

The Shield and Diamond.



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ROBERT A. SMYTH, MANAGING EDITOR.

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The Shield AND Diamond.

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The Shield and Diamond.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1896.

No. 3.

HOME.

I care not where the place may be,
In desert dry, or mountain high,
Or Island of the sea ;
If love is there, the balm for care,
'Tis home for me, 'tis home for me.

I care not what the place may be,
A house of stone, a cottage lone,
Or hovel tho' it be ;
If loved ones dwell therein—ah well !
'Tis home for me. 'tis home for me.

I care not who the people be
With whom I meet if one heart beat
And throb for only me.
For not world's wealth, but Love's sweet self,
Makes home for me, makes home for me.

T. E. P. Woods, Theta.

Come to the Convention, Richmond, Va. See pages 117-122.

Contributions.

GLIMPSES OF IOTA'S HISTORY.

SECOND CHAPTER.

We all love to recall those days that have a charm that will never die while memory holds her own, so it is with sincerest pleasure that I take up the broken story of dear old *Iota*. We had just parted, (in our last chapter) and were leaving College for the summer holidays, some anxious to get home, some sad, because in going home they were leaving a band of noble-hearted brothers who had made a home for them at college.

The summer passed as many have since, and we were surprised to find it time to gather again at old Hampden-Sidney. Go with me now in the fall of 1886 to meet that jolly, loyal set of fellows who were to carry *Pi Kappa Alpha's* banner to victory. On the train we lay our plans, and keep our eyes on every promising fellow who seems bound for College, and, as we try to convince him that our literary society is the best—the *Philanthropic*, of course—we “size him up” and make a mental note of any *Pi* qualities we find in him.

The hoarse whistle of the old Norfolk and Western engine startles us; a moment more and we jump up, as the tuckahoe brakeman calls out, “F-ar-m-v-i-l-l-e!” Then comes the meeting: “Hello there!” “What have you been doing to yourself?” “Glad to see you, old boy.” Yonder in the crowd is a *Pi*. He soon has you by the hand. The hearty grip tells you how sincere is the greeting.

It is Bob Moore. He is down in Farmville to meet the new boys and is electioneering for the Union Societies. I tell you, he was a good one. He knew just how to make a fellow believe he belonged to the only real good literary society in the world. (He couldn't make me believe it, but you see I *knew* that the “Phil” was a better one.)

Well, we “pile” into Walker's old hack, and with a yell we roll out of Farmville and long for this rough ride to end. The seven miles seem twenty.

After a long time, in answer to an inquiry, Walker

responds: "Bo-bo-oss, 'mo-'mo-'mos thar," and sure enough the lovely, solemn old brick building looms up before us. Every fellow gives a whoop and in a few minutes more we are all out on the campus, now green and pretty. The stretch of bare ground in front of the building is now narrow, the grass having taken advantage of the absence of the many passing feet and made great inroads on the sand. The boys gather about us in groups here and there and when greetings are over, we are off to meet special friends, you and I rush up four flights of steps and are almost dragged into a room, where four *Pi's* had gathered to discuss matters appertaining to *Pi Kappa Alpha*. We are on the grounds and are ready to do anything for *Pi Kappa Alpha*. You never saw a more enthusiastic band than that which met in a private room and elected two men the second day after my coming.

The fight was on. We were young in the business and had the older Fraternities to contend with. The *Phi Kappa Psi's* generally sought wealthy, "sporty" fellows, so we did not clash much. The *Kappa Sigma's* were rather wild this year, so the men congenial to them we did not want. I am glad to say that *Kappa Sigma* became later one of our strongest rivals. The *Phi Gamma Delta* had a fine Chapter, and, by the way, did you ever know a Chapter of *Phi Gamma Delta* that was not fine? I never did. This Fraternity was always very much like *H. K. A.*, at Hampden-Sidney, conservative, social, and composed of steady, earnest men, always.

The *Sigma Chi's* were quite clannish and seemed to hold aloof from the rest of the world with their six good men. *Beta Theta Pi* and *Chi Phi* were stronger than us in numbers. (They generally were at Hampden-Sidney,) and had had lots of experience. Nothing daunted, we began the fight. We had secured two men in less than two weeks, one man we snatched away from *Chi Phi*, and the other we had left long enough to tempt *Beta Theta Pi*. We had lost two good men, one going to *Phi Gamma Delta* one to *Kappa Sigma*, but here our losses ended, and no wonder. Let's inspect our forces. In the College we were *seven*. I have heard that this is a charmed number. Here they are: Bob Moore, "Billy" Buckhanan, Dillon, Engle, Telford, Tom Read and myself. In the Seminary we had "Jimmie" Gwinn, Crawford, Alexander, Ren-
nie, Kennedy.

I said we were successful, why? Because we had an ideal Fraternity. I really doubt if it has ever been as strong since. I'll try to unfold the secret of our success. You will pardon

these occasional digressions, as they are intended to give you a clearer insight into the character of *Iota* Chapter.

I challenge any Fraternity to present a stronger record than this. We were all perfectly congenial, and we were brothers in the truest sense. Others were often known to speak of this. In the class room we had men who were always first. In the literary societies we had men who were first. No one could equal Bob Telford in debate? Bob Moore was the orator of the Senior class in his Society. You never saw a group of boys on the campus but that Tom Read was in the centre. His dry wit and excellent humor made him a favorite everywhere. In the Y. M. C. A. our men were among the leaders. I remember that three of them took active part on the first Sunday afternoon this year.

Bro. Alexander was our musician and fine tenor. Bro. Kennedy was our athlete and general favorite.

Over at the Seminary our men were not only good preachers, but were hard students. Who can ever forget eloquent Joe Rennie? The new students saw all these things and appreciated our Fraternity, hence it was that we could get what we wanted in 1886. To prove this the next man we "spiked" was beset by every Fraternity in College but one, and this one held back only because it saw defeat in the attempt. A lively time we had. It was a fair, straightforward contest. Every Fraternity was doing its utmost. No family ties or former friendships entered into the fight. It was an equal fight.

The popular young man weighed carefully every question and decided the case after two weeks on its merits. He joined us, and when he wore our badge next morning it was proof to the other Fraternities that *Pi Kappa Alpha* was their equal, and they gracefully acknowledged it.

We had elected meantime a fourth man and he accepted the honor and helped to *strengthen* our Chapter. These four men, now so well known to you and held in such loving esteem by all *II's*, were Ed. Craig, "Reddie" McAllister, our beloved and honored ex-"golden-headed secretary," T. S. L. Basore and "Cub" Walker.

You know them well and can see how they increased our strength. Later in the year we took in a Seminite, another Kennedy, and then *Iota* felt that she had all she wanted.

What a *glorious year*! Our meetings were full of spirit. We were just learning to appreciate the advantages and pleasures of our Fraternity.

Our home had been changed. We had to leave that room on the third passage. At first we were without a safe place

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of meeting. I wonder if "Reddie" has forgotten his initiation? It was in the Union ante-room and was carried out with difficulty. Tom Read, I think, knew we had to act quietly, so he was determined to act *unquietly*. He played goat that night, and I believe it would have been hard to convince "Mac" that he wasn't a goat.

"Mac" was scared and the rest of us were convulsed with laughter. Doubtless the Union ante-room has never seen another such scene.

Soon afterwards our dear little "Buck" offered us his new room for a hall. He had moved to the fourth passage, fourth floor, south side, corner room. This has ever since been our home, and fond memory would have me linger here, but I shall not describe it now. Suffice it to say that just opposite this room "Mac" and Basore had their abode, and rooming with Buck was Bob Moore, so we held the ground there. In after years the *Pi's* secured a third room on this floor and we kept these rooms till it was feared that we would become too clannish, so we separated once more, holding only the Fraternity hall, about which the fondest recollections must always gather.

We had many a royal "eat" in this room, and it does me good now to see with memory's eye Tom Reed opening up sardine boxes and washing the dishes, as such things belonged to his office that year.

Our Fraternity sisters had so won our hearts that *Iota* naturally went out for more sisters, so during this year and the next we secured five of the dearest sisters in the world, Miss Mattie Martin, Misses Lucy, Maggie and Mary Stokes, and Miss Mary Young.

Every member of *Iota* was proud of the girls who wore our badge, who championed us in their parlors, and fed us on cake, ice cream, &c. Above all we loved them because we felt that their homes were open to us, and there we found sweet, sisterly sympathy in all that we undertook.

Many a *Pi* has trudged out to that beautiful home beyond Worsham, three miles from college, where three sisters were always glad to see him, and even now, wherever he may be, must look back with sincerest pleasure to these visits. Southern hospitality here reached its highest perfection. Then you see, we *Pi's* were honored guests. If I should enter upon details, give personal reminiscences, or sketch the romantic side of this story, I fear the end would never come.

Before passing, I wish to record a fact that placed our

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fraternity in the front rank at Hampden-Sidney. These sisters named were all elected by our Chapter and each presented with a handsome badge in token of our high regard and appreciation. As a rule this was unknown among the other Fraternities, so we scored a strong point on them.

Before long the example we set had to be followed, but *Pi Kappa Alpha* was in the lead.

The year was thus filled with incidents, and it closed with honors for many of us. Telford had won the Union debating medal; Bob Moore was the final orator of his Society; we had three men on the magazine staff; two, Moore and Buchanan graduated and both had represented their Society as orators, while Bob Moore was selected by the Faculty as one of the commencement speakers; Engle and Telford spoke at both Society celebrations during the year.

