

JUNE, 1894.

THE RAINBOW

OF

DELTA TAU DELTA.

A QUARTERLY.

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PEACE MAKING.

When our quarrel fierce is o'er,
We'll feud no more;
All our sullen thoughts we'll cast
Far in the past.

As the sunlight after rain
Shines bright again,
So our love will brighter glow
And purer flow ;

And our lives be glad and true
Without the rue.
All from this 'tween you and me
Will peaceful be. — C. H. W. (B. M.) '95.

TWILIGHT.

As the sun in glory dight
Recedes slowly from the sight,
Soft pervades the mellow light
Down the dale.

Through the avenue of trees
Comes a gentle wand'ring breeze,
Whispering soft the flow'rs to please
'Neath the night.

In the east a naked star
Wades through azure deeps afar,
While its sister wades the bar
Of the lake.

O'er the drowsy odorous lea
Sounds the sleepy harmony,
Crickets lulling dreamily,
To the flowers.

Hies the night bird to her home;
Darker turns the purple foam
Of the sea of clover-bloom
In the field.

Hushed is all the slumb'rous earth;
E'en the brooklet laughing forth
All the day, has lost its mirth
In murm'ring sleep.

Twilight, fairest hour of day!
Sleep thy sweet brief light away
'Midst the drowsy air for aye
In dreamy rest.

— C. H. W. (B. M.) '95.

ME AN' OTIS.

AN ORIGINAL FOUR-ACT COMEDY BY MR. CHARLES HENRY WELLS.

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CHARACTERS.

DICK DAVIS, A student at Hale College, fond of foot ball and girls.

BYRON MAKEPEACE THORNTON, His room-mate, not fond of foot ball or girls.

OTIS TEWKSBURY, of Perkinsville, Betty's father.

REGINALD THOMAS, a young man of fashion.

SAM SCULLYUN, Tewksbury's hired man.

BETTY TEWKSBURY, Otis' daughter.

FLORENCE FOLLETT, Betty's city friend.

ROSILLA TEWKSBURY, wife of Otis, and the head of the family.

SOPHRONIA RUGGLES, Florence's maiden aunt.

ACT I.

SCENE — DAVIS and THORNTON's room at HALE COLLEGE the day of the foot ball game. Doors, R and L, window, C; desk, R. C.; table L, with photographs, cards, poker chips, etc.; couch at back; room fitted like typical student's room. THORNTON discovered studying intently at desk, DAVIS lying on couch, book at side, BETTY's photograph in hand.

DICK (*rapturously*)—Ah, Betty, Betty, how long the time does seem since I saw you! And how long three o'clock does seem in coming! O! you are a beaut! (*kisses photo.*) (*To*

Thorn.) I say, By, that girl I've told you about is coming here with her friend at three. (*To himself.*) It's been more than three weeks since I saw her in the country, and how I do want to see her again! (*To Thorn.*) I say, By, Betty's coming out to the game to-day. (*Thorn does not notice; Dick, louder, rises.*) By! By! Hang it all, I never saw such a fellow!

THORN. (*disinterestedly*) — What's the matter now?

DICK—Well, I've been talking to you this half-hour about Betty, and you're just as deaf as a post. Humph! I don't believe you'd stir if the Queen of Sheba was to come into your room to see a foot ball game.

THORN.—What do you suppose I care about Betty, or the Queen of Sheba, or foot ball?

DICK—No, By; you don't care about anything except books, and you'll grind, and grind, and grind all the time, and never go out among people, men even, to say nothing about women. (*Sees photo.*) But say, she's coming at three.

THORN.—Who's she? You've so many shes, I'm almost dizzy when I think of it. Which one is it — er — that is, which one of your many female admirers condescends to come out to-day?

DICK—Why Betty, of course! Haven't I told you times enough?

THORN. (*affecting interest*)—Well, you don't mind telling me again, do you?

DICK (*sits, speaking enthusiastically*)—Why, By, old boy, she's the cleverest little girl I ever met, and she's —

THORN. (*interrupting*)—You've said the same thing about that Miller girl, and that dark-haired girl from Somerbridge and —

DICK (*interrupting*)—Well, hang it all, that don't cut any ice! Can't a fellow speak well of his friends when he wishes to? But say, By, old boy, you just wait till you see her. (*Thorn. unnoticed takes book and studies.*) She's just my

size, and such a beaut! Dark complexion, and dark hair. Her waist is just the right size to reach about, in case of necessity, you know. And her mouth! You never dreamed of such a mouth. Oo—ooh! And her eyes, too. But you should have seen her when we met in the country. I was visiting in the town where she lives and we met at a picnic. My! wasn't she pretty that day? But it's been more than three weeks since I saw her, and I have had only about three letters a week from her. She's visiting her friend in town and I've asked her out to the game to-day. You'll entertain them when I'm on the field, won't you, then take her friend off my hands when I'm visiting her, wont—(*looks up, sees Thorn. studying, throws book at him, Thorn. laughs*) O By, I didn't think that of you!

THORN.—Well, what's the matter now? Has a fellow got to listen all the time to your confounded jargon about girls, and girls, and girls and never have a moment's peace to himself? I never saw such a fellow; you go about sighing and heaving about every new girl, and the last one is always the best. You have only just got through talking about that dark-haired girl from Somerbridge, and now it's Betty, Betty, all the time. Why don't you study and get your lessons, the way I do?

DICK—'Tisn't in me to study that way. I can get my lessons in half the time when there's a sweet little girl to see at night, after the lessons are over.

THORN.—Well, I never saw such a love-sick chap—always in love, and yet always with a different girl.

DICK—I'm not always with a different girl. I went with Betty six whole weeks up country this summer, and would longer, but College opened.

THORN.—Good thing it did, I guess. You would have thrown her overboard like her predecessors.

DICK—What do you mean to insinuate? Are you casting slurs on her character?

THORN.—Not on hers, but on yours. You go with a girl a little while, then puff! and *she's* not in it any longer.

DICK—Well, I argue like this; when a man gets tired of a thing he'd best leave it alone.

THORN.—Yes, but you'll leave Betty alone, by and by, just because you are tired of her.

DICK—O come off! It will be no such thing. Betty is the purest, sweetest and most lovable girl walking the earth, and I'll never give her up until—well—until you fall in love with her, which will never happen.

THORN.—Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

DICK—Well, you see. You see what I've said. No wonder you talk as you do: you don't know what the tender passion is: you don't know what it is to love a girl, so there's no fear of my ever throwing Betty overboard. You don't like girls, so you don't go with them. (*Rapturously*). O my! What a pile you're missing!

THORN.—Well, I suppose I am, then, if you say so. But there's one thing certain, Dick Davis, I'll never love a woman. I think too much of myself; it's beneath my dignity as a student. Women are all right in their place, but they ought to *know* their place. I don't want any of them around me. Bah!

DICK—Why, aren't you going to help me entertain Betty and her friend? Won't you entertain them when I'm on the field?

THORN.—Me? Me entertain women? Ugh! I guess not much.

DICK—But, By—

THORN. (*interrupting*)—Wouldn't I look pretty entertaining women? Ha! ha! ha!

DICK—But won't you accommodate me?

THORN.—Accommodate you? How?

DICK—Why you see, By, it's just like this. Betty and her friend are coming out to-day to the game, are going to be

here at three. Of course, I want to visit alone a little with Betty; then I've got to be on the field with the team. Now, what I want is this: You take Betty's friend off my hands before the game, then entertain them both during the game. See? Talk to them, show them pictures or anything for a while; just a little while, you know. Now, won't you do so much for me?

THORN. (*sighing*) — How long will it take for you to get through your game? Very long?

DICK — O, no! And they'll be watching it from the window, you know.

THORN. (*resignedly*) — Well, I suppose I must accommodate you. What's this friend's name?

DICK — Follett, Florence Follett. She is the friend in town whom Betty is visiting.

THORN. — Well, I suppose I must.

DICK — That's the stuff, By, old boy! And you'll have a fine time watching the game.

THORN. (*aside*) — Footfall and girls! The two evils of college life. O, dear, I suppose I've got to stand it.

DICK (*looking at watch*) — Great Scott! Here it is nearly three, and we haven't the room slicked up. See here, I've got to go and get ready for the game, so you just straighten things around and I'll come back in a minute and help you.

[*Exit L.*]

THORN. (*arranging furniture, etc.*) — That's always the way, fooling about until time for the game, then leaving someone else to do the work. Dick, you are a mighty fine boy, but you do think too much of the girls. (*Takes box of pipes and tobacco and hides.*) Here, they mustn't see these, for they'll think I'm a smoker. And these cards and chips, too. (*Puts them in pocket; shakes torn paper off rug, places rug over it; takes picture to hang. Knock at door R.*) Come in! (*Pause; second knock.*) Stay out! (*Pause; third knock.*) Go to the

devil! (*Fourth knock; Thorn rushes to door, speaks loudly.*)
Why in —

[*Enter Betty and Florence; Thorn. dumb.*]

BETTY — Is Dick — I mean Mr. Davis — in?

THORN. (*bashfully*) — No, sir; he's gone to get on his br — I mean he's gone to get dressed for the game — he will be out in a moment. Who — er — who — (*Aside.*) Hang it all, how shall I say it? (*Aloud.*) Er — beg pardon, but what's your name? I mean, may I ask your cognomen?

BETTY (*aside to Flor.*) — Did you ever see such rudeness? I wonder who he is. He must be that room-mate of Dick's. (*Aloud.*) I am Miss Tewksbury, and am looking for Mr. Davis.

THORN. (*aside*) — Miss Tewksbury? Miss Tewksbury? I wonder what her other name is. Dick never told me Betty's other name. Can this be she? I must find out. (*Aloud.*) Er — Miss Tewksbury — er — would you be gracious enough to impart to my auditories your first, that is, your given name?

BETTY (*aside to Florence*) — Did you ever see such a horrid, comical fellow? (*Aloud.*) My given name is Elizabeth.

THORN. — Thank you. (*Alarmed, aside.*) Whew! Where did these strange women come from? Are they more of Dick's girls? They must have got into the wrong room. Elizabeth Tewksbury? That can't be Betty. (*Aloud.*) O, dear, I wish Dick was here! I mean I hope he will come in soon.

BETTY (*aside*) — I wish he would, too.

(*Thorn. goes to desk, takes up book, but sees them still standing.*)

THORN. — But have a seat; that is, accommodate yourselves to a chair. (*Aside.*) I must tell Dick. (*Tiptoes to L, and exit.*)

(*They sit near table.*)

FLORENCE — Why, Betty, who do you suppose he is? Isn't he a comical chap?

BETTY—It must be Thornton, Dick's chum. Dick wrote me he was a very bookish fellow, and hates all girls. He's as rude as these women haters generally are, but there is something kinder interesting in him.

FLOR.—He isn't bad looking. But how embarrassed he was when we came in.

BETTY—Yes, and he ought to have been embarrassed to act as he did. But where do you suppose Dick is all this long time? He said he would be at the door to meet us. That fellow said he had gone to get ready for the game. I never have seen them play this. Do you know what they do to get ready for a foot ball game?

FLOR.—O, yes. They put on lots of heavy clothes and rumple their hair all up, put on their shin-protectors and kicking shoes and —

BETTY.—But they don't kick each other's shins, do they, Florence?

FLOR.—Why, yes; what else should they kick? And then they —

[*Enter Thornton and Dick, latter in foot ball suit; rushes to shake hands with Betty; Thornton retires and watches.*]

DICK—Why, Betty, I'm awfully glad to see you!

THORN. (*aside*)—So this is Betty!

DICK—And I'm so glad you could come out to-day, but —

BETTY—Mr. Davis, let me introduce my friend, Miss Follett.

DICK—Pleased to see you, Miss Follett. Is this your first visit here?

FLOR.—Yes, thank you.

DICK (*aside*)—My, what a charmer. (*Aloud*) But allow me to present my room-mate, Mr. Thornton, Miss Tewksbury; Mr. Thornton, Miss Follett.

[*They all bow, Thornton awkwardly.*]

THORN. (*bashfully*)—I'm pleased to see you—er—that is, it gives me extreme pleasure to be satisfied to see you—er—

[*Cheers outside; Flor., Betty, and Dick go to window; Thorn. to desk.*]

BETTY—Is he the one who hates women? He's rather interesting after all. But it was so funny to think of it now, when we came in he never asked us to sit at all, but blundered out a lot of questions. It was rude, but very laughable.

DICK (*laughing*)—He is a queer fellow, but one of the best boys anywhere.

FLOR.—I rather like his looks. (*Looks out window.*) Oh! see the men out there all in their suits!

DICK (*looking*)—Oh! I must be on the field now with the rest of the eleven. Now, girls, make yourself at home, and Thornton will entertain you. I will be in again right after the game to visit with you. You can watch us from the window. (*To Thorn.*) Now, old boy, just do your prettiest—just for my sake, you know. You don't like them, I know; but try to entertain them while I am playing.

THORN. (*to Dick*)—I will try to do it—that is, I will endeavor to exert a power over my sentiment and will, to render the tedious moments more tediousless.

DICK—All right. Good-bye! [*Exit R.*]

FLOR. and BETTY—Good-bye! Now, don't get hurt! Be sure to beat them!

FLOR. (*both at window*)—Oh! Betty, isn't he just lovely? I think he is awfully nice.

BETTY (*jealous*)—Seems to me you are rather previous in your remarks, if not in your opinion. You haven't known him long enough yet to be able to form an opinion.

FLOR.—Well, he is lovely, anyhow. There he goes!

[*Cheers on field; girls watching.*]

BETTY—O, Mr. Thornton, won't you please come here and

tell us what they're doing down there now? What's that round thing they've got?

THORN. (*edging to window*) — That? That's the pigskin.

BETTY — Oh!

FLOR. — But what are they stooping over for? What are they doing now?

THORN. — They're going to try to gain a few yards.

FLOR. — A few yards of what? Pigskin?

BETTY — No, Florence; a few yards of men, of feet, of —

THORN. — Beg pardon, they're trying to gain ground; that is, earth, terra firma.

FLOR. and BETTY — Oh!

BETTY — O, see that fellow run! Who is he? Why, it's Dick. And they're after him! They can't catch him! They are running, but he runs faster! There he goes behind those poles! (*Cheers on field; girls join, and wave flags.*)

FLOR. — Wasn't that just too sweet for anything? Wasn't that perfectly elegant?

[*Thorn. disgusted, paces floor; girls wave.*]

THORN. — O, what nonsense! The idea of girls going crazy over foot ball! Bah!

BETTY — O, Mr. Thornton, wasn't that lovely? But come here and tell us what they're doing now.

THORN. — They're going to kick. (*Girls turn heads.*)

BETTY — Kick each other's shins? O, dear, how horrid!

THORN. — No; kick the pigskin. The captain is going to kick it over the goal.

FLOR. — But what's that fellow lying on the ground for? Why, they're going to kick him!

THORN. (*aside*). — O, I never saw such thick-headed girls. (*Aloud.*) No; they're going to kick the ball that the fellow lying down is holding.

BETTY — So it is a ball? Why, Florence, it's a foot ball!

O, wasn't that a fine kick! (*Contrary cheers, Betty waves flag.*)

THORN.—Yes; a fine kick, indeed (*sarcastically*), but not fine enough to make a goal. (*Aside.*) Here, stop waving that flag—that is, reef that bunting!

FLOR. (*to Betty*)—Betty, it wasn't a goal.

BETTY—O, wasn't it?

FLOR.—They're starting over again. They are going to try again.

BETTY—O, see!

THORN. (*down front*)—What in the deuce am I going to do with these girls all this time? I'd like to get them away from that window. Everybody 'll think I'm in love. What will I do to take up the time? Dick said to show them some pictures. A fine idea. (*Takes album and goes to girls.*) I I say, Miss Tewksbury, and Miss Follett, wouldn't you like to look at some photographs—that is, to clap your optics upon some representatives of human physiognomies?

BETTY—Thank you, Mr. Thornton, I would very much. Come on, Florence.

FLOR.—I don't care to, thank you; I'd rather watch the game, (*aside*) and Mr. Davis.

THORN.—Will you sit here, that is, will you recline upon the furniture?

BETTY—Thank you.

THORN. (*pointing to pictures*)—These are some pictures of the college; have you ever been out before?

BETTY—No, I haven't; but Mr. Davis has told me about it lots. How long have you been here in College, Mr. Thornton?

THORN.—This is my third year. I am a Junior.

BETTY (*coolly*)—O, are you? I always thought Juniors must be so nice.

THORN. (*aside*)—Well, now, that isn't bad. (*Aloud.*) Well, most of them, Miss Tewksbury, are no better than they ought to be.

BETTY — O, no! Ha! ha! You are kinder fooling, Mr. Thornton. Where is your home?

THORN. — My home? O, I come from down on the Cape.

BETTY — The Cape? But have you never lived in the country, Mr. Thornton?

THORN. (*shrugging*). — Country? Cape Cod is country enough for me.

BETTY — But do you never come to Perkinsville?

THORN. — Perkinsville? I believe I have heard that name in segments — that is, both parts of that name, but have never had the pleasure of seeing the town.

FLOR. (*at window; cheers outside*) — O, that was fine! Betty, Mr. Thornton, come see this. (*Observes them a moment.*)

BETTY (*not noticing Flor.*) — O, you just ought to come, then. That's my home, you know.

THORN. — Is it? Well, (*observing her*) I don't think I'd like it.

BETTY — O, I guess you would, Mr. Thornton. But say, I heard a funny thing about you from Mr. Davis.

THORN. — Did you? Well, that's nothing strange to hear from him. What was it?

BETTY (*coolly*). — O, that you didn't — ha! ha! — didn't like women or girls.

THORN. (*quickly*). — Well, I don't — that is — er — I — well, hang it all — the general run, you know. (*Aside.*) This, though, seems to be an exception compulsory.

BETTY (*moving nearer*) — Well, I admire you — er — I mean, I admire your courage in standing by your convictions. (*Aside.*) Why, what have I said?

THORN. — Yes — er — that is — well, I think it is, too. (*Aside.*) What shall I say?

FLOR. (*at window still; cheers outside.*) — That was fine; Betty, did you hear those cheers?

BETTY (*not noticing*) — What did you say, Mr. Thornton?

THORN.—O, merely that we students sometimes change our minds.

FLOR.—They're through, and Mr. Davis is coming. (*Takes in flag, and turns from window.*)

BETTY—Yes, they say a wise man changes his mind, but a fool never.

THORN.—Er—yes; I think so. But I guess Dick is a f—er—I mean, is never going to change his mind. He likes the girls pretty well.

BETTY—He does? O, yes; course he does.

THORN.—We are room mates, you know, and I have a chance to see his affection for certain of the other gender, and—

BETTY—Yes, to be sure, and—

[*Enter Dick, observing Thorn. and Betty.*]

DICK (*aside*)—Well, just see that old grind.

FLOR. (*Flor., shaking with Dick*)—Mr. Davis, do let me congratulate you; you did finely. (*Thorn. and Betty separate.*)

BETTY (*advancing*)—Yes, you did do finely, Dick.

DICK—And you away off there all through the game?

THORN.—Simply to look at pictures, you know.

DICK—O, yes! I know; I've been placed in similar positions myself. But we did wax them in great shape! You didn't get lonesome, did you girls?

BETTY—O, no; Mr. Thornton entertained us finely.

FLOR.—Us? You mean yourself, Betty.

BETTY—Well, you know you didn't care to look at photographs, or to talk.

DICK (*to Thorn.; girls talking together*)—Well, By, you got along all right, eh?

THORN.—O, fairly well. She's capital company. I don't care for women, you know, but I like a good conversationalist.

DICK (*aside*)—That's hopeful. I'll get him into it yet. I'll encourage this affair, just to get him to liking women, then have the laugh on him. I'll have him on the hip. (*Turns to*

girls). But girls have a seat. (*He sits with them; Thorn. goes to desk, takes book, but watches Betty*). I'm so glad you could come out to-day; and Betty, it has seemed a year since I saw you. Well 't isn't so far from it, just lacks forty odd weeks or so. How are the folks at home?

BETTY—They're all well.

DICK—And that Haskell boy?

BETTY—He's all well since that day he came near drowning.

FLOR.—Near drowning?

BETTY—Yes; Dick saved him.

FLOR.—O, how nice of you!

DICK—Eh, what? (*Aside.*) Well, now her sympathies are with me. She's a fine looking girl anyway.

FLOR.—Why, it was a heroic thing to do. Your playing to-day was more so, I dare say.

DICK—Well, now, you're just right! There's twice the work in it. (*Aside.*) She understands what foot ball is. She's fine, if her nose is long; that's an indication of character, you know.

BETTY—Foot ball isn't to be compared with it, is it, Mr. Thornton?

THORN.—I guess not, bad—that is—I don't believe it is. (*Aside.*) There's something remarkable about that girl, and so interesting.

FLOR.—Well, Betty, don't you think we'd better be going? You know we've an engagement for this evening.

BETTY—Yes, I think we had.

DICK—Well, of course I'd like you to stay, but in view of your engagement, I won't keep you any longer. But I shall see you again?

BETTY and FLOR.—O, yes!

BETTY—I shall see you again, Dick, shall I?

DICK—Of course. (*He speaks to Flor., Betty crosses to Thorn.*)

BETTY—I'm very glad to have seen you, Mr. Thornton, and

should you ever stir off Cape Cod in the summer time, we would be pleased to see you at Perkinsville.

THORN. — Thank you, Miss Tewksbury. (*They speak.*)

FLOR. (*to Dick*) — May I not expect you to call at the house, that is (*significantly*) after Betty has gone home?

DICK (*also significantly*) — Why, sure, Miss Follett, I shall be delighted. (*Aside*). She is a beaut!

BETTY — All ready, Florence?

FLOR. — Yes, dear.

BETTY — Well, good bye; and Dick, come to see me. [*They move to door all speaking loudly; exeunt Flor. and Betty R. Thorn. silent but looking at girls departing; Dick rushes to window and waves.*]

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE. — TEWKSBURY'S home in the country. Farmhouse, general room. Door L. C., window R. C., table L., stove R.; cupboard with dishes, etc. ROSILLA discovered at wash tub. BETTY near. Time, summer.

