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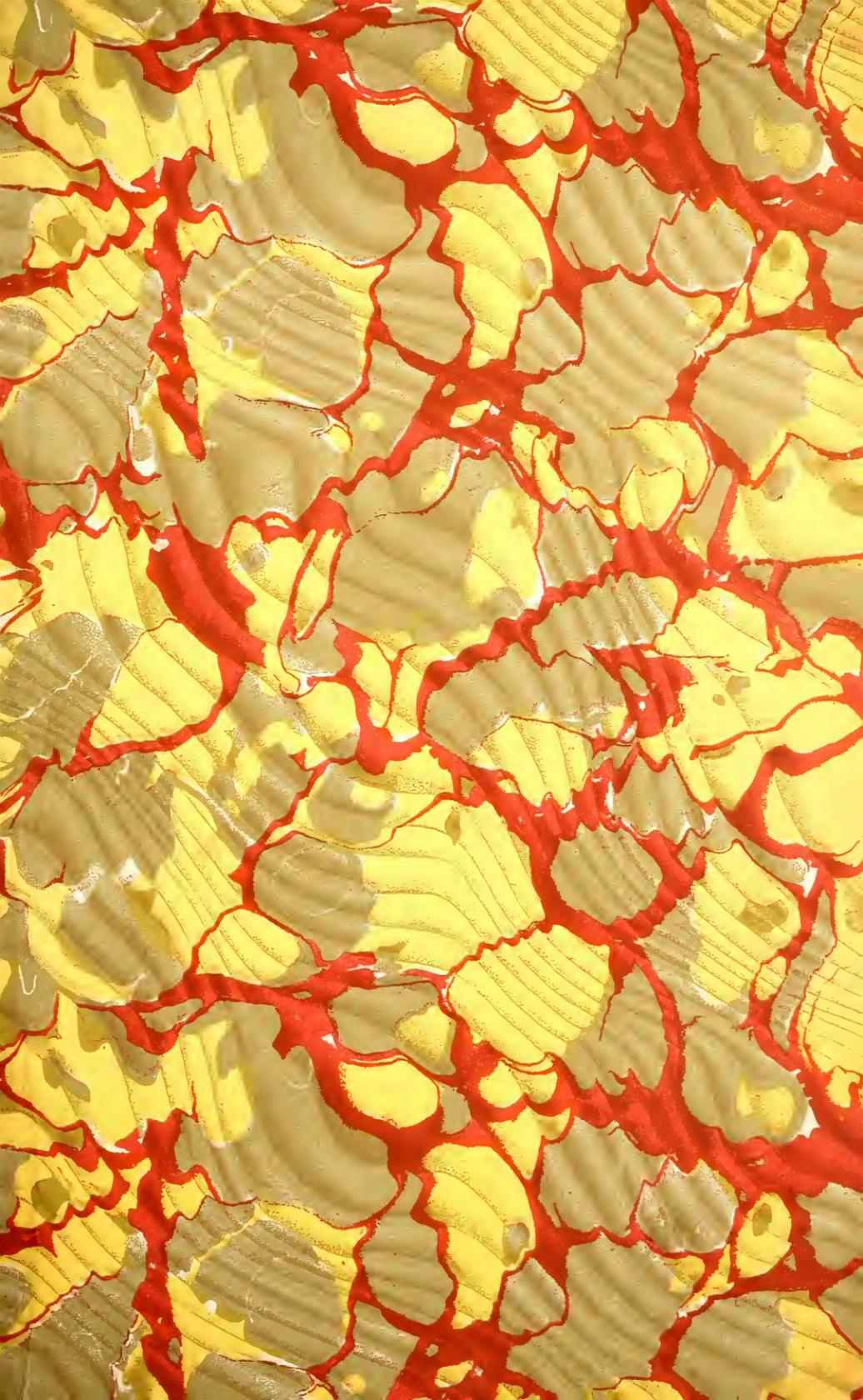
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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 4

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No. 1

The Political Isolation of the South.

Speech delivered by Wm. L. Duren in the Mississippi Oratorical Contest, Meridian, May 3, and in Southern Interstate Contest, Monteagle, Tenn., July 26, 1901.

[It is provided in the constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association that the representatives of the colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective college journals some time during the year succeeding the contest]

Commerce of products, of actions and of ideas is the vitalizing and energizing force of a people's existence, but isolation symbolizes stagnation and decay.

By the political isolation of the South is meant that result brought about by its persistent support of one political party regardless of its principles or its leadership, a state of affairs that arose from unusual social conditions rather than from matters of governmental and economic concern. As a result of this the South, though representing one-third of the political power of a representative democracy, and though its genius contributed so much to the nation's foundation and growth, has been deprived of its potential influence for more than thirty years.

For a long time the Southern people were unconscious of this isolation, but in the result of the last presidential election the intelligent and thinking element of them realizes, as never before, that the political isolation of the South is one of the gravest problems, not only of Southern, but of American life as well. That the South stood alone in the support of Mr. Bryan reveals the fact that a change in the policy and politics of the past is necessary if this

section is ever to be re clothed with power. The question of responsibility for this isolation is not the question of paramount importance. Eternity alone can be the arbiter of that. But it is the result of it that should concern us most, for the political choice of the South in national elections has not been more certain than the results of this isolation have been disastrous to Southern life and Southern institutions.

It has resulted in an unequal and an unfair distribution of national appropriations, of official patronage and of high official honors. The Republican party, being denied recognition in the South, feels that it is under no obligation to the South, and as a consequence, no appropriations therefor are made beyond the limits of national necessity. It honors no Southern man with high official position, and the patronage that unavoidably falls to the South is given to men with the very lowest conception of office. Such patronage is a curse rather than a blessing.

The Democratic party, assured of the support of the South, feels that its success or the continuation of its official tenure depends upon securing doubtful states. Hence, that portion of patronage that fairly belongs to the South goes to quiet the clamors of rapacious spoil-seekers of the North. Since the Civil War the South has not been given a candidate for either place on the national ticket, nor have hardly more than six Southern men been placed in high official positions. In the matter of appropriations the Democratic party is bound by its cardinal doctrine of opposition to improvements at government expense, as well as by these other questions of expediency, to a policy that allows no awards to the South.

Isolation has had its effect upon the industrial and commercial development of the South. The greatness of any country depends largely upon the development of its industrial and commercial possibilities. As to variety, the natural endowments of the South are not equalled

any other section of America. The large supply of building materials and of the raw products for food and clothing make it possible for it to be the most independent section of our country. But the war left the South stripped of all developed resource, while the sense of its political isolation and the disposition of the Southern legislator to lay oppressive taxation upon every enterprise that sought to gain foothold in the South, have repelled all advances of Northern capital. As a result, the spirit of enterprise has fled to a friendlier clime and our resources have been locked from the world, yes, even from ourselves.

Commerce goes hand in hand with industrial development and is a never failing indication of progress or decline. From census statistics we find that the approximate value of Southern textile industries is but one-twelfth that of the same industries in the states north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. In miles of railway the South has but one-third as much as the same territory, and in ocean commerce it dwindles into insignificance. The material greatness of the South will be determined finally by its commercial and industrial power, but the greatest factors and elements of modern industrialism are yet comparatively inoperative in the South. So long as the South remains strictly agricultural, just so long will it fall short of its possibilities and New England will place in bank stock the riches that, but for the gathering, belongs to the South.

When real industrial development stirs the South, then transportation facilities will be increased. Rivers and harbors will be improved. The Nicaraguan Canal will no longer be the subject of diplomatic controversy and congressional investigation, a thing existing only in the minds of civil engineers. Industrial life starving for sustenance silences antagonism. The absolute need of a country outweighs every question of cost or of technical feasibility.

We consider last the gravest of the evils which have resulted from this abnormal political condition, the tendency toward intellectual decay. I say the gravest evil because it tends to lower the standard of citizenship, and thus undermine our civilization and strike at the very foundation of our country. The unfailing support of one political party by the Southern people precludes an active political campaign with all its educating power. No reputable Republican paper exists in the South. As a result of these conditions a great majority of the Southern people are left without the means of forming an intelligent opinion upon questions of the greatest economic importance, and slowly but surely the character of Southern citizenship declines.

These are some of the ills wrought by the political isolation of the South. These are some of the conditions that the Southern man of the present generation must face today, and must continue to face so long as the South remains thus isolated.

How shall the evils of Southern isolation be remedied? Disease is more easily found than cured. But if I offer no remedy for my country's ills, I have enumerated them in vain. The remedy lies in the development of political nationality, a new political alignment by which we shall be able to express ourselves upon national issues, be entitled to just and fair consideration regardless of what party succeeds, and be honored for following the lead of thought rather than despised for being enslaved to tradition.

I make no war upon the Democratic party. I shall always honor it for the manner in which it championed the cause of the white man in the South. I plead not for party, but for independence. The time has come when we must be no longer Southern, but national in thought and action. The interest and security of our national future demand the realization of the unmeasured possibilities of the South.

The future of the South itself, as a live and prosperous country, demands that there shall be a development of national fellow-feeling that shall aid in the solution of the problems peculiar to the South.

The very ripeness of the time make political independence the reasonable solution. We are not concerned with the question as to whether the negro shall be colonized, or whether he will be swept away by the attrition of the ages. He is an intregal part of Southern civilization, and as such his political bounds are fixed. He is a political cipher and we are free from the terrors of negro domination. Every statute for federal supervision of elections has been swept away. The Force Bill and the party that championed it were punished with crushing defeat. The intelligent and conservative citizen of the North will not be silent while the vicious politician, Draco-like, writes a statute in Southern blood.

The application of this remedy means better government for the South. Men can never safely depend upon others to supply them benevolently with good government. No government is good unless it is free, and self government only is free government. So long as the South remains isolated the North will govern it, and the character of its government will be determined by the passions and prejudices of the ruling element.

The nation's exigency demands the remedy. This is an age of achievement and international struggle. The close of the Spanish war left us master of a thousand islands. With this acquisition comes the old problem of colonial government, that problem which sapped the strength of the proudest nations of antiquity, and which today engages the best and most serious thought of the world. The nation calls for the resouces and conservatism of the South.

In the last place duty demands the remedy. Tacitus says, "I hold it to be the office of history to rescue virtue from oblivion, and to save men from base words and deeds

through fear of posthumous infamy." No less is it true of the moral purpose of history now. In the development of this beautiful and splendidly endowed Southland, what our fathers were unable to accomplish on account of sectional prejudices and all the other limiting environments of their time, they have left to us of a friendlier age to achieve. With this task they have left the record of their successes and their failures to guide us in the final solution of the problem. Shall the South, endowed with far-sighted intelligence and reverent conservatism, possessor of material resources that might save the nation in time of peril, shall it ignore the history of that thirty years of isolation? Shall the South barter its own rights and the heritage of posterity for the sake of allegiance to a vain and fruitless tradition? I appeal to the young men of the South to look back at those whose forms live only in the glow of memory, those whose sense of honor was the court of last appeal, and those who had the courage of their convictions; I appeal to them to remember that, while we are the inheritors of their scars, likewise are we the inheritors of every virtue that they possessed. The South is too great to waste its energies upon that partisan who would clothe an ignorant race with the most sacred right of American civilization in the hope that he might make the South Republican forever. Neither can it afford to waste its energies with that other equally determined partisan who, for more than thirty years, has made it absolutely and unbrokenly Democratic. The fate of men in the past and the old South standard of manhood demand that we who have learned the need of the hour and the promise of the future, do not parley with conscience. The righteous demands of posterity forbid that we should dally with duty. In this generation the thinking man of the South who realizes that his day of service is far spent, thinks of the opening decades of the twentieth century with sorrowful yearnings. He realizes the mighty unfolding of the possibilities

of the South that the beginning of that century shall record, and remembers that the limitations of his life preclude the possibility of his sharing in the glory of its accomplishment, or even of witnessing the splendor of that day. O, let the young men of the South catch the inspiration of the hour! Then shall this glorious union, our fathers' and ours, say of the loyal and imperishable South.

“The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.”

Four Lilies.

By W. A. Williams, Jackson, Miss.

Although Ralph James had been in New York for only a short time, he had already acquired some little reputation as an artist. He had exhibited several pictures in a prominent art store, and three of them had sold well, one receiving special mention in the art department of one of the more prominent papers. He had fitted up a small, though inviting room in the upper story of an office building, which he boyishly called his *Palais de Art*. Indeed, had it been named with reference to its furnishings, it might have been called almost anything; for in it were all the little souvenirs and mementoes collected by a college boy during a four years' course, comprising character sketches, cartoons, old pipes, college banners, fraternity emblems, and the like, almost without number. Things that within themselves were of no value at all, but the memory of little incidents clustering around them often caused a smile to play over Ralph's face as he glanced at them around his room.

During his college days Ralph learned to love the study of human nature in all its phases. He studied it, not solely because he loved it, but partly because some day he expected to put it to some good purpose in his art. To

him no art was so beautiful as that which strikingly portrayed some human characteristic—a kind of teaching art.

Since he had come to New York his field of observation had greatly widened. Often would he tramp through some of the lower parts of the city studying the ways of semi-depraved humanity.

It was on one of these not infrequent tramps down in the heart of China town, late one evening, that he chanced to see, just overhead, a blazing sign in Chinese characters, and just beneath it the following English translation: "Woo Ching, Dealer in Chinese Curios." He instinctively stopped, for he had a habit of looking through such shops hoping to find something of interest to add to his already unique collection.

On entering he found that this shop was somewhat above the average of its kind. There was an atmosphere of cleanliness about the place not at all characteristic of the average Chinese curio shop. A little Chinese girl came meeting him, dressed in a pretty flowing Chinese gown, and with velvety black eyes.

"Wante someping?" she politely questioned. Ralph almost forgot himself for the moment, but managed to tell her that he wanted to see some curios.

She quickly placed before him a dozen or more things, the names of which are only known to a Chinaman, and began to explain to him in Chinese-English the interest attaching to this and that.

He looked at them mechanically for a moment, but soon found that just now he was not so much interested in curios as some other things. The something that did interest him, however, was in the shop, and that was Woo Ling, the pretty little Chinese girl. Something in her face appealed strongly to his artistic temperament and he could not help looking at her. Woo Ling's face flushed

prettily under his admiring gaze, and she timidly dropped her head.

Ralph paid her for something which he afterward found to be a Chinese battle sword, and continued his tramp. He had not gone far before he looked back, and there, standing in the door way, was Woo Ling looking after him.

What caused him to look back, and why she had attracted him, he could only explain by the facts that she was beautiful and that there was something in her manner which pleased him; and she had come to the door to watch him too. I'll drop by there again, he thought to himself.

That night, in his room, as the smoke lazily floated from his bull-dog pipe, towards the ceiling, Ralph James was dreaming of a pretty little black eyed girl way down in China town. In a short while he went again to the curio shop, not specially to buy curios, but then, that was the excuse that would have been given a friend had he been questioned on the subject.

As he entered Woo Ling again greeted him with a pretty oriental smile, as she came from behind a bunch of palms in the rear of the shop, where she had been tending a pot of pansies. Queer things, thought Ralph, for a Chinese girl to be working with, but then she was not like other girls of her race, in some respects at least. He insisted that she go ahead with her flowers, and that he be allowed to look on. He stood watching her intently, as she cautiously moved the dirt around the tender plants, and then gently sprinkled them with refreshing water. She's an artist in that line, thought he. He chatted interestingly with her for some moments about her flowers admiringly this one and that one. There was another pot of pansies near by, blooming beautifully, and Woo Ling plucked a number of them, arranged them in a bouquet, and pinned them on the lapel of his coat. She stepped back a pace, and turning her little head slightly to one side said: "They looke nice on my friend!"

As she looked at them Ralph thought what a beautiful model she would make for a painting, and straightway asked her if he might make a portrait of her. She did not give him an immediate answer, but looked away off and heaved a little sigh. In her heart how she wished she could, but what would Woo Ching say. He would beat her at the very suggestion of such a thing.

"Woo Ching no let me," she answered. "Wish me could."

"He is your father, yes, I see."

"But he need know nothing of it," argued Ralph shortly. "You can just come to my studio any time you get a chance and give me a few sittings. I will finish it and come and tell you when it is done. I am going to look for you," he said, and stepped out just in time to save Woo Ling a few licks for talking to a "foreign devil" for her old father was just coming in.

"He was gone," she said to herself, "before I could tell him that I could not come. Woo Ching beat me." Her little heart beat partly with delight and partly for fear. Delight at the thought of having her artist friend make a picture of her, and fear lest she should suffer if she did. But the temptation was too great.

The next evening Ralph heard a gentle tap on his door, and on opening it there stood Woo Ling in a pretty silk gown, smiling with delight, her face flushed with excitement. "I slippe off," she eagerly told him. "Hurry so I can get back 'fore Woo Ching miss me."

"You are a little brick, you are," Ralph laughingly told her, and began hastily to arrange his easel for the first sitting; and set about the task to which they both had looked forward with so much anxiety.

The first sitting was necessarily a little long, for he had to do as much as possible at a sitting so as not to require any more than necessary, for he realized the risk his little subject took every time she came. She seemed to get a

little restless before he finished, but in time it was over, and Ralph viewed his work with a degree of satisfaction. "I am not going to let you see it until I have finished it," he told her. After some protestations she agreed, and hastened back home to await the next time.

Ralph worked diligently at the picture for the next two days, because he was interested in it, and because he had an idea that Woo Ling would wait no longer than necessary to come again. And it was not long overtime either before he heard that little knock on the door, which he immediately recognized as hers. Everything was ready for work this time, and it did not take long to get started. There were three large white lilies on the table in the room, and Ralph's taste for the artistic soon decided that they would add to the beauty of the picture. He, therefore, gave them to her, and arranging her position, immediately began work.

Thus it was that the picture came to assume its definite shape. The last sitting had been made, and it only awaited the artist's finishing touches, when Woo Ling should have her first look.

The nearer finished it was the more highly pleased was Ralph with his work, but he was anxious to know what she would think of it.

At last it was finished and Woo Ling was sent for, and soon was heard again the little familiar tap, but this time there might have been detected in it a sound of eagerness. She entered, and there before her on the easel was the completed picture, entirely hidden by its covering.

"Take off quick," she cried.

Ralph, not having the heart to hold her in suspense longer, raised the covering and there it was, with the title "Four Lillies" just beneath it.

They each gazed at it in complete silence for some moments, Ralph, now and then, watching the expression on her face as she scanned the picture over and over. Soon her

eyes rested on the two words at the bottom, which she made out from the little English that she knew.

She looked at them, then at the picture, and at the title again. She gave him a questioning glance, and ventured to say,

“My friend make a mistake; one, two, three lilies, see?”

“Can’t you see the fourth?” answered Ralph. “Those are yours and this is mine,” pointing to her picture. “One two, three, four,” and he placed a kiss on her little lips, as she looked up at him sweetly.

“Four lilies, don’t you see?”

It was Sunday night,
 And the moon shone bright,
 As we sat in the shade of a tree,
 While Kid Cupid played,
 Around in the shade,
 And shot darts at “my love and me.”
 When suddenly she gasped,
 And my arm she grasped,
 (You may laugh, but it is no joke);
 Then came a cry,
 A scream and a sigh,
 A thud—for the hammock broke.

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We may gain an honored place,
 And, like Hobson, leave behind us,
 Lip-prints on some sweet girl’s face.

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EDITORIALS

With this issue The Collegian passes into new hands. No one feels more sensibly the weakness of humanity, nor is there one more conscious of personal limitations, than the editor, who, with this issue of The Collegian, undertakes the arduous task of guiding its course during the session just begun.

The experiences of the three short years of The Collegian's life have been many and varied, but, as a foundation upon which to rest an editorial policy, they are limited. Thus, left to supplement precedent from individual resources, it seems that any weakness must indeed be an ominous portent. However, it is our purpose to take a

conservative view of every question, when that conservatism does not require the surrender of conviction.

We hope and believe that, with the help of a competent staff, the hearty co-operation of the faculty and students, and the charity of our friends, we shall be able to make *The Collegian* better than it has ever been, and in addition to retaining its old friends, win for it many new ones.

The growth of Millsaps College is without a parallel in the history of schools for higher education in Mississippi. Its first session began September 29, 1892. At the beginning of this first session the facilities of the College, as one would naturally expect, were very limited. It is true that the endowment was about the same as now, but there was no Law department, and but one building for practically all purposes.

This state of affairs was not to be of long duration. A gymnasium and the Webster Science Hall were soon added. During the last session the new and well-equipped James Observatory was erected, and with the beginning of this, the closing year of its first decade, the College has taken steps to secure a commodious dormitory, which will make it one of the best equipped institutions in the South. Such is the story of its material growth.

Its growth in influence has not been less noticeable than the material growth. During the first session one hundred and fifty students were enrolled, and although Jackson has been twice scourged with fever epidemics and as many times with smallpox, the influence has grown. A Law department has been added, and at the end of the first decade Millsaps College enters the contest for patronage with equipments and facilities that make it a formidable rival. More than two hundred and twenty students have already enrolled for this session.

If the College, in its infancy, has been able to meet its competitors with such limited facilities, and has thus

lived and prospered through all the afflictions of its earlier years, it is surely a demonstration of the wisdom displayed in its organization and location.

Who can say what wonderful things the next decade of Millsap's history will tell? This much is certain: the future is secure, and Millsaps College is destined to be a potent factor in shaping the future of Mississippi.

It seems that some of the secretaries of the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association have been guilty of gross neglect of duty. An examination of the record book of the association brings to light the facts, that no record of the proceedings of the first and fourth meetings has been kept; that of the proceedings of the third meeting only the tally-sheet used in the election of officers remains; and that the "honor roll," which the constitution says shall be kept, has been ignored.

This state of things should not be, for as these men go out from College their names are forgotten, and if not entirely forgotten, information concerning them is hard to get. The time may come, indeed, we think is at hand, when the Association will need to know the names of every member from the organization to the present time.

Aside from the Association's possible need, its very dignity demands that an accurate record of the business of each and every meeting be kept, according to the regulations prescribed.

This matter is not mentioned for the purpose of bringing reproach upon those officers who failed to do their duty, but that such neglect may never occur again.

We have no intention to endorse, as a whole, the official conduct of President Roosevelt, for some parts show the marks of gross indiscretion, and we do not even wish that such parts may be regarded with the least degree of tolerance; but his announcement of the intention to ap-

point Republicans in the South when suitable men could be found in that party, but when such could not be found to appoint gold Democrats, as in the appointment of ex-Governor Jones, of Alabama, is to say the least, a praiseworthy purpose.

It is a hopeful sign when individual character is made the prime qualification for office and politics an after consideration.

Such a radical departure in the matter of distributing honors puts a premium upon good character and will have a tendency to develop the individuality of men. It will also prove effective in breaking down partisan narrowness and unifying the discordant elements of our country.

We believe that President Roosevelt's adoption of this policy should be and will be commended by every man, North and South, whose judgment is based upon intelligent thought, rather than preconceived ideas.

The Collegian's staff respectfully ask that you will look over the list of advertisers and remember that they are our patrons. Then, as a mark of appreciation, show a like liberality to them. They make the publication of this magazine possible.



LITERARY REVIEW.

Upon assuming the duties and responsibilities attached to this department, the editor feels that he will be expected to keep apace with the literary world, and that his duty shall be to call attention to the happenings in this field, of special interest to college students of literature. To undertake to give anything like a complete review of a month's literature would be assuming the task of the literary editor of a modern monthly magazine. This is obviously impracticable, we may say impossible. Hence, our reviews will be somewhat condensed in form.

After forty-five years' service Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from his post as principal of the London Board of Trade. For a long time it has been known to the public that this commonplace work was distasteful to him. However, it has had a certain advantage in that he has been able to give us only of his very best work. In this country Mr. Dobson is thought of as being one of the most gifted of all the lighter poets. We are, be it said to our discredit, prone to ignore the fact that he is one of the most admirable of literary historians. There are few people who know the history of eighteenth century literature as he does. We understand that he expects to devote his entire time in the future to literary work. He contemplates giving his early attention to a life of Samuel Richardson. Much is expected of this work.

Mr. Kester may be catalogued among the young men of less than thirty who have given to the world a good "first book." Although born in New Jersey, Mr. Kester has spent much of his time in the South. All the more reason why we should and do feel an interest in this young

author. The scene of his story is laid in a small lumber town in Michigan, and many of the incidents have been drawn from actual occurrences. Mr. Kester has done considerable newspaper work, notably on the Irving Bachelor Syndicate, which, it may added, is now defunct. At present he is living in an old historic mansion in Virginia, just a short distance from Washington.

In all the flood of novels that is being poured indiscriminately upon the public at the present, it is hard to find any ground upon which we may rest and be sure of our footing. No man can tell what ones will be read ten years from now. There are some good things and some bad things about them with hardly an exception, and the latter is often far in excess. Probably the most popular class of the novels just now is what may be called the "Historical Romances." What can be easier than for a skilled novel writer to appropriate a bit of romantic history, and, by exercising his imaginative faculties just a bit, weave out a story that makes a very pleasant time-killer. Many works of this class are well worth the reading, for they contain bits of personal history that can hardly be found elsewhere, but, notwithstanding all this, we can't help but think the time would be better spent in reading something of just a little higher order. Now, we are not among those who think that the good books have all been written and therefore none are forthcoming, but a mighty culling could be indulged in with no serious damage to the world's choice literature.

The phenomenal success of some of the recently popular novels seems to have had quite an undesirable effect upon their authors. Of course we are all prone to sin and all do make mistakes sometimes of a very absurd nature. Some of these authors seem to be viewing themselves at present through the borrowed glasses of their too enthusiastic admirers. Sad to say they are seeing themselves as others see them.

It happened not algreat while ago that a certain dramatized novel which has been called "When Chivalry Was in Bloom," was played in the home town of its author. Now, naturally the author was in prominence, and after the play had been enthusiastically received he felt called upon to say a few words of thanks to the audience for its kind manifestations, and he did so.

All this was very nicely done, and what a pity the floor didn't open and swallow him up before he proceeded further, but it is another one of those "might have beens" and he was allowed to give a short biography of himself, which ended with his saying that when he was a whistling, barefoot boy little did he think that one day he would be standing before them in *that fierce white light which beats about the throne.*

Another poor fellow allowed a New York editor to hear him deplore the fact that he could not gather together all the books in the world and burn them.

"Why do you wish to do that?" inquired the astonished editor, who, be it said confidentially, thought perhaps he might undertake such a small task and smoke up a pile of handsome books.

"Then I could rewrite them all," was the reassuring reply.

I am sure no one objects to the former retaining his seat upon his throne, nor envies the latter his ability to reproduce all the books in the world. But some of their most intimate friends ought to approach them confidentially and beg them not to say such things again. It is liable to make those who are not so fortunate feel a slight tinge of embarrassment.

GRIT AND GOLD

J. R. COUNTISS, Editor.

In launching this department, the editor binds himself by neither pledge nor precedent. He has the space for his very own and proposes to fill it with paragraphs, long or short, light or serious, grave or gay, according to mood or ability. Though not sanguine enough to hope to please every one, nor foolish enough to claim that all here found is gold, yet he trusts that there may always be a sufficient amount thereof to reward the reader's search. If critics find it in small quantities and much scattered they will please remember that the editor has imitated the method of nature and the example of critics.

In so far as this corner cheats the waste-basket, it will contain grit. But it is the purpose of the editor to deal fairly with the aforesaid receptacle and see that it receives a due proportion of matter, original, clipped or contributed. The students are cordially invited to assist in making this new venture a success.

Books are good friends; they give solace in sorrow, light in darkness, companionship in loneliness and cheer in sadness; they betray no secrets, whisper no slanders, bear no gossip, engender no strife; they conduct you freely among the ruins of the past, the activities of the present, or the hopes of the future; they take you among strangers in far off lands, or make you sit again by the hearthstone of childhood; they discover to you the beauties of nature and bring you into closer fellowship with the living, or reveal to you the thoughts of the dead and the glory of God; but they make the fool a poor substitute for brains.

To new students: It is good to start well, better to wear well, best to end well.

No section of our great country feels the nation's bereavement more keenly than the South. Many expressions of sorrow have been heard from students since the opening of college. Mr. McKinley had many friends and admirers throughout the South, and his manly, straightforward efforts to make of us a great people were highly appreciated. We delighted to honor the Christian gentleman, statesman and husband, and deeply mourn his death. The students of Millsaps College remember with pleasure the glimpse of his kindly face when he was touring the South last spring, and regret that no punishment of the criminal can undo his terrible work.

From all over the nation is heard the cry, "Down with anarchy." It has been tolerated too long. It is a war to the death between anarchy and civilization, and our people had as well begin the defensive before others of our leaders are martyred. We must guard against it from the cradle to the grave. Some of our own people have overestimated their liberties. In the absolute freedom of individuals, the strongest man alone is free. All others must bow to his will. Such is the freedom of savagery. The highest freedom is perfect obedience to law, and the greatest bulwark against anarchy is the universal respect of our people for law and rightful authority, for anarchy begins in our homes with the rebellion of children against discipline, grows with sneers at authority in school, finds religious basis in acrid criticism of leaders in the church, receives endorsement in the contemptuous references of the partisan press to our rulers, and is sown to the winds by flagrant abuses of free speech on the part of demagogues who are not worthy of the power of speech. The harvest is in mobs and murderers. All lynchers are anarchists and murderers. They defy law—they take life. Better the one pair of red hands and the one murderous heart of the assassin who is punished, than the hundred pairs of red hands and the hundred murderous hearts of the unpunished mob.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

After a long rest we have returned and for the past month have been scrubbing off the rust.

Mr. M. E. Thompson, a former Millsaps man, stopped over a day or two on his way to Nashville to study medicine.

Mr. Fridge was on the campus with club mates for a few days.

"Spider" Ricketts, who has been taking a course in Chemistry in New Orleans, has returned home, and has been with us a week or more.

Mr. Percy Clifton, of Jackson, has taken a class in preparatory English and Latin, as the school is unusually crowded this year.

Student—"What class did you enter?"

Prep—"I tried to enter 1st prep, but guess I'll fall back in 2nd."

The Y. M. C. A. at Millsaps College this year is unusually prosperous. They gave a reception to the students and faculty, and it was well attended, and voted by all to be the greatest success they had ever had. The ladies of town furnished the delicious refreshments served. The Y. M. C. A. has had, so far, 45 new members added. Meetings so far have been conducted by Revs. J. B. Hutton and J. R. Countiss, and Mr. Purcell, in which talks were made by Professors Ricketts and Moore.

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone. (Call again.)

Mr. C. Norman Guice was on the campus for a few days after the opening looking as sweet as ever.

Mr. Moore, representing D. L. Auld & Co., was among the fraternities, with samples of beautiful "frat" jewelry. Mr. Moore reports having had success at Millsaps College.

Leon Czolgosz—I mean Holloman—O, well, anyhow he has been here several times since school opened.

It rids us of a big pane to note that Mr. Glass will not return this year.

A boxing club is forming and so far has many enthusiasts. We will have a splendid instructor in Professor Young.

Mr. J. S. Ewing, class 1901, was with us a few days mingling with his many friends. On being asked what he had been doing since he graduated he simply aswered, "bummin' 'bout." For the translation of that term I refer you to Hinds and Nobles.

Professor—"Have you matriculated yet?"

Student Green—"No, sir, I left it at home."

COLLEGE COLORS.

Tho' his neck was red,
As well as his head,
You could tell at a glance he was green.
But after he'd busted,
And being disgusted,
He was blue as could plainly be seen.

While everything at Millsaps College is so bright the literary societies have been doing their share. Both societies have initiated over fifty men altogether. The officers of them are as follows:

Of the Lamar:

President—A. J. McLaurin, Jr.

Vice President—D. C. Enochs.

Secretary—W. C. Bowman.

Censor—A. M. Ellison.

Treasurer—"Judge" Austin.

Cor. Secretary—L. R. Featherstone.

Critic—A. S. Cameron.

Of the Galloway:

President—W. L. Duren.

Vice President—J. R. Countiss.

Recording Secretary—H. B. Heidelberg.

Ass't Secretary—R. E. Bennett.

Treasurer—F. E. Gunter.

Cor. Secretary—E. G. Mohler.

Critic—W. A. Williams.

Millsaps is getting sadly behind the times in the way of out door fun; even Belhaven is ahead of us. They play basket ball (rougher and more fun than foot ball) every evening and are enjoying their only young and college days, while we will have nothing to remember but a few grim text books, and I doubt if we remember them.

The entertainment at Belhaven is reported to have been a grand success, though none of the boys seem to know what the humorist said, and few know what kind of looking man he was; and some even saying that they never saw him. More stupid boys could not be found, and it certainly casts a reflection on the intelligence of the students. Incidentally it might be mentioned that Belhaven is a college for pretty girls.

Although the faculty and Conference passed against football, Millsaps is still in the athletic field. The marble and mumble peg teams have organized and gotten in excellent trim, although our coach has not arrived. A class mumble peg game was played the other day and was witnessed by a large crowd of excited spectators. Some of the principal points of the game are here recorded: Sophs, pitch off; Jones, of the Fresh's team, takes the blades and sticks for fifty yards (high excitement); Smith fumbles the peg, and amid loud shouts of the excited crowd Brown falls on the blades and gets stuck; the rest is too exciting to record. Millsaps claims the championship of the United States on the two aforementioned games, and has dates with Harvard and a few other insignificant schools which don't know a rough game when they see it.

THE COLLEGE WORLD

J. R. COUNTISS, Editor.

To the Students, to Fellow-Members of the Collegian and to our Contemporaries—Greeting and best wishes for your success.

With pleasure the newly appointed editor enters upon the task of reading our worthy exchanges; but we sadly feel our incompetency as a reviewer and critic. However, we shall cheerfully attempt to do our part in the very important work of bringing college men to see themselves as others see them. We shall endeavor to be just and helpful, making our criticisms open and specific. We hope to have a profitable year with our contemporaries and shall try to make THE COLLEGIAN worthy of a place among the best of them.

The "*Mississippi College Magazine*" comes out in good time this month and is a credit to the College. The leading article, "Shall Justice Triumph," is a suggestive discussion of mob violence. The appearance and force of the article would have been improved by more attention to paragraphing. The "Theological Department" seems out of place, since the College has no such chair. A Y. M. C. A. department would seem more natural and less pretentious. We welcome our neighbor to our sanctum and hope that the friendly relations between Mississippi College and Millsaps College may continue during the present year.

The *Mississippi College Magazine* advertises J. Youngblood, Tailor; Cleaning and Die-ing. Should any of our students have occasion to die, they will please call on Mr. Youngblood to do it for them, regardless of cost. This

editor would like to witness the performance, though it is always sad to see *young blood* die.

"*The Harvard Monthly*" contains several articles of merit. One would suspect that most of its matter comes from the pens of graduates. The best poem is on "A Crucifixion of Veronese." "Ramblers about the College Yard" is a sketch of the Harvard that used to be. "*Vanity Fair*" and "*Becky Sharp*" is a piece of high-class literary criticism. "*Sailor Jack's First Voyage*" is the best short story on our table this month.

"*The Reveille*" is a modest weekly from Louisiana State University. We find its editorials sensible, and the letter from the Philippines by A. H. Hugurt ('99) one of the best we have seen from those islands.

"*The Alpha*" is a neat magazine and has a good assortment of matter, barring its lack of stories. Its two poems are altogether readable.

"*The Emory and Henry Era*" serves its readers with an appetizing assortment. Its one story, "*Touchee*," is nothing if not tragic. The author hurried the story as if the actors were obliged to catch a train, while, as a matter of fact, they had nothing to do but die—the whole lot—and men do not usually hasten to perform that duty. The opening article argues the solution of the negro problem, not on the ground of Christianization or education, but political subordination. The "*Ode of the Hammock*" is a clever bit of verse, while the "*Spheroid Carrier*," by the same author is too long for its value. Excellent cuts of the literary society halls add to the attractiveness of the number.

Thursday, Oct. 5, 1901, was Benefactor's Day at

Trinity College. Addresses were made and gifts and donations announced aggregating about \$70,000. Fortunate Trinity!

J. Pierpont Morgan has recently given Harvard University \$1,000,000. Yale College has obtained pledges to the amount of \$2,000,000 as a bicentennial fund.—Atlantic Ed. Journal.

Just as we go to press we receive attractive copies of the *University of Mississippi Magazine* and *The Shamrock*. We cheerfully exchange.

A Chance for Local Coloring.

I knew a lass—

Her eyes were blue,

Her teeth were white,

Her lips were red,

Her hair was of the golden hue.

But now, alas! her eyes are red,

Her lips are blue,

Her hair is white,

Her teeth are of a golden hue;

For Father Time (the mean old thing)

Has changed the local coloring.

—University Unit.

Ancient Rules at Harvard.

From The Harvard Monthly.

The President and Fellows were empowered “to punish misdemeanors by fine or by whipping in the Hall openly, as the nature of the offense shall require, not exceeding ten shillings or ten stripes for an offense.”

“All Sophisters and Bachelors.....shall publicly repeat sermons in the Hall whenever they are called forth.”

"They shall be slow to speak, and eschew not only oaths, lies and uncertain rumors, but likewise all idle, foolish, bitter scoffing, frothy, wanton words, and offensive gestures.

"None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs"... "they shall studiously...observe... the special hour for their own lecture, and then diligently attend the lectures without any disturbance by word or gesture; and, if of anything in doubt, they shall inquire of their fellows, or in case of non-resolution, modestly of their tutors.

"No scholar shall buy, sell or exchange anything, to the value of sixpence, without allowance of his parents, guardians or tutors."

"No scholar shall take tobacco, unless permitted by the President, with the consent of their parents or guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner."

Imagine twentieth century students soberly smoking cigarettes on a physician's prescription!



A Senior Greeting.

We seniors who greet you are happy to meet you,
And tell you our story in rhyme;
Of great tribulations and hard examinations
We've had a full share in our time.
Through freshman we walked, through sophomore stalked,
While in junior we rode on an ass;
But now in the senior, with graver demeanor,
We're struggling to make us a pass.
The juniors they press us, the freshmen they bless us,
And praise us wherever they go;
But the sophomores claim with lofty disdain,
That only the sophomores *know!*

We entered vacation with greatest elation,
And hoped for a jolly good time,
With fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers,
And others who live in this clime.
But we scarce had begun it before we had done it,
So soon were the holidays ended,
And now we've a notion to enter a motion
For having the calendar mended!
This truth is quite sober: from June to October
Is the shortest bit of a span;
From October to June seems many a moon,
Though you "cut" as much as you can.
So, Chronos, pray heed us and kindly come speed us,
Till our days in college are o'er—
Speed the sun and the moon and bring us to June,
And we'll ask thee to speed us no more!