June came and we had to separate. This time we had to part with so many of these noble fellows who had endeared themselves to us in so many ways, that there was no wonder that there was a sad scene in the little Fraternity hall the day we parted. Tears were in many eyes and many tender ties were broken.

Dillon left us never to return. He has since attended the A. & M. College at Lexington, Ky., was instrumental in starting short-lived *Kappa* Chapter and is, probably, still in Lexington in business and *must be* married.

Bob Moore, true-hearted, loving, faithful Bob Moore, left us with sad heart and eyes filled with tears. After teaching for two years he came back to the Seminary and was received by *Iota* with open arms. We will hear more of him again before speaking our final tribute to his revered and cherished memory.

Basore left us also. He went into business at Broadway, Va., and was soon afterward married. He has a fine boy now to bear his name, and who knows but that he will prove as loyal a *Pi* some day as his father.

Bro. Cawrord went to a field in Kentucky and has since made a faithful and gentle pastor. We can find out little about him, so he must be married, too. Tom Read, our funny, jolly, good-natured "Tom" bid us farewell forever. He now practices law at Newbern, Va., and, of course, is the same popular "Tom." Buchanan went to teach for a year, but came back to the Seminary after one year, seemingly as glad to see us as we were to see him.

Telford transferred his field of work from the College to the Seminary and went in to win us laurels there as he had done in College.

We separated for the three summer months and met again in September to find only five men in College and six in the Seminary. Flushed with victory and eager to win again we entered the contest.

We sadly felt the loss of such men as Telford, Moore, Buchanan, Read from our canvassing corps.

Our first efforts, though, were crowned with success. Charley Moore and Frank Robbins were secured first and soon afterwards Charley Bowcock and "Fatty" Magruder. We had an earnest and faithful set of men and no one could speak a word against the *Pi*'s. After initiating a Seminite, Fred. Thomas, we closed our doors to others and settled down to a quiet life. We certainly missed Tom Read's fun at our meetings, but "Mac." soon took his place.

The Seminites came over frequently to our meetings, and we had many a jolly night. I can remember now some of the ghost stories "Shade" Engle used to tell, as we sat around the hall in the silent, mysterious darkness. The jokes that Joe Rennie brought with him when he visited us, are still a pleasant memory.

We were all working for *H. K. A.*'s good.

During this year we planned the formation of *Lambda* Chapter, the Chapter which we honor, because it died for *honor's* sake. "Shade" Engle worked this up. In May, Telford had to go West. You know the star of his empire was shining there then, and his hopes are now surely setting in those same brown eyes in which they had risen two years before. He went on to Lexington, Ky., and with Dillon started *Kappa* Chapter, which flashed into sudden splendor, and as quickly vanished.

Theta was a queen among Chapters this year. You should hear Rice talk of her. (Why do not some of those noble fellows write up the bright, splendid record *Theta* made from 1886 to 1889?) There were only three Chapters on our roll of 1886, and *Alpha* was anxious to give up. We were twice invited to merge with larger Fraternities, and *Alpha* certainly once wished to do it, but *Iota* and *Theta* bravely and nobly said they would rather die as *Pi Kappa Alpha*. Brothers, the *principles of such men can never die*. But I must close this Chapter. When the session closed we felt that we had left a clear record for the year. We had won honors in the class room, two of us standing first in our classes. Engle graduated with honor and won the Senior Orator's medal, which was immediately seen on the bosom of a sweet little *Pi* sister. You see we fellows let our sisters wear our honors,

and it was just, for I really believe they were prouder of it than we were, but this is the sweet way of women.

"Mac," Engle and Walker all represented their literary societies as orators, and two of them were on the Magazine staff. Engle was editor-in-Chief. Just here I wish to say that I am forced to write all this from memory, so must be forgiven for errors I may make in details.

The days of parting came again, and this time we were to be robbed of so many. Our founder (Mark Kennedy) left us to meet with us no more. He has been a loved pastor at Franklin, Tenn., for some years, has a loving wife and three bright children to love him. *Iota* loves him and prays that he may soon recover from his present sickness. Bro. Rennie was to be with us no more. He is married, and is now pastor of a magnificent church in Covington, Ky. "Little" Alexander took one of the prettiest girls from Prince Edward and went away to Tennessee to preach. "Jimmie" Gwinn found a pleasant field in Albemarle County, and, of course, found a wife too. (You notice all the *Pi's* were distinguished for this. I don't recall but one old bachelor among the *Pi's* named, and that is "Old Tom" Read. He was "bad off" once. Those "black eyes" of a *bright* girl up in the mountains of West Virginia had wounded him *fatally*. Tom, come, give us an account of yourself! Aren't you married too? You mustn't be the record-breaker.)

Charley Moore left us for a year and so we would miss him next fall. A fine, noble little fellow he was, and destined to bring us honor before he left. Craig thought he had to leave us for a while, but he came back to the Seminary. A certain little sister of ours was a wonderful little magnet for him. Engle turned up at the Seminary next year.

"Fatty" Magruder went to the University of Virginia, and Charles Bowcock turned his attention to farming in Albemarle.

Our forces were weakened, but we were more conservative than ever and knew we were safe, so for the first time we parted in confidence and expected to have a "walk over" next year. You will find later that we did less than ever before as far as outward appearance goes, but we were all the time elevating our standard, and I know one thing, the other Fraternities acknowledged our strength and admitted our merits. It was this way for the next two years; it was very hard to find any fault with us. We made a modest show, but we had good, earnest, faithful men and not one ever shrank from duty.

Such was *Iota* Chapter as it disbanded in June, 1888. As we follow its history we shall see that it achieved even greater things in the future and became with *Theta* a corner stone of the Fraternity we all so much love.

H. B. Arbuckle.

(To be continued.)

LAMBDA'S FOUNDING.

I have been requested to give an account of the founding of *Lambda* Chapter of our Fraternity, at the South Carolina Military Academy, commonly known as "The Citadel," and will attempt to do so, but as I am not much of a writer, I will have to beg you not to criticise me too harshly.

In the summer of 1888 the "Cadet Christian Association of the Citadel Academy"; of which I am was President decided to send two delegates to represent them in the summer school for Bible students at Northfield, Mass., Mr. Moody's home.

When the time came for selecting the delegates, a cadet named John Lake, (a member of the *Kappa Alpha* Fraternity) and myself, (then a non-frat.) were selected as delegates. We left Charleston early in July upon the closing of the Citadel for the summer and arrived at Northfield two days later. We received a very cordial welcome there from the other delegates, the more so as there were very few Southern Colleges represented, almost all the representatives from the South coming from the one State of Virginia. There were delegates there from about a dozen European countries, and some even from Asia. In this cosmopolitan gathering, of course, it was natural for the delegates from our beloved "Southland" to be drawn close together.

In this way Lake and myself got to be very intimate with the Virginia delegation representing, I think, Randolph-Macon and Hampden Sidney Colleges. We became fast friends and when we were ready to leave Brothers Craig and Engle approached me upon the subject of establishing a Chapter of their Fraternity at the Citadel. Fraternities were not forbidden at the Citadel then and so I agreed to try and establish a Chapter.

At the beginning of the next session in October, I spoke to some of my friends and they agreed to go into the Chapter with me. In a short while I received a letter from Brothers Craig and Engle asking me about my agreement to try and establish the Chapter. I wrote back that I had secured some of the

best men in the corps to go in with me as charter members and gave them the names of Brothers Smyth, Black, Epps and Manning, and said we were ready to organize. These Brothers of *Iota* Chapter then applied to *Alpha* Chapter, the then headquarters of the Fraternity, for a charter and soon afterward sent us the regalia and the charter.

As we were too few to get a regular hall Brother Smyth very kindly offered us a room at his home, in the city, in which to meet. So one Saturday afternoon we went down to this room and organized. We regretted very much that no one was able to come on from the other Chapters to initiate us, and get our Chapter into working order, but it could not be helped so we went manfully to work to study up the Constitution and By-Laws so that we would soon be fully acquainted with all the details. It did not take us long to get into working order after that.

Ah! well do I remember the first Saturday afternoon when we went around to Brother Smyth's home to organize. After preparing the room we went to work and as we had no member present to swear us in, I had to swear in Smyth first and then he administered the oath to me. Then we two carried the other boys through the ceremony. I was chosen S. M. C. and Smyth, I. M. C., and as that was my last year at College I had the honor of remaining in that office until graduation.

After the organization we used to meet around at Brother Smyth's about once in every two weeks. We only had one afternoon in the week that we could leave barracks, and that was Saturday, so we used to meet around there every alternate Saturday.

Lambda remained in existence about three or four years and then had to disband as the Board of Visitors of the Citadel made an iron clad rule that all Fraternities must be prohibited from having a Chapter in that institution and all the Chapters there must disband. We were very sorry to disband old *Lambda*, but we had to obey the rule with the others Fraternities. During the time that our Chapter was in active operation we did not take in very many men, as we always preferred to have a few good men to having many and some of them not the right kind. Of the few we had, however, were some of the best men in the corps. Andrews, one of our men, graduated very high in his class and was chosen to represent the school in an intercollegiate contest for oratory and another, Verdier, won the medal for being the best drilled man in the corps of cadets.

As long as these men who had been initiated remained at

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the Citadel we still felt as if we had a kind of informal Chapter there, but when they left we realized that "old *Lambda*" was, indeed, dead.

Walter M. Smith.

OLD THETA DAYS.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give a history of *Theta*, but simply to live over again in the presence of the readers of *THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND* some of the experiences of the years 1889-'95, the period of his actual membership.