ROSILLA — Now, Betsey, I want yew to run over to Mis' Butterfield's and borrow some skim-milk; I'm all out an' must make some biscuits fer supper. Ef Florence is comin' on the stage that gits here at eleven, I must git threw this 'n start dinner. Come now, budge along.

BETTY — All right (*getting pail*), but I do wish you wouldn't call me Betsey; it's a horrid name and sounds like an old grandmother.

ROS. — Wal, ef yew was half as good as your grandma who named ye, yew wouldn't care a cent what folks called ye. But there, child, I want that milk some time to-day, so budge along.

BETTY — Yes, mother; but —

ROS — But what?

BETTY—I thought I would tell you that Dick is coming to-day, and—

ROS. (*interrupting*)—Dick comin' to-day? Dick who? Not that little whipper-snapper that was a-buzzin' 'round yew last summer?

BETTY—Why, mother—I—

ROS.—He a-comin' here? What's he comin' here for? Didn't I tell yew not to have anything more to dew with that pesky little dude?

BETTY—Yes, mother; but—

ROS. (*sarcastically*)—"Yes, mother but;" O Betsey, be yew in love? Tell me child, be yew in love?

BETTY—Why, mother I like Mr. Davis quite well and he has been so good to me. You know last summer when he saved that little Haskell boy from drowning, that the blame was taken all off from me for letting him go to the water to play. And then Mr. Davis used to take me out to ride. And when I was visiting Florence in the city we went out to the College to see a foot ball game, and went into his room and—

ROS. (*interrupting*)—Why Betsey, yew didn't go into his room in College, did yew?

BETTY—Yes.

ROS.—Yew did! Why if I'd 'a known that, yew never would 'a budged out o' no Perkinsville to go to no city to visit no Florence Follett. So there!

BETTY—Why, it was only to see the foot ball game, and (*drawing Ros.'s interest*) he has such a fine room mate, Mr. Byron Makepeace Thornton.

ROS.—Foot ball game? Room mate? Byron Makepeace? Why didn't yew say so before Betsey, er-er, Betty?

BETTY—You didn't give me the chance.

ROS.—And this room mate? His name sounds like that big author. Is he any related to him?

BETTY—I don't know, but I presume so. He's just as nice as he can be. Anyway, he was just lovely to me.

ROS. (*not understanding*) — Who's that was lovely to yew? The room mate er—er Dick?

BETTY — Both of them, mother.

ROS. (*alarmed*) — What! Betsey, my child, be yew in love with both on 'um?

BETTY — I'm not in love at all—only I like Dick and Byron—Mr. Thornton I mean, and—

ROS.—Wal, Betsey Tewksbury, ef yew 're not in love, yew jest see to it yew don't git in love. Anything but a love sick gal! Massy on us! Yew'll remember, wont yew? Humph?

BETTY (*embracing her*) — Yes, mother dear; I'll try not fall in love just for you. (*kisses her*.)

ROS.—There, there child. Now yew run over to borrow that skim-milk; an' say—(*she speaks at door*) yew jest ask Alziny ef she makes her riz doughnuts out o' emptin's?

BETTY — All right, mother. [*Exit door L. C.*]

ROS. (*soliloquizing down front*) — Betsey is such a nice darter to me, an' she would be so nice in the city. O dear! if Uncle Ezra's estate ever gits settled an' we git our share, we'll go to the city to live, an' my stars! what a lot o' nice times I'll hev givin parties, 'n musics, 'n perceptions 'n sich! My stars! won't we shine? An' won't the Perkinsville folks just make their eyes bulge out? I tell you they'll be mortally surprised. An' we'll jest show them pesky city people that we kin belong to the *elicit* and show as much steam 'n fizzle as they kin. 'N Betsey, I mean Betty'll marry a city man, 'n—(*sees tub*) O dear, this washin'! (*hurries around; looks out window*). There's Otis 'out there adoin' nothin'. (*Calls.*) Otis! yew come in here!

[*Enter Otis whittling.*]

ROS. (*washing vigorously*) — I want you to understand, Otis Tewksbury, this is the last time I'll have a mess o' company come in fer a visit on Monday. What dew yew think is

to become o' my washin'? Be yew goin' to wear dirty clo'es jest because Betsey wants a gal friend to come in for a visit on Monday? This won't happen agin, I kin tell yew.

OTIS — But why can't she come of a Monday, jist's well ez of any other day?

ROS. — Why, Otis! Dew yew think I'm goin' to slave myself tew death ter gratify yew? Dew yew think I'm goin' to stand over the wash tub abilin' my face an' hands in steam 'n suds jest to ent'tain company? If yew dew yew're a pesky sight mistaken.

OTIS — Wal, I dunno ez yew hev to work any harder'n Alziny, 'n she has boarders 'n does her work all alone.

ROS. — Alziny! Humph! She hain't got no slow husband as I've got in yew, Otis. Here, yew take that tub out. (*Otis exit R. with tub*). O it's work, work, work from mornin' tew night and never have a bit o' rest. I declare if Uncle Ezra's estate ever gits out o' court, I'll be glad, so I kin have a minutes' rest o' mind. (*Re-enter Otis.*) Now, Otis, I want yew tew take right hold 'n help me here.

OTIS — Yeus.

ROS. (*sharply*) — What?

OTIS (*meekly*) — Yeus, ma'am.

ROS. — Wal, I hope yew'll be perlite to yewr lovin' companion, who has tew drudge, drudge, drudge all the time, an' never has a minute's peace.

OTIS — Wal, Rosilly, the rest on us has tew work sommat ourselves.

ROS. — Yew! Yew work! Yeus, man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done.

OTIS — Wal, Rosilly, ef yew'd say er little less 'n work er little more, yew'd git along faster, I'm reckonin'.

ROS. — What's that, Otis Tewksbury? What's that yew say?

OTIS — I sed ef yew'd say a little less, 'n — er — ef yew'd ask me onct in er while more pleasanter like, I'd help yew more, Rosilly.

ROS.—Ain't I talkin' tew ye all the time, Otis, as lovin' as a mate knows how, 'n ain't yew continually goin' off? I hev tew work tew git yew somepin tew eat mornin', noon, 'n night, 'n yew're never full. I'd stump a Manicure tew suit yew in what I git tew eat. I'm all the time a doin' fer yew — 'n what dew yew dew fer me? I've had one calicker gownd in tew years, 'n there's that brown silk pelisse, 'n that blew bombazine I've had ever sence we wuz merried. 'N yet yew say I'm not a lovin' companion, tew drudge fer yew. O, the unthankfulness o' human kind. (*Snivels.*)

OTIS (*meekly*)—Wal, Rosilly, I dunno what we're goin' tew dew about it.

ROS. (*softening*)—Dew about it? Why don't yew be more ovin' an' obedient tew one 'at loves yew?

OTIS (*brightening*)—Who loves me? Not yew, Rosilly?

ROS. (*making eyes at him*)—Why yeus, indeedy, Otis; course I love yew. (*They embrace awkwardly.*) 'N won't yew git me a new chaley-delaine?

OTIS—Yeus. 'N I'll git yew that nice sunbunnit like Miss Peters's.

ROS.—O, Otis, my love, will yew? Now I want yew tew run out in the pastur' 'n git me some rauzberries fer dinner, while I go out an' hang up the clo'es. Hurry up, fer we hain't gut much time now 'fore meal time. (*Hands him tin pail, then exit with basket.*)

OTIS—Rosilly kinder sorter knows how tew work it. She's terrible good all of a sudden. Wonder what's up neow? Somepin's in the wind, by rheumatism; here comes Sam lookin' 's if he'd lost his last friend.

[*Enter Sam.*]

SAM—Say, Mist' Tewksbury.

OTIS—Hullo, Sam, what's up now? Hev yew turned them cows out tew pastur'?

SAM—'Eus. 'N I hed a turrible time with the red heifer.



CHARLES HENRY WELLS AS ROSILLA TEWKSBURY.
ME AN' OTIS, ACT II.

I chased her clean down the lane, 'n I couldn't gain on her, 'n she couldn't gain on me.

OTIS (*interested*) — How so, Sam? D'ye sic the dog on her?

SAM — No; I hed hold of her tail! (*Otis laughs violently.*) Er — say, Mist' Tewksbury.

OTIS — Wal, what's up now? Be ye goin' tew fire another one o' yer tales on me?

SAM (*embarrassed*) — Er-er —

OTIS — Now, Samuel Skullyun, yew've been doin' somepin yew ort to be ashamed on. Come now, own up on't.

SAM — I — er — I ain't ashamed on't, only —

OTIS (*aside*) — By rheumatism, what ails the b'y?

SAM — Only — I wa't tew — er — git merried!

OTIS (*laughing*) — Why, Samuel Skullyun, dew yew suppose there's a gal a livin' ez would hev yew? My stars! yew git merried! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Merried? Who's the gal? Not that speckled-faced creetur over tew —

SAM — I hain't asked her yet, but —

OTIS (*interrupting*) — Wal, yew jist git the womern fust, *then* git merried. But ef yew know anything, yew'd ort tew know that merriage is a failure. Yew don't want nothin' o' wimmern. They be the biggest pest in the hull world.

SAM — But the womern I love ain't no pest. She's the finest little gal I ever seed, an' I think she loves me.

OTIS — Who be she, Sammy?

SAM — She be — he, he! — she — er —

OTIS (*nudging him*) — Now, Sam, spit 'er out, my boy. Who be she?

SAM (*giggling*) — She be — Betty!

OTIS (*amazed, aside*) — Whew! Betty! My stars! 'N mother's gut her heart set on her merryin' a city chap. I guess she won't take tew this match nohow. (*Aloud.*) Wal, now, Sammy, yew'd better speak o' this tew Rosilly. She'll tell ye all about it. These wimmern, ye know, Sam, kinder be

predisposed tew sich things. They be nat'rally born tew govern, 'n sich like, ye know.

SAM—Dew yew think I'd better speak to Rosilly fust, Mist' Tewksbury, er tew Betty?

OTIS—To Rosilly, Sammy; she kin tell ye all about it. (*Aside.*) My stars, but won't she tell him? (*Aloud.*) But, Sam, yew'd better keep out o' matrimony, leastways till we git through hayin'. I must hev yew through hayin'-time, anyhow, Sam. Yew won't give me the slip, will ye? (*Aside.*) 'N ef I kin git him through hayin', I've gut him, sure.

SAM (*thinking*)—No, Mist' Tewksbury; I guess I'll stay with ye through hayin', 'n then ef I want Betty and Betty wants me, we kin git spliced; eh, Mist' Tewksbury?

OTIS—Wal, yeus, Sam. But ef I was tew advize, I would most strongly advize keepin' out on't. When ye git spliced, Sammie, ten tew one yew be a slave fer life. Look at me, Sam. I don't suppose anyone would know it, but by rheumatism I'm just tied tew Rosilly's apun-strings. That's what merriage duz! 'N it's a failure, tew! 'N I say thet a man who will git merried, 'n be eternally ruled over like I hev been (*animated*) by a brawlin' womern, thet he's no better 'n he ort tew be!

[*Enter Ros., unheard.*]

SAM (*whispering*)—There's Rosilly! (*Otis speechless.*)

ROS.—I heerd part o' that last speech o' your'n, Otis Tewksbury.

OTIS—Yeus.

ROS. (*sharply*)—What! (*Down C.*)

OTIS (*meekly*)—Yeus, ma'am.

SAM (*aside*)—I guess I'll go and feed the hens.

[*Tiptoes out.*]

ROS.—What was yew sayin' before I come in? (*No reply; louder.*) What was you sayin' before I come in?

OTIS—Before yew come in?

Ros.—Yeus.

OTIS — Oh! before you come in. I was simply sayin'—
(*Aside.*) What shell I tell her?

Ros.—Don't hesitate, Otis.

OTIS — Wal, I was simply sayin'— er — advizin' Sammie about merriage, 'n said I wouldn't advize him to git merried 'n be ruled over by a womern.

Ros.—What did yew want tew say that fer. Didn't yew promise at the altar tew ever love an' obey me, even unto death?

OTIS — Yeūs, but that old parson he juggled the cer'mony. He'd ben puttin' down his pork that day, 'n was narvous 'n fidgety, an' he put the question tew yew fust, jist 's ef yew was the husband.

Ros.—He put the question right; 'n that's the rightful way tew be merried. Ain't the wife o' more importance 'n the husband?

OTIS (*vigorously*) —No.

Ros.—She is!

OTIS — She ain't!

Ros. (*threateningly*) — She is! Don't yew know she is?

OTIS (*resignedly*) —Yeus.

Ros. (*sharply*) —What!

OTIS (*meekly*) —Yeus, ma'am.

Ros. (*triumphantly*). Wal, I thought yew'd think so. (*Sees berry pail.*) Why, Otis, hain't yew gut them rauzb'ries yit? Yew jest budge along now! Here 'tis most stage-time, 'n Florence is comin' tew be here tew dinner. Yew shan't set down with the rest on us, except yew be back in jest time enough tew git the rauzb'ries. (*Exit Otis; Ros. calling at door.*) Yew'll find 'um thickest over on the knoll in the sheep pastur'. (*Putting dishes on table, setting in order.*) Wal, Otis is, after all, such a nice, devoted husband tew me because I kin mould him to my satisfication. 'N it don't take him long tew see the imperiousity of my idees over his'n. What would

I dew without my Otis? (*Putting plates around.*) Let me see — there's me, an' Otis, an' Betsey an' Florence. Hed I better hev Sam tew the table? (*Thinking.*) They don't hev no hired men tew no tables in the city, an' Florence is from the city, so I guess I won't hev Sam set down with the rest on us.

[*Enter Betty with pail.*]

BETTY — Oh, mother, I can see the stage coming way down the road, and Florence is waving to me. (*Sets down pail and exit L. C.*)

ROS.—Dear suz! I shall be tickled tew death tew see her. (*Goes to door, scans.*) Yeus, that's her, jest as sure as Molly Stark's a widow. (*Hurries around; looks in oven, etc.*) Betty hain't seen her sence last fall, 'n I hain't seen her for tew years, sence she gin us her last visit. My stars! I must change my aprun. (*Puts on white apron wrong side before.*) I wonder ef they ain't 'most here.

(*Enter Betty and Florence, latter in traveling suit with bag.*)

BETTY — Here we are at last. Mother, here's Florence.

FLORENCE — Why, Mrs. Tewksbury, how glad I am to see you. (*They embrace.*)

ROS.—Wal, Florence, you be welcome tew our house agin. We ain't lookin' very well, but (*sees her apron and arranges it in front of her*) my stars! (*aside*) I gut that on wrong, (*Aloud*) but yew be welcome jest the same. Now, take right off yewr things, an' make yewrself right ter hum. (*Helps her.*) Here yew jest come into the front room 'n leave yewr things. (*Exit Ros. and Florence, L.*)

BETTY (*taking letter from pocket*) — Here's this letter the stage-driver gave me, and I don't know who it is from. Now, whose writing is it? (*Studies writing.*) Why, that looks like — no, it doesn't either — it isn't Dick's — it isn't — (*almost in despair*) well, now I don't know whose writing that is. (*Opens and reads.*)

"DEAR BETTY:—" Why it is from Byron! "*I am here in Perkinsville with Dick, and would like very much to see you. Will you meet me to-night at your house about seven, unbeknown to Dick? I will tell him I am going out for a stroll, and will then go to your house. We went by it to-day on our wheels, and he pointed out the place, so I can find it all right. Be at the front door or window at seven to meet me.*"

"*Hastily yours,*

"BYRON MAKEPEACE THORNTON."

Why how nice of him! I feel kinder funny about it, but shall be so glad to see him. Ever since we met at the foot ball game I have been interested in him more than in Dick. And he's coming here to-night. I guess I can manage to see him all right. But let me see, how shall I manage it? (*Thinks.*) Ah! I have it. I'll let Florence visit with father and mother in the kitchen, then I'll go in the front room and wait for him, let him in the front door, and we'll have a good, long visit, and Florence won't know anything about it.

[*Enter Ros. and Flor., latter with wraps off. Betty conceals letter.*]

ROS.—Now, Florence, yew jest make yerself right ter hum, while I set on a bite o' somethin' fer dinner.

[*Enter Sam. with large satchel.*]

BETTY (*motioning*)—Here Sam., bring it in here. (*Exit Betty and Sam., L.*)

FLOR. (*looking around*)—You have a very pretty place, and such comfortable buildings here, Mrs. Tewksbury. Everything looks just as natural.

ROS. (*making tea*)—Law yeus, Florence; everything 'll allus be jest's nat'ral as life. But how be ye? Did ye have a nice ride up from the city? How's yewr Ant Sophrony?

FLOR.—O, she's well, thank you, and wished her love carried to you all.

ROS.—Did she? Why, how you talk! Wal, I suppose things is nice as ever there in the city, Florence. My stars! I'll be glad when Uncle Ezra's estate gits out o' court. Then we'll go tew the city tew live. I'm jest dyin' to live in the city, Florence.

FLOR.—Yes? Where do you prefer living; that is, in what part of the city?

ROS.—Wal, course I don't know the best places, but I've heern tell a good deal 'bout Chelsea 'n Medford, 'bout its bein' quiet like, ye know; then I see a good deal 'bout Salem street an' Causeway. There 'pears tew be lots o' nice folks in them ere subbubs, Florence.

FLOR. (*laughing aside*)—The West End is a pleasant place in which to live.

ROS.—Is? Why, how yew talk!

[*Enter Sam, and when Ros.' back is turned, gives letter to Flor.*]

SAM.—Here's a letter a feller out here gin me; he was a ridin' one o' them pesky hoopskirts. He said yew'd know 'bout the letter. [*Exit R.*]

ROS.—My stars! Why don't Otis come with them rauz-b'ries? I wonder if he's pickin' yet? [*Exit R.*]

FLOR.—A letter for me? Why, who could have written it? Why, it's from Dick! (*Opens and reads.*) And he's here in Perkinsville.

“DEAR FLORENCE: *I have heard you were to be here to-day, and I want to see you. Thornton and I arrived a little while ago to spend part of our vacations. Don't let Betty know I have written this to you, for she knows nothing of our correspondence, and might not like if she knew. I will be around this evening at seven to see you. Try to be on the watch for me alone at the front door or window, and we will have a good visit. Be sure to be there at seven.*

“*Lovingly yours,* DICK.”

(*Joyously.*) Why, Dick's here! (*Thinking.*) But Betty musn't know it. I wonder if I can plan it all right. Let me see. (*Thinking.*) Yes! We'll meet in the parlor. Perhaps I'll tell Betty I'm tired and wish to lie down a little while. I guess that'll be all right. Then Dick and I can visit with each other there without fear of discovery.

[*Enter Betty.*]

BETTY—There, Florence, dear, I've arranged your things in your room so you won't have to bother about anything.

FLOR. (*embracing Betty*)—You are a dear, sweet girl, anyway, and I am so glad to be here with you. But say, have you heard from Dick—Mr. Davis, I mean—or Mr. Thornton, recently?

BETTY—Yes; I've heard indirectly from Mr. Davis. He's coming here to town; will be here to-day.

FLOR. (*affecting surprise*)—Will he?

BETTY—Yes; and I believe that—(*she whispers in Florence's ear; they laugh.*)

FLOR.—Have you? Why, I thought that—(*she whispers to Betty; they laugh.*)

BETTY—Oh, no. It is only—(*whispering, etc.*)

[*Enter Ros. with pail, followed by Otis.*]

ROS.—Wal, you did git 'um after awhile.

OTIS—Yeus; they were purt' thick over in the sou' end o' the pastur'. (*Sees Florence.*) Wal, Florence, howdy do, howdy do? (*They shake hands.*) I'm powerful gled ter see ye.

FLOR.—How do you do, Mr. Tewksbury.

OTIS—Wal, yew be feelin' handsome, how be ye lookin'—I—I mean, yew be lookin' handsome, how be ye feelin'?

FLOR. (*embarrassed*)—Oh, very well, thank you.

OTIS—Wal, now, that's hearty. Rosilly, ain't dinner 'most ready?

ROS.—Yeus, Otis; we'll set right down in a minute. Wait till I set on a plate o' doughnuts. Here, Otis, yew git the water. (*Hands him pitcher.*) [*Exit Otis.*] There now, jest set right down. (*While Ros. goes to the stove for tea-pot, enter Sam unseen and sits at Otis' place; Ros. sits at table, sees Sam.*)

ROS. (*aside*)—Wal, now, ef there ain't my hired man! My stars, what a mortification! (*Aloud.*) Er—Sammy, won't yew come here a minute. (*They go C, Sam eating doughnut; she whispers.*) I guess, Sammy, yew'll hev ter wait till the rest on us git through; then yew kin come an' eat all yew want.

[*Enter Otis with pitcher; sits.*]

SAM (*pouting*)—Thet's allus the way! I allus hev tew wait!

ROS.—That don't make no difference. Hev yew fed the pigs sence mornin'?

SAM—No, I hain't; I guess they kin stan' it ef I kin. I guess they kin wait.

ROS.—Wal, yew take the swill pail an' go feed 'em. (*She sits at table.*)

SAM—Yeus. (*Aside.*) I'm hungry's a b'ar, an' I'll go tew the milk room, an' git some bread 'n milk. [*Exit R.*]

OTIS (*passing plate*)—Here, Florence, hev another. (*To Ros.*) Rosilly, I guess yew gut yewr biscuits done a leetle tew much. (*Ros. motions him to stop; he don't heed.*) They're hard 'n tough's leather. (*She kicks at him under table.*) I kin hardly bite the pesky things; didn't git 'nough short'nin' in 'um, did ye, Rosilly?

ROS.—Otis Tewksbury, I've stood all 'o this I'm goin' tew. I sed 'twould take a Manicure to suit yew in what yew eat, 'n now I'm sure on it. Yew've—(*sudden crash outside.*) What's that?

[*Enter Sam, pan in hand, covered with milk; Ros. horrified, girls laughing, Otis convulsed.*]

SAM — I pulled it off 'n the shelf, an' didn't know the pesky pan was full!

ROS.—Than pan o' sour milk! Heavens to Betsey!

Tableau.

Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Parlor of TEWKSBURY'S home; door R; window L. C. Comfortable furnishings but old-fashioned; sofa L., chairs R., etc. Lamp lighted on table.*

[ROSILLA and SAM discovered, both excited.]

ROS.—Why, Samuel Skulyun, dew yew suppose Betty 'd ever be satisfied with yew? Not ef I kin have my way. I merried Otis when he was hired out tew old Daddy Tompkins's down tew the Center, 'n here I've lived berried off here in the woods all my life. Me 'n Otis hev been devoted mates, 'specially me; but they's pesky little love in it. When Betty marries it'll be fer money, ef I kin hev my say.

SAM — But Mis' Tewksbury, thar's thet seven dollars 'n a quarter I gut fer them thar ginshang roots I sold; thet'll kinder be a starter fer us.

ROS.—Seven dollars 'n a quarter! Why, Sammie, thet won't buy a nussin' bottle hardly — thet won't buy nothin'.

SAM — Wal —

ROS.—Yeus, I guess it's *wal*. Yew'd better jest scrape round 'n git somethin' tew support a womern fust — then go 'n git her. They's enough on 'em waitin' fer sech as yew. But Betty's goin' tew marry a city chap, one as has gut some git up an' git tew him — a ladies' man er somethin'.

SAM — Wal, Lizy Ellen allus sed I was a lady's man.

ROS. (*laughing*) — My stars! I sh'd think so. Wal, Sammie, of all creeturs I ever see, yew be the funniest.

SAM (*convincingly*) — Wal, she sed so anyway, 'n she ort tew know.

ROS.—Yeus. Wal, hev yew gut anything more tew say? Ef not yew'd better go 'n milk. It's 'bout time I sh'd think; 'most seven o'clock.

SAM—Wal, Mis' Tewksbury, ef I can't hev Betty, I'll dew somethin' desp'rate. I'll drown myself. (*Excited.*) I'll take pizen — (*thinking*) — I'll hang — no, I'll go 'n spend thet last quarter I earned! (*Rushes wildly from the stage.*)

ROS. (*following*)—My stars! He's desp'rate. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Betty, wings R.*]

BETTY (*nervously*)—It's almost seven, and Byron said he would be here at that time. O, dear! I hope nothing will happen, and that he will come to the right house. (*Looks out window.*) Not in sight yet. I wonder if Dick found out about it? Perhaps he has, and Byron can't come. I hope he hasn't. Let me be sure it was this evening he is coming. (*Takes out letter and reads.*) "*I am here in Perkinsville with Dick, and would like very much to see you. Will you meet me to-night at your house about seven unbeknown to Dick? I will tell him I am going out for a stroll, and will then go to your house. We went by it to-day on our wheels, and he pointed out the place, so I can find it all right. Be at the front door or window at seven to meet me.*" Yes, it is to-night, and I hope he won't lose his way, or go to the wrong door. Dear me! What if father should find him here? I wonder if he isn't coming. (*Retires to window to watch.*)

[*Enter Florence, neither seeing the other.*]

FLOR.—It's almost time for Dick to come, and, dear me! I hope nobody will see him but me. If Betty knew Dick was coming to see me, or that he has been writing me ever since we met the day of the foot ball game, she would never forgive me — never! Well, I cannot tell her just yet, anyway. Let me see if I am right about the time he is coming. (*Takes out letter and reads.*) "*I have heard you were to be here to-day,*

and I want to see you. Thornton and I arrived a little while ago, to spend part of our vacations. Don't let Betty know I have written this to you, for she knows nothing of our correspondence, and might not like it if she knew. I will be around at seven this evening to see you. Try to be on the watch for me alone at the front door or window, and we will have a good visit. Be sure to be there at seven." So its almost time for him to come, and — (*Betty has turned, seen Florence, and comes down.*) Why, Betty are you here? (*Nervous.*) I thought — why I — didn't know but —

BETTY—Yes, I thought I would come off in here a little while where it is cool.

FLOR.—Yes, it is cool, but —

BETTY (*interrupting*)—What is the matter, Florence? What were you reading?

FLOR.—O, nothing but a little — a little *billet-doux* I received a little while ago.

BETTY—A *billet-doux*? What's that, Florence?

FLOR. (*aside*)—She doesn't understand French. (*Aloud.*) O, it is a little bill of appointment.

BETTY.—O! (*Aside.*) I wonder what that is. Is it the same I've got? What if she should be here when Byron comes? He hasn't appointed a meeting, has he? He liked her quite well the day of the foot ball game, I thought. No; my Byron wouldn't do such a thing as that. But she mustn't be here when he comes. (*Aloud.*) Er—Florence, wouldn't you like to go out where mother and father are, and visit?

FLOR. (*going to sofa*)—Thank you, Betty; but I thought I would come in here where I might be alone a little while—where I might lie down on the sofa. I'm rather tired from my long ride to-day.

BETTY (*going to her*)—Are you? Well, let me stay and rub your head. Does it ache?

FLOR.—No, Betty; thank you. If I could just be *alone* a

little while, I think I should be all right. (*Aside.*) Dear me! How shall I manage this?

BETTY (*aside*)—What will become of Byron? (*Aloud.*) O, I see! Do you want me to go out?

FLOR. (*assuredly*)—Oh! no Betty; not for the world! Why, what made you think of that? (*Aside.*) I'm afraid I shall offend her, but I do wish she would go.

BETTY—Hadn't I better call mother, and let her give you something for your head?

FLOR.—O no, thank you. I shall be all right in a little while (*aside*) if she goes out.

BETTY—I am sorry you are not feeling well. Mother always makes me soak my feet in hot water when my head aches. Perhaps you'd better try that, Florence. Come out into the other room, and we'll fix you up.

FLOR.—I think I'd better keep quiet a little while, and — (*noise without.*)

FLOR. and BETTY (*together*)—Oh!

FLOR.—What was that?

BETTY—O, I guess nothing but the wind or — or — something. (*Walks cautiously to window, Flor. watching. Aside.*) Perhaps its Byron.

FLOR. (*excited, aside*)—It may be Dick. (*Aloud.*) Betty, I wish you would bring me a glass of water; I feel faint.

BETTY (*still near window*)—Yes, Florence dear. (*Aside.*) O, it must be Byron to see me, and what shall I do? I'll just go around through the kitchen to see what it is. (*Aloud.*) I'll be back soon, Florence dear. [*Exit R.*]

FLOR.—You are awfully good. (*Springing up.*) Now I'll see what that was. I hope it is Dick. But what if Betty comes in? (*Goes to door, looks.*) No, she isn't coming.

DICK (*whispering without*)—Florence! Florence!

FLOR. (*at window*)—Yes, Dick; here I am. O, it is he!

DICK (*opening shutter*)—Is this you, Florence?

FLOR.—Yes, of course it is. How did you get here so quietly?

DICK—O, I crept along still. Where's Betty?

FLOR.—I expect her back any moment. I heard you outside, and told her I was faint and sent her for some water. She'll be back soon.

DICK—Ha! ha! You little deceiver!

FLOR.—But what shall we do? Can't you climb in? (*He climbs in; Flor. turns light down; they go to chairs R. Dick falls over furniture.*)

DICK—Do you suppose there's any danger of discovery?

FLOR.—No; I guess there's none. Betty will think I've gone to my room or out on the porch. But say, what did you do with Mr. Thornton?

DICK—He went out for a stroll; said he wanted to take his constitutional, and off he went alone. I thought I wouldn't question him very much, so you see his going off gave me a chance to come here.

FLOR.—You dear good Dick. O, there's Betty! You must keep perfectly still.

[*Enter Betty, with glass, looks about.*]

BETTY—Florence! (*No answer.*) Florence! Where is she? She must have gone to her room, or out on the porch. What if Byron should come and find her there? (*Noise outside.*) O, that must be Byron there yet.

THORN. (*whispering without*)—Betty! Betty!

BETTY—Yes, it is my Byron. (*At window.*) Yes.

THORN.—Is this you, Betty?

BETTY (*opening shutter*)—Yes, it is me without a doubt. But, Byron, you must keep dreadfully still, for Florence is out there somewhere. (*Flor. and Dick, at first alarmed, now nudge each other.*)

THORN.—Well, I don't care to be discovered by her—that is, I don't care to have a disclosure made in which I am the principal character. Hadn't I better climb in?

BETTY—Yes; but don't hurt yourself. (*He climbs in; they go to sofa L.; Thorn. falls over chair.*) How did you come without Dick's knowing it?

THORN.—O, I told him I was going out for a walk, and he said he was tired and would stay at home. I think I "came it" on him, don't you—that is, I think I got the "walk-around" on him, eh?

BETTY—Yes, I wonder where he is now?

DICK (*aside*)—Out o' sight! (*To Flor.*) I wonder if he did come it on me? Do see them act! What silly creatures!

THORN. (*to Betty*)—Were you surprised to know I was coming?

BETTY—Well, I confess I was somewhat so. Mr. Davis spends his summers here, and I knew you roomed together, so thought there might be a stranger thing than your coming.

THORN.—Yes; I thought I would come at Dick's invitation.

BETTY—How do you like it so far?

THORN.—O, Cape Cod isn't in it with Perkinsville.

BETTY—I thought you'd think so.

DICK (*to Flor.*)—I declare, Florence, this is a pretty ticklish position. I'd rather play on the rush line than be here. What'll Betty say when she finds it out? Or what'll Thornton think?

FLOR. (*alarmed*)—O, I don't know. Please protect me. If anything happens, Dick, I'll lean on you! (*She does so; the chair breaks.*)

BETTY (*screaming*)—Oh, what is that?

DICK—I should call it a fall of circumstances.

[*Enter Otis and Ros, latter with lamp; girls rush to each other's arms; Thorn. and Dick together.*]

OTIS—Betty, what air yew doin' in here?

ROS.—Betty, what'n fury hev yew an' Florence busted?
(*Otis sees the boys.*)

OTIS (*to Dick*)—Why, Davis, yew little laskivicious, old

horney-handed, pusillanimous ol' toad, yew git out o' here^{ter} wunst, an' don't yew show yer phiz around here agin.

FLOP. (*weeping*) — Oh, Mr. Tewksbury, don't !

OTIS (*to Thorn.*) — 'N yew, yew measly little good-fer-nothin', with yer dried-apple, hob-nailed mug, yew git !

BETTY (*weeping*) — Oh, father, don't !

DICK — Mr. Tewksbury, it's all a mistake — you are —

OTIS (*terribly excited*) — Git!! (*They move to door.*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE. — TEWKSBURY'S *new home in the city. Finely furnished reception room. Double doors with draperies, C. Plush chairs, piano lamp, pedestal with statue, etc. Time, evening of MRS. TEWKSRURY'S reception. SAM discovered dusting.*

SAM — Well, here we be in the city, 'n Mis' Tewksbury's hed her way. Old Ezra Tompson's estate was settled, 'n she gut her share 'n posted fer the city. 'N by jiddy, here I don't hev no cows tew milk nor turn out tew pastur', nor no green grass 'scept a patch 'bout's big ez a flap-jack out 'n front. 'N I hev tew wear my store clothes all the time. O, I wud like tew git out inter the fresh air jist tew run 'n jump 'n holler. 'N Mis' Tewksbury's goin' tew hev a sort o' singin' skewl tew night, she told me. Somepin' whar they bow 'n scrape (*he bows to statue*) 'n hev a little singin' 'n ice-cream fer ent'tainment. She's gut slathers 'n gobs o' ice-cream 'n sich. But I'll put in the licks thar, I tell ye.

[*Enter Ros in evening costume, followed by Otis in street dress.*]

OTIS — Wal, Rosilly, I tell ye I couldn't git one o' them pesky niggers. I sarched the hull town from Dan to Be-er-sheby, an' not a blamed nigger could I find ez would come 'n act as hired man tew-night.

ROS. (*nervous*) — Then what shell we dew? Here we be goin' tew have a lot o' company, an' a lot o' the toniest *elicit*

tew, come in tew a recitation tew-night, an' not a cullud man kin be gut.

OTIS—There's Sam; won't he dew?

ROS.—Sam? Why, he ain't black, is he? All the folks 'round here hev cullud men tew act as matrons 'n pass things 'round.

SAM—P'aps I'd dew, Mis' Tewksbury; leastways I'll try.

ROS.—How kin yew possibly dew, Sammy? Tell me quick, fer I'm jest on the wing.

SAM.—Why can't I black up, Mis' Tewksbury? I used tew when we hed the Perkinsville minstrels.

OTIS (*convincingly*)—Why, yeus, Rosilly; why yeus.

ROS. (*exultingly*)—Why yeus indeedy, Sammie! Why yeus, Otis, my love! Why didn't I think on't before! My stars! that's tuk a powerful heap o' trouble off 'n my mind. But you'd jest better go 'long now 'n git ready, 'cause the company 'll be here in jest a little while.

SAM—Wal, I'll be back in jest the time you say Jack Robinson. [*Exit C.*]

OTIS—Now, Rosilly, how many city people be they comin' tew-night tew this 'er — what dew yew call it, Rosilly?

ROS. (*laftily*)—Recitation, Otis. O, they be — wal, I dew declare, Otis, I can't remember; I'm so on the wing. Yew've gut me all narved up. When we've been here another month, I guess I'll be more used tew these stylish things ef I manage to git through this.

OTIS—Wal, we'd best know how many be a-comin', so yew may know how many tew pervide fer.

ROS. (*absently*)—Why, yeus. (*Showing dress.*) I say, Otis, how dew yew like my new gownd. Don't it shine more 'n thet bleu bombazine I hed when we was merried?

OTIS—By rheumatism, but yew dew shine, Rosilly. Don't I wish Alziny could look onto yew now? Wouldn't her eyes bung out? I guess they would, by rheumatism. But hadn't we ort tew know how many be comin' tew our recitation?



CHARLES HENRY WELLS AS ROSILLA TEWKSBURY.
ME AN' OTIS, ACT IV.

ROS. (*not attending*)—'N my hair, how dew yew like thet, Otis, my love?

OTIS (*admiring*)—Smashin' good, Rosilly. I wish't we might step our futs into Perkinsville. Wouldn't the folks turn out tew see us? 'N wouldn't they make their eyes bung out? But, Rosilly, I've spoke tew ye a hundred times 'bout who's a-comin' tew-night. How many be they?

ROS.—Wal, I dunno, Otis. I'm so on the wing I jest can't tell which end my head's on. Yew'll hev tew ask Betty. She sent out the regrets. Jest call her, Otis, 'n she'll tell yew. I'm so 'fraid I'll bust somethin', I dasn't holler.

[*Exit Otis C.*]

My stars! but I hope it'll all go off well. 'N the music I hope'll take. It's goin' tew be powerful good; we've gut lots tew eat, tew; but the stuff is so pesky little, 'bout big enough for a doll's party. I wanted tew have some doughnuts set on, or somethin' hearty-like, but Betty she said "no," 'n I s'pose she knows, but —

[*Enter Otis, followed by Betty in evening costume.*]

OTIS—Now, Betty, how many be comin' tew-night. I want to be sure we've gut enough fer 'um tew eat. We don't want any on 'um tew go away hungry; not ef my name's Otis Tewksbury.

BETTY—Well, there's Florence and her Aunt Sophronia, Miss Cooper and her brother, the young man next door, Mr. Thomas, the Hoadleys, Byron and Dick, and —

OTIS (*interrupting*)—Be they comin'?

ROS.—Yeus, be they comin'? What did yew want tew send them any regrets for?

BETTY—Why, yes, of course they're coming. I sent special word to them. And I saw Byron on the street, and he said he should surely be here; and if Florence comes of course Dick will.

OTIS—Wal, I kinder thought yew folks was a little out

with each other sence that night last summer when we ketched ye.

BETTY — Why, no, father. All was settled directly after that night. It was a sort of misunderstanding before, and matters were all fixed up right. They are room-mates, you know, and when each found out the other was — was — well they acknowledged it, and it was all right.

ROS. — Why, Otis ; why don't yew go 'n git ready ? Yew jest go 'n put on yewr new clothes. The folks 'll come in a little while 'n yew won't be ready.

OTIS — O, Rosilly ; anything but one o' them pesky swaller tails ; I'd ruther wear my overalls 'n my jumper any day.

ROS. — Yew go right along, Otis. Why Betty, how fine yew dew look ! Come here my child. My stars ! but that is sweet pretty. (*Looking at dress*). How's thet made ? Is thet a double gore there in the back, or is it jest cat-stitched on ? It sets pretty well. Why, it's jest sewed on plain from there to there, ain't it ? Wal, now, that is sweet pretty.

BETTY — Now, mother, I want you to be very careful to-night, and talk and act as if you had always lived in the city. There's no reason because we have always lived in the country to let all the people know it.

ROS. — No indeedy, Betty ; 'n yew know I kin talk tew the best o' my stability, and hev been readin' up on the rules of etileptics all the mornin'.

BETTY — Etiquette, mother, not etileptics.

ROS. — Wal, they ain't much difference. Folks act jest the same when they're tuk.

BETTY — And you must be careful when you speak to the guests to say, "Delighted to see you," or "I'm happy to make your acquaintance." And when you bow, do so very gracefully.

ROS. (*triumphantly*) — Why, they ain't no fear o' that my child. When I was yewr age I was said tew be the most grace-

ful gal to bow an' curtsey as they was in Perkinsville; an' I guess I hain't fergot. I shall get along all scrumptious.

BETTY — Then when — (*Enter Sam. blacked up; Betty alarmed*) — O dear. there's a negro! Oh, mother, run quick! (*starts away.*)

ROS. (*turning*) — Oh, my stars! Otis? Perlice! Otis!

SAM. — Why, Mis' Tewksbury, it's only me.

ROS. (*excited*) — Why, Samuel Skulyun, yew like tew a skeert me tew death. Don't yew never come in so still again. (*To Betty*). It's all right Betty; it's only Sam. Yewr father couldn't git a nigger tew matronize tew-night, so Sam thought he'd black up.

BETTY (*coming down*) — But how you scared me!

ROS. (*hysterically*) — Why, Sammie, how funny yew dew look! My stars! (*Laughs*).

[*Enter Otis in evening dress, coat in hand.*]

Otis. D'yew call me Rosilly?

ROS. — Yeus, Otis; but I didn't want nothin'; we were jest skeered by Sam.

OTIS (*putting on coat*) — Why, yew be quite a boy, Sammie; quite a boy. Has Betty told ye what yew're tew dew?

BETTY — No, I haven't, but I will. When the guests come in you are to stand right here, (*motioning to doorway C.*) and when they have taken off their things, and are all ready, you are to motion them in here, saying "This way, please." But you mustn't say much, because they will see you are blacked up, and we should be awfully mortified.

SAM — Stand right here 'n say, "This way, please," after they hev tuk off their duds?

BETTY — Taken off their wraps, please.

SAM — Their wraps.

BETTY — Yes; but first when they ring the bell, you are to open the door.

ROS. — Yeus, yew mustn't fergit tew open the door. My stars, we wouldn't have no company at all!

OTIS—'N tell 'um tew take off their things in the sou'west chamber.

BETTY—Yes, but simply say, "Ladies to the right-hand room, gentlemen to the left."

SAM—Yeus, Miss Betty.

BETTY—And that's all, except when the time comes you may come to the door and announce—(*Bell rings.*)

OTIS (*excited*)—There they be now. Here, Sam, answer the bell while we git ready.

SAM (*shouting*)—Yes!

OTIS—Why go along tew the door, Sam. [*Exit Sam.*]

ROS.—Here, Betty; be I all right? Is my hair all slick 'n nice?

BETTY—Yes, you are all right.

ROS.—O, dear, how skittish I feel! I feel jest like a young gal ag'in.

OTIS—Here, Rosilly, be I all right?

ROS.—O, I dunno, Otis, my love; ask Betty.

BETTY—Yes; you are all right, I guess. Now, mother, you stand right here to receive (*motioning R*) the guests, and father, you stand there, while I'll be between you.

[*Enter Sam, bows.*]

SAM—Gentlemen tew the right, an' ladies tew the left.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Florence and Aunt Sophronia.*]

ROS. (*shaking hands*)—Why, how dew yew dew, Florence; how dew yew dew, Miss Ruggles, I'm delighted tew make yewr acquaintance—er—I mean I'm glad yew could come out tew-night

FLOR. (*passing down*)—Good evening, Betty.

AUNT S.—Mrs. Tewksbury, are you real well? Is your general health good? You are looking rather pale and sickly—that all-gone, tired feeling, you know. Now, can't I advise Dr. Killum's Golden Medical Discovery, which is warranted to cure all diseases of the liver and—

FLOR.—Good evening, Mr. Tewksbury ; I'm glad to see you.

OTIS—Good evenin', Miss Florence, I hope I see yew well. (*Ring at door.*)

AUNT S. (*passing down*)—How do you do, Mr. Tewksbury.

OTIS —Wal, I ain't so well's I might be. I've hed a powerful heap o' trouble with my feet walkin' on these pesky stuns in the street.

AUNT S.—O, have you had trouble, too? Well, now, I know just how to pity you, for I've had the same trouble myself. When I first came to the city to live, I had the metacarpal inflammation of the dorsal vertebræ from walking on the pavements. So, having had that, I can safely recommend Dr. Squills's Foot Paste, which is warranted to cure all affections of the pedal extremities.

OTIS (*alarmed*)—The what! the—I hain't gut thet disease, hev I?

AUNT S.—The pedal extremities are simply the feet.

OTIS —The feet? O! O, yes! the feet.

ROS.—Wal, Florence, I 'spose yew're nicely tew-night.

[*Enter Sam, with Miss Cooper and Mr. Thomas, latter with eye glass, etc.*]

ROS.—O, here be some more!

SAM —Ladies tew the right, an' 'gents tew the left. [*Exit.*]

ROS. (*aside*)—My stars! somebody go 'n tell Sam not tew say that agin. (*Aloud.*) Good evenin', Miss Cooper; good evenin', Mr. Thomas. I'm delighted tew make yewr acquaintance. (*Thomas shakes hands a la Prince of Wales.*) (*Aside.*) My stars! What ails that creetur?

