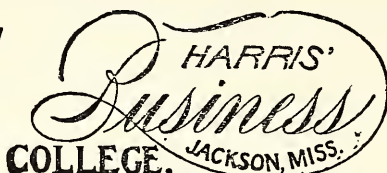
Near all of those which issue handsomely engraved Anniversary and Commencement Invitations are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work. We refer to

**J. P. STEVENS, of Atlanta, Ga.**

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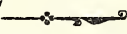
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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

== JUNE ==

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== 1901 ==

Published by  
THE STUDENTS OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE.



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his place of business their headquarters as in  
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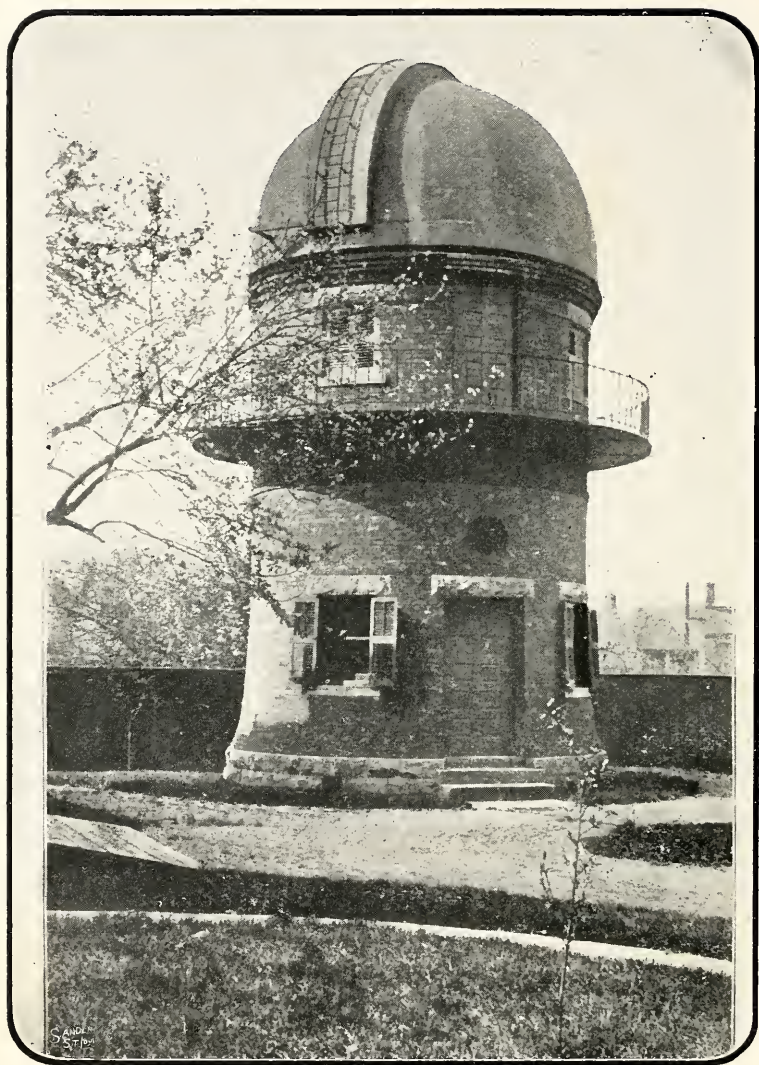
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# MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 3

JACKSON, MISS., JUNE, 1901.

No. 8

## Speech Welcoming the Class of Nineteen One As Members of the Millsaps College Alumni Association.

---

My friend George Power wrote me sometime ago that he had recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater and that he did not enjoy his visit very much—his lack of enjoyment seems to have been caused by the fact that the members of this class whom he left in '99 occupying seats in yon Prep department, whom he had hardly deigned to look upon, had taken their seats with him that morning over here in the Senior row. While I have always had the greatest confidence in my friend George's veracity, I confess that that stunned me and my visit at this time is largely in order to see for myself how far this rumor is true, but I find it even so, or worse, for I find that you have not only spent this year in Senior section, but have also passed Dr. Moore with his obstructions in the way of analytics and logarithms, waded through Dr. Muchenfuss with his mechanical mixtures, chemical compounds, and sustained the shock of his varied explosives, and I hope closed satisfactory accounts with his "store" that you have successfully dealt with Dr. Murrah and his friends Plato, Lock and Des Cartes, and last, but not least, have ridden every mustang which Prof. Swaengen has put you on.