In 1889 *H. K. A.* stock, which has always been a good investment in old S. W. P. U., was not promising by any means. I believe only two men returned in September of that year, two more were added later, and this was the size of the Chapter roll when I was invited to join in March or April.

I well remember the day John Foster informed me I had been elected a member; I was delighted to hear it, but I smothered my feelings. I was writing at the time, and was almost afraid to look up lest he might see the pleasure I could scarcely conceal. I wanted to join right away, but told him, with the utmost nonchalance, I would take advice on the subject and let him know in a week or ten days. I wished him to fully appreciate the honor I was conferring upon the Fraternity, and thought a judicious delay might contribute to this end. My tone was intended to inspire hope, and yet to carry enough uncertainty to produce a maximum of pleasure when at last I should inform him that, in the language of the immortal Barkis, "I was willin'."

You see I was only a "prep" then. I thought more of myself about that time than I ever had before, or ever will again. I have lived to see many a good man informed that his day of grace had passed, that *Theta* honored any man by soliciting his membership, and that he might consider the offer closed.

I need scarcely say I did not wait a week or ten days, I only waited three; the truth is, I got scared and wished to have it over. I have no clear recollection of the incidents connected with my initiation, except that I walked about thirty-seven miles and perspired. I imagine, about as many gallons, and that when the goat had been groomed and anointed there was candy, fruit and cake in most restful abundance.

We had some jolly meetings that year, and next season every man returned ready and anxious for work. From that time

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until the present we have had a comparatively large Chapter, at one time numbering sixteen, something phenomenal for us. There has always been a kind of feeling that eight or ten were enough, and some indeed, though they voted for the additional men because of their personal worth, with every ballot they cast uttered a lamentation over our departed conservatism.

For myself, my policy has always been to get every first class man you can, if they fill the Chapter room. I thought, and still think, the principles of our Order worthy of the widest dissemination, and though I never was a rabid Fraternity man, to the extent of giving offence to the barbs, unless my being a Greek gave offence, I never saw any jewelry half so beautiful as *the shield and diamond*. Others differed; they thought inharmonious elements might be introduced, and the family appearance marred by a large crowd, yet, somehow, when a good man was proposed whom all knew, there were no black balls.

Many a jolly night has been spent in that old hall by as light-hearted a set of men as ever called each other brothers. We had speeches at times, mirth provoking, side-splitting attempts they were, and though no book of oratory would have given them place, they evoked as much enthusiasm as Webster's famous Bunker Hill oration. One of them in particular comes to mind; it was Stubblefield's "Hip Pocket, or a Mental Hallucination of the Mind;" it was rich; a few extracts would be interesting, but they are not available; it was too rich to keep. He had to repeat half a dozen times, each time introducing new features, but the humor never suffered.

Then we had "hard shell" sermons from the "sticks" of Mississippi, by Charley Oberschmidt. Charley now writes Rev. in front of his name, and has lately taken to himself Mrs. Oberschmidt; he preaches in Fayetteville, Miss., probably giving his suffering people a soft shell edition of the same discourses he onetime gave us. As a hard shell preacher Charley was a success; he had a catch in his voice like an exaggerated attack of whooping cough, which would have netted him an extra hundred a year in that calling. Charley weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds gross; he had a small sized voice, but when he turned it loose on tenor you had to stop and listen. Charley *could* sing tenor and he *did*.

There have been other musicians in *Theta* besides Charley. Woods is the best bass singer we have had in years, but there is something about Woods when he sings which clears a path in front; it is not visible, nor is it audible, but you know it is there.

E. F. Koelle was the best all round musician we had in my time; he was the finest in college. He loved music better than he did math.; or any thing else that needed to be studied. I think Koelle loved music next to sleep, and he would clip off the front end of that any time to serenading; as a result he missed Chapel frequently, and got into no end of trouble. But trouble sat lightly on Koelle; they were intimate companions, and neither was afraid of the other. Koelle's frequent appearance before the Faculty got to be a standing joke among the boys. He was always notified by some one when a meeting of the Faculty was called. But he was good natured and did not mind it in the least. He had a habit of grumbling incessantly, which was very enjoyable. It has cost him many a dime in Washington Irving Society, but he was incorrigible; he would pay his fine and then grumble at the injustice of it. I used to wonder why he did not make a special grumbling contract with the Society, so that he could relieve himself and entertain us at a minimum cost. To a poor man, who must indulge in it, it comes high at ten cents a grumble.

Koelle came very near getting into quite serious trouble one time as a result of his love for music. Dr. H. was Chancellor; he neither sang, whistled, played nor danced himself, and refused point blank to encourage the latter or anything inciting thereto in others. The Doctor was as good a friend as students ever had, but he labored under the disadvantage of not being attractive except to those who knew him well. I have seen few men who could enjoy a joke better or laugh with a heartier infection. He was strictness personified, and for this reason was thought by many to be out of sympathy with them. Koelle's acquaintance with him being almost entirely confined to the Faculty room, it is not to be wondered at that he belonged to this latter class. To say that Koelle was afraid of the Doctor is to stay well within the truth.

One night Koelle was invited to an entertainment in the city, and while there was requested to play; he did so, and some of the young couples, unable to resist, and I believe entirely unknown to him, waltzed to the music. The next day the paper had a full account of a dance the previous evening, at which the music was furnished by Mr. Koelle. The next morning, as was usual, Koelle missed Chapel, and the Doctor, unable to wait, and highly incensed at a candidate for the ministry furnishing music for a dance, went to his room and found him in bed, sound asleep; he awoke him; Koelle's eyes opened as if he saw a ghost, his mouth also opened, but he was literally

speechless with fright. The doctor never was prepossessing, especially to Koelle, and his appearance this morning was no exception. Koelle afterwards said he looked like—but let that pass, it would not look well in print. Koelle never could tell exactly what took place then, but the Doctor threatened to report to his presbytery, and was only kept from it by a message from the lady who gave the entertainment, which set forth the facts and exonerated the culprit.

The last I heard of him he was living and well, and as fond of music as ever. May he long live to entertain his friends with the story of that morning, whose experience forever put an end to his growth.

The only other man I can recall who could lay any claim whatever to musical ability, was McPhail, and his *all lay in the claim*. McP. obeyed orders strictly. Mr. Pearson, the evangelist, was conducting a meeting at the Presbyterian Church. Professor Deaderick had charge of the music. A large platform was built for the singers, among whom McP. was numbered. One evening the church was full; Prof. Deaderick asked the choir to stand and sing; McP. was the only one who heard the request to stand; he arose and remained standing until the song was finished; it was funny; there was only one man in that church who thought it was not, and that man was McP.

In the good old days when football was played with the feet, John Foster and Hugh Topp were the champions. Topp has a foot as big as his heart, and no ball could miss it unless it jumped the fence. John Foster wore football shoes, the soles were half an inch thick, with toes broad, square and high, and the weight about six pounds. When John trotted over the field the earth trembled, and so did the players. I think it was understood the call was his when he chose to claim it; it was easier (on the shins) to give in to him than to kick against him.

But John's kicking was largely confined to the field; when he did a little in the Chapter room he was usually in the right. John had a mild way (at times) of kicking, which carried force with it, and somehow we all helped him to the goal. We had other kickers, most associations of men, and women too, for that matter, have, but I think we had as much harmony as could legitimately be expected from so many men of such diverse temperaments, for I do believe, at one time at least, that every man made a crowd to himself.

We had great times, in our initiations especially, in the last two years. I wish I could tell about it, but the fun came in

just such places as must be kept from the public. It is said, however, that Charley Sholl forgot his given name and answered simply "I Sholl." Charley denies this, but we expected that.

When Jim Ivy was to be initiated some malicious fellow warned him to put on all the clothing he could carry, so as to be prepared for anything. The night was excessively warm, and Jim was goodly to look upon as he timidly entered the hall. His face was of the healthy color of the beet, and he looked like an animated clothing establishment. He brought all his pantaloons with him, and could hardly walk. The upper pair were light colored and evidently intended for high water service. I should judge they were pulled about three months too soon. Under these he had a dark pair of regulation length; the effect was decidedly startling, and on us, already suffering from the heat, overpowering. He had on his best coat and vest, immaculate collar and cuffs, and a clean shave. In those good old days Jim shaved once a month regularly. He left his watch at home, and I think a letter to his mother, in case he was delayed indefinitely. When the ceremony was finished, Jim was ditto. His numerous clothing, the warm night and other incidentals left him like his linen, decidedly limp. But Jim is as good a man as ever wore the *shield and diamond*. Last June he carried off the Joint Society Orator's medal and the Faculty Speaker's medal, and that reminds me I must send him the Doctor's bill for a throat affection I contracted on that occasion.

"Oh, a rare old plant is the Ivy green."

This particular specimen, however, unlike the one in the song, is neither ever verdant nor particularly partial to ruins.

John Gordon was the friendliest man we had. John always shook hands twice; he usually forgot the first time. On one occasion, calling upon a good *II* sister, he insisted upon shaking hands with the servant who opened the door. Chloe, much to John's disgust, treated this ebullition of friendship as simply an outburst of boyish enthusiasm and frowned upon it. She showed him into the parlor in dignified silence, but told on him afterwards. John insists she is guilty of criminal libel.

Theta has had her mourning days as well as her pleasant ones. Will Lockert, whose sister married Brother T. A. Sleeper, of Waco, Texas, came to us while working in a drug store. He was one of those genial, tender natures you could

not help loving if you would, and would not if you could. Will died while we were all gone in the summer; we missed him more than I can tell when we got back. But his memory is as green in our hearts as the sod upon his resting place in beautiful Greenwood. I can see him as I write, always the same cheery, unruffled spirit, always smiling, with the warmest hand clasp from as warm a heart as ever beat. His voice is forever silent in the haunts of men, but Will lives on. His vacant chair has made our hearts sad many a time; we would almost have brought him back if we could; we wanted him, we needed him. His kind is scarce; he was the only one we had. But Will is better off by far than we who have outlived him.