—J. R. C.

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W. B. MURRAH, President.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 4

JACKSON, MISS., NOVEMBER, 1901

No. 2

Thanksgiving.

Blest season when a nation's heart
With gratitude is filled;
When from a hundred thousand throats
Glad notes of praise are trilled—
Hallowed day when men behold
A gracious, bounteous store
And giving thanks to God for this
His blessings still implore.

'Tis well that at the harvest home
God should receive your praise.
But do you owe him less, I pray,
In summer's sunlit days?
Oh, wait not till the wintry blasts
Have withered all that's fair;
Nor till the hoary frosts of age
Have silvered o'er your hair
To render God the praise you owe.
Begin it while you may,
And so transform your life into
One glad thanksgiving day.

—J. R. C., '02.

"THE WITCH'S REVENGE."

A Legend of the Choctaws.

By W. A. Williams.

A long time before the red man was forced to leave his hunting grounds on the east side of the Mississippi and to seek a new home in the wilds of the West, there lived on the banks of the Yokanookany, old Grry Hawk, chief of one of the most powerful of all the Southern Indian tribes.

In the forest near by his wigwam there gently bubbled from out of the sand at the foot of a bluff, a little spring which had a most mysterious power. It imparted to those who drank of its waters wonderful strength, great courage, and a fleetness of foot which was not excelled by even that of the deer. Warriors from many tribes came from far and near to drink of the waters of this little spring.

For a long time the sole inmates of old Gray Hawk's wigwam had been he and his only daughter, a beautiful Indian girl, who had been the incentive to many a brave deed, and many a gallant young warrior on coming to the medicine spring, fell a willing victim to sweet Palila's charms. One day in the autumn, when the forest was all bedecked in crimson and gold, when the leaves seemed to vie with the color in Palila's cheek, she took her bow and quiver of arrows and wandered off into the forest. Palila inherited much of her father's love for the chase, and in her hands her bow rarely failed to bring down the red bird, with whose feathers she so much delighted to decorate herself.

In the pursuit of her flitting prizes she was unmindful of the distance she was wandering from her father's door, and too, that the sun had already sunk beneath the tops of the forest trees. When she became conscious of

this, she found that she had gone much further than she was accustomed to go. She turned around and slowly made her way back to the medicine spring. The ruddy glow of exercise was on her cheek, and she sat down on the bank of the little stream to rest; her unstrung bow and quiver of arrows lay at her feet, and by her side swung her little water cup, a horn rudely carved by an Indian brave who had been one of her many lovers; her coarse raven hair, untrained, half concealed her bare nut brown bosom, and on her tiny feet she wore a pair of moccasins beautifully embroidered, the work of her own hands, and decorated with the red birds' feathers.

Unconsciously she had lapsed into a pensive mood and sat quietly gazing into the water mirror beneath her. Suddenly she was convulsed with fear; reflected in the stream at her feet, she saw a panther crouching in the vines at the top of the bluff; his eyes glowed like balls of fire, two rows of shining teeth showed in his half opened mouth, and he was beating his tail against the ground like some wounded snake writhing in agony. For a moment she sat motionless, and then, as if suddenly realizing her peril, gave a leap for life. The beast, seeing his prey in the act of escaping, at the same time leaped from the bluff and fell into the middle of the stream with an arrow quivering in his heart. The maiden saw the arrow in the dying panther's side, and paused to see from where it had come. In an instant she saw a figure emerge from a cluster of vines near by, painted in the hideous colors of her father's haughtiest enemy, and again Palila's cheek grew pale with fear.

"Why do you fear, my pretty maid?" asked the gallant young stranger. "Think you I would take the life I have risked my own to save?"

Topashe gazed into the maiden's face with a winning smile which made her warm blood flow in sweet blushes, and with his gentle loving words drove away all trace of

Palila's fear. Soon he was telling her of his home far away to the North, among the rivers and lakes; how there were to be found all kinds of game, and where all the year the neighboring mountains were covered with snow. He told her of his chieftain sire who sat in his wigwam, and too, how he had chanced to wander so far away from home.

One day, he said, while out hunting he saw, not far away, something which looked to him like a little doe; it stood all alone upon the summit of a lofty mountain crag; it was as white as snow and did not seem to move a muscle. Silently he crept up the mountain side and fixed a polished arrow in his bow and raised it to his eye as if to shoot, but glancing down the arrow to see that it was rightly aimed, he saw the little creature vanish from his sight. Looking around he saw it again, but this time it was in the valley below, and as before motionless, gazing at him. He hastened down the mountain only to see it vanish and again to appear on another crag. This time more slowly and cautiously, trying to conceal himself behind the jutting rocks, he made his way up the mountain and again saw it vanish, next to be seen on a distant plain. Six days thus he followed it, lying down at night to rest, and rising on the morning with the sun, eager to renew the pursuit. Strangely enough the little doe was each morning to be seen on some neighboring cliff. As some poor bird, which, under the charm of a venomous snake, flits from tree to tree but cannot leave, so this poor creature would save itself but is held by some seeming charm of its pursuer.

On the eve of the seventh day, after having travelled all this time with only the berries by the way for food, Topasshe was almost persuaded to give up the chase and return to his father's wigwam, when on looking up, he saw the phantom standing on a mound within a bow shot's distance still gazing pitifully at him. With bated breath

but a warriors steady hand he placed a select arrow in his bow. raised it to his eye and shot. Even with the twang of the bow string, there arose a gentle moan from the place where the little doe had been. It had vanished. Topasshe thought he recognized the sound as being that of a departed spirit that had returned to this earth from the happy hunting ground, and he thought that some misfortune would surely overtake him for having pursued this spirit with evil intent. He threw himself upon the ground and prayed to the Great Spirit to forgive him for having mistreated his messenger.

He looked around and realized for the first time that he had wandered far into the enemy's forests; he knew that the paint on his face would be recognized, and that he must conceal himself until nightfall, when he would make his way out of the forest back into his father's country.

He told Palila how each night he had concealed himself in some friendly thicket, and how that morning he sat down by the medicine spring, tired from his long night's journey, and how when daylight came he hid himself in the cluster of vines near by.

Before the youth had finished his story the moon had climbed up in the tops of the forest trees as if to warn Topasshe that it was time for him to go. With a swelling heart he gently pressed the blushing Palila to his bosom, then bending down sealed one long, sweet farewell kiss on the maiden's upturned lips, and as with a single bound vanished into the forest and was gone before Palila could realize what had happened, or indeed that she was now alone. She hastened on to prepare her old father's meal, and found him impatiently sitting by his fire muttering to himself, and wondering what had caused his child to be so thoughtless of his care.

A change came over the chieftain's child, she no longer lightly skipped around his wigwam singing the Indian dancing songs or wandered in the lone forest's shade; no

more did she delight to shoot the red bird or to chase the grey squirrel to his den; but a pensive light shone in her eyes, and often would she wander back to the dear loved spot where first her heart had felt the sweet, magic touch of love.

There in that clear little spring would she see a picture come and go; again she saw the dying panther with an arrow in his heart; again she saw the loved one emerge from the cluster of vines near by, and again she felt the burning kiss upon her lips and saw him disappear only to realize that she was alone, that it was all a dream.

Old Gray Hawk saw that his cherished flower was withering and attributed it to her close confinement along with her constant care over him in his feeble old age, or more likely, that she, like a mateless dove, was pining for some loved one. So he sent his trusted messenger, Spotted Deer, to White Wolf, saying that at the opening of the hickory buds he might come and take his daughter for his bride.

Winter came and passed, and with the passing came the Spring which warmed into life every flower but one, and that one had been frozen by the chill of a broken heart, and was to be warmed into life by one fire only, and that the fire of Topasshe's love.

The nuptial eve drew near. Palila sought for the last time the dear loved spot under the bluff; never again could she wander down to the medicine spring and dream of her far away loved one. As she sat there for the last time, on the bank of the little stream, pouring out her soul in hot, briny tears, she heard a moving of the fallen leaves. Could it be he? Hope siezed her only to be cast down by the sight of Orodore, the old witch of the woods. Her face was hideously painted with berry stain, and in her hair was wound the skin of a rattle snake, and on her face she wore marks of that diabolical nature which characterizes the witch.

Palila saw her and began to flee. "Ah ha," shrieked the beldam, "the chieftan's daughter scorns old Orodore, whose body is bent low with grief, and whose forehead bears many a trace of pain. May that proud heart be torn with grief; may devils haunt your path and feast upon your soul in hell."

Palila gently turned upon her and said: "Nay do not curse the chieftan's daughter whose heart is already torn with grief."

"What hast thou to do with grief, whose every want has been supplied from childhood up; and now I learn you are even to marry a chieftan."

"It is that," said Palila, "which causes me my grief and pain."

"Ah, the girl loves one of humbler birth and scorns to tell her sire that she, his only child, has stooped so low as to bestow her love on one of low degree."

"The witch has spoken a lie," Palila said. "I know no rank, but the bad and the good. The youth I love is a chieftan's son, but a hated enemy of Gray Hawk's tribe—a Chickasaw."

"A Chickasaw!" the beldam cried, "how dared you meet a Chickasaw?" A hellish fire darted into her eyes. Palila would have fled, but old Orodore quickly turned her fiendish smile into one of winning grace. "Poor child," she said, "your fate may well cause your heart to bleed, but would you not once more see the face of him you so much love?" "I would," Palila fearfully whispered. "Then," said Orodore, "take this," and she took from the pouch by her side an earthen jar. "I alone know the secret," she said, "how to prepare this fluid from the water of the medicine spring. Take this, and at midnight quietly steal from your father's wigwam and go to the spring, and there make a little fire. Close by you will see a twig, to this securely tie the moccasin on your left foot, silently make six circles around the fire, then pour

the liquid from this jar into the blaze and soon you will see the one you so much love."

When Palila was out of sight the satanic fire again gleamed in old Orodore's eyes. "Ha, ha!" she said, "now I will have my revenge; it has been long coming, but it will be the sweeter for that. Little does she think that the old hag that begs from door to door is none other than Tuscora."

At midnight Palila gently stole from her father's wigwam and went to the medicine spring, and there with some dry sticks she kindled a fire from the coals she had brought with her; she then securely tied her moccasins to the twig, and began her course around the fire. Six times she made the circuit, and at the end of the sixth she took the jar, and with her trembling hands poured the mystic liquid into the blaze. A cloud of smoke black as midnight rose from the fire and wrapped itself around her body like a huge snake; there came a little puff of wind which blew the smoke from around her, and she saw standing near by the image of Topasshe, cold and impassionate, gazing at her with a look of scorn and disdain.

Palila's heart overflowed at the sight of him, and with a cry of delight she sprang to his arms, but ah! like the little doe, he could never be reached. As she advanced toward him he would mockingly recede and appear still further off. In vain she pleaded with him to take her in his arms and let her rest her fevered brow upon his warrior's bosom, but Topasshe remained silent, unmoved. Finally she gave up in despair and sat down upon the bank of the stream and wept aloud.

In the meantime old Orodore had hastened to Gray Hawk's wigwam and with piercing screams had roused him from his couch.

"Who dares disturb the chieftain's rest?" he said in angry tones.

"No matter now; make ready your good bow and go

quickly to the medicine spring, for there the chieftain's daughter has met her Chickasaw lover."

Old Gray Hawk took down his bow that for many moons had remained undisturbed, quickly strung it, tied his quiver by his side, and with cat-like tread was soon on his way to the medicine spring.

By the flickering gleam of the fire light he saw two figures near each other. The hated Chickasaw seemed on his knees pleading for his daughter's love. All was still and silent save for the maiden's gentle sobs. He quickly drew from his quiver a barbed arrow and placed it in his bow. He glanced down the dart to make sure that it was aimed at the stranger. Cautiously bending his bow and again making sure his aim, he let go the arrow, when a cry rang out through the forest which pierced the old man's heart like ten thousand arrows. He had made too sure his aim, the arrow was rangling in Palila's heart. He lifted his child upon his arm, pulled the arrow from her bosom and tried in vain to staunch the crimson tide that was flowing with his darling's life away.

He saw that all hope had perished and overcome with anguish threw himself prostrate upon the ground at Palila's side. "Ha, ha!" came a shrill voice from the forest, "have I brought you down at last? Do you remember the day in this very wood, near this very spot, when Tuscora threw herself at your feet and pleaded for your love? You cast her aside and scorned the love she gave you, and married her sister, Turtle Dove. On your wedding morn Tuscora went into the forest and you never heard of her again; you thought her dead, but I tell you, Tuscora stands before you now. I swore revenge and now I have it. You thought you saw a hated enemy standing near your child, but I tell you it was only a phantom which I conjured up this very hour. Ha, ha, have I at last brought you down? Ha, ha, ha!"

LITERARY REVIEW.

Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" was published simultaneously, in different editions, in all of the following countries. England, the Colonies, United States, Canada, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. It is said to be a little disappointing to most of its readers as, to tell the truth, is characteristic of quite a great deal of Kipling's work.

Miss Bertha Runkle's novel, "The Helmet of Navarre," has suffered the fate of its contemporaries in that it has been dramatized. The work was done by Mr. Lawrence Morston; how well we cannot say.

It is said that the preparations for its production are moving along very smoothly. So much so that the superstitious are beginning to fear that the unusually good beginning is indicative of a bad ending. Whether or not they are justifiable in their beliefs remains yet to be seen.

In "Lazarre," Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has given us a novel of unusual power and interest. It is not what we may call a great novel, but it is far above the average. The story is based upon a tradition rather than any historical fact. History tells us that the French Dauphin, Louis XVII, died in prison, but there are grounds for believing that a dead peasant boy was passed for the body of the Dauphin and that the real Dauphin was secretly carried to America. Upon this tradition for a groundwork Mrs. Catherwood has constructed her "Lazarre." How the Dauphin found who he himself really was; how he set out to win a kingdom for love's sake, and for love's sake renounced it, that is the tale. Mrs. Catherwood's manner of dealing with the Indians and frontier

life reminds one strongly of Cooper, while her gay French court with its lords and ladies savors of Dumont.

Upon an eminent literary man becoming our president it is befitting that we should give a brief sketch of literary work. Mr. Roosevelt is far better known for his work in this field than any of his twenty-four predecessors. The main body of the writings of our presidents heretofore have been in the form of legal documents, addresses, messages, etc., all of which possess a degree of literary merit, but Mr. Roosevelt is the first to pursue literary work in earnest for the satisfaction to be derived therefrom. It is not likely that his pen will be as productive in the future as it has been in the past from the fact that executive business will occupy the greater part of his time, the abatement being due to this and to no indisposition on his part. His past work has been remarkable for its variety. His political works include "American Ideals," "The Strenuous Life" and Essays on Practical Politics." His first work of importance was "The Naval War of 1812." His later works are mostly thrilling incidents of personal adventure on the western ranches and elsewhere. Mr. Roosevelt takes with him to his desk that same persistent, untiring energy so characteristic of all his public work. It is really remarkable that a man of his age being all the while actively engaged in various pursuits, should have found time to make so many valuable contributions to our literature. Notable among his works are his two volumes in the series of American statesmen, "The Lives of Thomas Hart Benton and Gouverneur Morris." His entire works have been brought out in an *edition de luxe* as well as in popular form.

The Country In Autumn.

When the gold is on the hick'ry,
and the russet's on the oak;
When the fields are white with cotton
and the hills are blue with smoke;
When the sassafras is crimson
and the maples are aglow,
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go!

When the chinquapins and chestnuts
are a-droppin' in the brush;
When the grapes are hanging purple
and the apples are ablush;
When the "scalybarks" fall thumpin'
on the grass and leaves below;
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go!

When the golden rod is flamin'
and the crickets keep a whirl
Like the rattlin' of the filberts
in the dry, half-open burr;
When the bees have stored their treasures
and are dronin' soft and low,
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go!

When bob-white is in the cornfield
with his piump full-feathered tribe,
And the hungry hawk sits frettin'
at the saucy jaybird's gibe;
When the woodpeck, good provider,
makes his journey to and fro,
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go!

When the corn has caught the color
of the pumpkins on the vine;
When the possum goes a-roamin'
for the luscious muscadine;
When the chatter of the blackbirds
greet the cawin' of the crow,
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go!

When all nature goes to sportin'
with the scarlet and the gold;
When the burning heat of summer
flies before the autumn cold;
When the richest harvests ripen,
and the choicest flowers blow;
Oh the country's in its glory,
and it's there I'd like to go.

—J. R. C., '02.



MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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Alumni Editor.

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EDITORIALS

The conditional appropriation of Congress, and the undertaking of the construction of a deep-water harbor at Gulfport, Miss., by the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Co., has made that city the center of considerable interest, and has caused much speculation as to the probable effect of the success of the enterprise.

Every Mississippian who feels concern for the commercial future of his commonwealth, is deeply and vitally interested in the success of the proposed Ship Island harbor. It is a commendable ambition that Mississippi shall hold supremacy in the commercial possible future of the gulf states; and it is entirely possible that this ambitious dream

may be realized. There are many conditions which make the harbor desirable, and almost necessary, and there are many favorable indications as to its future. The dangerous condition or unfavorable location of all the other gulf ports are points in favor of the Mississippi harbor.

The length and shallowness of the Mobile bay, and the sinuous path of the channel which has been dredged through the bay, and which must be marked by floating buoys make shipping unsafe, and at times even perilous. In addition to this there is a continuous deposit brought down by the rivers, tending to fill up the channel.

New Orleans has the advantage of direct communication with the great interior region of the United States, but the divided mouth of the Mississippi river and the continuous deposit of sediment make the passes so shallow that the largest vessels do not enter at all, and others do so at considerable risk. Beside the danger there is the item of expense incurred in contracting and repairing jetties, dredging etc., and this is no insignificant consideration.

Galveston has the best harbor on the gulf coast, but it is not centrally located, and as a consequence can not keep pace with an equal competitor more centrally located.

At Gulfport there are no rivers to bring down sediment and fill up the channel when once dredged. It occupies, not only the central position of the Mississippi coast line, but of the entire gulf coast of the United States as well. It is also a fact worthy of mention that the current between Ship and Cat Islands, during a period of ten years, cut the channel a considerable distance toward Gulfport, and this natural excavating of the channel caused the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Co. to make this point the terminus of their road.

The channel has been dredged to a depth of nineteen feet, and in the near future a depth of twenty-four feet

will be secured. Only one question remains to be answered, and the fate of the harbor will be known. That question is as to the geological formation at the bottom of the sound. If this proves to be the original clay strata, and not a sandy deposit, the channel will be a success. When time proves the permanence of the work, the conditional appropriation will be paid to the contractors, and Mississippi will enter upon a new commercial career.

Not a little is being thought and written, at this time, upon the character, the underlying principle, and the probable effect upon the after life, of modern college politics. Much of this writing and thinking is based, not upon mere speculation, but upon actual observation.

This phase of college life has come to be of no little importance. The politics of a college may stop with a healthful rivalry, but it often adds to the complexity of college problems. It makes authority less respected, and discipline, as a consequence, less effective; and it assails the harmony of all elements.

So long as the principle which gives rise to politics is pure there can no evil result from it. But this purity of politics can be maintained no longer than the individual is the unit, for whenever an unvarying organization of men, with or without name, becomes the unit of political influence all individuality is lost, and personal qualities cease to appeal to us in such a way as to be the determining factor in shaping our conduct.

Such a degradation of ideals makes college politics an evil that presents problems for serious reflection. The young man thus tutored goes forth to the performance of his duties as a citizen, and the ideals formed in such an unwholesome atmosphere restrict his freedom of thought and action throughout life.

Let us have no such one-sided development, but rather

let us develop a character and ideals that shall be symmetrical and strong.

The problem of Reconstruction in the southern states was, perhaps, the most vexatious and difficult of all the problems which have been presented to our government for solution. And even after reconstruction was accomplished there were many knotty questions, and among others this one: Who is able and who will fairly and impartially record the events of this period of sectional bitterness and political chaos?

For a long time this task was left almost entirely to Northern historians. By far the greater number of those who have written of this period were unable, on account either of personal bias or lack of necessary information, to do this work acceptably. But Mississippi, in the person of Mr. James Wilford Garner, is able, after so long a time, to furnish her own historian for this period. Mr. Garner was reared in Pike county, and being a young man, is sufficiently removed from the tragic drama of Reconstruction as to have none of the personal bitterness of those who were parties and partisans, in feelings, if not in actions, on one side or the other.

The book, "Reconstruction in Mississippi," is a scholarly production. It deals with the situation with unusual candor, and yet is remarkably free from galling expressions.

The great number of official records and newspaper files examined, as shown by the numerous citations, is evidence of a faithful searching for truth. We hope that this work may meet with a favorable reception everywhere, and especially in Mississippi.

Out door sports seem to come and go with the season at Millsaps. Boxing, fencing, tennis, baseball and football seem to have served their turn and gone, and in their

stead we have golf. A number of lovers of sport in the city and at the college have organized a golf club, with Judge Edward Mayes for president. What will we have next year?

Tatius—"The most learned letters in the alphabet are the 'y's.'"

Cladius—"Yes, but the most attractive are the i's."—
Vox Wesleyana.

Professor—Derive the word virgin.

Bright Student—Vir, a man, gin, a trap, virgin—a man trap.—Ex.

She came, she saw, she conquered,
But I was not her foe,
I came, I saw, was conquered,
And now I am her beau.—*Ex.*

Sunset in Albermarle.

The yellow moor, the purple peaks,
The silvery lake below,
The cottage with its wreath of smoke,
All bathed in afterglow.

Deep pity for the weary man
Whom worldly cares enfold,
Who has no eye nor ear for else
Than sight or sound of gold ;

Who never heard the clear halloo
Of the cowboy to his care,
Nor listened to the woodman's strokes
Ring on the tingling air ;

Who never drank the crystal breeze,
Nor glowed as ruddy health
Leapt from his heart and through his reins—
What does he know of wealth ?

[R. F. M., in University of Virginia Magazine.

THE COLLEGE WORLD

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is a high class college monthly which affords a fine field for literary aspirants among the university students. It contains a careful review of "Four Early Essayists of England," "An Unrealistic Romance," which does not have the "usual ending," a stirring "Plea for Southern Letters," a well told "Legend of Spook Island." Six poems, two or three stories, the departments, and a choice lot of clippings make up a number well worth its price to an outsider, to say nothing of college students. We are not Puritanic, but couldn't our friends dispense with the saloon advertisement and still get out quite as good magazine? We think college boys have temptations enough at best.

All Mississippians should feel proud of the A. and M. College, which ranks third among like institutions in this country. The newly opened textile department is the best equipped in the South, and is turning out varieties of goods never before made south of Mason and Dixon's line. Samples are sent out in the current issue of the *College Reflector*. They are of excellent quality and augur well for the future of cotton manufacturing in Mississippi.

The *Emory Phoenix* is one of our best exchanges. Evidently the students cooperate with the staff to make the magazine a success. The contributions of stories, sketches, poems and reviews are of the same high standard as the departments. It contains more poetry than any other magazine on our desk and much of it shows good taste and earnest effort. "Odds and Ends" hardly upholds the standard of "Out of the Ginger Jar."

Why do so many exchange editors persist in sending out each month a long list of exchanges and acknowledgements? Sending a magazine in return is sufficient acknowledgement and also a sufficiently clear invitation to exchange. No one is entertained by a list of exchanges and blank space would look better.

The winning speech of our Mr. W. L. Duren in the Southern contest at Monteagle is printed in full in the October number of the *Trinitonian* of Tehuacana, Texas.

Vox Wesleyana from far off Manitoba seems never to feel the chill of Canada winters, so cheering and spicy are its editorials and sayings. We welcome this northern visitor to our sunny southland.

Mississippi spends about one-half her revenue in education and puts more money into negro education, according to wealth and population, than any other state in the union. Yet we are called barbarians and haters of the negro.

Armour Institute, which had six hundred girls in attendance last year, declares against coeducation and begins the present session minus the fair sex.

It is said to be cheaper to attend a college having an endowment of half a million dollars than to attend one having ten millions.

Emory College has made a fad of "no intercollegiate football" since 1897. But she now does the proper thing in allowing those men to play who have permission from their parents. After two years of abstinence, Centenary also finds it wise to return to intercollegiate athletics.

The five men who rank highest among the cadets at West Point are all from the South and two of them are from Mississippi. Good for "Ole Miss!"

GRIT AND GOLD

There are laws oppressive, useless, and beneficent. We mention these to note that men enter upon a course of ruin by first breaking oppressive laws, then useless laws, and finally all laws, as temptation urges. The statute books of Mississippi are loaded down with useless laws which may be broken with impunity anywhere and in the presence of any officer. This begets indifference or even hostility to law, and ends in total disregard of civil authority. A session of the legislature spent in repealing laws would be vastly better than one spent in lawmaking.

Control of conduct in detail is incompatible with freedom and highly developed civilization. Authority must come from principle, not *ex cathedra*. Hatred of authority and love of good principles are alike deep rooted in the human heart. Let those who would control appeal to principle.

A multitude of college rules are made for publication in catalogues and announcement on public occasions to frighten unsophisticated youths. No penalty for their violation is attached and no executive attends to their enforcement. For instance, why make a sweeping law against leaving the campus within certain hours, knowing that every man will go at his pleasure.

College men should have college government—government by principle, and pray what principle is violated in going to town day or night?

Theater-going and loafing can be condemned by the faculty without recourse to positive prohibition. "But

the boys!" Yes, the boys should be in a separate department and under rules suited to their tender years. Fortunately Millsaps College now has ample room for two separate departments and it is to be hoped that those in authority will see this "long felt want" is supplied.

Don't judge a man by appearance. A homely bee from an ugly hive in the back-yard will make honey, while a beautiful wasp from a palace will sting.

Solomon said "whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing," and straightway took for himself a thousand of the aforesaid help-meets. Later he added "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Even a good thing may be overdone.

Strange that the man who rides a pony through college rarely has horse sense.

Found on a Fly Leaf of Bingham's Book.

I have eaten the sweets stored up by the bee
 I have drunk of the wine from far over the sea,
 I have tasted the nectar a proud monarch sips,
 But found nothing to equal my darling's own lips.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Exams! Exams! They are making their appearance already.

Mr. L. M. Gaddis is among us again, after being sick for two weeks with slow fever. This is the first real sickness among the students, though we get awfully sick sometimes when we "went to the show."

Dr. Moore invited the whole student body out to see the stars through the new James telescope. Speaking for the students I can truly say that we certainly appreciate his kindness, and also the trouble he has gone to in explaining to us what we saw.

It is rumored about that the large fertilizer factory was built near the college for the especial benefit of a few of the student's moustaches.

A baseball game was played between the Jackson boys at Millsaps and Mississippi College. It sufficeth it to say "they cleaned us up."

A violent explosion occurred in the chemical laboratory which was heard all over the campus. Mr. F. R. Smith had collected a large quantity of hydrogen in a gasometer preparatory to performing an experiment. By accident the gas was lighted, and being impure, exploded with a tremendous noise. Mr. Smith and his deskmate were knocked down, but nothing was hurt, if we except a pocket book.

Mrs. Howell, our librarian, has placed in the library a box in which she asks the students to contribute for the benefit of the orphanage at Water Valley. This collection

will go toward their Thanksgiving day "box". All the students are contributing liberally

Mr. I. E. Colts has been home for three weeks on account of a sprained ankle.

"Don't be backward about coming forward" and subscribing for the Collegian.

Modern Miss Muffett.

I went down one night to—see Ida,
A beautiful State street re—sider;
And as she sat drinking her—cider
I calmly sat down be—side her;
Though she started when I—spied her,
She wasn't Miss Muffet, nor I the—spider.

At first it couldn't be accounted for that "Tillie" was so afraid of water; but it was learned the other day that he "knew" a girl by the name of Miss "Rivers"; this fully accounts for it.

Rev. W. M. McIntosh, President of Grenada College, delivered an excellent sermon to the students in the college chapel recently. The chapel was well filled, and all were deeply impressed with the touching little incident of his own life. It is hoped that we may have him with us again soon.

The Jackson golf club has extended to the students of Millsaps an invitation to join them in their sport. The students sincerely appreciate this invitation, and many have already joined. The links are just above the campus and of course will be very convenient for the students.

The Y. M. C. A. has now reached a n enrollment of ninety members, six having joined last Friday night. This is the largest roll they have ever had.

It is rumored that we will have two new professors in the faculty soon. We are certainly gratified to hear this,

as we have been in need of them for a long time, seniors having filled their would be places up to this time.

Mr. B. Z. Welch has gone home on account of sickness. When last heard from he was recovering.

The trustees of the college will meet soon to finish the business transactions for the purchase of Jackson College.

In the Literary 'Societies' officers have been elected for both the anniversary and commencement occasions. In the Galloway the following were elected: J. R. Countiss anniversarian; F. E. Gunter, first orator; C. M. Simpson, first debater; A. A. Hearst, second debater. In the Lamar the following were elected: A. J. McLaurin and C. D. Potter, debaters; Allen Thompson and O. W. Bradley, anniversarian and orator respectively.

The Freshman and Sophomore classes have elected their officers for the coming year; they are:

For the Freshman:

- President—W. D. Hughes.
- Vice President—E. G. Williamson.
- Secretary—M. S. Pittman.
- Treasurer—W. W. Graves.
- Historian—S. R. Flowers.
- Poet—J. W. Booth.

For the Sophomore:

- President—W. C. Bowman.
- Vice President—S. M. Graham.
- Secretary—L. P. Wasson.
- Treasurer—T. M. Bradley.
- Historian—J. S. Purcell.
- Athletic Manager—H. A. Wood.

Patronize the firms who have advertised with us; they are the best in the city.

Mr. J. T. Leggett and Miss Josie Featherstone were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage in Hazel-

hurst, Miss., on Monday, November 11. The marriage was to have taken place in Jackson, but Mr. Leggett was taken quite sick a few days before the appointed time and was consequently unable to travel. Neither of the couple wished to postpone the marriage and the bride, also wishing to be with him during his illness, went to Hazelhurst in company with her mother, where they were married in the presence of a few friends. Miss Featherstone has lived for a number of years in Jackson, and during that time has won the admiration of her many friends. She is of one of the oldest and best known families in the South. Mr. Leggett is at present pastor of the Methodist church in Hazelhurst and has an enviable standing in the Mississippi conference, of which he is a member. THE COLLEGIAN extends to them congratulations and best wishes for a life filled with unalloyed happiness.

At a meeting of the Senior class the following members were elected officers: J. R. Countiss, president; C. M. Simpson, vice-president; A. L. Fairley, secretary and treasurer; Pope Jordan, historian; G. M. Galloway, poet; W. L. Duren, orator. A class pin was also adopted. After a short discussion it was decided to follow the example set by the best known universities and colleges in the country by wearing at commencement the Oxford cap and gown.



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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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No. 3

For the Honor of His Country.

By Wm. L. Duren.

In the southwestern portion of Carroll county, Mississippi, in April, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, there lived a widow, Mrs. Simms, and her son, Donald Simms.

At the death of Mr. Simms, Donald and his mother were not wealthy in any sense, but they had enough to make life comfortable and easy. They had a good country home, the house was a cozy little cottage situated on the eastern side of a gentle slope. A large lawn was just in front, and the yard was filled with flowers of almost every variety.

Donald had always been a manly little fellow; he was disposed to be courageous and just in all things, and his unselfish devotion to his friends made him liked at school and everywhere else; but what might be regarded as the most remarkable of his manly traits was his regard for his parents. His father died when he was but twelve years old, but notwithstanding his youth he seemed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and to understand that he looked upon life from a different viewpoint from that which he had occupied while his father lived.

So in assuming the new position, and the greater responsibility, Donald displayed the same manly spirit and courage that had distinguished him before. The morning after the burial of his father he was up early and out about the place seeing to the countless little things that

must be done, and as he returned to the house for breakfast he met his mother in the doorway. Tears stood in her eyes, and it was plain that her heart was breaking with grief. Donald was not one of those boys whose heart is unresponsive, but the moment he saw the marks of sorrow upon his mother's face his own heart intuitively responded. He threw his arms about her neck and kissed her.

"Mother," he said, "you are sad and your heart is full of sorrow because father is dead. I know that I can't cure that; but you are uneasy and anxious about what will become of us and all that we have. I will take care of you, and I love you now for myself and father, too."

Mrs. Simms was unable to speak for some time, but at length she regained her composure, and pressing her boy to her bosom she said :

"Donald, how noble and good you are. I know that you love me, and that you will do all that you can to keep things going. You are the only one that I have to love now, and you are more to me than you know; but it seems that life must be so dark and dreary without the hand that has ministered to our wants for these twelve years."

"But, mother," said Donald, "everything will be all right after awhile; so let us look at the good side and try to forget that there may be another side."

"May it be so, my darling," said Mrs. Simms, "and I will try to see life from your place and make the best of the conditions that exist."

* * * * *

Six years had gone by since the morning Donald promised to care for his mother, and the home was still the same little cottage and the flowers were still there. He had kept everything in perfect repair.

Donald was just entering his nineteenth year, when the long struggle of the Cubans with the Spanish government had so enlisted the sympathies of the people of the

United States that the President interfered for peace and humanity. From the beginning Donald had been a great admirer of the Cuban patriot, and was much interested in the outcome of the war. When he read of the cruel and barbarious treatment of the insurgent prisoners by the Spanish it filled him with indignation and planted in him the desire to go to and aid the insurgents.

At last when the Spanish blew up the Maine and the United States declared war against Spain, Donald could be restrained no longer. His mother pleaded with him, and reminded him that he was her only comfort, and her only dependence for a support, and that there were others who could and would go to fight in the war, and whose services were not so necessary to the comfort and even to the existence of others. To all her pleadings he responded very kindly, but with an air of unchangeable resolution. He would reply to every argument: "The honor of *my* country is at stake and *I* must fight."

Mrs. Simms did not consent, but when she saw that resistance was useless, she silently submitted. Donald made provision for his mother during his absence. He protested that he would soon be back to the old home again, he kissed her good-bye, and soon was on his way to the front with the regular army. * * * * *

At El Caney and San Juan Hill Donald fought as bravely as ever a soldier fought, and when the fighting was over he was unharmed by an enemy's bullet. He wrote his mother a long letter in which he told her of the battles, and how the honor of the country had been defended, and that which was dearest, indeed sacred to her, that he expected to be at home in a short while.

Not long afterward Donald was stricken with fever. It seemed for some time that he would recover, but at the end of the third week he grew suddenly worse and died soon afterward. The last words that he said were: "Mother, it is all for the honor of my country." His

comrades wrote the sorrowful news to his poor mother. Her heart was broken and she died about six months later; and as she passed from this world of sorrows and disappointments to that home of eternal joy, she murmured: "He died for the honor of his country."

The Coward.

A coward he, but knew it not. And why?
 Afraid of life, afraid of death, he lived
 And feared. Uncertain one, too certain this.
 The duties placed on him in mortal's life
 By far too grievous were, thus did he think,
 And idly stands he by, nor ever durst
 Attempt to stem the tide adverse and swift
 That beats against the passive man of clay.
 He feared to fail and face th' unfeeling jeers,
 The condemnation dire, relentless sure;
 Th' unfav'ring critic's word he feared, and more—
 For e'en a friend's reproof of love and faith
 This weakling's soul appalled and sore depressed.
 But, that to live to suffer is, he could
 Not see. That difficulties must be fought,
 And ever battled with, if e'r o'ercome,
 A harsh decree of harsher fate to him
 Did seem. He cried that aged cry of yore,
 "The Fates to me unkind have been." Not so;
 For 'twas a weakling's mind, a weakling's soul,
 That bore thee down. Curse not "th' unfeeling Fates"
 For crimes that are in truth thine own.

—*R. K. M.* in Randolph Macon Monthly.

ROBERT MORRIS.

As we scan the pages of history we are greatly impressed by the many ways by which people have lent a helping hand to the making of our proud nation. Some have indelibly written their names in the hearts of the American people by chivalrous deeds in war—such are Washington, Grant, Lee and many others. Some have made themselves illustrious in affairs of statecraft—such are Jefferson, Webster and Hamilton. Still others have nobly served their country in a more humble way. But there is no one who took part in the formation of our nation who better deserves the grateful remembrance of his countrymen than Robert Morris, a rich banker of Philadelphia, who, perhaps in the darkest and most critical period of the formation of the Union, pledged his fortune for his country's cause.

Robert Morris was born in Liverpool and came to Philadelphia when he was very young. By his diligence and activity he became the first millionaire of the United States. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, the firm of which he was a member was one of the largest and most prosperous merchantile establishments in Philadelphia.

Personally Mr. Morris was in great sympathy with England, for his interests required friendly relations with that country; yet, when England began to infringe upon the rights of the colonies he openly opposed such measures as the Stamp Act and the Non-Importation Act, though contrary to his own interests. He signed the Declaration of Independence and he served his country well in the Continental Congress from 1775-8. He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution, and also a member of the first Senate. When the new government was organized he was offered the post of secretary of the treasury, but declined and recommended Alexander Hamilton.

In 1781, when the colonies were almost in a state of anarchy and were without credit, and several colonies had recalled their representation from Congress and organized troops for the defense of their rigats against sister colonies, Robert Morris organized the Bank of North America and thus saved the country by establishing its credit. But in no period of his life does he more deserve the sincere admiration of all true Americans than when he supplied Greene with munitions of war for his campaign of 1781, which ended in such brilliant success that Cornwallis declared, "Another victory like this and I am undone." Again in the same year he raised one million, four hundred thousand dollars to assist Washington in his campaign, which resulted in the capture of Yorktown.

The last few years of Mr. Morris' life were not crowned with success and happiness as such a noble life deserves, for he failed in business and by the established law was confined in prison for four years. The American people can have no greater cause for shame than that this humble benefactor of the nation was permitted to spend the last years of his life within the cell of a Philadelphia prison.

F. E. GUNTER, '03.

Author of Backwoods Poems.