BETTY —Good evening, Mr. Thomas. (*Ring at door.*)

THOMAS (*Miss C. down*)—Aw! delighted, don cher know! Awfully clevah evening, Miss aw—Tewksbewry.

BETTY —Yes, very. (*Introducing.*) My father, Mr. Thomas.

OTIS —Gled tew see ye; powerful gled.

THOMAS — Aw! (*Otis reaches up for hand, pulls it down; they tussle.*) What a wude buffoon!

OTIS (*aside*)—Was that bumble-puppy born so, er is he crazy?

[*Enter Sam.*]

SAM — This way, please.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Thorn. and Dick.*]

ROS. (*aside to Betty*)—Hev I gut tew speak tew thet pesky Thornton, Betty?

BETTY—Why, yes, of course you must, mother.

ROS. (*shortly*)—Good evenin'.

THORN. (*holding her hand, shaking*)—Good evening, Mrs. Tewksbury. It is a fine evening—that is, the weather and everything conspire to render the atmosphere very pleasing. But you are looking finely this evening, Mrs. Tewksbury; never saw you look finer.

ROS. (*flattered*)—Yes, thank you; delighted tew see you. (*Aside.*) Now, he's real nice.

THORN.—Good evening, Betty. I'm glad to see you. (*They shake hands significantly.*)

BETTY—Thank you, Byron, but I am so glad you could come. (*They speak.*)

DICK—Good evening, Mrs. Tewksbury; you are looking more than fine; never saw you looking finer in all my life. You look twenty years younger than when I last saw you.

ROS. (*flattered*)—Thank yew, Mr. Davis. (*aside.*) Why, now, he's real nice, tew.

THORN.—Good evening, Mr. Tewksbury. I hope you are as well as at the last time I saw—er—I—that is I hope I see you well.

OTIS—Yeus, thankee.

DICK (*who has spoken with Betty*)—Good evening, Mr. Tewksbury. How well you look! I guess city life agrees with you, doesn't it?

OTIS.—Wal, yeus; but I would like to see a patch o' green grass 'bout 's big's my little-finger nail wunst in awhile. He! he! he!

[*Enter Sam.*]

SAM (*at door*)—Yew didn't tell me what to say, Mis' Tewksbury, but it's time fer grub.

ROS. (*aside*)—My stars! I'll grub him. (*Aloud.*) Er—refreshments is ready. (*Exeunt Dick and Flor., Betty and Thorn, others a little later.*)

AUNT S.—Why that negro speaks quite plainly for a servant. Is he educated, Mrs. Tewksbury?

ROS. (*confused*)—Yeus, er—that is—he—

AUNT S.—O, is he? Where did he come from?

ROS.—Come from? From Perkins—I mean from—wal Miss Ruggles it's kinder slipped my noose, I mean my mind.

AUNT S.—I'm going to see—but first tell me where he was educated. We girls are so interested in the race problem, you know.

ROS. (*aside*)—Otis, answer her quicker 'n the twinkling of a sheep's tail. I'm stuck.

OTIS—Eddicated? Wal now, he was eddicated at our house, Miss Ruggles. We learned him all he knows. (*All exeunt, but Otis, Ros., Aunt S.*)

AUNT S.—At your house? What a mind he must have had! I'm going out to talk to him.

ROS.—Wal, Miss Ruggles, yew'd better hev some refreshments fust, hadn't yew? (*To Otis.*) My stars, Otis! She'll find out Sam's blacked up. What shell we do?

AUNT S.—O, I can see him out here all right. (*Exeunt Aunt S.; Otis and Ros. follow hurriedly; enter Dick and Flor. with saucers of ice cream.*)

DICK—Are you tired, Florence?

FLOR.—O, no! But when one has stood a long time he feels like leaning against something, you know.

DICK (*putting arm around her*)—Allow me to supply the necessary—

FLOR. (*moving away*)—O, no! I'd rather—

DICK (*interrupting*)—O, had you? Say, Florence, there's one thing I wish to say. (*Slowly*). I am going—

FLOR. (*interrupting*)—Going! Going where? You're not going away, are you?

DICK—O, no! Just wait. I said I was going to ask you to make a date with me for sometime—say a year from to-night. I shall be out of college and I'll engage a minister for the occasion and we'll—

FLOR.—O dear, Dick, but this is so sudden—

DICK—But shall we call it a “go”?

FLOR. (*hesitating*)—Er—I—er—but hadn't you better ask Betty first?

DICK—Thornton is asking her now. He has a ring just like this (*taking ring from pocket*). He used to be a grind you know, but we are room mates and he fell in love with Betty at the same time I fell in love with you, and we have entered into a solemn compact to enter into another solemn compact. See?

FLOR.—Well, Dick, I don't think I could ever love you—

DICK (*interrupting*)—No?

FLOR.——any more than I do now.

DICK—Oooh! Then I'll put on this ring. (*Puts it on.*) Now let's seal the compact once (*kisses*), double seal, and one more to make it binding. (*They embrace.*)

[*Enter Thorn. and Betty unseen.*]

BETTY—Well, they seem to be happy.

THORN.—Yes (*loudly*), I say—er—(*Dick and Flor. separate, girls go together.*)

DICK (*to Thorn.*)—Well, how is it old man?

THORN.—I have at last made a contract with a woman who—

DICK — Never mind old man — say you have fallen in love and gone and done it, eh?

THORN. — Well, that's something like it — that is —

DICK — Yes, you've fallen in love with a woman.

THORN. — And you have thrown Betty overboard, I played the gallant and rescued her.

DICK — Good eye? But have you asked her folks?

THORN. — No, have you asked her Aunt?

DICK — No.

[*Enter Ros., Otis, Aunt, and others.*]

AUNT S. — That's the queerest colored man I ever saw, although I couldn't get nearer than across the table from him. He seems fairly well educated, but his hair is red as a beet and straight as a string. Now mine used to be so, until I used Dr. Pilosity's celebrated hair tonic and invigorator. I'm going to suggest its use to him.

ROS. (*aside to Otis*) — Wal she didn't find out, did she? I kep' him the other side o' the table all the time.

THORN. (*crossing to Otis*) — Mr. Tewksbury, I have come to ask if you would give consent to my taking your daughter — that is to my advancing my right hand to hers and being joined in the —

OTIS — Go ask Rosilly; she kin tell ye all about it.

THORN. (*crossing to Ros.*) — Mrs. Tewksbury, I have come to ask you if you would give your consent to my taking your daughter — that is — to my advancing my right hand to hers and being joined in — er — the usual way.

ROS. (*authoritatively*) — Wal, Mr. Thornton, I hev mean-dered through all yewr offenses tew my darter, an' hev reserved yewr actions from the fust, an' am prepared tew say as I think yew be the mate foreordinated an' app'inted tew be my darter's helpmeet fer life; so, without hesitation or mental exhortation, me an' Otis gives (*motioning Otis forward*), me an' Otis gives our full constraint tew this match, an' may yew

be as happy with Betty as yewr wife as my Otis has been with his Rosilly. (*Embraces Otis; Thorn goes to Betty.*)

AUNT S. — O, wasn't that sweet? Didn't he do nicely? How I wish I were young again!

DICK (*going to Aunt S.*) — Miss Ruggles, Mr. Thornton and I have been room mates for nearly four years in College, and what one has done the other has usually followed suit. In spite of my propensities, he has taken the precedence, and I must follow. So, in view of his new acquisition in the shape of Betty, I come to try for a like acquisition. Florence is everything to me, and I ask for her hand.

AUNT S. (*hesitating*) — Mr. Davis —

DICK (*urgently*) — I will undergo anything for her sake! *You shall come and live with us.*

Aunt S. (*aside*) — That's just what young Captain Berry said to my maiden aunt when he asked for my hand. She refused, and I've never married. It may be the same with Florence. (*Aloud.*) She is yours, Mr. Davis, and — and I'll come and live with you. (*Dick crosses to Flor.; Aunt turns to embrace him, accidentally embraces Thomas, who yells violently.*)

THOMAS — Oooh! O, deah! My pooah bweast!

AUNT S. (*recovering herself*) — A thousand pardons, kind man, but I'll send you some all-healing salve if you are seriously bruised. (*Calling Dick and Flor.*) Come my children.

ROS. (*to Betty and Thorn.*) — Come my children.

[*Two couples kneel; Dick and Flor. in front of Aunt S., Betty and Thorn. in front of Ros. and Otis.*]

ROS., OTIS, and AUNT S. (*together, with hands raised over couples*) — Bless you, my children!

(*Curtain.*)

CHARLES HENRY WELLS.

Mr. Charles Henry Wells was born in Woodbury, Vt., in 1871, and early moved to Barre. His school days were passed at Goddard Seminary, and he was graduated from that institution in the class of '89. After spending two years in business, he entered Tufts College with the class of '95.

During his three years at college, Mr. Wells has displayed an ever increasing interest in literary and dramatic work. During the past year he has contributed the bulk of the verse which has appeared in the *Tuftonian*, and has written for numerous magazines and periodicals. He has taken active parts in the following operas and dramas, "Esmeralda," "The Autograph Letter," "Queen Esther," and "R. E. Porter." When the class of '95 decided to give Junior theatricals, he was chosen as the ablest man to write the play, and produced the comedy "Me and Otis," which was put upon the boards in Medford on April 17, and was repeated on April 19 in Barre, Vt., his former home. The production was enthusiastically received at both performances, and the success of the undertaking is almost entirely due to Mr. Wells.

He has always taken an interest in musical matters, and is Treasurer of the Glee Club. He has composed several songs for the '95 *Song Book*, of which he is one of the compilers.

Mr. Wells is a man popular both in and out of his Fraternity, and at present is President of the Junior Class.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

From Sunset Land, the infant Beta Rho sends greeting. A precocious infant, surely; but we are in the West at Stanford, and like the University, Beta Rho was born full grown.

A Chapter of a Greek letter Fraternity, like an institution of learning, must needs have a history, and history is made by men, men by their surroundings; so for the history of this child of our great Fraternity we must look at the annals of Mu, of Psi, of Omicron, of Beta Alpha, of Beta Kappa, for from each of these have come strong capable, *individual* men. I wish to emphasize *individual*, for it is, I think, due to this quality of individualism that we owe our strength. We had the experience of five Chapters, the characters of eleven men; so that it was not surprising nor strange that our start was auspicious, and that thus far at least our expectations have been fulfilled.

But it is not of the Chapter I wish to speak; it is of the University. The names of Barnes, Brown, Bannister, Critchlow, Campbell, Kennedy, Shaw and Trumbo are too well known to many of the undergraduates of the Fraternity to need comment. * * * * *

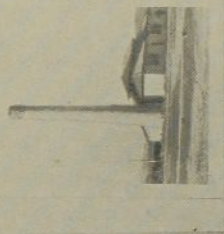
“The beneficence of the Creator toward man on earth, and the possibilities of humanity, are one and the same.”

In this expression we read the character of the man whose life and aim was to verify these, his words, and whose interest in humanity and kindness of heart made it possible for us to live and learn from nature, where nature is perfect.

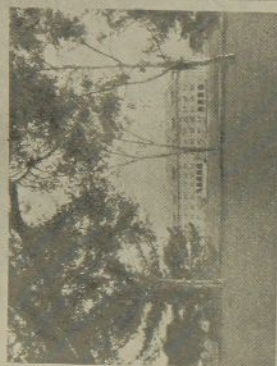
The Leland Stanford, Junior, University, is located on the Palo Alto estate, in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. Our



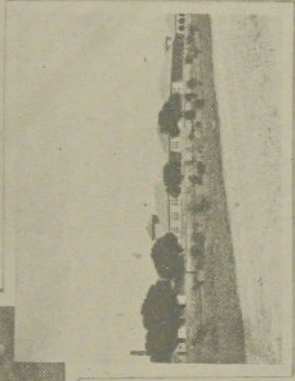
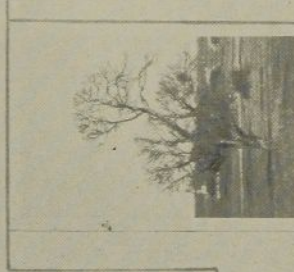
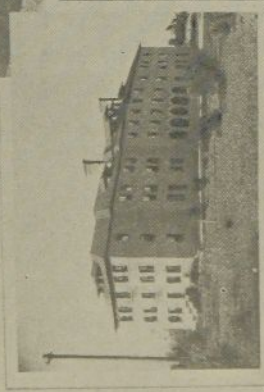
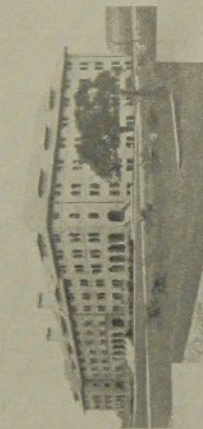
ROBLE HALL—GIRLS' DORM.



THE ENGINE HOUSE.
ENCINA HALL—BOYS' DORM.



ENCINA HALL.
ENGINEERING BUILDING.
THE QUADRANGLE.



Roble Hall

"campus" embraces eight thousand three hundred acres, partly lowland and partly rising into the foothills of the Sierra Morenas. To the east three miles lies San Francisco Bay, beyond which rise the Monte Diablos. On the highest peak of these, Mt. Hamilton, can be plainly seen the white dome of the Lick Observatory. To the west the heavily-wooded Santa Cruz shuts out the ocean; to the south the Sierra Morenas; to the north stretches the valley; above the clear sky; below — ah, if I could describe to you what at this season is below and about us, how nature vies with herself in the sunshine and the flaming poppies, in the green covering of the valley and hills, in the birds and flowers, in the fragrance of the air.

This is the day, but this is not all, nor half.

If you have ever had a conception of a perfect evening, absolute quiet — a time when your thoughts are not of material things, but will, in spite of your efforts, steal away to nature, it would be realized in our sunset. See the outline of the Santa Cruz, behind and above which is a perfect mass of color which at times overspreads the whole sky, so ever-changing, so harmoniously blended, yet withal so delicate as to defy description. See the soft, mellow light over the valley, and then, in your imagination, hear the clear, sweet chimes of some distant chapel calling the worshippers to the vesper services. But not altogether must you rely on your imagination for this, for the motive of the architecture is found in the old missions, and such a hallowed air seems to be over the place that one turns involuntarily, half expecting to see a priest moving silently and reverently to the chapel. How fortunate was the selection. Could any other so harmonize with nature?

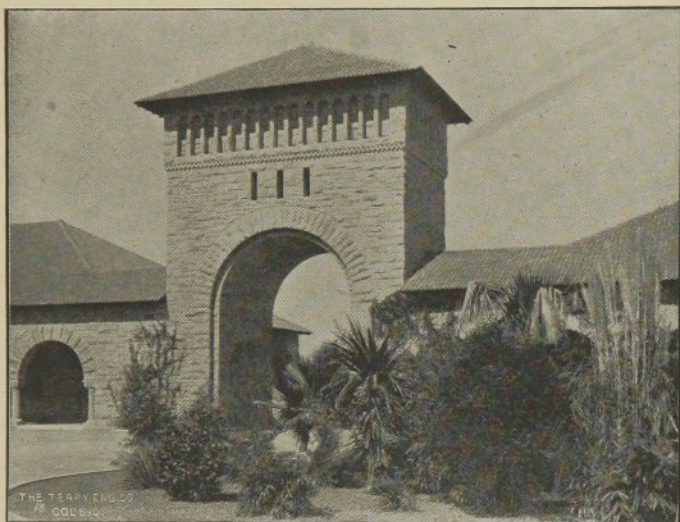
"The hills deny it not; dull red and gold
Against their vivid verdure and the blue
Of farther mountains rising fold on fold,
Enrobed in haze of heaven's diviner hue;
The valley takes, as one that takes his own,
These stately, splendid, simple walls of stone
Broad for the sunlight's blessing, low to keep

Close fellowship with Earth's great heart alone;
Mute majesty of guardian towers, and sweep
Of arcades gleaming from afar in pillared pride
And beauty of binding arches multiplied.
Oh! fair, surpassing fair, however viewed!"

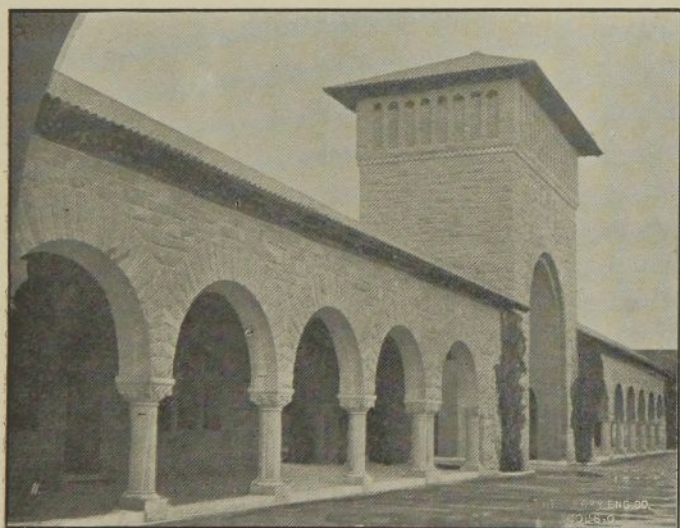
And Stanford is co-educational. Imagine a full, perfect moon; a pretty girl; a stroll down the colonnade; the nooks and rustic seats among the palms in the inner court; the quiet seclusion of cloistered columns. "A bit of the Spanish, a touch of the Moorish; in architecture perfect."

About the Quadrangle at generous distances are dormitories, gymnasia, shops, art galleries, and museums. Near, also, is the country residence of Mrs. Stanford, and her beautiful grounds. Now, leaving the Quadrangle and looking toward Palo Alto, the University village, one sees a broad drive with walks on either side, fringed with palms. To the right and left of this is the famous Arboretum, with its winding drives, its vistas framed with pine, live oak, and madrona. Then, when half way down, turn and look down another drive, and see the mausoleum, the abode for all that is mortal of Senator Stanford and Leland Stanford, Jr. Near it is the cactus garden, and back of it the road winds through the vineyard to the country-house. Now to return and proceed to Palo Alto, a new village, nestled among the oaks, its homes built with more regard for beauty than expense, it is truly a delightful place. From here we can see to the westward the Palo Alto tree, the only sequoia in the valley, from which the estate and the town take their names.

But we have not finished at the University. Let us drive back by way of Menlo Park and see the country palaces of Flood, Felton, and Hopkins, then down Eucalyptus Avenue to the stock farm and see the famous trotters and runners that so delighted Senator Stanford, and which are now the property of the University. Now, leaving this, we may pass by Cedro Cottage, the almost ideal home of Professor Jenkins, then



THE QUADRANGLE — NORTH ARCH.



THE QUADRANGLE — SOUTH ARCH.

back among the foot hills, pass Lake Lagunita, where perhaps we may see the Roble crew in their boat Freja. Then passing on down this winding drive we suddenly emerge from the hills into the level valley, and a sudden turn brings us into the quaint little village of Mayfield, whose name is the only indication that it is not in Spain but in America; then a turn to the left brings us into the campus again, and suddenly, hidden among the cedars, we come upon Escondite Cottage, until recently President Jordan's home, but which is now occupied by our distinguished lecturer ex-President Harrison. If we come upon it unawares, we may see this great man in his home life, perhaps picking wild flowers, perhaps helping his little grandson fly a kite, perhaps telling him a story, or per chance he is talking to a party of students, from whom he delights to receive calls, and you will, I am sure, as we do, have a greater regard for him, and for all great Americans, for having seen his unselfish love for his family.

Now, coming toward the Quadrangle again, we see the boys' dormitory, Encina Hall, the finest dormitory in the world, built of the same material as the Quadrangle, the yellow sandstone, like it, roofed with tile, and like it finished in the rare and beautiful Port Orfort cedar. On the west of the Quadrangle is Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory. It is an imposing concrete structure, roofed with tile. Then looking northward, we see the pride of the University, the "Leland Stanford, Junior, Museum." It is the largest concrete building in the world, and the wonderful finishing of its rotunda in marble, and its great whispering dome have already made it famous, to say nothing of the rare collections which are within.

These are on the immediate grounds, but nothing has been said of, nor have I space to describe the unrivaled pleasure excursions which may be made: To the top of the Santa Cruz mountains, down the other side, through the red-wood forest, past the hamlet La Honda, and on farther to quaint Pescadero, with its fascinating beach. To San Mateo by rail,

by stage to the valley of the Crystal Spring Lakes, on over the mountains to Spanishtown, and along a wonderful coast drive to Pescadero. To Los Gatos, over the mountains, through Felton, to the forest of giant sequoias. To Monterey, where one may see Carmello Bay, the Del Monte, and the old missions of Monterey and Carmello. To San Jose by rail, and thence by stage up the zigzag road to Mt. Hamilton to the Lick Observatory. From here one may see to eastward the dim snow line of the Sierras; to westward a perfect maze of mountains and valleys; and to north and south the rugged outlines of the nearer mountains, and these are all the trips of a day. Is this not indeed the ideal location for a great university?

For the poet, the inspiring nature; for the literateur, the strange fascinating tales of early life; for the engineer, the advantages of a varied topography and the out-door life; for the historian, the study of the unwritten history; for the scientist, the almost unexplored field for research, and for all the glorious climate. Truly, "God made the Santa Clara Valley, and He looked upon it and saw that it was good."

Here was founded a university "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life" and "to promote the public welfare by exercising an influence in behalf of humanity and civilization, teaching the blessings of liberty regulated by law, and inculcating love and reverence for the great principles of government as derived from the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It was to be, and is an American university in the strictest sense, where the greatest freedom of belief and creed should be allowed, and where the truth should be sought. David Starr Jordan, then President of the University of Indiana, was chosen for its head, and his eminent qualifications must be apparent. The very founder of the present American elective system of study, he is probably the most thoroughly equipped educator in America, if not in the world. A scientist with an intense devotion to his study, yet ever ready to lend a helping



THE COLONNADE.