I know you sit here today with sad feelings. Why it was either my friend Harris Allen Jones or Edward Mabrey Brogan, I have forgot which, who, when he had walked down off this stage after graduation, sat down on

occupations they are telling the tale of the greatness of our school. Yet we are still young.

And so today as we come back to the verge of our active life to bid you welcome, the journey has not been a great one. A day's journey, methinks, has landed us in the midst of all the scenes we loved so well, and has *unconsciously* made us a part of the college life again. As we sat in chapel at prayers I saw a sober look on the face of Dobyns, which seemed to mean that he was unconsciously wondering whether he could afford to cut Math. again. When the bell on the campus was rung, I looked round for my English and unconsciously hoped Prof. Weber's baby was sick, but I was brought back to the present by meeting Prof. Bishop in the hall. As I passed through the hall I stopped at the bulletin board to see if I was on debate, but the first name on the affirmative was "Miss Crane," and I came back with a start to the present and realized that after all the college in a year or so had made "wonderful progress!" and that she was way ahead of my day! For in my day *Belhaven* was the nearest approach to femininity, and we did not dare approach very near to that. Sustaining this shock I walked out to the Campus to breathe. I noticed a new building on the other hill, where we used to go at dinner time for persimmons, and I asked who was going to live over there. They said something about "*James Observatory*." I said nothing, but I did a whole lot of thinking, and I am going to find out who that fellow is before I go back to my Yazoo circuit.

But I have heard the mocking bird at his song on the campus in the morning, I have seen the throng of students going to and fro at noontide, I have heard the hearty reverberations of a college yell at midnight and have felt entirely at home again here. It has been a pleasure to look into the faces of the faculty. It has been a delight to see the present prosperity of Millsaps. It has been a joy to grasp the hand of many a one of the "old fellows," and







### Alpha Mu Chapter of Kappa Alpha.

Allen Thompson

H. G. Fridge

P. M. Harper

E. W. Nall

W. A. Williams

L. Manship, Jr. J. M. Pearce E. Hyer, A. S. Cameron, T. W. Holloman

W. O. Tatum R. F. Jones,

C. P. Manship Yerger Clifton

J. D. Magruder B. E. Eaton

R. S. Dobins, C. S. Brown

A. W. Fridge W. M. Buie D. C. Enochs H. L. Whitfield Lloyd Gaddis

Geo. Bennett, V. Watkins J. A. Teat W. F. Cook

S. L. Field

R. Saunders

L. M. Gaddis







**Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma.**

- |                 |                |                     |
|-----------------|----------------|---------------------|
| C. A. Alexander |                | L. C. Hines         |
|                 | L. C. Holloman | H. L. Clark         |
|                 | J. R. Countiss |                     |
| J. M. McLean    |                | H. F. Sively        |
|                 | J. S. Ewing    | A. J. McLaurin, Jr. |
| J. B. Howell    |                | J. T. McCafferty    |
| R. E. Bennett   |                | E. B. Ricketts      |
| R. D. Clark     | W. B. Burwell  | F. S. Gray          |

I assure you it is all enhanced by the exceeding great pleasure it is to us all to welcome into our midst the splendid class of 1901.

Had we come back to you after many years laden with rich experiences gathered up by a long, active life, I doubt not we should have used this occasion to pour out upon your heads a great deal of advice, but for several reasons I shall not do this. If it were intended that I should deliver you the Baccalaureate address on this occasion in Dr. Murrah's place this fact has not been intimated to me. Moreover, I know very little advice to give you. If I should give any at all I fear it would be that gathered *by hearsay* rather than by experience. Moreover, advice is usually fruitless and experience is the best teacher. I have heard that young lawyers ought always to be as truthful as George Washington. I might advise those of this class to that effect. But much good would it do! And I have heard that young preachers ought not to get married for four years. I might advise these youthful ministers to this effect, but what a waste of words that would be. Moreover, I have received a hint that one of the members of this class is entirely beyond the possible effect of this advice and that several more of them are nearly so.

