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"Seeing is Believing."



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FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF VA., MARCH 1ST, 1868.

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The Shield and Diamond.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 3.

LONGINGS FOR REST.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.—*Longfellow.*

A ROMANCE OF CHAPTER LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.**"TWIGGING" CONTINUED.**

Friday morning had come and the College men were becoming already accustomed to the regular ringing of the bell that called them to prayers and recitations. The classes had been formed, most of the students had chosen their courses, and work was beginning in earnest. The two Literary Societies of the University were to meet in their respective halls, and the rivalry for acquisitions to their membership was making things lively and warm already. Underneath all the rather obtrusive efforts put forth by the Society partisans, however, an attentive observer might detect a deeper current of excitement moving in an entirely different direction. This excitement was not only less obvious and superficial; it was also more tense and earnest. It did not affect so many students, but it powerfully controlled those who came under its sway. The battle was on. Men were being studied intently. There were some who had been already approached and the die having been cast, in these cases, by the approaching Fraternity or Fraternities, the battle must be fought to a successful issue if possible. The several orders were measuring strength, and each ambitious to achieve its end, whatever that end might be, longed to capture for its ranks the most forceful characters which the incoming students could contribute.

There are two men whom we have seen before, coming out of the Capon gate. They have each his sack of books on the left arm and are going to College.

The deep-set eyes, the well-worn Prince Albert coat mark one of these men. His shoulders are a little stooped. The other man, much younger, considerably taller, straight, lithe and graceful, is bending a head crowned with abundance of sunny curls, to listen to what Crawford is saying.

"You see, Armstrong, to belong to a first-class fraternity, is like belonging to a first-class family. A man's position, socially, is largely determined by the company he keeps; and, in College, the company he keeps is indicated very dis-

tinently by the Fraternity he joins. This is necessarily so in so promiscuous a crowd as a body of students. If a man does not have friends in this community, or does not bring letters of introduction to people of influence, he must plod on his way alone for some time, till he *wins* a recognition which a proper fraternity connection would give him at once."

"I don't like the spirit of that argument exactly," replied Leslie Armstrong. "I think a gentleman is detected much more readily by the majority of people than your theory would imply; and then"—his color heightening—"I think a manly man ought to make his own way. I value a thing I get myself, and it's thrilling to feel that your fellow-men recognize you because you have proved your worth under their own eyes; that they are not simply tolerating you because you are introduced by a friend."

There was a clear ring about these words that slightly disconcerted the well-poised and cool-headed fellow to whom they were addressed. He felt the force of their genuine manliness against his argument. Nevertheless, recovering his calm and collected manner, after a few moments thought, he turned his vivid look on Leslie and replied:

"Well said, I admit, and a fellow like you will not remain *long* obscure here or any where else. But you will have to be found out notwithstanding, and all Alpha Tau asks you to do is, to let her introduce you *at once* to the best society, and usher you immediately into homes where your worth will be appreciated and your character valued justly. You needn't spend six months winning your way. We can give you the *entree* in six days to the first homes of this place."

"The advantages your order offers are mainly social, I see," replied Armstrong, "and I judge, they are expensive too. I doubt the wisdom of a College man's assuming heavy obligations, either financial or social, and I shall have to consider your proposition or invitation very carefully before giving you a reply. My father is generous, but trusts me to be judicious. I myself am anxious to make the very best use of my opportunities, and while recognizing social privileges as an important part of my apparatus for culture I do not think they should be improved to the exclusion of higher things."

They were near the campus enclosure now and Leslie's eyes, which had been thoughtfully bent on the ground while he was speaking, were lifted, with a characteristic alertness, as he finished his remark and fell on a couple

coming in the opposite direction. With an expression of keen enjoyment on his face, as when one discusses a new beauty in a landscape, a picture or a poem, Leslie asked his companion :

“ Who are they ? ”

“ That is one of our men. Lord is his name. He has applied for an A. M. this year, and will get it without any trouble. I want you to meet him soon.”

“ Yes, I shall be glad to know him. He’s a kind of tailor-made chap, though, isn’t he? Beg your pardon,” said Leslie, with quiet courtesy, as he noticed a shade of annoyance pass over Crawford’s face, “ I meant nothing more than to ask a question. I am often deceived in men. I had no right to imply such a judgment of your friend. But it is the other one I am most anxious to know about—the girl with him.”

“ Oh, that is one of our girls—‘ sister’s in the bonds,’ we call them—whom you must know, too.”

“ I’m ready for *that* any time, old man,” Leslie replied, with enthusiasm, “ Bless me, but she is very beautiful! The prettiest creature, Crawford, I’ve seen on Tennessee soil. But what is her name ? ”

“ She is the daughter, only child, of Col. Hill, of this place, who has been United States senator and is now living a retired life in that handsome residence at the head of Old Madison. Seen the place, have you ? ”

“ Yes, and I could have well peopled it with just such lovely denizens as this one. Bravo, but that is a rare face. I do not think Raphael could have surpassed it. She has the elements of a Diana—beauty. I wonder if Helen of Troy did resemble her. And she lives in the shady grove overlooking the Cumberland? There’s a romance ready made.”

“ Well, you may help to make it. She’s a loyal Alpha Tau, and two of your brothers (if you join us) are domiciled at Col. Hill’s. Miss Lillian is lovely to us all. You will take the “ Calico ticket,” I suppose, and she makes her formal debut in a few days. ’Twill be a swell affair.”

Leslie’s face clouded a little; nevertheless his sparkling eyes sprinkled their sunshine on the youth and maiden as they passed just opposite the entrance to the Campus. Leslie’s eyes had that rarely bright, warm sunniness which not only brightened his own face beautifully, but which seemed to have the power of overflowing on others and brightening

them. He came into many lives like sunshine—this fine, genuine, manly fellow, with a nature as pure as a child's, and as strong as an athlete's. When Lord and Lillian had passed on in their walk and Crawford and Leslie had turned into the Campus, the latter said :

"I'm sorry to hear you speak of the 'debut' and the 'swell affair,' in connection with that fresh faced girl we have passed. I never could see why girls couldn't grow up into their maturity as flowers do, naturally. Why should there be any sharp, sudden transition from their girlhood to their womanhood. I've watched a flower unfolding, and there is nothing sudden in its development. You cannot put your finger on the moment when it ceases to be a bud, or when it passes from half-blown beauty to full-blown glory. Don't you think girls are very much like beautiful flowers?"