LELAND STANFORD, JR., MUSEUM — THE MARBLE-FINISHED ROTUNDA.

hand, and by word or example, encourage his students. Believing that "But one science will one human genius fit; so wide is art, so narrow human wit," he has surrounded himself with the best men, specialists, that money and the attractions of the Santa Clara Valley could procure, and has arranged the curriculum so as to give the most absolute freedom in the selection and pursuit of studies. The effect is evident; one may select studies for which he is naturally fitted, and he is guided in this selection by the professors; then he may certainly expect, and is required to do better work than if the course were prescribed, for it is reasonable to suppose that a student with a love for Mathematics will not spend two or three years in the study of Ethics or Latin, and vice versa. Then the funds being almost without limit, or rather about to be when the estate is settled by the courts, according to the peculiar laws of California, the equipments in the various departments are the very best.

What has been truly said many times may well be repeated here, that "Where the men are, there will the university be also, and for the history of the university, read of the lives of its teachers."

It has been urged that Yale, and Harvard, and Princeton will for many years, perhaps always, be held in higher esteem, because of age and tradition; but it has been well said that "It is vulgar for Americans to talk of age of their institutions." If, though, you would know the traditions of Stanford University, let me show you where, on our campus, General Portola made the first white man's camp in the Santa Clara Valley, on the banks of the dashing Franeiscito Creek. Let me tell you of the life and wanderings of the erratic Frenchman, Peter Kouts, whose artificial lakes and tunnels may be seen by a ten minutes' walk from Encina. Let me show you in the very architecture itself, the story of a perfection of heart and mind, as seems to me nearest approaches the Christ-life; the story of the devotion of such men as Salvatiena, as Junipera Sena;

these men, whose ability as teachers, whose ability as designers, and whose wonderful powers of execution with apparently no resources, might any have made them famous, yet whose goodness of heart made them sacrifice human honor to benefit their fellow men, and the impress of whose pure, noble lives is on California; is on the world.

Read the development of the modern educational system in the life and doings of our honored president, David Starr Jordan, but above all you will see the perfection of human intellect in the conception of the plan of the university, the perfection of human action in its execution, and the perfection of the human heart in the beneficence of the gift. May we add our little in reverence to the memory of Leland Stanford, the man of thought, the man of action.

V. NORMAN MCGEE.

"OUR LITTLE GIRLS."

We toast "The Ladies," why should we not toast our little girls?

The sweetest, tenderest joys spring from their artless ministration. Artless, I say, and yet who so artful as the little child pleading for some favor which has been denied?

Masters of diplomacy and intrigue, they scruple at nothing and will employ either tears or smiles as will best serve the purpose.

Children live in a romantic world of their own, and look upon us as stern keepers of the gates which open to new and untried pleasures of the imagination.

We know little of them in literature until Christ lifted them from the pavement with His declaration, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

I am aware that this is at times seriously doubted even by respectable people. This doubt usually arises in the first year, when the baby, bless her heart, is trying to economize by cutting her own teeth. She is seldom appreciated at this period by her father, and many a man, remembering that of such are the kingdom of heaven, does and says many things to secure a different future residence for himself.

The baby's first effort is to fix the true relation which her stomach bears to the outside world. She forms the opinion that she was sent into the world for the express purpose of absorbing it, and she begins upon this task with a singleness of purpose and energy which are only defeated because of the limited powers of distension of that organ.

She begins voice culture with her first breath, and chooses

the deep silences of the night for her exercises, which range from the cooing of a dove to the screeching of a calliope.

It is at the fourth watch of the night that the tired parents look at each other and sincerely wish they had never been introduced.

They were but just out of school when they married, and their minds are stored with the classic literature of antiquity, the gems of poetry, and the science of our modern civilization. They now apply all the acuteness of their trained intellects, as they feverishly turn the pages of the Family Doctor, in the effort to decide whether the pimples on the baby's face are signs of rash, chicken pox, or measles. The cologne and lavender-water bottles on the dainty dressing table give way to castoria, soothing-syrup, and goose-grease.

Last summer these parents sat beneath the pale effulgence of the moon, looking out across the mirrored surface of the lake and dreaming of the ecstasy of future days, when they, on summer nights like these, should sit hand in hand beneath the fragrant boughs of their own roof tree and idly watch the clouds floating in folds of filmy lace across the moon's resplendent face.

The young mother recalls this vision as she carries the colicky baby to the window to distract it for a moment, while the father brews the catnip tea over the alabaster lamp.

And so this weary year runs on with its sleepless nights and sleepy days, and your romantic dreams disappear with the hair on the top of your head.

You keep up your courage, however, and tell your friends volumes of lies about the budding genius of your child, while you wonder every day whether it has anything but water on its brain.

Afterwhile, however, she begins to smile at you and coo, and you take her on your knee and bounce her and give her the hiccoughs. She continues to cultivate your acquaintance, however, and a little fuzz on the top of her head.

At last the plates of her skull unite, and you are relieved of the haunting fear that she will some day yell so loud as to blow her brains out through the little soft spot in the top of her head.

Her features begin to shape up, so that you begin to believe that you could identify her without a strawberry mark.

Articulate sounds break the awful monotony of the colicky yell, and gradually, and yet, as it seems, almost at a bound, she rises like the sun to shed about her the blessings of her cheerful presence.

You first realize this when you wake up some morning, surprised that you have slept all night without interruption, and hear a cooing, chuckling noise in the cradle at your bedside. You look out upon your child's first real, earnest, intelligent effort in life, and feel a just parental pride when the baby at last succeeds in getting her toe into her mouth.

Soon the prattling days come on when the little one perches her head on one side like a bird and sings her nursery songs or repeats little verses from the "Rhymes of Childhood."

The mother now ventures to make a little visit, and leaves the baby with you, and she nestles in your arms before the fire at eventide, and listens to your tales of sprites and elves and the "Squede-cum-squees that swallows themselves;" listens at first with wide open eyes, whose lids droop now and again until the little face upon your arm is lapsed in slumber. A faint smile flits over it as though to bid you adieu as she floats out into the wonder land of your story, borne on the wings of the gentle sprites you have evoked. Then you press her to your heart and dream of her future.

Will any harm come to your little treasure? Will any cold wind pale those ruddy cheeks? Will any sorrow dim those trustful eyes? She sobs—the strange little sob of sleeping childhood—the dream of a broken toy.

You rock her, and quiet her by crooning Riley's beautiful lines:

"There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago.
But childish troubles will soon pass by,
There, little girl, don't cry."

And you think, as you sing, how soon those prattling days
will be over, and your baby on her way to school.

Again she sobs, and you catch up the refrain as you rock:

"There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad wild ways
Of your school girl days
Are things of the long ago.
But life and love will soon pass by.
There, little girl, don't cry."

"Life and love," you repeat to yourself. Is it possible
that my little sweetheart will sometime learn to love some
other man than me, and throw about his neck those loving
arms?

Again the little face is clouded, and again she sobs, and
you catch up the refrain:

"There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There, little girl, don't cry."

Blessed ignorance of childhood — she only hears your
gentle voice above her, and knows nothing of the tragic
picture you have drawn. You bend low over the sweet face,
and kiss the white forehead again and again, and pray the
good God may spare her the sorrow of a broken heart.

You have forgotten your uncut beard. It jabs her in the
face. She wakes. She yells: "Want my mamma! Want my

mamma! No, don't want papa! Don't want no dink — don't want no tandy; want my mamma! want my mamma!"

You press her closely, rock her vigorously, and endeavor to soothe her with gentle words. But it's no use. She squirms and kicks and yells like a combination of eels, burros, and Indians. So you lay her down and abandon her to her fate. She kicks out at the air in blind fury. You then discover that she has inherited one of her mother's striking characteristics, for the moment she finds that she has nothing to kick at she stops; sits up, rubs her eyes, looks around, and gives you an order: "Want a dink." She drinks as though she had just crossed a desert. Rubs her eyes again, and then issues her second order: "Wock me." Of course, you know your duty. You should put her in her cradle and compel her to go to sleep alone. You are ready to do it, when she suddenly softens and speaks to you in tones that would melt a stone to tears. "Peas, papa, wock baby." And you rock her to sleep in your arms between her sobs and smiles. And you have time to think how perfectly helpless a man is who is left alone with a child who may go mad at any moment.

After awhile you go away for a week on business, and you think of her as a baby in your arms; and the next mail brings you a letter with your name printed on the envelope, and the inside laboriously worked out:

"Dear Papa — I love you every so much most any day.
Please, bring me some candy. Your loving

"MARJORIE."

And you look at that composition and wonder if any other child of her age ever showed such precocity; and the more you study it, the more you are confirmed in your opinion that special talents are directly transmitted.

The age is on when her curious mind seems provided with an instrument like a butter trier, which she dips into every thing, and takes out a sample to be felt of, tasted and smelled.

All she asks of you is to name it, and provide the paregoric if it makes her sick.

You begin to teach her serious things and to pray. I began upon my little girl with the childish prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.

In a few nights she had it well in memory, and would conclude with, "And God bless papa and mamma and grandpapa and grandmamma and all the folks and doggie and the kittie, and don't let the kittie catch my birdie, and make me a good girl." So one night I thought it my duty to ascertain what real idea she had obtained from the words, so I asked :

"Well, Marjorie, what is the Lord?" To which she answered, glibly : "Why, that's what we grease pans with."

I saw her culinary education was in progress, and so deferred the religious.

Our little girls are apt to make serious mistakes in their ideas of the relative importance of things.

Our neighbor children were having a second Christmas tree of their own devising.

"And I'll be Santa Claus," said Evelyn. "No you won't," said Russell; "I'm going to be Santa Claus myself." Tears of disappointment gathered in Evelyn's eyes as she submitted, saying, "Well, then, I suppose I'll have to be God."

One of the missions of little children is to tell the things they hear, and not always to the comfort of the hearer. This propensity is well described in James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Just Before Miss Belle's Appearance," when the little brother slips into the parlor and entertains Miss Belle's beau until her appearance. One verse is typical :

"An' my ma says Belle couldn'
Ketch nuthin at all but ist 'bows,'
And pa says 'at you're soft as puddin',
And Uncle Bob says you're a good un,
Fer he can tell you by your nose —
Didn't he, Charley?"

But we all have volumes of children's stories, and while we are telling them our little girls grow up about us and begin to study their faces in the mirror and talk sedately, and no longer ask us to carry them on our backs or romp with them on the floor.

They will read much and write long letters, and will seem to have a life somewhat apart from our, with hopes and longings which our presence will not satisfy.

For myself, I dread to look forward to that hour, and turn from it to recall the lines of a poet friend, Meredith Nicholson:

"Prithee, tell me, don't you think
Little girls are dearest,
With their cheeks of tempting pink,
And their eyes the clearest?
Don't you think that they are best
And of all the loveliest?"

Delivered at the banquet of the Chicago Alumni Association, by
ALFRED F. POTTS, of Indianapolis.

IN HONOR OF WILL CARLETON, AT HILLSDALE.

In the midst of hard work one evening is much like its neighbor, but at Hillsdale, Monday evening is *sui generis*. When the sun has just disappeared behind the hills, one who loves the old campus for its memories may stand near the '76 class fountain and look with pleasure northward, down the tree-embroidered pathway toward the central building whose roof will soon be silvered by the beams of moonlight. Through the dark and waving trees the light from the library shines forth dimly, and to its left the lighted gas jets show that the Faculty are in session in the President's room. They may have under consideration a question of discipline or mere routine work, but, to the stranger or the alumnus, 'tis no matter.

To the right is East Hall, the only survivor of the unfortunate fire of 1873. On its fourth floor, occupied by the biological department, some earnest, embryonic scientist begins to burn the midnight oil and investigate his way to lasting fame. The second and third floors, now given to the ladies, were once divided between the "old-time boys and girls," and amusing accounts are constantly coming to light of interchanges of courtesies by means of a basket and string elevator improvised for the purpose. These were days when the element of danger of detection made the most innocent games enjoyable, days when the girls played bind-man's buff, and the boys played the none too dignified game of "head in the hat." One gray-haired alumnus, who is something of a boy yet, delights to tell of sending down love's elevator a mouse in a basket of chestnuts. He says that he can never forget the repressed sounds of screams and invectives which he heard that night.

Through the flowering plants which almost obscure the window in the day time, there steals the crimson glow of a piano lamp. Beneath its softening rays many a young girl has received motherly guidance and encouragement from the lady principal. Young men, although not called personally into its presence, are sometimes involved in the decisions to which this lamp is a mute listener. If it could, it would no doubt wonder why the wise suggestions it hears do not always coincide with the desires of the young people themselves.

To the northeast one sees the lights of Fine Arts Hall, a three-story brick building, facing the west. Its first floor is devoted to recitation rooms, and the second floor is used by the musical and art departments, flourishing parts of collegiate life. On the third floor are the well-furnished and finely frescoed halls of the Ladies' Literary Union and the Germanæ Sodales societies. Perhaps you may catch through an unintentional "rift in the clouds" of leaves and branches the vision of a maid with roses in her hair gliding past the open window, or if the night is still, hear a voice singing sweetly and tenderly. While preserving all the natural graces of the fair sex, the wholesome training and generous rivalry of these societies add to the accomplishments of young womanhood freedom of expression and development of latent genius. Elocution and thought go hand and hand, while music and sociability wait upon these, and parliamentary law gives form and stability to all.

Facing Fine Arts Hall, and across the quadrangle, is old Knowlton ("old" is here a term of endearment, applied to even the newest thing if we esteem it highly) the home of the three gentlemen's societies. It is a three-story building of the same style as Fine Arts Hall; on the first floor is the chemical laboratory and the museum, and on the second floor is Alumni Hall, used by the department of English literature, and Theadelpic Hall, so often euphemistically alluded to by those of the upper story as "the lower regions." Theadelpic society

has been very prosperous, and its hall is nicely furnished and especially adorned by a fine canvas by Prof. Geo. B. Gardner, embodying the society's motto, "*Scientia, Libertas et Religio.*"

On the top floor are the halls of Amphictyon and Adelphoi Kai Philoi societies. The rivalry between them once very caustic, has of late become rather intense than bitter, and is an effective form of emulation. Amphictyon hall rejoices in upholstered furniture, electric lights, good frescoes, and the usual paraphernalia of a literary society. Its motto is "*Inveniam aut faciam,*" and within its ranks such men as Pres. J. W. Mauck, Prof. J. S. Copp, and Rev. L. A. Crandall began to find and make their way to prominence.

The Alpha Kappa Phi hall is acknowledged to be the finest in frescoes, acoustic properties, and general arrangement and takes to itself a very large share of the statement once made "that the literary societies of Hillsdale College are the finest west of the Alleghanies."

The meetings are all public, and the visitor will be ushered to a seat by polite marshals, and furnished with a neatly printed program of the exercises. The quality and quantity of work done is much the same in all of these societies. The Amphictyon and Ladies' Literary Union societies affiliate, as do also the Adelphoi Kai Philoi and Germanæ Sodales. Once a term each pair of the affiliated societies have a joint meeting, a description of one of which, after this rather lengthy introduction, it is our purpose to make. The Theadelphics have from time immemorial been delegated to the rank of cousins, but to the consternation of the "upper regions" manage to have a joint meeting with the ladies once in eight or ten years.

Will Carleton was an active member of the Adelphoi Kai Philoi in the days when the Germanæ Sodales began their successful struggle for existence, and was one of the loyal men who aided them in that struggle, so it was quite natural that his life and work should be the subject of a joint program of these two societies. The gas-lit candelabra of Germanæ hall

have rarely shone upon an audience as attentive and interested as met that night.

The societies arose in prayer with Harvey A. Fuller, who though deprived of sight, completed the course at Hillsdale College, and is now, with assistance from friends, keeping the wolf from his door by lecturing, and by the sale of his interesting book, "Where Dark Shadows Play." He was a classmate of Will Carleton, and speaks with sincere earnestness of the poet's uniform kindness to him. A year ago Will Carleton gave a lecture here for Mr. Fuller's benefit, and the one hundred and seventy dollars cleared was of great assistance to the latter during that winter.

President L. E. Ashbaugh ($\Delta T \Delta$), '95, gave in verse a few words of welcome, which was followed by an excellent mandolin trio, by Messrs. Smith, Ralph Bone, and Robert Seitz, of the city, who were encored. Carleton's poem, "The Lightning Rod Dispenser," was rendered by A. C. Church, '98, in such a laughter-bringing manner that one almost thought that the reciter was the man who had been so terribly swindled. The sketch on Will Carleton by Cornelia Lillibridge ($K K I$), '94, is given in another part of this magazine, and is indicative of her success as a writer, if she should so wish to direct her efforts. Joseph Copeland, '98, under guise of a parody entitled "Little Black-Eyed Rebel," related the amusing experience of a sedate senior, who "lost his eye" through the ingenious efforts of an ambitious Sophomore. A fine vocal solo by Etha Smith ($H B \Phi$), '98, served as a prelude to "The Editor's Guests," as read by Clara Hughes ($H B \Phi$), '97, and acted by J. H. Payne, '94, as editor, F. P. Wells, Jr., ($\Phi \Delta \theta$), '96, as the father of "Jim," and E. W. Van Aken, '98, as the ideal subscriber. The whole scene was very life-like. An oration "Rifts in the Clouds of Prejudice," by E. P. S. Miller, was followed by a recitation by Mayme Fuller ($H B \Phi$), '97. She is an accomplished reciter, and held her audience in breathless silence until the hero of this touching poem was safe again. A man-

dolin trio by Messrs. Smith, Seitz, and Bone was followed by a joint medley by Bertha Myers (*Π Β Φ*), '97, and J. E. Wells (*Φ Δ Θ*), '97. It was made of selections from Carleton's poems, and contained some very laughable juxtapositions of grave and gay.

The next was a letter from the poet himself, which is copied below from the *Hillsdale Collegian*. It was read in a pleasing manner by Belle Bentley (*Π Β Φ*), '97.

A vocal solo by Mr. Bruce Smith, and a farewell in verse by President Myrta Phelps (*Κ Κ Γ*), '94, closed the program.

Mr. Carleton's letter reads :

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1894.

DEAR GERMANÆ AND ALPHAS — Your Executive Committee ask me for a letter, to be read on the evening of March 5. Letter-writing is usually ranked as among the easier branches of literature ; but in the present case there is a difficulty confronting me ; not that of having, too little to say, but too much. If I should undertake to tell all I wish about the Germanæ and Alphas, the reading of the numerous pages would consume the whole time of your meeting. I would especially like to speak to you about other members of the "Old Guard," who through trying times stood shoulder to shoulder and kept these societies up to the mark, or as nearly so as they could ; and of their hope, frequently expressed and always acted, that future members of the two societies would continue the work in the same spirit as their predecessors.

This, we have every reason to believe, has been, and is still being done ; and it is a pleasant fact that, in addition, you remember us personally ; that whenever we come back on a pilgrimage to the alma mater, we find true hands and hearts to receive us, not only among the honored instructors and students at large, but especially in the societies with which we were identified.

It is a great pleasure for me to reflect that I can in a manner be with you on the evening of March 5, although personally eight hundred miles away ; that I can speak to you throughout the whole distance. Although at that time my body will be in Brooklyn, my mind and heart will be in Hillsdale, and I shall think of you as this letter is being read.

We who have stepped out of the classic palaces of our alma mater into the streets and fields and halls of actual life, can scarcely realize

that so many days and nights have gone since we bade her a fond good-bye — and since, as active members, we looked for the last time upon the loved society rooms. But the hour came to us; it will come to you. The lightning express train of Time still rushes onward; it will not be long before you, too, will come to a station upon which is placarded the word "Commencement." Its doors will be adorned with flowers, its interior covered with pictures and resounding with music and oratory; but after a little while the last good-byes will be said, and you must step out of another door of that station into the cold, practical, business-like streets of the world.

As you wander up and down among strangers and friends, striving to adapt all that you have lately learned to the exigencies of actual life, you will often be homesick for the old college, the old school-mates, and the old society meetings. You will feel sometimes as did Copperfield, when, a lonely little wayfarer, he lay down one night to sleep behind the wall of the old school he had once attended, imagining that it would seem less lonely, and more like having company, to stay awhile with his old mates so near him, although they knew nothing of his being there. You will especially esteem it a great privilege to come back and meet your fellow-students, or to greet them in other parts of the world; you will feel that every token of recognition, every thrill of sympathy, that comes from those associates of the past, or from others who are toiling in the same capacity and with the same spirit, may be more precious than the finest of gems.

And then you will know, better than you can now, the exquisite pleasure you confer and bestow by your recognition of me this evening, not only as an author, but as a brother and friend. With kind regards,

Yours fraternally,

WILL CARLETON.

This letter shows that he is still in touch with the college spirit, that he is full of tenderness and encouragement for the young; in brief, that he is the same Will Carleton who wrote "Over the Hills to the Poor House," and "Cover Them Over With Beautiful Flowers." Hillsdale College respects him, the people love him, and Delta Tau Delta is proud to count him among her loyal members.

E. P. S. MILLER (K).

WILL CARLETON—A SKETCH.

BY CORNELIA LILLIBRIDGE (K K Γ), '94.

It is a well established fact that this generation is not a poetry reading or a poetry loving generation. According to the rules of custom no library is worthy to be called by such a name, without its volumes of the modern poets' latest works, yet there are few of these poetical productions that show by their well-thumbed and worn leaves that they have moved the hearts of the people by their pathos, or stirred them as the writings of the Masters did a generation ago. Some one has given a very plausible reason for this state of affairs in the fact of the increasing influence of prose fiction which supplies the mind at a cheap and easy rate with the imaginative element it craves.

There are, however, poets who are read; and now and then there appear poems so full of music and meaning that they unmistakably show that the poet really has something of interest to say to the public, and that not in terms too vague or metaphysical to be comprehended by men in general.

Among the comparatively small number is our own Carleton who sprang suddenly into popularity, and took his place in the first rank of writers who have achieved success by their sympathetic treatment of the homeliest subjects. One critic in speaking of Carleton, has used these very beautiful and expressive words: "What Robert Burns did for the Scottish cotter, and the Reverend William Barnes has done for the English farmer, Will Carleton has done for the American — touched with the glamour of poetry, the simple and monotonous events of daily life, and has shown that all circumstances of life, however they may appear, possess those alternations of the comic and pathetic, the good and bad, the joyful and sorrowful, which go to make up the days and nights, the summers and winters of this perplexing world."