By W. A. Williams, '02.

Mississippi has few literary personages about whom one may write without taking on himself the task of an apologist. Indeed, so little literary work of merit has been produced in the state, that we are accustomed to make the all too broad assertion that there is no Mississippi literature. This statement we propose to excuse on the grounds of ignorance, so little investigation having been made along this line that what has been produced is not generally known. It is due to this, and not to a lack of merit that we are said to have no literature.

We do not claim a Longfellow or an Edgar Allan Poe, neither a Hawthorne nor a Cooper, but a number of both poets and writers of fiction may be mentioned who deserve a lasting, tho humble place in American literary history.

The subject of this short sketch is one of those too little known and recognized poets, who was contented

“To tend the homely slighted Shepherd’s trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse.”

Few facts are known concerning the poet’s life, and they may be briefly stated as follows :

S. Newton Berryhill was born October 22, 1832, near the little town of Lodi, in what is now Webster County, Miss. A short, tho excellent biography of his early life is found in the preface of his little volume of poems :

“While I was yet an infant my father, with his family, settled down in a wilderness where I grew up with the population, rarely ever going out of the neighborhood for forty years. Save what I learned from books and newspapers and from those into whose society I was thrown,

The little world in which I lived
Was all the world I knew.”

The old log meeting house described in one of his earlier poems was his *Alma Mater*, the green woods his campus. Notwithstanding his inauspicious surroundings he acquired quite a wonderful store of knowledge, becoming fairly proficient in Latin, Greek and French. He taught the neighborhood school for many years, during which time he wrote the great majority of his poems.

The surroundings of his early childhood have served to give a distinct color to all his work. While chasing the hare over the piney hills his eye did not fail to mark the wonderful symmetry of nature, nor his heart to be thrilled by the song of the mocking bird as he poured forth his melody in indiscriminate strains.

Sweet also to his ear was the voice of his hounds as

they trailed through the dense huckleberry undergrowth. These are the things which fashioned his nature and gave us the man to interpret them for those who cannot see and feel for themselves. Ungrateful we will surely be if we do not give to him the honor and praise which is his due.

About 1875 he moved to Columbus, Miss., and took charge of the *Columbus Democrat*, and it was in this paper that many of his poems were published for the first time. During his stay in Columbus he was elected county treasurer, which office he filled acceptably for two years. In 1880 he returned to Webster county, where he died Dec. 8, 1887.

Among his other excellent qualities he was a devout Christian man, going to his church as often as possible, where a few loving friends would lift him in his chair up the flight of steps and roll him down the aisle to a position near the pulpit. A volume of his works was published in 1878 entitled "Backwoods Poems." Only one edition of these poems was ever brought out, and copies of that are now rare, the writer possessing the only one he has ever seen.

The first thing that strikes one about his poems is the wonderful variety of versification. This will doubtless seem strange when we consider his meager educational advantages. These poems also serve to throw light on the character of the man. He had a keen appreciation of wit, as will be readily seen from his poem entitled "A Sketch." For lack of space we cannot give any of his poems. Many of them are on subjects relative to the South during the Civil war, of whose he was an ardent supporter. His love lyrics, too, form a large and important part of his work.

His work is not voluminous, but is of good quality. For the closing stanza of his last poem he writes :

My canvas is not full; a vacant space
 Remains untouched. To fill it were not meet.
 I'll leave it so—like all that bears a trace
 Of mean earth—unfinished, incomplete.

The writer will be recompensed a thousand times if,
 by this short, unpretentious sketch, some may be caused
 to take an interest in this poet's work.

A Family Row.

With Apologies to Hinds and Noble.

On the many-peaked Olympus
 Zeus and Hera had a rumpus;
 For the silver-footed Thetis
 Made great Hera mad as hades
 By seizing fast on Zeus' knees, sir,
 Than which what could more displease her?
 Then fair Hera thus addressed him,
 As with angry words she pressed him:
 "Tell me why so oft you grieve me—
 And this time you can't deceive me,
 For before you came up hither
 I beheld you sporting with her—
 Tell me why you go away, sir,
 And with other women play, sir?
 Why o'er all the world you roam, sir,
 And leave your lawful wife at home, sir?
 And your secrets—why conceal them
 When to me you should reveal them?"

Then great Zeus in voice of thunder:
 "Hera, mine, you greatly blunder,
 Since in your excess of lung, ma'am,
 I do not escape your tongue, ma'am;
 What is fitting you shall hear it,
 As your woman's mind can bear it.
 When I choose to speak apart, though,

Do not let it vex your heart so,
 Lest you, by any vain objection
 Alienate my heart's affection ;
 For I shall take upon my knees, ma'am.
 All the fair-cheeked maids I please, ma'am !
 Now listen well as I correct you,
 And sit you down as I direct you,
 Else all the gods upon this hill, ma'am,
 Shall not protect you from my will ma'am."
 Then ox-eyed Hera sweetly bending
 Gave this Grecian quarrel ending.

—J. R. C., '02.

Sunset.!

They sat in the days when the heart was young
 On the bench by the cottage old,
 And watched the sun as it sank to rest,
 Cast its shadows of red and gold.
 They listed to the song of a happy pair
 That sang from a tree by the moor ;
 And fleet-footed Time sped swiftly on
 As they sat by the cottage door.

But summers have come, yea, and summers have gone,
 And white winters with frosted brow.
 The hearts once young now too have grown old,
 And the birds fled ; but even now
 They hear in their heart e'en the same sweet song
 Of true love that never should end ;
 And happy they watch from the old, old bench
 The sun of their life descend.

P. Bernard Hill, '02, in Hampden-Sidney Mag.

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EDITORIALS

As the time for the opening of Congress approached, the eyes of the whole country were turned upon one man—the President. Even the humblest citizen was anxious to know what would be the nature of a message to Congress from one so “strenuously” eccentric. In the light of the past, we feel that this solicitude was not without foundation, for just what phase of the man would be manifested in this deliverance to the nation’s lawmakers was a matter of great uncertainty.

At last the message has been delivered, and we feel that to every man who is willing to forget all prejudice—personal, sectional and political—this message must pow-

erfully appeal for its strength, its comprehensiveness and its independent thought. The President pauses, as it were, to recite the conditions by which he was elevated to the position of chief executive of the nation, and to pay loving tribute to his lamented and unfortunate predecessor; and then, as if roused by duty's imperative call, he gracefully turns to meet the stern realities of the hour.

The President discusses separately and at length the problems which confront the American people. His remarks upon the subject of anarchy are pointed and clear. He does not debate the question as to the origin of anarchy, nor of what "conditions" the anarchist is the logical "product," but labels him and proceeds at once to prescribe a remedy to rid the country of these "malefactors" invoking "the great and holy names of liberty and freedom."

The part of the message devoted to national prosperity is wrought out upon sound economic principles. The President says in substance, that national prosperity does not come of legislative enactments, but that "the personal equation is the most important factor."

The recommendations with reference to insular possessions are, we think, liberal and consistent, but that part of the message which, in our judgment, deserves most commendation is the part devoted to civil service reform. We believe with the President that, where offices without political significance are to be filled by appointment, merit alone should form the basis of appointment, and that this should especially be the case with reference to appointments made in the Philippines. We heartily commend the message for its frankness, its conservative tone, its vigorous style and its mature thought.

The proposition to give the Federal courts jurisdiction over any man making an attempt, successful or

unsuccessful, upon the life of the President, or of those in line of succession to the presidency does not seem to us to be a wise suggestion. We do not think that the country can be too strong in its condemnation of anarchy, but while this is true there are other things to be considered beside the mere punishment of a criminal.

Leaving out all consideration of the theoretical invasion of the rights of the state, let us look at the question from a national point of view—as an expedient national policy.

When we think of the crime of the anarchist as a crime committed against the peace and dignity of the whole nation, it does, indeed, seem that the offended party should deal with the criminal; but when we remember that to hedge these officials about with special forms might cause a jealous reaction in the minds of the people and thus add to the malicious frenzy of the anarchist, we are brought face to face with question of expediency in its full force.

In a Democracy like ours equality before the law is essential to abiding peace and harmony, and the granting to the general government of powers of the nature contemplated in this proposition will always be regarded as a step toward the creation of an engine of oppression. The content of the American citizen today is largely due to the fact that, as a citizen, he is the peer of the highest official in the land. The humblest citizen feels a personal interest in the president because he regards him in his official capacity, as his own creation, and as his creature not above him in the regard of the law. Whatever legal enactments are thrown about the President will in some measure separate him from the ordinary citizen, and whatever powers are granted to courts directly or indirectly under his influence will cause jealous suspicions, the foundations of which were laid by those who suffered because of the power held by tyrannical princes.

The national government may legislate against the coming of the anarchist, and even against his seditious utterances, but so long as the State courts are efficient, we believe that the anarchist should be answerable to them for his attempt upon the life of those officials the same as for an attempt upon the life of the humblest citizen in the land.

Among the things to which a young man needs to give special consideration in college none is more important than his scholarship. This fact, however, is often neglected and there should be some means for giving it greater emphasis, as well as making due acknowledgement of the efforts of young men who distinguish themselves in this respect. Other things less important receive special recognition, and it is right that scholarship should receive recognition, too. Oratory and debating are given prominence and excellence in each is distinguished by a befitting badge, but the man who has neither the gift of eloquent speech nor marked debating capacity has nothing to commend him to the world. He may have been a faithful student and his class record the very best, while the scholarship of the man distinguished for debating or oratory may be inferior, still he cannot take precedence because he has nothing by which the fact may be known. While we do not believe in judgement based upon symbols, we do believe in justice and the claims of merit, and that this disparity should be adjusted.

Professor Young suggests the organization of a Greek letter society similar to Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, and that the requirement for membership be an average grade of 85 per cent. on the whole course to and including the first term of the senior year. He recommends further that members be distinguished by some simple badge, which should be conferred with appropriate ceremonies on some public occasion.

We heartily endorse the suggestion and hope to see the organization of the society accomplished, for we believe that it will improve the scholarship of all the students.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Another new book has made its appearance in which all Southerners should be interested. This is "Mistress Joy," a story of the eighteenth century, having a historical flavor, Aaron Burr being one of its characters. The scene is laid in Mississippi and New Orleans. The authors, Mrs. Annie Booth McKinney and Miss Grace MacGowan, are both Tennessee women, prominent in literary circles in that State. We should be interested in the work of these ladies because it is worthy of our consideration and because the scarcity of literary endeavor in the South is due to nothing more than the lack of support given work of this kind.

This brings to mind the subject of Southern literature, and the cause of this literary lethargy. What field was ever more frequent with legend and love worthy the pen of any genius than our own State of Mississippi? Why has not some poet immortalized the story of the Pascagoulas as Longfellow has Hiawatha? There is poetry even in the name. Then there, too, is the story of the Natchez Indians, and how many romances could be woven out of the traditions of the old French settlers! It can never be said that our country is lacking in material. Then why this lack of workers? There is but one answer. It is due to the lack of support on the part of the public. The idea seems to be prevalent that we must worship genius at a distance. Do you suppose that a modern monthly magazine of a high class could find support in the South? If not, why not? Enough magazines are bought and read, but we would buy those from the Northeast in preference to our own. When we get out of this way we may expect the development of a Southern literature worthy our land, and not until then.

Ernest Seton Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted" will be enthusiastically received by his many admiring readers. It may be expected to take its place side by side with his "Wild Animals I Have Known" in popular approval. These stories dedicated to the preservation of our wild creatures give life and activity and often hardly less than a distinct personality to the grizzly, the mountain ram, the coyote and the stag. Mr. Thompson has had many imitators, but his stories possess a charm which no others have, which cannot be successfully imitated. One of the most charming of all his stories is his "Trail of the Sand Hill Stag," in which he tells of the long chase of a huge buck by a hunter boy. Day after day in winter Yan follows the deer over the thick-wooded hills and valleys through the snow and ice and at last meets his beautiful hunted creature only to have his better soul rise up within him and forbid that he shoot. "We have long stood as foes," he said, "hunter and hunted, but now that is changed and we stand face to face, fellow creatures, looking in each other's eyes, not knowing each other's speech, but knowing motives and feelings. We are brothers, oh bounding Blacktail, only I am the elder, and if only my strength could always be at hand to save you, you would never come to harm. Go now, without fear to range the piney hills. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)



GRIT AND GOLD

Last month we took occasion to speak of some college rules not altogether to our liking. Perhaps, after all, they are but "a school master" to lead us to better things, and verily some among us need to be led to a higher conception of the duties of a college man. The man who blunders into his room at three o'clock in the morning is blundering at a good many other things and is likely to make a bungling make-believe at manhood. No decent student has business out at that hour, and our men should join the faculty in enforcing any rule that will drive vicious students (?) away.

No man may claim the right to do as he pleases and associate with other folk. When a boy comes to college he is bound by every tie that can appeal to a gentleman to uphold the honor of the college. Looseness of manners or morals is not only a reflection on him personally, but on his home, his college, his fraternity, his literary society, or whatever else he may be connected with. So far is this true that to register at some colleges is almost equivalent to parting company with one's good name, so odious have they become on account of the evil conduct of their students. Shall *Millsaps* be of this type? Her students alone have power to say, and we feel that they will speak, as they have spoken, in no uncertain tones.

The man who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct must be made uncomfortable here. He is a menace to the good name of us all. Let him feel the rebuke of indignation and the spur of encouragement to better things. Our *Alma Mater* is young, and we are her character builders. Let us, as students, labor diligently to give her the highest possible standing for moral influence and scholarship. In so doing we shall add stars to our own crowns.

Some students might much improve their grades if they would spend as much time in honest review of their studies as they spend in trying to "spot" the professors. When they miss the spot they lose heavily, and when they hit on the right thing they gain no real knowledge.

Besides this course leads to dishonesty on examinations, for when one has persuaded himself that a certain question will be proposed on examination there is immediate temptation to prepare notes for its answer. And the man who uses notes lies when he signs the pledge, steals what honors he gets from his honest competitors and defrauds the college out of a diploma. Moreover, he goes out into the world a contemptible weakling, creating everywhere he goes the impression that the college from which he hails does shoddy work and that all of its graduates are shams.

The students of all the best colleges are organized against such fraud and we hope to see *Millsaps College* students speedily united for the same purpose, that temptation may be removed from the weak and honors withheld from the unworthy. We are assured of hearty cooperation on the part of the faculty in stamping out in its incipiency what will otherwise grow to a shameful evil. What shall we do?



THE COLLEGE WORLD

Randolph Macon Monthly for November has a well written article on "Our Nation's Strength." "Sketches," or brief stories of incidents and adventures, might well be imitated by other college magazines, as this field seems to be neglected. There are other features of merit in this issue. The muses are making commendable efforts at Randolph Macon. Let them be encouraged.

Buff and Blue presents a neat appearance, and is ever welcome for its choice contents. We enjoyed "The Burro," "Nonsense" and "When Autumn Comes."

The debate published in *Blue and Gold* as to whether the United States will become an empire within twenty-five years seems to be a useless waste of printers' ink. The Magazine, as a whole, is creditable to the institution it represents.

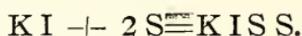
Give credit for your clippings, brother editors. When we find a good thing we want to know where it comes from. Last month one of our exchanges copied two articles from the *Collegian* and gave us credit for neither, even forgetting to attach to one the customary "Ex." On account of this lack of courtesy we are sometimes quoted by those magazines that fail to recognize our existence by exchanging with us.

If all the young "doctors" who are now suggesting remedies to Uncle Sam come to be "state physicians," he will have to take some bad medicine. Let us hope that his diseases are not so numerous as the proposed remedies. "Is it Well with the Republic," a prize oration in the *Emory and Henry Era*, points out in a striking way some

real dangers to our Nation. The same magazine contains some excellent poems, and a suggestive article on the dependent nature of George Eliot. "A Strange Escape" is well conceived.

Emory College is to have a Science hall to cost \$30,000. Of this amount \$20,000. has been subscribed. Emory has a great history, and, judging by the quality of her magazine, the present student body will do their part to uphold her honor and dignity in the years to come.

By a recent experiment it has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under pressure) with the following action :



Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive, and the reaction is very violent.—Ex.

The Distorted Mirror.

I stood before the glass of Jealousy,
 And in that troubled mirror saw the world,
 Turned upside down and topsy turvy whirled.
 Constancy was a fickle steam run dry;
 My dearest friendship but a pretty lie.
 I was myself the only steadfast friend
 On earth; all generousness was at an end,
 Of all alive generous alone was I.

Dry-eyed and powerless, silent there I stood
 And drank with eager lips the poison draught,
 Torturing myself, and revelling in the pain;
 Glorifying to feel along each burning vein
 Gall flowing fast where once had flowed my blood;
 Then at myself and the sick world I laughed.

L. P. C. in Union, Va., Magazine.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The 1901 Girl.

She sports a witching gown,
With the ruffles all around,
 On her skirt.

She throws a graceful kiss,
And that wink we'd hate to miss;
 She's a flirt.

She can eat more chocolate creams
Than were ever in her dreams,
 In a day;
And of oysters and such stuff
She can never get enough—
 When we pay.

She has as trim a waist
As an arm has ever graced,
 At a ball;
But she makes us think we're "it,"
When she hardly cares one bit,
 If at all.

So the rest look on near by,
And begin to wonder why
 All the beaux
Fly right down at her feet,
Like the bees around a sweet
 Little rose.

C. A. A., 1903.

Mr. Harvey Mounger, one of our old students, stopped over on the campus on his way to Natchez.

Mr. Graham, a former student and guard on the football team of Millsaps, died in Jackson of typhoid fever.

The Galloway Society has elected Mr. R. A. Meek, of West Point, to deliver the address at their anniversary occasion.

The noisest man in the faculty is MUCH-IN-FUSS; the professor who never gets enough of "Math" is DR. MOORE; the most nervous man of the faculty is RICKETTS; the youngest, of course, is MR. YOUNG, and the highest in the faculty, as well as at church is (the) BISHOP; and the most profane building anywhere near us is (a) "SWEARING-GIN."

Mr. W. T. Clark, alumni of 1900, spent several days on the campus with clubmates.

The tennis courts have been put in order and the students are taking a great deal of interest in this popular game.

What is the difference between Dr. Murrah and an engineer? One trains minds and the other minds trains. Eh!

An agent, representing Newman & Co., was on the campus with his "frat" jewelry the other day.

Friday night the Lamar Society will give a public meeting to their friends. This is one of the most enjoyable nights of the society year and is looked forward to with much pleasure. The Galloway Society will also hold its public meeting on January 10th.

Dr. Murrah and a few of the ministerial students have been absent from the campus for a few days attending the North Mississippi Conference.

Mr. H. M. McIlhany, the traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was on the campus for a day in the interests of this society. He conducted the chapel exercises that morning and held a special service at 6:30 p. m.

The Senior class this year has adopted the Oxford cap and gown and also a beautiful class pin. This is the first class in the college which has taken this step.

The second quarter officers of the Lamar Society are as follows: D. C. Enochs, president; H. A. Wood, vice-president; Luther Manship, recording secretary; G. R. Nobles, critic; Allen Cameron, chaplain; Pitman, censor; Sullivan, doorkeeper; L. Q. C. Williams, monthly orator.

On the night of December 3, Thompson and Potter, two of our seniors, presented to us at the Century Theater Mr. Edwin L. Barker in "David Copperfield." All the students had permission to attend. These two gentlemen extended to the students of the Blind Institute free admittance to the lecture.

We are all looking forward to the ten days holiday for Christmas with much pleasure. Nearly all the students will go home.

The Jackson football team which defeated Meridian on Thanksgiving Day undoubtedly owes its success to the playing of the Millsaps team last year. They are Messrs. Nall, Smith, Shields, Hyer, Thompson and H. F. Aby, who coached our last year's team.

A boxing and wrestling club and also a glee club are under discussion, and it is sincerely hoped that the students as well as the faculty can see fit to let this good "work" go on.

"RESOLVED, That the formation of another strong political party in the South would promote the interests of the South," will be the subject for debate on the occasion of the commencement debate between the societies. Messrs. McLaurin and Potter, of the Lamar, have the negative, while Messrs. Hurst and Simpson will speak on the affirmative for the Galloway.

Mrs. C. B. Galloway entertained in her usual delightful manner the Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma on the evening of Thanksgiving day. For the past five or six years Mrs. Galloway has entertained this fraternity on Thanksgiving Day, but last Thanksgiving was the first time that the girls have enjoyed her hospitality. It is needless to say that all present enjoyed it to the fullest extent, and those who were so fortunate as to be present expressed it as the most enjoyable affair of the season.

Lamar Literary Society Notes.

The Lamar, ever progressive, has again taken a page in the Collegian wherein shall be contained, in the future, condensed notes of such of her meetings during each month as shall seem to her to be of interest to both her alumni and friends.

The First Quarter has gone and the members have now settled down to work in earnest, each vying with the other to obtain for himself in a greater degree, of whatever benefit there is in debate.

November 15 the Society met, the President, A. J. McLaurin, in the chair.

After a splendid declamation by L. F. Barrier, the question "Resolved, That the Steel Strike of 1901 was Unjust" was debated by Messrs C. N. Hall, E. L. Field and H. L. Clark, affirmative, and Messrs. M. L. Culley, C. D. Potter and L. R. Featherstone, negative. The affirmative won.

December 6th the Society met, the President in the chair. The President, D. C. Enochs, was then installed and took the chair. The other officers were then installed.

After a good declamation by J. A. Alexander the question, "Resolved, That Party Allegiance is preferable to Independent Action in Politics" was debated, affirmatively, by Messrs. P. M. Hooper, J. W. Frost and H. L. Austin; negatively, by Messrs. O. C. Luper and L. Q. C. Williams, the affirmative winning.

December 13th the Society met with the president at the chair. This was the night of our public debate, in which we expected Belhaven, but owing to the enclmency of the weather very few visitors were present. Mr. L. R. Featherstone delivered the oration. Mr. L. Manship gave a declamation, and the question, "Resolved, That the world owes more to navigation than railroads," was hotly debated. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. O. W. Bradley, J. B. Howell and M. S. Pittman, and the negative by Messrs. H. A. Wood and H. V. Watkins. The committee gave the question to the affirmative.

D. C. ENOCHS, President.

L. R. FEATHERSTONE. Cor. Sec'y.

— —

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his Private Secretary.

Simmons—He did; but I wouldn't accept the position, because I would have to sign everything "Green, per Simmons."—Ex.



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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 4

JACKSON, MISS., JANUARY, 1902

No. 4

The Right of Way.*

A little while back a good deal was said about the great American novel. The irrepressible reviewer, tired of waiting for its appearance, impatient to foist his ideas, adapted to this novel, whence it might come or what it might be, upon a gossippy, dilettante public, was beforehand with his appreciations and reservations. So it has happened that we already know what this novel will be, how it will present to us the many phases of this varying life we are spending. *The Critic* and *The Bookman* have marked out a plain path so that he who runs may read, and he who reads, though a wayfarer, need not err. Still, the novel hasn't come, and less is said about it now than formerly. After all, we know that the great novel will not come with observation; for the great achievements in literature have never been made to order. Who knew the numberless, tangled influences, who understood the full, potent spirit that evoked a Hamlet from Shakespeare? Who, in the riotous days of the Restoration, knew that Puritan isolation and the calm fortitude of old age were ripening the greatest epic of our literature? The great novel will not come for the looking—nor for the needing.

But we do need a great novel. We should appreciate a great novelist; one who can be as conscientiously real as Howells and yet be lifted by a stronger idealism out of the paltry nothings of convention; one who has the warmth and color of style and the stern regard for consequences

* *The Right of Way*. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, 1901.

that Thomas Hardy has, without his blasphemous pessimism; one who will love humanity and appreciate the elemental emotions as Craddock does, but who will deal with the actual world in which thinking and reading people live; one who will have the elegant diction and rhythmic beauty of James Lane Allen under the direction of a dramatic imagination that Allen hasn't. We need a great novel now because a novel dealing with current life will represent with greater effect than any other form of written expression its complex conditions and phases.

The novel that has attracted more attention than any of recent publication is Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way*. It is, I think, more serious in intent than any of the late novels. It is a psychological novel; it deals with a very profound psychical question, the question of moral regeneration. There are thrilling incidents in the book, as the attack on Charley Steele in the saloon when he is thrown into the river, or the sleep walking of Kathleen toward the precipitous bluff, or the final tragedy in which the hero is shot; but incidents throughout are subordinate to the main motive, the moral revolution in Charley Steele's character.

The scene is laid in Montreal and in the Canadian French village of Chaudiere. The story is involved almost completely in the inner life and outward experiences of the hero, Charley Steele. He is, at the opening, a brilliant, dissipated young lawyer, unfeeling, cynical, and selfish, succeeding where he succeeds by his sharp intellect and his recklessness. He enrages some river men in a saloon until they attack him, beat him into insensibility, and throw him into the river. From this time, he is dead to the people of Montreal. But in the nick of time a retributive fate brings along Jo Portugais, a *coureur des bois* whom Steele had cleared from the charge of murder six years before. Jo rescues Steele and carries him in his boat miles below to his cabin outside the village of Chau-

dier. Steele wakes from insensibility to a cataleptic state in which all memory is lost; for months he remains so, as simple, temperate, and contented as a child. A surgeon from France, a brother of the Cure, is brought to see him; he performs an operation and restores his mental health.

On the very evening after Steele regains his memory, he is brought to realize the time that has elapsed since he was in Montreal when, by chance, he reads in a paper that his wife has married again. There had never been any love between her and Steele; she had always loved the man she had just married; Steele had felt nothing more than pride in her. But the discovery of this event has determined a changed life for Steele. To return would bring shame and terrible trouble to all with whom he had been connected. Besides, Billy Wantage, the unprincipled, trifling brother of his wife, had forged his name to notes. The disappearance of Steele saved Billy from exposure and shifted the responsibility for evident crooked dealing to the supposedly dead man's shoulders. A certain proud regard for his wife's feelings made Steele shrink from the exposure of Billy's dishonesty. Then, too, a changed life of a faint and undetermined force was subtly awakening in Steele's character. The long physical rest in the quiet and freshness of nature had separated him from the old dissipated, artificial life, and had brought to him some relish for the simplicity and unaffected brotherliness of the isolated village of Chaudiere. And here, as a village tailor, a useful citizen, and as the passionate lover of Rosalie Evanturel, his life is worked out.

The motif of the book here becomes apparent. Take a man who is intellect wholly, who is moral only in a certain fairness of mind; let him be selfish, reckless, dissipated, utterly void of sympathy. Separate him as far as physical forces can from the conditions in which that life was sustained, from the environments that were essen-

tially complementary to the expression of that kind of life. Then the problem: will the strengthening forces of an entirely different home develop a new character in the man who has lost, except for rare, faint recurrences, all that he was by habit, while retaining all that he was by nature? Or, will the bent of nature impel him, regardless of circumstances, to an inevitable destiny determined for him by heredity and fate? This, it seems to me, is the question that the novel presents to us.

There is hardly a question as to what Mr. Parker thinks in the case of Charley Steele. The regeneration comes; and it seems to come from the force of outward circumstances, not from an inward force of moral strength. Charley Steele finds himself cut off from the old life; he remembers it was not satisfying; he accepts the new because he finds himself in it and because it furnishes an escape from the old. He becomes an apprentice to the old tailor, Trudell; he is patient and tolerant with his narrow dogmatism. He acts with kindness toward the French villagers, overcoming their distrust of him as an infidel. He wakes to feeling when he finds Rosalie Evanturel loves him and he returns her love with the violence of a long pent-up passion. He sins against her in a terrible way, and suffers a painful remorse. The tragic *denouement* comes when he is fatally shot guarding the treasure of the church. In the weakening moments of death, a few hours later he makes a final surrender of the intellect and receives absolution from the priest. This is his regeneration.

To a good Catholic, this may be satisfactory. But there is a moral heresy involved in such a conception of regeneration that weakens the novel ethically and detracts from it artistically. The idea that a man can be thoroughly reformed by adapting himself to outside conditions, by living under mental self-control in harmony with moral laws, and by passively accepting the offices of a priest, is not consistent with ethics and personal religion. Regeneration is a new life within you. It brings from the depths of moral consciousness a zeal for righteousness, an earnest desire for unattained goodness, that regards mere conformity in outward act and in word of mouth as the paltry trappings of religion. Whether this principle exists in us latent until time and circumstance conjoin to draw

it into action, or whether it is a divine influence in touch with our spiritual natures, are questions for the theologian and the philosopher. In any case, the principle itself is supreme in sound ethics.

The other characters in the book are wholly subordinate, but they add greatly to the interest and humanity of the novel. The complacent, sweet tempered Seigneur is very lovable in his practical benevolence; his ability to feel a breadth of sympathy, and take a largeness of view beyond the narrow limits of priestly teaching furnishes some relief from the iron dogmatism of Chaudiere. The Cure is the best defined and most natural character in the book. He is a fine refutation of that narrow and grossly unjust notion of a large number of Protestants that the Catholic priesthood, as a whole, are corrupt voluptuaries, and at the same time he is a convincing rebuke to an equally large number of Catholics who believe God-given virtues are confined to orthodox Catholics. His devotion to his people and his Christian love for Charley Steele are beautiful features of the story.

But in Rosalie Evanturel the author gives us the most interesting and most lovable character in the book. We know her and love her because she has a heart surging with human feelings, because she is responsive and unselfish, and—despite the author's falseness to her in a supreme moment—because of her pure womanhood and goodness. She repels us somewhat in her unrestrained love for Steele almost before she knew the sound of his voice, and before any solicitation had been made by word or act on his part. We are not sure but there is too much of the animal in that for a nature as refined as hers was; but we become reconciled to her abandon when we know her better, and we are willing to attribute her lack of restraint to the open candor of her nature. But contrary to his conception of her as a soul moved by high, womanly impulses, the author leads her to ruin under the sway of her passion. Out of this unjust conception of her arises the most serious blunder of the book. For shame! "And the candle sputtered low in the socket!" That is a contemptible travesty on woman's love and virtue. Is woman's purity so slight a thing that it goes out with the flickering of a candle?

The Right of Way is a strong book; it is, at least, strong in intent and seriousness, and it stimulates to thought. But it is not a satisfying book; in the treatment of the main theme it is a disappointing book. It is not that it ends with tragedy. I take literature too seriously to ask a novelist to round off careers in the happiness of a stagnant idealism. Mr. Parker was too sensible to sacrifice art in pandering to the likings of an enervated sentimentality. But the book is not fundamentally true to ethics. Charley Steele might have acted as he did; no doubt there are men who would have acted so. But we could claim for them no new life, no changed character. If the purpose of the book is to show the fatuity of any conversion that does not grow out of a revolution of the inner life, Charley Steele's career is a true representation of the author's intent; yet the whole action of the story seems to me to show that the author's intent was otherwise. But if the novel lacks completeness as a study of moral evolution it does not follow that it has not ethical truth in it. The past bears with stern sureness on the present. You may rid yourself of habits; you can escape the outside conditions that set the current to your life; but the hard facts and deeds of your past are the terrible realities of today. With a grim determinism the author fastens the chains of circumstance and chance to his hero's life; and there is a seriousness underlying it all that makes his fatalism as plausible as George Eliot's.

D. H. B.

Commercial Democracy and the South.

The growth of ideas of a people must necessarily find expression in its material progress, and the material growth, therefore, must necessarily work the true grandeur of a nation. So then in the life of every nation it is well that its people should halt at certain periods in order that they may consider those principles, which determine their history and direct those forces which shape their destiny.

The true issues of the South do not find expression in modern party platforms. It is not whether a gold stand-

ard is preferable to a silver standard, or whether a double standard is preferable to either, that has peculiar interest for the South at this time; but the object of chief concern is the development of its commercial interests.

In a commercial democracy alone can this section hope to achieve success. For so long as the Southern people cling to those old issues the undeveloped interests of the South will be at the mercy of New England greed, and will contribute for the continuation of the tenure of republican administration of national affairs.

From considering the interests of the South and comparing them with the interests of other days we find that those conditions which tended to retard commercial activity have all been swept away, and that the agriculture and mineral resources and the multiplied production of such articles as are native to other countries now demand protection against invasion by foreign competitors, thus securing a market for Southern products. Under such conditions the southern producer may secure the profits which are justly his own; but which for so long have been enriching the northern manufacturers.

Another great enterprise interests the Southern people, the Isthmian canal. The early expansion policy of the government of 1803 secured for us the vast territory of Louisiana, then but a trackless wilderness, but today overflowing with unmeasured wealth, the great grain supply of the world. Later still that policy secured for us the deserts of Mexico, "rockribbed and barren as the sun," today one vast oasis yielding rich harvests of grain, as well as the source of the nation's supply of the precious metals. By the acquisition of this territory our coast line was extended more than two thousand miles, securing for our country the traffic of the orient and the wealth of the seal fisheries.

By the construction of an Isthmian canal, as it may be seen, this fabulous store of wealth is to be cast into the

very lap of the South. Thus an opportunity shall be had for evening up the commercial inequalities of the past.

These are the two great items of interest to southern people. Will the people of the South cling to those old fossil-like issues? Or will they not choose rather to turn to these newer principles, principles which will surely lead to wealth and to power? If they cling to their old ideals, the South must stand barren in nothing but progress, while the North moves forward, reaping an abundant harvest of wealth and of power. But if the South turns to these better principles, in the years to come there shall be a mighty nation bound together in the bonds of common interest, and time shall give,

“One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.”

F. D. MELLEN, '03.

In the night air,
With shoulders bare,
She drew away,
As if to say nay;
Her eyes grew big
As a good sized fig,
And my arm she seized.
Her breath came quick,
And her face looked sick,
She gave me a stare,
As if in despair,
She clutched the air
And—then—she—sneezed.

C. A. A., '03.

A Vision.

A wayward boy on a western wild,—
A mother in heaven watching her child,—
His hands were rough and his heart was hard,
For all that is good he had lost regard.
In the day's mad chase and the midnight brawl
He had squandered and wasted and lost his all;
And tonight he slept in a drunken swoon
'Neath the calm, cold light of the palefaced moon,
And he dreamed of home and the days gone by
When his heart was pure and his hopes were high;
He dreamed of heaven and his mother there,
Of his own sad state and his deep despair,
Of the demon hands that clutched at his soul
And his demon-like thirst for the wassail bowl.

He longed in his dream for a friendly face
And a kindly word in that wicked place;
Then out of the mists in his dizzy brain
There rose the vision of an angel train;
Around him gathered a bright winged troop
Whose leader over him seemed to stoop;
A hand seemed laid on his feverish brow,
And his pulse came quicker and stronger now.
Oh the touch was tender and the look was kind
And they kindled a hope in his wavering mind.
For the touch was his mother's and her's was the hand
Extended to help him whatever his land.
Then strong came his courage and swift grew his plan
As he waked and arose to be henceforth a man!

J. R. C., '02.

A Fairy Tale.

Once upon a time ('twas long ago,)

There lived an old king with plenty of "dough, '
The king had a daughter, the prettiest known,
Who, when he should die, would come to the throne.

His castle up high on the steep rocks stood,
And around it arose a very dense wood,
In the wood lived a dragon, so fierce that—O dear!
If a person approached he would soon disappear!

Men hunted the dragon but never returned
Though many went out. Since then I have learned,
That the very next day he would claim as his bride,
The beautiful princess, the kingdom's pride.

Now it happened there lived in a province not distant,
A handsome young man, the old king's assistant.
Dark nights from her tower she'd throw down a rope,
Up he'd climb; and one night they planned to elope.

When this happy pair heard of the dragon's intention,
They were exceedingly sad, past all comprehension,
And the brave young man who no courage lacked,
Swore he'd kill the big monster or die in the act.

That night while she cried with her head on his breast,
He told her he'd go, risk his life, do his best,
"O! please don't dear, you'll be killed," she plead.
"And still I'll have the dragon to wed"

But he kissed her fair brow, and climbed down the wall
And from out in the darkness she heard him call:
"This is all for you; dear one, good bye:
And "if he conquers I can but die."

Next day a party scouring the land,
Discovered a leg and next a hand,
But the dragon was gone and the young man too,
And what became of them no one knew.

That very same morning the king was told,

By a guard who around the castle had strolled,
That a rope from the princess's window was found;
Which was dangling down almost to the ground.

She was tried that night and they passed a sentence
To lock her up till she offered repentance,
She plead and plead but it did no good,
The king could 'nt release her if he would.

The guards dragged her away to a lonely tower,
Where she never saw sunshine and never saw shower.
The iron doors closed with a low wierd groan,
And for years she cried there all alone!

C. A. A., '03.

An Incident.

The thermometer was dancing around the zero point and the wind scurrying from the direction of the north pole like a jackrabbit from a prairie fire, when an unfortunate negro overturned his wagon near Millsaps College, letting fall a barrel of molasses. How to restore this weight of six hundred pounds to his wagon sorely puzzled this son of Ethiopia. Lift it himself he certainly could not. Help must be had. As he stands shivering and wondering two stalwart men of his own race approach and to them he appeals for assistance. But the barrel is heavy and sticky with the leaking syrup, so they make excuses for their great haste and hurry away from their helpless brother.

Seeing the plight of the negro two college boys leave their rooms and go out on then street to his aid. Laying to with willing hands they soon have the barrel safe on the wagon. When the task was completed their hands were in a sticky muss and their clothing not without evidence of their *sweet* labor. But what cared they; they were southern gentlemen and had helped a man in need, as any other college men would likely have done under similar circumstances.

And the twonegroes who "passed by on the other side" had done what four out of five of their race would have done

in a like case. They seem utterly devoid of the spirit of the good Samaritan. They are not merciful to man nor beast committed to their care. No slave driver was ever more brutal nor lordly in his authority than the negro who by any means is set over his fellows. Nor do they dispense charity among their kind. The white man alone must educate their ignorant, care for their unfortunates in mind and body, and furnish physicians and medicines to their sick. Withal they are so thrifless as a race that they depend on the white man for their own sustenance from year to year.

Yet northern philanthropy—often misanthropy—is poured out by thousands to teach those people that the southern white man is their hereditary foe; and that they must hasten to put him in subjection at the ballot-box and place themselves beside him socially, all of which will be accomplished—never!

There is much good in the negro and this writer is his friend, but his selfishness and arrogance in dealing with his fellows is a blot on his character darker than skin on his face.

