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PATTI.

I listened—an harmonious crash of chords,
A struggle of sweet sounds for ascendency,
A pause—a human voice.

Ascending smoothly to angelic heights,
Poising aloft, it trilled triumphantly
In treble, vibrant, joyful ecstacies
Over the lower notes, struggling below.

I listened. Admiration-struck, they listened, too.
Those notes, lapsed into silent, wondering hush,
Left unsupported then, that wondrous voice
Fluttering self-balanced lightly tipped aloft
In lark-like height—above, away above,
In trill exquisite, almost stationless
Remained for one sweet, maddening moment; then
Swift turning higher still on bounding wing
That barely touched the bated breath of silence,
Vanished into heaven.

Another pause—
Recovering then from marvelling stillness where
The movement, wonderment-arrested, stood,
The accompanying notes fell slowly into tune,
And, murmuring admiration, finished the theme.

Asa D. Watkins, Iota.

members who are already well nigh perfect. Hence, as we are forced to choose more and more among men who are not fully developed, the demand for some standard of eligibility increases.

What shall it be then? Our answer will be determined by our concept of what a Fraternity should be. At Iowa Wesleyman, a man must have reached the Sophomore rank, and maintained an average of 85 in his studies before he is eligible as a Fraternity member. Their concept seems to be that mental attainment is *the greatest* thing demanded, and hence the *final test.*

But is it wise to demand that a man shall wait till his ties are formed—till his habits of study determined—till the trying ordeal of being introduced to a new kind of life and to new associations, is passed before he is admitted into the Fraternity?

Is it not the *province* of the Fraternity to *help* him find friends to *assist* him to form studious habits, to *introduce* him to and *guide* him through the new life upon which he enters?

Again; some societies seem to make a man's family and social standing a test of his eligibility. Some count his dollars; some test his wit. But can any of these qualities, important though they are, be taken as the *final test?* Are there not instances where men have been a blessing to their Chapters who would have been excluded had any *one* of the qualities been chosen as the test?

But must we then have *no* standard? Is there not some *one* quality which, if wanting, should exclude a man?

If we accept the decision of all of the higher and older secret orders, there is.

There is one thing demanded by them all, a thing which if a man lack must exclude him from them all. It is *a belief in a personal God and a life under a tongue of a good report.*

Whereas any one of the other qualities mentioned may be lacking without disqualifying a man for Fraternity membership, the absence of a faith in a Personal God should ever write *Tekel* beneath his name and seal the mystic portals before him.

Lest this test of *eligibility* seem useless and unimportant and appear to some to be born of a too great religious fervor let us briefly note a few facts that prove its vital importance.

The mere fact that ancient Orders of the highest character, cosmopolitan and embracing men from nigh every

nation and from every clime, have recognized it as a vital test, lifts it above this accusation and *narrowness* and makes it worthy of our calm consideration. But further, when we consider what is *the* nature of a Fraternity we see the vital necessity of a belief in a Personal God and a life void of reproach.

A Fraternity is a secret Order, and before any man is initiated into its mysteries he is bound by the most solemn oath never to reveal aught that is committed to him. No man can be admitted unless he take this oath. No matter how high his character may be or how weighty his mere word may be, still it is demanded that he give his oath.

But what is an oath, and why require it? It is an appeal to a higher being in such a way as exposes the one who takes it to a certain and awful retribution should the oath be broken. It is demanded, so that the party who is bound by it may feel that there can never rise an emergency which would justify him in breaking it.

It is possible to conceive that a man believing in no Divine Being, who recompenses the righteous and the wicked, and hence fearing no future retribution might be so situated as to be convinced that his interests demanded the violation of any promise he might have made.

But when a man believes in a righteous God, infinitely just and infinitely potent, capable of destroying both his soul and body, no worldly interest or fear of personal harm can tempt him to violate a compact which has been sealed by an appeal to *Divinity*. It is not then merely from a religious outlook that this belief in God is seen to be necessary as a crucial test in determining a man's eligibility to Fraternity membership. It is from a practical and common sense standpoint. It is indeed, from the same wise reasoning that leads courts of law to swear their witnesses upon the Bible. All men in entering upon any important compact recognize the importance of the oath and the importance of faith in a Divine Being on the part of those taking it.

As Mr. Bannerman has said, "The covenant between the monarch and the subject, because it can appeal to no higher law, appeals to an oath, and is ratified by the solemnity of a religious vow; and the duty of the prince and the allegiance of the people are both confirmed by a reference to God. Those who administer and those who execute law alike discharge the duties of their office under the obligation, not merely of a civil but of a religious engagement; the judge and the magistrate equally sit in judgment under the

responsibility of an appeal to God. * * Confirmed and rivited by an oath the relations of human society stand fast and sure; without an oath, the bonds of life are unloosed and the fabric of national existence is unsettled to its foundations."

Thus considering the oath, which must be administered to each man who is to join, and remembering that an oath means nothing unless *the Being to whom appeal is made is believed to exist*, we see the vital importance of this test of eligibility.

But further, what is a Fraternity for? What is its great object? Its name gives us our answer.

It is a brotherhood—a family of congenial spirits bound together by the most sacred ties, that they may enjoy the priceless blessings which spring from mutual and fraternal love.

Every large-hearted man must have worthy objects upon whom to bestow his affection, else his love grows cold, his heart contracts, and he dwindles from a giant to a pigmy. Every growing character must have some one to watch over it and train it into the right course, or else like an unattended vine it may grovel on the ground instead of pushing upward into the clear sky and sunlight.

Both of these needs may be supplied by the Fraternity, and supplied where most felt.

A young man leaves his home, where he has been in a great manner sheltered from the chiller blasts of life, and goes to college.

He has been accustomed to associations that have roused and richened his affections. It has been his wont to go with all of his joys and sorrows to a loving breast who sympathized with him in them both, and who wisely gave him counsel when it was needed.

But these confiding friends he has left behind him, and finds himself surrounded by strange faces, who have no look assuring him that they are interested in all of his moods and needs. He grows heart-hungry, homesick, and is in danger of either withdrawing into himself and growing moody, or perceiving that his gay companions care only for his company and not his confidence, of locking up his heart chambers and taking life and himself just as he finds them.

Here we see the beauty and benefit of the Fraternity. The want of friends who may be trusted is supplied by those who have sworn themselves into fraternal bonds. The

need of some one to whom to speak of ambitions and achievements are found in those who are honored by his triumphs. The need of older heads to remove his difficulties he finds supplied in the older boys who are ever ready to give him kind advice.

This is a picture of what a Fraternity should be, and a picture of what it will be if the men composing it are high-toned and congenial. Such men should be found if the Fraternity is to prosper, and such bounds should circumscribe the legitimacy of membership as to exclude any other kind. Let us see if this faith in a Personal God and an unsullied character are not good and safe requirements for initiates.

We know that congenialty and lasting friendship can exist only where there is harmony of thought. Where men do not think alike upon great and regulating principles there must be discord in all lesser matters affected by their principles; and when they differ thus so widely in all their views of things there is little ground for tender ties. Not that men must be of the same nature, temperament and type before they can be friends—far from it, for men often like their opposites, but there must be some foundation—some basal line upon which they agree and by which they may regulate their estimations of men and things before they can be the best of friends. In other words they must be able to understand and appreciate each others motives—to look at things from the same point of view, and the more men thus think in common the more harmony and congeniality there will be between them.

Most of our opinions and tastes are decided by our attitude toward certain great and governing truths, and as we agree or disagree on them we are alike or dissimilar. Of all these regulating principles there is no one so potent and far-reaching as our attitude toward the *Divine Being*. Belief in His existence determines our ethics, our ethics determine our characters, and our characters our relations to our fellow men. Disbelief in His existence will also determine a different ethics, a different character and a different view of our relations to each other.

Think you that we can expect warm, loving and helpful friendship to exist between men governed by vastly different motives and with entirely different motives, as to the mutual relations which should exist between them? As well strive to unite in bonds of fraternal love a lawless anarchist and a lawful citizen. If you are to have

the best results as regards gathering congenial men, either let them all acknowledge or reject a God. If you are to have the best results as regards helpful and ennobling associations, think for yourself,—will you find it among a band of atheists, or a band of men who acknowledge and guide their actions by the laws of God ?

Let it be understood that we are not pleading that only professing Christians should enter the Fraternity, but we are affirming what reason must make manifest, that there is little to be gained by attempting to form close ties with a man who does not acknowledge a divinity. His influence will be dangerous, and there will be little upon which to found a lasting friendship.

No man who solemnly avows his disbelief in God should be admitted into a Fraternity, and further, no man who, lives in open violation to God's moral law, should find access to the ranks.

For his actions prove, in that he constantly and carelessly breaks the divine command, that he is *practically*, even if not *theoretically*, an atheist.

Thus, from the nature of the initiatory oath, and from the social nature of the Fraternity, requiring helpful and congenial associations, we claim that a belief in a Personal God, and a life lived under a tongue of good report be a necessary qualification for membership.

In conclusion let us add that though necessary in all initiates this faith and blameless life need not mark a man as a desirable initiate. A Fraternity is not a *religious club* which every believing man should be asked to join, no more than it is a *literary club* which every good student should be asked to enter. It is not a society or political association, but though none of them, it combines features of them all. A desirable man is one who has or will have influence; who is polished, who is intelligent and studious, who is good.

The good sense of the Fraternity men must determine whether or no a man lacking in some of these qualities can be developed and made by their careful polishing a glittering ornament to their Order. Their judgment must determine whether he has *dormant power*, but for the safety of the Fraternity and for the safety of all who come under its influence we maintain, that whatever else he have, if this *one thing of faith and blameless life* be lacking, he should never be admitted as a member.

Richard Orme Flinn.

CONSERVATISM.

Conservatism! Humph! What does it mean? Is it not shadow that appears something, but vanishes into thin air when touched? Is it not a name, rather than a reality? Is it not a kind of Fraternity cant, that has no real weight of meaning? Is it a fact, or merely a profession? Is it the plea, the refuge, of weakness, or the principle, the motto, of intelligent purpose? Is it the synonym for stunted development, for paralyzed purpose, for Chinese torpor, or for the frozen fixity of an Arctic clime? Is it the antonym of progress, development, growth, improvement? Is it the lame apology of indolence, or the wise policy of zeal?

We hear a great deal about conservatism now-a-days: Conservatism in politics, conservatism in literature, conservatism in science, conservatism in criticism, conservatism in theology; and we hear, too, of conservatism in the Hellenic World. Frequently the word, or the idea it is supposed to represent, is made a boast of in all these different spheres, when in truth, if what it actually represents is carefully scrutinized, it is found to amount to some of the above things. The word is thus dishonored in reality—becomes a kind of stigma to those who observe and reflect—is shown to be a kind of cant expression, distorted and debased from its proper use at the best.

Even in the Fraternity sphere it frequently means nothing, nothing whatever. It is sometimes almost a cowardly confession of impotency; a watchword intended to blind the other fraternities, and dupe the Barbs, but it does not blind the one nor dupe the other, unless he be a natural dupe. Sometimes it is but a kind of verbal tinselry, which covers such moles and sores and blotches and other unsightly spots on the body politic of the organization, as torpor, indifference, indolence, bad organization, inherent tendency to decay, and other elements of dry rot. It is frequently the "image and superscription," that is intended to deceive the unwary, while it covers really base metal.

But, such facts do not preclude the possibility of a genuine, wise, noble and valuable conservatism. A true Fabian policy is not cowardice, even though a coward may characterize his policy as Fabian, and pretend to be imitating the great Roman. We have set out with the view of writing a brief dissertation on Conservatism in Fraternity Policy, with a practical intent for our

own Fraternity, and will attempt to show, *first*, what we understand to be true conservatism; *second*, to commend it as the true and only safe policy, and *third*, to urge rigid adoption and adherence to it, on the part of our Fraternity and her Chapters.

I. We have already exposed some travesties of the idea—some false applications of this excellent virtue. It is not cowardice, lethargy, indifference, indolence, though these things are sometimes honored with its name—they are bastards, not sons—and those who are very radical frequently regard conservatism as only another name for them.

Conservatism indicates a rational, wise measure of caution. *Festina lente* is its policy at all times and in all particulars. In Fraternity application it is more willing not to grow quite so fast in external appearance and to spend some of its energy and vitality in solidifying and strengthening and compacting internally the bones and muscles and sinews on which its future health and vigor depends, instead of becoming a large but weakly thing with no nerve power, solid bones and iron muscles.

Again, in Chapter application it is unwilling to take a man who is to be made a bosom companion, before he is shown and known to be in every way worthy of being made such--a brother for life, and guaranteed to be an honor to the Fraternity, and a useful member of it. It makes no difference whether he is rich, or in some ways attractive, or likely to be a leader in college politics, or likely to take one or more honors in his institution, or is being sought as a member by several other Chapters in the College. It makes no difference if the other Fraternities *do* have large Chapters to make a display with. "Quality and not numbers" is really its rule, not just an excuse to cover its inability to get men. It is that characteristic of a Chapter which makes any man think it an honor to be asked and will hardly refuse, because he knows that to belong to such a Chapter means to be estimated in the eyes of outsiders as having real value.

Conservatism in an individual Fraternity man means that which makes him guard jealously all the interests of his Chapter and Fraternity against any encroachment, weigh and estimate, every effort and movement to see if haply it will be for the best. It prevents him from being deluded by the blandishments of one who courts him with a view to getting an invitation, through his influence, to join the Chapter. It does not make him

distant or exclusive, but makes him maintain a certain wise and genial reserve.

Conservatism, in fine, is that judiciousness which tries to *preserve* what is good from admixture of evil in any way. It means self-respect, and a laudable desire to remain self-respecting and worthy of the respect of all others. It avoids reckless, radical risks and ventures. It is the spirit of a pure woman, who is unwilling to do anything that is questionable or may smirch her character in any way, or make anybody look at her with the least suspicion. It is a misrepresentation to make it the opposite of liberality, progress, activity and life, in the right sense. It is only the opposite of things which arrogate to themselves the right to be called by such names when they really have no such right. It hesitates not to make an effort that promises well, but always counts the costs. It uses every just advantage, but does not abuse. It is the steady increasing glow of a blast furnace, not the fitful flare of a blacksmith's forge. It is the steady action of the heart, not the spasmodic effort of the arm. It is the constant movement of the tide, not the destructive fierceness of the storm swell.