Crawford was a fine fellow but not a poet. He didn't catch the enthusiasm of his interlocutor and simply replied with a smile at Leslie's enthusiasm, "You probably understand the species better than I do. I never had a 'special study.'"

"*Special study*," said Leslie rather puzzled, "neither had I. But I've had a *good many* 'studies.' Why, man, how can you *help* watching them, observing them, delighting in them as you do any other beautiful creation. Now, I've had very little opportunity to study the sex 'from the life' since I was fifteen. Up to that time we were on the old plantation in Mississippi, and I had four charming cousins in easy range. My! but they were royal girls. We rode together—they loved a spirited animal, one and all, and each owned one;) we walked together, we read together and we were the jolliest comrades that ever plighted mutual loyalty. Since father came to St. Louis, I have found enough to do with my preparatory work—getting ready for Nichmer and Lyon and these other fellows, you know. I found the presence of woman, however, was all through literature and history. There can't be anything really perfect or lofty without her. And I loved to watch her forever in all the thrilling things I read of. I've ranged over Europe and Merrie England with the Knights, and their patrons and inspirers were women. I've had many a jolly little flirtation with the charming girls whose fair faces peep out of Romance, Fiction and History. To be perfectly honest, I've never had a real sweetheart; but I have indulged the most romantic affection for Joan of Arc, young Hypatia, Walter

Scott's Lady of the Lake and Shakespeare's Portia. I capped the climax one day by falling in love with Queen Elizabeth, of England, when she was a girl! I see it amuses you and it does me, too, but I say in good earnest, old fellow, the man who doesn't glory in a glorious woman, who does not exult in her purity, her sweetness, her brightness and beauty, her strength and tenderness, her glowing heart and lofty soul, can't appreciate fully the beauty of nature and the truth of History! He will never make a hero!"

As Leslie Armstrong delivered this sentiment with all the enthusiasm of a high-minded boy, he flung himself full on the Campus grass, under a magnificent oak, and with Crawford sitting tailor-fashion at his side, waited for the Chapel bell. Lillian Hill had parted from Cameron Lord at Prof. Nichmer's gate, and as the boys under the tree saw her ascend the step, while the Professor's stately wife awaited her on the piazza, Leslie spoke again:

"So she is going to enter 'society,' Crawford, is she? Well, it's a fearful gauntlet to run. I cannot well see how she will come out unharmed. I've seen many a "society" girl in big St. Louis, and Crawford, it's pathetic enough to make a man weep. They go into the life expecting so much; they get so little. They are the hungriest people I know of. And then, too, they lose much—transparent honesty and sincerity are exchanged for politic and deception. Genuineness gives place to hollow formality, often to actual hypocrisy. When you go out to your life's work, old man, try to reach these 'society' people, if you can. I repeat it, they are the *hungriest* people—minds unfed, hearts unfed, souls starving. They need your message very much, a message that will give them something to live for. If the Alpha Tau's are aiming to build up this system by their patronage I—well I should rather see them doing something else."

The Chapel bell rung just then and Leslie sprang up, seized his books and joined the crowd which was pressing through the main entrance. Crawford came in a little later with Hugh Holt.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEBUT.

A week later. Friday evening and a beautiful one. The grove of oaks and elms in which Col. Hill's home is embosomed is starred with the daintiest paper lanterns and looks like fairy land. The house itself is brilliantly lighted

the large mirrors flashing back and doubling the effect. But the most radiant feature of the scene is Lillian. The young gentlemen evidently think so. They crowd about her. She is in white. How fair a novitiate!

Others are there. The scene is an exceptionally brilliant one. Col. Hill is benignant. His wife is calm, satisfied, quietly exultant, very proud of Lillian to-night. There are the leading lights of Cambridge society and there are the University boys who have been favored. The Alpha Taus are in their glory. They are uniformed in full dress, wearing their badges in exactly the same place and their colors modestly displayed at one button hole.

Lillian wore the same colors in a simple knot of fresh ribbons at her throat.

There are other men besides these gentlemen of the Maltese Cross, however, and you would notice some of them in almost every company.

Milton Howels was very graceful as he circulated among the company as perfectly at ease as he always was everywhere. There was the fine effect of perfect self-command in his entire bearing. He was frequently seen with a blue-eyed girl the reader has met before at "the Cartwrights." This evening she is almost transformed by her changed costume. She has a floating drapery of soft textured, clinging material of a blue the color of an April sky. The fine, high brow is still calm, and the eyes are almost violet. She is a girl of whom Milton Howels may well be very proud to-night and they do drift together in a "persistent way" quite charming to all concerned.

The deep bay-window is a pleasant place and so Lillian seats herself there and it becomes, straightway a very attractive place for many of the young men who group themselves in picturesque attitudes about her light wicker throne. She has a more than normally brilliant flush upon her fair face. She speaks with a forced vivacity. The evening has worn on, it is true, but they are not ordinary causes that are producing in this girl of sixteen the marks of suppressed excitement and weariness. Her friends notice it and retire considerably. The mere acquaintances, finding her no longer energetically entertaining drop away gradually and as Leslie Armstrong comes near the window's recess, with his manly figure erect, his head finely poised and his clear eyes thoughtful, he beholds a very pathetic scene and takes in a situation that puzzles but interests him.

One of those beautiful glances that only this manly fellow can give, sprinkles its sunshine all over the tired girl in the wicker chair and as he sinks into a seat facing her she gives him a grateful smile, such as she might have bestowed on a new found friend in an unknown country.

Leslie is cordial and natural with every one he meets. It is his frank, wholesome nature to be so.

"Well, well," he says, "tired at eleven? How are you going to stand this thing when it becomes the regular routine of your existence?"

"Like the other girls, I suppose. It seems to be the things we girls are made for. It's our element, isn't it?"