J. R. C. '02.



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EDITORIALS

Not very long ago the question as to whether the college man is practical or not, went the rounds. Many of the leading magazines of the country discussed the matter, and the college magazines answered the charge with sophomoric thunder.

We do not believe that it would be possible to show that the college man is visionary or impractical, except by substituting ideal for practical standards by which to judge him. But apart from the influence of the college training, as a whole, upon the life of the college-trained citizen, there is one element of that training which certainly tends to enlarge the man and to increase his usefulness, as a citizen—this is the influence of the literary society.

If we stop to think of the conditions and environments of our life, we see at once that the tendency is towards the rule of intellectual forces, and as a consequence policies

must stand or fall accordingly as they are wrought out upon principles that appeal to our intellect for their soundness. Briefly stated then, the meaning of all this is, it seems to me, that the prophecy of the future is to be found in the words of some writer in one of the late magazines: "The forum forever."

The literary society cultivates originality—not originality as to facts, of course, but originality in the use and application of facts. This view is supported by the fact that but few men—the writer does not know a single instance—who are active members of their literary society ever come to be regarded as intellectual parasites.

The literary society begets a thoroughness of research and the consequent power to meet opposition on the spot. Along with these are acquired the companion virtues of taking a practical view of anything, and mastery of self-passion and power.

This is but a brief statement of a few of the benefits to be derived from active participation in the work of the literary society. We hope that every college man may come to see and appreciate the importance of this great source of improvement, and if not a member, or if only a nominal, member that he will be so conscious of his loss as to be roused to an enthusiastic interest in this work.

As we approach the examination period we feel that it is a period of supreme importance in the career of every college man; indeed a crisis in the life of some.

What explanation can there be of such a thought as this? Simply this: It is hardly probable that every man who enters that examination will come out of it the same man in every respect. For one young man with good intellect will yield to the temptation to cheat and in missing his aim to conceal it, will go away disgraced forever.

Is that all? No, nor is it the worst; for another young man may be able to deceive his professor and deceive his classmates, but in the act he so vitiates his character as to threaten the complete overthrow of all that is noble and manly in his make up. Thus, instead of being stigmatized in the minds of others he will be stigmatized in his life.

But this is not the end. There are some who will see another rob his fellow classmates of the rank that so justly belongs to them, and throttle the cry of his outraged sense

of honor; and by suppressing his indignation become a party to the crime, for it is a crime, the far-reaching effects of which it would be difficult to determine.

Every man should enter the examination with a conscience that tells him that is wrong to cheat, and no less wrong to cheat himself than it is to suffer such dishonesty in others. Let us both *refrain* and *restrain* from a sense of honor. For in no case does the fear of punishment make a man, but the love of righteousness and truth—these alone can preserve the honor and integrity of a man and crown his life with virtue.

The editor of the Collegian has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Mr. Aleri Morrison, which sad event occurred not long ago in Atlanta, Ga., where he was spending his Christmas vacation. He was a student at Wofford College from which he would have graduated in June.

Mr. Morrison was the son of Bishop H. C. Morrison, of Atlanta, Ga. He represented South Carolina in the Southern Interstate Oratorical contest last year, at which time the writer had the pleasure of meeting him. Mr. Morrison spoke on the subject, "Gifts," and in the treatment of his subject he showed such capacity as prophesied for him a future of usefulness. But above all he displayed those qualities which make a man a noble and generous foe-man.

We sincerely regret his untimely death, and extend to his family and college friends our deepest sympathy.



LITERARY REVIEW.

PHOEBE PINCHEON

**Her Influence Over the Other Characters in
The House of the Seven Gables,**

In discussing the influence of Phoebe over the other characters in the House of Seven Gables, we will first note the general characteristics of these persons before Phoebe came to associate with them. We shall thereby be better able to estimate her influence over them.

Let us too notice Phoebe's disposition and see in what way she is most likely to influence them. She was one of those congenial, lovable, happy, little creatures who always shed a brightness wherever they go; cheerful at all times and under all circumstances; she was young and beautiful and imparted her spirit of youth and beauty to every thing around her. The House of Seven Gables had been, as long as most people remembered, an old mansion carrying on its face a look of seclusion and abandonment; it seemed of itself to tell of a hidden mystery which time alone, if anything, could reveal. But from the time Phoebe's smiling countenance and youthful step crossed the threshold a change came over the old house; she was as a tiny moving sun going from room to room to dispell the cold damp atmosphere which for so long had hung like a pall over the old place; the dust was no longer allowed to settle on the quaint old furniture, but on everything there were evidences of the magical touch of a gentle little housewife. "She was like a prayer offered up in the homeliest beauty of ones native tongue. Fresh was Phoebe and airy and sweet in her appearel." Hepzibah Pincheon was a spinster aunt who had long lived in almost utter seclusion in the House of Seven Gables; she had grown to look with

aversion on any communication with the outer world, but on Phoebe's advent an involuntary change began to take place in her life, something she knew not what, neither could she tell how nor why, had in a great measure changed her feelings and her disposition; she found pleasure in new things; she was rather surprised at herself to know that she found pleasure at all. Phoebe seemed to have a knack of doing things which was marvelous to Hepsibah, who no doubt had long since come to the conclusion that she could do everything in the best possible manner; but she was forced to acknowledge to herself, however unwilling she might have been, that she had never attained that skill which was characteristic of Phoebe's every act; she was so kind and cheerful that neighboring folk would come to the little cent shop and run the risk of coming under poor old Hepzibah's scowl in order to enjoy for themselves a bit of Phoebe's sunshine. Over Clifford, who had so degenerated as to be insensible to every pleasure except a vague and indefinite appreciation of the beautiful, she in some degree at least had a happy influence; he was only the lingering evidence of a blighted life. All the sadness of his face as well as all those deep furrows that served as uncouth reminders of his sad experience were wiped out by Phoebe's presence; he grew youthful while she sat by him on the little stool and sang; he found his only pleasure in spending evenings in the little green house in the garden listening to the youthful cadences of her voice and having her talk to him. Phoebe was beginning to realize her influence for good over her cousin and almost regarded it as her duty to please and amuse him; but with all her care she did not wield over Clifford so happy an influence as over Hepzibah; something greater was needed, great tho this was, and so long as he was haunted by the memory of the wrong done him by his relative he was the same morbid, discontented Clifford. But in time the old Judge went the way of his ancestor, and by that means and by the revelation of the true nature of Clifford's disgrace the wonderful change was brought about which made him in time a new man. But we cannot doubt that even after those great barriers were removed it was because Phoebe's sunshine entered deeper into his nature, that Clifford regained the degree of manhood that he did.

Phoebe had even a winning influence over old Chanticleer and his family; by her loving and gentle disposition, Chanticleer's small decendant had learned to have no hesitency in eating from her hand, while Chanticleer himself stood near by with a knowing sense of his child's safety.

Old uncle Venner too smiled as she would go in and out of his garden; it seemed to him that the plants grew faster when she frequented it.

But one whose nature was greatly effected by Phoebe's way we have so far not mentioned. This was Holgrave, the deguerotipist; he was a transient young fellow who doubtless had, had many and varied experiences; who had been associated with all classes of people; but no one of them had ever had that refining influence over him which little Phoebe exerted; she was the instrument whereby his very nature was raised to a higher plane, and uppermost therein placed the better, nobler part, that reverence and respect for woman characteristic of the ancient knight; she awakened the dormant passion that for so long had remained in his breast totally undisturbed, and in her heart he found a chord which beat in unison with his.

Thus we see that everything connected with the old House of the Seven Gables came under the spell of little Phoebe's influence and had changes wrought in their natures, that could have been brought about by none else.



GRIT AND GOLD

Not honors but honor.

The prep who wrote a friend that he "had two young ladies and a turkey for dinner on Christmas day", should offer himself for mission service. No cannibal from the South seas could compete with that.

Fulfillment of today's duty is the best prophecy of tomorrow.

Some of the students reverse the members of the scriptural command and rest six days while they work but one.

An old adage says that we should prepare for old age and a rainy day. Better prepare for immortal youth and eternal sunshine.

Character! It is capital, credit, opportunity, all.—Jas. I. Vance, D. D.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
 Make me a soph again, just for tonight,
 Let me feel wise again, just for this once,
 Tho' forever hereafter I'm counted a dunce.

Dr. Moore is one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the south, knowing numbers and solving readily equations and problems of higher degree. But it remained for the present senior class to instruct the doctor as to "seben and 'leben," numbers sacred to the southern darkey, and often too well known to the college prep.

When offered bribes Epaminondas said, "If the thing you desire be good, I will do it without any bribe, because it is good; if it is not honest I will not do it for all the goods in the world."

Individuality.

You say you love me, and that we
Shall nevermore be parted, but shall be
One hope, one life for all eternity.

Ah! would that we could look with eyes
Of common faith into that dark, where rise
So many separate phantoms! For there lies

Before us each a separate way,
And you and I must walk alone, and stray
Sometimes so far from one another— yea

Love, it is truth—that when we hope
To clasp vain hands, we shall but reach and grope
Into the empty dark, and see the cope

Of quiet sky; and you shall know,
With secret pain, that I can never go
With you into some heights you love, but slow

Must toil along the dust; and I,
In turn, shall often smile with joy and sigh
With pain, and you will smile in sympathy,

And sigh; but you can never feel
My joy, as I have felt it, nor reveal
To me what you have joyed in, nor unseal

The fountain of your tears. I am alone,
And I must fight my fight, and make my moan
Within myself. The solitude has grown

Ah, wondrous lighter, Love, with thee;
But do not promise rashly; we shall be
Alone—alone through all eternity!

—C. P. W., in Vanderbilt Observer, 1898.

THE COLLEGE WORLD

Hon. J. B. Duke has ordered from an Italian sculptor, a design for a bronze statue of President William McKinley. The statue is to be erected on the campus of Trinity College. Thus the South does honor to the memory of our fallen Chief.

Most of the exchanges for December appeared in holiday attire. It is encouraging to note this effort to keep abreast of the times. Daintiest of all was the cover of the *Shamrock*, which by the way, is at the forefront of magazines published by the girl's schools of the South. The issue, before us contains a story of the "First Christmas Tree," written in verse, and very good verse too, as the following lines will witness:

"What worth is the world and its worthless pelf?
 That man is happy who has buried self,
 Who bears with a good will and a true,
 The burdens of others, many or few,
 Who baffles the tide of the river of life,
 And saves the weak from its angry strife."

We welcome to our desk the *Southern University Monthly*. Its leading article on Nature, gives expression to some beautiful thoughts in fresh and charming English. Nature study keeps us young and fresh and will help many a youth out of the labored, bookish style so often seen in college magazines. Better have an overflow of high-sounding rhetoric and youthful earnestness than many of the dry, matter-of-fact, colorless productions turned out.

The writer of "Leaves of The Bleeding Heart," in *Tulane Magazine*, greatly mars the beauty of his sad love story by irrelevant moralizing, a fault not uncommon even with older writers. In the third sentence, after the murderer is introduced, we are told that the reader has "long

ago guessed his purpose." Not very *long ago*, to be sure! A little care would have relieved this and other similar crude and inappropriate expressions. The poem, "Jeanne D'Arc" is a worthy production, We append the closing lines:

"It was not meant that thou
Should'st be the joy, the sunlight of a home.
No swain was destined to be blessed by thee;
No little Jeanne was cradled in thy arms;
No baby head lay warm against thy breast.
France was thy lover, and thy life was laid,
Thy heart, thy soul, upon her altar fire."

The *Emory and Henry Era* for December, contains a choice bit of light; humorous verse, "Only a Dream." It describes a visit to hades, where the student meets the ghostly forms of sines, tangents, stems, roots, forms and other elements that are the bane of the average student's college life. We trust it was only a dream indeed that the faculty of Emory and Henry are to be inhabitants of cheerless Erebus.

Do exchange editors know that when they write "Please Exchange" on a magazine it is held to be first class matter and costs us two cents per ounce to get it? We have plenty of money but do not consider some magazines a bargain at two cents per ounce. If you want the *Collegian* send us your magazine. That is sufficient.

The *Emory Phoenix* for December, contains a prize story on "Mathematics Applied." A country teacher goes to Emory College, talks only of mathematics even to his best girl with whom he is desperately in love; he even wants her answer in mathematical terms, and—he got it! It was a revised version of *pons asinorum*, and he couldn't read it; but after behaving himself and using the speech of ordinary mortals for a year, he secured an interpretation, crossed the bridge and won the girl. It is a clever story and no doubt deserved the distinction of a prize. The *Phoenix* always finds something good.

Mammy Ritta is an intertaining sketch of an old Southern ducky, in the *University of Mississippi Magazine* for December. If our college men will turn their attention to this field they will find material for much that is worthy of print. Success to our brother editors of the State University.

Keep Agoin'.

Keep right 'long in the line,
And ere you're in your prime
You shall never pine
For anything that will refine;
Keep agoin,'

'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the weather isn't fine,
Just go on with any kind,
Sleet or snow, rain or shine;
Keep agoin.'

PLEZ REMET in Hendrix College Mirror.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Happy New Year!

Who are the "Hyenas" anyway?

Everybody went home Christmas.

"I say, Chappie, there is just one girl in the world for me."

"Aw, quit exaggerating, you know there is not that many."

Mr. Steven L. Burwell, '00, was on the campus a few hours last week.

Some of the students left college Xmas and some came in, though the latter class was most numerons.

"Won't you come and go to Sunday School with me my little man?" asked the kind lady with the little curls.

"Hully Gee Nom; Jimmie O'Neill is just been going there two weeks and now he says dat he would rather be de president uv de United States, dan wear de champeen ship belt."

Dr. E. H. Galloway, '00, better known as "Bert" was home Christmas, and made his appearance on the campus several times.

Mr. W. B. Burwell passed through on his way home for the Xmas holidays. "Brook" is now attending the Kentucky State University.

"Now yer see!" said the colored gentleman, raising himself from the ground and wiping the dirt out of his mouth aud eyes, "Yer see dats de way ter do, when yer see a mule gwinter thro yer, git off like dat." Good advice boys.

Mr. Gaynes, of Columbia College, Washington, D. C., was on the campus a few days with club mates.

Rev. T. L. Mellen stopped over with us for a few days on his way home from conference.

Broken any of those New Year resolutions yet? Better be sticking to some of them. Intermediate exams will be here in about a week and you will need all you can get.

Mr. George L. Crosby was with us for a day or two after the holidays.

Mr. McCafferty, '01, is in Jackson attending the legislature; he takes his meals on the campus and it seems like old times to have him with us again.

Director, "What made you put your hand over your mouth when you said my heart is almost breaking?"

Stage frightened pupil, "Please sir, that's where my heart was."

The Athletic Association had a meeting a few days ago, and decided to keep up the organization, to open the gym, and to start some class games of basket ball. They elected the following officers: Prof. B. E. Young, president; A. J. McLaurin, vice president; J. B. Howell, secretary; W. L. Duren, treasurer. A field day committee was appointed to arrange for that occasion.

"Look here waiter," said the dyspeptic looking student, "aint we ever going to have anything but eggs and ham, eggs and ham, ham and eggs forever? I've eaten that now for three years and I'd like a change."

"Naw sir boss, we ain't gwinter hab dat ter day."

(Springing to his feet,) "Oh my dear man you are so kind, now what is it we will have?"

"Just ham" (Faints.)

On Friday before last "Belhaven" came out to what they thought was the Galloway Society's public meeting, but it somehow had been postponed. Their appearance was quite a pleasant surprise to those who were present that night. But their coming out that night kept them from being present when the occasion really did take place, last Friday night. The subject: Resolved, that the present pension system should be abolished, was debated by some of the ablest speakers of the college. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. After the debate the fraternities entertained the young ladies in their halls. This was one of the enjoyable events of the year.

Mr. J. R. Countiss was chosen by the faculty to represent Millsaps College in the state intercollegiate contest. This place is not an honor bestowed but an honor won.

Hamilton Sivley, '01 has returned from Poughkeepsie N. Y., where he has been taking a business course.

Last week the the Y. M. C. A. elected F. E. Gunter to represent them at the Y. M. C. A. Missionary Conference to be held in Toronto, Canada, the latter part of February.

Miss Fannie Lou Ellison, who teaches elocution and physical culture in the Woman's College of Oxford, Miss., spent the Xmas holiday with her mother. Miss Ellison is a talented young lady who knows how to use her accomplishments to make her friends happy. We hope she will have longer to stay next time.

Trade with our advertisers; they keep the best goods.

Some of the students went with the legislature on their trip to Starkville and Columbus.

We are glad to note that Messrs. Tatum and Enochs have recovered from their spells of sickness and are able to be on duty again.

The juniors held their annual class election last Tuesday and elected the following officers for 1901-1902: F. E. Gunter, president; Miss Hemingway, vice president; W. M. Merritt, secretary; F. Grant, poet; O. S. Lewis, orator; A. M. Ellison, athletic manager; and C. A. Alexander, historian.

A. J. McLaurin has gone home for a week.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. R. E. Bennett's father. He was stricken with paralysis about a month ago, and from that time until his death, which occurred Jan. 16. Mr. Bennett was with him. Mr. Bennett has the sympathy of every student in his sorrow.

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JACKSON, MISS.

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W. B. MURRAH, President.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 4

JACKSON, MISS., FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 5

IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

Thou art indeed immortal, Washington,
Patriot, soldier, statesman all in one complete.
Thou art of freedom truest, noblest son,
In thee behold all glories blend, all virtues meet.
If trackless wastes and wilds must be surveyed
Thy skillful hands the magic compass hold.
If wily, haughty France must be dismayed,
Thine ardent courage dares the venture bold.
When greedy, tyrant Briton grinds us down,
Thy manly strength resists the despot's sway.
When we at last are free from England's crown,
Thy sovereign wisdom guides our untried way.
Within the hearts of all thy people free
Thou art enthroned and ever shalt be.

J. R. C., '02.

The Story of Heart's Ease.

By Lambert Neill, '05.

Bessie and her sister were keeping a bachelor flat. Helen was housekeeper and Bessie worked in a newspaper office. Helen was also cultivating a fine contralto voice, with the concert stage as her ultimate destination.

The first requisite of a bachelor flat is that the occupants shall dedicate themselves to perpetual single blessedness. This Bessie had done, because her lover had proved false, fancying, at twenty-five, that life held naught but work for her. This Helen had done at twenty-one, with a saucy laugh, because she preferred a career to a husband.

The bread of independence is dangerously sweet to a woman, and Bessie and Helen, at a dainty breakfast table were enjoying theirs to the full. They had a pretty little home, up one flight from the street, and as many conveniences as could be crowded into six little rooms.

Just as they finished breakfast, they heard a crash of china, and Helen suspected something. They "had neighbors."

"Goodbye, Helen, dear," called Bessie from the door, "don't work too hard."

"Dear unselfish Bessie," said Helen to herself, "telling me not to work too hard when she is tied to that miserable desk from morning 'till night! People in newspaper offices don't work, they slave!"

An hour before it was time for Bessie to come home. Helen made a nice custard and set it on a ledge outside the window to cool. When she went after it, she was struck dumb with amazement. It was gone, and the plate in which she left it was spotlessly clean.

The girls puzzled vainly over the sudden disappearance of the custard. The kitchen window opened upon

the court, it is true, as did two others, but one of these was their own and the others was too far away for any human being to reach across.

Bessie soon forgot the incident, but Helen, with more time to think, found herself thinking of it in the midst of her vocal exercises which usually demanded her full attention. So she determined to let her neighbors know that she was not to be trifled with, and spent some time in concocting a name that would indicate their complete independence. So she tacked a card on the outer door: "Old Maids Flat."

The next day, returning from an errand she noticed a very unique inscription on the opposite door, just across the court. Any one who came into the hall could not help seeing the sign, "Bachelor Flat."

As time went on she wondered how many "bachelors" called the opposite flat home. Some one left it in the morning about the time Bessie did, and a violin sounded steadily for about six hours a day. There were two if no more.

Their rear porches joined; and thus it happened that Helen got the first glimpse of her neighbor. On glancing out of the kitchen window she saw a sturdy young man in his shirt sleeves stooping over a basin. She was interested, for whatever he was doing, he was doing it awkwardly. He was (certainly there could be no mistake), washing handkerchiefs and hanging them out to dry. She fled from the window lest he might see her. Deep in her heart, unconsciously, welled the impulse of womanly pity.

Helen never stopped to consider why she did things. Otherwise she would not have washed four clean handkerchiefs of her own and spread them out on the kitchen window. Neither would she have made chocolate creams and set them on the window ledge—ostensibly to harden.

Later when she went to the kitchen, she saw that her lesson had had the desired effect; two large handkerchiefs

clung tightly to the opposite window pane. The plate was still on the window ledge, but the chocolate was gone. There was something else, however; a bit of paper. Helen snatched it up and read, "Delicious, even better than custard; many thanks."

Helen Cole was angry. The color flew into her cheeks like fire and her blue eyes snapped dangerously. Then she remembered the big, brown-eyed man washing the handkerchiefs, and forgetting her anger, she laughed.

But her curiosity was fully aroused. There was no other bait, as she termed it, in the house, so she made more salad than was needed for dinner, and put a small portion on her window in her prettiest plate. Then she sat down behind the dining room curtain to await developments.

For nearly half an hour Helen kept her weary eyes on that plate and nothing happened. The violin sounded distinctly in the front part of the other flat, then finally ceased. At last she saw the handkerchiefs taken with great care from the window. After they were folded the curtain was not immediately drawn, and she knew the salad had been seen.

In a moment the window opened and an old snow shovel was extended into the court.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Helen to herself.

By leaning far out of the window, her hungry neighbor easily transferred the plate from the window ledge to the shovel and drew back.

"When he returns that plate," resolved Helen, "he'll see me."

She pulled the curtain aside, and stood contemplating the sunset. Presently the window on the left opened and the clean plate began a careful journey home, via, the Snow Shovel Express. Helen's eyes must have compelled recognition, for suddenly the window closed with a

bang, and the shovel and plate fell with a resounding crash into the court below.

Bessie was very much amused by the incident. "It is a pretty story," she said.

Early in the morning of the next day there was a rap at the front door of "Old Maids Flat." When Helen opened it, there was no one in sight, but there was something on the floor. She picked up a beautiful plate, and an envelope which contained a concert program and two tickets. There was a single line written on the program: "Our fair neighbors are doubtless tired of the concerto, but perhaps the remainder will be more interesting."

The concerto was to be played by Rupert Dalton. "So that's his name," thought Helen smiling.

Bessie was glad to go to the concert, and as Helen often had tickets, made no inquiry.

The concerto was played with a breadth and a finish which filled the musical Helen with admiration, but Bessie was too tired to notice it, and the rest of the program entirely escaped her notice.

"Who was the boy that played the concerto?" she asked, sleepily, afterwards.

"I think" replied Helen, smiling in the dark, "that he is the young man who lives across the hall."

Several days later a rap at the door startled Helen into making a false note. She was still more surprised when she saw the young violinist standing in the door.

"I say," said he awkwardly, "I am very sorry to trouble you, but I have burned my right hand, and I thought—"

A spasm of pain crossed his face. Helen, blushing, but quickly understanding, drew him inside.

"I have just the thing for it," she said, "Sit down please, and I will do it up."

She returned almost immediately with a bottle, a linen bandage and a roll of absorbent cotton.

"Papa was a doctor," she said, "so I know what to do. Put your hand here."

He placed his hand as he was bidden and she bathed it with the liniment.

"How did you burn it?"

"I turned the tea kettle over on it," he replied. "It—" Again the pain forced him to be silent.

"I know" said Helen sympathetically, "don't try to talk." With as much pleasure as the circumstances would allow, he watched her white fingers as they deftly bound up his hand. A pad of cotton thoroughly soaked with oil, was laid upon each finger, the whole wrapped in the nice linen bandage.

"The pain will last less than an hour now," she said, "but I know it is very hard to bear."

The muscles of his face twitched again and she brought him three little tablets and a glass of water.

"What am I to do now," he asked.

"You are to take this medicine right now," she said, "and you are not going home yet. Go over to the couch and lie down."

"I want to thank you" he said, obeying her readily, "but there are no words to do it in. You are a little saint, that's what you are."

Helen was embarrassed and turned instinctively to the piano. "Yes if you would please," he went on.

She played and sang softly, scarcely looking at her listener, knowing that for an hour he would suffer intense pain. He tried manfully to be brave, but his labored breathing told a painful story. Minute by minute the hour passed, and Helen turned to him. The opiate had done its work and back among the pillows, with the traces of tears upon his cheeks, her patient lay asleep.

It was nearly dark when he awoke, with a start of self recollection, and gazed wonderingly at Helen.

"It's all gone isn't it?" she asked brightly.

"Yes, thanks to you, what a brute I was to go to sleep."

"You did exactly the proper thing," rejoined Helen, "that's what the tablets were for."

He rose to go, proud that he had met such a woman. "You know what my name is?" he began in some confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Dalton, I know—my name is Helen Cole."

"Well that's a pretty name, but it doesn't seem suitable for an angel." On saying this, Rupert Dalton withdrew.

Bessie was very proud of the quick wit with which Helen met the emergency. They were talking quietly after tea when there was a more decided rap at the door. Bessie opened it. There stood the violinist.

"May I come in, please?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Bessie.

Helen arose hastily and introduced him to her sister.

"I have come to apologize," he said to Helen, "for my disgraceful behavior. You're a little trump," he added, admiringly.

Charlie Dalton shortly appeared in search of his brother and was invited into the sacred precincts of "Old Maids Flat"

"Are you," he asked Bessie when he had heard Helen call her name, "the Bessie who writes for the News?"

"I am the guilty person," she replied.

"Well I am very glad to have an opportunity to tell you I've read your work the first thing every morning for months. There is so much true worth in it, and I find it so helpful."

Bessie turned crimson with pleasure. It had been a long time since anyone, save Helen, had said an approving word of her work.

"Aren't they jolly?" asked Helen as she turned out the gas, after the visitors had gone.

Bessie assented. She admitted that they were jolly, but was thinking only of the grave kind face of Charlie Dalton.

It came to be a settled thing that the "Dalton brothers" as they called themselves, should spend Sunday afternoons in "Old Maids Flat."

There was an occasional concert for the four, and after it was done with, Helen presiding, they would gather around the tea table.

"We might as well board here," remarked Charlie, "for we scarcely ever eat at home."

"That's what I think," replied Rupert and the two pretty old maids, who were always going to be old maids, became very gay.

The brothers were very proud of each other. The elder was an artist and Rupert firmly believed that his equal had never been known.

"He draws beautiful pictures" he said to the girls one evening, and lives in a five-room flat with me for a housemaid."

"We're poor too" said Helen.

"We shouldn't be," returned Rupert. "We've got an uncle who is so rich that he can't begin even to spend his income. He believes in 'self made men.' We are the only relatives he has, and it seems to me he would help us a little, though I'd starve before I'd ask him for a penny, or let him know I needed it."

* * * * *

The winter drew to a close. Bessie was promoted and received now a substantial salary, while Charlie won a medal over more than fifty other artists.

Several days later when Bessie had gone to town, Rupert rushed in with an open letter in his hand, which he waved joyously.

"Good news!" he cried, "Uncle has left us all of his fortune and I can go to Europe to study; aren't you glad?"

Was she glad? Could she be glad? No more joyous times for all four of them together, no more concerts, no more tea parties, no more happy pride in her work, no more sympathy in her failures, no more pleasure when she succeeded—just Helen and Bessie to work out her *career*. Was she glad?

She raised her head proudly and advanced with hands outstretched.

“Yes,” she said, “of course I am glad.”

The tears in her blue eyes threatened to overflow and she turned aside, half suppressing a pitiful sigh that did not escape him. With a lover’s instinct he saw his opportunity and immediately the little woman was sobbing, as if her heart would break—in Rupert Dalton’s arms.

“Helen, my darling,” he whispered with a break in his voice, “did you think for one single instant that I would go without you.”

* * * * *

“Old Maids Flat” is a memory now, and “Bachelor Flat” is dismantled. Across the blue Atlantic there is a neat little cottage with two happy people therein, whose hearts beat as one, working hard with the best masters in Europe, loving each other more and more each day as time goes by.

In a little corner of one of our American cities, Bessie and Charlie have built a beautiful little home, which they have named, “*Heart’s Ease*.”

“The Egoist.”

In the egoist George Meredith has concentrated all the powers of his wonderful genius for unveiling man to the gaze of man.

The novel is psychological. It is a minute analysis of the inner life. There are no thrilling scenes, by which character is so often swamped in incident, no marvelous

disclosures, no intricate plot, no tragedy save that which exists in life, not in dying. A record rather of what men and women think than what they do. So profound is the philosophy, and so subtle the analysis that, were it not for the fresh air and invigorating scenes of nature, together with the hearty, healthful, sensible women, the run at his learned wheels would become very tiresome and monotonous.

With an inherent abhorrence of all that is akin to sham, pretense and false sentiment, the author reveals in a comically serious way free from all pessimism, the maladies and absurdities of human nature.

He sees that the social code fixing the conduct of sex to sex is founded on sentiment, that the altruistic virtues—generosity, kindness, charity—are sentimentalities unless they originate in the heart. He sees in man a primitive egoism, and to reveal all these maladies he presents on the stage in a philosophical drama, Sir Willoughby Patterne the egoist, rich, handsome, courteous generous lord of Patterne Hall.

To aid him in the revelation of Sir Willoughby's egoism and sentimentality and to give us some encouragement for clambering over the peaks and crags of his philosophy, he introduces Miss Constantia Durham and Miss Clara Middleton, beautiful young women full of rich vibrant life, entirely new and healthful additions to the variety of heroines in the English novel.

To these wealthy, dashing young ladies the egoist bowed, and prided himself on the meagerest attention in return, but he who knows the egoist knows also that there are some who bow to him. Flattery, be it in the form of praise, admiration or worship, is his favorite food. Taltitia Dale, the daughter of a poor, battered army surgeon, meek, delicately pretty and timidly innocent of the pretentious world, a silent victim of Sir Willoughby's wonderful cleverness, is the worshiping creature.

Sir Willoughby inherits, along with the Patterne estate, the responsibility of perpetuating the proud name and directing its destiny to ultimate greatness. Because of the dashing Constantia Durham's wealth, fine form and bearing, he decides that she is the woman for mistress of Patterne Hall. True he admires Taltitia Dale — thinks her a paragon of wit and cleverness because she has such an excellent judgment, knows a really great and wonderful man. But he is satisfied that he can retain her admiration and blind devotion. He could not conceive of so clever, so generous, so attractive a man as himself not being worshipped by this dainty, blue-eyed little creature who had adored only him from childhood. Besides she is really too unassuming a girl to be worthy of so exalted a position.

Constantia soon becomes tired of seeing Sir Willoughby in love with himself and escapes by running away and marrying Mr. Oxford, a normal human being the day before that on which she was to have married Sir Willoughby.

Sir Willoughby next meets Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in Porcelain," a beautiful girl of eighteen. Still confident of his hold on Taltitia's now old admiration, he proposes to Clara. She, flattered by the idea of being loved by so prominent and clever a man, is entrapped by his excellent manners.

After they are engaged the gradual change of Clara's regard from a misconceived liking to an absolute abhorrence is most admirably shown by scenes life-like in their seeming unimportance. In the revelation of his character from close association, she learns that he is a selfish egoist, dreadfully in love with himself; that he is generous because his money would obligate those to whom he gave it, or as in the case of Crossjay and his father, would magnify the Patterne name; courteous because it increased the world's regard for him. She learns that all of his talk about their

being each other's eternally was the sickly animal speaking in him and not the great soul of a sincere, noble man; that, though he said they would live free from the contaminating influence of the world, mutually dependant upon each other's love, he was greedily awaiting for each fragment of the world's praise and dreaded to think of its failing to do homage to so worthy a man as himself.

Abhorring his animal caresses, his unnaturalness and egoism, his very entity, Clara slips away early each morning while nature is impearled with dew and fanned by soft, sweet-smelling breezes for a long romp with Crossjay. She tells Sir Willoughby she cannot love him and pleads for her release. This failing, she appeals to her father. He thinks her only ignorant of the worth of her future husband, and so insists on the engagement not being broken. As a last resort she runs away during a heavy storm, intending to take the train for her friends, but goes no further than the depot.

It is in Clara's mental agony during the forced visit at Patterne Hall that we see the only tragedy of Merideth. These days spent in trying to overcome her will and reconcile herself to what seemed inevitable—her marriage to Sir Willoughby—is a kind of purgatory Meredith carried her through for her purification and for her having promised to marry a man for whom she could have no affection.

It is the influence of the evil deeds of the past over the present which finds its fullest expression in George Eliot's novels. Eliot would have ushered Clara into an inferno rather than through a purgatory by compelling her to marry Sir Willoughby. Meredith will go no further with the punishment of his women, for he attributes their worst features to man who is supposed to be the civilizer of women, but who has instead been the refined savage gloating over "veiled virginal dolls."

Sir Willoughby's monstrous selfishness is shown by his doing all in his power to retain the precious prize.

Jealous of his kinsman, Colonel De Craze, he will not release her from her promise unless she will agree to marry his noble but unpretentious cousin, Vernon Whitford, whom he considers a kind of charity-object of his own. He is so blinded by his egoism that he fails to see she is desperately in love with him and that in releasing one miserable prisoner he made a paradise for two congenial souls.

He has still never questioned his power over Taltitia, so long lost in admiration of this bundle of superfine excellences. But the reader can almost feel the eye opening shock when this now sensible, experienced little violet tells him, with the power of outraged innocence, that she has found that her human god was no longer an object of worship; that all her love had been founded on an untrue conception of his real character; that she has now been disillusioned, and knows him to be a selfish egoist, loving himself so exclusively that he cared for others only in so far as they cared for and admired him. That for these reasons she not would be his wife.

It is here we can but feel some pity for the egoist. Driven by the desperateness occasioned by two refusals and by the fair prospects of a third, he is found insisting, pleading with all the force of his wit and sentiment, employing every word in love's vocabulary in order that he might preserve his dangerously threatened pride. There is some pathos in seeing a man trying to clothe himself at the expense of others, and in the effort rob himself of every vestage of his own apparel.

Though he is unworthy of Taltitia, aside from a totally ideal standpoint, we cannot but feel satisfied that after his garb of pretense has been torn from him, and his character with all its defects—though he was not really a base man in the common acceptance of the term—exposed, and after Taltitia had demanded and received every possible concession thus proving who should rule, she

might, with little inconsistency give herself into his well provided hands. Though there was lacking that congeniality of principles which is the cement of souls, there was a congeniality of tastes which aids wonderfully in producing happiness. W. F. COOK, '03.

(A Sophomore—Ladies man or nothing, paid Whitworth a visit not long ago and those who read beneath the lines may here a story find.)

“They Have Their Exits and Their Entrances.”

ACT I.

A Soph *phoned* to a pretty lass
That they'd pay to Washington due respect;
That his natal day rightly they would pass.
(The *bill*, alas, was “*One seventy, collect.*”)

ACT II.

A Soph, his lovely maiden greets,
And talks for hours without *distrust*.
At last with many parting sweets,
He hies away, for so he must.

ACT III.

A Soph, so full of devotion,
Must sing more than praise of *McGrath*.
“Ah,” said he, “I have a notion—
I'll help the *Collegian Staff*.”

ACT IV.

A Soph sits down with face aglow.
He courts the muse and pulls his hair.
His heart is full, his brain is slow,
And he looks with a vacant stare.

ACT V.

A Soph bumfuzzled, sorely puzzled,
In disgust said no vow he'd keep,
Wished all the muses were muzzled;
And now in bed he's fast asleep.

—L.

A Ballad.

Since the night you sent me from you,
Smarting 'neath your angry frown,
I have drifted aimless, hopeless,
Like a withered leaf, and brown;
And tonight I'm sitting lonely
On this distant rugged shore
Sighing, moaning, grieving sadly,
That I shall never see you more.

Once I clasped you to my bosom;
Once I lingered near your side.
Now an ocean rolls between us,
Dark and murky is its tide—
Dark and murky, yet how peaceful
Is its raging dashing brine,
If I but compare its billows
To what stays your soul from mine.

These are billows all too fretful
For an earthly power to quell,
And no kindly ray of sunshine
Glances o'er the maddening swell.
I have asked you once to love me;
Once I've knelt and prayed for peace;
But tonight the memory mocks me,
And from life I pray release.

Death, O death, I call thee fondly;
Fondly claim me for thy groom.
Press me to thine icy bosom,
In my own I'll make thee room.
Friend I find thee when I'm friendless,
Kind when others harshly chide;
Bear me to the land of shadows,
Kindly bid me cross the tide.

Fare ye well, ye fading hill tops,
 Fare ye well ye sunset skies;
 When my Bessie calls her lover,
 Say that cold in death he lies.
 Tell her that he always loved her,
 That for her he pined and died;
 And when day dawns on the morrow,
 He'll be waiting t'other side.

ÆGER AMOR.

The Woes of a Tenant.

Coon Grin, Miss., Dec. the 13th, 1901.

MR. DAVE JONES, ESQ:

Dear Sir:—Your kind and welcome letter came to hand a few days ago. I was proud to here from you, and I take grate plesure in dropping you a few lines to let you know that we have just had a turrble syclone. It blode away nearly everything on your place where I live. It blode down the house I was in and broke my left leg, and blode down another house on the place and blode down all the timber and blode off all the fences. It blode a tree on three of my cows and killed five fall pigs. It also killed the cat when the house blode away. My cotton is all blode out and scattered in the tree tops. I want you to come right away at once and see what about your rent. I can't do anything till you come and see how the place is blode up.

My wife has newmony and seven of my children have measles. My dauter Sallie run away and married Bill Simpkins. This don't leave many of us up and about and I want you to help me some if you can.

Hoping these fiew lines will find you and your family enjoying the same blessings

I am yours truly,

JAMES DANDY.

P. S. I cant get no help from my naybors for the hairkin blode them up as bad as it did me. J. D.

IN MEMORIAM.

“In the midst of life we are in death.”

Whereas, our Heavenly Father, in his infinite mercy and wisdom, has taken from us our friend and co-worker, James Bascom Phillips that he might join the choir invisible,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Millsaps College Young Men's Christian Association, by the death of our beloved brother, have lost one whose fealty to his God was unswerving, one whose faith never lessened and whose zeal was untiring.