II. It seems needless to recommend it as the only true and safe policy after what has been said. If what was said above is true, this follows with the certainty of a syllogistic conclusion.

Conservatism is, in its true sense, the mainstay, the only guarantee, of any organization, be it Church, State, Fraternity or what not. Conservative leaders are always safest and surest. Conservative principles are always soundest. It is conservatism that makes the counsel of the aged more excellent than those of the young. It is conservatism that has made Masonry the most powerful and permanent secret organization in the world. Conservatism has made certain fraternities so much stronger than others so as to make their members specially proud to make known their membership, and make good men anxious to join their Chapters. It has made them strong internally and externally, the latter being always the result of the former.

On the other hand certain other fraternities are so notoriously non-conservative that they become a sort of laughing stock and damage Fraternity interests in general.

The conservative Fraternity prefers a select Chapter roll, of a few good Chapters if necessary, to a large list of

Chapters, many of them in low grade institutions, with little Fraternity *esprit.* It prefers a few first-class men, ten or a dozen, or fewer mayhap, to a large voting list of twenty-five or thirty indifferent men. It prefers one *man*, with all the qualifications fitting him to be of service and honor to his Fraternity to half-a dozen fledglings, who are little in themselves and give promise of being no more. It rarely has to expel a man taken in in haste, and found to be uncongenial and a stain at leisure. It rarely has to decharter a Chapter carelessly chartered; but does not hesitate to do so when found to be below the minimum, just because by so doing its Chapter list will decrease. It prefers to have a Chapter die a natural death, to having it perpetuated by inferior men, when first-class men are no longer available.

Such a Fraternity is usually welcomed at heart by the College authorities—they feel it an honor to be thus recognized, they realize that it will act as a leaven for good, toning up the character of the men in the college. Such a Chapter, by getting good men, gives *Adelphism*, if we may coin the word, prestige, among men, in society, with college authorities. It removes the stigma that seems to inevitably adhere to the secrecy of such organizations. It proves by its results that the Fraternity idea is a good one. The ties of its brotherhood are mightily welded and strengthened and interwoven till its permanence is insured. It shows the true genius of the Fraternity to be, not control of College politics, but the development of true manhood, mutual encouragement and culture. The college authorities may well welcome such a Fraternity and deplore the introduction of the other kind.

III. And now a plain word to *II's*. We have always claimed to be a conservative Fraternity, conservative at large, conservative in Chapters. I fear that at times and in some quarters it has been a hollow profession. Sometimes our conservatism has seemed rather some of those misapplications I spoke of at the beginning, than the real thing I have shown it to be. I could give examples and would fearlessly do so did I not hesitate to give our weaknesses away. We have at times had Chapters that were of questionable value to the Fraternity, and men in Chapters, who were not worthy, nor would be acknowledged by others with much pleasure—men sometimes who should have been expelled, but were not. Not that I mean to say that our Fraternity is falsely conservative, or that the cases of

such men have been frequent, or that I believe any other Fraternity to be more truly conservative than *Π. Κ. Α.*

I do not believe any of these things, but speak by way of warning. In our efforts to move forward and secure a *strong* Chapter roll we have been in danger of confusing that with a *long* Chapter roll. The two are not synonymous. Several times as C. P. I vetoed efforts to establish Chapters in low grade institutions, and I believe our present C. P. will do the same, but I am cautioning individuals who are zealous to enlarge our list, against making such efforts. For a Fraternity to be truly conservative ought to mean that all its individual members are so.

Then let me urge our Chapters to be content with six or eight men, rather than rake in indiscriminately, without careful study and examination, in order to get a dozen or fifteen. The first will be much the most paying policy in the end. Non frats are not always fools, (if they are we don't want them) and they will soon discover which Chapter has the choice men, and will not always seek after the largest number. Nor do they generally if they have the right material for Fraternity men in them, prefer to unite with a Chapter of uncongenial men just to get into a Fraternity with a larger Chapter list.

The Fraternity is invariably estimated by the Chapter people have before them. This fact is frequently lost sight of. Each Chapter and each member, is, and ought to consider himself, an exponent of the Fraternity, to those who know him or them: so if you show yourselves truly conservative and take only good men, you will generally have little difficulty in getting the best that come to your college.

I want to see that state of things in our Fraternity which will give a meaning to the statement—"we seek quality not quantity," so that a man may make it without mental reservation, and not as a sort of hoodwink to draw over the eyes of the man who is enquiring.

If we could afford it I would favor a visitation committee to visit each Chapter periodically to see if it is holding up the standard of Garnet and Old Gold, and not allowing it to trail in the dust and become an object of contempt.

I urge at any rate, that each Chapter can carefully prune off if necessary, and in the future adhere rigidly to a conservative policy, and seek always to (not say itself, but) have others say that it is the best Chapter in the institution, and not only so but a real credit to the college, and to each member.

Far better not to get in but one Chapter a year and that a fine one, than to get several lame and diseased Chapters on our roll. Far better to be a little band of four men, who are up to the real standard of *Π*-ism than to have a large list, some indifferent and some real blots, at which the critic's finger of scorn can be pointed.

Conservatism will pay handsomely in the end, while the lack of it is always producing bad results. It is just the principle that leads men who are wise to invest in safe government bonds at a small interest, instead of, with an over-eagerness to be rich, investing in something *very* risky that promises a large immediate yield and bringing ruin and destruction upon themselves in nearly every instance. The farmer is wiser who spends something in improving what he already has in cultivation, than he who spends all his money and effort in adding new territory to his arable lands. This figure will apply to both Fraternity and Chapters. *D. J. Brimm.*

GLIMPSES OF IOTA'S HISTORY.

Our readers will follow with interest the simple story that will unfold the salient incidents of *Iota's* history, for every *Π* would know the historic facts that cluster about the Chapter, whose name shall shine in *Π. K. A.* story, whose glories will be sung in the rythmic annals of some *Π. K. A.* poet, when the beauty of the long ago shall gather about that heroic struggle, in which mother and daughter—shall I say, "*pulchior filia matre pulchra!*" no, I would not, though I believed it—held up the banner of our noble Order alone and unaided amid the darkest days of our history, vindicated the principles we all so dearly love, and by their fidelity saved *Π. K. A.* for the glorious mission she now fulfils. What *Π* does not honor the name of *Theta* and of *Iota?*

Linked in inseparable union are the tragic stories of these two faithful Chapters, but after I have told of *Iota's* birth, I must pass to the unique incidents of her history and leave a recital of *Theta's* active zealous struggle for honor and fame to some son of hers.

Well, it so happened in the fall of 1885 that there came to Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Va., a tall, agile, active fellow, who at once took a prominent

position among his fellow students, and was a great favorite with the college boys.

I remember him well as I first saw him. I was a Freshman then, and knew few of the Seminites, but this fellow attracted my attention one evening while watching a game of base ball, and no wonder; for this tall centre-fielder would indicate his joy over the successes of his team by standing on his hands and clapping his feet, or by turning flying somersaults. I soon knew him well, and found him just the fellow a boy would like. In the gymnasium no one could surpass him in boxing, jumping and acting, on the tennis ground an expert, and last and best of all, at heart a *Π*.

His name was Mark Kennedy. He was from *Theta*, and had imbibed her enthusiam and zeal in all that concerned *Π. K. A.*

Of course, he had determined to establish a Chapter in the College. May the incidents of this organization bear a lesson to all who attempt the same.

He selected a man, very *striking* in appearance, seemingly suited to the purpose. (I withhold this name.) Of course, this fellow jumped at the idea, promised to secure the best men in College, and began to believe he was in the fold. He approached the very best men in College, non-fraternity men, in some instances, because the fraternities in the College were not of as high character as they would have them—in short, had objectionable features. Among these men approached were two or three who really desired to form a Fraternity that they could mould to their tastes, and their only objection to *Π. K. A.* was the means of organization. They knew that the man whom Bro. Kennedy had selected was not suited to the ways or interests of Fraternity life, so they determined to give up all idea of joining, but Bro. Kennedy soon found out which of the men were true *Π* material, discovered their objection, and made plans to remove it. Taking advantage of the absence of the man that was so objectionable, Bro. Kennedy established the Chapter, and then had the name of this man brought up for election. Of course, he was not elected. Suffice it to say just here that, had *Iota* started with this man as a charter member her character would have been far different, and no one could say what would now be the condition of the Chapter.

Remember I speak not of moral condition, for this would reflect upon the Christian character of this man, in which I have thorough confidence. I mean, Brothers, he was not

a *Π*, and *Iota's* charter men did not consider him a true Fraternity man.

You have read in a previous article about *Iota's* home—old Hampden-Sidney, but I am going to introduce you now into the room, which is the place of her birth.

On the fourth story on the north side of that old majestic brick building that many a boy has thought a prison, that many a one has found a home, there is a small, quaint, low-ceiled room that can boast no ornaments or furniture save the unassuming articles that two college boys might consider necessary for college life.

I believe the most conspicuous articles in the room, when our story begins, were a bedstead, a jeweler's work-bench, where "Buck" used to fix watches, and a wash tub. Ah! but a fine room that was! How often have I, in glad anticipation, rushed into the old third passage and up those three flights of steps! How often, in my eagerness, have I collided with that outside door, which seemed a trap set to kill wild and reckless *Π*s!

After we had passed the double door we were safe, and knew naught but the pleasure of purest friendship, the joys of brotherly love.

I was not there on the night of which I am to speak, but often have I heard the boys recount its incidents, and, as I write, a charter member sits just across the table from me and recalls these exciting scenes.

It was Saturday night, November 14, 1885. There had gathered an anxious, cautious band of boys in one of the rooms near the one of which I spoke, and, as Bro. Mark Kennedy was preparing for the great event, you might have heard a hoarse whisper: "Say, fellows, I don't want to be first. No telling what that fellow, Kennedy, will do to a man." All knew Bro. Kennedy was ready for fun. None wanted to be first; but finally it was decided that Godbey was old enough, and tough enough to stand the ordeal, and so Bro. Kennedy took him up to the quaint little room and led him first into the mysteries of *Π*ism, while five fellows waited below: some nervous, some scared. Several times they imagined Godbey was being killed, but he came out unscathed, yet he declared it a mystery, and not much comforted were the others as one by one they passed to the quiet, mysterious room above. First R. E. Moore, then W. C. Buchanan, followed in slow succession by S. M. Engle, Robert Whittet, Jr., and H. R. Dillon, and the charter members of *Iota* gathered with eagerness and

sincere relief about the beloved leader, and told their story of wonder, anxiety or fear. It was finally decided by a boyish voice: "It's not so bad, after all, boys, but it scares a fellow pretty bad;" and the new Chapter went into its first business meeting. The name of the man into whose hands the direction of the organization came near being placed, was presented and quickly disposed of.

A jolly meeting this was, and six of the best men in the college were enlisted in the grand work of *Π. K. A.* What a surprise next morning to the other Greeks when six badges of a new Order were seen on the hearts of men whom they knew would prove determined and successful rivals. How well do I remember the remarks made about this new Fraternity: "All good men!" "Excellent move!" "Those fellows mean business, and they deserve success!" You see I was a barbarian then, and could hear much of the talk about the new Chapter.

The men went to work for *Π. K. A.*, and before another meeting had passed had elected C. C. Owen and P. H. Gwinn worthy seniors. In the meantime, the man who had caused the trouble identified himself with the Chapter and went about talking about "our" Fraternity as glibly as you please. He little realized how much stronger than absence was the reason why it *was not* "our" Fraternity for him. Of course it was unfortunate that he had to learn that he was not wanted in "our" Fraternity, but it was neither his fault nor ours.

At the next regular meeting Brothers Owen and Gwinn learned more about Greek ways than they had learned in a three year's course, and I believe that it was at this first meeting that Owen gave lessons to *Π*s in sardine eating, a very enjoyable feature, by the way, of many a subsequent meeting. I can testify that Clem was a wonder; could get on the outside of more oysters and sardines than any other man I ever saw. He was very dignified, and though careful never to mention the name in his hearing, a Freshman *Π* called him "Clam" Owen. "Jimmie" Gwinn was so excited at this meeting that I am told he thinned out his mustache by constant pulling, and left it but a faint reminder of "what had been." My! I used to feel sorry for that mustache.

Before November was gone another *Π* had joined the little band. Who doesn't know Bob Telford? He was, indeed, a true and faithful *Π* in our Chapter at Hampden-Sidney.

In December *Π. K. A.* elected three men—two of whom, on different nights, were put through the initiatory rites. Liberal-hearted Oscar Swineford and eloquent Joe Rennie were received into the bonds to add to our pleasure and amusement. Bro. Rennie was our funny man then. The third man was always a *Π* at heart, and could not join us for good reasons. It is remarkable that, with this exception, the *Π*s secured every man elected for many months afterwards.

Brother Rennie was our first Seminite, and our second venture among the "Theologs" was a happy one. Bro. A. W. Crawford was initiated in February, and Bro. W. C. Alexander, our musician, was elected but not taken in until March 6th. The latter was a Seminite, and I have a tender place in my heart for him; for he was my stay and comfort on that dismal, dark night of March 6. I was a Freshman, and, not unlike the "kind," I knew only the worst about a Fraternity initiation. My only hope was that others had come out alive. I'll tell you the fact; before those fellows finished with me, I didn't know whether I was taking a swim in Buck's bath-tub or was walking up Jacob's ladder with the angels. You need not ask me anything about it. I don't know. I only know that I *thought* I saw ghosts; my friend Alexander turned into a hobgoblin, and the faces of friends attached to creatures of curious shape and form. Well, I was a *Π* when all was over, and I have no regrets.