She looked at him as if she would appeal to him to say "No." Her smile was a tired one, as she watched his earnest face.

"Not a bit of it," replied Leslie, energetically. "You were made for something much higher than this thing"—he made a contemptuous gesture towards the throng behind him as he sat facing her. "If you believe that this is the end of your existence, it will come to be so more and more in fact. But don't believe it for a minute. Listen how they buzz—that crowd in yonder. Yet there is no honey being made for the world's sweetening in such a beehive as this. There is no solid conversation going on, that I have heard—no honest thinking being done. There is much flattery, much excitement that is unwholesome; but I do not know that people are being made better here to-night. Do you think you have been?"

She met his honest gaze, and with a sincerity she might not have desired to display had she thought twice, said impulsively, "No! no! no! Not even happier. I have had a great deal to make me enjoy the evening, but ——," then changing her tone and manner, she said:

"I am very glad you came this evening. Hugh Holt likes you so much, and I hope I shall know you better. The girls rave over you already, did you know it. I could trade last with you."

Leslie felt a little annoyed at the attempt to flatter him, and was rather puzzled to understand the sudden change of subject and the rapidly altered aspect of the girl before him. He had hoped at the outset of her society career to say a few honest, friendly words to her which he trusted would be useful and helpful in a modest way. This boy was a very high kind of nature, and loved true views of men and things, and hated false hypocrisies, and generously

desired to save this fresh young friend from throwing her whole soul into what he intensely believed would never satisfy, but would leave her hungry at last, perhaps put a poisoned arrow in her heart. With real chivalry he instinctively tried to shield her—not as a knight of old from physical harm, but from what was so real and far worse, a wound to the spirit.

He thought she would listen at the beginning, but she had eluded his purpose at a bound, and began to verge towards the twaddle-like conversation he despised. Nevertheless, he would have a parting word of earnest speech, so he replied to her last remark :

"I have met one of the girls here to-night whom it is refreshing to know. Miss Carrie Cartwright is not of your opinion as to woman's appointed sphere. She believes that she is born to a kingdom—a kingdom of beauty. She inherits the free air and bright sky, birds and brooks and flowers—all that is lavished on the earth that is beautiful she inherits in a peculiar sense. She has the power and privilege of transmuting that beauty she so enjoys and appreciates in nature into her own character, and of giving it out in a thousand lovely graces to those about the fire-side, who look largely on the prosaic in life, and get, perhaps, their clearest glimpses of the poetry of life through her. That's really fine, isn't it?"

"Carrie is a literary character. She has read that somewhere, I suppose. It is pretty."

"Yes," responded Leslie, with warmth, "it is more than that. It is practical. Why, Milton Howels has told me only to-night, (by the way, I should think you girls would find something in him to rave over,) he has told me only to-night that Miss Cartwright is a model daughter and charming sister, the real mistress of her sweet home, and as sensible as girls with one-half her sense."

Leslie smiled back at the amused face of Miss Hill—conscious, all at once, of his queer sentence, and said, by way of apology: "Well, I do not see why real intelligence should manifest itself only in one way. If one has brains to appreciate Milton, why should they make one a better housekeeper when exerted on such problems as enter that sphere? I see you are quite tired. I leave you my question to solve."

He left her in her seat thinking, like the true boy that he was, how beautiful she was, yet troubled that at the very threshold of the world her life was entering she should have met something which gave her a look of weary care.

What it was Leslie Armstrong did not then know ; but while the company is departing it may be well to inform the reader concerning the facts of which he was ignorant.

From the time we saw Cameron Lord and Lillian together on the south porch in the twilight, and heard the remark with which Lord abruptly terminated that conversation, this young gentleman had been very attentive and, with some dexterity, had been plying those cunning arts by which men of the world so often impress and win the female heart. This evening, in a quiet little nook of the library, he had brought matters to an issue, and Lillian, blushing, a little scared, hesitating a great deal, and hardly knowing what she did after all, gave him an answer which was not an out-and-out committal, but which certainly gave him every encouragement to press his suit with vigor.

It was a thing Lillian had been half expecting for a good many days, and after the first flutter was over she should not have thought much of the occurrence, but for a circumstance.

Soon after leaving the library she felt a light touch on her arm, and turning, saw Hugh Holt's face, pale and miserable.

"Can you give me a few minutes, Miss Lillian," he pleaded.

"Certainly Hugh," she replied ; what is it ? You look unwell."

He drew her out of the lighted parlor, and when they were alone in the great hall, he said, with a strong effort to be brave :

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Lillian, that I overheard Lord's talk with you just now, and—I'm his sworn brother, you know, and I shall be as true to him as I can—but (his voice quivered here) I wish it were not so."

He left her at the foot of the stairs and ran up to his room. She went back to the parlor—to the bay window. She was very unhappy. Concerning the causes of her unhappiness we shall know more a little further on.

(To be continued.)

A DREAM.

I sat in silence, mused and dreamed,
And lo, a maiden fair,
In youthful beauty blushing stood,
With silky, flowing hair,

And eyes, such founts of purest thought,
So full of utterance true ;
They thrilled my inmost raptured soul,
And fast entrall'd my view ;

Upturned with tender light they beamed,
And told affection's tale ;
They quick dispelled unwelcome doubt,
And hushed my heart's sad wail.

In accents low the implored reply
Comes softly, sweetly " Yes ;"
And oh ! in what unfathomed bliss
Those ruby lips I press.

Oh, what to me is earthly care,
Oh, where its blighting powers,
Since now is mine the one I've loved
Through all these dark, sad hours.

No more shall separation rend
This wounded, bleeding heart ;
Our lives shall in sweet union blend,
Her life its balm impart.

I 'woke—and was it all a dream ?
It was, and naught can fill
This aching void, or e'er dispel
The shades of dark despair.

There's naught of joy that's left me now,
My fond, fair hope is dead ;
No touch to smoothe my wearied brow ;
Oh, life ! Thy rests are fled.

Bro. F. E. R.

WHY I SHOULD NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND.