Resolved, That such a life, although young in years, was one of Christian purity, courage and manliness, and the world is better because of its hallowed influence.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his loved ones and kind benefactor and commend them to God's special care.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of this Association, printed in the COLLEGIAN and a copy sent to his bereaved family and benefactor.

Committee {
W. N. DUNCAN,
J. B. HOWELL,
J. W. BOOTH,
A. S. CAMERON.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIALS

It is with inexpressible sorrow that we record the death of our college comrade, James Boscom Philips, which sad event occurred February 15, 1902, as the result of an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Phillips spent the session of 1901-02 in the preparatory department of the College, and at the time of his death was a member of the Freshman class. In his college duties, so far as is given us to know, he did his work conscientiously and well, in the work of his Literary Society he was faithful, for the honor and success of his society he was at all times becomingly zealous, and he nobly and unselfishly devoted himself and his energies to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

But, whatever may be said of Phillips in the various phases of activity, and in the many-sidedness of college life, there is one element of his character which deserves special notice, not because he possessed it, but that we may be conscious of our inheritance and our consequent obligation. This trait of character was his modest and retiring disposition, that unassuming air which served to give harmonious blending to all the elements of his character.

About four years ago Mr. Phillips resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and up to the time of his death he was unchanged in his purpose. He was one of those heroic souls whose battles were fought and victories won, for the most part in his own bosom; but at times he permitted those friends who were closest to him to look into his inner life. And these friends tell us that nothing connected with his life was more beautiful than his sacrifice and nothing more pathetic than his struggle and conflict—all to preserve the integrity of his resolution to preach the gospel.

This is the first time in the history of the college that we have been thus bowed in sorrow, and never did sorrow come more unexpectedly. For while we thought of nothing but safety and the happiness of tomorrow, death came into our midst and rudely claimed our fellow and our friend. Thus we are called to remember that, "At an hour when ye think not" the summons comes. Let us make preparation then for that supreme call to the end that the friendships begun on earth may be wrought out in heaven.

In the beginning of this new century there seems to be a great and growing disposition to cry down the club, and to destroy that exclusiveness which seems to be the most fascinating feature of the modern club. The attack is not without foundation.

Many of the clubs to be found in our towns and cities today are but means for hiding the corruption and lawlessness of the men composing the order. They are organized ostensibly for a noble purpose, and behind the doors, the atmosphere is rendered foul and unwholesome by profanity and the fumes of liquor. They are organized under the law, but in the wholesale desecration of the Sabbath there is an utter disregard for both law and society. Fostering as they do, these vices and social evils it is not remarkable that there is such a tirade against them.

When, however, we come to study the origin of clubs it requires but superficial thought to reveal the fact that they spring from conditions as much a part of us as our dispositions. In the child we find an unconscious selection and exclusion, and it is when analyzed but an embryonic club. As the child develops this state takes on more and more definiteness and at last receives a name. It is not the result of abnormal conditions, the product of times "out of joint," but it is the normal result of natural development. In its purity it should be a revelation of the natural affinity of one soul for another soul, and a beautiful tribute to the power of human sympathy.

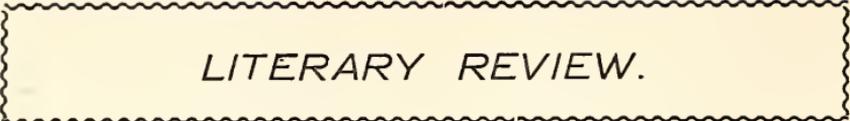
So long as they proceed in natural lines they are not without their commendable features. But when the fountain becomes vitiated then they are unworthy and unfit to exist.

However, to offer an unqualified protest against clubs is like opposing the current of human life. The ill is constitutional and for that reason must have constitutional treatment. So while we labor to check the vicious character of these organizations, let us remember that the greatest work is to be done with those whose lives are still pure and unstained.

Announcement has been made that the Collegiate department of Millsaps College will have the pleasure of

contesting for a new medal this year, The Essay Medal. We have needed such a contest for a long time, and we hope that there will be great interest manifested in this contest and that the efforts being made to secure the permanent endowment of the medal will be successful. We feel confident that it will be a stimulus to the literary activity of the students and so render assistance to the Collegian staff—and this assistance they sorely need.





LITERARY REVIEW.

It is a little strange that Mr. Cable should fall in with the multitude and spin us a historical tale, but he has, and has achieved much of the success that was his in depicting Creole life in New Orleans. *The Cavalier* is a thrilling, lively story of love and adventure in the Civil war. The story has a fine light movement about it, except where the hero and heroine fall to pondering over the welfare of their immortal souls. It may seem a little out of place to bring such into a work of its kind, but we can indulge Mr. Coble in that because he succeeds so well in the other parts.

Much of the action is in the guerilla warfare at the front where the characters may be made to appear and disappear at pleasure, and where strange things may not unexpectedly happen. There are several very dramatic scenes in the book; for instance where the dance at Gilmer's plantation house is raided. Merily the dancers are gliding over the spacious hall in an old Virginia reel, keeping time to a contraband fiddler's electrifying tunes. Outside thunder and lightning are sporting savagely. The company knows nothing of the approach of the enemy until they are surrounded by the soldiers in their mud-splashed uniforms.

Cries of masculine anger and feminine afright filled the hall, but one ringing order for silence hushed all, and the dance stood still with Ned Terry in its centre. In his right hand, shoulder high, he held, not his sword, but Charlotte's fingers lightly poised for the turn in the arrested dance. "Stand, gentlemen, every man is covered by two; look at the doors; look at the windows."

The staff captain daringly sprang for the front door, but Terry's quick boot caught his instep, and he struck the

floor full length. Like lightning Terry's sword was out but he only gave it a defferential sweep. "Sir, better luck next time. Lieutenant Quinn, put the Captain in your front rank."

All of this is very fine when accompanied by an illustration showing the soldiers in their uniforms but conspicuously free from any sign of mud.

Another scene typical of the Civil war is where the Yankee captain lies on his death-bed in the old Confederate mansion, nursed by Carolie Rothvelt. Outside a bugle sounds a reveille. "Being a soldier," says the woman, "you want to die like one?"

"Yes, oh, yes! The best I can. I'd like to sit half-up and hold my sword, if there's no objection. I've loved it so! It would almost be like holding the hand that's far away. Of course it isn't really necessary, but it would be more like -- dying -- for my country." The captain then holds his sword in his hand while Carolie sings to him: "Am I a Soldier of the Cross."

The dying man then wishes one more favor. He could not speak, but she understood.

"O, you wouldn't ask a rebel to sing that," she sighed, "would you?"

He made no rejoinder except that his eyes were insistent. She wiped his temples. "I hate to refuse you," and she sang for him the "Star Spangled Banner," and the soldiers on the outside catch up the strain and the good captain's life ebbs ere the last echoes have died away.

There is such a diversity of opinion in regard to most books that it requires almost as much courage on the part of the reader to pass open judgement on one as it does on the part of a publisher to undertake to bring it out. Such a book is *Sir Richard Calmady*. So much so that at every table where it is discussed it will find ardent upholders

and better down-criers; each one will have grounds for his belief. Richard is such a questionable character some will think the good predominant while others will be equally sure of the evil.

As to the art and craft of the book, all will agree that it is excellent. Victor Hugo attempted to raise a being from the depths and place him on a pinnacle in his *Hunch Back of Notre Dame*, but he fails and leaves us broken hearted. But if we follow Richard Calmady we will at last find him raised from his lowness and breathing a breath of purity.

In a beautiful country stands the old house of Calmady's. There is a strange fatality which hangs like a pall over the descendants of the family. Always the chief dies young, perishing by some crimson hand.

Picturesque chapters lead us up to the birth of one of these, the unlucky Richard. When a young man his fiery heart, caged in its dwarf body, breaks out, and he falls in love with his cousin, who is vile and married. He tries for a bride elsewhere and is repulsed, and rushes on headlong and heedless into his gloomy future. His cousin Helen was a Catholic of a horrible type, the kind we find in the *Comedie Humaine*, but Richard, blinded by his love, fancies her perfect. He reaches the height of his desperation when he curses God and cries out that he will live to blaspheme his Maker.

But this is not the end. He sickens and then the upward march begins. He resigns himself to his fate, submits and believes in God. We here in the book experience a tinge of curiosity to know whether he will spend the remaining years of his life in penitence, or whether he will marry and find the happiness that sometime in life is every man's portion if he may only find it.

As the story goes he marries Honoria, whom we are at a loss to know how to judge. She is certainly both good and bad, but there seems to us to be more good than the bad, just as there is in Richard. We know what to think of the unscrupulous Helen, but not so of Honoria.

As to the purpose of the book, all will surely find it who read carefully but whether it would have been better shown by leaving Richard to live a life of single penitence instead of living happily married, is, we think, an open question.

GRIT AND GOLD

Let us have more public exercises at Millsaps. We ought to unload something on the public at least once a month. Commencement and the anniversaries of the literary societies are not sufficient. Our excellent faculty should be more used on the lecture platform and the cultivation of the histrionic and oratorical talent of the students would no doubt reveal wonders. Even the recent contest disclosed lung force undreamed of. There are distinguished men in the capital city whose ability to inspire and instruct would help us much if called into play. Demand will bring supply. Fellow students, let's have it. Even the Y. M. C. A. can do much in this direction.

Millsaps College has now sufficient buildings for present needs, but lacks many things in the way of equipment. Small gifts from her friends for specific purposes can be used to great advantage. Who will contribute money to bind the piles of magazines mouldering in her stack room? For debates and investigations of current subjects no books can take the place of magazines. They ought to be bound and made accessible at once.

Lightning always strikes the best conductors. So does luck. Great things "happen" to hard workers. The discovery of the principle of the phonograph could only come to Edison working all day and all night to learn nature's secrets.

If you wish to know the speed of lightning ask the legislator who tried to kiss his wife on the street car while the trolley was off. He got a kiss and the passengers got a picture.

Going, going, gone—jacking and jackers! Let the man who thinks otherwise neglect his work and try to jack through next examinations at Millsaps.

A great many tears are shed after examinations that ought to have been shed before.

God's providence is better than man's prophecy—else we'd have some awful weather.

When the sails are set right every breeze blows shoreward.

The stingy man thinks everybody else should be liberal.



THE COLLEGE WORLD

No magazine has been read with more pleasure than the *Trinity Argive*. We congratulate its staff on the quantity and quality of material sent out. The departments are well edited, the exchange and editorial pages being up to high water mark. The poems are all worthy of print, "We Met last Night as Strangers Meet," having unusual smoothness and elegance. The reviews of Tolstoi, Edmund Buarke, and of the poetry of William Watson all evidence preparation and earnest effort for literary finish. "The Career of Jack Elton, Atty.," is a pleasing romance beginning at a football game and ending as all good stories should. "For Love of Alma Mater" tells how a bright but retiring young man grew sour on finding himself much alone and others preferred before him. He finds bad company and ceases study, but in an emergency comes forth and pitches in an important baseball game, winning a victory for love of his alma mater. Some earnest work would keep many a boy in love with his college.

Welcome to the *Arizona Monthly*! It is as fresh as a breeze from the Rockies. The editorials are better than the average, and the staff of several older college magazines might profit by reading the *Monthly*. "Arizona and the Sugar Problem" is an excellent paper, showing the growth of the sugar industry and telling of experiments with the sugar beet in Arizona. The author thinks it cannot be profitably grown in that section except for home consumption until transportation facilities are improved. The story of "The United Verde Copper Mine" is so well told that the reader feels as if he had seen the great mine and appurtenances. "Selecting a Name" tells how Phoenix was christened. E. S. Stafford writes of the cliff dwellings and their relics. Most remarkable of all is the discovery

of a successfully trephined skull, the only one found in North America. How did the Cliff Dwellers perform surgical operations without metal tools?

The editorials in the *S. W. P. U. Journal* are brief but strong. "Give me Liberty" is a good burlesque on familiar lines from Patrick Henry, Webster and Mark Anthony, which have served duty some thousands of times as college declamations. Surely we have earned a rest! "On a Runaway Train" is a thrilling story of adventure. The verses of "Uncle George" have a sparkle which suggests ability to accomplish more serious work. We acknowledge the justice of the *Journal's* criticism; but what are we to do with a printer who devotes no more attention to the arrangement of paragraphs than to the anatomy of pollywogs?

Jim Larkins' secret in the *Emory and Henry Era* is a clever bit of romance. Three college mates go to California in search of gold. Jim meets the idol of other days accompanying her father to the west, disguised as a boy. His love is renewed and her heart is won. But meantime one of his companions has turned thief and traitor and also loves the girl, swearing that she and Jim shall never marry. To prevent it he murders her and flees the country, but is finally overtaken in Mexico and slain by the companion whose life he had wrecked.

What is the matter with *Tulane Magazine*? It has but one editorial, not much matter, and no departments. The ballad, "My Own," is one of the best poems of the past month, but we wish our neighbor on the south may soon see better days.

The University of Virginia Magazine suggests that in case Oklahoma and the Indian Territory are admitted as one state, it be called Jefferson, for the illustrious promoter of the Louisiana Purchase. We vote "Aye!"

A little naked African
Sat by the river Nile,
While watching in the stream below
Was a hungry crocodile.

The crocodile said softly,
From the shadow of the trees:
"I'd like a little dark meat,
Without dressing, if you please.

—*Ex.*



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

“There’s nothin’ doin’.”

Mr. G. R. Rodman of Frankfort, Ky., was out to see club mates at Millsaps College during the past week. He is a graduate of Perdue University, class of '98.

The greatest hit of the season is to be the lick that knocks out Fitzsimmons.

Mr. A. J. McLaurin has left college, and is now working with a broker in Vicksburg. Mr. McLaurin pays us a visit every now and then.

Boarding house student—See here, waiter, this water is not fit to drink; it’s muddy and warm.

Waiter—Now, sir, boss, dat ain’t yer watter; dat’s yer coffee.

Mr. D. C. Enochs has recently elected to fill a vacancy in the commencement debate caused by the absence of Mr. McLaurin.

Several of the boys went down to Brookhaven to hear a debate at Whitworth college. They report having had a great time.

Mrs. Murrah has been very sick the past week, but is now on the way to recovery.

Mr. B. Z. Welch has been called home on account of the sickness of his father.

Mr. W. F. Cook has been quite sick for the past week. We sincerely hope that he will be able to be out again in a few days.

What do you think of this for a masterpiece? An old man from the wilds of Louisiana handed it to us. He is

considered quite a poet "in his own country", which speaks highly for him:

Do tell!
At Cooper's Wells
Last Saturday night
Jim Cox had a fight.
He hit Sam Vick
With a stick
In the face.
O, what a disgrace!

After the public reception in the house of representatives Mrs. Davis held a short reception with the members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, whose badge she wears, her husband and son having belonged to that organization.

Miss Mary Stockman, of Natchez, who has been the exceedingly attractive guest of the Misses Holloman, visited the campus several times with Miss Mary Holloman.

During the month the Freshman and Sophomore classes had a "tug of war." The "Freshies" out-pulled the "Sophs" three out of three. The rope broke four times and the ground flew up to meet about 75 boys.

Mr. F. E. Gunter has left for Toronto to represent the Millsaps Y. M. C. A. in the inter national convention. On his way Mr. Gunter will take in Chattanooga, Cincinnati, Buffalo and a few other cities.

The Athletic Association held a meeting the other day and drew up a constitution, appointed committees, etc. Mr. C. M. Simpson was elected vice president in Mr. A. J. McLaurin's place.

On March 28th the Galloway and Lamar Societies will hold a public debate in the chapel. The question is: "Resolved, That Cuban reciprocity should be allowed by Congress." It will be debated on the affirmative side by Messrs. W. A. Williams, W. L. Duren and W. L. Duncan

of the Galloway, and on the negative by Messrs. H. L. Clark, C. Potter and A. Thompson of the Lamar.

On February 15 Mr. J. B. Phillips, of Senatobia, Miss., died of pneumonia. He had been in college two years, was a good student and had many warm, personal friends who will miss him very much. His remains were carried to Coldwater for burial.

The essay medal to be given this year adds a new feature to our college contests. There promises to be a hotly contested race for the new prize, and so every man may enter with the assurance that the medal will be awarded under conditions that will reflect the greatest possible credit upon the winner.



Lamar Literary Society Notes.

January 17th the society met, the President, D. C. Enochs in the chair. The question, "Resolved, That the Republican party, during its existence has done more towards elevating the United States to its present state of greatness than the Democratic party, during its existence," wasably discussed. The judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

This being the last meeting of the second quarter, the society went into the election of officers for the third quarter, with the following result: J. B. Howell, President; A. S. Cameron, Vice President; H. V. Watkins, Recording Secretary; G. R. Noble, Corresponding Secretary; H. L. Austin, Critic; J. M. Weatherby, Censor; L. F. Barrier, Door keeper; A. M. Ellison, Monthly Orator.

On account of intermediate examinations the society adjourned to meet Feb. 14.

February 14th the Society met, the president in the chair. This being the first meeting of the third quarter the retiring president, D. C. Enochs made a short speech, which was full of advice, and was enjoyed by all present. J. B. Howell was then installed, and on taking the chair, argued in a few choice words that we should make this quarter the brightest in the history of the Society. The other officers were then installed.

One of our commencement debaters, Mr. A. J. McLaurin, having left school, the Society elected D. C. Enochs to fill his place.

Feb. 21st the Society met, J. B. Howell in the chair. The question, Resolved, That the Republican Form of Government is Permanent, was warmly discussed, the affirmative winning.

The Lamars challenged the Galloway in joint debate. The committee arranged March 28 for the debate; question, Resolved, That Cuban receprocity should be allowed by Congress.

J. B. HOWELL, Pres.

G. R. NOBLES, Cor. Sect.

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No. 6

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

By C. A. Alexander, '03.

CHAPTER I.

"Come in."

And in answer to Jack Ford's invitation, a well built man of about twenty stepped into the room.

The room was like all college dormitory rooms we have seen, with kodak pictures all over the walls and books and papers always kept in the usual tidy (?) manner; as for the men, one was a junior, and the other a senior, and they both looked as much alike as you and your reflection.

"Hello Tot; have a cigar, old fellow; there's a chair. How is everything? Say, by the way, have we ever gotten an answer from Bert Campbell in regard to his joining our frat?"

"Yep, saw him today. He says he doesn't know whether he will come back next year or not, he wants to go to South Africa and fight with the Boers; his father has said that he may go and he wants to go. If 'Kid' would come back next year and then go, it would be alright, but no, he has his head set on going this summer. He's a prep you know," said Roy Sims, settling himself before the fire and taking long pulls at his cigar between sentences.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Jack, "Why Kid wants to leave his home, parents and sisters, and go away over in Africa to scrap and may be get shot, is more than I can understand. Well, I graduate this year, but if he

does come back, you be sure to 'nab' him. I say, Tot, Kid has the prettiest, sweetest, nicest sister I ever saw, and between you and I, Tot, I am engaged—"

"You! you," interrupted Roy, "you engaged to Helen Campbell? Why, Jack, she has my ring and—"

It was Jack's time to gasp, and he certainly fulfilled that duty. Had Helen only been flirting with him? Was it all a dream? Wouldn't he like to kick Roy? All these questions entered his head (the last one passed through) and his face was as red as his necktie. Roy, noticing his advantage proceeded:

"Why yes, Jack, didn't you know that?"

But Jack was silent.

"Jack!"

No answer.

Roy sat looking into the fire, steadily smoking, and smoking, and once in a while casting a glance at Jack, all the while a smile playing around his lips. Presently he rose and left the room leaving Jack with his thoughts.

Was it possible that Roy had "cut him out" without his knowing it, or was Roy teasing him? Jack's thoughts went from one conclusion to another. He sat pondering thus smoking (six cigars, I believe it was, though that is immaterial) until the supper bell rang when he arose and hitting the table with his fist, exclaimed aloud:

"I'll settle this thing this very night, you see if I don't Mr. Simms?"

After supper he dressed himself in his swellest and proceeded to the Campbell residence.

"Why hello, Jack, come right into the library here where we won't be molested. Why on earth are you so cold? You act as if your best friend was dead," she after ten minutes which seemed years to Jack.

"Well, she is dead, that is as good as dead to me."

"Who is it Jack?" feeling guilty.

"Who is it? Yes, you pretend very prettily I must say."

"Oh, Jack it was nothing, Oh wont you believe me Jack? really we—I—it was nothing," she said slipping her hand into his.

Jack felt easier. "Jack, I intimated to papa about us today," said the sweetest of voices from a heap of sofa cushions.

"Did you dear? (All doubt expelled.) What did he say? Didn't like the idea, I suppose."

"No-o-o. Well yes from what he says Jack; and you know mama's for us."

Jack was looking hard to see what that was on that finger of the left hand, but she had it hid in the cushions. Once he had attempted to take that hand too, but no, one was enough she thought.

Jack left at a late hour that night and at the front door:

"Do you love me Helen?"

"Yes, Jack," she said.

And he leaned over and kissed her and was gone.

CHAPTER II.

At half past twelve the low, but startling sounds of the fire alarm awoke Jack who sprang to the window.

"My God! The town is burning up," he exclaimed under his breath as he saw towards town the dark, smoke and flames leaping into the now reddened sky.

Springing across the hall he awoke Roy.

"Roy! Roy! Get up quick; there is a big fire in town in the direction of *her* house! Let's go."

And in less than five minutes one might have seen two men running at utmost speed in the direction of the blaze.

Roy was first to speak: "Reckon it's her house?"

"It's in that direction Roy, I'm afraid it is," answered Jack.

Both men were silent except for their deep breathing, until they came within sight of Mr. Campbell's house wrapped in flames. Both sprang forward under a common impulse and ran at their best.

As Jack ran he could see in the glare of the light and among the excited crowd the figure of a woman rushing about wringing her hands, and whom he recognized as Helen.

Clenching his teeth, he sped on faster with his eye on the excited crowd. Amid the din of voices and the roar of the fire he could hear the cry: "Bring the ladder! Its the second floor on fire! Water! Ladders! There she is, oh save her!" And looking he saw a form at the window of a little girl, and by this time he was close enough to see that the girl was little Mary Campbell. Just as they came up to the burning building the Hook and Ladder charged up.

The fire was in the second floor and burning on the outside so fiercely that no one could go closer than fifty feet of the flames. In a window of the third floor was little Mary Campbell white with fear and screaming for help.

Before anyone knew what had happened a big strong man grabbed a ladder off the truck as it came up, and like a flash put it to window and climbed up through the flame bringing the little girl safely to the ground by wrapping his coat around her.

When Roy (for it was Roy) reached the ground Helen ran to him and throwing her arms around him buried her face on his shoulder and wept.

In a moment they were walking toward a nearby house, Roy carrying the little girl in his arms and Helen walking at his side crying, and as they passed Jack in the crowd he heard her sob:

"Oh dear, I dont know how to thank you, y-you-you a-are so good and noble, and I love you so much more for it dear"

CHAPTER III.

As far as the building was concerned all was a complete loss, but it was heavily insured. Mr. Campbell and family left town on the morning train for a town not far away where one of their relatives lived to stay until the house could be rebuilt.

As for Roy he soon left for New York to have his eyes treated, for they had been injured in the fire.

Jack was so blue that he "cut" nearly all of his recitations for a month. He never wrote to Helen, of course, and he never had anything to say to Bert, consequently he never knew what went on between Roy and Helen, nor did he care to know. ¶

When commencement came Jack graduated without honors, and leaving school, he roamed about from town to town and finally took a steamer for Liverpool; in his despair he wandered to London and stopped at a hotel.

Next morning he started out on a walk about the city, trying to expel all thoughts of *her*. After he had gone about a mile he came upon a crowd congregated around the front of a house, and, through curiosity, went over to see what the excitement was about.

In the middle of the crowd he saw a sign:

<p style="text-align:center">VOLUNTEERS WANTED To Serve In SOUTH AFRICA.</p>
--

An idea struck him, and going in, he volunteered in the 21st Hussars. Jack was determined to forget Helen and he thought this to be the best means.

During the month that followed his enlistment, he

formed many friends in his company and regiment and attracted the attention of many by his strong and graceful form and his determination to get the drilling medal on the day they were to leave.

The day arrived for them to board the steamer for South Africa, and from the expression on Jack's determined face no one would ever have thought that he had volunteered for any other purpose than fighting for the Queen.

The soldiers fell into line that bright morning and wheeling around marched to the dock where they boarded the big ocean steamer all draped with flags. After many goodbyes and waving of handkerchiefs the old steamer glided slowly to sea and they were off.

CHAPTER IV.

The troops were hastened to the front as soon as they landed.

Their colonel had received an order to march immediately to the relief of the troops at Spion Kopje and they lost no time in starting.

The thought of being in a real fight sent a thrill through Jack and he was determined to do his best regardless of circumstances.

In about four hours they arrived at the scene of action; the dense smoke almost hid the troops but through all this Jack could see that the British troops were retreating down the kopje while the continuous cracking of rifles from the top and the deep roar of the cannon told him that the little valley in which the British were trying to rally their men was a valley of death itself.

Presently a horseman rode up quickly, whispered something to the colonel and was gone. The colonel raising himself in his stirrups, turned to his men and said: "Men, the battle is going hard with us; it all depends on our regiment. We are going into the very jaws of death

itself but we are fighting for England and I know you will uphold her colors." A general murmur of assent went down the lines.

"Attention! Fix bayonets! Column right, forward march, double quick!" yelled the colonel, and like a snake the lines crept off to the back of the enemy and started up the kopje at a fast gait.

Jack was in one of the front rows and saw everything that went on; when the regiment got half way up the kopje the Boers opened fire on them from a thicket and men began to fall on all sides.

Suddenly a tremendous explosion went off to their right and then Jack saw that the Boers had watched their movements and had sent a detachment to cut them off. At the first volley the British soldiers fell in heaps, and among them their colonel; the troops fell back in disorder and all the time the Boers poured their messengers of death into the ranks from their position in the thicket.

Jack seeing the colonel fall grabbed the flag from a retreating standard-bearer as he passed and waving it above his head commanded at the top of his voice: "Rally men! In the name of the queen I command you to *charge!*"

The soldiers, seeing Jack's stalwart form so calm midst the flying bullets and waving the flag and encouraging the troops, they turned and with cheers followed the men across a space of about fifty yards right over into the thicket.

A terrible hand to hand fight ensued and above the din of battle could be heard the pitiable wails of those dying; some for liberty and home, others for the crown.

As soon as Jack entered the woods a Boer stepped out from behind a tree and rushed into the dense smoke crying to his comrades to follow, made straight for Jack. In the Boer's left hand was held a flag and in the other a pistol; when he was within ten feet he raised his revolver, aimed it deliberately at Jack and pulled the trigger, but it

snapped. Throwing it down, he drew his sword the moment Jack drew his and a terrific combat ensued, both thrusting and cutting as fast as they could.

Finally Jack stabbed his antagonist, and, with a groan through his clenched teeth, he fell to the ground; but, as he fell he dealt a blow which brought Jack down beside him. And there they lay, side by side, the flag of each making for him a cover.

CHAPTER V.

Everything faded before Jack's view and he remained unconscious for some time.

When finally he regained his consciousness he lay on his back in a dazed condition with the flag over his face, listening to the rattle of musketry away down in the thicket; then he knew that his regiment had won, and that they were carrying the Boers before them.

His head felt twice its natural size and the pain was intense.

Presently he heard some one calling and groaning as if at some distance:

"Oh! How I suffer! My God! How I suffer! O, water, water!"

In a moment Jack came to realize that it was the Boer whom he had wounded and turning his head with the greatest difficulty, he looked over at the Boer. He was also lying on his back with the flag, all tattered and torn, lying across his face and body.

Still the wail and cry for water went on. Jack noticed that the fellow had a girlish voice but he was too weak to move,

Gradually his strength came back to him and reaching out his hand he removed the flag from the form of the wounded Boer. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's a young boy." And then just above a ghastly wound he beheld the badge of his fraternity; glancing up at the pale, haggard

face of the lad, Jack recognized Bert! With a cry Jack leaned over, and, brushing the hair from the boy's pale forehead, he kissed him and fell back into a trance.

Presently he awoke. The cries from Bert were growing fainter and fainter. Jack raising himself upon his elbow and being half delirious cried: "Oh, Bert! Bert- Is it possible? Can it be possible that I have killed you? Oh, please don't groan so, will you? Yes, I have killed him! Yes! No, it wasn't me! Yes it was too! I have killed her. Oh my God! I have killed *her!*" And leaning over, he put his arms around the brave suffering boy and showered him with kisses.

Then, regaining consciousness, he remembered his canteen, and reaching for it he held it to the boy's lips. He took two or three swallows and then opening his eyes he glanced over at Jack without recognition. A sweet smile lit up his features and he exclaimed: "Oh I knew you would do it mother. Dear mother, come here and bathe my side, I suffer so! Oh, mother, you seem so far off. Yes, I am going back now, kiss me goodbye."

Jack turned his head away and the tears, mixed with the flow of blood, fell from his cheeks. Then turning, he undid the boy's coat and tearing his own shirt he dressed the wound as best he could and gave the boy the rest of the water in the canteen.

Bert gradually came to consciousness, and the reader can imagine the scene which followed the boy's recognition of Jack.

An old Boer farmer who lived near by and who had come over to view the scene of carnage, seeing the youthfulness of the two men's faces and especially the handsome face of Jack, his heart went out to them and he carried them over to his farm house.

His wife waited on them day in and day out and but for the careful attention she gave them, Bert would certainly have died.

When Bert had recovered sufficiently to talk, after frequent requests the lady let him talk just a little. Bert had longed for this hour. Jack spoke.

"Bert, how was your-your-father when you left?" This wasn't what Jack intended to say.

Bert saw the hesitation, however, and understood it.

"Jack," he began deliberately, "you have made the biggest mistake of your life and you have acted a fool through it all too. It was all a mistake at the fire; Helen loves you—"

"What? Loves me? O you are mistaken. She couldn't—"

"Just wait until I finish now, and then have your say" demanded Bert with a smile.

"When Sister saw Roy Sims rescue Mary she thought it was you—"

"But—"

"Now wait!—And when she found out her mistake and saw your mistake and the way you treated her, she used to go to her room and cry by the hour. No one knew exactly what was the matter with her until I got ready to leave and she told me. Jack, Helen loves you and she loves you yet, and still expects you to come and see the straight of the affair, though I reckon she has about lost all hopes. As for the little ring it was just a 'frat' ring she wore to see how you would take it and to tease you; you see Jack, she was testing your love."

"Oh, Bert, is it the truth? For God's sake don't lie to me."

"It is the truth, and those are the facts."

"Is she m-m-married Bert?"

"No, Jack"

* * * * *

On a certain moonlight night a month afterward might have been dimly seen sitting in the bow of an ocean liner bound for New York, two battered and wounded

soldiers. One had his head, so pale and youthful, on the chest of the other and both were talking in low tones.

One looked forward to the time when his dear mother would catch him in her arms and "welcome the wanderer home;" the other of the time when a head of soft brown hair would be laid against his breast as her brother's was now; when two pretty, tear-stained, blue eyes would look up into his and—but what is the use of describing it; the reader can imagine it better.

The Voice of Easter.

We rejoice with the gladdest and glory with the confident in the dawning Easter. On this glad day we commemorate the resurrection of Christ the Lord, whose teachings are marvelous, whose life is wonderful, whose suffering is amazing, and whose death is triumphant; but whose resurrection is the divine seal of approbation to all His work. It is the immovable foundation of the Christian church, and the very heart of exultant hope.

The resurrection of Christ carries with it the evidence of the supernatural in Christianity by an irresistible logic. It is the central fact that reaches backward and confirms every declaration and prophecy that speaks of Him as the Son of God; it points forward to the great High Priest who has passed into Heaven—to Him who is now sitting on the right hand of God, and shall come again in the clouds of heaven to be the judge of the quick and the dead. It is evidence that Jesus is the Christ, the God-man, and that his surrender to Roman power was His voluntary humiliation, and his death a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of lost humanity.

No risen Lord to me would mean no rising church spires to point villages to Heaven; no smiling cathedrals to direct cities to God; no treasured Bible in the hands of saints to voice eternal peace; no Christian ministry to sow the seed of right; and no Christian homes to shelter us from the storm and blast, and to mantle us with love. If the stone is yet unmoved, the seal yet unbroken, the grave clothes and sweet spices yet shroud and embalm a slain Lord; let darkness come at once and blot out the sun,

blind the silvery moon, and hide the jubilant stars, and we will bid a long, long good-night to all the bright hopes of life, and welcome, heartily welcome, ghastly death, for existence is but a feverish dream. O how appalling if Christ be not risen!

But blessed be God we are begotten unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven. For on that first glorious Easter morning, just as pearly light crept from her rosy bed, and innocent lily lifted its radiant face to nod a floral greeting; when the "great star" smiled in expectant hope and all heaven paused to wait the victory, infinite power prevailed and the Lord did arise. The grand old earth tottered in her weakness; the Roman guards dropped into the dust; the great stone, touched by angel hands, slipped back, the sacred linens were folded away, and the white-robed messenger of heaven's King proclaimed "He is risen."

O, what a glad morning! I fancy the heavenly choir, elated with joy, broke into a new song that filled all the courts with the richest strains known to angels; that the celestial harpers played on their golden strings, "He is risen; Christ is risen from the dead"; and that all nature, beautiful nature, grew jocund, and clapped her hands in gladness.

This glorious event elevates the disciples from the midnight gloom of the crucifixion to the mid-day height of joy and triumph. The honored Mary wipes the burning tears from her eyes and her plaintive voice breaks forth into sweet melody, and her broken heart bounds with new hope as she exclaims, "Master!" Thomas lets go his doubts, and shouts, "My Lord and my God!" Peter gets up out of bitter weeping and preaches a risen Lord, and its attending power and glory amaze Jerusalem, imparts the gift of tongues, arrayed with heavenly fire and brings three thousand souls into the church of God in a day. Later Mars Hill blossoms into living hope and reverberates with joy unspeakable and, full of glory gathered from this all important theme.

This supernatural event inaugurated and has kept sacred for nine-teen hundred years the blessed Sabbath; has been and is the motive force of our wonderfull y pro

gressive Christianity; is the bouyant inspiration of holy prophets, poets, sages, philosophers and divines; and is the sun of our strength and the sole star of our hope.

Behold each morn getting up out of her nightly grave, each spring leaping from her wintry tomb, each libernating animal shaking off its coat of stupor, the tiny seeds bursting their shells and spreading into trees of beauty; the modest lily unveiling her snowy face to kiss the vernal zephyrs and the silvery light, and the graceful birds rushing from their secluded homes, warbling melodies sweet as the voice of love, and feed thy soul on the sureties and life of a *risen* Lord.

Let each gruff voice soften into the tendrils of a mother's speech. Let the caged heart leap from its shackles. Let the glad tongues be free; vent the melody of the sweet toned organs; strike nimbly the vibrant cords of the golden harp with abundant life, and let us ever sing the old, the new, the living, the joyous and transcendent song of the resurrection and lauding a *living* Savior audibly harmonizing with the voice of Easter.

W. N. DUNCAN, '04.

Tempo Adante.

I asked that I might print a kiss,
 Upon her cheek so pink.
 She granted her kind permission.
 Then passed a world of bliss,
 And I'm inclined to think
 I printed a whole edition! —C. A. A., 1903.

Rastus' Dilemma.

Dis worl' hit am ^a cur'us place,
 Hit seem all upsid'down.
 I've seen cake walk and money talk;
 Trees' bark and root in de groun'.
 De rabbits is bread in de briah patch,
 I've hern dat said a good 'eal.
 And I've actually seen a wagin spring
 And corn stalk over my field.
 —C. A. A., 1903.

Cupid's Answer.

Pleadingly I begged of Cupid :
“ Won't you pierce my Rosa's heart ?
He shook his head; the little stupid,
Said we must forever part.

“ Is life worth living,” next I plead,
“ When I must go alone,
And darn my socks and make my bed,
And cook my greens and pone.?”

He said to me: “ My friend, I swear
By bow and sash and quiver !
It 'pends not on the socks you wear,
But mostly on the liver !”

—C. A. A., 1903.

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EDITORIALS

An editorial appeared in a recent issue of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, in which facts are cited to show the demand for and the greater usefulness of college trained men. Attention is called to the fact that, while only one per cent. of the men of our country secure a college degree, fifty per cent. of our congressmen, sixty-six per cent. of our presidents and supreme court judges, and seventy-five per cent of our chief justices come from this one per cent of our male population. In addition to this all the positions of honor and responsibility are filled by like percentages from this supply of college men.

What a wonderful tribute to the value of a college training for increasing the business capacity of men, and

for enabling them to take rank over those who have risen by unaided efforts! As vocations grade upward, as we rise upon the ladder of life rung by rung, the percentage of *self made* men grows less and less as compared with the percentage of college men. I honor the man who has had the courage to battle against such odds, and who has been able to sustain himself by the persistent hammering of untrained effort. But I am unwilling to let our young men lose the inspiration of such testimony as this.

There is another important fact cited in this editorial: *The young man wears the impress of his Alma Mater.* Where is there a more sacred trust? Where greater responsibility? If a college loses sight of its responsibility and violates its obligation to society, who can conceive of the measure of its retribution? The responsibility, however, is not all on the side of the college, for the young man is responsible for his choice of institutions. No young man should think that the choice of a college is a matter of no consequence. He should choose, remembering that his moral character is no small factor in determining his fitness for filling any position creditably; that that character will have much of the moral cast of the college which he selects. Let no young man choose for the prestige which a college may give him, but let him choose knowing that what may be reflected into him by the college can last only so long as it is backed by a strong moral character, and unflinching fidelity to conviction.

The meeting recently held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Millsaps College was one of the best ever held in the college.

Many of the students were able to confess their consciousness of Christ as a personal Saviour, and others were strengthened in their faith and had their zeal renewed. Not the least result was the laying of the foundation for a higher moral standard among the students.

Great things have already been accomplished by the meeting, but we think that the work is just begun. We want to see the time come when Millsaps College will visit upon dishonorable and vicious practices such unpromising censure as shall drive all such characters to such distance that the innocent boy will be safe from his polluting touch.