So my duty is not to give advice, but meeting here we have "swapped a many a yarn" of Millsaps College's past and have told each other many encouraging things of her present, and then dipping into the future "far as human eye could see," we have spoken of her future and "all the wonder that should be." It is in this *future of Millsaps* that our relations as fellow Alumni chiefly lie, we are proud of her past, we rejoice in her present, but our hope is brightest in her future.

We welcome you today because you have by your years of hard work won a place among us and we rejoice to crown you with the honor that is your just due.

We welcome you because you add new honor and brighter light and greater strength to our Association.

We welcome you because you bring fresh zeal and fresh enthusiasm and fresh intelligence of the needs of our college, and the work of the Association will be to better advantage with the aid of your council.

We welcome you because we are brothers bound by the bonds of love for our nourishing mother, to whose future we look with pride and for whose interest we must work unceasingly.

Whether it be in fields of oratory, we shall ever cheer with one voice at her success, or whether it be upon athletic fields, on the diamond or gridiron, we shall rejoice with one voice at her victory, or in whatever phase of life it be, we will watch the success of her men, rejoicing with them in their joys, and weeping with them in their sorrows. We welcome you because we know you will join us in all these, because we are brothers in common cause.

Let an occasional brutal father forsake his child. Let an occasional depraved child forget his mother. Let brother turn his back upon sister and husband upon wife, but let the instances be rarer yet that a Millsaps man shall forget his Alma Mater!

We bid you all welcome and may God bless us every one.

H. B. WATKINS, '99,

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN,

VOLUME 3

JUNE, 1901.

NUMBER 8

Published by the Students of Millsaps College

B. E. Eaton, Editor-in-Chief

H. O. White, Literary Editor

T. W. Holloman, Alumni Editor

W. L. Duren, Associate Editor

J. B. Howell, Local Editor

Allen Thompson, Business Manager

H. L. Austin and D. C. Enochs, Assistants

---

*Remittances and business communications should be sent to Allen Thompson, Business Manager. Matter intended for publication should be sent to B. E. Eaton, Editor-in-Chief.*

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*Issued the Tenth of each month during the College year.*

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*Subscription, per annum, \$1. Two Copies, per annum, \$1.50*

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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With this issue the third year of the *Collegian's* life comes to a close. We are mindful of many failures and regret to deliver to our successors a work that we did but partially. The only merit claimed is that our purpose was to reflect our college life and to secure for the college the standing it deserves. Towards this end our best efforts have been directed in proportion as we have succeeded in accomplishing it. So far we have been successful. But as the experience gained from a now severed connection may never help us again in college magazine work, it is not amiss to say some things that might lessen the labors of the *Collegian's* next management.

To the student body I would say, develop an enthusiasm for all the college undertakings and have a pride in



whatever involves its reputation. Let not the only words ever heard from you, be those earnestly laboring under difficulties perhaps, to meet the expectations of the faculty and friends of the college, be the severest sort of criticism intended more to discourage than to help. Another thing to do is to contribute articles for the magazine.

Remember that this is your magazine and entitled to your support. We managers are intended only to supervise, not to supersede.

Finally and most important of all, subscribe for the *Collegian*. With a small subscription and consequently with a limited fund, the managers begin their work with the certainty of non-support and with the knowledge that hampered by a lack of funds, they will be embarrassed throughout the year.

They will be limited to a certain number of pages, to a certain amount of reading matter, hard to vary because of its littleness, and to the inevitable criticism that nothing is in the *Collegian*.

We do not intend to complain of what we have received from the student body nor attempt to shield ourselves by attaching blame to others, but we desire earnestly that all may work together for their common cause, viz: the prosperity of the college and their own development.

And now personally I wish to say that I have appreciated the position assigned me and that in later years the most pleasant reflections of my college life will be connected with what little work I may have done in furthering the mission Millsaps College was founded to fulfill.





**MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN STAFF—1900-1901.**

H. O. White

W. T. Holloman

D. C. Enochs

B. E. Eaton

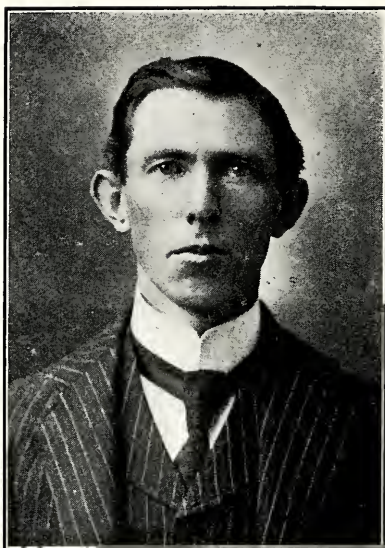
Allen Thompson

J. B. Howell

W. L. Duren

H. L. Austin





W. L. DUREN—1902.

Mr. W. L. Duren entered Millsaps College in 1897, and has made for himself an enviable record. He stands high among the students, and commands the respect and admiration of the Faculty. While in Freshman Class he won the Freshman Declamation medal, and has been in all the contests within his reach. This year he won the place to represent Millsaps at the Intercollegiate Contest, which took place at Meridian. There he had an easy victory. This victory entitled him to the honored place of representing the State of Mississippi at the Inter-State Contest to be held at Mont Eagle, Tenn., on the 28th of July. We are proud of Mr. Duren and the State at large should feel honored in having him as their representative. Millsaps won this distinction at Mont Eagle last year, and we feel that history would be but reflecting itself if Mr. Duren wins.



## ❧ ❧ ❧ EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ❧ ❧ ❧

With this issue of the COLLEGIAN the session closes, and the labors of the present staff are finished. In reviewing the work of the session we find that there have been rough places, but on the other hand there have been many and enough pleasant experiences to more than offset the unpleasant recollections.

The editor of the Exchange Department desires to make grateful acknowledgment to the friends of the THE COLLEGIAN, both old and new, for the friendliness and good feeling, which they have manifested toward us during the year. We hope that the same pleasant relations may continue for years to come and that those who succeed the present staff may be so fortunate as to retain all the old friends and add many new ones to the list next session.

Every magazine has been a source of pleasure and inspiration to us. But among those that we regard as best we wish to make mention of *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Tulane University Magazine*, *S. P. U. Journal*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Vanderbilt Observer* and *University of Mississippi Magazine*.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* comes to us from the far West and we appreciate no magazine more than this. It is the neatest and best illustrated magazine on our list of exchanges, and it is always readable.

Among our magazines from schools for young ladies we have received and enjoyed *The Clonian*, *The Shamrock*, *The Martin College Crown*, *The Academician*, and others.

The exchanges for May come while we were in examinations or during commencement, so we have not had the opportunity to review them for this issue of THE COLLEGIAN, and we pass this work over to the next session.

*ULCLE DANIEL'S TEMPTATION.*

---

Den dar hain't no use o' tryin'  
Case I jes' can't keep from sinnin',  
Wid dem apple trees a-hangin'  
So thick dey nees a-trimmin';  
Wid dem watermelons growin';  
Wid dem chickens still a-crowin'.

Hain't no use o' talk to me  
About its being wrong,  
Case I could't lie and sleep  
When I hear dat rooster's song;  
Mought as well o' try to fly;  
Mought as well get sick and die.

Guess ole massa's still asleep,  
And de dog's done eat de pizin'.  
Spec' I better hurry up  
Or dat moon'l soon be risin'.  
So I'll tuk dis rooster fust  
Dow I know he'll yell de wust.

Golly, dar done come ole massa  
Wid a new dog at his heel.  
Mought as well a-stayed in bed,  
An' a-died o' wantin' to steal;  
Case tonight I'se cotch dis chicken,  
An' tomorrer I'll get a lickin'.

—*University of Mississippi Magazine.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

"Blessed are those who rest from their labors." Your local editor respectfully dedicates these words to the *Collegian* staff of 1900-1901, who with this issue deliver up our dripping quills.

"Going! Going!! Gone!!!"  
Echoes of the Campus.