I have been asked frequently by the indefatigable Smyth to forward my subscription to the SHIELD AND DIAMOND. He sends it to me and I like to read it, I confess, for several reasons. It revives my pleasant memories of my college days, and makes me young again. It recalls the dear familiar faces of friends whom I had almost forgotten, and tells me where they are and what they are doing. It shows me that I have other friends, too, whom I have never seen, but who are drawn to me by a stronger bond than unites many of those around me, whom I am accustomed to call friends, to me—friends who would stand by me and sympathize with me in misfortune as well as rejoice with me in prosperity. But my subscription has not been sent in, no, sir. I assure you it has not. And now I'm going to say why.

I. Let me say, in the first place, that I don't really mean it when I hide behind the plea that I can't afford it. I know the SHIELD AND DIAMOND is cheap enough, and I know that I spend more every month on tobacco and cigars more on street car riding, more on candy and fruits and other trifles, more for ice cream in the summer time, more for sodas and milk shakes, it may be more for stronger beverages every week in the year, more in buying new ties that I don't need, more for a great many things, indeed. It is very convenient to have such an excuse of inability to plead, but I know it is not strictly honest. I'm a little chary of spending money on anything but self-gratification, of my bodily senses; and all the mental pabulum I can get *gratis* I take, and you know Smyth keeps sending me the SHIELD AND DIAMOND because he thinks I am going to pay up. So you may remember that I tell you in your ear that when I say I am not able, I really mean that I do not choose.

II. Those last words get a little near the point. The fact is I have no gratitude to *H K A* for what she has done for me. I acknowledge the benefits I have received from her, and which I still enjoy, and I acknowledge she is capable of blessing the life of many a young man away from home at college; and, if you make me confess it, I think she ought to live and prosper and grow, and I know that she will not do so unless she has a successful Magazine, as other growing Fraternities. But rather than take the

trouble to go and buy a postal note for \$2.00, the Fraternity and all the simpletons who are so zealous to keep it alive may go hang. The benefits I have received already, I *have* received, and nobody can take them from me; and I'm not going to act the part of a block-head and pay out my money to keep alive and display any spirit of gratitude. But,

III. Here's the way I look at it: There are plenty of men, and *even girls*, that are fond enough of *H K A* to do all in their power to keep it alive, and I had rather see them sacrifice and spend and work to keep up this Magazine, and through it the Fraternity, than to pay my just due of a subscription, or send in my subscription and have the paper sent me, in case it is not being sent. I had much rather, for instance, have Smyth and Brimm and McAllister do the writing and editing and securing of matter, and then pay for the printing and mailing, than help them out in so simple a brotherly way as to subscribe the small *pro rata* demanded from me to keep up the movement. I know that they are giving many dollars' worth of precious time to every number that comes, and that they spend hard cash on it also, and that they freely expend brain force that might be used for their own emolument; and after all this they only ask me to pay for the actual expense of printing and mailing the volume I get. But, old fellows, I admire your devotion and all that, but you are not going to get that much of support, even, of the undertaking, from me.

IV. I always have believed this Magazine scheme was a visionary one, and would live in constant expectation that it would be money lost if the SHIELD AND DIAMOND were to go under, as Smyth tells us all the time it will do unless we subscribe. I know that were I to send in my subscription, it would be by so much, less visionary and more likely to succeed, and *were all the delinquent brothers who are called on to pay up like myself, to do so, it would not be visionary at all, but would certainly succeed.* The matter comes sometimes in the attitude of a duty, but then I don't think it is my duty to do my duty unless others do the same, and how am I to know that they will?

V. It is said that one half the world supports the other half, and this is as true about Fraternities as anything else. Then I may as well, since I prefer it, enjoy the fruits of this movement and let others do the work and bear the expense. I tell you there is nothing like knowing how to get along as a good successful dead-head, in the church, in so-

ciety, travelling, in fraternity and everywhere. I make it a point to do so especially in the Fraternity.

Now, really, I hope all you other fellows will send in your subscription at once, for it would give me pain to have the SHIELD AND DIAMOND cease its visits, and the enterprise *does* deserve support. I have not once intimated that it does not, but rather the other. There's a great deal can be said in favor of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, and in proof of the position that it should receive support from every one who has sworn to support *II K A*, and her enterprises. The Magazine, during the short period of its existence has done more for the Fraternity than twenty-four years of work before. That cannot be denied. It is palpable. It serves, too, for such an excellent bond to unite and keep in touch those who are scattered so far and wide throughout this land. But I will not go into the subject fully. All you have to do is to look back over old numbers of the JOURNAL to see them in various ways forcibly presented. I have already consumed enough space. I hope you see how absurd my position is, and that you, my brother, will not adopt any of my silly arguments.

Unfaithfully yours in the Bonds,
"D. H."

March 5, 1892.

APPRECIATES THE MAGAZINE.

LOCKHART, TEXAS, Feb'y 16, 1892.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, Esq., Charleston, S. C.:

My Dear Sir and Bro.—Your favor advising me of my subscription due our Magazine has been received, and I hand you herein postal note for \$2 to cover same.

Permit me to add my congratulations to those of the *II* brotherhood for the success of your efforts in establishing for us a Magazine worthy the support of its every reader. *No paper coming to me is received with more genuine pleasure;* and I wish to thank you personally for the great good you are doing the Fraternity, in awakening the interest that should characterize so noble a body, but which, be it said to our discredit, has been permitted to lag.

I feel in the humor to shake hands, through the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, with all "the boys," but am very busy in Court, trying to make the law violators dance to the State's music, and cannot take time.

Trusting to see you meet the encouragement due your labors in our good cause, I am

Yours in *Φ Φ K A*,
James L. Storey.

THETA.

S. W. P. U. FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

Dear Brothers:—A new initiate of Theta Chapter of the H. K. A. fraternity, it is with a certain sense of hesitation and delicacy that I undertake a task wholly unknown to and untried by me, namely, that of writing our Chapter letter. However "owing to circumstances" best known to the Brothers, and also to the wily and persuasive arguments, I have finally consented to place myself upon the "tender mercies" of the Editor.