He is an established fact, a writer unlike any other, past or present, which is saying much, and one whose books have a wider circulation than those of any other living poet, excepting of course the few masters, who, in their lifetime have become classics.

The success of Mr. Carleton has not, in any way, been due to any favoring smile of good fortune, or mere chance. He was born in 1845 on a farm near the little village of Hudson, only a few miles from Hillsdale, and was bred to the usual life of a farmer's boy. Early in life he showed tendencies in other lines than those that pertained to his father's vocation. His only desire seemed to be to gain an education, and this led him to begin the study of Latin and Geometry by himself, even while he was in attendance at the district school, and afterwards to walk five miles through Michigan snows to attend the nearest high school.

He began teaching at the age of sixteen, and by this means was able to save a little money, by the aid of which he hoped to be able in time to see the fulfillment of his youthful dreams — the pursuit of a college course. During all this time, it is often said by those who knew him that he was not looked upon as favorably as might have been by his neighbors, but as is always the case, his mother had unbounded confidence in his abilities, and stimulated them as only mothers can.

Will Carleton entered Hillsdale college in 1865, at the age of twenty, a bashful, awkward country boy, who was willing to do any work whereby he could earn an honest penny. And what ought to be a little comfort to all of us poor, struggling students, it has been said that he was no more brilliant in scholarship than many others who have not been so noted as he in after years.

Only in one or two instances during his college course, are there found hints of his future eminence. Soon after entering college he became a member of Alpha Kappa Phi society. During his stay here he was a faithful member, sharing alike its honors and its labors.

During the vacation in 1868, he wrote a political poem entitle Fax. Fearing humiliation should it prove a failure, he read it to an audience where he was unknown, that he might gain an impartial opinion in regard to the merits of his production. He was greeted by a very small, and what he thought not a very enthusiastic audience, for they all seemed planing a means of escape, should the poetry become too heavy an affliction. It was noticed that all remained, however, to render a vote of thanks to the author, and the result was not only a crowded house the next evening, but his poem became widely popular throughout the campaign.

At his graduation in 1869, he delivered his poem "Rifts in the Clouds," which became very popular. In that he presents the ideas that seem to have moved him in all his future years.

Not until 1871, when his poem "Betsy and I are Out," appeared, did he become extensively known, and thereby was announced the appearance of a new poet in the West. This poem was first published in the Toledo Blade, and popular as it became, was a gratuitous contribution, for the writer was so little known that he dared not diminish the chances of his venture by attaching a price.

Its success was phenomenal, and it was taken up and published in all the newspapers of the country, and was soon recited from every lyceum platform.

Soon afterwards the poem was published with illustrations in Harper's Weekly, to which he shortly afterwards contributed its sequel, "How Betsy and I Made Up." This, different from many sequels, was not a weak imitation of the first, but was rather a continuation of the story written with the same sincerity and force. "He infuses into his work the most eloquent and touching pathos, constantly relieved by irresistible touches of jocularity, and twines the mingled thread of mirth and sorrow with a dexterity that enthralls the reader," and his writings are more varied than many would anticipate from the homely tone of the verses which have made him famous.

Will Carleton is not famous as a poet alone, although that is sufficient to make him the pride of our college, but he is also making himself popular as a lecturer. All who had the exquisite pleasure of listening to his address before the Class of '92 know the magic power by which he holds his audience, and the stirring force of his eloquence. His ideas of what constitute a student are as broad as his versatile mind, and his idea of a college student is one that all students would do well to remember. He said, "A college student is a messenger whom the people send to the mountain heights; and they expect him frequently to come back and tell what he has seen there; to instruct them both by word and action; to reimburse them, in short, the amount invested in him. * * The world expects the student to be a moral man. * * But most of all it desires the student to be honest, virtuous, and of a good example."

One of the most beautiful traits in the character of our beloved poet was that exhibited by his sympathy, and, what is of more practical importance, aid to our blind student and graduate, who is working so nobly and grandly amid all his hindrances and well nigh insurmountable obstacles.

We all were led to endeavor more earnestly to obey the commands of the Golden Rule by the noble act of one who more noted and better known to the world than his Alma Mater, yet shows a loyalty that it

would be hard to exceed. None of us will ever forget the paraphrase he recited to us in chapel a few mornings since, which ran as follows:

“Breathes there alumnus so soul-dead
Who never to himself hath said
In words and deeds that all acknowledge,
This is my own, my well-loved college;
Whose heart ne’er blossoms forth in joys
To meet the old-time girls and boys?
If such there be, go mark him *low!*
And grieve not if at last he go
Into deserved oblivion carried
Unwept, *unhonored*, and *unmarried*.”

But amid all it must be remembered that Will Carleton is a man among men, and as liable to mistakes as any, and these are plainly visible at times in his verses. Critics have sometimes demonstrated the fact with ease that he is not a Wordsworth or a Keats, who were sneered at in their time for not being some one else. He is to be judged, however, not by his faults but by his merits which shine through his verses like a clear flame through some indispensable smoke. The springs of human interest are played upon naturally and with a quaintness and geniality characteristic of the writer whose works will no doubt maintain him in the ranks of the leading writers of the century.

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*UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA—BETA TAU, THE
BABY CHAPTER—ITS FUTURE.*

BY ARTHUR J. WEAVER, '95, IN RESPONSE TO TOAST.

To-night, I have been impressed more than ever before with the fact that this is a great age. I'll tell you why. All the crude and unfinished products of the past have given place to the unparalleled growth and development of to-day. This is pre-eminently the age of the slot machine. Although the general use of this machine is to ascertain our weight, procure a cigar or postage stamp, we have seen a new departure. W. S. Summers, Assistant Attorney General of the State of Nebraska, has dropped into the Delta Tau Delta slot lots of hustle, and pulled out a Delta Tau Delta baby.

It took him a long time to find the magic button, but at last the baby is born and he is papa now. Father and son, for it is a boy baby, are both doing well. And allow me to say that I hope this affair will never coincide with the report of a certain young and inexperienced physician, friend of mine, who, being questioned after attending a case of confinement, said that the mother and child are both dead, but that he thought the father would pull through.

Judging from the sturdy alumni and our visiting friends, typical of the mother fraternity, judging from the lusty yell and monstrous appetite of the baby itself, and last of all, from the placid smile and serene countenance of a father, sighing for more worlds to conquer, I say the three are destined to live. This is a great age. Yet, I want to say right here, in order that we may not overestimate the age, that the time has not yet come, when you can drop an initiation into the slot, and upon that a banquet, and pull out a speech.

I am, however, like the person who, when questioned as to a subject for a certain occasion replied: "Give me anything that has to do with the future." So in considering the future of the newly born, I want to emphasize the fact that while much depends upon parentage, much more depends upon the early training and surroundings of the child.

This baby, then, is peculiarly fortunate in having so many relatives in the city and State, who can teach it how to walk, and guide its young feet into the "straight and narrow way." Many a beautiful child has become bow-legged and deformed by trusting too soon to its youthful strength, and as the Delta Tau Deltas never yet had a bow-legged child, we don't propose to begin now. We want this baby to be straight limbed; nor do we want it to forever stay in the stages of infancy; nor do we want it to have a second childhood, as some Chapters have had. Knee breeches do not belong on this child. We want the boy to wear long trousers and suspenders.

But whom does the child look like? The alumni say that the Assistant Attorney-General is the father of the child, and I think that I can prove that the boy, at least resembles the father.

They say that he is a lawyer, and the son already entertains fond dreams of the profession of the father. They say that he is a student, and the boy as ardently contends that he can't be a son of the "old man" and be a "flunker." They say that he is an athlete, and the captaincy of the foot ball team for two years, with next year as well, with four men on the team this year, and the winner of the hundred yard dash among the colleges of the State, speak of a youthful interest in athletics. They say that he is an orator, and the son catching the inspiration of his father, goes as Nebraska's orator to the Interstate contest at Indianapolis. They say that he is a politician and two presidents of the Athletic Association, two managers of the foot ball team, vice president of the Interstate Foot Ball Association, secretary and president of the State

Oratorical Association, manager and editor-in-chief of one of the college papers, and float delegate to Indianapolis this year, speak of inherited head work and a love of politics. I have never heard any one accuse "The General" of being a songster, but we have one man on the glee club. I think that was inherited from the mother.

And yet there will be lots of people who can never appreciate the breeding of this child. It reminds me of the position Brother Summers takes of the stock-breeding question. About a month ago he was invited to address a stock-breeders association at Columbus, Nebraska, and although a little out of his line, the position he took was this: "A ten dollar man can't appreciate the breeding of a thousand dollar horse." And so there will be lots of these ten dollar fellows at the university who can never appreciate the breeding of this child.

Perhaps some of them will be as excited as the old lady, who upon hearing that a congressman at large was in the city, said: "O my! I do hope they will capture him before he does any damage."

But we can assure these restless Brethren, for most of them are Brethren, that if damage in their eyes consist in what we have been doing in the past, we propose to be a great deal more in the future.

And we must make the Fraternity life closer and stronger in the coming days.

That name Delta Tau is the one of all others to be emphasized. If we would strengthen our Chapter and Fraternity, we must offer advantages which no other Chapter nor Fraternity does.

It is said that when Sir Charles Napier was engaged in a great battle, an officer came to him, and in almost breathless enthusiasm, said: "Sir Charles, we've taken a standard! Napier paid no attention. Again this officer said with terrific emphasis: "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard!" And instantly Napier shouted, "Then take another." That is the

spirit. We have taken standards since we first organized ourselves together and sent our petition to the Fraternity Councils, yet I can hear the Fraternity say, and feel the spirit of our boys as they say, "take another." That is what we propose to do.

Men, high-minded men, constitute a State. The same should constitute a Fraternity like our own. There are few things so inspiring as to have had a glorious past. We turn from the past, believing glorious are the days to come.

The history of our Fraternity reminds me of the story of the mountain stream which starts from a spring on a distant mountain range. Leaving its mountain home, it starts out on its long journey. At this turn and that, it becomes tributary to other similar rivulets. On it dashes, gaining momentum as it goes. At the base of the range, it unites to form a considerable body, and on through the valley it placidly glides; now in, now out; ever widening, till at last broadening upon the prairie, a river, it beautifies the landscape and winding on toward its eternity, the sea, carries with it lessons for many a thoughtful man along its green and fertile banks.

Such is the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. Rising in its distant Virginia home, a rivulet at first, now a resistless stream. The Chapters have been the rivulets which have fed the great Fraternity river; and the baby Chapter, young as it is, proposes to do its part.

If harmony among its members; if devotion to its interests and a determination to make it second to none, are elements of strength in a society, then indeed the future of Beta Tau is assured.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE CHICAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

During the existence of this Association, not "Chapter," as THE RAINBOW insists in calling it, it has held some very interesting annual dinners. That of last year was marked by the installation of the Beta Pi, of Northwestern University, and was most successful, but the one given at the Chicago Athletic Club, on the evening of April 7, went beyond even that in point of enthusiasm roused.

This was also distinguished by exercises which brought a new Chapter into the Greek world, and a Chapter of Delta Tau Delta revived, which anti-fraternity laws on the part of the faculty had caused to suspend sixteen years ago, at the University of Illinois.

When the petition from the Tri-Delta Society of that university was acted on favorably by the Fraternity, the pleasant task of ushering it into the world of Deltaism was given to the Chicago Alumni. It was decided by that body to make the exercises of initiation thoroughly impressive, and the plan of last year having worked so well it was followed again.

The Athletic Club was selected as the place, and the Beta Pi as the means. The boys of Tri-Delta were instructed to appear in Chicago for the surgical operation, which was to remove one of these Deltas and insert a Tau between the other two; all present bear witness that the operation was in every way successful.

The handsome library of this famous club building was taken in charge by the boys from Northwestern at six, and by seven o'clock it had been transformed into a Delta Tau Delta

Chapter hall. In the meantime the alumni and the visitors from Champaign had been getting acquainted with each other in the Directors' room adjoining. When all was in readiness the former were asked to assemble in the Chapter-room, and the formal exercises were begun forthwith.

The arrangements were complete to the smallest detail, and the Beta Pi deserved all the compliments she received for the way she carried out her part. The rich finishings of the room gave added dignity to the ritual, and a solemnity was given the occasion which, it is safe to say, has not previously been equalled in the Fraternity. Alumnus and neophyte were alike impressed, and when the Archon, Professor Babcock, announced that the Beta Upsilon was now an integral part of the Fraternity, the applause which followed was an expression of genuine enthusiasm.

The Chicago Alumni were proud to welcome the boys from Champaign. Eighteen finer men never organized a Chapter of Delta Tau Delta, and from their actions they seemed to fully realize the trust reposed in them by the Fraternity.

Tri-Delta having become a thing of the past, and Beta Upsilon a very evident thing of the present, an adjournment was had to the private dining room of the Club, where seventy Deltas sat down to a dinner prepared as only the *chef* of the Athletic Club can.

The menu having been discussed from "Canape Delta" to "Bombe Alaska," and coffee and cigars being served, President McClurg called the assemblage to order, and introduced the Hon. James R. Mann as Toastmaster. He is an alumnus of the University of Illinois and was a member of the original Chapter. He took charge of matters for the rest of the evening, and with a few well-chosen remarks, in the name of the local alumni, welcomed the new Chapter into the ranks of Delta Tau Delta.

It is the boast of the Chicago Alumni Association that no

other in the Fraternity gives the attention it does to its toast lists, and that its responses are more interesting and attractive than similar ones given other Fraternity gatherings.

Under the Toastmaster's direction the following program was carried out, and in every way it compared favorably with those of previous dinners :

TOASTS.

"Nothing so hurtful to a man's constitution as an undelivered speech."

Toast Master, . . . JAMES R. MANN, Y, University of Illinois
"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority."

Upsilon Redivivus, . . . GEO. H. ROOT, B Y, University of Illinois
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer."

The Crescent, . . . ALFRED WALLER, B II, Northwestern University
"May no cloud obscure the crescent
Of our good old Delta Tau."

The Fraternity as an Educator, KENDRIC C. BABCOCK, B H, Univ. of Min.
"Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity."

"Δ — A — K," . . . WALLACE HECKMAN, K, Hillsdale College
"Be good and true, let who will be clever."

Our Little Girls, . . . ALFRED F. POTTS, B Z, Butler University
"Prithee, tell me, don't you think
Little girls are dearest?"

Hard Times, . . . JAMES F. GALLAHER, Δ, University of Michigan
"It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known."

There is not space to give the responses in full, and any synopsis of them would ruin them utterly, therefore none will be attempted, those who had the good fortune to listen to them feel sorry for those who could not be present. It is simple truth when the assertion is made, that all sense of the flight of time was lost. Twelve o'clock tolled, and even the Evans-ton boys failed to hear it, thereby missing their train and be-

ing forced to remain in the wicked city all night. It is hoped they reached home next morning before church time.

It was not until the last notes of "John Jones" had died away that any one recollected that there was such a thing as the lapse of time, then the President called the Chicago Alumni portion to order, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The result was as follows: President, Joseph Kelsey; Vice President, Roy O. West; Secretary, Irvine Watson; Treasurer, Lowrie McClurg; Executive Committee, James A. McLane, George A. Gilbert, and Worth E. Caylor.

The Fraternity song was then chanted, chairs were pushed under the tables out of the way, and the time-honored walk around formed, with Frank Morris leading, as only he can. The praises of Wa-na hee Wa-na-hoo were sung with as much fervor as though all present were undergraduates, as the long line swung slowly out into the public dining room, and thence after much winding, down eight stories to the reception room, where with three cheers and a tiger it broke ranks. Then the Champaign boys, just to show their lungs were still in good condition, gave forth their college yell in a way that caused the Alumni to look at them with envy. Northwestern answered just to show there was no hard feeling, and pandemonium reigned until lack of breath once more brought quiet, and the annual dinner had passed into history.

Alumni were present from twenty Chapters.

The University of Illinois had five representatives; Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, DePauw, and Butler had four each.

Four professors graced the dinner with their presence in the persons of Van Dervoort, from the University of Illinois; Gordon, of Northwestern; Strong, of Racine; and Babcock, of University of Minnesota.

Boyle rendered "that same old song" as only a man can who learned it at the Put-in-Bay convention of 1879.

Julius Lischer was sadly missed by those who met him last year, but he is in politics in Davenport, and an election made it necessary for him to stay in Iowa.

The new Chapter has a fine membership. If these men are a fair index of the student body, the University of Illinois excels all others in the State, excepting none.

Potts and Varney came from Indianapolis, and they say they won't miss next year's dinner under any circumstances.

The new Chapter has four members of the faculty who are members of the Fraternity, to go to for advice.

The Northwestern boys who contributed so largely to the success of the evening, were themselves so interested, that they did not care whether trains went or not; they did not miss the walk around this year.

Worth Caylor says he will not attend another annual dinner unless he has with him his rubbers, umbrella, and mackintosh, at least, if it is held at the Athletic Club. He was not used to such luxuriousness, and failed to recognize a bath room when he got into it. He was both surprised and wet, very wet, when he turned the handle.

A partial list of those in attendance is as follows:

Messrs. Alfred F. Potts, Indianapolis, Ind.; Professor Kendric C. Babcock, University of Minnesota; Professor E. F. Strong, Racine College; Clarence E. Pickett, Waterloo, Iowa; Professor D. J. Townsend, University of Illinois; Professor W. H. Van Dervoort, University of Illinois; James F. Gallaher, Michigan City, Ind.; Harvey Clark, University of Wisconsin; George Kingsley, University of Wisconsin; Chas. Englebracht, University of Wisconsin; J. D. Huston, H. C. Alexander, C. E. Brush, Frank M. Morris, Aug. Ziesing, Thad. S. Allee, W. E. Caylor, B. W. Richardson, Geo. A. Gilbert, H. B. Lusch, Chas. J. Wright, James R. Mann, M. E. Bourne, John M. Ewen, Irving Watson, Wallace Heckman, Lowrie McClurg, H. B. Swayne, Geo. W. Wiggs, A. A. Babcock, Jr., Jas. A. McLane, Elmer W. Adkinson, C. H. Gordon, Roy O. West, J. A. Kelsey, W. W. Wharry, M. O. Narramore, Alfred Waller, L. E. Fuller, Clarence Boyle, O. W. Roberts.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WEATHER.

LIEUT. JNO. P. FINLEY, U. S. A.

The vicissitudes of the weather have long excited the attention of the world. Men have studied meteorology, more or less systematically ever since the time of Aristotle, who wrote the first treatise on the subject; yet little progress was made until the invention of the barometer and thermometer, the former by Torricelli in 1643, and the latter by Galileo in 1592.

Prof. Robt. H. Scott, Director of the British Meteorological Office, in his recent well-written work on meteorology, says: "We must admit that even yet it has hardly made good its title to a place among the exact sciences." The reason for this apparently slow advancement may be traced to the following causes: 1. We live at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean, of which the upper layers are practically inaccessible, and their condition almost unknown to us. 2. The observations we make of the physical state of the air are affected to such a degree by local accidents, such as the elevation, contour, and slope of the ground, its nearness to the sea, and even the character of the soil, that we meet with considerable variations of meteorological circumstances, even within the limits of a single county.

In this respect meteorology affords a strong contrast to astronomy. The objects of observation and study in the latter science are at such a distance from the earth that it is practically of minor importance whether they be observed from Greenwich, Rome or Washington. The phenomena themselves

are identical, and, other things being equal, the difficulties of making the observation depends largely upon the meteorological conditions of the locality. In fact, under favorable meteorological circumstances, the range of phenomena observable by an astronomer is limited solely by the horizon of his station and the power of his telescope. But in meteorology the case is widely different; the phenomena are not the same at two different points of observation. Take, for example a single element, the temperature of the air. In the streets of a great city the heat conditions differ materially from those experienced at the same time in the middle of the parks, and *a fortiori* from those existing entirely without the city. Hence the necessity for covering the country with a network of independent meteorological stations, as the observer at each place can not do much more than record the phenomena exhibited by the portion of the atmosphere actually in contact with his instruments.

Meteorology may be considered from many different points of view. In the first instance, observations taken systematically at one place give eventually information as to the climate of that place, and when the results obtained for one such station are combined with those for other stations, and compared with those taken in other countries, deductions may be drawn bearing upon the relative fitness of different localities for the support of animal and vegetable life, etc. From this climatological point of view, the subject is immediately related to the science of physical geography, and in a greater or less degree to sanitary science also, and it is in this connection that it has been longest and most perseveringly studied.

The highest object of meteorological science is attained when we consider it a department of cosmical physics, and the problems solved involve the investigation of the physical conditions of the atmosphere and their relations to the forces of light, heat, electricity and magnetism. The practical form of meteorological research may be called the science of the

weather, and so treated. The weather embraces the changes which are from time to time taking place in the physical condition of the atmosphere and the effects produced by such changes. These effects find their expression in the temperature of the air, the direction and motion of the wind, the amount of moisture contained in the atmosphere, and the balancing of the antagonistic forces of evaporation and condensation, on which depend what is termed, in common parlance, the fineness or the contrary of the weather.

The study of the weather has attracted much attention in the past twenty years, owing to the development of telegraphy and the facilities which are thereby afforded for examining the conditions of the atmosphere existing simultaneously at different places.

The earliest records of the weather among every nation are to be found in those myths of popular tales, which, while describing rain, cloud, wind, and other natural phenomena in highly figurative language, refer them to some supernatural or personal agency by way of explanation. At a later period the premonitory signs of good or bad weather became formulated into short sayings, or popular prognostics. A large number of these are still current in every part of the world, but their value is very questionable. About the commencement of this century the science of probabilities came into existence and developed the science of statistics. By this method the average readings of meteorological instruments at a number of places were calculated and numerical values obtained for certain abstract quantities. But when the attempt was made to apply statistics to weather changes from day to day, it was found that average results were useless.

The mean temperature for any particular day of the year might be fifty degrees, if compiled from the records of a great many years, but in any particular year it may fall as low as 46 degrees or rise as high as 60 degrees. The first application of this average method was made by the great Napoleon, who

directed Laplace to calculate when the cold of winter set in severely over Russia. The latter found that on an average it did not set in hard until January. The Emperor made his plans accordingly; a sharp spell of cold came in December, and the army was lost.