Judge F. M. Austin '95 made a short visit to his Alma Mater, while on his way to the North.

H. R. Enochs, of Natchez, was up during the past month, the guest of club-mates.

We are glad to record a visit from Rev. I. W. Cooper, President of Centenary College. He is always a welcome visitor from our sister college.

Mr. Percy Clifton, '97, now a prosperous lawyer of Biloxi, was in attendance at the Alumni Celebration,

Mr. Robert Kemp, of Durant, came down on the 10th to attend the reception of Kappa Sigma.

Wanted—A girl for Tillman.  
A mustache for Catchings.  
A rest. —Howell.

Rev. H. P. Lewis, '00, of Anguilla, is numbered among our Alumni commencement visitors.

The many friends of Miss Ellison are glad to welcome her home after several months spent in Nashville.

L. F. Magruder, while on his way to New Orleans, spent several days with friends.

The meeting, conducted by Rev. Herman Knickerbocker, at the First Methodist Church, during May, resulted in much good to the students. We desire that he will see fit to return soon.

Rev. J. W. McLaurin of Gloster, made the College a short visit on the tenth.

Ricketts says, "a man's home is where his heart is." His girl wants his address.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Simpson was wisely elected as the delegate from our association to the Ashville conference in July.

Mrs. Dr. Muckenfuss and beautiful children have left for South Carolina where they will spend the summer.

Rev. T. L. Mellen, of Forest, came over to attend the closing exercises.

The Y. M. C. A. acknowledges the gift of two handsomely framed pictures presented by Mr. J. R. Bingham.

S. L. Burwell '00 was present during the commencement exercises. He feels his importance as an alumnus.

Messrs. Frank and John Holloman, on their return from Memphis, spent commencement week with their father.

Misses Annie Laurie and Ethel Clark, of Yazoo City, have been the charming guests of Miss Katie Gray.

Professor—(in Bible Class)—Who wrote the book of Hezekiah?

Student, (hesitatingly)—I'm not prepared.

Mrs. Felder and Miss Clark were the guests of Mrs. Ellison during the past week.

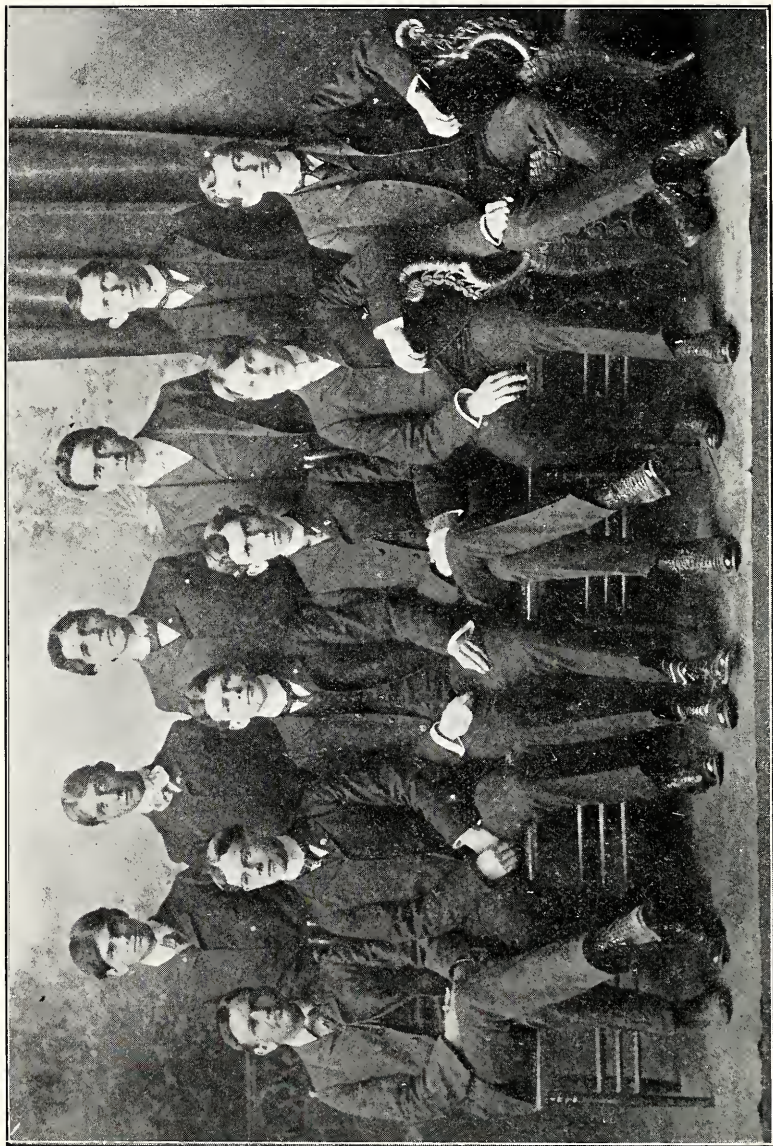
Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Watkins, of Whitworth, were cordially welcomed at our exercises. They were the guests of W. H. Watkins.