Not many Saturday nights ago, the writer of this endured the hardships of being taken into the fraternity. His impression, during initiation was, that it was a "hard affair, and naturally each onset of the frantic Billy" only tended to confirm his impression.

But since that memorable night, the benefits and pleasures of fraternity life, in all their beauty, have been unfolding themselves to me. Owing to the rush of examination work, our Chapter meetings of late have been rather brief and to the point, but we still preserve our devotion to the work and cherish its objects of work, love and fidelity.

What a charm about the word—FIDELITY. And where is it better taught than in a fraternity, where there is fidelity to person, to purpose and to principle.

But while we are all interested in the fraternity as a whole, yet each man is pursuing his own plans and purposes.

How strangely that last clause fidelity to principle would sound to the ears of many of the hosts of untutored "barbarians" around us. They can but admit that there is a fidelity to person, and to purpose also, though their ideas may be vague, but some think there is no *principle* in the thing. Yet the fact remains undisputed, that from fraternities have come many men, eminent in church and State.

"Doc" Stubblefield is, with his usual energy engaged in constant labor upon his new work, "The Hip Pocket and How to Reach It," or, "A Short Route to Riches." The date of its completion is unknown, but we hope it will be soon, for Theta is to gain one-half the proceeds realized.

Brother "Pastor" Maddox, is also engaged with equal energy upon another benevolent work, that is to say he is cultivating with care, something which one with prophetic foresight might denominate a moustache. This may seem a trivial matter, but he says it is destined to tickle the world,

or, at least, the best part of it, the lips of some noble *II* sister. It may, perhaps, be placed on record.

As has been said before, examinations have occupied all our time of late, and we have not been able to see as much of our *II* sisters as we would like.

Bro. Howerton, of Little Rock, one of the charter members of Theta Chapter, was here during the first week in January. He preached an able sermon in the Presbyterian Church while here.

There are many other things I might tell you, but as I have no doubt, already consumed too much valuable space, shall close for the present, assuring you of Theta's devotion and loyalty to every interest of *II. K. A.*

Yours in the bonds,

Chas. S. Sholl.

IOTA.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA., February 8th, 1892.

Dear Brothers:—The second number of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND lies before me. We are always glad to read its contents as soon as possible, because it contains matters not only dear to our hearts, but that which is interesting to any one. We are all as happy and well as might be expected. I will give you a brief sketch of each of the boys

Alexander is noted for depth of thought and earnestness of character.

Arbuckle and Higginbotham are among the best gymnasium athletes in college, and both will be honor men in the class of '92.

Basore is our musician, and one of the most tasty men in college.

Gillespie is a son of ex-Congressman Gillespie, of Faywell County, Va.

J. G. McAllister is noted for the excellent way he performs everything entrusted to him. He is our only member of the class of '94. We expect great things of him.

C. B. Moore will take his degree this year, and is one of the contestants for the delegateship in the "Inter-collegiate oratorical contest of Virginia. We wish him success.

Eddie Moore is a very entertaining companion. Though he does not weigh more than a hundred, yet he has great 'calico' propensities.

Jones is our man of talent, yet he is very humble about it. He is younger than any man receiving his degree for several years, still he is among the first of one of the largest and best classes of which our colleges has ever boasted. It is hoped by us all that he will end up with a Ph. D. from one of our large universities.

Holmes Rolston is our popular man, and holds sweet communion with the muses of love and poetry. He represents the Y. M. C. A. in the State Convention which meets at Richmond this month. Arbuckle and Young will accompany him and will see our brothers of Omicron.

D. H. Rolston is good at tennis, and never has any quarrels with the young ladies.

Our Seminary brothers attend our meetings regularly, and we all enjoy them very much, as they are not only interesting but are very enthusiastic.

Bro. Rice will leave us in May. He will be missed exceedingly by us in many ways. We feel that he has done not only our Chapter but the whole Fraternity invaluable service. He goes to take charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in Alexandria, Va.

Bro. Wells, another of Theta's men, is one of the youngest men in the Seminary, yet, by good authority, the best man of this class, and is held in enviable esteem by the faculty and students.

Bro. Craig is a great ladies' man, and is one of *H. K. A's* most enthusiastic members.

Bro. Gilmore is the man who can tell good jokes of various adventures, and is a great man among the ladies.

Bro. Young is noted for base ball, and is a graduate of Park College, Mo.

All *IIs* are glad to hear that Bro R. E. Moore has improved very much in his health. He has gained a pound a day lately, and hopes to resume his work with the returning spring.

Two of the alumni who have been preaching in West Virginia have been very successful in their work this year.

Bro. R. L. Telford, of Lewisburg, has received eighty-four additions to his church. Bro. F. M. Engle, of Hedgesville, has received over eighty into his church. This is Bro. Engle's first and Bro. Telford's second year in active work. We hope our alumni members will follow out Bro. Howerton's suggestion in regard to establishing a scholarship for Iota and their alma mater. It will require \$1,000. I will give \$100, who will be the other nine? We ought to find them among

our forty men. I shall be glad to hear from any one of the brothers by private letter on this or any other subject. I would like to write more, but am afraid my letter is already too long. We would be glad to welcome any *II* at any time. We send greeting to our new Chapter at Washington and Lee University.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. McLaughlin.

MU.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, CLINTON, S. C.

Dear Brothers :—With the year 1892. our Chapter seemed to take on new life and energy. At almost every meeting a new member has been added to the list, and the men are the best men of our college. The whole senior class are composed of men of the Fraternity. The boys have to work hard in order to secure recruits. No Fraternity having heretofore been organized in our midst, we find it difficult to show them the advantages they derive from the organization, yet with hard work and a great deal of it, we hope by the end of the session to have a flourishing body. All the boys read the Journal with much interest. The first of each month the SHIELD AND DIAMOND can be seen in the hands of all. Our latest edition was a young man studying for the ministry, making the number of active members who are candidates for the ministry five. The Chapter meets regularly and after business is transacted all become lively, and thus pass an hour or so in fun and frolic. A good supply of apples added to the occasion of last meeting much enjoyment. The boys all felt able, as they had the advantages of reduced rates, to have their pictures taken in a group a few days ago, and so all but three of the members visited the artist and had the job done. One who has not been accustomed to writing for a journal always finds when he sits down to undertake such a task that it is more than he bargained for, and just such a feeling of inability has come over me to-night. So wishing all the brethren much happiness and success, I am yours, in *II. K. A.*

D. M. Fulton.

NU.