Rev. J. C. Park, pastor of the Methodist church at Winona, Miss., did the preaching. His strong sermons, his forceful illustrations, his earnest zeal and his personal magnetism won the heart of every Millsaps boy. Our best wishes and our prayers shall follow him.

The city of Jackson has had its experience with fire lately, and a severe experience, too. Much valuable property was destroyed. Among other things the state institution for the deaf mutes was destroyed, except the small brick building. This is a serious loss to the state, and certainly a calamity to those unfortunates who, by its destruction are deprived of instruction. It seems that the proper thing to do would be to *investigate* and *appropriate*.

We have noticed in several papers lately statements to the effect that the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association would hold its annual contest at Natchez on May 1st.

We feel safe in assuring the public that the contest will not be on May 1st, for it is always held on Friday night. We feel almost as sure that the contest will not be in Natchez, since that city has made the Association no offer.

The editor of the Collegian is puzzled to know how some editors are able to get news so far in advance. It seems to us that with the genius of the average newspaper editor and his tact for gathering news one might easily foretell the events of the next century, and so reduce life to a certainty and greatly simplify all political problems.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Read one of Ralph Connor's books, and when you have finished you feel like you had traveled through his country; yes, more than traveled; you feel quite sure that you halted long enough to become familiar with the character of its people and that among them you have some really good friends. When you come to inquire why you feel so much that way you find that it is because the writer himself has lived among the people he tells you of. He knows their speech, their motives and their feelings, knows of the mighty struggle for the right going on in the heart of some, surrounded as they are by every influence for the evil common to a mining camp of the north-west country. Because he knows all these things, with their speech, he can tell you of them so as to enlist your sympathies and make you love those who are laboring to ameliorate their condition. He writes with the style of a real artist with the accuracy of an eye witness and the sympathy of one whose heart-felt interests are concerned.

The scene of "Black Rock" is laid in the Selkirk mountains of Western Canada, and the action begins on a Christmas eve in the Black Rock mining camp. There are two opposing elements in the little settlement, the one for the good, the other for the bad. The latter is led by Mike Slavin who owns a saloon and gambling house, where those who yield to temptation lose their hard earned wages.

On this Christmas eve it is proposed to arrange a rival attraction to keep the miners away from Slavin's, which is successfully done, but that cannot last, and a formidable campaign is inaugurated against the saloon and its supporters. A long and hard fought battle ensues. Slavin is made to see himself as he really is when his baby sickens, and the drunken doctor gives it an over dose of

his poisoned whisky, and it dies. When this doctor comes in Slavin makes at him in his fury, but is stopped by the priest.

"He murdered my child," growls Slavin. "He was drunk and poisoned him."

"Ah! who gave him drink? Who made him a drunkard two years ago? Who has wrecked his life? Who is the murderer of your child now?" asked the priest. That was too much for even wicked Slavin, and that night he was seen in his saloon knocking in the heads of casks like one mad. "What does this mean," he was asked.

He paused in his strange work. "It means I'm done wid the business, I am," he said in a determined voice. "I'll help no more to kill any man, or," in a lower tone, "any man's baby." And that struggle in Black Rock between the good people and Slavin was ended then and there.

The men of the little book are still to be found in the lumber and mining camps of the west fighting the battle of the strong for clean, honest upright manhood.

Mr. Irving Bachellor is indeed a charming writer of stories that tell nothing in particular, and because he has such a readable style we cannot help but wish he would take novel writing a little more seriously than he has done heretofore. His stories are what we look upon as good summer reading when one has worked hard during the winter, and wants something light and interesting to while away the time. There is no justice in attempting to make a truly great novel of either Eben Holden or D'ri and I for a great novel must have in it some great characters, with distinctly drawn personalities, and these, with the exception possibly of Uncle Eben and D'ri, we do not find in either of the above mentioned books.

In Eben Holden there is some remarkably fine wit and drollery by Uncle Eben, and you remember him well until

you read D'ri and I, when you find D'ri so like him that you are unable to separate the two, or so it was with the writer.

With the exception of Uncle Ebe there is not a distinctly drawn character in the book; they are like all other common place people that you read about or could have seen at that time. But with all that it is a nice story and good to read.

In D'ri and I we wished for something a little more pretentious coupled with the author's charming style, but it seems little more than another version of the first told tale. Of course the action is quite different, but everything centers around D'ri, who is too much like Uncle Ebe.

D'ri is the only well drawn character, as Uncle Ebe was in the first story; all the other characters are common-place. But now and then D'ri makes a scene, mostly by himself. A most pathetic one characteristic of him is near the beginning when Ray's grandmother sickens and dies on their journey through the wilderness.

The little party stops, makes a coffin, lines it with the soft deer skins, and gently lays the old body to rest with only the forest trees to keep watch over her silent grave.

When all was ready Ray's father called D'ri aside:

"D'ri," said he, "ye've alus been more propper spoken than I hev; say a word o' prayer." "Fraid it'll come a leettle unhandy for me t'pray," said D'ri with a look of embarrassment, "but I don't never shirk a tough job if it hes t'be done."

Then he stepped forward, took off his faded hat, his brow wrinkling deep, and said in a drawling, preacher tone that had no sound of D'ri in it: "O God, tek care o' gan'ma. Help us t'go on careful, and when we're riled help us to keep our mouths shet. O God, help the ol' cart and ox in perticular. An' don't be no way hard on us. Amen." And the little party pressed on leaving the birds to sing her requiem.

GRIT AND GOLD

Prof.—What is the heart of a craw fish?

Student—Merely an enlarged portion of the intestine.

Temptation is never too great till manhood has become too small.

I pity the pity that exhausts itself in pitying.

Turning over a new leaf will do no good till the hands are washed that soiled the old one.

Don't lay everything on Satan; some people would do wrong if the devil were dead.

Prof. of English—Give an example of American and English pronunciation.

Student—The English say *vice versa*, but the Americans have no corresponding word.

The seniors are delighted with practical astronomy. The James Observatory has a splendid telescope and each survey of the heavens reveals new beauties. The most important of all heavenly bodies, however, cannot be viewed for want of a solar eye piece. This should at once be added that Millsaps may have a complete astronomic outfit. It must have been an oversight that it was not included in Mr. Dan James' liberal donation.



THE COLLEGE WORLD

The February number of the *Maroon and White* was late in getting out. We suppose it waited for W. H. Nelson to finish that eighteen-page article of bombastical nonsense on "Reciprocity". If some one can turn this embryo statesman toward the farm it will be a real service to humanity. "Exams" by McDonald is very well executed. The editorial on athletics is good, but is longer than the usual effort of the quill driver.

The new staff of the *University of Va. Magazine* starts off well. The poetry of the February issue is not the best. "A Plea for the Development of Musical Science", and "Is Our Literary Center Moving Westward," are fresh and vigorous. They give some little variation from that dull monotony of style and subject which is so tiresome to the new exchange editor of the *Magazine*. May his exhortation bear fruit. Let us hope he will do something more than point out faults.

Nothing is more striking than the lack of growth in the ordinary college magazine. Some of them have had one standard for a decade and have reached the last stages of stagnation. Others appear well in the first issue but the efforts of the staff wane with the disappearance of novelty. The *S. W. University Magazine* and *Hendrix College Mirror* are of different kind. They show more progress this session than any others that come to our desk.

The *Vanderbilt Observatory* is hardly so good as it was two years ago; but the February number is an improvement on previous issues of the current session. "Alford as a Writer and Educator," by B. M. Drake, and "Desiderius Erasmus, Humanist," H. T. Carley, are the leading articles for this month. We are glad to see "Flashlights" coming in to fill the place vacated by "Wheat and Chaff."

The *University of Mississippi Magazine* shows little taste in publishing a sixteen-year old poem from an ex-convict. The author's career scarcely reflects sufficient credit on his Alma Mater to make her feel proud of him. The February number is, on the whole, the best of the year.

The *Whitworth Clionian* contains two very creditable short stories: "Ambition and Love—a Conflict," and "When the Fates Were Kind."

The February number of the *A. & M. College Reflector* is the best of the year.

Harvard has 6,740 students; Columbia, 4,392; University of Michigan, 3,813; University of Chicago, 3,774; University of Minnesota, 3,423; University of California, 3,216; Cornell, 3,004; Yale, 2,584; Pennsylvania, 2,573.

The University of Michigan has an annual income of \$670,000.

Harvard's Library contains 700,000 volumes; Yale has 200,000; Columbia 133,000; Cornell 126,000. Harvard has 337 men on her faculty and Yale has 295.

CLIPPINGS.

To the doctor: "My wife is at death's 'door. Please come and see if you can't pull her through."—*Spectator*.

A Toast.

Here's to the chapel donkey,
 Who thinks it indeed quite spunkey,
 To raise a great noise
 With his asinine voice
 By singing so rudely away.
 But he's a bit indiscreet
 To kick with feet,
 Having already shown his tribe by his bray.

—*Emory Phoenix*.

Sal's Aunty.

Up spoke ye Verdant Freshman
 (Ye joke's as old as vellum).

"Now, prithee tell me, Junior friend,
 Do you know Cere-bellum?"

Then an-swer-ed ye Junior
 (Ye Junior y-clept Rees).

"Why surely Sarah Bellum
 Is Ante-Bellum's niece."

—*Emrry Phœnix.*

The Senior loves his glorious past,
 The Junior loves a fair ideal,
 The Sophomore loves his own sweet face,
 But the Freshman loves the real.

—*W. Floweree, '05, in Univ. Miss. Mag.*

Those Bells.

Poets have found in "bells"
 The theme for many a rhyme;
 There are marriage bells and fire bells
 And funeral knell and chime;
 They have even speculated
 On ringing bells in heaven,
 And have written thrilling poems
 On the curfew bells at even.

There are bells to ring the year out
 And bells to ring it in,
 And if they all should ring at once
 There'd be a mighty din.
 They've talked about the school
 And even the chapel bell,
 And every bell in heaven and earth
 Except—the rising bell!

—*M. A., in Whitworth Clonian.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Employee—I'd hate to be named Bill.

"Why."

"Cause Bills are never paid."

Miss Bessie Cavitt entertained last week. Many of the college boys and girls of town attended. It is needless to say that every one enjoyed Miss Cavitt's hospitality, for she is truly gifted in entertaining.

Just at noon last Tuesday the alarm of fire was given and it was discovered that the State Deaf and Dumb Institute was ablaze. Faithful work was done by the fire companies but the frame building was totally destroyed. The college boys saved much of the furniture and stores.

Flim—So, old chap, you have come to bridle your appetite.

Flam (entering a restaurant)—No, old chap, only to put a bit in my mouth."

If money talks, I'd hate to be with some girls when they are flushed.

Professor Hamill, the director of the Sunday School Study Circle of the M. E. Church South, delivered an exceedingly interesting talk on education in the college chapel, and all who were so fortunate as to hear Mr. Hamill enjoyed his talk from start to finish. Mr. Hamill is an excellent talker and we hope to have him with us again.

We look forward with much pleasure to the joint debate between the two Literary Societies which is to take place Friday, April 5th. Of course, we will have the fair damsels of Belhaven with us on that occasion.

Baseball enthusiasts are out in full force now. Some very close class games have been played. The Preps played the college last Saturday, and, while the Preps did the best playing for the first half, they were beaten by a score of 12 to 10.

We are very sorry to note that Mr. Marvin Galloway who has been confined to his room for several days with typhoid pneumonia, seems to get no better. We sincerely hope that he will soon be able to be out again.

The illustrious Sophs are enjoying the agony of a preliminary contest. They'll all get there of course.

Messrs. M. C. Henry and C. A. Alexander leave Saturday for New Orleans to attend a Kappa Sigma convention. They will be gone about three days.

Just two more months, but doesn't time fly? The third quarterly exams will be on in about a week.

The Freshmen declaimed last Wednesday for commencement places. The following young men were selected by the Faculty to represent that class: Messrs. Pittman, McGilvery, Hughes, Whitfield, Price, Robertson, Williams, Corruth, Mayes and Bright.

By far the most interesting protracted meeting we have ever had was held last week under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The meetings were conducted by Rev. J. C. Parks, who preached some excellent sermons. Everyone enjoyed the meeting and many derived great profit from them.

Lamar Literary Society Notes.

February 28th the Society met, J. B. Howell in the chair. The question, "Resolved, That Cuban reciprocity should be allowed by Congress," was debated. Much interest was manifested by all present, as the subject was the one selected for the Galloway-Lamar debate.

The Society met March 7, the president, J. B. Howell in the chair. The question, Resolved, That the complaints of laborers against employers when said employers are reaping enormous profits are unjustifiable," was warmly debated by both affirmative and negative, the affirmative winning.

On account of the revival meeting, the Society held no regular meeting March 14.

March 21 the Society met, the president in the chair. The question, "Resolved, That Co-education should be allowed in our Colleges and Universities," was discussed, the decision being in favor of the affirmative.

G. R. NOBLES,
Cor. Secretary.

J. B. HOWELL,
President.

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No. 7

Is Ambition a Sin?

On the occasion of the ninth anniversary of the Galloway Literary Society, Hon. Frank A. Critz, of West Point, Miss., delivered the address, using for his subject, "Is Ambition a Sin?"

This address was certainly one of the purest and best ever delivered from our platform. It was a clear, clean and forcible presentation of an intensely practical theme. One of the most striking characteristics of the address was the strength and completeness of some of the sentences when separated from the context. They are jewels such as can come only from a man who realizes his responsibility, the seriousness of his obligation.

The speech is too long to publish in full, but many of the paragraphs are too good to be forgotten so we make extracts from it.

The speaker began by acknowledging the responsibility imposed by the character of his audience, and said, among other things: "College life is a dangerous period with boys. A period in which many of them stand upon pivoted points, so that the slightest loss of balance may turn the life to the left hand, which leads to desolation and ruin. The avenues of parental influence are five: 1st, The influence of restraint exercised over the child; 2nd, Teaching it the lessons of knowledge and duty; 3rd, With a feeling sense of weakness, the parent appeals to the directing and restraining hand of God for help; 4th, Filial affection and loyalty, with a knowledge of parental love and interest, is a motive by which a child is induced to

control himself; 5th The last force in parental influence is the power of example. * * * * These same forces, or their *counterparts*, are brought to bear in the formation of every human character.

“Of these five distinct influences, thus enumerated you observe that three are exercised over you, or for you. The other two appeal to you for independent action. In the last analysis of every human life we find the responsibilities personal and individual. * * * * * * * *

The modern science of osteopathy without the use of medicinal agents seeks to relieve physical pain and to give physical health and strength by stimulating the hidden, dormant or obstructed forces of the human body; so we would stimulate mental and moral strength by an appeal to the forces that are within you.

“Failure rarely comes from lack of intellectual power. What you need is energy; the vitalization of the forces that you have; earnest application and concentration; a purpose before you, firmly and definitely fixed. Cherish in your minds and hearts an ideal of moral and mental excellence, and let the earnest trend of your life be toward that ideal. Build air castles, if you please, and center in them the acme of your hopes. Many an ambitious young man in his youth has built castles of air. which he has lived to see peopled with living realities. It is not so much relative strength that you want, as activity; the persistent following of a single intelligent purpose. * * * * * ‘He can who believes he can.’ * * * He who is worthy to be a winner loses no time in singling out the prize for which to compete. Hence follows the significant question: ‘Is Ambition a Sin?’

“While the origin and primary meaning of words, in many instances, are not only interesting, but absolutely essential in their present interpretation, still the all-important consideration after all is, what is the meaning of our words at the time of their utterance? Applying the

same canons of interpretation to human character, we announce to you, young men of Millsaps College, that we are little concerned about your origin or your ancestry, but the vital question with which we confront you on this occasion is, What are you today? This question includes in its answer, your purposes and ambitions for the future. In the words of Shakspeare, Woolsey said to Oliver Cromwell, 'I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin the angels fell.'

"To the conquerer whose deeds are written in blood, and whose steps are marked by the groans of his victims, ambition is a crime. Ambition is always a crime if its gratification demands the sacrifice of other men's rights; or if its success is attested by the groans of the oppressed or the tears of widows and orphans. * * * * *

"There is a sense in which ambition is not a sin. * * A desire for honor and popularity and power must not be condemned. Such laudable ambition is the stimulus by which effective character is formed, and an earnest desire for better things and to attain positions of popularity, power and influence has been found in the heart of every great man that has ever lived.

"The law of compensation on the one hand, and the law of retribution on the other, are parts of our being, under God's decrees, and he that seeks the rewards of life simply aspires to obtain what God has given him the power to obtain."

In the address Judge Critz said that the men who have achieved success in the business world, are not those who inherited it, but those who by patient and unceasing toil rose from the very lowest positions to places of distinction. He cited many illustrations from the different professions. In political life he declared that, we "Are not circumscribed by the limitations of caste or heredity."

In concluding the address he said: "I commend in you that ambition which was the stimulating influence of all the great men of the republic, whose example you should emulate.

It is not a sin to desire influence and popularity and applause, provided this desire is preceded by the desire and earnest effort to be worthy. No man is so holy or so humble as not to desire the approval of his labors. No man's love for a friend was ever so unselfish as not to exact that friend's love in return. The sublime pathos of a mother's love was never so deep as not to desire the sacred assurance of the love of her child. The law of compensation, the strongest motive of human action, is the law of God. Let your ambition be subordinate to His will. 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven,' and He will crown you with glory and honor and eternal life; and ye shall become kings and priests unto God.'"

The Literary Barrenness of Undergraduates.

A college magazine is supposed to be an expression of the literary skill of a student body. True, it must not be lacking in other and, seemingly, more characteristic traits. It may contain much in the lighter mood, and, true to its chief purpose, it should reflect college life in general, and the life and traditions of its own institution in particular. Yet, it is not by its requisites that we judge of a work, but by its peculiar touches and extraordinary departures just where there is room and reason for such. In the case of the college journal this is found in what is termed, for want of a truer expression, the literary department. Here is room for the development of skill and talent, and here alone, of all its departments, real talent is demanded. Thus, the separation of its character from that of its class is determined finally by whatever literary ideal it sets for itself.

Alas, that the dearth of its contributors should so often depreciate this ideal! How often are our souls afflicted with a dozen-page story, which, if it even reminds us of life or reality, does so merely because the world has

heard its like ever since fairy tales became fashionable! Or it may be modern, painfully modern, made to order by the prevailing style; yet it expresses human nature and human passions to about the same degree as does a fashionably dressed dummy express the warm, human body, pulsing with the red blood of life, and full of thought and motion. As to good poetry, it is even scarcer than good stories, and it is seldom indeed that the long-suffering and oft-insulted muse will respond to the sacrilegious invocation of the poetaster. Of course it requires skill, at least, and that, too, of a higher order, to produce successful short stories, and alas, we cannot have a Page or a Cable in every college. Yet, the literary men of today come from the colleges and universities; why, then, this barrenness during the college course?

As a matter of fact, one cause is a lack of natural development. We cannot expect the student, as such, to reach the height of his literary powers, for that may require many years of active labor. Then it is an invariable defect of our educational system that, if it does not dwarf the imagination, it certainly checks it for the time being. The student is concerned about an active memory and mathematical exactness and scientific accuracy. Alas for him who habitually allows his imagination to transport him away from the unvaried routine and hard realities of his daily task! Thus, the other faculties are developed to the neglect of the imagination; when needed it fails him, and thereby spontaneity and vigor are lost; for, paradox though it be, a well regulated imagination is one of the surest auxiliaries to reality of conception as well as freshness of expression.

Perhaps more painfully still, is felt the lack of experience. This performs a part which the imagination cannot, and guides, regulates and reciprocally aids it. To express the highest art in fiction, the writer cannot depend entirely upon the experiences of others nor his

own imaginations and instincts; but must feel that he, too, has experienced something in common with his characters, that in some way he has been "a part of what he relates." From the nature of the case, the student's experiences are strictly limited. Having never participated in active life, little does he know of the great busy world with its teeming humanity; scarcely does he feel its joys, more scarcely still its sorrows. The world is not a kind teacher, nor are its lessons easy; yet they are indispensable to a proper understanding of and appreciation for the varied phases of life which the writer must needs portray.

Then college life does not best develop individuality: Of old, learning affected monkish modes, viewing humanity from the poor prospective of its study-window, and the world mistook its eccentricity for individuality. Today we believe that the highest and truest individuality is that engendered by the liveliest experiences, and existing together with the most cosmopolitan views; that what remains after the character has been scrubbed on the hard stones of life is verily of the man. The student's lack of experience, then, must, to a certain extent, suppress his personality and the independence of his thought. Then, in his college course he must, of necessity, master multitudes of various forms, and in so doing often loses the real thought of which the form is but an expression. Too often he attempts criticism where he should give himself up to appreciation. This, too, leads to a degree of affectation and artificiality in his own expression. Of course there can be no true art in literary style and thought until the attempt at art is subordinated to the personality of the writer; until his writing is an expression of the man rather than an exhibition of his style. Thus, so frequently does the student writer lose from his effort that distinctive character, yet, withal, that intense human seeming, which makes it worth the while.

How, now, may these defects be corrected? As usual

it is much easier to find faults than to afford a remedy for them. Indeed, in the very nature of college training these failings are, to some extent, inevitable. The student stores up rather than manifests energy. His is a potential rather than manifests energy. His is a potential rather than a kinetic force; he rather absorbs than gives out ideas. It is needful, then, that he consider well the disadvantages under which he must work and make the best of his powers. Let him strive as far as possible to untrammel his powers from the rigidity so often incident to his training. Above all, let him take literature seriously. He cannot afford to write for mere pastime, nor for his own satisfaction. Whatever he writes, let it be the best he has to give. Let him study successful authors as much to understand their characters and sympathies as to master their styles. As far as possible, let him enlarge his conceptions of life; as he has opportunity let him seek humbly at the threshold of humanity, if perchance some of its mysteries shall be revealed to him.

—J. H. P., 04.

A Mysterious Revenge.

Some years ago Robert Stone left Louisville, Kentucky for the far west, never to return. He had lost home, wealth and hope; and now had given himself up to be tossed, wrecked or saved, just as was the will of fate. Those who were once his companions were no longer friends, and the number of his so-called friends had so dwindled that he was left almost alone with his reflections as his only companions. Only two persons pressed his hand as he left the city; the first a crippled peddler, the second a small man, who said: "You shall pay the ten thousand yet." * * * * *

There is on the Pacific coast of America a certain high bluff overhanging the sea. This bluff, guarding an

extensive district from approach by sea, near its southern terminus slopes for perhaps half a mile till it meets the water's edge, and there joins the boundless plains that some hundred miles inland touch the base of the Cascade mountains. Near the junction of the bluff and the plains, and extending for a little way along the shore, lies a small village, which in case of storm is sometimes visited by sailing vessels. Above the village and on the summit of this sea-cliff stands an old hut built by no one knows whom, and for years allowed to lie in idleness. This hut, on account of certain singularities of construction, had been so long neglected and uninhabited that it had come to be regarded by the village folks with a kind of superstition.

So it is not at all wonderful that someone, who while wandering in the neighboring woods, had seen a stranger about the old hut, should report in exaggerated details the arrival of a man of extraordinary appearance. It is also not strange that all should watch with curiosity his movements. He became an occasional visitor of the town; finally every one had seen him, yet no one knew him. Many, attracted by his splendid physique, made friendly approaches to him, and all except the village parson had been gracefully repulsed. The parson, by his cordial and kindly address, had succeeded in securing the bare information that the stranger had been driven to this remote place by misfortune. Beyond this he could never find the slightest clue to the man's past history, though he sought through repeated efforts to gain some knowledge of the wanderer's secret.

The stranger was Robert Stone. One morning in October Robert Stone arose earlier than usual. It had stormed terribly the night before; and the rain had beaten into his hut. The storm was still raging when he had finished his breakfast. Everything in the place was wet. He could not stay in the cabin in such a storm as this.

He buttoned his coat close about him and plunged out into the stormy day. He trudged on through the driving rain as fast as he could. Just as Stone reached the village he saw gathered on the sea shore a little farther down, an excited group of persons watching (helplessly) something in the little harbor. Turning a point of the beach he saw a few yards from the shore, among the rocks, the broken hull of a small sailing vessel beaten by the angry sea. He joined the group and stood a silent witness to an awful tragedy.

The sea, maddened by the raging storm, rushed back and forth over the lower beach; while further down the waves hurled themselves in fury against the crags only to be broken into ten thousand pieces and cast back into the bellowing sea. The wind still drove the little vessel hard upon the rocks, every moment threatening it with destruction.

Time after time an attempt was made to reach the sufferers on the vessel, yet none had succeeded. Ropes had been brought in the vain effort to reach the ship; but when they were thrown out they were caught by the wind and hurled down into the angry waters. All hope of rescue was gone. So they stood passively upon the beach.

Suddenly there was a cry. All turned and there a little apart from the rest stood the strange man, like a statue, staring into the sea. Then he moved slowly forward and seizing a rope hurriedly tied it about his waist and leaped into the receding sea. Quickly he was caught up and borne toward the rocks. Then began the battle of his life. Slowly, by the mere strength of his powerful arms, he evaded the first crag, then the second; then, caught by the returning sea, he was carried back almost to land. But again he was borne out toward the ship; past the third and fourth. He was almost there; thus with gigantic strength he struggled on. He caught the loose rigging and mounted slowly to the deck. Then tying the

rope, he siezed a crippled boy, his only friend, and bore him to the shore.

The ship was now breaking. But he threw himself again into the sea and again reached the vessel; siezing a frail man, just as the ship sank, he shouted in a voice as wild as the wind, "ten thousand times revenged!" and with his victim dashed himself upon the rocks and sank without the least struggle for his life.

—F. D. M. '03.



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EDITORIALS

Of the many matters attracting public attention at the present time, the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, the South African millionaire, is perhaps the most prominent.

Every one, of course, has read of the liberal disposition which Cecil Rhodes made of his immense fortune; and of the manner in which he gave expression to his regard for the United States.

The execution of this remarkable will means that each year thirty vigorous and active young men, with all the equipment to be had in the great University at Oxford, are to be distributed over the whole territory of the United States; this of itself is no matter of small import; but to my mind it is certainly the least meaning which

could be given to this instrument. What is the education of thirty young men as compared with the millions born each year? From a material standpoint the gift is insignificant.

The greatest significance of the will lies in the fact that it is the expression of friendship between two of the greatest nations in the world, it is a tie which each year shall renew and increase, and it is an unmistakable prophecy of the future co-operation of England and the United States, for the settlement of matters of world wide importance.

Notwithstanding the liberal provisions of the will and the part which it may contribute toward the solution of great problems, its provisions were no sooner made public than many of the editors of little newspapers began a tirade against English people and English customs. From the array of South African names, some seem to have siezed upon the opportunity to impress their readers with the prodigiousness of their memory, while others make it the occasion for sarcastic remarks with reference to both England and the United States.

Would that we had many like Cecil Rhodes, to love us, and to bring the two great Anglo-Saxon nations together in indissoluble bonds of friendship.

The remark is often made that newspapers create the sentiment of the people. This may have been true at one time, and in a general application of the statement, *may* be true now; I do not believe it is true. The statement certainly does not hold for limited portions of the country, nor do I think it a lamentable fact that the rule fails to apply in restricted portions. For the moral tone, which in many instances would result from the sentiment created—the indirect creation, so to speak, of an uncertain quantity—would be a matter for gross apprehension.

It is not an unusual thing for the editorial policies of

these country sheets to be under the direction of men without common intelligence, to say nothing of educational qualifications. As a result the composition is painfully bad; and the strength of the editorial often depends upon the coarsest kind of ridicule. Sentiment is determined by the ideals which underlie it. Then the stupidity of the sentiment, which such editors as I have described might create, would be nothing short of *vile*.

It often happens, too, that some of the most vicious characters are found in these positions. How often do we find the vices of great men without their virtues? How terrible would be the sentiment created by such a press! From this editorial imbecility and viciousness has resulted almost universal contempt for editorial comment. The certainty of this post cannot be doubted, for some time ago the editor of one of the best papers in Mississippi told an advertiser, who wished to buy the *local column* of his paper that he valued the *local column* at the same price as he valued his paper. This state of affairs is common and will continue until the better class of citizens refuse to patronize such incompetency.

A few days ago the editor of the *Collegian*, as secretary of the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, received a letter from one judge of the approaching contest, in which letter the judge congratulated Mississippi upon the high class orations submitted. He said that he had just performed a like duty for another Southern state, and that the orations submitted by Mississippi were at least one hundred per cent. better than those from the other state. He said, also, that every oration was better than the best of the others. This is very gratifying, and we feel proud of the showing which our representatives make; but let it be remembered that if this does no more than feed our vanity it is worthless. We call attention to it not from a spirit of boasting, but in the hope that it may be an inspir-

ation to every college boy in Mississippi. Let it be the ambition of every Mississippi boy to take the first place, no matter what his work may be.

T. W. Holloman, an alumnus of both the literary and law departments of Millsaps College, who is now taking the law course of the University of Virginia is to be one of the representatives in the debate which takes place in Washington, D. C., April 18, between the representatives of University of Virginia and Columbian University. Mr. Holloman won the place to represent the University of Virginia in a competitive contest held about March 1st. We are glad to hear of the success of our alumni, and the *Collegian*, on behalf of the college, extends congratulations for what has already been achieved, and best wishes for success in the contest.

Some members of our faculty, and other friends have received invitations to attend the marriage of Prof. J. P. Hanner to Miss Claire Dowman, daughter of President Dowman of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., which marriage is to take place May 1.

Prof. Hanner was for a number of years professor of modern languages and history in Millsaps, and at present occupies the chair of modern languages at Emory College. During Prof. Hanner's stay at Millsaps he made many warm friends who have never forgotten him. All of his friends join the *Collegian* in extending congratulations, and in wishing for him and his bride elect a life filled with sunshine and happiness.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The excellence of a book in no way depends upon the grandeur of the subject which it embraces; but on the other hand those dealing with the simplest problems of human interest are most often those worthy of the greatest praise.

Two great exemplifiers of this fact may be found in Milton and Dante Gabrielle, tho in point of style they are widely separated. Milton is an exponent of idealism, while Dante adheres to the opposing realism.

In all of Milton's work we may see his great idealistic teachings, and for this he uses the simplest instance of human passion; while Dante, in his Divine Comedy, treats of the fall and redemption of man. These widely differing themes were selected by Milton and Dante because they were best suited to the writer and his time.

It may be said in this connection that the theme of any artist will and should be, to some extent, shaped by the conditions of the time and the taste of the people. Often certain political and religious beliefs shape the author's treatment of a subject, which otherwise he would never have touched. But while this statement is true to a certain extent, that is that a man should be governed to some extent by conditions, it should not be abused as seems to be the alarming tendency among recent literary adventurers.

Neither should we go to another extreme and for inventive romance sacrifice actuality. From our few specimen products of Shakespeare's incomparable imagination we fairly tingle with delight to think of what he might have invented had his best efforts been expended that way. Not that we feel any remorse that he did not, for surely he did greater in treating the actual. He did not see the reason for drawing on his imagination, when all around him were examples of every conceivable human

character. Why invent more when these were already at hand and so strikingly realistic.

Here, a comprehensive education is invaluable to the writer, for he must have at his command these examples and an appreciation of them if he expects to use them to advantage. He may get them from the historian and give them in a new form to his reader and thus serve a double purpose. This, too, may and has been carried to excess in the indiscriminate outpouring of novels, depending for substance on one or more historical facts, usually depending for their interest on a few blood curdling, sword clanging, hair splitting events. There is such a thing as a man exercising judgment and moderation in selecting his subjects while adhering to his doctrine of actuality.

Again there must be a preconcluded plan to which we expect to adhere if we would hope to achieve any measure of success. Certain writers seem as if they began to write, determined to accomplish a certain amount of work reckoned according to volume, and not by any standard of quality. After they relate to you a more or less interesting incident, depend upon acquainting you with the exact condition of the weather, so much so all thro the book that a prominent institution seems to be the *weather bureau*, the degree to which certain wild flower buds are open just at that time; the height in the heavens to which the sun or moon, as the case may be, has attained, to interest you until they shall have been able to arrange the stage sitting for another *incident*.

We do not mean to discount any worthy description of natural beauty, but we do seriously object to seeing nature imposed on in such a way. Can any one imagine one of Shakespeare's plays to have been written without a definite plan? Can you conceive of George Eliott writing one of her novels without first having worked it out even to the minutest details? Certainly not.

These few remarks have been made while holding constantly in mind the tendency now prevailing to discard these principles and to seek after new methods. But the way was long ago made clear, and if we would succeed we must be subject to these principles. The writer who has culture, a keen sense of appreciation and the artistic temperament will succeed. No invention of the mind or trick, no matter how dexterous, will suffice.

GRIT AND GOLD

Opportunity is a bird that must be caught on the wing; she never alights and caws in the ears of a Rip Van Winkle to wake him.

Let those who are tired of life try work for awhile; hard work makes strong muscle.

Some students cannot remember what they want to because they will not forget what they ought to.

A great deal of good can be accomplished by not talking.

The college vandal is an intolerable nuisance, an unbearable evil. When he finds anything about the buildings or campus that he cannot break, cut or burn, he spits on it or defaces it with some execrable abomination conceived in the vileness of his heart and executed by the villainy of his hand. The clean and the beautiful are a perpetual offense to his heart and an unceasing sore to his eye. When one of this diabolical genus is found on the campus, all college work should be suspended till he can be ridden on a rail and shipped in a freight car to the miserable parents who palmed him off on a college to get rid of his presence at home. Respectable students should hold their noses when passing near such a moral carcass.

We should be very cautious in forming "habits", especially bad ones, for they are hard to overcome. In breaking up the smallest "habit", if you break off the first letter it does not change *a bit*. If you break off another, you still have a *bit* left. If you break off still another, the whole of *it* remains. If you break off another it is not *t*-totally destroyed. If you wish to get rid of a *habit* you must throw it off altogether.—Selected.

THE COLLEGE WORLD

The *Emory and Henry Era* has an excellent joint discussion of *Hamlet's* sanity. We think the affirmative has decidedly the better of the argument, and that the sanity of Shakespeare's supreme creation is sustained against all contradiction. The poems, "Mam'selle Marie," "The Race not Yet" and "Woman" are all worthy of publication—of course, they are else they would not appear in the *Era*.

The *Journal* is printing a series of prize essays. Some of them are very ingenious and entertaining. *Uncle George* is the jolliest soul connected with the *Journal*; his poems always delight. The *Journal* is sober in its general make-up. Evidently the aim is rather to instruct than to amuse. Such earnestness is commended to monthlies of a lighter sort.

Bound in beautiful Easter attire the *University of Va. Magazine* is full of good things from cover to cover. Twenty-three stories, poems, and sketches, with four good departments afford a *menu* sufficiently varied for the most dyspeptic to find something palatable. The *Magazine* seems never to lack matter nor money. The subscription price is \$1.75 per year.

The Class Tree number of *Emory Phoenix* contains class poems, history, prophecy, etc. Such things are always of most interest locally, but some of these are unusually clever. Other literary matter is up to the standard.

We are delighted to add the *Gray Jacket* to our exchange list. It is neatly gotten up and easily ranks with the best.

The *University of Ariz. Monthly* is beautified with numerous excellent cuts.

CLIPPINGS.

“My daughter,” and his voice was stern,
 “You must set this matter right;
 What time did the Sophomore leave,
 Who sent in his card tonight?”

“His work was pressing, Father dear,
 And his love for it was great;
 He took his leave and went away
 Before a quarter of eight.”

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
 And her dimple deeper grew,
 “It’s surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two.”

—*Ex.*

Tennyson.

He sleepeth unafraid
 In the great Minster lowly laid
 Where England guards her mighty dead.

Clear vision’d seer to his own age
 His is the imperial page
 Of deathless song.

He wrought not for himself and wrote his name
 In words of world-wide fame,
 Lover of right and scourge of wrong.

He understood his time
 And from a height sublime
 Benignly look’t upon his fellow-men.

He knew and lov’d them all
 The lordly great the lowly small,
 As children from one Father sprung.

For prophet voices far and near
 His was the quick discerning ear
 To hear what the Great Master said.

And hear Him of the ages ask
 That love should still be at her task
 Revealing God to Man.

He saw as in the noonday clear
 What others dimly saw with fear
 Through light confus'd by mystery,

How that in all the mighty past
 Love ever triumph'd at the last
 Through sorrow, toil and pain.

And love he knew unto the end,
 Would ever be Man's steadfast friend,
 For God Himself is Love.

'Tis such as he that make a people great
 And pledge to man his high estate
 Of immortality.

—*F. B. Carroll*, in *S. W. Univ. Magazine*.

He that knows not
 And knows that he knows not
 He is a Freshman, respect him.

He that knows not
 And knows not that he knows not,
 He is a Sophomore, pity him.

He that knows
 And knows that he knows,
 He is a Junior, honor him.

But he that thinks he knows
 And thinks that everybody thinks he knows,
 He is a Senior, care for him. —*Ex.*

The Race Not Yet.

A weary negro stopped to rest,
 The sun was down, 'twas almost night.
 A full-grown haunt walked up to him,
 He rose and took to speedy flight.
 O'er hill, through valley, over plain,
 'Mid forests and by waving mead,
 He leaped, he bounded, fled headlong,
 With all his noble strength and speed.

At last he paused and sank to earth,
 And men for miles could hear him pant,
 He drooped his head, then lifted it,
 For forward strode that full-grown haunt.
 " 'Twas quite a race," the haunt began.
 " Yes, suh, 'twas dat " (with humble bow),
 " But dat dar race won't hold a light
 To dis one dat I'll gib you now."
 —*Bob Pierce, in Emory and Henry Era.*

When Mary tried to milk a cow
 O'er which the flies were scattered,
 The bovine waved her agile tail
 Till Mary's nerves were shattered.
 " I wish that tail would turn to stone,"
 I heard poor Mary mutter.
 This seemed to vex the docile beast,
 And she straightway turned to butt her.
 —*University of Arizona Monthly.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The third quarter is over and we are now on the "home stretch."

Columbus, the place for holding the oratorical contest is so far off that we will not be represented this year as in former years by "rooters". A few of the students, however, will go up to "take in" the contest peacefully.