The Misses Redding were the welcome guest, of their aunt Miss Linfield.

Of the board of visitors from Mississippi Conference Revs. N. B. Hannon and Shelby were present.







**Class of 1902.**

L. Hart

H. L. Clark

R. E. Bennett

C. M. Simpson

W. L. Durch

C. D. Patter

I. B. Howell

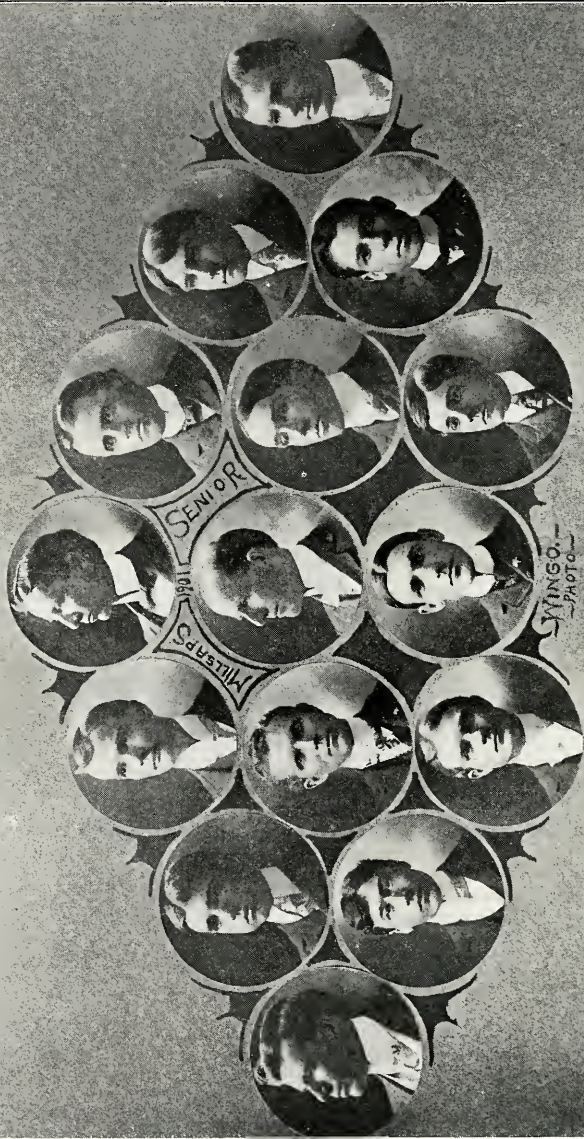
Allen Thompson

W. A. Williams

J. D. Tillman

A. L. Fairley



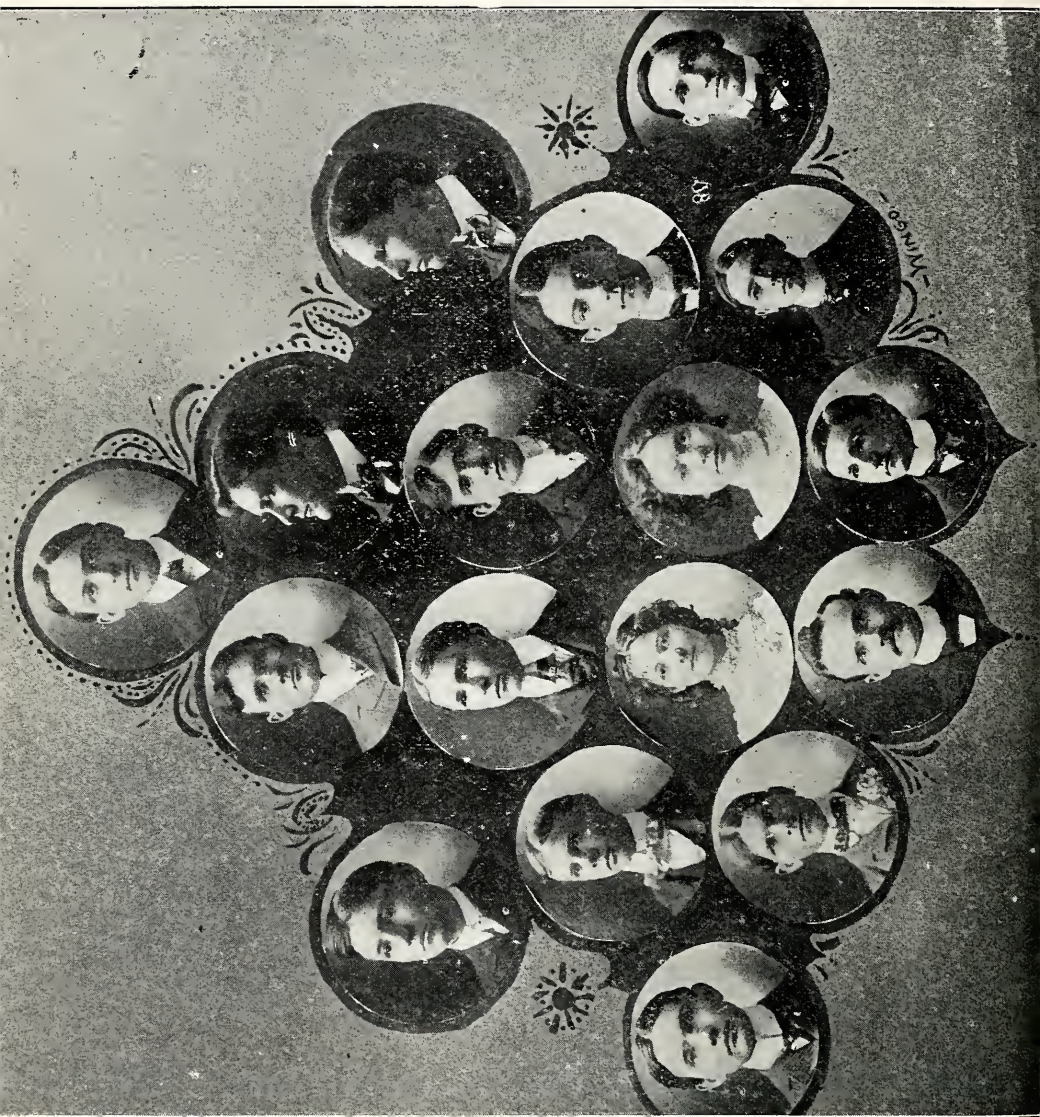


**Class of 1901.**

- |              |                  |                   |                |                |
|--------------|------------------|-------------------|----------------|----------------|
| R. A. Clark  | H. O. White      | E. O. Whittington | H. F. Sively   | L. W. Felder   |
| R. E. Eaton  | J. T. McCaferty  | J. A. Vaughn      | E. B. Ricketts | L. C. Holloman |
| H. G. Fridge | H. T. Cunningham | J. S. Ewing       |                |                |
|              | R. P. Neblett    |                   |                |                |







**Class of 1903.**

J. L. Gaddis, F. E. Gunter, A. S. Cameron, D. C. Enochis, L. R. Featherstone, L. Easterling, W. F. Cook, W. M. Merritt, Miss L. Crane, Miss A. Hemmingway, C. A. Alexander, R. F. Jones, A. Ellisyn, J. R. Countiss, W. O. Tatum, W. B. Burwell, L. M. Gaddis.