WOFFORD COLLEGE,
SPARTANBURG, S. C., Feb. 18th, 1892. }

Dear Brothers.—Having just completed our intermediate examinations, we are on the threshold of another collegiate

session looking to commencement, the next mile stone on our college life with bright anticipation. Our boys passed very creditably in their examinations.

As the most of you well know, Nu Chapter is among the Baby Chapters of our order, and as all babies have to crawl before they can walk, our men have been very careful in preparing themselves for this act, so that when they once attempted, they would not fall back and perhaps bump their heads against a stone, but will walk forward without even reeling to one side or the other.

In the recent election for the sophomore exhibition which usually comes off in May, our Chapter held up her past record. Two of her men, Alexander and Duncan, were elected speakers.

Our Chapter is represented by every class in college.

Bros. Bethea and Holley are the dignified seniors and the ladies' men of the Chapter. I was very much amused at Bro. Bethea the other day. He had made an engagement with two young ladies for the same afternoon, and then came around with a long face wanting some one to tell him how he might decently get out of the trap. I don't know how he managed, unless he took one of them around to see the other one.

Bro. Holley has somewhat the advantage. He pretends to have an appointment to preach, but from what I've been hearing of late his congregation has been quite small.

Bro. Reid returned to college a few days ago. We were glad to have him back with us. Notwithstanding Bro. Reid is very small in stature, one can easily tell whether or not he is in the Chapter room.

We are glad to see our boys lively and like for them to imagine themselves one large family. Now a well ordered family cannot afford to dispense with the observance of good rules for mutual intercourse which are enforced in good society.

As we all know, a churlish, sour deportment anywhere is simply cruel for it cuts into the tender sensibilities and wounds love often where love is strongest.

One never loses anything by politeness, even out of Fraternity circles, but on the contrary it creates a favorable impression in his behalf. It is an ornament; the most beautiful dress that a Fraternity man can wear either in the Chapter room or on the college *campus*, and is worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest jewels ever worn.

Almost every one of us can recall cases within our knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortunes of lawyers, doctors, merchants, and, in short, of men in every occupation of life.

Now Brothers, as our Order is a young one very naturally the Fraternities of the different colleges, wherever we have a Chapter established, are watching us with a critical eye. Now, if we will only act politely to all, we are sure of success, for politeness is appreciated by every one. It sends the weary traveler on his way rejoicing. Who has not started out in the morning perhaps after a restless sleep, to take up the duties of the day, and as he plods on, it seems that a cloud overshadows his despondent heart? But just as he turns the corner he meets a Pi. The friend smiles and with a cheerful good morning passes on.

But what a change! It was only a smile and courteous salutation, but the heart grasps the bit of sunshine, the cloud is removed, and he feels again that there are friends and warm hearts around him. The little acts of courtesy though they may seem small, add to the pleasure of others and be they ever so small, if neglected are noticed and either wound or cause a sting, perhaps on the whole Chapter, not easily healed.

Yours in $\Phi \Phi K A$.

P. H. Edwards.

XI.

S. C. COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA, S. C., February 20, 1892. }

Dear Brothers:—It seems that I “got my foot in it badly” when I agreed to take the place of Bro. Wilkinson, who was appointed to write from XI for this issue of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, but I suppose I will have to make the best of a bad bargain and try to write some kind of a letter, although I have had no previous experience in this line. The excuse of the above-mentioned brother for not writing is, that he is very busy, indeed, just now preparing his Graduation Essay, and various other essays that devolve upon a dignified Senior.

We all have just passed through one of those most trying periods of a student's life at college—examinations. Our marks have been posted, and our boys, as usual, have stood among the first, although, true to the instincts of all college boys, they all are growling because they did no better.

Bros. Pitts and Pope came out ahead of the rest of us, making distinction. The first mentioned brother, who is my esteemed room-mate, has since been frequently heard complaining about his not attaining highest distinction.

Bro. Wilkinson did well, as usual, averaging Proficiency. He is very much captivated with the idea of introducing a new method of phonetic spelling, but he seems to have a great deal of trouble in convincing the professors of the advantages of his system. Perhaps in the distant future his views may receive more deserving consideration.

Bros. Brantley and Strother and I, strove in vain for a high mark, but as usual, we failed to make one.

Before examinations we members of XI made an agreement, among ourselves, that those who made the lowest marks on the coming examinations, should "set up the crowd" to an oyster supper. Well, Bro. Strother has gone home for a visit, and writes that he is very uncertain as to when he will return, and Bro. Brantley is sick in bed with fever. I am very much afraid that I may be compelled to foot up that entire supper bill myself. I hope, though, that by the most strenuous efforts, I can prevail on them to postpone the whole matter until Strothers' return and Brantley's recovery, so that they may enjoy that occasion with us.

Bro. Jacobs, they say, has a pretty serious affection of the heart, just now. He spends a greater part of his time at a certain white house on the corner, and he has been without his badge for quite a while now. He also seems rather absent-minded, of late. Perhaps (?) he, too, has fallen a victim to one of Columbia's fair daughters. Success to him!

Well, I believe I have exhausted all my limited amount of news, so I shall beg to be excused, and close. XI sends love to all the sister Chapters.

Yours in the bonds,

Eugene C. Bacot.

PI.

Pi, our youngest Chapter, was chartered February 5th, but owing to examinations at the University of Virginia the boys could not go to Washington and Lee to initiate the new men, until March 5th. The "deed," however, has been done, and Pi stands enrolled upon our list. The

charter members are: Frank Hopkins, Chas. C. Price, Jno. C. Dillon and L. P. Dillon. They were "put through" by E. P. Cox, J. G. Malloy and others of Alpha. The Alpha boys report the initiates to be a fine set, and are much pleased with the success of their trip. Long life to Pi! Where shall we next raise our banner? The ball is started—keep it rolling, boys.