To us who have left the old walls to battle with the verities of life there is a very magazine of inspiration in the memories of old *Theta* days.

Robert Hill.

FREDERICK SOUTHGATE TAYLOR.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Frederick Southgate Taylor, who died suddenly in Norfolk, Va., of heart trouble in the 49th year of his age, was born in Norfolk and came of an old and honored Virginia family who have been residents of Norfolk for several generations, and have always been prominent in the social and political life of the city. His boyhood was passed in Norfolk and his friends and associates were the descendants of the friends of his father and grandfather's friends in their boyhood and with many of these he grew to man's estate.

After receiving the ordinary common school education in Norfolk, he went to William and Mary College where he spent two sessions taking the academic course. He then went to the University of Virginia for two sessions taking the academic course also. While he was a student of the University he organized the *Π K A* Fraternity and devoted himself with all his energy to its extension and increase, and after leaving college, when he had become a man of affairs he was always interested in its work and furthered as much as he could the enlargement and growth of his old Fraternity. In the two sessions spent at the University he became very popular and had a larger circle of acquaintances than almost any man in college.

A good time for you. Come to

After leaving college he returned to Norfolk. He did not engage in any regular business, but gradually interested himself in real estate transactions and eventually became one of the best judges of realty in the city, but his operations were not confined to Norfolk alone, but were extended to the larger cities of Washington and Chicago. In all his operations he was singularly successful and his opinion as to the value and probable future of realty was one often sought and highly valued by investors. After his father's death he had sole charge of his estate and he more than doubled it by fortunate investments and good management, which his clear and sound judgment decided him to make. Besides his father's estate he had several others to look after all of which received the benefit of the same judicious care. He accumulated quite a large fortune for himself and was living in the comfortable enjoyment of it when his end came. In early life he married Miss Brooke, of Fauquier County, who with five children, four sons and a daughter survive.

He was for a considerable time in public life, having been President of the Common Council of Norfolk and also represented the City in the State Legislature. He was a member of Christ Episcopal Church and like his father before him, was one of the Wardens and Vestrymen for a number of years. He was a Past Master of Owens' Lodge, A. F. A. Masons, director of a bank and various other companies, and all the various positions which he held he filled with honor and ability. His funeral took place from Christ Church and was one of the largest that had taken place in the city for some time, showing the high estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

L. W. Tazewell.

REV. R. MARK KENNEDY.

It is with sincere sorrow that we announce to the Fraternity at large the death of Rev. R. Mark Kennedy, the founder of *Iota*. The following clippings give the full account of this sad event:

DEATH OF REV. R. MARK KENNEDY.

The death of this useful young minister occurred at Fort Reed, Fla., early Tuesday morning, March 10th.

He had been at this place for some months in search of

Richmond, July 1st. See pages 117-122.

health. For more than a year he had been fighting consumption, but his friends for months have been painfully aware that victory would rest with the disease. He fought heroically the inroads of the malady, in which he was nobly assisted by his devoted congregation at Franklin, Tenn. There he had a beautiful church, located in a cultivated community in which he took the highest stand possible, it seems to us, for any young man to attain to. His congregations were always fine and his preaching most acceptable. He had a most engaging presence and an athletic frame. Strange to say, he was a leader in athletics at both the Southwestern Presbyterian University and at Princeton. His remarkable agility has been the envy of many of his fellows, and on account of his high physical endowments he was the last man one would select as a victim of consumption. There certainly "is no discharge in that warfare."

The delicacy and thoughtfulness of his attentions to the sick rendered him a model pastor. When, therefore, we say that God, in His providence, has removed from His church one of His promising servants as well as one who had already accomplished much, we are but speaking a truth which might be put much stronger than has here been done.

The deceased was a son of Mr. James Kennedy, of Cornersville, Tenn. He has a brother, Rev. Marion S. Kennedy, the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Pulaski, Tenn. After graduating at the Southwestern University and at Princeton Seminary, he entered the ministry early in life. His first charge was over the famous Zion Church, Maury County, Tenn. Thence he removed to Franklin.

Both parents, a brother, sisters, wife and two little children survive him. His body was laid to rest Saturday last in the cemetery at his boyhood's home, Cornersville, Tenn., in the presence of a large concourse of early friends and many representatives of the Zion and Franklin Churches.

Such as was our beloved friend have the promise:
"They shall not be hurt by the second death."

C. E. C., in *Southern Presbyterian*

REV. R. MARK KENNEDY.

A Brother's Tribute.

After bidding good-bye to the many dear friends of his pastorate, at Franklin, Tenn., some months ago, Rev. R. Mark Kennedy made a visit to his father's family at Cornersville, thence to Pulaski, where he remained a few days with his

brother, Rev. M. S. Kennedy, attending also the meeting of the Synod at Nashville. After a short visit to friends in Waco Texas, he went on to spend a few weeks in San Antonio, with the purpose to go further West. Here he was chilled and housed by the piercing winds. Being assured by friends, that the same trouble as to cold winds would exist further West, he turned his course to Florida. During the Christmas holidays he went to Fort Reed, where he had spent the previous winter with benefit. Here he and his brave wife (their two children having been left in Tennessee,) fought and hoped and prayed for better things, but day by day the monster quietly and stealthily made his advance. He was able to walk about the house until March 2, when he was prostrated. A message was sent home for assistance, and to this a brother and sister made quick response. To the question "Do you want to go home?" he replied, with emphasis, "Yes, I do." He was then told that we thought he was going to his heavenly home. Yes, he was going home. As we stood out on the veranda, looking out on Silver Lake, which lay at the foot of the garden, we fancied we heard sounds as of a boatman taking his oars. Was it brother preparing to cross the river of death? Yes; he was even then beginning his voyage; but he did not put out at once, but lingered, and, time and again, spoke to us in familiar language. Tuesday night was a voyage in the middle of the deep. Wednesday morning, March 11, half-past four o'clock, and we can scarcely hear the strokes of the boatman's oars in the distance; now the strokes are less frequent; now the oars are taken in; now the keel plows the golden sands of the farther shore. *At home!* Beautiful shore! there are fruits and flowers of every clime, and no untimely frosts ever come to lay them low.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

Brother, it was hard to see thee go, but we meekly bow to the will of Him who loved thee; so He drew thee to Him, because, like Him, thou didst give thy life for others.

O, Brother, rest!

"*Marion,*" in *Christian Observer*



RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.*

IOTA CHAPTER OF THE PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

APRIL 13th, 1896.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call unto himself our beloved Brother, and founder of this Chapter—R. MARK KENNEDY, and

Whereas, That indomitable spirit and true Pi-ism, that high Christian character and sturdy manhood which were so strongly exemplified in Bro. Kennedy are worthy of emulation by all members of *Π. K. A.*, and

Whereas, We, the members of *Iota* Chapter, feel indebted to him for those endearing ties of friendship, those happy hours of Fraternity life, and those incentives to a nobler manhood, which have clustered about our Chapter life for the past eleven years, and

Whereas, By his death we have lost an honored and much loved Brother, whose place in our Fraternity cannot be filled; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the relatives and friends of the deceased our deepest sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and published in the *SHIELD AND DIAMOND*.

John W. Caldwell, }
John A. Kee, } *Committee.*
H. R. Houston, }

Chapter Letters.

ALPHA.

Press of work on the eve of examinations has caused *Alpha's* regular correspondent to seek an amanuensis. I have the honor to play that role.

It will not come amiss to praise again the efforts of those energetic workers through whose labor our slumbering journal has been rejuvenated, and to express our pleasure at seeing its interesting and welcome pages once more. A new activity seems to have been infused into our Fraternity and we are sanguine enough to hope that a new era of work and intercourse is dawning upon us.

Now that we have put our shoulders to the wheel let us not turn back ; too long, already, have we erred and strayed like lost sheep.

The enthusiasm which has awakened in our Chapter is not, I am confident, merely a transient wave inrolling with the tide and destined momentarily to recede.

We are endeavoring to improve the opportunity presented to centralize and concentrate our interests and efforts "while the mood is on," lest our cherished hope prove but a floating fancy—a fair hallucination. To this end we have a scheme on hand, which we are exerting every effort to accomplish, and which will form doubtless, an interesting item for a future letter. We will esteem it as a kindness in any one of our brothers who will send us the names and addresses of any members of *Alpha's* alumni. Our lists are incomplete, and we are endeavoring to perfect them.

Alpha's goat is resting quietly in its stall chewing the cud of calm reflection. It is a careful, phlegmatic animal, not given to sudden jumps, and honored indeed is he whom his goatship permits to mount upon his back.

Hurrah for the Convention ! We hope to be there in force. *Alpha's* services are always at the disposal of our brothers. Let them call in time of need.

BETA.

Examinations are now about on us. By the time this is out of press we shall all have finished them "for weal or for woe." *Beta* will loose five men this year from the College proper, and one from the Medical School, by graduation. Among them the last of our charter members leave, viz: Bro. Lattimore, who has just finished his course at the Medical College, left us last night, after a very pleasant meeting, for Winston, where he expects to stand examinations before the State Board of Medical Examiners for license to practice.

Beta is heartily in favor of the Convention at Richmond, during the summer, and shall endeavor to be there, by representation any way, if it is finally decided upon, which we certainly hope will be done.