After this all went well, and nothing marred the pleasure of those Saturday nights in Buchanan's room until early in April Bro. Walter Godbey was unexpectedly called home from college, and when we missed his face first, on the night of April 17, we knew how much we had given up. A true fellow was Godbey, and well deserved the honor of being *Iota's* first initiate. He is in the railroad business at Memphis, has a wife and two bouncing boys, and is as true to his colors as ever.*

June came on and we had won our first sister. Miss Anna Bell Martin will always be held in tender recollection by *Iota's* truest sons, and when she looks on the handsome badge our Chapter gave her we trust she will remember us. Her gentle influence over her *Π* brothers will never lose its power.

Iota got something "*rare*" ere college closed. It was a

*We add our testimony to this. He is certainly true in every sense of the word.—EDITOR.

new initiate, and none other than Tom Read. We took him in the last meeting of the session, and I know no meeting was ever more interesting than this. I wish I had time to describe it. We had a hard time. Telford was caught that evening by a pair of *brown* eyes, and was "no good." Buchanan and Whittet had forgotten it was not July 4, and were shooting Roman candles and fire-crackers with the girls. "Jimmie" was calicoing, and it seemed that we would never get together. Finally we got Tom Read up in the Fraternity room, and what fun we had! It is the first time, though, Tom Read was not *funny*.

We shall hear from him again. It was pretty hard to hear anybody else when he was about. Well, this was our last meeting until September. We knew some would never meet with us again, and it was a sad scene that closed this evening's fun. It was for many, truly, a sad farewell then spoken, as they severed the ties that bound them in such close friendship with the best friends of life.

Yes, "Vale, vale, triste vale;" but I must not close this hurried sketch without a brief résumé of *Iota's* standing in June, 1886. Including Bro. Kennedy we had sixteen good men enrolled. Of this number Bros. Swineford, Whittet, Owen and Godbey were never to meet with us again. Brother Swineford is an insurance agent in Richmond, Va., and has a young family growing up about him.

Bob Whittet is married, too, and is in the printing business in Richmond, Va.

Bro. Owen a year later went to Scotland to pursue his studies, and is now at Union Theological Seminary preparing for the ministry. He will be married soon, I know. You can always count on a *Seminite*.

Of Bro. Godbey I have spoken.

I believe it will show *Π. K. A.*'s stand in college to enumerate her honors. Among the graduates Bro. Clem Owen took second honor, and Bro. Gwinn third honor. The first honor was divided between two men—one of whom is now a *Π*, and the other was at the time a champion of the *Π*s, and would have joined no other Fraternity. Bro. Rennie had distinguished himself as the orator of the college in the previous year, and in this year Bros. R. E. Moore and Gwinn twice represented their societies as public orators. We had two representatives on the Magazine staff.

Iota Chapter thus closes her first year, and her success was phenomenal.

With twelve men to return in September she would be ready to cope with any Fraternity. She has done well, but see what the future has in store for her.

How hearty the grips that were given at our first parting! We separated to go to our homes, but we hoped to meet again in September, an earnest, loyal band.

H. B. Arbuckle.

[*To be continued.*]

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

At the Hampden-Sidney Convention in 1889 there were five delegates present, including three from Hampden-Sidney. At the recent one held in Richmond there were seventeen.

In 1890 there were sometimes two, and sometimes four Chapters. Now there are eleven Active and four Alumnus Chapters.

In January 1893 we owed $365.04, now by last SHIELD AND DIAMOND the above debt has been reduced to $91.40, and we have $355 pledged towards the support of SHIELD AND DIAMOND.

Formerly the Fraternity was under the control of *Alpha* Chapter. Now it is governed by one Alumnus and one Active member of each Chapter, under the guidance of our chief officers elected annually.

Then our Fraternity organ was "*The Pi Kappa Alpha Journal*" with 24 pages. Now it is THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND with 70 pages.

We have nearly doubled the members of the Grand Council which means just that many more working for the good of Pi Kappa Alpha. Fraternally,

T. S. L. Basore.

Broadway, Va., February 26th, 1894.

A REVERIE.

Without, the howling wind swept, dashing its burden of sleet and rain against the moaning trees; within, I was seated by my great warm fire, whose roaring flame seemed ambitious to drown the outside noises, or, with its fiery

tongues, to mingle in their wild revelry. Dreaming by the fire stretched my faithful dog, half waking now and then as the winds swept louder around the building.

Under the soft glow of my student's lamp lay an assortment of books whose heavy pages are marked and full of notes; of papers tied with red tape, and in the centre of the table is an unfinished list of references. One has but to take a casual glance at those books or that unfinished sheet to see that the references are made in behalf of a man charged with murder.

Resting a moment, and idly turning the pages of one of those books, my eye rests on a memoranda scratched in pencil there. How the circumstances under which it was traced come rushing back to my mind.

The wind and its wail; the brief and its incompleteness; the dog fitfully sleeping by the roaring fire are all forgotten, as memory whirls me back to other scenes. How well do I remember the first time Sam and I met. It was my first night at college. Home sick and weary I wandered over that grand old campus, filled with old students whose return to college was but the taking up of a life of pleasure, with new students eagerly listening to the timeworn jokes about the college professors, or drinking in the estimates of some would-be critic as to the probable outcome of the class base ball matches, deeply interested in a thousand things which had no interest for me. Lonely in a crowd. How great that loneliness.

I had merely met Sam, but he saw the trouble. Soon we drifted apart from the others; soon beneath the glow of his sympathy, my loneliness was forgotten. We talked of home, and in that hour began our friendship. A week passed, and I became a member of his Fraternity. New friends were made. *His* friends before, *ours* now.

In the rush of college duties and of college life, how homelike and soothing the evenings which we spent together in that old corner room. I was not a Freshman there. The superior airs which the Seniors seemed to wear as they walked the campus, the envy of all the new students, melted away as we gathered in that room. Had we succeeded in winning some coveted prize? How we all secretly rejoiced; but the winner never felt his hat too small in that room. Had one of us failed to pass on math.? The bitterness of the failure was there forgotten.

And then, as the session drew towards its close, how frequent became those meetings. Bob and Will would gradu-

ate that year. Sam did not expect to return. We knew not how long it would be before we would meet them again. We all remembered how, when Sam lay tossing on a bed of fever, we had scanned each others' faces for the answer to the question that we dared not ask. How we vied with each each other in nursing him through those long nights, vainly trying to prepare the morning lessons in the room which must be darkened.

But the end of the session came at last. We had made gay sport over the stories of the tear-stained farewells of the last session; but as we said good-bye we gripped each others' hands in silence fearing to voice our good-byes.

How the first days of the next session rush through my mind. The blank disappointment that came when I realized that Bob and Will had gone out into the world. But Sam was there. That dear old fellow, with me for another session. As the year passes, he helps me in many a battle, and I; well I tried to comfort and aid him. And then came Joe, full of life and fun; the life of every foot ball field. He scarcely seemed to study at all. To others he may have seemed to be too much occupied with the ludicrous, to take a sober view of life. But I knew better, for do I not recall those hours spent on that vine-covered porch in the moonlight, when all others had retired, where we with our pipes sat and listened to the distant noises, or chatted first gaily and then of more earnest, serious things; and Joe's deep, earnest nature, which was hid to others, was opened to my gaze.

How I recall and live over those commencement scenes; that campus brilliantly lighted and echoing with sweet music; filled with belles from cities far and near. We enjoyed it all and were part of it all. But what comes to my mind just now is not that music; that brilliantly lighted scene; that fairy land in that grand library building where in the mazes of the waltz we chased the closing hours away; but a quaint, secluded spot where long past midnight Sam and I wandered off by ourselves and had our farewell talk; but the spot 'neath those waving elms, where Joe dropped behind his merry companions to say goodbye in private.

The years have fled swiftly since then, and as I come back to the living present I am reminded that way off in the far West, Joe now holds a high position as civil engineer on a mighty line of railway. Bob is now in far Japan, a married man with his children clambering at his knee. Will, poor fellow, sleeps beneath the sod near his distant South-

ern home; and Sam is now a D. D., wielding a widening influence in his church. But they are not old to me. Only last week I met Sam. The thought never occurred to me that it was undignified to rush up and throw my arms around him in that crowded church, where, but a moment before, he had held that vast audience spell-bound. We both forgot all save those college days.

But the chimes of my clock striking eleven warn me to the present and its duties.

The morning came. That great court house was packed. The prisoner's youth has made the interest greater in the investigation of his crime. I listened patiently to the evidence fastening its deadly coil around that young life. The case is finished. The evidence is convincing, and the fact stands proved that, forgetful of his duty to his fellow-man, this young man had sent his victim into eternity All my efforts to weaken the strength of the commonwealth's testimony had failed. The argument for the prosecution has closed, and it is my turn now for reply. The clearness of the proof deepens the interest in that reply. With what a weight I staggered to my feet and face that jury in whose hands is this man's life; to whom the law's cold instructions have come to justify the act which already they had determined.

In that moment all that list of references is forgotten; the pile of law books lying in front of me is lost to sight. The reveries of the past night come surging through my brain and nerve my arm for one determined blow. With an inspiration born of despair I painted the effect of that influence which daily association ripens into a friendship and digs deep the channel of love for every human being, and showed how this young man had grown up without such influence as this; reared from his cradle to be cuffed about by the cold mercy of a cheerless world. They say that the jurymen's eyes were wet when they left that room for consultation. I noted that the State's attorney did not speak harshly of my client in his closing speech, but somehow stammered out what he thought was the duty of the jury. I know that the people spoke in subdued whispers as they waited for the verdict.

And when that jury returned and said: "Not guilty of the murder charged," I cared not that the rest of their verdict was confinement for a term of years, but grasping that young hand I blessed the days whose memories had enabled me to draw out his time on earth.

J. T. McAllister.

BETA AND HER MEN.

The following letter will prove of unusual interest to the members, as it gives a fuller account of our brothers of *Beta* than we have ever before had :

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 6th, 1894.

Mr. J. T. McAllister :

DEAR BROTHER—Yours received. I will do what I can towards giving you the data asked for, as to the members of *Beta* Chapter.

—Alexander Malloy died a few years after graduation. He did not do much. He was a young man of large means, and I think lacked the usual incentive to hard work which would have developed robuster qualities.

—Isaac Murchison died a few years after leaving Davidson College. He was a good business man, but did not make much of a mark in the world. He also had large means.

—Alfred J. Morrison died, rather suddenly, after a very brief but most brilliant career. He graduated at College at twenty-one. He was immediately elected to the Legislature of North Carolina, where he was regarded as one of the most matchless orators of the body. Resigning his seat, he began to prepare for the ministry, which he began in a little obscure field in the mountains of North Carolina, from which, however, he was called in about a year's time to Selma, Ala., to one of the largest and strongest Churches in the South. Here he was winning golden opinions, and had a promise rarely equalled when, after a few short months, his life was ended. It was thought that over use of the baths at Hot Springs, Ark., where he went for his health, caused his death. He was a man of brilliant powers and splendid address.

—William James McKay, of Mayesville, S. C, became pastor of a church in South Carolina soon after he completed his course of study at Davidson College and Columbia Theological Seminary, and has remained in the same charge ever since, now some twenty years. He is greatly

beloved by his people and by all who know him. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in his State. He is a Doctor of Divinity, honored by the University of North Carolina. He was Moderator of the Synod of South Carolina several years ago.

—Geo. W. Walton is somewhere in Illinois, I think. He became a physician. I have not heard of him for many years. He was somewhat inclined to like his ease, but he had plenty of brain power, and should have made his mark. I doubt not T. B. Bailey, whose name I will mention directly, can tell you more about him.

—George B. Anderson, of Laurens C. H., South Carolina, has been a useful citizen, a man of influence in his section of the country, but not occupying any place of great dignity. He is a man of solid character, a gentle fellow, but strong, and I think has been perhaps too modest in his claims upon the world for recognition.

—James H. Anderson has been a quiet farmer in upper South Carolina, a retiring man, highly esteemed by all who know him. I have never seen him since we left College, and have heard very little of him. George B. Anderson can tell you all about him.

—Frank McNeil is a prominent lawyer of Maxton, N. C., where he has a fine practice, and enjoys the esteem of all who know him.

—Thomas Braxton Bailey is a lawyer of Mocksville, N. C. He is one of the strongest men in his profession in North Carolina, and is rapidly growing in reputation. He has been solicited to be a candidate for the judgeship in his District, but declined. He has been a State Senator. He is one of the finest characters in all our body, a man of great purity of heart and life, a stalwart friend, a man who has a hatred of all sham and insincerity, and who enjoys to a remarkable degree the confidence of all who know him, and his friends are legion. He will yet occupy a high judicial position.

—Phillip Henry Pitts was reported by Smyth as "deceased." He is the livest corpse you ever saw. His two hundred and seventy-five or more pounds embrace a big

man, all over and all through. He is one of the leading lawyers of Alabama, his practice extending to many parts of the State, and his name being on all the big cases. He has a great reputation, and deserves it. He lives at Selma, Ala., and has a big income, a happy home, and a big heart.

—My own name is the last. The report of me need not be long. I graduated at Davidson the month I reached seventeen, the youngest graduate on record there. I got my A. M. in 1873. I have been pastor of Presbyterian churches in Bolivar, Tenn., Covington, Ky., and Chester, S. C. In 1887 I became Managing Editor of the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, the Theological Review of the Southern Church. In 1891 the Southwestern Presbyterian University decorated me with the Doctorate of Divinity. In 1892 the same University called me to its Chancellorship, in which office I am now trying my best to do my duty by my fellow man, and to reflect credit upon those who have been associated with me, and been pleased to think kindly of me.

Cordially yours,

George Summey.

FRATERNITIES.

The first Fraternity organized on the principles which are now considered essential, was *Phi Beta Kappa*. It was founded at Williamsburg, Va., December 5th, 1776, in the same room where Patrick Henry had declared for American independence. Good authority now ranks it among the honorary, as distinguished from the Active Fraternities.