Mr. Ahrens, a representative of the New Orleans Picayune, who was present at the banquet in New York, given in honor of "der Prinz Heinrich," gave us a very instructive, as well as amusing talk on the Prince and his visit. We hope to have Mr. Ahrens with us again.

A few of the *town* students went over to Clinton last Saturday to witness the ball game between Mississippi and Jefferson Colleges. They report a splendid time.

Messrs. Lidell and Eaton, former students of Millsaps College, were with college friends a few days this month. They came to be present at the Kappa Alpha reception Friday night, April 18.

Mr. E. H. Galloway, '00, has been confined to his room with fever. Mr. Galloway was sick for sometime, and has had quite a time of it. We are glad to see him out again.

The class in Junior Physics will, on next Tuesday, make a trip to the gas works, electric power house, ice factory and telegraph office.

On the first day May the contestants for the essay medal will hand in their essays and write an extemporaneous essay, the subject of which will be given on that day. Quite a number of students have entered into this contest, which promises to be a spirited one.

All the classes in the college are making arrangements to have their photos taken for the last issue of the Collegian. We will be able this year to show the public a new and handsome (?) line of "mugs".

Judge — Did you say that an alligator was an amphibious animal?

Mr. Swamp—Lord o' mercy, I should say so! He'll eat a nigger in a minute!

The Lamar Literary Society celebrated its ninth anniversary on Friday night, April 11. Quite an enjoyable evening was spent by those who came out. Mr. O. W. Bradley, the orator of the occasion, spoke on "The Depraved Condition of American Politics." Mr. Bradley's speech was well delivered and a very creditable production. The anniversarian, Mr. A. Thompson, delivered an interesting as well as instructive oration on "The Demand for College Bred Men in the Commercial and Industrial World." The program of the evening concluded with the address of Hon. H. L. Whitfield, State Superintendent of Education.

On Friday evening, April the eighteenth, Alpha Mu Chapter of Kappa Alpha, gave a reception at the home of Hon. H. L. Whitfield. The elegant home was artistically decorated with the colors of the fraternity. Dainty refreshments were served, and the orchestra furnished beautiful music the whole of the evening. The reception was enjoyable from the beginning to the close.



Lamar Literary Society Notes.

The Society met on the night of April 4, Mr. J. B. Howell presiding. The question for debate was: Resolved, That there should be no private or individual ownership of land, but that all the lands should be owned by the government and leased to the people. Great interest was manifested in the debate, and both sides of the question were fully discussed; however the judges gave their decision in favor of the negative. This being the night for the election of the officers to serve for the fourth quarter, the following gentlemen were elected: G. R. Nobles, President; A. M. Ellison, Vice President; H. V. Watkins, Secretary; W. C. Bowman, Critic; Luther Manship, Corresponding Secretary; M. L. Culley, Censor; B. E. Tindall, Chaplain; H. A. Wood, Door keeper; C. R. Ridgeway was elected monthly orator.

The anniversary of the society was held on the 11th of April. This occasion is always anticipated with much pleasure by the public as well as by the student-body of the college, and the ninth anniversary gave an especially entertaining program. The exercises took place in the chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. A large audience assembled for the occasion. Mr. O. W. Bradley was the "orator". He spoke on "The Depraved State of American Politics." Mr. Bradley made a most excellent speech. The anniversarian, Mr. Allen Thompson, chose for his subject, "The Demand for College Bred Men in the Industrial and Commercial World." Mr. Thompson, who is an excellent speaker, handled his subject in a masterly manner. The public speaker for the occasion was the distinguished Superintendent of Public Education, Prof. H. L. Whitfield. His speech on Young Men and Mississippi was highly enjoyed by all present.

On April 18th the Society met with President Howell it the chair. The officers-elect for the fourth quarter were installed. The question: Resolved, That all trusts and combines, tending to monopolize trade, are unjustifiable, was debated, affirmative winning. On account of the resignation of the treasurer, Mr. L. Q. C. Williams, Mr. C. R. Ridgeway was elected to serve for the remainder of the fourth quarter.

LUTHER MANSHIP,
Cor. Secretary.

G. R. NOBLES,
President.

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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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No. 8

Only a Withered Rosebud.

Only a rosebud; yet didst thou not nestle
Within a crown of gold that sheltered eyes,
Blue eyes, than which none ever were more faithful,
Eyes bright as evening's summer sunset skies?

Ah, but thou hast the power to wake
A form of love and beauty from the past,
A time when heart to heart its message spoke,
When love knew love, and soul knew soul at last.

Tho' thou art faded now, because thou then
Didst blossom in her hair and kiss her cheek,
What mem'ries of the bygone thou dost send
Unto my heart, what language thou dost speak!

Ah, little withered petals, it is gone,
The perfumes thou didst gather from her breath,
Thy color, from her cheek which thou hast drawn,
Thy beauties all are blent in common death;

Yet Flora could not pluck from all her bow'r
A blossom I should reckon half so rare
As what remains of this poor faded flow'r
A maiden stole for me from out her hair.

J. H. P., '04.

Broken on the Wheel.

J. H. P., '04.

The war between the States had come with its call to glory, and passed, leaving but a harvest of threshed and bruised hope in its wake. Carlyle Ferguson had been too young to enter service, but, surely, it was as well thus; father, two brothers and a fortune were sacrifice enough for one family. One short year, and his mother too, was laid beside father and brothers in the shade of the great dark churchyard cedars, and the boy was alone. Not quite. There was Elizabeth Knighton who had promised to marry him while they were both mere children, but he was almost a pauper now, and she was still rich. His pride would not let him ask her to share his poverty. Still, his pride did not keep him from striving to make a home worthy of her; so one day he kissed her goodby and started for the magic West, promising to return when he had made his fortune, and claim her.

His claim in the Camel's Hump Hills panned out fairly well, and, though he had never known a moment of labor, he worked as hard as the toughened miners. After awhile the blisters in his hands hardened to callous corns. What if brain and body did ache sometimes, and he could not see much difference between his lot and that of a brute? Was it not for gold—and Beth?

But, bend his body and wear a miner's apron as he would all the week, yet Sunday, that gala-day of the miner, and a well-preserved tailored suit would obscure the burrowing brute and restore the gentleman—a Southern gentleman, too, the most perfect type in the world. Carl was handsome; the strain of ancient peerage was in his blood, and the cultured lineaments and manners of many generations was his birthright.

It was but natural that there should be but little understanding and sympathy between him and the rough uncouth class of men with which he found himself. No act on the part of either party was responsible for the fault; to them he was another creature, belonging to another race, and that, too, the uncertain, but none the less detested race of "dandies." That he was not altogether a tenderfoot, however, they had found out soon

after his arrival, when, one night, he had knocked Ned Thompson, an insulting bully, half across the saloon.

It was but natural, too, that Nita, the daughter of old Joaquin, who kept the store, should admire Carl for the very faults her father deemed so serious. They had met one day as he was passing up the gorge from his work. She had been gathering wild flowers, and to his surprised sight, as she stood there in her rich, half-Spanish beauty, her color heightened from confusion, her heavy dark hair kissed and fondled by the wind which swept the mountainside, she seemed a fairer sister to the bouquet of beauties that she held in her arm; some rare and magic wild-rose, grown in that hidden nook for the gods to feast their eyes on.

In every heart there is something of tenderness; give it a chance, and it will out. The instinct of homage and reverence is in every soul; grim mountains and a close sky shut them into a narrow world, she was their divinity. But, alas for clay idols! She, too, must worship; and Carl was her hero. Carl dropped in at the store rather frequently to chat with her, and could not understand why her color deepened when he entered. Old Joaquin always smiled as he came in, and ground his teeth and clenched his hands as he turned to go.

But the miners saw what Carl did not; they knew her maiden heart was open to this dandy, and grew jealous. What right had he to come from another world and claim the only fair thing in their own? It was hard to see the pet of the camp turn from their rough kindness to this stranger. Ned Thompson, in particular, thought he had grievances. He had never brought himself to reconciliation with the man whose heavy hand had measured the floor of the saloon with his lank body. Then, did he not intend to marry Nita himself? He had as much dust and nuggets as any man in Black-Rock camp and old Joaquin had intimated that it would be a very agreeable consummation to him.

One night Nita grew lonesome as she sat upon the doorstep of her father's shanty, and wondering why he stayed so late at the store, decided to go down and return with him. On arriving at the door she found it closed, but hearing a voice inside, placed first her eye, then her ear to the key hole. It was Ned talking, and her father nodding

his approval, while Bloody Bill stood grimly by with folded arms and stolid face. "Whuts the young jay-hawk here fur? Them hands o' hisn wan't white fur nuthing when he come, and they haint growed hard like mine fur nuthing neither. He's got a object fellers. Didn't Jake Strathers lose a whole bag o' nuggets last week? Its my opinion he aint no desirable citizen o' this camp." So he talked on and her father kept nodding, and Bill's hand went down and rested on his long crooked dirk, until with horror she heard the hellish compact to kill Carl among the rocks as he came through the dusk next evening.

Next morning as Carl went to his work, Nita stepped from behind a ledge of rock, with that slender expressive forefinger lifted, but there was no blush now; only pallor, from which her great black eyes looked out like those of a frightened fawn.

"The Senor will not come back this way tonight."

"Why, Nita?"

"Because, if he does he will die. Oh, he will die!"

"What do you mean child? Come, tell me."

"Make me say no more. Senor does not think I lie?"

"Of course not. I will ask but one thing more. Why does Nita warn me? What does she care?"

"Oh, because—because—does Senor not know? Nita loves him."

The blush had come back now with all its arrears. He was very near to her, and as he drew her to him his lips were as hot as those they pressed.

Of course Carl had plenty of food for reflection that day. He was not afraid of death, but then he did not want to die in that way, and he was not ready yet; before him was a long life, and Beth, Beth? He looked into his heart with surprise. What did he find there? His conscience hurt him, but—oh well, the proud Elizabeth was far away, and Nita, child of nature, child of love, had touched his heart in a tenderer place than Elizabeth Knighton had ever done. Yes, he loved her. She was as pure as Elizabeth herself; one was a wild rose that stole its color from red mountain sunrises, the other a hot house lily. And he had come to love those mountain sunrises, something in the wild western wind had changed his fiber too.

He went to his hut by an infrequented way that night. On the next day he went to Egerton to deposit his accum-

ulation of precious dust and nuggets. It was fifteen miles from camp. He had stayed in town longer than he intended, and a storm was gathering as he left; one of those storms which the Aeolus of the western mountains let loose without even a friendly rumble to tell of the approaching hurricane. Darkness had fallen thick, palpable darkness; the grim hills with their sentinel pines, whose mystic voices were hushed, held their breath and braced themselves for the coming onslaught. Only the monotonous click of the broncho's feet against the unyielding rock, and an occasional flash as the steel of his shoes met solid flint. Carl was deep in his thoughts. He would go back to Nita and marry her.

Nature, Fortune and Love, all were kind to him among these mountains. How cold was Beth's farewell kiss when he thought of Nita's! He would—Flash! The luried light played about the crags, and then to his left was—Nita, and Ned Thompson's arm about her waist as he quickly drew her behind a boulder.

Heavens! He rode on, no his broncho carried him, on to his shanty. He slept not that night. What meant that picture he had seen, painted by the angry heavens against a background of rocks and night? Oh mercy, was Nita—was he mistaken in her? He was desperate.

Next morning he arose with fever in his brain and went to Nita. He found her pale and heavy-eyed.

"Nita," said he sternly, "why were you in that storm last night?"

Oh, pity! You forgot Carl that you were a Southern gentleman, and you did not know that one kiss had made the child a woman. Those red lips grew white and closed like steel.

"I will tell you not, Senor."

"I have a right to know. I—I love you."

"Then trust me."

"Trust you! Ah merciful heavens, I might have known it."

Carl was talking to himself, "I am a fool. What have I done? At home, Elizabeth is waiting for me. She may be cold and intellectual and proud, but she can make me a home with her plenty; and I dared to compare her with this girl. I might have known this Spanish girl could not be virtuous here."

He turned and was gone and Nita would have blessed the dagger that might have divided her heart. No work for him that day. He lay for hours on a ledge of rock near his claim, then returned home. That night he sank into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that he had thrown Nita over a cliff.

Suddenly rough hands seized him. "Get up," said Bloody Bill. He felt for his pistol, but it was not in its usual place. The room was full of miners, and he had to yield. They seized his arms without a word and started for the saloon. That silence was ominous. On reaching the saloon Ned Thompson's name was called.

"Fellers" said he, "all I knows is this: I wuz in town today, and the banker jest said as that wuz a fine nugget what Ferguson bought from Strathers. 'What d'ye mean?' sez I. Why, that'un what's got Strather's name cut on the smooth side,' sez he. 'The biggest nugget Ferguson fetched up with him yistidy.' Gentlemen, I reckon you knows Ferguson and Strathers ain't had no deal in nuggets."

"No," corroborated Strathers, "I haint had no deal; somebody else done all the dealn', and that nugget was worth four hundred dollars. Hit hed my name on it."

"Fellers," said another, assuming the role of judge, "ye've heard the charge and the evidence; what d'ye say?"

There was a few moments of low conversation. Then Bloody Bill stepped forward.

"We sez guilty."

Poor Nita! They were bitter tears she shed upon the snowy pillow of her couch that night. She had been wounded mortally, but alas, it was not a kind wound; it would not kill, not yet. To a true woman, her soul and her virtue are one. Doubt her virtue and you crush her soul. And he—the man she loved—had deliberately set his foot on her soul. She could not tell him that she had braved that storm to save his life; that Ned Thompson would have killed him but for her. No that would have been to betray her father, and whatever else, he was her father and she loved him. But she felt that Carl was in danger. Once she dozed, and dreamed that her father had stolen from the house. She lighted a lamp, and her dream was true. Scarcely knowing what she did, she dressed and went toward the saloon. As she drew near a voice

ceased. She looked in at the door. A dozen men with a dozen pistols were ranged along one wall. It came on her like a flash, that Carl was standing against the opposite wall. It was Ned Thompson's voice she heard:

"Ready? Aim! Fi—"

Every pistol dropped, but it was too late; they were empty. Nita had rushed in, thrown her arms about Carl, and her body between him and the pistols. There was just a weary sigh, a tremulous shiver, the fair head fell to one side, the long black hair, which she had not put up in her haste, fell across the pallid face and veiled its mortal suffering, and Carl felt the limp body slipping from his embrace to the floor, bruised and broken—on the wheel of love. Oh how passionately he kissed those cold lips now! But they could not respond. Tenderly, and with streaming eyes the rough miners laid her on a couch.

"Boys," said Strathers, "I don't know as weuns will ever git fergivness for this. God bless the darlin', and I haint no parson, as ye knows; but if I haint mistaken, the Bible sez as how if we forgive them that wrongs us maybe God'll forgive us. Boys, I move we try it and let him go. What d'ye say, Ned?"

But Ned was gone.

"I seconds it, and moren that I've got good reasons fur thinkin' as Ned Thompson put that nugget in Ferguson's wallet, and took the rest himself," said another who had not participated in the mock trial.

Carl was bending over Nita, his whole soul a prayer that she might speak and forgive him. Once she opened her eyes and smiled faintly, and he tried to kiss her back to life and reason, but in vain. At last her lips began to move. What was she saying? "The Senor is gone! Oh, if I had only cried out that night! Then that villian would have killed me, and I would not have heard Senor call me that—that—oh what did he call me! Yes he said he loved me. But I could not tell him it was father that wished to kill him too, and he is gone, and I cannot die."

But death was kinder than she said; a little shudder, a weary sigh, and the poor girl was at rest.

A miner touched Carl and he arose. "Ferguson," said the man pointing to the door, "guess yer can go, and if ye air a scoundrel, may the good Lord forgive ye whether he does us or not."

Carl Ferguson passed out at the door and turned his back on Black Rock Camp forever. A wolf howled and it seemed the cry of some forlorn spirit. A red meteor threw its ghastly light athwart the gorge and fell behind a far off peak.

"My star," he said.

Beaten at His Own Game.

By E. M. Langley, '04.

"Seems as if I had been to Fairyland," said Lucile Alston, who had come out from the city to spend a while with Edith Brown, her classmate. "Sit down here, Edith, and tell me all about it. I have been considering lawn parties poky affairs, but yours this evening was just splendid. The arrangements were perfect. Tell me how you managed it all."

"I don't claim any credit for it, because I didn't do it."

"Who did, then?"

"John."

"Do you mean Mr. Livingston?" asked Lucile.

"Yes, John Livingston, the nicest gentleman in all the South."

"Well, I am not surprised then," said Lucile, as she seemed to forget herself in deep thought.

"What are you thinking about, Lucile?"

"I was thinking how Roy acted this evening when you introduced him to Mr. Livingston; did you notice the frown that came over his face, and that Mr. Livingston seemed a little reserved?"

"Yes, I noticed that they seemed to recognize each other," answered Edith.

"Yes, and Roy became confused, and Mr. Livingston saw it and, gentleman-like, started a pleasant conversation, and all were soon at ease. Edith, I never saw a man so self possessed; he seemed to know just what to do and when to do it."

"Everybody loves John. Brockton would be a poor village without him. He has a pleasant smile and a word for every one, both white and black. He was the general favorite at college. He studied hard and in his senior



ALPHA MU CHAPTER OF THE KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

year he tried for the honors. It was a close race between him and another; and when the final test came the other student realized that John was pushing him hard. He and John sat near together and John saw him use notes. No one else saw him. John was beaten by just two points and the other student carried off John's honors. John would never tell me his name, but said he was no Southern man."

"Where did he graduate?" asked Lucile.

"Princeton."

"Why, that's where Roy graduated two years ago. When did Mr. Livingston graduate?"

"Two years ago," said Edith, and Lucile was silent for a while, for she remembered Roy's showing her a beautiful medal that he had won at college, then looking up she asked:

"Were they competing for a medal Edith?"

"I don't know; John would not talk about it. You may stay here a year, Lucile, but you will never hear John Livingston say a hard word about any body. He was educated for a lawyer, but when he left school his health was bad and his physician advised him to go to some quiet place and rest awhile; so he came here to his old home. His father owned a great deal of property, but he was broken up by the war. You know this is a border State. He sold most of it; now all that John has is the old home place and some land that runs back up in the mountains yonder. His father is said to have discovered an iron mine up there somewhere, but no one has been able to locate it."

"He doesn't look any thing like a sick man," said Lucile.

"Oh, no, he is as strong as ever now," said Edith.

"My, but he would be a social king in the city if he wanted to! What a commanding appearance he has! I can see the character in his face," said Lucile.

"You haven't told me any thing about your friend Mr. Rowland. I don't see any reason for his going back tonight," said Lucile.

"Who, Roy? why he is the busiest man in the city—that is he thinks so. He is a real estate dealer, and is vice-president of the Continental Bank. Papa says that Roy is a fine business man, and mamma thinks that there is

just none like him. He is one of the society leaders. We have known each other ever since we were children; and, Edith, he loves me and will do any thing in the world for me, but our views of life are so different. Roy thinks that making money is success, and says that if a man can't make money he is a failure, and that money is power, and will cover a multitude of sins. But I tell him that money will make a multitude of sins, and will only cover them from those who can not see beyond the dollars. He says that if I were poor I would have different views. Mamma says that I am too serious. But papa and I are chums; we understand each other; sometimes he talks over his law cases with me, and he says that I am a pretty good lawyer."

"Lucile, I do believe that you would babble away the balance of the night. You need rest after a day like this. Mother would raise all sorts of a racket if she knew that we were up here on the porch."

"They are all down stairs asleep. This is such a lovely place, made all the more beautiful in this soft moon light. What a lovely little village hidden away here at the foot of the mountains! Look at that majestic old mountain yonder, standing guard over the village! And those oaks on the lawn are just grand, and those beautiful roses over there on the right, and this great bank of honeysuckle over here on the left with the perfume of both meeting here in the centre, just makes me want to stay here; but a guest must obey the hostess I suppose," and Lucile reluctantly turned away.

A few days later Roy Rowland walked up to Mr. Brown's residence in Brockton. It was late in the afternoon, and he found that the girls were gone on a horse back ride with John. Roy walked about on the lawn and waited for them to return. He came across Uncle Tobe walking among the rose bushes. After talking awhile to him he asked:

"How do you like Miss Alston, Uncle Tobe?"

"Fine, Sah: she aint like most ob de city folks what come out heah from de city. Day aint got no 'speck for spectacle people. She is like Mars John, aint stuck up bit, got a good word for ebery body."

"You are a good judge, Uncle Tobe."

"Yes Sah, I know good quality folks when I see 'em."

I wus brung up in de good old times fore de war. I knowd Mars John when he wus a little boy. His pa, ole Mars John wus big rich. Had a whole lot ob niggers and finest hosses in de country, and ebery body like him, and young Mars John jist like him."

"Does Mr. Livingston come over often to see the young ladies?" asked Roy.

"Yes Sah, he come more ebery day now. Seem lack he kinder tuck a lackin' to Miss Alston. Heah dey come now. See how fine day look a ridin' side by side. Mars John been showing her how to ride, Mars John is."

"Surprised to see you Rowland" said John as they came riding up.

"Roy Rowland! You must have dropped out of that cloud up there. I thought that you were in the city."

"I had some business down this way and I thought I would stop off and see how you were enjoying yourself."

"Now tell me all the news," said Lucile as they sat down on a seat under a large oak. John and Edith had gone into the house.

"There is nothing to tell, only its awful dull at home without you," said Roy.

"Its nice to know that one is missed," said Lucile.

"Yes, but bad on the one that does the missing. Seems that you will be missed when you leave here too."

"What do you mean by that! I would be a poor guest if I wasn't missed when I went away. You know, I believe in making yourself felt when you are around."

"Seems that Livingston is playing quite the devoted to you."

"I'de like to know what grounds you have for saying that?"

"A person learns a few things by observation you know," said Roy.

"Mr. Livingston is just as nice as he can be. He is at home every where, and rides like a prince. Did you see us dashing up the lane yonder?"

"Yes I know all about him," said Roy before he thought."

"You do? yes, Roy, I found out that you and Mr. Livingston graduated from the same college the same year."

"Yes," said Roy.

"So you are classmates?"

"Yes; did he tell you?"

"No, I happened to find out from a conversation with Edith that he graduated at Princeton two years ago. Now, Roy, I want to know why you and Mr. Livingston seem so distant toward each other?"

"O well, so far as that is concerned, we did not belong to the same set, I suppose you might say. You know how college life is."

"Yes, I know, but there is always some feeling of fellowship between class mates anyway," said Lucile.

Roy seemed to be getting confused and began talking about the roses blooming near by, and looking at his watch, said.

"Lucile, I have just a few minutes before my train is due, now lets talk seriously a little while."

"Well, I think our conversation has been pretty serious but it didn't seem to suit you."

Roy saw that he was losing ground, so he just said: "Now Lucile, you and I have known each other for years, and I am your best friend; yes, more than friend. Now let me in a mild way caution you against being a little too free with these new friends. You know that it is not best to put too much confidence in untried friends, now here is Livingston; I know that he is a very good gentlemanly kind of a fellow, but he has nothing."

"There is where you are wrong," said Lucile. "He has a good name and that is better than gold."

"Now here you are with your philosophy. That's all very well, but I tell you the man that hasn't money and can't make it is just not in it these days."

"Money can't make character," said Lucile.

"It will make you a reputation and give you power. Now, Lucile, I have loved you long and true. Promise me Lucile that you will be my wife; I'll make you the foremost lady in the city."

"No, Roy, not yet," said Lucile.

"Lucile you have told me that before," said Roy, and then they heard the low rumble of a train.

"There is my train. Goodby, Lucile. Think about what I have said," and Roy hurried off leaving Lucile leaning on the gate. As he disappeared she began to think:

"So that is his bid for me. He didn't say that he would make me happy; but after all I may have to accept it. How different they are!"

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Alston," said John as he came up behind her. Lucile gave a sudden start and Uncle Tobe coming up, said:

"Heah you is Mars John a playing some prank. You no business to sker Miss Alston dat way. I'se said you goin'disgrace your raisin'yet; you been mighty spry around here for de las' few days, but chillun will be chillun."

"Uncle Tobe, how did I ride this evening?"

"I wus jes' goin' 'spress my compliments on you, Miss Alston. You show rid fine dis ebenin'. Mars John learn you how to ride. I know'd his pa when he had stables full of fine hosses an de quarters full ob niggers to rub 'em and keep em fat for him, an he had nuthin' to do but ride; an' he could ride, too, an' Mars John heah is jes like him."

"Here you are with your flattery Uncle Tobe," said John.

"A pusson don't flatter when he tells de truf," said Uncle Tobe."

Edith called Lucile; John started off toward home.

Roy Rowland reached the station just in time to catch his train, and as he dropped in to a seat he began to think:

"Of all others, that I should meet up with Livingston away down here at Brockton, a brilliant fellow as he is, hang him! He has a way of getting in with people. He is going to give me trouble; I know him well; he'll not tell any thing; he is too much of a gentleman. I did wrong him, but it's too late now. Good thing Lucile knows nothing of it."

After a restless night Roy went to his office next morning in bad shape for business. After worrying through the day he went to the club where he was greeted with lively cheers by his friends; but he did not respond very cordially.

"What's the matter, Rowland?" asked one.

"There must have been a slump in the stock market," said another.

"Come, Rowland, and have a game with us. We'll cheer you up, old boy; you look down in the mouth."

Roy went over and played wild and lost heavily, something very unusual for him. He threw down his hand and got up.

"You are not yourself to night, Rowland," said one.

"No, I am not well," said Roy as he turned away and hurried off to his rooms.

"I must get rid of the fellow," said Roy as he brought his clenched fist down on the table, and the best plan is to get him away from Brockton; and I am going to do it." he said as he reached for a writing pad and wrote the following:

"DAVIS & Co.,

"BALTIMORE, MD

"Buy the Ashland property, located near Brockton, and send a man to run out the lines. Have parties to move off at once. All business is to be in the Company's name.

"R. W. ROWLAND."

"There I'll show Mr. Livingston a thing or two," said Roy as he sealed the letter.

At Brockton the days passed all too fast for Lucile with many a ramble in the mountains and jolly rides on horse back and on hay wagons. On the day that Lucile was to leave. Uncle Tobe came back with the morning mail all excited.

"What in the world is the matter Uncle Tobe," asked Lucile as she met him at the steps.

"De whole place is upshot down dar."

"What about?" asked Edith as she came out.

"Mars John an ole Missus done lose day home. Some body done been buyin' de Ashlan' place, and sent some body to run out de lines, an day say dat de line run clean from de north side ob Mars John's place. Now Mars John an ole Missis got 'er move out."

"What do you mean Uncle Tobe?" asked Lucile.

"I'ts jest dis way, you know Mars John's pa died while he wus off at school, an fo he died he kinder lose his mind and imagin dat some body wus goin to take his land. So he hide de papers, dat fix de lines ob his place; and durin' de war de reckerds got burnt up in de cote house. I know dat dis new line is wrong case I see de fust line run myself, but I aint got no papers ter prove it, aint I been tellin you dat dey ain't no good in dese city folks, cepin' you, Miss Alston."

"No you had better include me too Uncle Tobe," said Lucile.

"It's a shame!" said Edith.

"And an outrage!" said Lucile as they went into the house.

John came over late in the afternoon to see Lucile off. He thought to himself that it would have been better if they had never met; for he realized that she was the only girl in all the world for him. They were so suited for one another, but he determined that Lucile should never know; for he was poor and homeless. As he came up the lawn, Edith asked as they ran to meet him.

"John, tell us what all this means, that we have been hearing about your house today?"

"Why, it just means that I am as poor as a church mouse and have no home."

"What are you going to do?" asked Edith.

"I am going somewhere and begin my profession, practicing law. I understand the situation, and have been looking for something like this to come sooner or later. I hate it only on mother's account; I suspect that it is a pretty good thing for me. It will make me get out and make a success at my profession. It's do or die now. I have been having too easy a time, any way."

"John I don't believe that you ever get worried over anything. You always look on the bright side of every thing," said Edith.

"I think you will find it the best policy," said John.

"You wo'nt let any one feel sorry around you."

"I'll say good bye to you, Miss Alston. I know that Edith is sorry you are going. We've tried to make it pleasant for you. Your short stay among us will ever be a most pleasant recollection to me," then he turned away only hearing her say good bye, for he feared to trust himself any further.

"She must never know and I must forget her." he thought as he left the gate.

Lucile watched him until he disappeared. She was angry with herself, as she thought:

"Why didn't I say something to him; he is gone; life will never be the same to me now. I would be happy anywhere to stand by his side and fight life's battles with him,

but he cares nothing for me." She turned and walked behind the rose bushes.

Uncle Tobe came up to put the baggage in the spring wagon.

"I'se been ober ter Mars John's dis mornin; I tell ole missus mighty broke up 'bout it; but I 'clare I neber see a man like Mars John. He jest take it like it was a good thing. I tell you Miss Alston dis is goin' to be a mighty lonesome place when you are gone. Mars John is goin' ter make somebody squeal yit, 'bout dis lan' stealin', see if he don't. De company is gwine ter build some summer cottages on Mars John's lan' for city folks ter live in. But I don't like it; dey ain't no good in dem yankee folks."

"Well, Uncle Tobe, you have made it pleasant for me and I'll want to come back," said Lucile as Uncle Tobe got into the wagon.

"We ain't goin' to furgit you soon Miss Alston. Mars John ain't either, I'm thinkin'," said Uncle Tobe, as he drove off with a broad smile on his shining face.

* * * * *

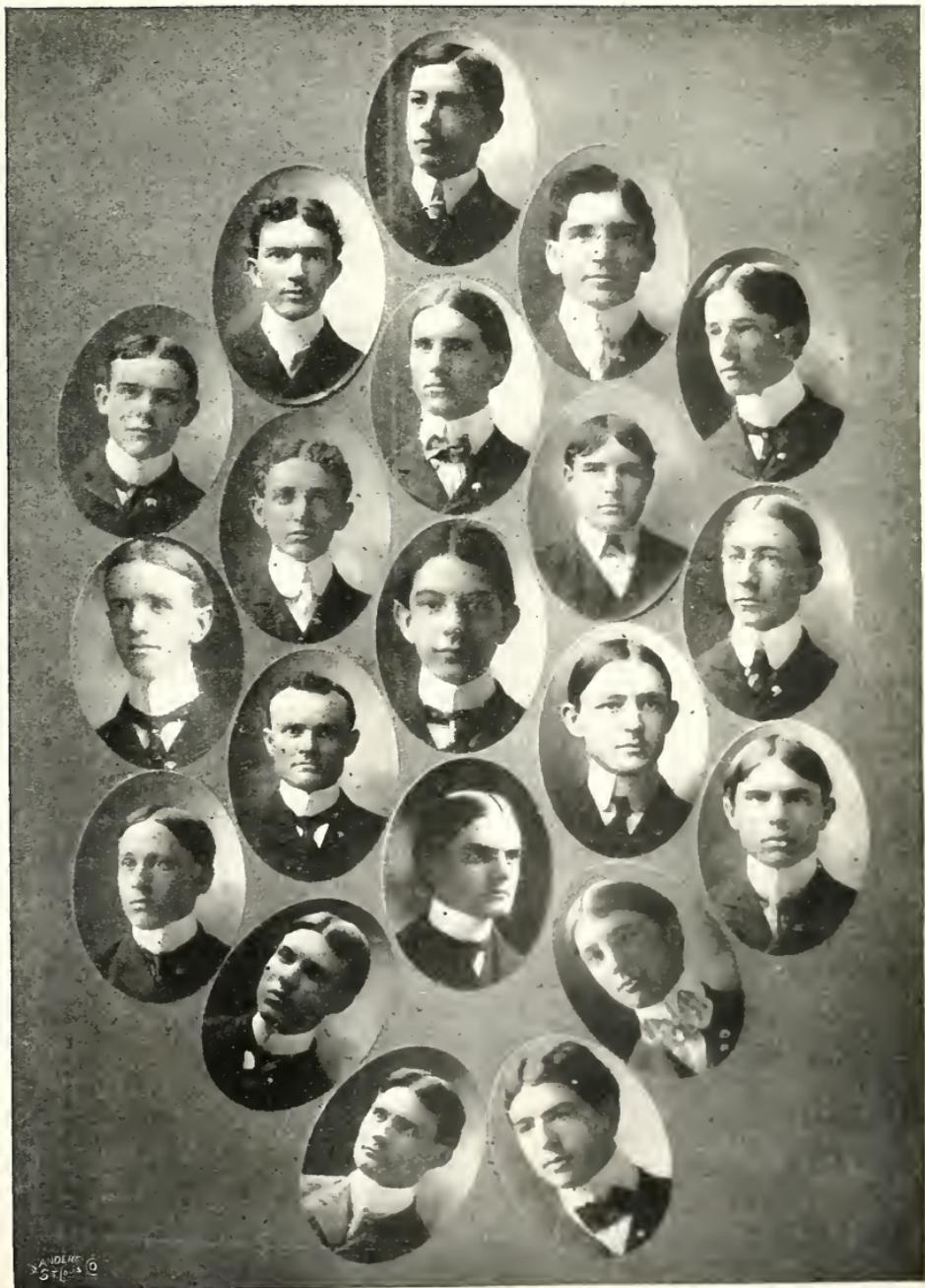
When the fall season opens we find John established in the city struggling for recognition—the same city that Lucile lived in. Fate seemed to pull him there and he was not very hard to pull. Uncle Tobe thought that he had disgraced himself when he went into a yankee city. Poverty stared him in the face. He had to begin at the bottom, but he fought hard. He found out the church which Lucile attended, and every Sabbath he found himself going there too. She was very much surprised and glad to see him and gave him her address. But he realized that there was a great gulf between them. Roy gloried in John's fall, but wished him out of the city. He felt secure in knowing that he had a strong ally in Mrs. Alston; he had already posted her.

One day Roy and Lucile were driving through the street and passed John who thought when he saw them:

"I could speak one word that would drive him forever from her presence, but I am no tell-tale. He is not fit to associate with her."

Lucile recognized him with a smile as they passed. Roy noticed it, frowned and said.

"Lucile, are you always going to recognize that fellow?"



ALPHA UPSILON CHAPTER OF THE KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

"Of course I am Roy, I want mamma and you to understand that he is my friend, and is to be treated so. If it had not been for you and mamma he would have had an invitation to my party last evening."

"Yes and you would have disgraced the occasion," said Roy.

"Roy, I am surprised at you, graced it you had better say. Who was the success of the lawn party at Mr. Brown's last summer? Have you forgotten it? I never met a more perfect and cultured gentleman. Papa met him in the court room a few days ago, and he says that he is a man of talent, and that we would hear from him. What if he is poor? Money doesn't make a man."

Roy saw that he was treading on dangerous ground and changed the conversation. Leaving Lucile at her door he drove away meditating.

"I do believe the fellow is going to come. I never saw anything like him. He is making strong friends among the influential lawyers. I must get him out of the city, but I am afraid that I have waited too long. I have wronged him twice. I am glad that he does not know that I ran him out of his home. I waited too long before doing it though, I am too slow, that seems to be my failing."

By this time he was at at John's office. John greeted him politely as Roy said:

"Livingston, lets forget the past; 'twas only a school boy prank, you know."

"The last time we talked of it, Rowland, I said that I would never say anything about it and I am as good as my word."

"You know, Livingston, I would have made it alright, but it was too late."

"It's never too late to right a wrong. any way we will not talk about it," said John.

"Davis & Co., a large real estate company in Baltimore, wants a lawyer in the office. It's a good place and good pay. Suppose you go down and fill the place; I am a stockholder and can get the position for you. What do you say?"

"I appreciate your kindness Rowland, but I can not accept I am determed to build up a practice here of my own. Furthermore I have had some very unpleasant relations with Davis & Co. of Baltimore.

"It will be money to you," said Roy.

"I don't doubt that, Rowland, but it is not money that I am after. It is position among influential men where I can accomplish something."

Roy saw that he had blundered, but he pushed the matter a little further and they argued to quite a length. Roy saw that it was useless and left the office.

"Hang the fellow! You can't keep him down. Lucile is going to prove right: 'you can't keep a good man down.'"

John did not see Lucile come in at the head of her class on Sunday morning. He heard one little fellow say as they passed that she was ill.

"It's no more use to fight against it," he thought, "I am going to quit my fooling around here."

He went to a florist and got a small bunch of white roses and sent them to Lucile with his card. When the messenger boy reached the door of the Alston home with them Roy was coming out.

"Hello! Here what's this?" he asked.

"Some flowers, sir, for the young lady."

"Let me see them; they are fine! Seeing John's card on them he pulled it off unobserved and put it into his pocket.

"Well, send them up," he said looking back at the boy.

"Oh! what beauties! where did they come from mamma?"

"I don't know, a messenger boy brought them, who ever sent them has good taste," said Mrs. Alston.

"I suppose Roy sent them."

"No he didn't, Roy just left here a while ago, he left that basket of red ones."

Her mind wandered back to Brockton to the time when John told her that white roses were his favorite, "Oh, that he only knew," said Lucile to herself. Then Mr. Alston came in with a troubled look on his face.

"What is it papa," asked Lucile.

"Why, I have a job on my hands; there is a suit in court against a railroad company, and that young lawyer Livingston, that we were talking about some time ago, is against me; he is for the plaintiff, one Mr. Lane from Brockton; he seems to be an old acquaintance of Livingston's. I thought that he had no case at all, but Livingston is making one alright enough. I never saw such a fellow, he

can just tear up my witnesses. Seems that he is going to win in spite of all my efforts. The case goes to the jury to tomorrow, and if he wins I am going to keep track of him after this."

"I don't think that will be very hard to do if he wins over a lawyer like you," said Lucile.

"I believe you told me that he was your friend. Why haven't you invited him around?"

"Now, William, you know better than that, Roy told me that he was poor and has no social standing. Lucile has enough foolish ideas in her head now. She would disgrace the house if she had her way," said Mrs. Alston.

"Roy Rowland is a fine fellow to dictate your social affairs."

"He is the most cultured gentleman in the city, and is the acknowledged leader in the best society. I consider myself fortunate in having his advice."

"I know a man and a true gentleman when I see him," said Mr. Alston as he left the room.