We have recently made some improvement on our hall, by the addition of two electric chandeliers. Several other of the halls have put in electric lights also. The *Kappa Sigmas* are having their hall remodelled and papered.

The College, with every one connected with it, has experienced an incalculable loss in the death of Col. Wm. J. Marlin, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, which occurred on the 23rd of March. He was among the few men that are universally admired and loved by those who know them.

As your correspondent is already late with his letter, this must necessarily be brief, but we must say, "Hurrah for the Magazine!"—and let's meet in Richmond this summer.

THETA.

Shake hands, Brothers, now that we have experienced the thrill of enthusiasm, which, even two issues of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND, sent through our body, we cannot possibly see how we got along without it during last year.

Let's see; ten letters in the last SHIELD AND DIAMOND, which were brimful of energy. Isn't that enough to inspire the laziest laggard in our ranks? (if such a fellow existed there.) It seems that the prevailing sentiment, in the last Journal, was, "*To work*," and one of the ways of starting to work is, to have a Convention, and on this point, as usual, *Theta* is ready to do her best. We favor the place suggested by Bro Smyth, and will send a delegate and possibly *delegates*. Now is the time to establish ourselves firmly, while every one

is earnest, enthusiastic and willing to work. Let's have the Convention in June, and have a good one.

Since our last letter we have been plodding along steadily, each day bringing us nearer to Commencement, much to both the sorrow and the joy of our boys—sorrow on the part of some of us who “get through” and leave behind those friends who have become so dear to them during these years of school life, and sorrow especially to Brothers Shell, Ivy, Barr and Mooney, because each leave behind, one who is dearer than a friend, (or appearances deceive.) Joy on the part of one or two who, though not averse to study, still have so many social duties crowding upon them that their health is gradually becoming undermined by the constant strain.

The Chapter has had its picture taken. We all had our photographs taken, and then mounted all together on cardboard the picture of the coat and arms in the centre. It makes a very imposing and handsome picture. When we get rich we are going to have a plate made and send it to the SHIELD AND DIAMOND. By the way, why can't we have a few illustrations in our Journal? It would not cost us so very much. If each Chapter would have its own plate made and send it to Bro. Smyth, we would have enough pictures to illustrate the Journal a year, besides, we could become acquainted with each other, if not in person, by a counterfeit likeness.

Once more the grim reaper of human grain has gathered in his garner, and our beloved Brother, R. Mark Kennedy, has been taken from our ranks. His death is to be deplored by all the Fraternity, and especially by *Iota* and *Theta*, he being the founder of the one and an initiate of the other.

College life is beginning to get more exciting now, and we who are serious and stately seniors are working hard on Theses and Orations, whose eloquence will startle the world doubtless.

Brothers, it does us good to hear your cheering words, and especially do we commend and re-echo the sentiments of *Tau*. To her we extend our hand, and with it proclaim our willingness to do the work, as we have ever done it, to the best of our ability. *Iota* seems to be bubbling over with somewhat of the enthusiasm of her founder. That's right, *Iota*; when you say hurrah for your men, we toss our hats and yell with you, for your men are our men as well.

Well, good-bye Brothers, till the mid-summer issue. May we all spend a pleasant and profitable vacation, and be ready for work next September.

IOTA.

In the busy whirl of college life there is a swish, and lo, another month is gone; where and to what purpose, it remains for the examinations, that will be nearly over before this appears on your tables, to prove. It is with a feeling of rest that we sit down once more to have the pleasure of writing to our brothers, and to think of the pleasure with which we shall read their letters.

We feel like bragging to you that the *II's* of *Iota* Chapter are still holding their own in the race for honors at Hampden-Sidney. A great race was booked for the medals offered by Union Society, to her junior members for debate, and to her freshmen for declamation. There were many entries, and the heat promised to be the most trying that had been run for many years. First, the fillies came up for the start; there was the usual prancing and neighing, but they soon made a good dash, and we witnessed a pretty run, not a brake in all the long race. Our dearly beloved entry, Brother H. R. Houston, was a little nervous and excited, but with a steady gait he gained foot by foot and length by length until he crossed the line with a good full lead, and was announced the winner of the Freshman Declamer's medal.

The next was the event of the season, and excitement ran high. *Iota* had her representatives on the ground early, and they showed the care that had been taken to make them equal to the great struggle.

With the first dash the race was on. The quarter was passed without a racer leading; the half was run by with a rushing whirl, some were beginning to weaken, but not enough to make a leader sure. Past the last quarter the result was still in the greatest doubt. Neck and neck they came without a break, Garnet and Gold was still trotting steady, and though reaching out, seemed to be holding himself for the final rush. With a bound our leader dashed ahead, and showed both his metal and his training as he came under the line with head high, and conscious of the good length with which he led. And thus Brother W. S. Wilson won the prize, which registered the thirteenth medal won by *Iota* men during the eleven years of her life.

When Mr. Cleveland was elected for the second time, the cry went up over the country, "Adlai, get your axe!" Since we wrote last, an event has happened that made us think Adlai had been swinging his axe about these parts. The spirit of

conviviality and the greed for gain, not by the sweat of the brow, became so pronounced that the college authorities "took a hand," and, keeping a clear head and exercising a calm judgment, they won. As too often happens, there was an unpleasant scene, and when the smoke cleared seven victims lay groaning on the floor. Two Fraternities, *H. K. A.* one of them, were not mixed up in the affair.

We are glad to see that there is a talk of a Convention in June. If the Chapters will send delegates, let's have it by all means; and Richmond is the place. During the time of the re-union of Confederate Veterans the railroad rates will be low enough for every Chapter to send representatives. We need a Convention badly, but there is no use of having it if a number of the members stay away.

The news of the deaths of Brother Mark Kennedy and Brother George A. Alexander caused us deep sorrow. The former was dear to us, not only for himself and his service to us in founding our Chapter, but because he came from *Theta*, which has sent so many good men to our circle.

The happy and genial disposition of Brother Alexander bound him close to all *Iota* men. His interest in the Chapter was always great. Only a few weeks ago we received a letter from him expressing his love for the boys.

We are sorry to say that Brother Caldwell will leave us in a few days for his charge in New Orleans. We have a warm spot in our hearts for him, and shall miss him in our councils.

MU.

The last issue of *SHIELD AND DIAMOND* reached us and was received with much delight. We enjoy reading the encouraging notes from our sister Chapters.

We offer our united sympathies to the family of our lamented Brother and founder F. S. Taylor.

Nothing very unusual can be said as having transpired since we last wrote. We have increased our Chapter by initiating two men, who look as if they were cut out for *H*'s. The other Fraternities, of our College, may lead in number, but we continue to get the cream of the College.

Brother Davenport, having finished his course, left us not long since, but we expect to have him with us at commencement. We expect to have some of our Alumni Brothers at our commencement.

Brother Walker will graduate in June. He is thinking

about taking the M. A. Course here next year ; so we all hope to have him with us next year. If all our members come back to College next year, we hope to be founded on a sound basis. We agree that it is a capital idea to have a convention in Richmond. It would certainly revive the enthusiasm of every Chapter, for no organization can flourish without its representatives meeting and discussing their common welfare. Should the convention meet, if it be possible, we will send a representative.

We heartily agree with Brother Bird, of *Iota*, that each Chapter should keep a record of members of the Fraternity. There is no doubt but that it will bind us closer in the bonds if we have the name of every member of the Fraternity.

We hope to receive the SHIELD AND DIAMOND in a few days.

NU.

On account of some unforeseen accident, *Nu's* correspondent failed to get in any communication in last issue, but I hope that I will be in time for this issue.

We of *Nu* take great pleasure in reading the SHIELD AND DIAMOND and are never tired of seeing how well all the Brothers are getting on.

We think with Bro. Bird, of *Iota*, that we should have some way to become better acquainted with one another, and the idea of a summer convention struck *Nu's* fancy in particular. It will be impossible for us all to attend, but *Nu* will be sure to have some representative there when the roll is called. It has been some time now since we have had a Convention, and no doubt such would greatly benefit the Fraternity, and although we are by no means "flush" with pocket change, still I think we can all help to send one or two delegates.

We are now in the midst of the ball season, and, as in everything else about here, *Nu* has some men who are star players. Bro. Shannon, for instance, was never known to strike out, and all of us who cannot play on the team have joined the rooters, and yell for Bro. Shannon, and if I may be allowed, I would like to suggest that we are in hopes of making something out of "Jim" yet.

As for honors which we have lately captured, Bro. Shannon is on the Junior debate, and Bro. Clinkscale holds the very enviable position of Vice-President of one of the Literary Societies. Up here we *Pis* never get entirely left, and in about two weeks we will brush our hair, part it in the middle,

wax our moustache, and go to fill our position as escort of some of the fair sex, at a reception given after the Sophomore Exhibition.

XI.

The time for another chapter letter has arrived. The correspondent writes the letter with reluctance, not from lack of interest in THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND, but from lack of material for a letter, which fact is caused by the extreme dullness of college life at present. The monotony is broken only occasionally by the excitement over some approaching game of baseball or by the announcement of some victory or defeat on the "diamond."

The chapter read of the death of our noble founder, Frederick Soufhgate Taylor, with deep regret. Though out of active fraternity work, he will be missed; and, deprived of his guiding hand, the Fraternity has suffered an irreparable loss.

We have recently received a valuable contribution from Dr. E. S. Joynes, *Xi*, for the purpose of improving our Chapter hall. It is our intention to make considerable improvements, which will add much to the comfort and attractiveness of the hall.