Its next follower is not positively known, though some think it to be *Kappa Alpha*, founded at Union College, in 1825.

Of all secret societies, those of Yale's Senior Class are thought to be the most classical.

Forty years preceding the civil war was the period during which Fraternities most increased.

In 1883, thirty-two Fraternities had five hundred and five Chapters, with a membership numbering 67,941.

A WINNING BACK.

"What a likeness! If the face were a trifle more stern and not so young looking, it might be! And what eyes! and features the very same! I'll go and speak to him. But he is moving off—to his quarters, I suppose. I'll have to wait until later to see him. A singular coincidence, very!"

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered Confederate captain, Nelson by name, who carried with apparent ease his two score and seventeen years. He now stood leaning on what was left of a panel of rail fence, watching the retreating form of the young man whose face had been so peculiarly attractive and who now disappeared from view in a small ravine not far distant. After pausing an instant to catch another glimpse of the manly figure, the Captain turned back and re-entered camp, looking forward to the afternoon's interview with a feeling of undisguised pleasure. But that meeting—how strangely unlike the anticipation of it! In the last sudden charge of his company, a bullet found mortal lodgment in the body of the brave young soldier. Venturing too far in advance of the line, he fell a bleeding mass almost at the enemy's breastworks, as his comrades passed on to victory. When Nelson rode up, a moment after, he leaned down to catch the name. But death had released the sufferer, and with a last hurried glance at the familiar features, the Captain threw his cloak over the motionless form and rode quickly and sadly away.

II.

It had been a cold, wintry day at Inwood, in Virginia. Outside the snow lay drifted against tree and bank and building, and frozen to iciness by the chilling winds which had been sweeping it from place to place the whole day through. But all was quiet now. Not a breath stirred among the lifeless leaves that were yet clinging to the few old oaks scattered here and there over the great lawn. And even the long rows of negro cabins were hushed in unwonted conformity with nature. Strangely the inmates were yet in fact their old master's, though Lincoln's famous proclamation had been issued more than a decade since. Their fathers before them had lived and died in

sight of the great house, and for themselves they asked no richer boon than to be similarly blessed. The large dwelling was now as silent as its surroundings. Only a single light from the study window showed that all were not asleep.

The study itself was small and cozy, and its name, the "Snuggery," was not inaptly given it. The walls were lined with handsome cases filled with volumes of exquisite binding and suggestive of a most refined taste in their selection. Little niches here and there held the bust of some favored warrior or writer, and a few engravings of quiet tone were imaged in the broad mantel mirror opposite, just in front of which an antique time-piece, surmounted by the bronze-figure of a Spartan soldier, proclaimed with muffled stroke each hour and half-hour of day or night. In the open hearth, beneath a cheery fire embedded its weird and varying shapes into the rich coloring of casing, chair or sofa; and before it, one arm resting on a table of dark mahogany and the other dropping listlessly at his side, sat the bent figure of an old and once handsome man. There was something so striking in the unhappy, resolute features as to challenge instant notice. Long locks of distinguished gray were brushed back from a broad, intellectual forehead, and a smile half cynical in its sadness, played over the thin, parted lips and ended where it had begun—between them. The other features were impassive, motionless. For forty years James Templeton had shown to the outside world the same hauteur and the same cool self-possession that to-night so plainly stamped him an uncommon man; and for miles around he was as much admired for his self-possession as he was hated for his hauteur. Caring for neither public nor private opinion, as fearless in the assertion of his own rights as he was guarded in infringing on those of others, it was not to be wondered at that the Colonel, as he was everywhere known, was absolute sovereign over his landed possessions, and suffered no one to pierce the icy barrier of reserve that made him separate from other men. Sympathy in its truest sense he showed to none—save one class only, his former slaves. For these trusted few he seemed to have a genuine affection, and they in turn loved him with an intensity of devotion such as is found only in their race.

The Colonel was now plunged in the deepest thought. The book he had just been reading lay page downward on the table beside him, and behind it the study lamp, whose

store of oil was plainly nearing the minimum limit, shed its softened rays over the vellum cover.

"Christian sympathy! Christian benevolence, indeed!" he said, scornfully; "and what is Christian sympathy and benevolence? Hypocrisy! trumped up nothingness, an imposition! Such stuff is for children and the hand to mouth rabble, yet sensible people think it as true as fact. What fools! I believed it too, when a boy, and perhaps"—the face face grew sadder and more thoughtful—"I was the happier in my innocent belief. But it's all past now, and I'm thankful for it."

This, spoken in measured tone, he emphasized still more by bringing his hand down from its supporting position and striking it strongly on the table as the last words quivered on his lips.

"The story I have just been reading," he continued, "would have been good enough if all this nonsensical talk about Christian benevolence and Christian sympathy were at the bottom of the Atlantic! I have half a mind to quit buying books. When I want sermons I'll call for them. Its a pity that the best literature of the day is eternally marred by this senseless, babyish sentiment, and I'm heartily tired of it, and I hope I'll hate it and fight it to the end."

The aged form straightened, the keen gray eyes flashed in unbelieving fury, and then resumed their wonted coldness. He began again:

"If there were any justice in heaven, my life would not be what it is to-night. It's *my* fault, they say. *I*, they tell my negroes, have made myself what I am—prematurely old, a hardened neighbor—though they never call me by *that* name—and an infidel. Yes, I am this and more, but," with a bitter smile that constrasted strangely with the whitened head, and grew almost ghastly in the flickering light, "people *lie*. God has embittered my life from my very youth. At college because, forsooth, I refused to gulp down every scriptural opinion advanced by the professors, I was shunned by master and student, and left to an isolated life. Even my roommate had no kind word for me, and many an honor that I richly merited was given to another less deserving of it than I, and why? I was an *infidel*, they said, and they determined that no honor in *their* gift should ever be borne by a traitor to religion. I was cut off from the sympathy of others, and I grew more unpopular and unsympathetic. I begged no man's as-

sistance; none was offered. What cared I for their friendship? I was my own master, and James Templeton stood a high first in his class on graduation day!"

A proud toss of the head was followed quickly by a deep, painful sigh, as he continued slowly:

"Yet there was one among that number that I loved, and I would have given all I owned to have had that love returned; but he went with the rest, and never knew of my yearning for him. Perhaps he—"

A few seconds of musing, and a tinge of softness came over the hardened features, but only for a moment. A characteristic sternness soon replaced it, and the next words were spoken with redoubled fierceness:

"I asked no favors then, and I'll ask none now. Let me be cursed if I want their sympathy!"

The hands, clenched wildly above the trembling head, landed on either arm of the great chair in which he was seated. He drew up more closely to the dying flames.

"Sympathy! Friendship! I have neither, and want neither!"

The statement seemed to make him start, and he added, tenderly:

"My old slaves are still with me, and I do love them, perhaps because they only were faithful when so-called friends deserted me. My last cent shall go to them when I am dead, bless them. They stood by me in the war when I fought for my rights, and had to give up my only son in defence of my State. A brave boy he was—tall, handsome and manly. Why should he have been taken, and many, not worth the Northern powder to kill them, left as a burden to others? This is but an instance of divine justice, I suppose," he uttered with intense bitterness and scorn, "and as another, my lands were swept by the enemy, and this house was only saved by the efforts of my brave negroes, who were left to guard the burning building as the blue-coats rode away. I have retrieved my fortune by *my* exertions and the help of my negroes—not by divine justice."

He paused abruptly, and continued in accents that seemed to linger and then drift away into the abyss of past anguish:

"Then came the hardest blow of all, ten years ago this night."

He had not heard the midnight strokes of the clock above him, nor that announcing the passage of a half-hour's time from the twenty-four of the Sabbath day.

" Yes, ten years ago to-night," he continued, " when the sharer of my sufferings and the only one left to comfort me lay dead in that room."

He pointed in the direction of a chamber door to the left.

" It has not been opened since she died, poor thing !"

The old man's face, now barely visible in the dim light of the study, relaxed with uncontrolled sadness and then grew almost death-like.

" I can see her pale, chiseled features now, as she lay on her snow-white bed, with a smile of peace lighting up her pure face. O ! if she were here, my life would not be so full of misery ! If I could see her once again, I would be content."

A sudden resolution seized him.

" I will go to see her—and die—in there. Life is a burden, and death—can be no worse."

Rising slowly from the deep cushions of his chair, and lighted by the faint flames of the now nearly extinguished fire, the old man tread lightly across the soft rugs, and reaching the north window of the study, drew from the depths of a recess near by it the unused chamber key. Half hesitating, he recrossed and bent down to force it into the rusty lock. A subdued shuffling of feet outside in the great hall startled him. He looked up. Two stalwart figures stood in the doorway. One he recognized as being that of old John, his body-guard and playmate of his youth. The other was unknown.

" You don't know me, James ?"

It was the stranger that spoke, after a moment's hesitation.

" James !" He hadn't heard the name as applied to himself in ten years. The voice was familiar and yet unfamiliar. It recalled associations long past, almost forgotten. He raised his hand to his confused, aching brow. He must be dreaming. The next words were enough to awake him to full reality and life.

" Do you remember Nelson, your old college mate ?"

Remember ? Ask if he remembered youth or the conflicts and defeated longings of the intensest years he had ever spent ! Ask if the hundred scenes in which they had both figured, and on opposing sides, were fit subjects to be forgotten ? They had made him what he was to-night. And here in the feebly-lighted study was the one in whom those longings centred. Here before him stood the only one living for whom he retained even a trace of friendship.

And yet, for all this, the name called up too vividly all that he had borne and suffered; the hard, cutting disappointments, the scathing indignities, the false imputations, the calumny—his unwilling portion for four long years. The surging pride of his whole life seemed to culminate and concentrate in a single instant at the remembrance of his bitter wrongs; and crush out for the time every vestige of friendly impulse. He drew back and answered with deep sarcasm:

"Yes, I do remember! The time was very pleasantly spent for *you*, I presume, but the traitorous infidel is now beyond the reach of your *Christian* commiseration. He assures you that your former kindness has touched him deeply, and he is not unaware that he can never fully repay you—in your own coin. Remember! By my soul, may I never *forget!*"

Nelson said nothing. He walked over to the fire, which John had replenished, and stood by the mantel, absorbed in thought. The rebuke was the more stinging because true. Was his whole search and trip to be in vain? Could nothing be done to prove to his old mate the absolute sincerity of his purpose? He was at least resolved to try. He waited till the Colonel's anger had seemingly somewhat abated, and then spoke.

"You will at least allow me a hearing. I will not detain you long."

The Colonel coolly pointed to a chair, himself taking his accustomed one by the table. When they were both seated Nelson began. He recounted the many incidents of his life since leaving college, and added, "I have tried for years to find some trace of you, but to no effect. It was only one week ago, in reading some notices of court proceedings, that I saw your name mentioned as plaintiff in a suit. I came to your nearest railway station as soon as my pastoral work would admit of it, and rode through on horseback. It was late when I reached here, and I was just about to pass on to the inn, two miles further down, when I saw the low light in your study. I knocked at the first negro cabin and waked John, and—I am here."

"I see you are," was the sarcastic rejoinder. The Colonel was hardly less angry than before. His previous reflections had not been in the least conducive to social feeling. Nelson continued:

"You will ask why I have wanted to see you at all since we were in no way intimate at college, and I will tell you. The name of Templeton was recalled forcibly to my mind

for the first time since we were college mates by the most pathetic experience I have ever known. You had a son in the army?"

The Colonel looked up quickly, and replied in the affirmative.

"I felt sure of it," continued Nelson. "He was in Blank's Division. I was Captain of the company stationed next to his, and I never saw a braver soldier."

The old man had kept his eyes fastened on the speaker since the first mention of his son's name. His boy had been the idol of his heart and home. He was now visibly affected, and his voice trembled perceptibly as he said, "He was in that division. And you say you knew him?"

Nelson told in detail of the expected meeting and the day's fierce battle that prevented it. As he recalled the dashing charge of the young soldier, and the death that followed so quickly after, the Colonel's eyes filled with tears and his head bowed slowly on his breast. He had again entered the Shadow of the Valley. Nelson noted this and spoke more softly and feelingly.

"As I looked down into that face, so like another I had known, the many scenes of our college days together flashed over me. We were unjust to you there, and I resolved on that battle field and over that dead body, that I would find you and tell you how deeply I have regretted that injustice."

He looked at the face of the old man. A tear was forcing its way down the aged cheek. Sorrow too deep for words had now the mastery. The scalpel was piercing through to the very quick. The Captain waited a moment and then said, "I, with the rest, have wronged you—almost unpardonably. I truly and sorely regret it. If reparation can be made, I will only too gladly make it. Is it too late to ask forgiveness?"

The last words were scarcely heard by the aged listener. The cloaked form of the dead boy, the dull thud of clods, the wails of the affectionate negroes, the silent journey home—all was as vividly pictured to him as if the scene had been but yesterday. And his younger college mate, he whose friendship in early youth had been so earnestly coveted, he who now sat silent, expectant, beside him—yes, the one whom he had so unfeelingly disdained—so bitterly condemned to-night, had hurried to soothe the death anguish of *his* boy, and when too late for that, had doneall that friend could do. Infamy of ingratitude! Had he sunk to this?

"Is it too late?"

The question was again asked, and this time heeded. The painful meditation was over; the way was clear. For an answer, the Colonel placed his hand into that of his former comrade, and gave way to the emotions he could no longer check or hinder. Tears of repentance, of pardon, coursed freely down the furrowed cheeks, and false pride, with its attendant prejudice, flowed out and forever, on the great tide of emotion. Sympathy and friendship, two forces which his whole life had refused to believe as being even possible beyond family bounds, were now living, sacred realities. Clear now the seeming divergencies of Providence. Faded now, like the light mists of morning, every infidel tendency and doubt before the steady, sympathetic gaze of the pastor-captain. The hours slipped swiftly by. Daylight came, and the two were yet talking of the past. They were living over again the brightest part of life.