Class of 1904.

H. T. Carley '99, President of the Millsaps Alumni Association, spent commencement week at the home of Bishop Galloway.

George Power '98, now a successful lawyer of Natchez was present at the alumni meeting.

Mr. J. B. Mitchel, of Guthrie, Oklohoma, was elected by the Alumni Association to deliver the annual address at next commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tatum, of Hattiesburg, were among our visitors for commencement.

Mrs. Countiss and little daughter have gone to spend the summer with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Whittington and attractive daughter, Miss Gertrude, were the pleasant guests of Mrs. Warrel for the past week.

Messrs. Dobyms, E. H. Galloway, T. E. Marshall, Norman Guice, H. B. Watkins, and W. T. Clark were among our alumni visitors during commencement.

Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma, on the evening of May tenth, entertained its host of friends at a reception given in its chapter halls at the college. The handsome rooms were artistically decorated with the colors and flowers of the fraternity and all the while Leake's Orchestra, in the alcove, rendered music for the occasion. The refreshments were as usual delicious, and the entertainment of this evening will ever be remembered as one of the most pleasant in the college circle.

The saddest happening of commencement was the farewell address of President —— of the C. & F. Association. He recounted the valiant deeds of the members and some of their mistakes. The one on which he dwelt most was the abduction of Tom, Dr. Murrah's old gray rooster. He was a noble bird; his gigantic stature, his

sinewy legs, his iron sides and deep throated squak—no more of such eulogies. He was the victor, a dentist's pet. We wish for our friends a happy vacation and much success with your chickens. For another year we will be yours.

Alpha Mu Chapter of Kappa Alpha held their commencement reception in the elegant and spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Saunders on the evening of the eighth. A large circle of friends were cordially received and at a late hour all returned home declaring this a delightful evening.

On Monday evening, June tenth Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma was given a most enjoyable reception by Mr. and Mrs. W. Baker Sively at their lovely home. At the witching hour of twelve all reluctantly bade adieu to the hostess, each expressing that the evening spent had been replete with joy and pleasure.

No student or alumnus of Millsaps College can express fully his delight, upon the granting of inter-collegiate games by the trustees. We are gratified to feel and know that we have a faculty and board who have the highest and best interests of the college at heart and who at all times, after weighing everything, will give a just and unbiased verdict. They perceive and know that a college to compete with its sister institutions must be fully equipped not in one point alone but must meet its opponents on all grounds. We believe in faculty legislation and a scholarship requirement and whatever restriction the faculty puts upon our games at Millsaps there will be none of that rebellion as in sister colleges for we have the highest regard for our President and Faculty and believe that whatever action is taken will be for our advancement in knowledge and morality.

*COMMENCEMENT.*

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On Friday, June seventh, the representatives of the Freshman class all delivered well selected declamations, but as only one medal was given, A. L. Hopkins captured it.

The debate between the societies was warmly contested and the question resolved was fully settled by each speaker. Messrs. Thompson and Ricketts upheld the affirmative and Felder and Williams the negative. The medal was awarded to A. Thompson and the question to the negative.

Saturday morning we heard those great and illustrious men speak, the Sophomores. They settled all questions of State and Church. C. H. Alexander was awarded the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal for oratory.

In the college chapel Sunday morning, Dr. Denny, professor of mental and moral science, in Vanderbilt University, delivered our commencement sermon. Dr. Denny is a forceful speaker and a sound reasoner. His sermon will be remembered and carry with it lasting benefit.

The Alumni Association had charge of the exercises on Monday morning. H. B. Watkins, in a very pleasing and humorous way, welcomed the class of '01 into the Association. R. A. Clark responded. President J. C. Hardy of A. & M. College delivered the annual address.

Monday evening the observatory, a gift of Mr. Dan James, was presented. Mr. James Terriberry, of New Orleans, made the presentation address and Bishop Gallo-way responded, after which Dr. Black spoke on the subject of Astronomy.

On Tuesday morning the Senior Oratorical Contest for the Ligon medal took place and E. B. Ricketts was chosen as the successful orator, after which twenty-seven youths were gladdened with diplomas and the world at large made to sorrow by just so much.



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