Athletics, in spite of many and various difficulties, are steadily improving at the South Carolina College. During this session the football and baseball teams have won most of the games we played. We hope, by next year to have a good coach for the football team, and then, with more lenient faculty laws than before, will be seen what the plucky Carolina boys can do.

The March examinations, though rather severe, cut no swaths in *Xi*'s ranks. Her men came out nicely. Among the names on the honor list, were those of Brothers Leary, Carson and Geo. McCutchens, out of our small number.

Bro. Hughes has been absent from College for a considerable time on account of sickness, but has returned.

At a recent meeting of the Wade Hampton Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Chapter decided to offer annually a valuable gold medal to the student of the South Carolina College that writes the best essay on a subject of Confederate history. The faculty gladly accepted the proposition, and henceforth this medal will be earnestly striven for and will occupy a prominent place among the College honors.

We sincerely believe that this, the last issue of the SHIELD AND DIAMOND during the College year, will find the Fraternity on a firmer basis than it ever was before. Our financial misfortunes of the past should not discourage us. Though we have grown slowly, we are now stronger than ever. Our glory is before and not behind us, and it is our hope and our aim to scatter throughout the South those

"Truths that wake
To perish never."

PI.

There will be very little news in Pi's letter this time. Everything has been unusually quiet in College the last two months, with the exception of an election for the editors of our College magazine, *The Southern Collegian*. Brother W. A. Shepherd was elected assistant editor. Brother Shepherd has been associate editor all the year and has done valuable work and is one source of the magazine's success.

Washington and Lee's Base Ball team this year has been unusually good. We have won some very notable games. The first big game of the season was with Princeton, but we lost it. The 15th of May is our field day and the athletes of College are hard at work training for the coming contest. The boat crews are hard at work training also for the race at commencement. *H. K. A.* is, as usual, well represented on the crews.

Professor Moreland and his classes have very successful experiments with the X rays.

Our meetings are well attended and we spend a few very pleasant hours together every Saturday night in our hall.

We think Brother Bird's suggestion an excellent one. It is possible with our small number to know each other better than is the case in larger fraternities. We think it would be a good plan to carry this out before the close of college, if possible, so that if travelling this summer we may know if we have a *Brother* near.

We have all enjoyed Brother Arbuckle's sketch, "Glimpses of Iota's History," very much.

Brother John Dillon, of Buena Vista, favored us with a visit a few weeks ago, which we all enjoyed very much as also we did the oysters.

As this is the last letter for this session we wish all

Read pages 117-122, and be

Brothers a happy summer, and also that some of us may meet during the vacation, and mutually extend the grip of dear old *H. K. A.*

RHO.

The last number of the *SHIELD AND DIAMOND* was a welcome visitor in *Rho* Chapter, and we would like to have our "name in the pot" again, not that there is very much "in a name," but there is a great deal in the pot. Our Chapter is moving along as smoothly as the course of true love—the reason is that most of the boys are truly in love.

At our last meeting *Rho* resolved itself into a reading circle, the *SHIELD AND DIAMOND* was handed around and eagerly devoured by all, not as Ezekiel swallowed the roll, but rather as an artist would devour a beautiful landscape, or as the goddess of the woods once feasted upon the sleeping Endymion.

Since our last letter *Rho* has opened its loving arms and taken the Dickey family into its embrace, and never has it hugged to its bosom such a precious armful before. Our motto is: "Men and not numbers," but we have been so fortunate as to get both this year. We have the largest "Frat." in the University, and all the boys are strictly orthodox, stand high in the classes (in some instances this must be taken in a physical sense,) love our neighbors as ourselves, especially our female neighbors, part our hair in the middle, and keep the *H. K. A.* Golden Rule; "Love all the brethren, and especially the sisters."

Some of the boys of *Rho* have won distinguished honors in the University this year; Bros. Hogan, Patton and C. L. Dickey are honored "sitters" on the editorial staff of the *Phoenix*, Bro. Crawford is President of the "Bald-Knobber Club" of Cumberland University, Bro. Landis is night watchman at the Annex, and Bro. McAdoo is a standing candidate for matrimony, and everyone is deeply in love with *H. K. A.*, which we count the greatest honor of all.

The *Rho* "Billy" has carried so many through the intricate labyrinths of *H. K. A.* lately that he is very tired, but never too tired to start on a new round. Summer is coming, and then he expects to "run on the range" and get some rest. He sends his love to all the *Hs.*

with us—Richmond, July 1st.

UPSILON.

Just a few more weeks will bring rest to the tired, hard-working boys of *Upsilon*. Then they will have a chance to rest, to go to picnics, to go fishing, and forget that there is such a thing in existence, as a college text book.

Since March we have lost two of our best men, Bro. Hurt and Bro. Powers. Bro. Powers was forced to go home on account of sickness. Bro. Hurt received an appointment at West Point, and is now in Atlanta, studying hard for his examinations.

We are sorry to lose him, but wish him success in his chosen profession.

Bro. Tate and Bro. Pollard have been elected to represent their societies at commencement, Bro. Tate has also been chosen to represent the A. and M. College in the Inter-Collegiate Debate, at Tallidiga, in June. This was a high honor, as only the best men are selected for this place.

We fellows who cannot "orate" are having a hard time now, for those who can speak are continually persecuting us by insisting that we listen to their orations and criticise them. Of course, we criticise them unmercifully.

Besides these commencement speakers, the Sophomores are to declaim for a medal, on the evening of May 15th, and the woods fairly ring with their eloquence, when about nine o'clock at night a crowd of them get together behind the cemetery, to practice. They think if they can stand the "sperrits," they will be able to face the audience on that final night.

Soon the captains will choose their companies for the competitive drill at commencement. The prize is a fine sword given by the Commandant to the captain of the best drilled company.

Field Day, May 1st, will be an interesting occasion, a number of medals will be given to winners, and there are many contestants.

The suggestion of Brother Bird, that each Chapter keep a list of all the members of the Fraternity, is a good one, and should be adopted by every Chapter.

Now, *Upsilon* has the book ready, please send us the names, and we will send ours to all who desire them.

ZETA.

Since our last communication, *Zeta* has been having her share of the good time that is going.

On the night of the 30th of April our Brother, Van D. Hite Smith, gave this Chapter an elegant reception. All *II's*, including Alumni and our Fraternity Sisters, were present.

We number our Sisters among the first and most charming young ladies of the city. They are true and loyal *II's* as if they had undergone the weird experience of an initiation.

The next day was the day set apart for our Annual Field Day, and our boys took off more prizes than all the other Frats. put together. Brother Sien Ruecht won the medal for the 100 yards dash in eleven seconds, also won the all-round athlete medal. He won the pole vault, second in the high jump, and second in the broad jump.

Two *II's* came in first and second in one of the bicycle races. This was a very pretty race. Joe Price came home first and Jno. Hudson an easy second; the air was filled with howls by their elated Brothers. Daniel K. Lee, *Zeta's* crack bicyclist, who has beaten all the crack cyclists of East Tennessee, was in poor racing condition, but was second in all the open races. William Hunter and Charles Rogan also won prizes. *Zeta* was quite jubilant over her many victories.

We are the same devoted brothers as of old. We are known as "the brotherly crowd." We dread to see June approach, when we will have to bid one another farewell, but we are very thankful that most of us will be back next September.

We have eight representatives in the great U. of T. German Club, which is the swellest thing of the kind in the city.

Since the last issue of our SHIELD AND DIAMOND our worthy father, Chas. E. Waite, has had born to him a bouncing boy, and it is to be hoped that he will some day become acquainted with the mysteries of our beloved Order.

We were very much pleased to note in the last issue of the Magazine the prospects of a Convention next June, for we all appreciate the need of one, and heartily agree with our good Brother who suggested the idea. This would enable us to establish new Chapters in the Sunny South, or at least to revive dormant ones.

The P's.

PERSONAL NOTES CONCERNING OUR MEMBERS.

In order to make this department complete and more interesting, each member is earnestly requested to forward promptly to J. GRAY McALLISTER, Box 37, Richmond, 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 it on a postal and forward as above, giving date and name of paper.

—Bro. Harry H. Erwin, *Iota*, is getting along nicely as secretary and treasurer of the Fonerden Specialty Company, Baltimore. He is much interested in the business and the founder of the company speaks well of his efficiency.

—*Upsilon's* one alumnus, Bro. L. W. Payne, a charter member, has resigned his position as librarian of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute to accept the co-principalship of the Agricultural School at Evergreen, Ala, a branch of the Polytechnic. My informant writes: "Bro. Payne has made quite a reputation speaking before young ladies' literary societies on such subjects as Angels."

—The commencement of the Lewisburg, W. Va., Female Institute will take place on the 2nd of June. Rev. J. R. Rennie, of Covington, Ky., will preach the Baccalaureate sermon on the last Sabbath in May. Bro. R. L. Telford is principal and both he and Bro. Rennie are *Iota* men.

—The Phoenix Literary Society is justly proud of her alumni. Among her sons she has no better friend than Robert M. Hughes, (*Gamma*), of Norfolk. It is well known to many that this gentleman has kindly founded a medal to be given for the best written article by any member of either society. We wish all who are concerned in this matter to take notice that Mr. Hughes has made a handsome donation to our University in her destitute condition, and in view of this fact does

not feel justified in presenting his medal this session. But he assures us that he will give it next year.—*William and Mary College Monthly*.