* * * * * * * *

That Sabbath morning, so gently and peacefully ushered in, saw at the chancel of the country church the kneeling forms of two more than the accustomed number—the old Colonel and the Captain, five years his junior.

J. Gray McAllister, Iota.

METAMORPHOSIS.

Across the placid river's pictured swell,
As on the face of youth when love is nigh,
There stole a warming gleam, that rose and fell
A moment—then began to die.

The world above grew cold and grey,
And its reflection seemed to shiver, too,
With restless silence, as the passing day
Into a chilling twilight grew.

Edwin Wiley, Zeta.

Correspondence.

McGregor, Texas, February 1st, 1894.

H. B. Arbuckle, C. P., Tallahassee, Fla.:

My Dear Bro:—Yours in regard to establishing a Chapter of *Π. K. A.* at Waco came during Xmas holiday and found me off on a deer hunt, consequently I did not receive it until about a week since. I have been thinking that may be we could establish a Chapter at Baylor University, but after looking over the ground I fear it will have to be abandoned, as the President is opposed, and the material for a *Π* is, in my opinion, not there. Then another drawback is, that we have no competition to keep up interest in the work, and no Alumnus of sufficient enthusiasm who can attend its meetings and keep them stirred up. I will, however, keep on the lookout for a few good boys to pin our *Shield and Diamond* on, and if they can be found not a member of *Π. K. A.* would take more pleasure or trouble to put an Active Chapter there than I.

I am sorry. indeed, that it was impossible for me to meet you in Richmond, but I hope some day to shake hands with the loyal old *Π's* who have upheld our banner for we lukewarm fellows, until sufficient warmth is attained to bring us up to the front.

Hurrah for Smyth and the Shield and Diamond. They shall not die, even though I have to bear all of the expenses myself.

I am no writer or orator, Arbuckle, but I am a *Π* from the crown of my head down. And while I am not in the best of circumstances financially, I am one of the many I hope, who will never see our Fraternity go down.

I see that Brimm has been elected Grand High Councilor. He is a grand fellow, and I feel safe with him in the chair.

Let me hear from you at any time, and if any chance to place a Chapter turns up, I think you will hear from me.

Say! what can we do with Sherman College, Sherman, Texas? There is a good Presbyterian school there, and I know one good man who is there if he is not already a Fraternity man. I will write him and "feel of him" anyway.

With best wishes for yourself and *Π. K. A.*

Your brother in *Φ. Φ. K. A.*

Mart C. Caufield.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., March 2, 1894.

Robert A. Smyth, Esq.:

DEAR SIR AND BRO:—Your favor of the 28th ultimo to hand yesterday. Am glad to hear from you and to know that the SHIELD AND DIAMOND is still alive, to brighten the pathways of the Alumni and also to encourage those who are still touching elbows in the ranks at College.

It always brings into my office a ray of sunshine—a glance at a beautiful sky whose reflection would be lost were it not for its coming. "Hath its smile a token? Hath some angel lingering near let fall a radiant promise?"

Yes, the hearts of the members of the noble and ennobling Order will ever be young, and kept alive by the bright fires upon the altars of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, their memories will be all the more sweet and refreshing.

I inclose acceptance for subscription for 1894, and will hail the coming of the next number with real pleasure.

With fraternal love to all the boys, I am,

Fraternally yours,

R. F. Craig,

FUTURITY.

"Go seek the stars," to him the wise ones said,
"And learn thy future in their splendid fires;
All past they know, and in them may be read
Thy fate—the knowledge that thy soul desires."
Then forth he went, vain, deluded man,
And in the temple of that mighty host
His vigils made; and silent he did scan
That mystic vault until his being lost
Itself in contemplation. Burning thought
And high ambition overwhelmed him
With unread lore; and throbbing nature taught
The secrets of her birth. But of that dim,
Unfathomed future still he knew but gleams—
For aye, the morrow ever bides in dreams.

EDWIN WILEY, *Zeta.*

Chapter Letters.

ZETA.

The holidays have passed, like many good things, and now the boys are grinding away for the exams. The transition from the *dolce far niente* of holiday time to the unceasing clang of the recitation bell is abrupt, but abrupt changes go for naught to those sage ones who set the date for examinations. The sound of the grinding is low with us and everything is relegated but the text book.

The sports and the co-eds are going about with much care written upon their brows; the members of the first class fear that they will not pass, those of the latter fear that they will not make a perfect mark. It is a question which suffer the most.

Two of *Zeta's* best men failed to return to us after the holidays, Brothers Jackson and Kesteron. They are very much missed, not alone by the members of our Chapter but by many others whom they had attracted by their pleasing personalities. Those who miss them are not all masculine either.

It is a matter of supreme regret that *Zeta* was not represented at the Convention, but fate seemed to ordain it otherwise. Your humble correspondent intended to go and was also expecting to bore the gathering with some "potry," but the muse could not withstand a severe attack of neuralgia which laid up her devotee for several weeks. Brothers Woodside and Borches both intended to go but circumstances prevented their doing so. The failure to have *Zeta* represented was not on account of the absence of Fraternity spirit but was the result of an unfortunate combination of circumstances. As it now is we shall have to enjoy the Convention second hand through the SHIELD AND DIAMOND —the thing most nearly approaching the reality of being present.

At one of our last meetings the hand of fellowship was extended to Brother Philip Briscoe. Phil. as everybody calls him, is a brother of genial Brother William Briscoe, and is a worthy addition to the ranks of those loyal to the banner of *Π. K. A.* He is one of the leaders of Knoxville's society, and he is esteemed one of the rising young business men of the city.

The Chapter hall is being improved in many ways. Through the kindness of Brother Thomas we now have an elegant bookcase in which will be bestowed the future library of *Zeta.*

THETA.

Since the last letter to THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND, Bro. D. J. Brimm has been elected as Alumnus member of the Grand Council, and Bro. C. S. Sholl as Active member of the Grand Council. Since that time also we have had one accession to the Chapter, Bro. Will Lockert. We are indeed glad to make this announcement, for Bro. Lockert is one of our most promising members, and is a true *Π.* in every sense of the word. For many years the members of *Theta* Chapter had a true friend in his sister, Mrs. Thos. Sleeper, *née* Miss Carrie Lockert, of Waco, Texas, and she is yet spoken of as a " *Π* Sister." Several of *Theta's* noble sons have carried away staunch " *Π* sisters " from Clarksville. The prospects are that a few more will be joined in holy wedlock ere long. No *Π* brother has married since Christmas, so we have not had our fond hopes realized. However, Bro. Pickering had the honor of being " rusher" at the wedding of two of Clarksville's young people, lately. Bro. Gordon will invite us to attend his wedding *en masse*— when the time comes. We will hardly be present when Bros. Wood and Ivy marry, for we judge from all indications that they left their hearts in Texas. Some of us are old bachelors yet, for we can't find our ideals. Sometimes we think we have found them, but then they will not think that we are their ideals, consequently we are " left " without an ideal, feeling assured that we have made a poor deal. But " every dog has his day."

We regret very much that Bro. F. E. Maddox is with us no longer. His jolly manner and happy disposition are missed, and a strong link is gone from *Theta's* chain of Ac-

tive members. But since we must bid him "good-by," we do, at the same time, bid him "God speed." Some time ago Bro. Maddox very unexpectedly received a call to the Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, one of the best Churches in East Tennessee. On February 13th he decided to accept the call, and left us on the following day. We must congratulate Bro. Maddox upon the great honor bestowed upon him in being called to so prominent and responsible position in the Church. We wish him much success in his new field of labor, and hope that "*Pasture* " Maddox will prove to be a good *Pastor* Maddox. For about eight months Bro. Maddox has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in the southern part of Clarksville, and has done faithful work. Part of the time he preached to two other Churches, and for the last few months has had a co-pastor in Bro. John Foster.

Now, since Bro. Maddox has a new charge, Bro. Foster is the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of South Clarksville. Three of the *Π* Brothers teach in the Sabbath School of Bro. Foster's Church. Another goes across the river to Mission Sabbath School; another is President of the Y. M. C. A.; others, too modest to take a prominent place in Church work.

Nor are our boys behind, socially. A jollier set could hardly be gotten together. The last joke was on Bro. Ready. By the way, we received a very fine cake not long since, from one of our friends in the city. It was sent to the Chapter, and we had a glorious time in showing our appreciation of the gift. Nor are our boys behind others mentally.

The members of *Theta* Chapter stand high in their classes. We have just passed through a siege of intermediate examinations, and the record book of the Faculty will show that *Theta* Chapter, as a whole, has not a peer in the University. Bro. Foster made 100 in Theology and Church History; Bro. Gordon is after the Bible Medal; Bro. Sholl is after the Chemistry Medal; Bro. Hill's specialty is Textual Criticism; Bro. Stormont's specialty is Hebrew; Bro. Foster made the highest grade that was made in the Senior Hebrew class; Bro. Oberschmidt came next to Bro. Foster in Hebrew, but alas! neither time nor space will not allow a description of the others. They are not low, however, in their classes. Nor have *Theta's* men been behind others in receiving College honors. They have been in prominent po-

sitions in the Literary Societies, some occupying the President's Chair.

A public debate will soon be held between three representatives from each Literary Society. Bro. Ivy's name is on the programme as one of the debaters. One of the highest honors, in Oratory, has been won by Bro. Foster, who won the second place on the programme for the Oratorical contest next June. The contest is to be for a medal given by the two Literary Societies. There will, also, be a contest for a medal given by the Faculty of the University. The speakers on this contest are selected by the Faculty from the Senior Class. The Faculty have honored Bros. Sholl and Gordon by electing them to be two of these orators. Four of *Theta's* sons are members of the Senior Class, of the Collegiate Department, this session, Bros. Gordon, Sholl, Stormont and Wallace. This is almost half of the class, for the whole number is nine.

The Senior Class of the Theological Department contains three of our *Π* brothers, Stormont, Foster and Oberschmidt.

We regret very much that these valuable men will not be with us next year. However, Bros. Kee, Gladney and Ready are ready to take their places.

Now the only thing in which the men of *Theta* are behind other Fraternity men, is in finances. Our expenses are great, and we are sorry that we are not always able to respond to the calls made upon us by our officers. Had we been rich, a few delegates would certainly have been at the Richmond Convention. Bro. Foster was elected, but the Chapter did not have money enough to send him, and this explains the absence of a delegate from *Theta* Chapter. We all regret this very much. We are loyal, enthusiastic and progressive, yet poor financially.

Most of our members are wearing the new button adopted by the Richmond Convention, and are well pleased with them. A "barbarian" remarked, a few days ago, that it was the most sensible thing he had seen lately, and he is a sensible man, too. He referred to one of the buttons.

Bro. Geo. Summey, D. D., our Chancellor, is doing a great work for the University here. One of the latest and best results, was obtaining a teacher of Elocution for the Institution. Prof. Merrill, of Vanderbilt University, was chosen, and is now teaching the students Elocution. Prof. Merrill is not only one of the finest

Elocutionists in the South, but is also one of the best teachers. Our University is in a flourishing condition this session, having more students enrolled than ever before, and among them many Greek Fraternities, old *Π. K. A.* stands with any of them. Two men went from the University to the Second Annual Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in Detroit, Michigan. One was a *Π* brother. Our University has a Glee Club, of which Bro. Woods is basso-profundo. We always look forward to the coming of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND. May she always live and flourish, is the earnest desire of every *Π* in *Theta* Chapter.

February 28th, 1894.

IOTA.

Since our last communication through the SHIELD AND DIAMOND the Goat has hibernated and I think we need scarce awake the old fellow before Fraternity pastures are again green with budding freshmen. The Chapters in general at Hampden-Sidney have retired into themselves and, but for some occasional muffled war hoop on Saturday nights, and the mangled carcass of the poor victim of the fray awaiting removal outside the door of some Grecian domicile on Sunday morning, a "Barb" would scarcely know that the dire work was still going on. But *Iota's* domicile, after a good many years of such havoc, is in such a plight that the Brothers have, this year, been saving their energies to refurnish it, though at the expense—or rather the inexpense—of "Fraternity eats." I hope, though, that our little, private "financial pressure" is at an end as *Iota's* "dude" and man of taste will soon be sent shopping. We have refrained from buying a new carpet for some time because Bro. Ballon (who is just on the verge, we think, of cracking a joke this week) is given to dancing jigs, to the music of Bro. Erwin's banjo after Fraternity meetings, and the result is quite disastrous.

The Chapter correspondent is sorry to have to make a bad report of Bro. Arbuckle, but I was informed through authentic means, down in the gymnasium, the other day that Bro. Arbuckle was "stuck on his own arms." He occupies a prominent position on the Magazine, however, and furnishes most of the jokes for the *locals*.

Bro. Jones, our best student and "calico man;" has already announced his intentions of "going out" one night next month, and he and Bro. Erwin have been discussing matrimony notwithstanding sophomore wrath. Our new man and only initiate for '93-'4 is quite popular with his class and the Professor of Chemistry. He was one of the junior orators at our intermediate celebration just passed and will make one of the toasts at the junior banquet.

At the closing meeting of Union Society before Christmas, Bro. McAllister was elected unanimously—a thing not on record before—to the Senior orator's medal. He was also elected a contestant for the inter-collegiate oratorship from Hampden-Sidney. Bro. Watkins is final president at the Union Society celebration, and is—decidedly the best looking man in the Chapter, according to the correspondent's opinion. Bro. Swineford is greatly given to his books—he reads one every day and two Sunday.

Athletics at Hampden-Sidney are steadily improving. A large number of the students have been taking the gymnasium regularly, and there is some talk of an entertainment soon. The athletic association has appointed May 20th as "field day."

MU.

For the past few months *Mu* has progressed finely. She has been in existence for several years, but we can confidently say that never before has she been just exactly as she now stands. Each Saturday night, as we all gather in some brother's room, cooking "pinders" and making the skin scarce on bananas and oranges, we wonder more and more how the world would feel without *Mu*ism.