EDITOR.

Since the above was in press the following letter has been received, which gives a fuller account of Pi Chapter:

LEXINGTON, VA., March 11th, 1892.

Mr. Robert A. Smyth, Charleston, S. C.:

Dear Sir and Bro.:—Bro. E. P. Cox asked me to inform you as to the organization of the Chapter at this place on Saturday night last. Being a novice in this line, I hardly know what to say in regard to it, but I hope I will be excused of my shortcomings on account of my having become a member of the *Π. Κ. Α.* so very recently.

Having gotten notice from (now Bro.) Cox, of "Alpha" Chapter, that he would appear in our sedate little village on the night of the 5th of March. Messrs. L. P. Dillon, J. C. Dillon, Frank Hopkins and myself, in fear and trembling, met the 7 25 train to conduct Mr. Cox to the hotel. We found with him Messrs. Malloy, Snowden and Kelley, of his Chapter. Well, we went to the hotel, and after a few preliminaries made by the gentlemen from Alpha, everything was announced to be in readiness for the riding of the *Fraternity-famed* goat,

Frank Hopkins was first made to do the song and dance, and then I was called upon to go through a similar performance, J. C. Dillon and L. P. Dillon were called upon respectively, and thereupon we all exchanged the brotherly greeting. The above named Brothers from Alpha gave us all the information as regards the Fraternity as we could have possibly wished for.

We eight, then repaired to a restaurant for "refreshments," and four of us were vociferously hooted at as goats—bah, bah, etc.

We all then went joyfully to our several places of abode, to seek rest from the labors of the night, and to have dreams of that hard-hitting goat.

Bro. Hopkins was elected S. M. C., I was elected I. M. C., Bro. J. C. Dillon, Th. C., Bro. L. P. Dillon, S. C., and I suppose he will, necessarily, have to hold M. C. too, as we are limited in numbers.

I don't think we will be able to do any work this session, but all four of us will return in the fall, and then we expect to work with diligence and care. We have the best wishes of the K. A., A. T. O., Sigma Nu, Sigma Chi, Tau Delta Theta Fraternities.

With best wishes from "H," I am yours in the bonds of
 $\Phi \Phi K A$.

Chas. C. Price.

CALL FOR ELECTION.

To the Active and Alumni Members of the Grand Council :

Brethren:—According to the Constitution and by virtue of my office, I hereby summon you to vote for the election of a Grand Secretary and a C. P. The following are nominated for the positions :

For Grand Secretary—J. T. McAllister.

For C. P.—Daniel J. Brimm.

You will please send your vote to me at once.

By order.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Robert A. Smyth". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish at the bottom.

March 1st, 1892.

Grand Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

Having carefully considered the matter, from several points of view, we have decided best to return to our old plan and publish the SHIELD AND DIAMOND but six times a year. We have been brought to this conclusion by many reasons. Among others, we deem the expense of a monthly too heavy for us to bear as yet. We are struggling under a very heavy load, and too much should not be placed upon our shoulders. The Managing Editor also found that the monthly took more time than he could spare at present, and that he could not, therefore, do justice to it. It was also found very hard to get the material to fill the monthly, as the Chapter correspondents seemed very forgetful about it. We trust, however, that we will now receive better support and prompter attention than was given the monthly. Be it not understood that as we are no longer a monthly that we have plenty of money to run us. Such is not the case. We are still anxious to have the Brothers *settle their debts*. We hope that by publishing the SHIELD AND DIAMOND bi-monthly, we may have matter each month that will fill a large number of pages. We do not, however, desire only to fill the pages but we want good, sensible and readable matter.

"Sign, seal and forward Charter for Washington and Lee." Such was the message that was merrily ticked over the wires on the morning of February 5th. Such was the message that our C. P. received while at his morning meal; and such is the message that announces the birth of our eighth chapter. Surely, we are awakening and shaking off the stupor produced by our long sleep. Thus we prove that the *Delta* is right in saying "The Fraternity seems to have taken a new lease of life and aims at being a typical Southern order." Such, indeed, is our aim and hope, and we trust soon to realize them. We have received letters from two of our Alumni in regard to the reviving of two of our dead

Chapters. We think the prospects bright, indeed, for the speedy reviving of Eta and Zeta. It is far better for us to revive our dead Chapters than to establish new ones. Of course, in some of the Colleges the severe anti-fraternity laws will prevent the reviving of the Chapters, but with the majority of the dead Chapters no such laws exist. Let us then, go to work with a will and within the next year revive the majority of the dead Chapters. To Bro. John T. Francis, of Epsilon, *is due the credit* of establishing Pi Chapter. We return him herewith, in behalf of the whole Order, thanks for his untiring efforts to establish Pi Chapter, and congratulate him upon the success of the same.

On another page the call for the election of the Grand Council officers is published. The Grand Treasurer has nominated Brothers Brimm and McAllister for these positions. We deem it unnecessary to speak of the value these two officers have been to the Fraternity during the past year and feel sure that their re-election will be the unanimous desire of all.

We had hoped to have presented you, in this number with a picture of Brother Daniel J. Brimm, and an account of his life, but we have been disappointed in not receiving the cut in time. In JOURNAL No. 6 we called your attention to our desire to have a photograph of some one of our brothers in each number. We also asked that suggestions, etc., be sent us. We have not as yet received but two answers to this call. We would again ask that those who will furnish us with pictures and accounts of their lives will please write and let us know, so that we can arrange an order for publishing them.

We earnestly ask that the Chapter correspondents read the quotation from *Caduceus*, on page 105 of this issue. We are not at all pleased with the average Chapter letter sent us,

and it causes us much time and labor to smoothe them down. In many cases this is impossible. And why? Because the majority do not write "till the last horn blows, and then send in their letters—a rambling, disjointed affair," full of apologies that they have never written before, etc., etc.