—Rev. John W. Caldwell, *Iota*, who has been holding services very acceptably for two years to the members of Appomattox Church, in Prince Edward County; at the close of the session, will return to his native State, Louisiana, and labor in a Church in New Orleans. The congregation of Appomattox Church, on Sunday, April 19, expressed to him their appreciation of the good he accomplished, and their high regards.

Their prayers will follow him in his new field of labor.—*Observer*.

—The General Office has received a most interesting letter from our late C. P., Bro. H. B. Arbuckle, in which he says: "How I do enjoy the SHIELD AND DIAMOND. It is fine." It will be remembered that Bro. Arbuckle had charge of the Department of Natural Science in the State Seminary of Florida for three years. Last summer he took a special course at the University of Virginia, and is now at the Johns-Hopkins University taking the advanced courses in Chemistry and Biology.

—Bro. Robert H. Troy, *Zeta*, is now special agent of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, at Memphis, Tenn., with an office in Room 8 of the Custom House Building. He will return to the University of Tennessee next fall as instructor in English.

—Bro. E. F. Koelle, *Theta*, is with the American Sugar Refinery Company, of New Orleans, La.

—Congratulations are in order. Bro. Robert O. Purdy, *Epsilon*, has just been presented with a fine son. Bro. Purdy's family now numbers eight.

—Bro. J. E. Ballou, *Iota*, '95 is Assistant Professor in the Millwood School, Clarke County, Virginia.

—The Chairman of Home Missions of Lexington Presbytery speaks thus of the work of Bro. Rolston, *Iota*:

"The only other field supported by the Presbytery is in the Dry Fork district of Randolph county, W. Va., occupied by Rev. Holmes Rolston, Evangelist. A large population is dependent upon him for the Gospel. He preaches twice a month at four places, and once a

month at three others ; has Sabbath Schools at all of his seven appointments ; makes hundreds of visits ; and is awake to every interest of the field. God is blessing the work ; 27 souls professed conversion at a meeting recently held at Thorn Grove, in which Rev. F. J. Brooke assisted. This field is almost wholly dependent upon the Presbytery for support at present, but will soon develop in self-help, as in every other way."

—Bro. J. Kirkland Hill, *Iota*, has kindly favored us with a copy of his excellent paper, *The Scottish Chief*, published weekly at Maxton, N. C. He is displaying push, and reaping profit too we trust in the conduct of his sheet. We wait hearty congratulations and good wishes from our sanctum to this brother of the quill.

—"The Virginia society will be admitted into the General Society of Cincinnati at its triennial meeting to be held in Philadelphia on the second Wednesday in May.

"Dr. George Ben. Johnston and Dr. P. H. C. Cabell, (*Alpha*), will attend this meeting as delegates from the Virginia Society.—*Richmond Despatch*."

—Rev. Bros. Robt. Hill (*Theta*) and S. M. Engle, (*Iota*) are among the delegates to the General Assembly held this month in Memphis. The former goes from Nashville Presbytery and the latter from Oakland, Md.

—The annual re-union of the Richmond Chapter of the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia, held April 17th, was one of the most successful of the many brilliant and inspiring occasions in the long history of this honored and distinguished organization. The first toast—"Virginia and Her University"—was responded to by Robert M. Hughes, (*Gamma*), of Norfolk, president of the State Bar Association.

Mr. Hughes spoke of the love which the whole South bore to Virginia's University, to prove which, her States sent their sons to the soil of the Old Dominion to obtain their education at her institution of learning. It should more properly be called the "University of the South."

The speaker then said that whether the students of the University became great scholars depended upon themselves. "But the matriculate," said he, "when he has completed his collegiate course there, and taken his last fond look at the receding dome of the rotunda, may feel confident he has become something more than a scholar, more than a lawyer, a doctor, or an engineer. He has become that noblest product of

Every alumni should be in Richmond

nature's handiwork, a gentleman. If our University sends forth from her halls nothing nobler than gentlemen, what nobler mission can she fill?" Mr. Hughes's speech was greeted with hearty applause.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

—The Rev. D. A. Blackburn, (*Theta*.) of the Church of the Strangers, New York City, is in Charleston on a social visit. Mr. Blackburn has friends here by the hundreds, and he is most welcome. In the days when he was a Charlestonian he was the beloved pastor of Westminster, and when he left the city for New York his departure caused a great deal of regret. Mr. Blackburn is looking in excellent health, and is enjoying the welcome that is being given him.—*News and Courier*, April 8th.

—Last Monday morning the New York *Tribune* published an interesting sketch of the life and work of the Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, who is now in this city on a visit to friends. Mr. Blackburn's pastorate in this city lasted but a few months over one year, but in that time he succeeded in making hosts of friends in Charleston. Probably no preacher who has ever worked in this city made a more profound impression in a like period. Mr. Blackburn won then, and retains now, the admiration and esteem of every Charlestonian with whom he came in contact, irrespective of denominational lines.

It was just one year ago last Sunday since Mr. Blackburn took charge of the famous Church of the Strangers, in New York, and it was in connection with the anniversary sermon that the article in the *Tribune* was printed. There was printed at the same time an alleged picture of Mr. Blackburn. The *Tribune* said:

"At the Church of the Strangers yesterday morning the services were of an unusually important nature, and a large congregation was in attendance. Easter Day was not only celebrated, but also the first anniversary in the service of the Church, of the pastor, the Rev. D. Asa Blackburn.

"The Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, the pastor, is of Southern birth, and his connection with the Church comes from a most peculiar circumstance. Mr. Blackburn was born in Greenville, Tenn., in 1864. When a small boy he went to Athens, where he was brought up on a farm. After clerking in a store he went to Lebanon, Ohio, where he entered and was graduated from the National Normal University of Ohio. After graduation Mr. Blackburn travelled for three years as a representative of an advertising house in Chicago. He then entered the

Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., where he took a three years' course. He received a call to the pulpit of the Westminister Presbyterian Church, of Charleston, S. C., preaching there for sixteen months. The manner of his coming to New York as pastor of the Church of the Strangers was note worthy. He was on a visit here, and in company with a stranger whom he had never met before, went one evening to attend a prayer-meeting held in the church. During the evening he made some remarks which attracted the attention of those present. He was questioned, and it was learned that he was a minister of the Gospel. The Church at that time was without a pastor. A minister had been written to and had been invited to preach in the Church the following Sunday, but in some way the letter never reached him, and he did not come. In this emergency the congregation made a special request that Mr. Blackburn preach in his place. He complied with the request, and it was decided that morning that he was the man the congregation had been looking for to fill the pulpit permanently. A call was extended him, but he at first declined to consider it. He returned to the South, where he suddenly lost the use of his voice temporarily, and was obliged to go to Florida. While there he received a telegram from the Church, saying that the call was still open to him. He then accepted. Yesterday marked the close of the first year of his pastorate of the Church of the Strangers."

Mr. Blackburn said yesterday that he was more than pleased and gratified with the results of the last year. One hundred and two members had joined the Church during the year, and advancement had been made in every department of Church work. He said that a peculiar feature of the congregation was that there were members of almost every known evangelical denomination working harmoniously together. It is a difficult matter to manage in a successful financial manner a down-town Church without charging pew rent. But this is being done by the Church of the Strangers, and last year the Church easily met all its expenses without running a dollar behind. Mr. Blackburn said that he had as many as ten persons from as many as ten different States remain after a morning service to speak with him. People from all over the country came to him in this way.—*Charleston News and Courier*, April 10.

—Bro. C. B. Jennings, *Mu*, has been called to the pastorate of a church in Trenton, N. J. He is to address the Literary Societies of Presbyterian College of S. C., at Commencement.

COME TO THE CONVENTION.

TIME AND PLACE.

The Grand Officers of the Fraternity deem it essential to the prosperity of the Fraternity that a Convention be held during this summer. This is a departure from the usual custom, and being so, we decide to take such a step only after mature deliberation and consultation with each other. Nor is this call an arbitrary one on the part of the Grand Officers. All of the Chapters were sounded on the matter, and found to be in hearty sympathy with the movement.

In looking around for the place to hold this summer rally, our attention was directed to Richmond, when she shall deck herself in holiday attire to receive the "Veterans in Grey."

The United Confederate Veterans will meet in Richmond, Va., from June 30 to July 2. All the railroads have agreed to issue tickets at 1 cent a mile fare for the round trip; tickets good for 10 days, so that any one, say within a radius of five hundred miles, can come to the Convention and return for \$10. Now, the great majority of our delegates can reach Richmond for half this sum. Can you question then the propriety of holding the Convention at this time and place?

We will meet for organization at 8.30 on the evening of Wednesday, July 1st, and the regular business sessions will begin at 9 o'clock next morning.

Doubtless the former capital of the Confederacy never contained at any one time as many soldiers in grey as she will be called upon to entertain in the coming Re-union. Yes, Richmond will be crowded, but there will be room enough for every Pi. Our Grand Secretary lives there and many an enthusiastic Alumnus. These Brothers will make arrangements for Convention hall, and will select lodgings for all who will indicate their intention to attend. Let every one who intends to come, send in his name to Bro. E. P. Cox, 1103 Main st., Richmond, in order that accommodations may be arranged for all.

HEADQUARTERS.

All delegates and visiting Pi's, on arriving at Richmond, should proceed directly to Ford's Hotel. This will be our headquarters. This is one of the most complete and convenient hotels in the city, corner of 12th and Broad streets.

You must get there on Wednesday evening, July 1st, for the Convention will then be called to order and will be organized for work. We will have a committee to meet all trains and delegates, and visiting Brethren will find a hearty welcome, and a most courteous reception.

ALL PI'S ARE INVITED—ACTIVE OR ALUMNI—COME!