Since the last letter appeared from *Mu*, our number has been increased by one. W. M. Thomson, of Anderson, S. C., is the lucky man. We number ten in all, now, and before long it may be eleven.

Mu regrets very much that her delegate did not arrive at the Convention. It was not our fault, nor yet do we suppose it was the delegate's. He started—and when he returned of course had a long story to tell about his failing to make connection at Charlotte, but we rather think his failing was his desire to make some other connections.

We are all very much pleased with the buttons adopted at the last Convention. Most of us purchased one, but

several did not, as they expect to buy the larger badge soon.

Our girl friends want to know why we did not get something a girl could wear.

NU.

We have just had a severe snow storm, and now we hear the shout of the boys as they hurl the balls at each other. This is all the rage now.

College life here has very little change to break its monotony. Occasionally a legal holiday intervenes, and it is enjoyed by all; then we go back to the prosaic reality of student's life.

Our Fraternity is getting along all right at present. Our men are all very sociably inclined, and the help drawn from each other in the way of daily contact is very great. Bro. Edwards, one of our ablest Seniors, now presides as President of the Preston Literary Society.

There is no news in College community now worth mentioning. I believe this may be a dot, though: About two weeks ago, two gentlemen from Columbia came up and organized a Chapter of *Kappa Sigma* here. There are seven charter members to our new sister. We extend a hearty welcome to her, and wish her all success at Wofford.

There is no news stirring as to the other Fraternities here. They seem to be pursuing the "even tenor of their way," slowly but surely. We have seven here now.

February 26, 1894.

RHO.

We are glad to announce that *Rho* has been on the alert since you last heard from us. On Nov. 16th our hearts were made glad as we met to see one of the most accomplished young men of Lebanon "ride the goat." "He did his best," but the rider maintained his equilibrium. We refer to Prof. A. G. Reichert, musical director for the Lebanon College for young ladies. Bro. Reichert's skill is known over many of the Southern States, and *Rho* is certainly proud of him.

The mystic rites were again performed on January 23rd,

1894, upon the person of Mr. W. K. Paston, son of the late Hon. W. F. Paston, of Memphis, Tenn. He has been attending the Vanderbilt Training School, Elkton, Ky., and has now entered the Law Department of Cumberland University. We predict for him a bright future. He was regarded as one of the best speakers of the institution from which he came, for he opened the annual debate last year with the ease and fluency of one practiced at the bar.

On January 25th, 1894, we again opened our arms to welcome Mr. R. T. Russell, of Gaylesville, Ala. He is known among the ladies, as well as recognized as one of the leaders in the Junior Literary Class. These make our roll number fourteen.

So we are alive, and trying to advance the cause of *Π. K. A.*

We were sorry our delegate could not attend the Convention, but we enjoyed reading the last number of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, which told very minutely of the action of the Convention. It was a great day for *Π. K. A.*, when they were assembled at Richmond. She will feel the impetus of the Convention to the end of every nerve.

Bro. Mattox has charge of Shelbyville C. P. Church. We know him well enough to know that he is capable of filling that pulpit, and much higher ones.

Bro. Bigger is our prospect for some "Big" professorship. He and Bro. Crawford will graduate from the Literary Department next June. Also Bros. Arnett and Lyles will receive their diplomas from the Theological School.

On January 11 we had the pleasure of welcoming back to our Fraternity Bro. Hogan, who will also graduate from the Literary in June. He has been out of school for a year, and not only the *Π*'s, but all the citizens of Lebanon are glad to have him again in their midst. He is supplying the Church at Spring Hill.

We are in great hopes of the extension work for 1894. We hope that not only many of the active Chapters will be revived, but that Alumni Chapters will be founded, so that we shall be able to go to the next Annual Convention much stronger and with more spirit for the cause, *if possible.*

We hope to see our boundaries widen and our territories broaden, until every hamlet in our beautiful Southland shall contain a loyal *Π.*

ALUMNUS BETA.

To say that *Alumnus Beta* Chapter was pleased with the work of the Convention, as reported in the columns of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND for January, would in no way express our appreciation of the good work done by the Brothers who made up the 6th Annual Convention of our grand Order.

We desire as a Chapter, to extend our heartfelt thanks to each Brother who was at the Convention, for we feel satisfied that *Π. K. A.* shall receive great blessings this year through their work as done at Richmond.

To the C. P. Grand Secretary, and Grand Treasurer, who is also the able editor of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, we wish to express our appreciation in a special manner, for the grand and noble way in which they have devoted their time, talents, yes, and finances also, for time is money with business men as they are, for the advancement of everything which they saw would redown to the honor and glory of our Fraternity, during the year of 1893; and we pledge ourselves to stand by them in their work throughout the present year, and hope to be able to be of service to them, in matters of finances, Chapter extension, and literary work.

Our greatest regret is that we were not represented in the Convention, but the year of 1893 was one, which was marked by a stringency of funds, and a depression in the money market not surpassed, if equaled by the panic of 1837; this depression was felt, naturally, more by the Alumni, than by the Active men, and consequently many of the Alumni could not do for the Fraternity what they would have done.

Since *Alumnus Beta* was not represented at the Convention, we wish to express our approval of some few things done, in detail.

1st. The Constitution; the revision of the Constitution, and the inserting of a set of degrees, will we believe, meet with favor from every member of the Fraternity, both Active and Alumnus; a desire to attain these degrees, will be an incentive to more work from each and every one; while the having of both a public and a private Chapter Constitution, will prove great drawing cards for new members; for from experience we know that prospective members, have a desire to know something of the nature of the laws of a society, before enlisting in its ranks.

We will be pleased to have a copy of the Revised Constitution furnished, in time for our next meeting, so that we can freely discuss its contents.

2nd. The adoption of a Fraternity Button, is a move in the right direction; the wearing of one of our badges by a business man, is somewhat inconvenient, but a button on the lapel of the coat is very convenient, as well as fashionable, for we find this custon prevailing among many of the secret Orders of our day.

3rd. The election of two more "Grand Officers," though as yet we know not their duties, pleases us in a peculiar manner; for as *Alumnus Beta*, is composed largely of *Theta* men, she delights to see her members elected to these important offices, and especially so, since Bros. Brimm and Rice, have both been at the helm, and safely landed us over many a stormy sea.

The reports of the Grand Officers, need special commendation, for they show diligent work in preserving the data of the Fraternity.

Two slight mistakes, (typographical I suppose) occurred in the Grand Secretary's Report. *Alumnus Beta* was established at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, and not in Nashville as was stated; and Brother William C. Smith is a resident of Jackson, Miss., not of Tenn.

Alumnus Beta, at her meeting in December, adopted the plan of semi-annual meetings, as used by *Alumnus Alpha* this we believe is the better plan as business cannot always be laid aside for our meetings. In this way we hope to make it convenient for all members to be present at the two meetings.

Our next meeting will be held (D. V.) at 8 P. M., on the night of June 15th, at the office of Bro. M. H. Hunt, basement floor of No. 20 Madison St., Memphis, Tenn.

This will be two days after the closing of South Western Presbyterian University at Clarksville, and we earnestly desire that every *Π* in the Southwest that can do so will meet with us.

We especially invite the Active members of *Theta* Chapter, and all Alumni who shall visit Clarksville for Commencement, to be with us, as 'twill be very convenient for them, and we desire to have a big meeting; perhaps if enough of you come, we may show you what is meant in *Theta's* vocabulary, by a "Big Eat."

We herewith append a problem; "If the years '92 and '93 raised the ranks of *Π. K. A.* from 3 Active, to 11 Active and 4 Alumnus Chapters, what force must be expended to increase the number to 20 Active and 10 Alumnus Chapters before the Convention of 1894 meets?" Address all answers to SHIELD AND DIAMOND for publication in the May issue.

F. D. Smyth.

The Pi's.

PERSONAL NOTES CONCERNING OUR MEMBERS.

In order to make this department more complete and interesting, each member is earnestly requested to forward promptly to J. T. McALLISTER, Box 22, WARM SPRINGS, VA., any item of news concerning a brother member, which may come under his notice. If the item appears in a newspaper, clip it out, paste on a postal and forward.

—When Chas. T. O'Ferral was inducted into the Governors seat of the Old Dominion, a vacancy occurred in the Congressional District which he had represented for a number of years. The Convention to nominate his successor was held at Harrisonburg, Va. Brother T. S. L. Basore, *Iota*, of Broadway was there, trying to secure the nomination of S. S. Turner, and Brother John W. Fishburne, *Alpha*, of Charlottesville was also a delegate and working for the nomination of his law partner, Micajah Woods, Esq. The fight was a long one, and resulted in a victory for Brother Basore's man.

—Brother R. M. Hughes, *Gamma*, of Norfolk, is the President of the Alumni Association of Williams and Mary College.

—Brother B. B. Munford, *Gamma*, is on the Board of Visitors of the same institution.

—Bro. Thos. Atkinson, *Alpha*, has lately taken charge of an Episcopal Church in the City of Baltimore. His address is 624 W. Biddle St.

—Bro. J. G. Maloy, *Alpha*, has turned up again in a fresh place. This time he is Assistant Engineer on the P. C. C. & St L. Railroad, with headquarters at Pittsburg, Pa. His home address is 201 Dinwiddie St., in that city.

—T. N. Reade, *Iota*, and afterwards of *Alpha*, is practicing law in Newcastle, Craig County, Virginia. He is a partner of Hon. Jas. M Marshall, member of Congress from that district, better known as "Cyclone Jim."

—Of Brother John L. Cochran, *Alpha*, the Charlottesville *Daily Progress* says:

A MERITED HONOR.—Mr. John L. Cochran, Jr. of this city, a few days ago received notice of his being elected an honorary member of the board of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art Corporation. This organization is composed of the leading textile manufacturers of the North, whose aim it is to advance the manufacturing of textile materials in this country. This is quite an honor they have conferred upon our young citizen. He is the youngest member in their organization.

—*H. K. A.* is well represented in the present Legislature of Virginia. In the Senate she has Hon. J. Allston Cabell, *Alpha*, of Richmond, and in the House of Representatives, Hon. Randolph Harrison, *Epsilon*, of Lynchburgh, and Hon. Thomas Russell, *Alpha*, of Accomack.

—Bro. C. C. Price, one of the charter members of *Pi* Chapter, is studying medicine in Richmond, Virginia.

—Bro. L. T. D. Quinby, *Alpha*, is practicing law with his father at Onancock, Va., under the style and firm name of Quinby & Quinby. His father and mother are spending the winter in the Bermudas the West Indies, and this gives "Teakle" something to do.

—Bro. F. M. Magruder, *Iota* and *Alpha*, is successfully conducting a large farm near Charlottesville in Albemarle Co., Va.

—Bro. Wm. Basore, *Iota*, is a Professor in a Male Academy in Lewisburgh, W. Va.

—Bro. F. D. Smyth, *Iota*, is Principal of a large school at Readyville, Tenn. In a recent letter he said that he devoured the last number of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND quite as eagerly as the delegates did that Convention Banquet. He also added, "that nothing, barring a stroke of matrimony would prevent him from attending the next Convention."

—A rather curious case is that of Hon. Sidney Smith of Williamsburg. He is listed in our catalogue as a *Π*. About two years ago Bro. Chas. Washington Coleman wrote to the Grand Secretary asking that Smith's name be erased, as he, Smith, said he was not a member of *Π. K. A.* At the last Convention the matter was mentioned, and Bro. Floyd Hughes, there maintains that Mr. Smith is a *Π* and an initiate of *Gamma.* Some are born great—but this seems to be a case in which greatness is thrust upon a man, and so we have dropped Mr. Smith's name.

—Brother Thomas H. Wilcox, *Epsilon*, who has been practicing law in Norfolk, Va., has recently had a new honor conferred upon him. The correspondent of the *Richmond Times* says in his letter of Feb. 15th, 1894: "The bar at Norfolk at a meeting to-night, with W. H. White in the chair and eighty-seven members present, endorsed T. H. Wilcox for Corporation Judge of Norfolk City and will recommend him to the Legislature." Later, we note that Bro. Wilcox has been *elected* by the Legislature as Corporation Judge. We congratulate you Bro. Wilcox.

—Bro. J. N. Crute, *Epsilon*, is Judge of the County Court of Prince Edward County, Va.

—Bro Archie R. Heflin, *Epsilon*, was for many years Judge of Giles County Court, Va.

—We note in a list of "Winners of Honors" at the South Carolina College, Columbia, S C., the home of our *Xi* Chapter the following: "The honor list is necessarily small, for in order for a student's name to appear thereon he must make an average grade of 75 out of a possible 100, on all his studies." 'Highly Distinguished' means an average of *95 and over on all studies* and 'Distinguished' means an average of 80." The list is then given below. In the Junior Class, Bro. W. Gordon Belser is the only one attaining the grade of "Highly Distinguished." This makes Bro. Belser's second year at the College, and last year his rank for the entire year was "Highly Distinguished." He is said to have made the best average ever made at this college, *Xi*, and the *Π*'s of South Carolina are justly proud of him. In the law course Bro. E. F. Strother is ranked as "Distinguished."

—Bro E. E. Stone, *Zeta* and *Sigma*, is studying medicine at the Medical College in Louisville, Ky.

—The firm of Hunt & Hunt, Insurance Agents, has been dissolved. Bro. M. H. Hunt, *Theta*, has associated with him Mr. George Storm, and will carry on the business at the same stand, under the firm name of Hunt & Storm.

—Bro. Embry M. Holmes, *Theta*, recently of Kansas City, Mo., where he was Superintendent of the *Kansas City Times*, has gone to Central America, with a view of investing in rubber lands in that country.

—Bro. P H. Thompson, *Theta*, is now soliciting agent for the Germania Life Insurance Company of New York, and has moved to 34 Madison street. Bro. Thompson lost a fine library in the fire which destroyed the Athletic Club building, in Memphis. He was a member of this Club, and had handsomely furnished rooms in the building.