We do not consider but one of the letters published in this number as good, or as showing any forethought or work. This should not be, Brothers. Our Magazine is judged in a great measure by the Chapter Letters. The other Fraternities have no other way of judging the members of our Fraternity than by the Chapter Letters. They give, or are supposed to give, an insight into the calibre of the men. For this reason, then, we beg you to take more time with your letters. Leave out all "boasting of achievement in athletics or scholarship, and victories over rivals." Not that we do not want to know what prizes our men take—no indeed—but state them in other than a bragging tone. Let the letters be more general. Give us more of the College news; news of the doings of the other Fraternities. News of the formation of new Chapters; the ball contests and such like. Make your letters to the SHIELD AND DIAMOND in a great way like a letter to the home folks. Now, Brothers, the Editor has met men from nearly all the Chapters, and we know that any one of them can do better if they but try. The correspondents all seem to put their work off until the last moment. This should not be. Now, take pains with the next letters, and let us have good ones for the next number. Make them long if you wish, but make them interesting, and leave out all apologies. Some of the Chapters skip numbers and do not send a letter to every number. We do not want this to be done, for we have only a few Chapters, and should like to have a letter from each one in each number. We trust you will give your attention to what we have said and will profit thereby.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the January Number of the Kappa Sigma *Caduceus*. It is the same age as the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, this number being No. 1 of Vol. II. Its typographical and press work is very pretty—the best of any we receive. It is filled with interesting matter and is a very readable number. Its frontispiece is a cut of Pi Chapter, and is very clear and distinct. It is edited and published by George W. Warner, Philadelphia. Herbert M. Martin is Associate Editor. We quote the following editorial which we consider excellent.

In looking over the Chapter letters in many fraternity publications, one cannot help thinking of the vast improvement that could be made in this department. Many letters are teeming with "fresh breaks," full of boasting of achievement in athletics or scholarship, and of victories over rivals, and nothing is said of defeats and the triumphs of other fraternities. Few correspondents can appreciate the fact that "brevity is the soul of wit," and that Chapter letters would be more interesting and valuable if facts were stated and not so much vapid enthusiasm displayed. Many correspondents seem to neglect writing till the last horn blows, and then send in their letter—a rambling, disjointed affair, instead of a bright newsy letter, full of fraternity and college happenings. If only more care was taken and more promptness displayed, many an editor would be made happy.

The Delta of Sigma Nu is one of our constant visitors and is much enjoyed. Its typographical and press work are by no means good, owing to its being printed at a newspaper office, and hence from old and worn type. Its matter however, is always readable and highly interesting. The January Number contains some good illustrations and an excellent piece on the great Leland Stanford, Jr., University with cut of the College. This is by far the best piece. It contains 20 pages of Chapter Correspondence, the majority of which is very good. It is published by Grant W. Harrington, at Hiawatha, Kansas, and is in its ninth year.

The Delta Upsilon *Quarterly* is a very elaborate affair. It is published four times a year, in New York.

The fraternity is an old and wealthy one. The *Quarterly* is filled with first class illustrations and good articles. The August (1891) Number contains a facsimile of a letter written by James A. Garfield then an active member of one its Chapters. This matter fills four pages and is very interesting. The magazine has no less than sixteen pages of adver-

tisements, and, as its rates are high, the revenue therefrom must be considerable. It is edited by a *corps* of editors, of whom F. M. Crossett is chief.

Just as we go to press the dainty little *Trident* is laid upon our desk, in all its freshness and beauty. As we pick it up we are struck with the lovely combination of color on its cover—blue, silver and gold—the colors of the Fraternity. The “T” in *Trident* has a pansy on each side—the flower of the Fraternity. On the title page we find that *The Trident* is published by the Alpha Chapter of the Delta Delta Delta Fraternity—a girls’ order—in Boston. Miss Emily F. Allen is Editor in Chief and it has two Business Managers and six Associate Editors—all female. The typographical and press work is of the best and the illustrations are good. In fact the whole magazine shows, by its daintiness and beauty its ownership by the fair sex. The matter published is also good. The Chapter letters are spicy and well written. They are published under the heading “Ocean Breezes” and they certainly have a pleasant effect upon the reader. They put to shame the average Chapter letter of the sterner sex. “Student Life at Boston University” by Miss Charlotte E. Joslin, is well written and most enjoyable. It is well illustrated. “The Mission of Flowers,” by Miss Myrtle N. Stillwell, is a sweet little tale. “The Pansy,” by Miss Edith M. Wait, is a very clever little song to be sung to “Rock-a-bye, baby.” It sets forth the beauty, &c. of the Pansy—the Fraternity flower. “The Gold, Silver and Blue,” a pretty poem by Miss Grace L. Bond, is well written. We trust we shall be regularly favored by the *Trident*, and its every visit will be hailed with delight.

We appoint the following to act as Chapter correspondents for the next number:

Alpha—*Jno. W. Kelley.*

Theta—*G. W. Sybert.*

Iota—*Holmes Rolston.*

Mu—*W. R. Owings.*

Nu—*J. J. McEachern.*

Xi—*S. C. Byrd.*

Omicron—*Marion L. Dawson.*

Pi—*Frank Hopkins.*

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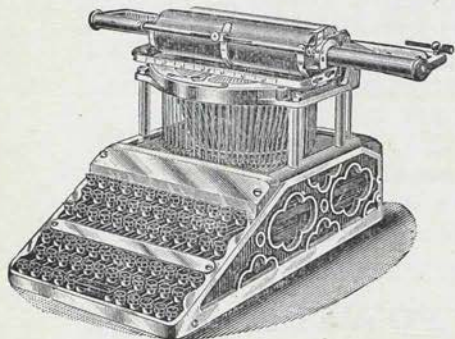
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HER XMAS ANSWER.

Quoth Jack: "How sweet is Fancy's mood
Behold, I shut my eyes and gaze
In seeming on the maple wood
Through which I walked in childhood's
days.

"To me those maples ever seem
To bring my youth back to my view,
But you—what vernal aspects gleam
Upon your sight? What tree see you?"

"Oh, Jack!" she said, as o'er her brow
There quickly spread a crimson glow,
"Tis strange, but just above me now
I seem to see the mistletoe!"

(Progressive pause.)

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