Another case, somewhat similar and fresh in the mind of the public, the great flood at Johnstown, Penn. The dam at South Fork was built on the basis of a certain average and maximum rainfall for that section of the State. The values were roughly approximate although calculated from long years of record. But the terrible results that followed hard upon the excessial rains of May, 1889, show the futility of predicting from average values. It is now quite well recognized that statistics give a numerical representation of climate, but little or none of weather, and that large masses of figures have been accumulated to which it is difficult to attach any physical significance. The misuse of statistics has done much to bring the science of meteorology into disrepute.

The advent of the weather map, made possible by the development of telegraphy, has changed the whole aspect of meteorological study. By this synoptic method, and the simultaneity of the observations at many points, covering a large extent of country, results are attained that simplify the movements and changes of the atmosphere, and make it possible for a person of fair intelligence to understand and make practical use of them. The study of the weather map will not only reveal the actual changes and probabilities attendant upon disturbances of large areas, but also afford the means of securing reliable knowledge concerning local indications. It is here that the farmer, mechanic, and merchant can obtain information that will lead them to make their own forecasts. They can learn to watch and comprehend the development and progress of storm areas, and areas of cold air as they pass across the country. The map not only explains why certain prognostics are usually signs of good or bad weather, and the

reason why the indications sometimes fail, but also the reason why rain, for instance, is sometimes foretold by one prognostic, and sometimes by a totally different one. Moreover, it not only gives greater meaning to all the statistics which partially represent the climate of a place, and the relation of the diurnal to the general changes of the weather, but it also enables new inferences to be drawn, which had hitherto been impossible from some observations, and explains why other sets of figures must always remain without any physical significance.

The weather map opens the way to a practical and scientific knowledge of the weather, because it deals with the actual facts over an enormous extent of country, and places them in a position for accurate analysis and reliable comparative study. It is from this bird's-eye view and faithful cartographical representation of the daily work of the atmosphere that we must expect the solution of weather problems, both general and local.

The word storm, in a popular sense, has a very general and indefinite meaning. There are really various classes of storms, and meteorologists recognize their prevailing characteristics and distinctive features by the application of appropriate names. Strictly speaking, the word storm should not be used alone, but attached to some other term or entirely replaced by it, which is properly employed to designate the particular kind or class of storm meant; as, for example, thunderstorm, hailstorm, cyclone, tornado.

In a general sense, the word storm may be taken to mean a well-defined disturbance of the atmosphere which undergoes translation from place to place. It may or may not be accompanied by rain or snow, but the area of disturbance must have a decided progressive movement. There must also be a well-marked circulation of the air, indicated by the direction and force of surface winds, the formation and movement of upper and lower clouds, and changes in pressure, as shown by the barometer.

There are two principal classes of storms, general and local. General storms are divided into cyclones and anti-cyclones, and the characteristics of each class are well defined. On the daily weather map, these two classes of disturbances are designated by the words "Low" (cyclonic storm) and "High" (anti-cyclonic storm).

The "Low" is an area of warm, moist air, cloudy weather, with general rain or snow, high winds, atmospheric pressure below the normal, and the circulation of air spirally inward to the center. There is no actual circular motion, but simply a tendency in that direction. All cyclones agree in the great features of the wind, rotating around the center with a variable indraught, and of an upward and outward circulation of the higher currents. No more conclusive proof of this can be found than the fact that cyclones often pass out of the tropics and then join or coalesce with others which have been formed without the tropics. Two similar eddies can easily unite, but two that rotate on different systems would invariably destroy each other.

The anti-cyclone is an area of cold, dry air, generally clear weather, atmospheric pressure above the normal, with moderate winds, and the general circulation spirally outward from the center. The air blows around the center and out below, round and in above, and, therefore, the conclusion is obvious that the circulation in the center of an anti-cyclone must be descending. The air must then, necessarily, be unusually dry, which is precisely the condition that observation shows it to be.

In a cyclone, the air must be heavily freighted with moisture, and warm, because the peculiar circulation of this disturbance carries upward the air from the surface of the earth, where evaporation is constantly taking place, filling the superincumbent strata with vapor, and where contact with the warm earth heats the air resting upon it. This invisible moisture is lifted upward until the cold of elevation condenses

it, first forming clouds and then, with a greater aggregation of particles, rain or snow, according to the degree of cold to which the vapor is subjected.

We have here set forth one of the most important differences between general and local storms, perhaps the most essential one, if all of the facts are considered. It is a difference, however, not so easily understood by the novice as by the meteorologist. For the former, it is easier to distinguish the enormous difference in the size of the storm areas, one having a diameter of hundreds of miles while the other may compass but a few hundred feet. The motion of the earth determines the general easterly movement of all general storms; that is, all storms move from west to east. The general storms are the great atmospheric disturbances of the earth which determine the distribution of temperature and precipitation, and thus regulate the two most important meteorological elements which affect the welfare of man. Briefly considered, general storms are beneficial while local storms are harmful.

For the general causes giving rise to these beneficial storms, we must look to both the motion of the earth and its configuration.

Its surface is neither uniformly land nor water, but, on the contrary, a very irregular combination of both. If our attention is directed to the land areas, we find them furrowed here and there by the beds of great rivers whose watersheds embrace numberless smaller streams. Great mountain ranges, inland seas, and vast forests give rise to boundless irregularities on the surface.

The sun's rays, falling upon such a vast variety of surfaces, give rise to a very unequal distribution of temperature, which, in turn, destroys any regular system of winds. Were it not for this absence of uniformity on the surface of the earth, the trade winds, passage winds, and calm belts would extend, without interruption, entirely around the globe, and thus materially affect the development of both general and local storms.

JUDAS.

The black bats wakened, and the ghostly owls
Blinked the last specks of daylight from their eyes,
And lumbered hooting through the deep'ning shades
Of Hinnom's horrid gulch, where long ago
Vain martyrs passed through fire to Moloch's arms.
The saffron streakings of the stranded clouds
Glowed through a gnarled black tracery of trees
Perched on the jagged cliff; the west was flushed
With rosy red and dappled hues of eve;
And the bright edges of the higher clouds
The shrinking sunbeams fringed, crumpled with gold;
And in the darkening east the pale moon hung,
Like the priest's jewel in an ouch of clouds.
Along the highest ledges of the cliffs
Skulked Judas, worn and hollow-eyed and pale,
Starting at nothing, shivering and aghast,
As one that fears pursuers; high he tossed
His palsied hands, and rolled his frenzied eyes,
In wild appeal to Heaven; and then he spoke,
Unburdening his soul as men oft do
Under a stress of feeling and alone :
" Lord, Lord, I am as dust beneath Thy feet,
My voice hath changed to mourning — pity me!
I cry, and pray Thee to give heed to me,
But, Lord, Thou wilt not hear me! Thou art deaf
To the cursed prayers of Judas — the vile dog
That sold his Master for their filthy coin.
I little thought to be His murderer;
I deemed that angels in their samite robes
Would bear their darling on their flaggy wings
Safe from the brutish hands that would have slain Him.
'Tis always thus, that men who vilely sin
Rack their poor brains to give their deeds excuses,
Whose lame excess limps broken from the tongue.

Lord, Lord, I am as dust beneath Thy feet,
 My voice hath changed to mourning — pity me!
 “But, Oh! I had a dream, a fearful dream:
 I long had passed the grave and coffin-worm,
 But still that Conscience that so makes men fear
 Their very thoughts, still gnawed my shrinking soul.
 I dreamed I lay in a wide desert plain
 Strewn thick with thirsty rocks and shifting sand,
 Swart darkness lowered o’er all; but suddenly
 A deafening trumpet blast battered my ears,
 And vivid lightnings rived the shredded sky.
 And then I saw the earth disgorge its dead —
 Stark, mouldy skeletons in winding sheets;
 But though the night blast whistled through their bones,
 And found no clothing flesh, I knew them well
 For wicked sinners I had known in life.
 Then creeping through the dark I saw strange forms,
 With hideous faces and with burning eyes
 And claw-like hands, that sought us sinners out;
 And then there rose a lamentable wail
 For aid to Heaven; and the clouds were rent;
 And riding on the silver-footed winds
 He came to save them — all, but me alone.
 With one sad look, more bitter than a curse,
 He passed me by where groveling I lay
 And shrieked for terror of thoseimps of Hell!
 Still I see those fierce eyes, and when the night,
 Robed in her majesty of rolling clouds,
 Clips the world round with darkness, and the stars,
 Bathed in the full flood of the tender moon,
 Threading their magic circles in and out,
 Weave their weird spells upon my fantasy,
 My conscience and these devils drive me out
 To be companion to the hooting owl,
 And groan in solitude through hours of fear.
 Oh! I am weary, and I fain would loose
 The weary clay that hampers my tired soul,
 For death is a sweet remedy for pain.
 “I come to Thee, sweet Master, at Thy feet —
 Abject — to beg forgiveness. Master, I come!”
 While yet he spoke, he crouched along the cliff,

And with his trembling hands made fast the rope
He wore for penance round his shrunken neck,
To a gnarled olive tree that far outstretched
Its writhen arms over the jagged cliff.
He stared over his shoulder and then shrieked
As if he saw some sight, invisible
Except to him, and leaped and hung in air;
His dying hands clutched at the strangling rope,
His swelled veins blackened, and his starting eyes
Froze shrinking Heaven with their ghastly stare.
Down rushed the sun, and reddened all the west
Spattered as if with blood; the writhing form,
Hung on the straining rope, stamped the red sky
With a black horror; but the slender cord
Broke with a snap, and wretched Judas fell
Far down upon the pointed rocks below,
And lay without a groan, gushing black blood.

* * * * *

The slow sun burned his light out in the west;
The stars came; darkness fell, and the weird beams
Of the cold moon, flooding the silver clouds,
Touched the bruised body with a ghastly light,
And deepened the black shadows: all was still.
Then a lean jackal came from the dark woods,
And lapped the blood, and gnawed the mangled bones.

— A. C. PHELPS, in *Tulane Collegian*.

STATESMANSHIP IN REFORM.

J. F. McCONNELL.

THIRD HONOR AT INDIANAPOLIS.

In the latter days of the great anti-slavery struggle, Wendell Phillips repeatedly eulogized Wm. Lloyd Garrison as a "profound statesman." Almost at the same time, Phillips was denouncing Abraham Lincoln as fit for nothing save to "drift with events"—as a "second-rate man," a "tortoise." The followers of Lincoln, on the other hand, trusted their careful leader as the supreme statesman of his day, and considered Garrison a lunatic.

This conflict between Abolitionists and Republicans was one instance of that ever-recurring dispute as to the relative value of radical and moderate methods. Every reform has its Garrison and its Lincoln. Both lavish time, treasure, and even life-blood for the triumph of the same cause; yet each points to the folly of the other's plan and to the statesmanship of his own. Does statesmanship—that comprehensive wisdom which grasps the present and sways the future—manifest itself among reformers in uncompromising moral earnestness, or in tact and prudence? Is the statesman-reformer akin to the ancient prophet, or to the modern diplomat? The problem thus suggested is no trifling one. Its solution will quiet the strife among reformers and speed the success of reform.

Searching first for the power behind reform, we look back to the Great Reformer. Christ made clear the responsibility of *every* life. In the light of this revelation, public opinion—the thought, feeling, will of the people—is the force through which wrong is demolished and right established. Ignore public opinion and the story of reform has slight significance. We see merely a band of nobles wrangling with a king at Runnymede, a scrap of parchment nailed to a cathedral door, a captive monarch kneeling before a Whitehall execution-block, a half-hundred colonists debating in Independence Hall, a blue-coated army triumphant on a Pennsylvania battle-field. But recognizing the worth of the people, we catch the deep meaning of these scenes; each glows

with the radiance of some world-conquering thought that pulses its way through the mind of the multitude. In the angry glances of the barons at Runnymede burns the terrible fury of an outraged race. Every breeze that sweeps Romeward bears to Leo the cries of a continent applauding the scroll on the church door. All the wrath of a tyrant-hating England strikes with Cromwell's headsman. Around that Philadelphia council-table sits the incarnate purpose of three million republic-seekers; and the victorious shouts of Gettysburg are re-echoed by hymns of praise from every Northern fireside. For nineteen centuries the progress of humanity has been one grand triumphal march: to-day, government by the majority—the sum of all the popular conquests—bears constant witness to the might of public opinion as the power behind reform.

Plainly, however, the voice of the people is not infallible. The voice of the people—"Away with him!"—sanctioned the blackest crime that ever darkened the world. Only when intellectually and morally awakened does public opinion attack evil. And only through law can public opinion accomplish the highest good. Accordingly, every reform movement consists of two parts—agitation and legislation. After the appeals of platform and press, comes an organized Protestantism, a Bill of Rights, a Declaration of Independence. Agitation is the generation of reform power, legislation is the construction of machinery to utilize that power. Statesmanship holds the radical and the moderate method to the light of experience to determine which is better for agitation, and which better for legislation.

The reformer looks upon an age of glaring wrongs. He sees the burdens of the oppressed; he hears the wail of the captive; and the iron enters his soul. Will quiet admonition and gentle rebuke arouse public opinion? Louder than the yells of cursing mobs and fiercer than the fires of persecutors, comes trumpet-tongued from the past the battle-call of the successful agitator: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice; I will not retreat one inch, and I will be heard." Spirit like this nerved Peter and Paul against a Rome of Agrippas and Neros. It broke the night of the Middle Ages with the alarm-cries of Wycliffe and Huss. Luther cried: "The word of God is a war and a sword." "I am too mild," he stormed. "Would that I could breathe forth lightning, and that every word were a thunder-bolt!" Knox burned with the same desire, and neither the chains of the galley nor the tears and threats of Scotland's frenzied queen could check his merciless invective. Look at later reformers—Hampden, Pym, Milton, flaming against Star-chamber and ship-money; White-

field and the Wesleys startling into decency a debauched empire; Otis and the Adamsses defying stamp-act and tea-tax with their thunder for equality; Garrison and Phillips championing abolition despite the halters and fire-brands of high-born assassins—and you learn from these heroes also, that impetuous, unsparing fervor is the key to revolution of public sentiment.

"Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus 'round which systems grow!
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow."

It may be objected, however, that the progress of evil itself—aggressive, arrogant, finally intolerable—is far more effective than is the preaching of the radical in awakening an indifferent people. You may argue that it was not Garrison and Phillips, but the insane desperation of the South herself that aroused the sentiment that dictated the Proclamation. The folly that sent slave-hounds baying into free states, that massacred anti-slavery voters in Kansas, that unfurled the stars and bars over Sumter—this, you say, awoke in the North the spirit of Plymouth and Lexington. But looking below the surface, we see in the suicidal madness of evil only further proof of the effectiveness of radical agitation. Beneath Fugitive Slave Law, Kansas-Nebraska outrage, and Civil war, was the same frantic determination to check Abolitionism that prompted Georgia to offer five thousand dollars for the head of Garrison. "This incendiary agitation must be stopped!" shrieked the slave-holders, and they tried to drown its flames with oil! The Abolitionist made even the anger of his enemies to praise him. This is the philosophy of all successful agitation—*every force in the universe aids in spreading truth uttered without fear or compromise*. Sooner or later, the truth in its extreme simplicity, personified in some burning unconquerable moral nature, interpreted and enforced by the supreme logic of events, creates a power that is irresistible—a public opinion before which wrong must fall as before the wrath of God!

The work of the agitator done, then, public opinion clamors for reform. But public opinion, like any other form of power, must be controlled. Men in masses, thoroughly aroused, tend to extremes. In their very eagerness for right they may do irreparable wrong. The legislator must curb this inevitable over-zeal, and express the popular will in terms of solid understanding. He must overcome difficulties to which enthusiasm is blind. Reform is not wanton destruction: it is scrutinizing, discriminating removal and reconstruction. The com-

plexity and multiplicity of human interests, the rights of the minority, the lawful obstacles to reform — these problems demand painstaking deliberation. If reform legislation is to scatter blessings throughout all the future — nay, if it is even to survive the revulsion of feeling that follows close on subsiding excitement, statesmanship must dictate the slow, careful progress of moderation.

A little over a hundred years ago, the French arose in revolt against the extravagances of despotic cruelty. With Voltaire and Rousseau an almost omnipotent force of public opinion calls for liberty, equality, fraternity. Paris blossoms with the tri-color. The Marseillaise resounds from the Pyrenees to the Channel and electrifies the peasant into manhood. Where is he who can control this power for good? Behold Mirabeau — eager for reform, yet planning moderation; but death stays the hand of Mirabeau and legislation falls to reckless enthusiasts. Soon from the banks of the Seine rises the wild rejoicing of a mob of fiends, and the air trembles with the whirr and crash of the engines of butchery. Marat, Danton, Robespierre — then comes the re-action. At sound of Napoleon's cannon France wakes from hideous nightmare and bows to a despot more absolute than any Louis that ever sat upon a throne.

During these ghastly months of riot a new nation beyond the Atlantic is wrestling with the same experiment of popular government. Founded on liberty and equality, the young republic responds to the thrills of radicalism that come quivering from the land of La Fayette. Sympathy with the French extremists soon threatens all centralized authority: Even so far-seeing a patriot as Jefferson is swept from his bearings. But Washington and Hamilton stand unmoved. Anchored to their conservative principle — liberty and equality under strong federal organization — the new government outrides the first great tempest of its career.

In an age of rapid and wide-spread diffusion of thought, public opinion easily finds expression upon the statute book. The tendency in reform movements to-day is toward successive legislative enactments — each marking the advance of the people a step nearer the consummation. When agitation and legislation are thus being carried on together, the radical would enact laws for which the people are not yet ready; and premature legislation inevitably retards reform. Heedless of the reproaches of those who would rashly precipitate a re-action, the statesman legislator advances only as he feels beneath him the mighty current of popular will. In the ultimate victory of right he sees the reward of his patient faith.

The last act of America's most instructive reform drama opens with secession camp-fires reddening the Southern hilltops. In the tramp of marching gray an anti-slavery President hears the fulfillment of his prophecy: "This government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free." But when radicals point to the on-sweeping battalions and cry for abolition, this avowed champion of freedom is strangely silent. When Union generals rush to battle proclaiming emancipation, he countermands and rebukes them. For twenty months the continent welters in the slaughter of a million guns, yet not a shot is aimed at slavery. Why this inaction? Why this apparent drifting with events when every event is a Bull Run? The bronzed, sinewy homeliness that marks the leader as a man of the people suggests the answer: *Lincoln understands the masses.* All the thunder of conflict dulls not his ear to the slightest whisper from field to work-shop, and public sentiment will not yet support emancipation. Patient in disaster, calm amid cries of "tortoise," "coward," "slave-hound," the cautious statesman at the White House awaits the popular will. At last the crisis comes. From the depths of despair, the nation moans obedience to the Voice that speaks in battle-tones for the release of the bondman. Then Lincoln slowly guides the pen of the people, and slavery falls "amid the blazing rafters of the Confederacy."

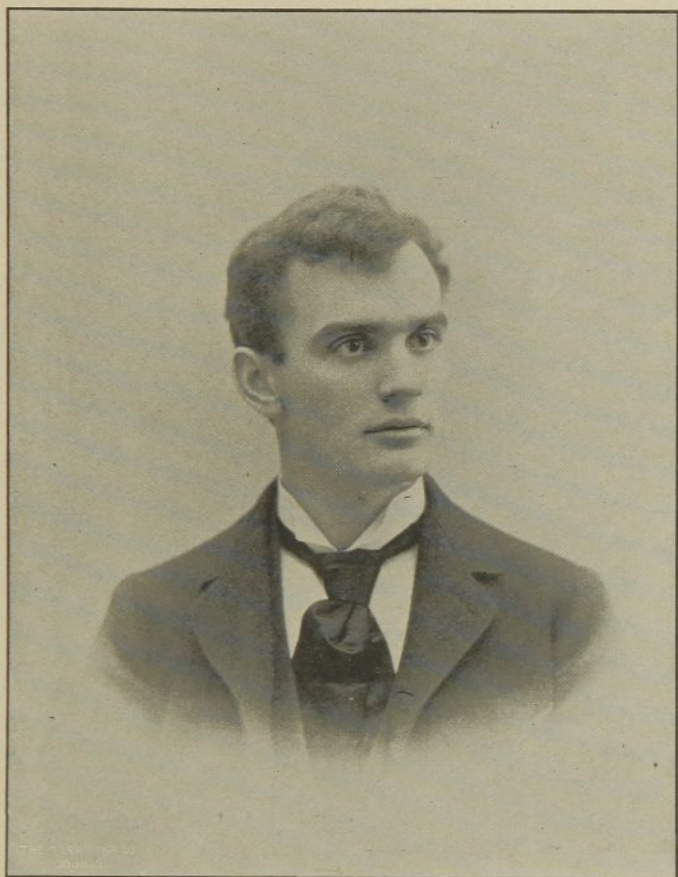
Radical method in agitation, moderate method in legislation—this is statesmanship in reform. This is the principle that divides the glory of emancipation between the impetuous, merciless Garrison and the careful, conciliatory Lincoln. In the same breath with "Render unto God the things which are God's," the Author of reform advised: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Thus He enjoined uncompromising preaching of truth with careful respect for law. As reformers follow more closely the counsel of their Leader, jarring forces will be brought into harmony. Reform will come more speedily, more sweepingly, in an ever-widening, ever-deepening stream of public opinion.

JOHN FRANCIS MCCONNELL.

John Francis McConnell was born August 18, 1871, at Dresden, Ohio. His younger days were spent in Wooster, Elyria, Norwalk, and other Ohio towns, where his father, Rev. I. H. McConnell, a Methodist minister, was stationed. From 1885 to 1887 he attended the Indianapolis High School, his father at that time being pastor of Roberts Park M. E. Church. In the fall of 1887 he entered the Ohio State University, and attended there for one year; thence going to Lawrence, Mass., and in 1888-89 attended Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass. During these years he was in constant athletic training, and made some very creditable records for five and ten-mile runs. In January, 1890, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which institution he will be graduated at the coming commencement.