—Rev. W. C. Alexander, *Iota*, of Mt. Airy, who has been supplying the Church at Madison for the past three months, has just closed a protracted meeting there. It was a time of refreshing to Christians, and there were also twelve public professions of faith in Christ.

FRATERNITY.

To find with sudden light a thousand friends
  Where all alone we walked before, and feel
  That there are others watching for our weal
And others who would help us to our ends;
All through the knowledge of some mystic signs
  And words that in an alien's ear would seem
  Strange as the thoughtless murmurs of a dream;
To know beyond our college-day confines
  Doth brotherhood like this its arms extend,
  And that through life where'er our path may wend
In foreign climes, on every land and sea,
  Though all unknown, one little mystic sign
  Tells that the heart beneath beats one with thine
Where'er we be, whate'er;—such is Fraternity.

Alpha Tau Omega Palm.

Songs.

The following have been sent to the Committee in charge of collecting Songs for our Fraternity.

THE GARNET AND OLD GOLD.

(*C. M.*)

Now once again we'll rally boys,
And to the world unfold;
That banner whence comes all our joys,
The Garnet and Old Gold.

Her record has been ever bright,
And on it we dare hold,
The strongest and the brightest light
The Garnet and Old Gold.

Her furls unto the breeze she'll give,
To-day just as of old
Her name, her fame shall ever live
The Garnet and Old Gold.

Upon the highest college walls,
All Grecians shall behold;
A flag to rise, which never falls
The Garnet and Old Gold.

Then rally boys and there shall float,
This banner brave and bold,
From every Southern College fort,
The Garnet and Old Gold.

F. D. Smyth.

Dedicated to Fraternity for P. K. A. Songs and Ballads.

PI KAPPA ALPHA SONG.

Let us raise, brothers, our strains sweetly flowing
Let the sweet incense of love, and of zeal,
Rise at the shrine of our Brotherhood showing
Deeper than words the devotion we feel.
Meet the hearty grasp of hands,
Token of holiest bands
Ever round hearts twined with brotherly love,
Then for what most we prize,
Let the glad notes arise,
Pi Kappa Alpha her flag flaunt above.

Whilst our hearts swell with youth's bouyant fancies,
Whilst the world cools down our mind with the strife,
Till the last sunbeam of old age scare dances,
Over the waves of the ocean of life,
Let us in our zeal ne'er flag,
Ne'er in the devotion lag
Which to our Fraternity ever is due,
Heart e'er to heart responds,
Long last our sacred bonds,
Pi Kappa Alpha, united and true.

Note.—Air: "Hail to the Chief." The above song was composed for the Convention of our Fraternity which was held at Yellow Sulpher Springs, Virginia, in 1876. And was written *from memory* by Dr. Wm. Nelson *15 years afterwards* at the Convention held at Danville, December 27th, 1891.

WORK FOR P. K. A.

Once more are Brothers gathered here,
On this our festal day;
So let us now our vows renew.
To work for *Π. K. Α.*

How great the blessings we enjoy,—
How many pleasures may
Each Brother have, if he'll but do
Some work for *Π. K. Α.*

Our symbols to the world we'll show,
Pure as the flowers of May;
To keep our banner floating high,
We'll work for *H. K. A.*

We, Brothers of the triple bond,
Have entered in the fray;
And victory shall crown our arms
Through work for *H. K. A.*

And let us each make this resolve,
That, as to Him we pray,
Our lives to spare, we unto death
Will work for *H. K. A.*

F. D. Smyth.

Official Communications.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE GRAND HIGH COUNCILOR.

To the Delegates and Brothers who composed the Sixth Annual Convention of *Π. K. A.* Fraternity, and through them them to the Fraternity at large, of which they were the exponents, it becomes my pleasure to acknowledge the honor they have conferred upon me in electing me to the position of Grand High Councilor, and to signify my acceptance of the office. There is perhaps no pain greater than that occasioned by the lack of esteem and consideration from those we honor and love. To be disregarded and ignored by such, inflicts a wound that rankles and smarts, and rarely heals. On the other hand, no honor can be esteemed so highly as recognition, praise and honor bestowed by those that are loved. It produces a thrill of pleasure that will not soon die. The greater the love entertained, the greater the joy experienced. That I love *Π. K. A.*, and love her greatly, no *Π.*, I suppose, has any question, and so this honor has been esteemed in that proportion. I love my Fraternity because I believe she has conferred many and permanent benefits upon me. I love her because I believe she is a power for unmeasured good to any man who espouses her and cherishes her zealously. I love her because I believe she is a power that makes for true nobility in any Institution, where she makes her abode. I love her because I believe she has wielded an influence, silent but incalculable, upon our State and Church. I love her because I believe she contains in herself the *potency* for vast and permanent good to our land. I regard her as yet but in her infancy, or youth at best, with a potency for good and wholesome influence, palpable, but by no means fully developed. To draw out, develop, strengthen and solidify the

elements of character with which she is endowed, is our present responsible task, and to be connected, in an official way, with this work, is indeed an honor, and no mean one. As I have devoted thought, energy, time and means to this end in the past, I shall in the future continue to do so, so far as my ability permits. If I believed that the Fraternity were a piece of College Regalia, to be worn while at College because fashionable, and discarded and forgotten when the College is abandoned, then I could not bestow any further attention upon it. But it is not so, to many, and should not be so to any. The sooner it ceases to be regarded so, and the idea that it is but a College fancy is completely eradicated from the minds of any and all, the better, and the more certain is *Π. Κ. Α.* to reach the destiny in her grasp. The Convention of 1894 was a long stride forward in several particulars, and all, Alumni and Active, should regard it as somewhat of a rejuvenation, and work it now for all that its potentiality is worth. Oh! if we could only once get entire concert of action, and a vigorous shoulder-to-shoulder move forward, what we could accomplish! Let us do so for once, Brothers. No *Π* needs to be told the various ways in which he can help his Fraternity forward. Let each resolve in some way to do so till next Convention, and see what will be the aggregate result. Bro. A., Bro. B., I promise to do my part, will you not make and keep the same promise.

Yours in the Bonds,

D. J. Brimm,
Grand High Councilor.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE COUNCILOR PRINCEPS.

To the Grand Council of the Π. Α. Κ. Fraternity: In accepting again the office you have bestowed upon me, allow me to define for you the work that must be done for the Fraternity during the months to come.

Brothers, I can but repeat what has often been said:

1. *We must have more active Chapters.* Our first duty to our Fraternity is to strengthen her Chapter roll.

I call on each of you now to stand by me in the work, to do something to help us lift the "Old Gold and Garnet" in the many high-grade institutions in the South, where our Fraternity has never gained entrance. Can we do it? Certainly we can. Haven't we Chapters at the University of

Virginia, Vanderbilt University and the very best Colleges of the South? We are *young*, *strong*, *growing*, and can look at our wonderful record of the past three years with pride. From two Chapters to fifteen in three years, and going to stop?

No, we *Π*'s are not made of that stuff.

But you say, tell us how to begin the work. I urge you with all the zeal of one who can see the unrealized possibilities of *Π. K. Φ's* rapid growth, to place before yourselves some definite plan of action.

As councilmen I appeal to you on the ground of duty. Don't leave your several colleges, or settle down in your several lines of business without one thought of the duty you owe your Fraternity. You are councilmen for a *purpose.*

Don't depend on private members to establish Chapters. Read *your duty* and then take some *definite* plan of action. To be practical, select some institution and never give up until you have a Chapter established.

Send me the names of your friends and I shall give them full information. This is necessary that we may avoid trouble. We must all work along the same line. Give me your co-operation, brothers, and we shall have five new Chapters in as many months.

I wish you all could feel as I do, that the crisis of our Fraternity has been reached. We must act *now.*

2. Our Alumni Chapters are such real benefits to our Order that we feel that we must widen their influence by increasing their numbers. I therefore urge you to direct your efforts to the establishment of Alumni Chapters.

Wont you help me to induce the brothers at these places to establish Chapters? What centres of *Π* influence if they had organized Chapters.

Brothers, do you enter into the spirit of the work? If you do we shall win glorious success.

I now thank you for the honor you again confer on me, and rely on you for sympathy and co-oporation. Yours faithfully in *Φ. Φ. K. Φ.* *H. B. Arbuckle, C. P.*

Tallahassee, Fla., February 27, 1894.

ACCEPTANCE OF GRAND CHAPLAIN.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., March 12, 1894.

To the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity ;—

MY DEAR BROTHERS :—Having been apprized of the fact that your last Convention, held in Richmond, Va., tendered me by unanimous vote the office of Grand Chaplain of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, I hereby signify my acceptance of the same.

Permit me to convey my cordial appreciation of the confidence your vote expressed, and to invoke upon you, one and all, the blessing of God.

Your brother in the bonds,

Theron H. Rice, Jr., Grand Chaplain.

" *Longum Iter Est Per Praecepta*
Bravo Et Efficox Per Exempla."—*Seneca.*

SHE had asked me
Would I help her
With her Latin,
'Twas so hard !
Would I help her
Conjugate that
Mean irregular
Old word
Disco. She just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while !
Pretty lips so
Near so tempting
Tended strongly
To beguile :
Thought I'd teach her
By example.
Didicissem ?
I should smile !

J. W. S. in "The University Herald."

Editorial.

Twenty-six years ago, the first of this month, witnessed the organization of our beloved Fraternity, born of a friendship begun during the mighty struggle between the States.

These comrades of war, when peace was declared, and the country had settled down into its accustomed quiet, met each other at the University of Virginia, where they formed part of the army of students seeking for an education. Wishing to draw closer the ties which bound them together, these friends determined to establish a Fraternity.

Born so soon after the struggle of South against North, Pi Kappa Alpha was infused with that devotion to the "Lost Cause" so natural to her founders, and this has made her ever since, distinctively, a Southern Fraternity.

Her career has been one of unusual misfortune, under the repeated blows of which she has approached nigh unto death.

At the height of her early glory, the majority of the colleges where she was represented passed strong anti-fraternity laws, which caused her the loss of all but two Chapters.

Tossed about upon the seas, the horizon dark with the storm clouds surrounding it, the frail bark still kept afloat, though sorely pressed and broken.

Suddenly there appeared a ray of light to encourage the weary mariners, and soon the dawn of a glorious awakening broke upon those who had stood bravely by the old ship.

Now she floats in seas whose waves, though strong and mighty, do not beat upon her so heavily, and her clouds are tinged with the rosy hues of promise; the winds have

calmed into a breeze of helpful strength, and before her gleams the harbor of assured success, into which her pilots must steer her safely, and her sailors must stand by to obey all orders, and aid with all their strength.

We are in the spring time of our career. The time when all nature is colored with her gorgeous morn, and awakens from the long winter's sleep. When the birds are twittering and singing in gladsome joy; when the leaves and new limbs are beginning to grow; when all that is to be, in the full grown summer, makes now its start, begins now its growth.

As we herald the general awakening of our members, the new interest which now fills their breasts and makes them active and earnest for the work, there comes to us the thought: What fruits shall we bear when the summer of Pi Kappa Alpha's career shall come?

What new growth shall be ours? What are we doing to gain new branches; to blossom out in fertile places where never yet has the banner of *old gold and garnet*, flung its folds to the balmy breezes of our sunny land, or gloried in its warm and loving atmosphere?

The seeds of Pi Kappa Alpha were sown with careful and loving hands; she was planted on a firm foundation which will always give her support.

What are we doing to aid the tiny shoots which these seeds are sending up into the light, so that when the summer comes they may wave in strength and beauty over the field, and defy the blasts of the wintry winds to follow.

If we aid not these shoots, we cannot expect them to bear us fruit; we cannot hope for their continued life.

All around us lie the colleges, which promise us safe homes for our Chapters; which open their arms to receive us. What are we doing to gain a foothold in them for Pi Kappa Alpha?

There are many efforts now being started to gain entrance

into these colleges, but they need more substantial aid from our Alumni, a more united effort to make them successful.

This is work in which we need the help of every member of Pi Kappa Alpha; a work to which we must turn our entire attention for the time being, and to which we should bend all our energies.

We want a large increase in our Chapter roll, and we need the united help of all the members to gain this end.

Now that we have reached the height from whose summit we can gaze upon the promised land, the land rich with a ripening harvest, a land which invites us to enter and attain a permanent success, let us not turn backward, but press manfully onward to work that calls us on.

Can we not double our Chapter roll within the next year or two?

There are standard colleges enough in our balmy land to give us triple our present number of Chapters. We want no Chapters, however, in colleges unless they are standard.

Shall we not then each one select some college on which to exert all our efforts? Then when another March comes round we shall have gained a foot-hold in many more colleges.

Let "Onward go" our motto, be proven to the world.

Let us not, however, work to place Chapters promiscuously and hastily in order to increase our numerical strength, irrespective of all else.

Careful judgment must be used in selecting a home for our Chapters and even more care in choosing its members.

In these pages we publish this month, two articles, designed especially to bear upon this editorial.

One of these articles is on "Conservatism." the other "The Eligibility of a Member."

Careful reading of these articles by our members is earnestly requested. In them will be found sound advice and a standard which if we always keep before us in selecting our

colleges and our men, ours will indeed be a steady step forward, with never a backward move.

Let us then buckle on the armor and prepare for the fray, and when the New Year shall summon us to account, we shall come bearing many and profitable fruits.

What noble work was done at the Convention of 1893! What an impetus was then given to the Fraternity. If each member will only aid, and give his individual push to it, it will sweep like a tidal wave from shore to shore.

Long have we needed a new Constitution, one better suited to our needs, one which being in print could be read and known by all our members.

The Constitution adopted at this Convention will we think, be found to contain guidance and help for every emergency which may arise.

In the change which the new Constitution makes in the form of government we find a much needed improvement, one which will at once commend itself to all.

This change places the control of the affairs in the hands of the Councilor Princeps, Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary, the Active Grand Officers. Appeal from their decision to be taken before the Grand Council.

Thus any matter can be settled with much greater dispatch than when the members of the entire Grand Council had each to vote on it.