Next day the court room was crowded with people eager to hear John make his plea before the jury. The news spread that Mr. Alston was beaten by a young inexperienced lawyer. John was equal to the occasion, the needs and mistreatment of the plaintiff appealed to John's great sympathetic heart, and a more eloquent plea was never heard before a jury. When the jury announced a verdict in favor of the plaintiff the court went wild with applause. John was congratulated on every side.

"Fairly beaten," said Mr. Alston as he gave John his hand. "I would be pleased to have you take dinner with me this evening."

"Thanks," said John as he was borne away by some friends.

The evening papers were full of praise for John. Lucile read them with delight. She had been confined to her room with a severe cold and did not know that John was rising so rapidly.

John hesitated on going to Mr. Alston's. Lucile did not acknowledge his flowers, so he thought that he wasn't wanted; but as he had been invited by Mr. Alston he was bound to go. As he entered the rich surroundings sent the old time thrill through him, and he was at his best, he was brilliant. Mrs. Alston was cold and reserved. In

the drawing room Lucile played the piano and John sang with a rich melodious voice that captured them all.

"You are always welcome to my home Mr. Livingston," said Mr. Alston, as John left the door. At the gate he met Roy coming in.

"I don't see much of you now, Rowland," said John.

"I see enough of you," said Roy with a frown.

Roy met Mrs. Alston in the hall.

"What does this mean?" asked Roy.

"I don't think that you need fear any danger. Roy, he was only a guest of William's, but I think it advisable that you be careful. He would be a dangerous rival; you know Lucile is just like her father."

"I know them both well," said Roy as they turned to enter the drawing room. Mr. Alston had gone to the library. Lucile was standing near the table, looking at a bunch of white roses, in deep thought. She looked up as Roy entered.

"Roy, I have a mystery for you to solve. I want to know where these roses came from."

"You ought to know more about that than I do," said Roy.

Roy looked a little confused as he said:

"I just came by to see how you were and leave this package," and as he pulled it from his pocket, a card with a crushed white rose petal adhering to it, dropped to the floor. Lucile picked it up and read John's name on it.

"Where did you get this Roy," said Lucile.

Roy was dumbfounded and looked at the card in confusion. Lucile's quick mind saw through the whole affair and looking him in the face she said:

"When they were brought up this morning I saw that the tissue wrapper over the flowers had been removed. You met the boy at the door and took the card from the flowers. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Roy for he knew that she read the truth in his face. He was taken by surprise; there was no way of escape.

"I am surprised at you! You may go now."

"Wait, Lucile, don't be hard on a fellow."

"I have no more to say," said Lucile as she turned away, and Roy hurriedly left the house.

"May I come in papa?" said Lucile at the library door.

"Of course you may, dear," said Mr. Alston.

She came in and sat down on the arm of her father's chair and put her arm around his neck and said:

"Papa, I have some thing to ask you. Now, seriously, what do you think of Mr. Livingston?"

"Why I consider him a gentleman of strong character and intellect."

"He is noble and kind, too, papa. You should know his mother. She is one of those old time Southern ladies, a type that is so fast going out. They lived near Mr. Brown's where I visited last summer in Brockton. They had a beautiful Southern home at the foot of the mountains. All the people loved them. Some one he doesn't know who, through a real estate company took his home. I don't know how it was, but some papers had been lost. He is one of those rare characters that appeals to our better nature."

"Yes, I saw that when he was pleading before the jury; he has that power to move people."

"He lost the honors at college by just two points and the man who got the honors, got it by unfair means. Roy seems to avoid him and will not talk to me about him; they were classmates. Papa, you know that in a way it is understood that Roy and I are to be married some day, but it can never be, papa. I have found Roy out; he is not a gentleman.

"I have never liked some of his principles. So this accounts for your interest in Livingston and your laughing at my defeat. You told me I believe that he had nothing."

"He has a noble character, a spotless name and a strong intellect, that's what I call a rich man," said Lucile.

"Any way that's the kind of man I like to trust my daughter with," said Mr. Alston as he kissed her good night.

Next morning at the breakfast table Lucile told about the flowers.

"How dare him send you flowers," said Mrs. Alston.

"There is some mistake, Lucile. I'll send for Roy at once."

Mr. Alston was indignant against Roy. Lucile

wrote a note to John explaining. She received an answer from his mother saying that he had left on the early train for Brockton in legal business.

While in Buckton John went over to the old home. Some workmen were tearing down and remodeling it. With an aching heart John watched a man tear some paper from the old wall. Suddenly a peculiar place in the wall attracted his attention. Going up to it he found it to be a secret opening. Removing the board he found what seemed to be some old papers. He took them away, replaced the board and left the house.

"The lost papers!" exclaimed John, as he hurried away.

A week later Roy picked up the morning paper and read the following headlines.

"A rich vein of iron discovered near Brockton, Md. The property owned by Mr. J. R. Livingston, a rising young lawyer of this city. The Cumberland Mining Co. has offered him one hundred thousand dollars for it."

"There," said Roy, "I guess there will be a boom and I will get some returns from that property down there. I shall open up a real estate office at once." There was a knock at the door.

"Come in" said Roy.

A messenger boy handed him a telegram; tearing it open he read:

"Papers found; property must go.

"DAVIS & Co."

He muttered something as he reached for his hat and took the next train for Baltimore.

Rushing into the office of Davis & Co. he exclaimed: "What does all this mean?"

"It means, that the jig is up. Seems that while tearing away the old home the lost papers came to light, and at the same time a paper revealing the whereabouts of an iron mine. No use to fight, the land must go. You had better make a compromise for the improvements you have put on it. It's a nice summer home you were making."

"Compromise the best way you can," said Roy as he slammed the door.

"Hold on there, Rowland, I have something else to tell you. Livingston has found you out."

"How?"

"Through the insurance company."

Roy rushed off muttering to himself: "Hang the fellow! I never saw such luck. I am beaten at my own game. I drove him from his home right into the arms of success; uncovered his old papers and gave him back his home worth four times as much as at first, and an iron mine besides. I can't do anything but swallow my medicine. I gave myself away at Lucile's home.

Going to his office next morning John met Mr. Alston. "Congratulations Livingston on your good fortune. I have not seen much of you here of late."

I have been pretty busy, Mr. Alston."

"Come over and take dinner with us this evening. I dare say Lucile will be glad to see you."

"Thanks. I shall be glad to come," said John, and they passed on.

John went a little early. Lucile met him in the hall and said, "Come, Mr. Livingston, I want to show you a new lily that has just opened," and she led the way to the conservatory. "Come, sit down here and tell me about the wonderful things that have come to pass."

He told her all, and she told him about the flowers.

"I am not surprised; I knew his college record, and that tells what a man is. I have something to tell you that I have been longing to tell you ever since last summer: Lucile, I love you."

"Why hadn't you told me that before, John?"

"I had nothing to offer you."

"You had yourself, John."

He took her into his arms.

A few days later Lucile received a local paper from Brochton, sent by Edith. It told the whole story of the Livingston property and gave Roy's name in connection with it. John was nominated for mayor and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

* * * * *

On the corner of Third Avenue is the beautiful brown stone residence of Judge Livingstone.

His Reply.

(A girl has written her sweetheart for the bow out of his hat)

This which my head so long has bound
 On your sofa pillow shall be found;
 No monarch but would give his crown
 That he might be it, when you sit down.

'Twould be worth millions to any man
 If this little ribbon your heart could span
 And bring it back at lightning speed
 To be his jewel, his longed for meed.

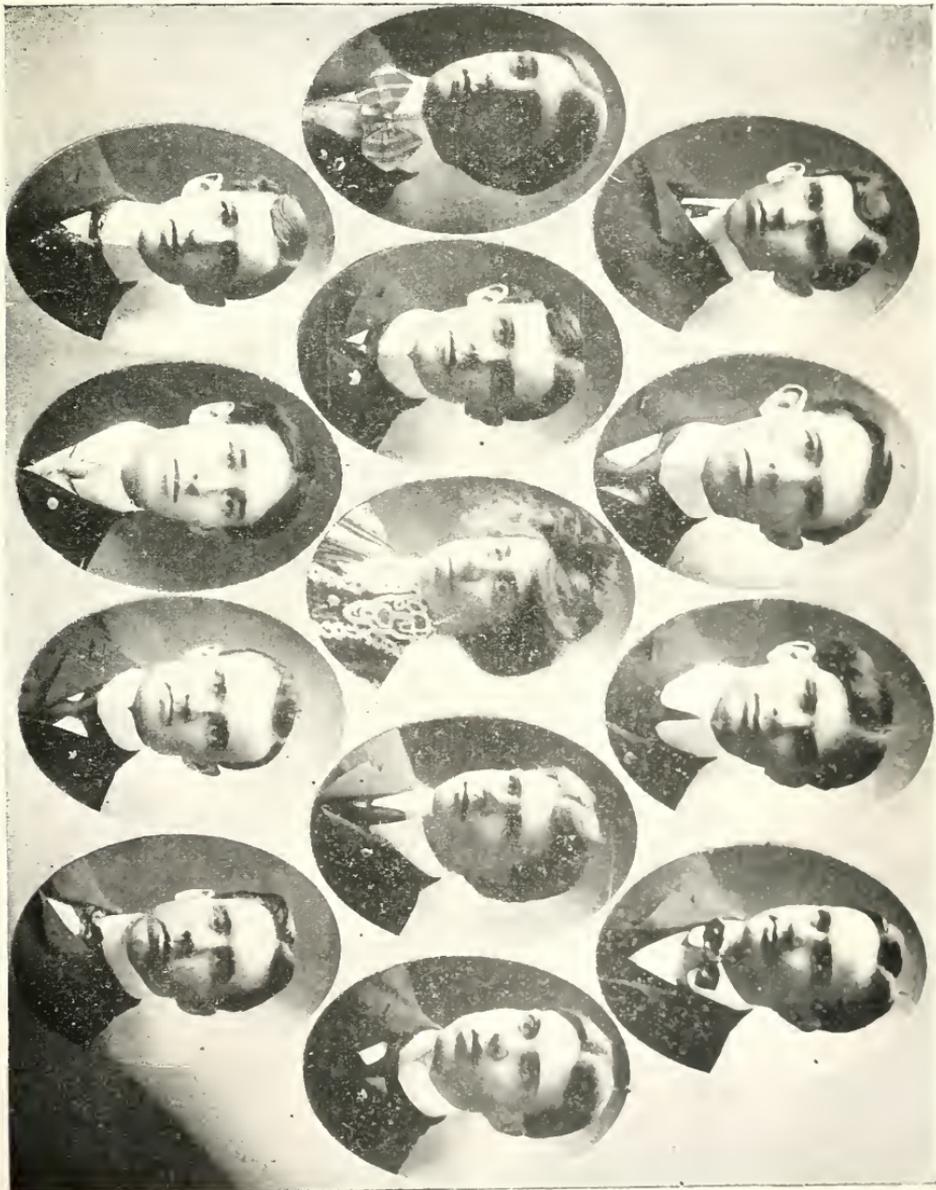
He would have joy; he would have wealth;
 He would have peace; he would have health.
 Give me what that ribbon would bind
 And take all the rest of Adam's kind.

J. JAMES, '04.

Romeo and Juliet—Is the Tragedy True to Nature?

This first great tragedy of Shakespeare is strongly written and stirring to the last degree. The drama opens with passion attuned to a high key and ends in a veritable pandemonium of tragedy toward which everything moves inevitably from start to finish. With such tension it would be out of place to look for the plain, every day natural; rather must we endeavor to concieve what would be natural at a time of crisis.

When two great, rival houses have started a feud and this feud has been fed with the fuel of passing years, it is to be expected that jealous, unreasoning servants will thoroughly imbibe the hatred of their masters and be ready to fight at the "biting of a thumb" or the drop of a hat. We are therefore not surprised at the brawl of these menials in the opening of the play. The later duel between



Tybalt and Mercutio is the product of the same blind, impetuous rage.

The fun in the tragedy is not entirely natural. As in all his early plays Shakespeare goes out of his way to make puns and bring in conceits that are strained. The coarse suggestions of the play are characteristic of the time and no doubt appealed to many hearers at the theatre, but Shakespeare gradually conquered this tendency and his maturer work is nearly free from such blemishes. Perfect naturalness demands some things of a character that would not be heard from different speakers or in a different age.

Romeo's visit to the banquet of the Capulets is unnatural and extreme. One can hardly think the hero would risk so much for a glimpse even of the marvelous Juliet. But when once he has attended the ball, nothing is more natural than that the simple-minded girl should fall in love with this gallant young nobleman, her first chance companion outside of her family connections.

Mercutio's semi-lyrical speech concerning Mab is Shakespearan poetry but it contributes nothing to the force or plot of the tragedy. In many places simplicity and naturalness are thus sacrificed to beauty. The speakers air their fine phrases and prolong their splendid observations beyond the demands of the tragical movement. The tension is too great for deliberate speech-making. One can forgive the garrulous babblings of the nurse, but it is not so easy to overlook the long speeches made to this servant by her superiors, as by Juliet when standing tiptoe to learn what message she brings from Romeo. Fewer words would betray much better the impatience of the anxious lover.

On Juliet's supposed death no broken sob nor passionate exclamation is heard. The "grief" of relatives is expressed in stately, measured speech—formal enough for six-months-old sorrow in the United States Congress.

Though unfeeling in other things one must think these parents really loved their beautiful daughter.

In minor details the plot moves about as one would expect. In fact, the plot as a whole is true to life in its extraordinary periods of motion and action. Shakespeare borrowed his plot entirely, but, unfortunately, did not borrow a plot profound enough for his purposes. He was big with poetry, too weighty for such a skeleton. He lacked the mighty self control that could condense all into a few compact sentences—a control admirably developed later in life.

The most charming feature of the play is the love scene of Romeo and Juliet. That is admirably done even for Shakespeare. The two lovers pour forth into the darkness the story of a devotion made doubly dear by the consciousness that these were stolen sweets. The very hopelessness of their love added fierceness to its consuming passion. What on closer approach would have been brief exclamations of love, broken by many caresses and kisses, is here poured out in lofty love-lyrics. Like newly mated mocking birds who find the day too short for their sweet carolings, these two lovers chant their melodious heart-songs far into the night.

The theme, the occasion and the speakers unite to make a perfect scene—finely simple and natural.

Last of all, Shakespeare is extremely happy in his method of bringing about the weird tragedy at the close of the play. Ordinarily so much of death is to the last degree improbable; yet nothing short of such wholesale demise will suitably end a play of such extreme tension. A mediocre writer would have made a bungling muddle of such a scene; but Shakespeare brings all the characters together in such a manner so thoroughly natural that the horrible carnage of the closing act is inevitable. It is a fitting end. Who of the actors could be left alive? By every token the enemies should fight to the death; the

lovers could only disappoint us by living till love grew cold. Better far that they should pass away while the tide of their passion is at its flood, and let the power of their love bind the long separated and hostile families. One lays down the play with the gentle whisper, "It is well, even thus."

J. R. COUNTISS. '02.

An Apology.

I've sought the muse in vain,
I've sought her night and day,
Then why should I complain
If I should fail today?

No inspiration comes,
I feel it never will.
This job will soon be done,
And joy my soul shall fill.

Now please excuse this mess,
'Shamed of it I am.
Now I have done my best,
Poet, think you, I am?

B. Z. WELCH, '04.



Too Deep for the Philosopher.

Science speaks its profound thoughts
In language subtle and dim,
But with the learned man, the every day slang
Has a meaning that baffles him.

I am sure it would shock a preacher's nerves
If he knew what they were talking about,
As when in the midst of a sermon long,
Some youngster cries, "Cut it out."

When a professor loves a maid of the world,
He wonders what is to be his fate,
When the maiden, tired of his learned lore,
Says, "Roll your hoop out of the gate."

A learned squire would be perplexed
If he should overhear the speech,
As when about his pretty girl
Cholly says, "Chappy, she's a peach."

L. MANSHIP, '04.

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EDITORIALS

At the close of the last Southern Interstate Oratorical contest at Monteagle, Tenn., *in the absence of the representative from Mississippi*, resolutions were passed, which seem to have been aimed directly at the Millsaps men who had represented Mississippi. Another thing which gives this matter the coloring of unfair dealing was that the Mississippi representative was not even informed of the passage of the resolution; and this, notwithstanding the fact that he was chosen president for the ensuing year, and in the very nature of the case would need to be informed as to such action.

The resolution purports to be an effort to exclude "professionals," and was intended, ostensibly, for one

Straton who spoke several years before. Although several years removed, even now the memory of this contest, in which entirely different men participated, arouses righteous indignation in the minds of other contestants. *What a fearful stench that must have been to last so long!*

Now it is not that Millsaps objects to the distinction which the very resolution itself gives her that we call attention to this matter; but because we wish to be perfectly frank and fair in our dealings, we suggest that at the next contest the resolution ought to be amended, if the intention was to class our men as "professionals," since the provisions of the resolution as it stands, if, indeed, it was ever reduced to writing at all, would not affect either of the Millsaps representatives who appeared on the Monteagle platform.

But we need not spend time in suggesting advisable lines of action, for Mississippi will be represented by a man who will keep the matter before the Association; and after the contest the feeling may prevail that the terms ought to be more specific, and *Mississippi* will be excluded from participation in the Monteagle contests.

With this issue of *The Collegian* the labors of the present staff are ended, and another session closes. We realize that we are now to part with one of the most responsible positions in the college work. And as we take a retrospect of the field of labor, we find many things to cause us pleasant reflections, and many things have been done, which we might do better now, or which more skilled hands might have relieved of some of their regrettable features. But the future is too full of promise too full of opportunities, too full of urgent demands to spend time lamenting the mistakes of the past.

We turn our faces to the future and leave what has been done, either for good or evil, to the charity of our fellow-laborers, believing that, in estimating the value and

faithfulness of our work, they will show us that charity and sympathy which has been so strikingly characteristic of their criticisms in the past.

In turning over the work to our successor we wish to remind him that he need scarcely hope to find in his honor a crown without a thorn. Many a time his heart will almost fail him because someone to whom he looks for aid seems so unsympathetic; and times will come, when those whom he confidently expects to aid him and to be a constant ally will seem to turn their lances upon him; but while all this is true there will always be an element sufficiently strong to sustain him.

We wish to make grateful acknowledgement of our appreciation of those whose subscriptions have helped on in a material way, for without this material aid the enterprise would be doomed from the beginning.

To those whose names appear on the subscription roll, but without the credit, "By cash \$1.00" we wish to say, (to the end that things may be different in the world from what they were in college) that the saddest and most pathetic commentary that we have ever seen upon the life of a man in college is to be read in the entry made upon the record opposite the names of those delinquents: "Dead Beat." The commentary is made all the more sad by the fact that it is handed down from year to year and may at some time fix the estimate of your integrity.

We wish to remind those whose contributions have made the *Collegian* what it has been, that the closing of this year is but the beginning of a year in which greater things will be expected. Do not forget that it is your duty to stand by the men, who shall have the direction of the *Collegian* affairs during the next session; and make the *Collegian* the best that it has ever been.

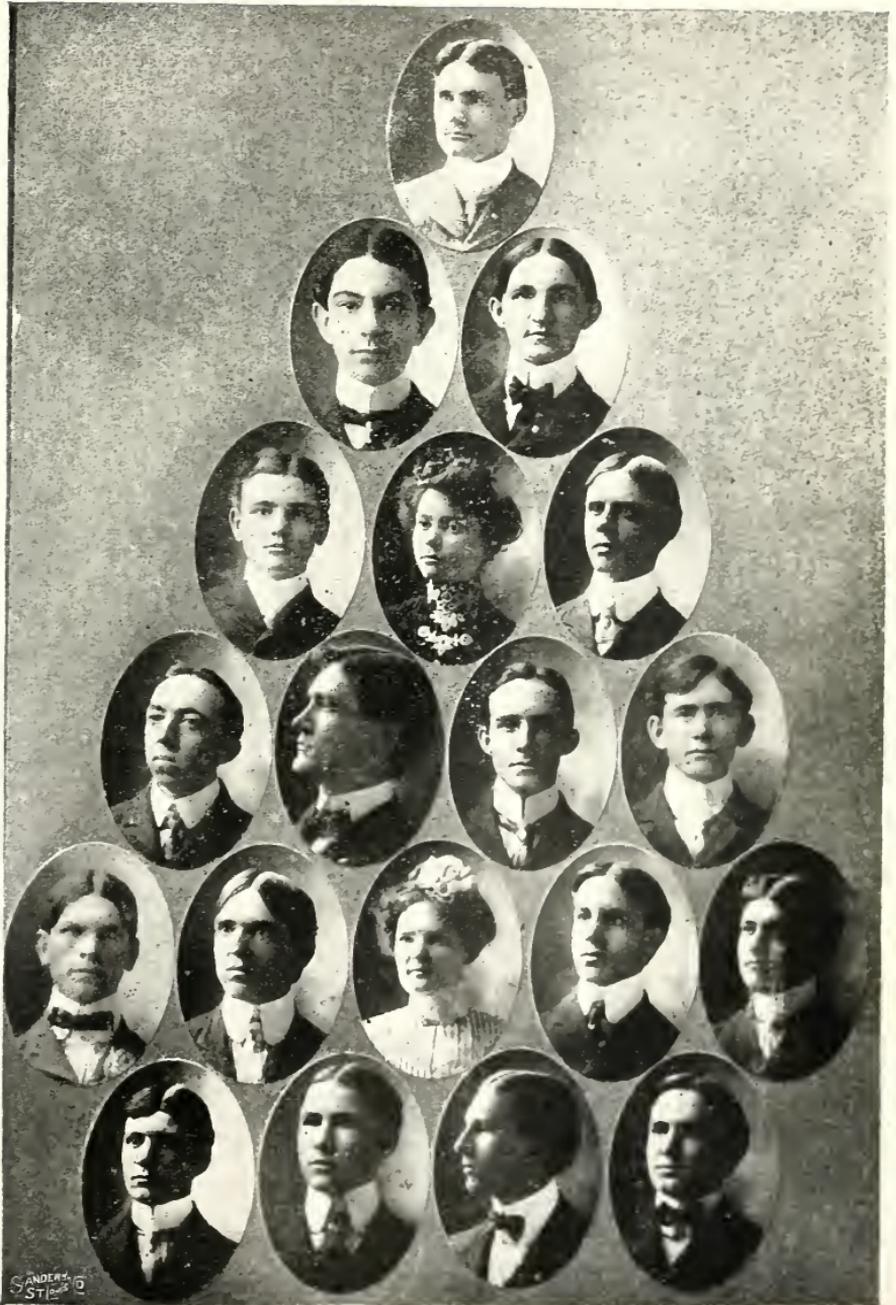
Now to those generous and enterprising business men of the city, whose kindness in the matter of advertising with us has made the *Collegian* a financial success, we

desire to express our sincere thanks. We hope, indeed, we feel sure that they will continue their support in the future, for no business man with common sagacity can afford to count the actual money received from the students and reckon the income from the investment upon this basis. Millsaps College brings to you that which is worth more than money, it brings an atmosphere that nothing but such an institution can bring. You cannot afford to withdraw your sympathy and support, for in fostering the college enterprises you prepare a blessing for your children.

LITERARY REVIEW.

In the May 1902 number of *The Forum* appeared an article entitled "The Negro and Higher Learning" which excited our attention and brought the study of the question as to whether or not the negro is capable of assimilating higher learning again prominently before the writer. The above mentioned article was written by Prof. W. S. Scarborough. We do not know where Prof. Scarborough lives or by what means he has studied the Negro Problem but we feel safe in venturing that there are no negroes in that part of the country, else he would know them better, and that his study of the negro has all been done while bounded by the four walls of his study chamber and not by means of any practical observation. We venture this because his article reads like it.

He seems to have studied the question as best he might under his unfavorable conditions. He set forth very convincingly the great necessity of higher education for any race that would extricate itself from the lowest level of human existence. He takes a case beset by none of those difficulties which make the negro question so



THE CLASS OF 1903.

perplexing, a case where a race of people has, as he says, "a noble discontent," dormant possibilities for distinguishing themselves in art, in science, in literature and in statesmanship, and attempts to show, in the old cut and dried manner why they should be educated, never asking himself the question, Is it possible? Because our northern brothers must do most of the writing on this subject and you are therefore not accustomed to see such statements in print you may think me a little too radical when I say that I do not believe the negro capable or that he, as a negro, will ever be capable of assimilating higher learning, I make this statement, after a careful study of the question from more than one point of view. I am no believer in that nonsensical saying, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;" I believe in educating as highly as possible all peoples; I believe that a higher civilization has a right to force itself on a lower one, and I would believe in continuing our efforts to educate the negro if I had seen any encouraging signs, but on the contrary I do not believe in it because I have seen so many discouraging signs, thoroughly convincing to me.

It is argued that there are too many examples of highly educated negroes to admit of any such belief. I admit that there are numerous examples of educated beings called negroes, but show me a single one with undiluted negro blood in his veins. It takes 100 per cent of white blood to make a white man; it takes one per cent of negro blood to make a negro. Now will any one contend that where white blood so predominates that it is not likely that white characteristics and a degree of intelligence far above the full blooded negro will be found. There is the secret of the intellectual negro. The question of educating him therefore revolves itself into this: Will we permit a fusion of the two races, degrading the one to elevate the other, forming a mongrel race of mediocre station, or will the Caucasian keep pure his blood and the Ethiopian remain as he has for unnumbered ages past.

Prof. Scarborough is so prudent that he only says, "A noble discontent is not harmful to either individual or race." Certainly it is not harmful. More truth would have been expressed had he said no people ever rose or ever will rise without the incentive of a noble discontent. Trace back, if you will, any of the great peoples of this time, to their primitive state and you will always find among them a sense of honor, a disposition to accumulate worldly goods, a sense of equity, a powerful energy, a will to shirk no duty calculated to elevate the whole of their society. Do you find any of these qualities in the negro race pure? I have lived in the south all my life and they have never exposed one of these qualities to me. Theirs is one of the oldest of the races, and why did they not keep step with the world's advancement. Any race will, as Prof. Scarborough says, rise or fall according to the intellectual step it can keep with the other races of the world, The negro race could not keep the required pace at first, hence it fell to the rear, After thousands of years of sad experience he keeps it no better, the close of a thousand years to come will still find him treading the wine press alone.

"I claim for the race," says Prof. Scarborough, "all the latitude in the pursuit of knowledge that other races have, if they are to have a glorious future; I would have every youth follow the bent of his genius; I would throw open to the negro youth all the avenues of life; I would encourage him to take advanced courses whenever and wherever possible; I would counsel him to distinguish himself by rare attainments."

All this sounds to me like one who would advise a young man to be *great* as if it were a matter of choice, a thing for personal decision as to whether or not we want it; a parchment rolled and tied with a blue ribbon, stuck in a pigeon hole, labeled "Certificate of greatness."

Ask, and it shall be given you. Were greatness thus to be gotten you might give every negro in the land one

and I would give them eight hours in which to destroy it, and come out with seven hours to my credit. So far as latitude is concerned, the negro has as much as the white man. The southern white man is not, as often charged, placing barriers in the way of attempting to educate the negro, but he is rather the best friend on earth to the negro and aids more than anyone else in this vain attempt. How many thousands of dollars every year paid into the the public school fund by him is expended on the educable negro school children in the South. He does not give in large pretentious sums sufficient to found a college but gives where the only possible good can be done. The negro colleges with the exception of a few Agricultural and Mechanical institutions are more of a curse than a blessing, both to the negro and white man. Can any good come by placing on social equality negro students and a white faculty as is the case within a stone's throw of the writer, and where, only a few years back, the daughter of the president of the college became so infatuated with a young negro buck that he was forced to resign his position and take her away or have a negro son-in-law?

These are the people who come south as missionaries to a persecuted race—wolves in sheep's clothing—asses who would play lions but can't help braying.

Prof. Scarborough would counsel the negro youth to distinguish himself by rare attainments. So would I, so would everyone counsel everyone else. That is not what we are considering, but rather can he distinguish himself. When God made the earth and placed thereon all forms of life, he planned a whole. Some were born to rule, others must till earth's virgin soil, behewers of wood and drawers of water for those whose intellectual endowment places them in the first class. Man's sense of equity might find fault with such a plan, but He knew best whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

GRIT AND GOLD

Man was only worthless dust, till God breathed in him—and worthless is the man through whom God does not breathe today.

Jesus Christ is the polar star of true manhood.

To have riches is vexation; to be rich is contentment—not cash but character.

Only God, is greater than man; cowardice alone, can keep man from conquering.

God did not rest till he made man; neither will I, till manhood be attained.

Men often begin speculation, only to end in speculation.

Even environment cannot bring out of a man what is not in him. The sourness of a lemon is extracted, not developed by squeezing.

The man who is mediocre, with the opportunities of today, would have been a miserable dwarf in any previous age.

Who worries over trifles, shall find trifles enough to worry him to death.

Influence is compound interest on character.

Temptation is never too great, till manhood has become too small.



THE CLASS OF 1904.

THE COLLEGE WORLD

What with cheering words of encouragement and what in the face of biting criticism, we have rounded out a year of college journalism. It has been a source of much pleasure to read a list of splendid exchanges and now and then, offer a friendly criticism or bestow a merited compliment. To some extent we have caught the spirit of all the colleges; we have skated and tobogganed with the boys of far off Manitoba; tramped over plain and mountain with the students of Arizona; participated in the sage, philosophical dignity of the eastern colleges; or revelled with a fellow student from Dixie, as he lolled under a tree and dreamed of love and springtime. From all of these we have gained something and shall go out to broader, better manhood for the year's association and experience. We leave no hatchet unburied and trust that we leave no scar unhealed, when we bid one and all, GOOD BYE.

Many May Magazines are Commencement numbers, illustrated with cuts of historic buildings, sage faculties, sophomore classes and handsome editorial boards. The matter is above the average in quantity, quality and arrangement, most of it the swan-notes of expiring editorial staffs, who have looked their best, sung their sweetest and passed away never to sing again. Peace to the editorial ashes of 1902.

The *S. W. U. Magazine*, opens with an oration on Stonewall Jackson, a glowing tribute to one who was among the bravest of generals and noblest of men. "The Debt of Power," is ably discussed, the author showing how the world-problems of other days have been met and mastered. Mighty issues await the application of the great forces, now found in education, government and wealth. "The

Exodus of Mammy," tells of the conflict of a faithful black mammy and a cruel step-mother. When mammy could stand it no longer she gathered her goods and stole away, to return when her troublesome opponent was out of the way. Class histories make an important part of this issue. The "Class poem 1902," an unmitigated abomination. It lacks rythm, meter and sense. It does not even have the merit of being good nonsense, for instance, when the writer prays for his "Alma Mater," to be "a copy of the Creator." Let us hope the offense will never be repeated.

The gentleman from Virginia gets his data badly tangled, when he charges this editor with filling up his department with "clippings *alone*." Never quite so bad as that! Read the *Collegian* and see. The copy referred to has seven reviews; and the gentleman from Virginia comes in for his share of attention. Perhaps that is why he failed to see it. The *Magazine* is not so replete with good things, as it was the past month, nevertheless, its two verse stories, "The Kerry Piper" and "The Ferry of Frontinbault," are well written. "The Study of Greek Mythology," is an able appreciation of a neglected subject, showing that much literature is incomprehensible without knowledge of this branch. "The Alpha Phi Pin" is a farce of blood-curdling, blood-letting realism. The tale is improbable and gloomy. Other articles are worthy of mention and the departments are always readable.

The Souvenir edition of the *Univ. of Miss. Magazine*, is handsome, but of no literary value, excepting the poems, which are very good. In sketching the Chancellors of the University it is stated that from 1895 to 1900, Chancellor Mayes "Was Professor of law in *Millsap's Methodist Gollege*, Jackson, Miss." This is news indeed! Mr Millsaps does not own a Methodist College, nor any other college, and Hon. Edward Mayes sustains the same relation to Millsaps

College now that he has had since 1895, never having been separated from the College. By this time, surely, the people of the State University have learned the *name* of Millsaps College.

The M. S. U. Independent, is the brightest weekly that comes to our desk. While no serious literary effort is often attempted, its locals are interesting, its jokes fresh and original, its poems witty and appropriate to a college journal. The general make up is western—strictly. The boys at M. S. U. are to the front with all sorts of pranks, practical jokes and jolly school-boy deviltry. Athletics comes in for a good share of attention and college spirit is at highwater mark. We always welcome the *Independent*.

Harvard, Stanford and Pennsylvania Universities have a smaller number of students this year than last.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has donated the University of California a collection of Chinese and Japanese curios, valued at \$10,000.

The following exchanges have gladdened our heart during the past year. We commend them to our successor as worthy of his notice.

Randolph Macon Monthly, University of Va. Magazine, The L. S. U. Reveille, The Journal of S. W. P. U., Mississippi College Magazine, Emory and Henry Era, Emory Phoenix, Hendrix College Mirror, The Univ. of Arizona Monthly, Whitworth Clionian, Blue and Gold, The College Reflector, The Shamrock M. S. U. Independent, Vanderbilt Observer, Univ. of Miss. Magazine, Trinity Argive, Tulane Univ. Magazine, University Unit, S. W. Univ. Magazine, Maroon and White, Vox Wesleyana, Deaf Mute Voice, King College Magazine, Southern Univ. Monthly, Gray Jacket.

CLIPPINGS.

“Shall I brain him?” cried a hussar,
 And the victim’s courage fled.
 “You can’t, it is a Freshman,
 Just bit him on the head.”—*Soph.*

A Sad Fate.

”There was a young lady named Perkins
 Who always was fond of green gherkins,
 She ate so much spice
 In spite of advice
 That she pickled her internal workings.”—*Ex.*

The ways of exchange editors are devious. Some time ago a rhyme appeared in the *Harvard Lamqoon* which was copied far and wide over the land, as most of the *Lamqoon* stuff is. The first exchange editor to clip it, credited it to *Harvard Lamqoon*; the next to Howard Lamqoon, the next (which was the *Ft. Worth Unit*) to H. Lamqoon, and the last time it came to light the exchange editor had chalked it up to “H. Lamqoon, in the *Ft. Worth Unit*.” —*Leto.*

Evidence.

Of all the lines that volumes fill,
 Since Æsop first his fables told,
 The wisest is the proverb old,
 That every Jack must have his Jill.

But when the crowd that nightly fills
 The down-town places homeward goes,
 To hear them sing, one would suppose
 That every Jack had several gills.

—*R. O. H. in Cornell Magazine.*

THE CLASS OF 1905.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Commencement! commencement!!

Burglar:—Money or your life!

Ikenstein—Vell take my life, its inzured.

Mr Pope Jordan, who attended Tulane Univ. the first part of the year, decided to return to Millsaps and graduate with his class. This gives us one more, making fourteen in all. The superstitious man is saved.

During the month the Juniors and Sophs visited, in a body, the factories of the city and any one of them thinks now, that he could make gas, run a car and make ice, although some of them don't cut any ice; or in other words are roller skates.

Dr. W. B. Murrah has returned from the General Conference held at Dallas, Texas, where he has been for the past month. During his absence, Prof. G. C. Swearengen has been acting president.

"Alf" George, the well known "sport" of the first term, gave us a visit last week. We are glad to have his walking stick with us again, for he is certainly a jolly fellow.

The students were given a half-holiday this month, that they might have an opportunity to see the "Hero of Santiago," who paid Jackson a visit. The boys paid tribute in the usual way—yelled. During the day Mr. W. J. Bryan, of free silver fame, passed through and a crowd went out and yelled for him a few times. He thanked the boys but declined to speak.

Mr. G. L. Teat, has been out during the week visiting "frat mates."

We take this occasion to inform "Pete" that "Jinks" has returned.

Little kid—Mamma, if two birds of a feather flock twogether, do three, birds of a feather flock thregether?

The Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha, receptions on June 5th and 9th respectively, promise to be quite swell affairs; and the boys and girls alike, look forward to these receptions, with many pleasant anticipations.

We are glad to note that Professor Bishop, who has been confined to his room for several days, is now able to be out again and to hold his examinations.

During the past month, Mr. Joe Shurlds invited the Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sigma fraternities, each on a Saturday night, to his ice cream parlors. Delicious dainties were served, besides after dinner cigars. We thank Mr. Shurlds for his "good turn to the hungry college man." "Boys," give him your commencement trade.

We are very sorry that "Belhaven" commencement exercises conflict with our final examinations. Many of the boys will not be able to attend the exercises.

Mr. Briney of the Kentucky University, who is now an evangelist of the Christian church, was out mingling with his frat brothers last Saturday.

Professor B. E. Young left last Wednesday for Germany. He goes to equip himself better, in the modern languages. We wish "Herr" Young a splendid trip and may he return next year, "Spechend Duesche."

We are sorry to note the sickness of Mr. J. M. Kennedy. He has been quite sick and has missed all his examinations. We are very glad to note that he is improving and will probably be able to go home in a day or two, if he has no relapse.

Millsaps College is certainly to be congratulated on the recent victory of her representative, J. R. Countiss, in the State Oratorical contest. Millsaps has won four victories, out of seven, in State contests, and has won two years in succession at Monteagle in the Southern Interstate contest.

Mr. Countiss will not represent Mississippi, in the contest at Monteagle, this summer.

Lamar Literary Society Notes.

Society was called to order May 9, 1902, by President Nobles. The literary exercises consisted of an oration by Mr. C. R. Ridgway and a declamation by B. E. Tindall. The question, "Resolved: That the negro should receive school funds only in proportion to the tax they pay," was fully discussed, the affirmative winning. The Society enjoyed an address from one of its old members, M. Frank Holloman.

On the night of May 16th the society was called to order, G. R. Nobles in the chair. On account of the business necessary to be transacted on this night, it being the last meeting of this session, the literary exercises were omitted. The Society found it necessary to expel several of its members, on account of non compliance with the constitution and by-laws.

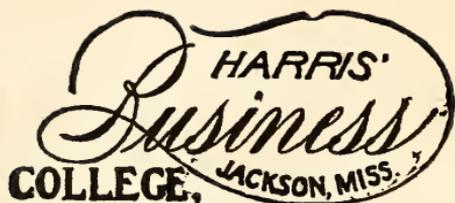
The Society has accomplished some excellent work during this year, and the old members will return full of confidence for the success of the Society during the session of '02 and '03.

G. R. NOBLES,

LUTHER MANSHIP, JR.,

President.

Corresponding Secretary.



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