Who should attend this Convention? We answer: Every member of the *Pi Kappa Alpha* Fraternity, for all can surely afford. Every Chapter must send a large delegation. We would be very glad to welcome entire Chapters, and the total membership of every Chapter since the Fraternity was founded. Brothers, if it is a pleasure and privilege to meet again with the noble knights of the Garnet and Old Gold, how great will be the pleasure of meeting once more the dear old fellows of the Chapter and college life of long ago; to again grasp their hands and look into their faces. Besides, the occasion will afford many pleasures of another sort. Many can come with their fathers to witness scenes that cannot but thrill every observer. It will be a festive occasion, and sights and sounds in abundance to please every sense. Every one has been told of the attractions of our "Queen City of the South," and I need not recount them here. Her buildings and monuments, parks and cemeteries, and the many historic associations of the place, and the interesting ceremonies of Re-union week, will make our summer gathering a most pleasant one. Above all this, however, it is *our duty* to come. We need your counsel and advice on the many weighty matters which we will discuss. *Pi Kappa Alpha* needs you—you *must* come.

Brother Alumni, we expect many, would that I could say all of you, to meet with us the first week in July. We need the dignity of your age, though none are old, and your experience to add tone to the Convention. We need some of your valuable wisdom to guide us in the solution of knotty questions that must come before us. Can you not make this a *re-union* time for you who have been separated now for many years? Come and join us in our deliberations, which are for the good of the Order we all love. Come and tell us of your College days, meet your College mates once more, and renew the associations of youth.

Let us all come to Richmond, then, on July 1st, and come prepared to work for the advancement of our common Fraternity,

R. R. Jones,
Councilor Princeps.

Official Call No. 1.

To the Several Chapters of H. K. A. Fraternity, and to the Alumni—Greeting:—

The requirements of our Constitution having been complied with, I hereby call a Convention of the Fraternity in Richmond, Va., Wednesday, July 1st, 1896, at 8.30 P. M.

Important measures are calling us together at this time. A Convention is a necessity, and a very fortunate concurrence has pointed out the place and time. I call upon every member, both active and Alumnus, to attend.

Faithfully in the bonds,

*R. Randolph Jones,
Councilor Princeps.*

Blackstone, Va., May 5, 1896.

Official Order No. 1.

To the Several Chapters of H. K. A. Fraternity:—Greeting:—

You are hereby ordered to assemble at once in your respective Chapter halls and elect delegates—at least two—to the Convention to meet in Richmond, Va., Wednesday, July 1st, 1896, 8.30 P. M.

Immediately after the election is held report the number and names of delegates to me, that we may be assisted in making out a programme, and in perfecting our arrangements for a successful session.

Also report the names of delegates to Brother E. P. Cox, Chairman Arrangement Committee, 1103 E. Main street, Richmond, Va.

Please use great promptness in executing this order.

Faithfully in the bonds,

*R. Randolph Jones,
Councilor Princeps.*

Blackstone, Va., May 5, 1896.

RAILROAD RATES TO RICHMOND.

We have obtained the following list of distances, from our various chapters to Richmond, and give the rates for the round trip at one cent a mile. These are correct within a few cents, and will show us how cheaply we can all attend the Convention in Richmond on July 1st.

From Charlottesville—Distance 96 miles; fare, round trip, \$	1.92
" Hampden Sidney, " 91 " " "	1.82
" Lexington, Va., " 196 " " "	3.92
" Davidson, N. C., " 305 " " "	6.10
" Chapel Hill, N. C., " 180 " " "	3.60
" Knoxville, Tenn., " 481 " " "	9.62
" Clarksville, Tenn., " 693 " " "	13.86
" Lebanon, Tenn., " 663 " " "	13.26
" Clinton, S. C., " 421 " " "	8.42
" Spartanburg, S. C., " 359 " " "	7.18
" Columbia, S. C., " 389 " " "	7.78
" Auburn, Ala., " 667 " " "	13.34
" Charleston, S. C., " 492 " " "	9.85

Editorial.

The call for the Summer Convention, of those who wear the Garnet and Old Gold, and live beneath its banner, is sent to you in this issue, with the belief that a ready and enthusiastic response will be given it. From Chapters and from the general ranks of the Order have come, since our last number, hearty approval of the plan for the summer gathering, to further the interests of our noble old Order. And now that we have received the official notification of place and time, let the entire Order interst itself in making it a large and enthusiastic meeting.

Our officers are to be congratulated upon choosing so suitable a place, and so pleasant a time for this assembly. Surely the fates have smiled upon us with gracious favor. For not only have we been enabled to obtain wonderfully cheap rates of fare over the railroads, but we can come together for hard work, and yet have a wondrous spectacle to interest us during the hours of rest from our labors in behalf of our Fraternity.

Perhaps never again will such an opportunity be offered to our members. The railroads have agreed to transport passengers at the reduced fare of one cent a mile, for every mile travelled, both going and coming. In the published list of approximate rates, in this issue, the highest rate for our Chapters is \$13.80 *for the round trip!* Could we ask for less?

The Committee of Pi's of the hospitable old city of Richmond, have arranged for our accommodation at one of the best hotels of that city, and at a very low cost. How well we remember the kindness with which we were treated when we met with our brothers of Richmond in December, 1893. What a glorious reception they gave us, and how they put themselves out to do every thing that heart could wish to make our stay a pleasant one! Can we ever forget that visit? Nay, it is one of the pleasantest memories of our past history!

We can be assured that these Pi's will treat us with even greater kindness, if such a thing is possible, during our proposed stay in their city in July. It will be a most enjoyable occasion, and to every Pi we write that it will be the mistake of his life, if he fails to meet with us then.

Aside, however, from all these pleasant anticipations of social enjoyment, we, as Pi's, should bring home to our minds and hearts the fact that Pi Kappa Alpha needs us, to come together and counsel among ourselves, as to what we shall do for her cause.

Never before has she had such need of our advice and our attention. The South stands to-day upon the commencement of a new era for its people. Her industries are advancing; her factories are humming with ceaseless activity; over her fertile fields nature is pouring her white and golden harvests in perpetual gift. Her colleges are increasing in strength, her young men are more anxious for, and better provided to obtain, a collegiate education. Can we of Pi Kappa Alpha stand idle when so many chances are thus given us to build up and strengthen our Fraternity? Surely not! Plans must be arranged, and methods discussed, whereby Pi Kappa Alpha may grow and strengthen with the development of our sunny home—the Glorious South.

Therefore, we say, that aside from the alluring pleasures offered us to come to Richmond for this conclave of working Pi's, duty stands conspicuously before us, and with kind hand though firm gesture, bids us come to Richmond on July 1st, 1896, and come with heart, with hand, with mind, ready to do a noble work to put Pi Kappa Alpha on a strong foundation, and strengthen and increase her bulwarks.

Not alone is it the duty, or the pleasure, of the active Chapter member to attend these meetings. Our *Alumni* should be with us to aid us with their acquired experience, to encourage us with their presence; to make our coming together a dignified, business assembly, whereat all that is done will redound to the credit, and to the strengthening, of the Fraternity we all love so well.

In the rush and whirl of the busy, ceaseless struggle with the world, few of us have the time for a retrospective glance over the past, so full of pleasant and refreshing memories, so light with the careless hours when naught but pleasure was our aim. How sweet, then, will be this reunion of the *Pi's* of a few years ago; the meeting together again with the brothers with whom we walked in such close communion but a few short years ago, and yet who have passed out of our lives so completely. How much good it will do us all to put aside the cares of latter years for a short while, and once more be free and young again.

We must make this July gathering a glorious reunion, not

of the warriors of the grey, but of the boys who fought under the waving banner of garnet and old gold. We extend therefore, to all the alumni an earnest invitation for their presence at our Convention in July.

Chapters should *at once* call a meeting and elect delegates, at least two, for this Convention, and report the names to our C. P., and also to Bro. E. P. Cox, 1103 E. Main St., Richmond, the chairman of the Arrangement Committee. In this way ample accommodations can be provided for all. Richmond will be very crowded during that week, and it is necessary to make these arrangements at once.

Chapters should, therefore, lose no time in attending to this important duty. Let *every member of the Chapter* endeavor to be present at this meeting, and lend his aid and advice to the advancement of the Fraternity. All who expect to attend should report their names to Bro. Cox in accordance with the official call of the C. P.

Every Chapter can have at least two men present, for the rate *for the round trip*, from the majority of the Chapters, *is less than ten dollars*. Surely, then, we can count on a representative from every Chapter. If the Fraternity is to grow we must work for it, and every Chapter must lend a hand.

Do not fail to have at least two delegates from every Chapter at this Convention.

As to the time of the meeting? We should all be at Ford's Hotel, at 8.30 Wednesday evening, July 1st. The Convention will be organized, a programme for the week adopted, committees appointed, credentials examined and all arrangements made for the business sessions of the week.

Tickets are good until July 6th, and will probably be extended to a further limit of the 11th. Efforts are now being made in this direction. We will have plenty of time for our sessions and plenty of time for our pleasure and our return home.

Come every *Pi*, from every State, from every Chapter. Let us gather around our banner to make a determined stand for our rapid growth. Drop the pen, the farm tool, the book, and all work for a few days, and meet with us to work for old *Pi Kappa Alpha*, and for a glorious reunion. We will welcome you all. There will be work for all, room for all, and pleasure for all.

Do not fail to come. Richmond, Va., Wednesday evening, July 1st. Ford's Hotel, corner 12th and Broad Sts.

Write Bro. Cox you are coming.

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CHAPTERS.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

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