In the Secret Constitution we will also find many changes which will prove themselves acceptable.

All members should at once obtain copies of the Constitution from the Grand Treasurer's office and be familiar with the rules by which the Order is to be governed.

We had hoped that our continual appeals to the Chapter Correspondents with reference to having good letters from their Chapters in each number of the Magazine would have produced some permanent results.

We are again disappointed, however, this month, and are forced to publish the Magazine with very few Chapter letters.

In the early part of the year the Editor sent to each Chapter a carefully prepared set of instructions for the correspondents. In this we set forth the importance of having a letter from each Chapter in every Magazine. We also gave an idea of the kind of letter which we thought would prove most interesting to the readers.

We do not see why it is that the Chapters are so inactive in this matter, and why they do not see that their Correspondent sends in a letter to each issue.

It seems to us that it would be a matter of pride to the Chapters that they should have a good letter in each Magazine. That they should see that this letter is written and sent promptly to the Magazine, is the duty of the whole Chapter.

The letter is a Chapter letter, and not an individual one. It represents the Chapter, and is designed to show the life of the Chapter, and to chronicle events of interest transpiring within its fold, or within its province.

Not to have a letter in the Magazine argues that the Chapter has no life, and that it is a dead organization, with no interest in itself or for itself.

The Correspondent should, therefore, be made by his Chapter to send a letter for each number, either writing it himself or having it written, and should be held accountable for the non-appearance of a letter in the Magazine and punished by a fine.

The Correspondent on his part should endeavor to have his letter as interesting and as complete as possible, containing a full account of his Chapter's life for the two months, and also a mention of all events of importance in connection with the College.

It should be a pleasure, not an irksome duty, to write these letters, and those performing the task should do it to the best of their ability, trying to make their letter better than the others.

Will not the Chapters take hold of this matter now, and let us see if we cannot have our Chapter Letter Department well filled every issue?

Let every Chapter have a good letter in the next issue. These letters must be in by April 30th.

FRANK NIERNSEE,
Arch't & Sanitary Eng.

A. G. LAMOTTE,
Architect. (π)

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IN EFFECT AUGUST 21, 1893.

NORTH BOUND. Daily Except Sunday.	No. 1.
Leave Charleston	7.15 A. M.
" Pregnall's	8.40 A. M.
" Sumter	10.47 A. M.
" Darlington	12.05 P. M.
" Bennettsville	12.56 P. M.
" Gibson	1.20 P. M.
Arrive Hamlet	1.47 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND. Daily except Sunday.	No. 2.
Arrive Hamlet	2.30 P. M.
" Gibson	2.57 P. M.
" Bennettsville	3.21 P. M.
" Darlington	4.12 P. M.
" Sumter	5.27 P. M.
" Pregnall's	7.27 P. M.
" Charleston	8.45 P. M.

Connection is made at Hamlet for all points on or reached by the Seaboard Line at Bennettsville for all points on C. F. and Y. V., and at Pregnall's with South Carolina Railway for all points on that road and on Georgia Railroad.

C. MILLARD,
Superintendent.

"A titled lord,
A maid with cash,
A gay resort,
A double mash,
A nuptial day,
A foreign port,
A broken heart,
A case in Court."

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In effect November 20th, 1893.

Via Yemassee and C. & S. R. R.

City time.	No. 1 daily.	No. 3 daily.	*No. 9.
Lv Augusta	6.50 a. m.	3.00 p. m.	4 45 p. m.
Ar Allendale.	8.26 a. m.	5.00 p. m.	7.38 p. m.
Ar P't Royal	10.52 a. m.	7.35 p. m.	.....
Ar Savannah	10.27 a. m.	7.20 p. m.	.....
Ar Charl'ton	12.12 noon.	8.35 p. m.	.....

	No. 2 daily.	No. 4 daily.	*No. 10.
Lv Charl'ton	7.20 a. m.	3.50 p. m.	.....
Lv Savannah	6.40 a. m.	3.25 p. m.	.....
Lv P't Royal	8.30 a. m.	3.05 p. m.	.....
Lv Allen'le	10.55 a. m.	7.45 p. m.	8.21 a. m.
Ar Augusta	12.50 noon	9.30 p. m.	11.05 a. m.

Via Fairfax and S. B. R. R.

	No. 1 daily.	No. 2 daily.
Lv Augusta	6.50 a. m.	3.00 p. m.
Ar Savannah	10.05 a. m.	8.00 p. m.
Ar Columbia	10.10 a. m.	8.50 p. m.

	No. 2 daily.	No 4 daily.
Lv Columbia	5.15 a. m.	3.20 p. m.
Lv Savannah	6.00 a. m.	4.10 p. m.
Ar Augusta	12.50 noon.	9.30 p. m.

Via Allendale and C, M. R. R.

	No. 1 daily.	No. 3 daily.	*No. 9.
Lv Allen'ale	11.00 a. m.	7.50 p. m.	8.35 a. m.
Ar Barn'ell	11.42 a. m.	8.29 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Ar Black'le	12.03 p. m.	8.50 p. m.	10.45 a. m.

	No. 2 daily.	No. 4 daily.	*No. 10.
Lv Black'le	7.18 a. m.	3.10 p. m.	6.48 p. m.
Lv Barn'ell	7.42 a. m.	4.17 p. m.	7.35 p. m.
Ar Allen'ale	8.25 a. m.	5.05 p. m.	9.22 p. m.

*Daily except Sundays.

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IN EFFECT DECEMBER 3rd, 1893.

NORTH BOUND.	No. 2 Daily Except Sunday	SOUTH BOUND.	No. 1 Daily Except Sunday
Leave Wilmington	7.00 A M	Leave Mt Airy	9.45 A M
Arrive Fayetteville	10.10 "	Leave Rural Hall	11.06 "
Leave Fayetteville	10.27 "	Arrive Walnut Cove	11.35 "
Leave Fayetteville Junction	10.30 "	Leave Walnut Cove	11.45 "
Leave Sanford	11.48 "	Leave Stokesdale	12.06 P M
Leave Climax	1.43 P M	Arrive Greensboro	12.52 "
Arrive Greensboro	2.15 "	Leave Greensboro	12.59 "
Leave Greensboro	2.55 "	Leave Climax	1.27 "
Leave Stokesdale	3.48 "	Leave Sanford	3.12 "
Arrive Walnut Cove	4.20 "	Arrive Fayetteville Junction	4.25 "
Leave Walnut Cove	4.33 "	Arrive Fayetteville	4.30 "
Leave Rural Hall	5.01 "	Leave Fayetteville	4.45 "
Arrive Mt Airy	6.25 "	Arrive Wilmington	7.55 "

	No. 4. Daily, Except Sunday		No. 3. Daily Except Sunday
Leave Bennettsville	6.25 A M	Leave Fayetteville	4.50 P M
Leave Maxton	7 37 "	Leave HopeMills	5.13 "
Leave Red Springs	8.17 "	Leave Red Springs	6.08 "
Leave Hope Mills	9.12 "	Leave Maxton	6.47 "
Arrive Fayetteville	0.35 "	Arrive Bennettsville	8.00 "

	No. 16 MIXED, Daily except Sunday.		NO. 15. MIXED. Daily except Sunday.
Leave Ramseur	6.50 A M	Leave Madison	12.30 P M
Leave Climax	8.40 "	Leave Stokesdale	1.05 "
Arrive Greensboro	9.25 "	Arrive Greensboro	2.35 "
Leave Greensboro	9.40 "	Leave Greensboro	3.00 "
Leave Stokesdale	11 00 "	Leave Climax	3.55 "
Arrive Madison	11.50 "	Arrive Ramseur	5.35 "

Trains No. 2 and 4 make close connection at Fayettville Junction with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points and at Walnut Cove with N. & W. System for Winston-Salem.

Train No. 16 connects at Madison with N. & W. for Roanoke and points West.

Train No. 1 makes close connection at Fayetteville Junction with Atlantic Coast Line for Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, and all points South.

Junction points at Maxton with S. A. L., at Bennettsville with C. S. & N. R. R., at Sanford with S. A. S., at Greensboro with the Richmond and Danville System.

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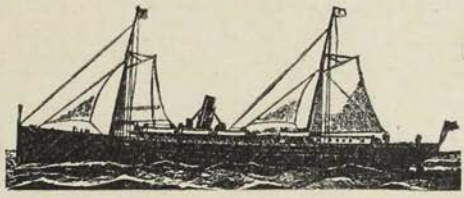

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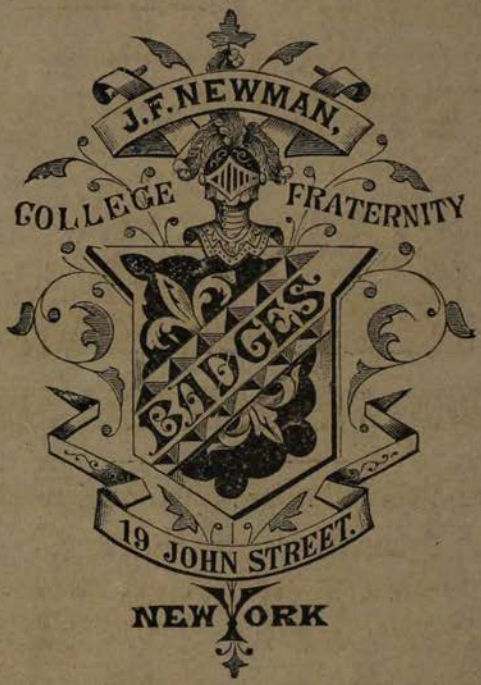

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A PLAIN STATEMENT.

GENERAL OFFICE OF THE FRATERNITY,
CHARLESTON, S. C., April 16th, 1894.

To the Members of the
PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY,
Greeting:

The delay in mailing the March SHIELD AND DIAMOND was caused by the utter lack of financial support accorded the Fraternity and its Magazine.

According to the "Caufield Pledge" over $200.00 was pledged to be paid on March 1st, and about the same amount on September 1st.

In undertaking our work for the coming year our printers asked that dates be specified on which their bills would be paid. Naturally the above mentioned dates were given them, as the money was pledged to be paid to the Grand Treasurer at these times, who in turn pledged the printers that on these days *they* would be paid.

Having notified the delegates at the Richmond Convention of the above arrangement, and having written the same to all signers of the "Caufield Pledge," and having sent out 180 notices to subscribers as to renewals, the Grand Treasurer confidently expected to receive the money due, on March 1st, and be able to cancel our debt to the printers promptly at the dates mentioned.

Great was the disappointment, however, when the 10th of March arrived and *not one cent* had been received. The March Magazine was partially in type and upon the failure to pay the printers as pledged, they very justly refused to do any further work until the money was forthcoming.

Upon this the Grand Treasurer wrote to the Grand Secretary, Bro. J. T. McAllister, on March 13th, giving him a

statement in full of the entire matter and asking for advice in this trying hour.

Upon his advice a copy of the letter was sent to each Chapter in which the above facts were stated, and also that unless the Magazine was mailed by March 30th, our right to second class rates was forfeited, and that the entire blame would lie at the door of the Chapters for their inactivity.

The Grand Treasurer then wrote to the Alumni at Memphis, Richmond and in Texas, and they accorded a generous response which enabled a small portion of the debt to be paid the printers; upon receiving which they have completed the March SHIELD AND DIAMOND. The Chapters paid no attention to the matter at all.

As the March Magazine was printed, the Grand Treasurer mailed it to the members of the Fraternity, upon the advice of the Grand High Councilor, and now makes them a plain statement of the affairs of the Fraternity.

The Grand Treasurer, in the name of the other Officers, now makes this last appeal to the Alumni, and especially to the Chapter members, to ascertain if they are willing that we shall give up our efforts, now when victory is in our grasp and the cup of pleasure is at our lips.

Let us keep the Magazine alive until the next Convention, at any rate, and then at its sessions let us arrange matters so that this trouble may hereafter be avoided.

Let every member who receives this letter, or sees it, *at once* send his $2.00 for his subscription to the SHIELD AND DIAMOND for this year, and to this add 25 cents for a copy of the Constitution, which should be in the hands of every *Π*, Chapter member or Alumni.

If the members do not heed this call, *at once*, then truly is all lost, for we cannot now assemble ourselves together to take action for the future management of the financial affairs of our Order. Whereas can we but tide us over until next December, the Convention will then arrange this matter once and for all, either one way or the other, and in the future, if we go on with the work, we shall not have these continued financial difficulties.

To the Chapters especially this last appeal for the fulfilment

of their pledges, is directed. They can easily raise the money now due ($12.50) if they will, and therefore on them rests the greater part of the responsibility, for to them we naturally look for the most active support.

Prompt action must be taken, for the time is now approaching for the publishing of the May number of the Magazine, and a large amount is still due the printers, which must be paid ere they will do more work.

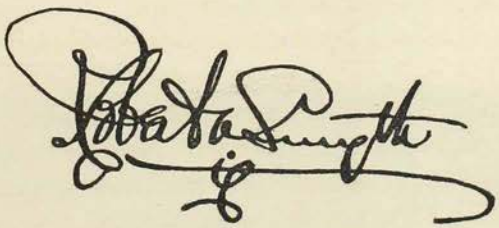
If response is not given to this last appeal *within ten days*, then will the Grand Treasurer be forced to cease any further efforts and direct his labors to raise money to pay the debts of the Fraternity, *for which he must stand personally responsible*, with such assistance as the other Officers will give him.

Surely as Southern men, as men of honor, as *Π*'s, you cannot let the Grand Officers pay this debt themselves, after the four years of earnest work they have given you?

We ask you, not for a gift, not for a contribution, but simply for your subscription to the SHIELD AND DIAMOND and the Constitution. You will receive full value for your money.

Will you not respond promptly?

Respectfully submitted.



Grand Treasurer.

Approved and recommended to the earnest attention of the Fraternity.

D. J. BRIMM,
Grand High Councilor.

H. B. ARBUCKLE,
Councilor Princeps.

J. T. McALLISTER,
Grand Secretary.