During the summer of 1892 he was editor of the *Lakeside Daily News*, at Lakeside, Ohio. And for two years he was on the staff of *The Practical Student*, one of the college papers. He has always taken an active part in literary work, and during his Freshman year forced himself to write an hour each day upon some subject. For ten times in succession he has been elected critic of the Chrestomathean Literary Society, of which he is a member, and for the past two years has been considered the best literary critic in the university. Mr. McConnell has been a great reader of both American and English literature, and has a wide acquaintance with all the best authors.

As before noted in our columns, he was selected to represent first his own college, then the State of Ohio in the Interstate contest at Indianapolis.



J. F. McCONNELL, M.C.

The Interstate contest was held in the English Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind., on the evening of May 10, 1894. The Interstate Oratorical Association is composed of ten States, which were represented by the following program:

Fred Staff, Wisconsin, "A God on the Stage;" X. P. Wilfley, Missouri, "The Philosophy of Inequality;" J. W. Wetzel, Kansas, "The Province of Faith;" C. F. Wishart, Illinois, "The Policy of Richelieu;" L. F. Dimmit, Indiana, "The Humane Spirit in Modern Civilization;" J. F. McConnell, Ohio, "Statesmanship in Reform;" C. E. Burton, Minnesota, "The Chinaman in Future Civilization;" F. C. McKean, Iowa, "American Citizenship;" J. S. Edwards, Colorado, "The Pope in Politics;" Adam McMullen, Nebraska, "Blaine, the Man."

First honors were awarded to C. F. Wishart, of Illinois, who won it on his delivery, having been graded first on delivery by each of the three judges. L. F. Dimmit, of Indiana, *obtained* second honor. J. F. McConnell, of Ohio, tied for third place in ranks, but the average of grades gave third to X. P. Wilfley, of Missouri. Mr. McConnell's oration was graded first by two of the three judges on thought and composition—the two who were *judges*—Professor Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Professor Ormonde, of Princeton. The third judge marked him sixth. Mr. McConnell's delivery is very earnest, and is smooth and polished. The only criticism which has been made is that he spoke a little too rapidly. Mr. McConnell is magnetic, and held the audience as none of the speakers, save possibly Mr. Wishart did. In the face of this, his being ranked sixth on delivery is surely an injustice. But the ways of a contest judge are past finding out, and so the result, while it is surprising and disappointing, must stand—and, possibly, *under the circumstances*, is not to be wondered at.

AN ATHLETIC AFTERNOON.

Or perhaps it might be called "an afternoon passed in watching athletics," for on the afternoon of June 3d, collegians, alumni, and undergraduates in and about Chicago had an opportunity of seeing some rare sport, as on that date was held the first meet of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association, under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association. A number of us, members of the Alumni Association of Delta Tau Delta, availed ourselves of this opportunity, and were well repaid in every way.

The day was beautiful, warm but not too much so; the audience was in numbers, almost 4,000, largely made up of undergraduates, and necessarily enthusiastic, so that there was lots of go and excitement.

The air was gay with college colors, and resonant with college yells, among which the Rah-hoo-rah, zip boom ah! Hip-zoo, rah-zoo, Jimmy blow your bazoo. Ipsidi-iki, U. of I., Champaign!!! of the University of Illinois, was most prominent, it being given with a vim and emphasis which drowned all others, even that of the University of Chicago, which had the greatest number of supporters

But then the University of Chicago is still but poorly developed, and its yell is in the same unfinished condition.

When we installed the Chapter at the University of Illinois we learned that a number of its members were enthusiastic athletes, consequently when we learned that Beta Upsilon was represented on the team from that institution, our interest was of course largely concentrated there, as though we knew there were other Deltas in attendance, we were acquainted

with the names of none save that of H. B. Cragin, of Lake Forest, initiated by Delta.

The games were started promptly at 2 o'clock, and rushed through without confusion in excellent style. Like a great circus three events going on at a time, so that no one had a chance to grow tired or lose interest. We do not feel competent to describe the different events; there were twenty of them, with about two hundred entries, and seventeen colleges represented, we don't know enough about such things; we simply say we had a good time. Everything went off well, there were no misunderstandings of any kinds, and no serious accidents. Below is a table showing the standing of the colleges which made points in the various events:

	Firsts	Seconds	Thirds	Totals
University of Illinois	6	2	1	35
University of Wisconsin	1	5	7	22
State University of Iowa	3	1	2	19
University of Chicago	2	0	0	10
Iowa College	1	2	1	10
University of Michigan	1	0	0	5
Northwestern University	0	2	0	4
Lake Forest University	0	1	1	3
Oberlin College	0	1	0	2
Eureka College	0	0	1	1
University of Kansas	0	0	1	1

No intercollegiate records were broken, but this was not to be expected, as athletics in the West have not been brought to the same perfection they have in the East; besides, the character of the track would make such a performance impossible, save possibly in the bicycle race, it being of hard sand.

Thirteen of the thirty-five points gained by the University of Illinois were contributed by members of Delta Tau Delta, as were also two of the three gained by Lake Forest. There were Deltas on the teams from both the University of Wisconsin and the University of Iowa, but we were unacquainted with their names, and were unable to look them up.

After the programme was finished we stood and watched the Illinois boys, almost two hundred strong, march in double file behind the handsome banner they had just won, to the Ozark hotel on Michigan avenue, which they had made their headquarters. They were a jolly lot of boys, and made us think of our own undergraduate days.

As a number of us were prevented by business engagements from attending the contest, we had agreed to meet about seven o'clock at the Chicago Athletic Club for one of our informal suppers, so having made sure that the Beta Upsilon boys would join us, we started for there to complete the arrangements.

The supper was served in one of the private dining rooms on a sociable round table which filled the room, and was as enjoyable as the afternoon had been. In addition to the Alumni were Clark, Root, Evans, Hamilton, and Errett, from the University of Illinois, and we found the boys as pleasant socially as they had been successful on the field. Our only regret was that in our ignorance of their names we had been unable to reach the other visiting members of the Fraternity, but the whole thing was gotten up on twenty-four hours' notice. Next year our arrangements will be more complete, and we will gather them all in.

A HAPPY COINCIDENCE.

There was a happy coincidence — yes, there were several happy coincidences in the selecting of judges for the recent Interstate Oratorical Contest.

For the first coincidence, L. F. Dimmit, of DePauw University, represented Indiana, and the Vice President of the Association, who has a hand in selecting judges, was also a DePauw man.

Coincidence number two: J. H. Wilkerson, of Chicago, was selected as a Judge on Delivery. Mr. Wilkerson was removed on protest! Why? Well, in 1889 the Interstate Contest was won by E. H. Hughes, of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Third honors were given to a J. H. Wilkerson, of DePauw University, and Mr. Wilkerson contested Mr. Hughes' right to first honors, and even yet claims to have won first honors at that contest. Mr. Wilkerson graduated from DePauw in 1889, tutored in DePauw, and attended DePauw law school till June, 1892, when he graduated in law. He tutored in DePauw till June, 1893, and then located in Chicago. Mr. Wilkerson all this time took an active interest in DePauw's orators, and attended all the contests with them. So Mr. Wilkerson was removed on protest. Well, this left a vacancy, and to fill this vacancy A. C. Pinkley, of Cincinnati, was appointed. Here was another coincidence. A. C. Pinkley had trained Mr. Dimmit for the local contest at DePauw, and is reported to have said that Mr. Dimmit's delivery was his ideal delivery for that oration. Of course, a trainer would give an unprejudiced decision on his pupil's merit; but Mr. Pinkley was removed.

Rev. H. A. Cleveland was a Judge on Thought and Com-

position. That's another coincidence. Now, Mr. Dimmit and the Rev. Mr. Cleveland formerly were both preachers in Indianapolis, and we have it from another, who preached there at the same time, that the Rev. Mr. Cleveland was not held in the highest esteem by the other preachers, and that Mr. Dimmit was considered *a disciple of Cleveland*. Now, is not it a strange coincidence that Rev. Mr. Cleveland should have been one of the judges, and *is* it strange that Judge Cleveland graded Mr. Dimmit *first*, while he graded Mr. McConnell, whom Mr. Dimmit had reason to fear, *sixth*?

These are happy coincidences!

Is it any honor to receive a high rank under these circumstances? (Mr. Dimmit obtained second honors.) And is it any discredit not to have taken a very high honor in the face of such conditions?

* * * *

THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE SOUTHERN DIVISION.

The Ninth Conference was looked forward to long before with anticipation and eager curiosity by the Chapters of the Division, for the Conference was to meet at Sewanee and Beta Theta was to be the hostess. The enthusiastic love and devotion of all Sewanee men, both past and present, for Sewanee, the extravagant praise with which they always speak of their *alma mater*, and, too, Sewanee's recent athletic achievements, had excited a curiosity in the minds of the Southern Chapters to see Sewanee, what was the charm that casts a spell over all who visit her, and to see the Sewanee Deltas, the boys of Beta Theta. We hope their visit to the green mountain tops of Tennessee was enjoyed by them, and that their expectations were fully realized.

The Conference was opened about 10 A. M., May 15, in Beta Theta Chapter-house, with representatives from all Chapters of the Division present, except Beta Iota, whose delegates were unable to come on account of examinations. Pi was represented by S. T. Watts; Lambda, by J. C. Brown and A. J. Elrod; Beta Delta, by Geo. W. Reab; Beta Epsilon, by J. L. Benton; Beta Theta, by C. S. Wood and G. L. Tucker; Beta Xi, by W. E. Kittredge and J. P. Chilton. I. G. Kittredge (B Ξ), President of the Division, and S. Burford (B Θ), Vice President, were also in attendance. The members of Beta Theta also attended all meetings. Much to the regret of all the enthusiastic and hustling, Brother Churchill could not attend.

Brother Burford welcomed the visitors to Sewanee and Beta Theta, and Brother Kittredge responded gracefully.

Routine work occupied the morning session.

In the afternoon session the Chapter reports were read, and the President made his report.

New Orleans was chosen for the next place of meeting, with the boys of Tulane for our hosts.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, I. G. Kittredge (B Ξ); Vice President, G. L. Tucker (B Θ); Secretary, J. C. Brown (Λ); Historian, J. L. Benton (B E).

Several changes were made in the Constitution and By-Laws.

Sessions were held on the morning and afternoon of the 16th. Business of importance was transacted, the result of which can not fail of strengthening the Division in many ways.

On Tuesday night, the socially inclined of the Brothers attended a german in Forensic Hall. Brother Kittredge's stately form was never more stately than when contrasted with some maiden's graceful figure as they whirled around in the mazes of the dance. Chilton was never more handsome, Brown never more dashing. Indeed, so well they seemed to enjoy the company of the Sewanee girls, that with difficulty could they be dragged away, even to the banquet.

Brother John Fearnley presided with all his usual grace and ease, and opened the toast list with a speech even more eloquent than usual. Benton followed, on "The President of the United States," recalling many touching incidents of their early friendship and their boyhood days. Kittredge's prophecy of a brilliant future for "The Southern Division," was hopeful and inspiring. "Coxey's Army" was thoughtfully treated by Elrod, and "The Ladies" could have had no better champion than Maclean, of Beta Theta. Chilton was enthusiastic about "Beta Xi's" future. Burford was progressive yet conservative on "Fraternity Extension." Brown was well informed about all varieties of "The Press," feminine and otherwise, and Reab, as "The Georgia Cracker," was the hit of the evening. Far from the "red hills of Georgia," his faithful heart, though uncertain about the exact direction, still turned with affection to his own dear State. Then there were jokes and laughter and stories told till way in the morning hours. With "Auld Lang Syne" the banquet ended. The following is the

Συμπόσιον.

Χελωνηζωμός.

Νεοσσοὶ ὀπτοί. Πίσσι νεοθηλεῖς.

Χοιρομηρία.

Κομμάτια κεκομψευμένα.

Πόλφο κοκκομηλός.

Πῆγμα ῥακίου πυρῆον ἡδυσμένον.

Πῖον Ἰταλικόν.

Κάρνα. ἁμύνθδαλα. ἄσταφίδες.

Τυρός Σικελικός.

Rev. John Fearnley (B Θ), '91, was present at the meetings, and manifested a most lively interest in the Fraternity. Would there were more like him!

On the night of the 16th, the fourth annual contest of the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Association was held in Sewanee. Sewanee's representative won easily. Our guests witnessed the contest, and afterward attended a reception given by the Vice Chancellor.

In the afternoon one of the longest, closest, and most exciting games ever played on our diamond was won by the Nashville Athletics after fourteen innings.

Was the Conference successful? Men from the prairies of Texas, the swamps of Louisiana, the river bottoms of Mississippi, the pines of Alabama, and the red hills of Georgia, from New York even, and Virginia, met as strangers, united only by the bond of the Stars and Crescent. They parted after an acquaintance of two days, their love for the Brothers and the Fraternity strengthened and broadened, with a deeper pride in the jewel they bore on their hearts, and with a firmer resolution to work with heart and soul for old Delta Tau. Did the visitors enjoy themselves? They told us they did. Will we have a full attendance at the next Conference? Well, no Chapter could afford to be absent. The life of the Division, as of the Fraternity, depends upon the unity of its members, and nothing can so unite them as the fraternal meetings at the Division Conferences. So let no Chapter fail to send her delegate to the Tenth Conference. We meet in Tulane next time, and the boys of Beta Xi will be the hosts. If you had met the two Kittredges and Chilton, you would know that the next Conference can't fail to be even a greater success than the ninth.

ECHOES OF THE CONFERENCE.

President Kittredge went home by way of Nashville. Brown and Elrod entertained him so well that it took him a week to get away.

Kittredge, W. E., Chilton, Reab, Benton, and Watts returned via Chattanooga. There they were taken in charge by Brothers T. B. Sadler (II), A. L. Pattison (I), and E. C. Goodpasture (L. K. S., RAINBOW), and shown around Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain.

President Kittredge writes from New Orleans that the roads are very dusty, and the dogs are very savage between here and New Orleans, and that he is just a little footsore.

One of the Brothers had just taken his seat at the banquet when he caught sight of the menu card. When he saw that, among other delicacies, he would be obliged to eat *πρόφο κοκκομήλος* and *κομμάτια κεκομψευμένα*, he fainted and was taken home on a stretcher.

REPORT OF TWELFTH ANNUAL BOREADIS OF DELTA
TAU DELTA, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

At the call of the B —, Max Ehrman (B B), the Twelfth Annual Boreadis came to order Tuesday afternoon, May 8th, at the "New Denison." The week was one of unusual attraction for college students generally. The Interstate Oratorical Contest brought lovers of oratory and friends of contestants from eleven States of the Union. Phi Delta Theta met in General Assembly, with delegates from sixty-six Chapters; thus leaving the city practically in the possession of students. But as is frequently the case in large gatherings, *homo* and *vir* found unequal representation. Though at some disadvantage from disparity of members, Delta Tau Delta entertained no misgivings regarding her success, and her meeting of business and social obligations fully established the fact that "men," as well as "brethren," had met to consult, as well as perpetuate, her interests.

Five sessions were held. In these the various phases of fraternity life were discussed from manuscript and orally. Those peculiar to the Division were taken up at length and freely considered. Brother Ehrman read a comprehensive address in outline of its needs, and the methods most conducive to supplying them. Attention was especially called to the financial standing of Chapters. The report of the committee on Chapters and charters is an open expression of opinion on the question of Chapter indebtedness. Of every Chapter satisfaction should be required for its obligations.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

B —, R. L. Harris (X).

G —, A. N. Fox (B Z).

P —, W. W. Woods (K).

Harmony and good will were characteristic of the convention. In conclusion a magnificent spread was enjoyed under the inspiring toast-mastership of Brother Ehrman at the "Bates." A prolonged Choctaw and a hearty farewell brought the twelfth Boreadis to a close.

With anticipation we look forward to the next meeting under the auspices of Chapter Eta. To her and all the friends of "Old Delta Tau" the best of wishes.

ANDREW N. FOX.

BETA NU REVIVED.

Thursday evening, May 17, was the date of an interesting and important event in the history of Deltaism. That event was the full revival of the Beta Nu Chapter at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The initiates were, A. W. Thompson, F. H. Walker, A. F. Lindenlaub, of '96, and J. H. Shuman, A. C. Lamb, and D. C. Campbell, of '97. These, with Alfred S. Hamilton, formerly of Rho, constitute our present Chapter at the "Teck."

It is scarcely needful to speak of the desirability of holding our stand at this famous school of Technology. Its large endowment, its location, its list of professors, its splendid curriculum, its type of students, all make the institution one to be eagerly entered and firmly held. The opportunity for building up our Beta Nu Chapter was therefore gladly seized.

The initiates were secured through Brother Hamilton, whose efforts were inspired and seconded by Stuart Cooper, of Rho Chapter. The Beta Nu, as at present constituted, is the child of Rho. If there is such a thing as Chapter heredity, it is to be hoped that the principle will work in this case, and that the men at Boston Technology may catch much of the spirit of the men at the Hoboken Technology. Let it suffice to say that our new men are men of character and gentility, active in college life, thoroughly congenial among themselves, and already loyally enthusiastic for Delta Tau Delta. It is fully safe to predict that the Fraternity will hear better and better things of the Beta Nu; for the boys have the spirit of progress.

The initiation took place in the house of the Beta Mu, out at Tufts, conducted by Brothers Duerr, of Sigma, Hughes, of Mu, and Hodgdon, of Beta Mu. The Tufts men granted the freedom of their house and full paraphernalia; and the initiation passed through in effective form. In addition to the "Teck" initiates, two Tufts boys also passed through the mysteries, G. W. Hill and C. B. Green, both of '97, whom Beta Mu secured after a long and severe rush.

After the initiation the whole company repaired to Young's hotel in Boston. Thirty-three sat 'round the hollow square. The menu was in accord with the great hotel's reputation. After the feast came the toasts. E. H. Hughes, Mu, '89, was toastmaster. Brother Harry Blackford, Beta Mu, '92, came from just this side of Connecticut's line in order to enjoy the occasion and respond to "The Fraternity Idea." Rho sent a good representative across the many miles in Brother Robert E. Hall, '95, who responded to "The Rho Chapter." He had a good theme, and he did it justice. Brother Thompson, of the Beta Nu, gracefully voiced the loyalty and hope of the new Deltas. Brother Stroud, of Beta Mu, talked for and about the "Tufts Seniors," and gave the younger members good counsel. Finally Brother Duerr gave us a wider outlook as he spoke of "The General Fraternity." Beta Mu's quartette gave some good music. The whole affair was fittingly closed with a Choctaw walk-around. The writer has attended one or two banquets at conferences and conventions, where the toasts were not equalled by those of this occasion.

It is only fair to pay tribute to the loyalty and hospitality of our men at Tufts. The banquet had at first been designed as a pleasant farewell to their seniors. But the boys made their central purpose subordinate, and through their committee, Brothers Wells and Hodgdon, worked hard to give the new members an impressive and joyous incoming. There are few of Fraternity Chapters which have as much of the brotherly

spirit as has Beta Mu. Consequently the Chapter makes steady and solid progress.

If the initiates of Beta Nu foster their present purpose, and work with their present energy, they will soon make the name of Delta Tau an honored one in Boston college circles. So let it be!

WHY SHOULD AN OLD ALUMNUS BE SAD?

Editor Rainbow:

There is a tone of sadness in Brother Bolard's speech at the banquet at the Conference of the Eastern Division (page 36 of the April RAINBOW) which may convey to young fraters what I think to be an erroneous impression, viz.: that they are now enjoying the happiest time of their lives, and that no future time can be as happy. I am nearly, if not quite as old as Brother Bolard, but take the opposite view, and believe that the young frater may confidently look forward to enjoying life in his later years even more than he enjoys the years of his youth. Let me give you a little incident in support of this view from a recent experience of my own:

Walking home on a clear cold winters' night, two boys passed me with their skates jingling together. They appeared to be enjoying life to the utmost, and as the memory of my skating days came back to me, when I went skating with one of the best of girls (now another fellow's wife) a sad feeling, like that of Brother Bolard's arose, and I thought I could never again enjoy life as I did in those old days. Then began a train of reflections and introspections, and the sad feeling passed away as I reasoned with myself, and discovered that I now had a capacity for enjoying things that when a boy I never thought of; that I had a subjective consciousness of enjoyment to which, as a boy, I was an entire stranger. This clear, crisp air, the moonlight on the snow, the sound of sleigh-bells in the distance, the laughter of the boys and girls coasting down hill, the grand old elm trees, the beautiful cottages, all these, thought I, never brought to me in the olden time the enjoyment they now do; and then I thought of the pleasures

of home and family and friends, and of the delights of literature, of pictures, of scenery, of travel, and concluded there never was such a glorious time as the present. In this happy frame of mind I walked up the long hill along side of the coasters. Arriving at the top there was a large bob-sled with a merry party of young ladies preparing for the descent. One of them hailed me, "Won't you come and take a ride? There's lots of room." I joyfully accepted. I had not coasted before in twenty years. My boyhood days had returned. I coasted down that hill, and walked up with the girls three or four times, and I truly believe that no coasting experience of my youthful days was ever so thoroughly enjoyable.

What a trifling thing for a man of middle age to rhapsodize over! Coasting down hill! Ah, the mere coasting was not the whole pleasure. It was the discovery that I could acquire such a happy frame of mind that such a trifle would cause such intense enjoyment. What, though I may never coast again, the memory of that night will ever be a source of pleasure; not the memory of the coasting, but of the mental exhilaration, and of the mental process which led up to it. It is a perpetual antidote to sadness over the loss of youth. It inspires hope and trust that the future may contain all the happiness that the past ever had, and that as age approaches the capacity for enjoyment will not diminish.

WM. KENT (*P*), '76.

PASSAIC, N. J., May 21, 1894.

[The above communication was received from Brother Kent, and depicts quite truthfully a fact not within the experience of us all. At another time, and with more space at hand we may be tempted to a revery upon this topic. — Ed.]

EDITORIAL:

With this number the first volume of the *RAINBOW*, under the present management, is completed. Upon the whole, the work of editing has been a pleasant one, assuming that past regrets are as if they never had been. The harvest of tears, once so ingloriously probable, failed for want of proper nourishment. It did not attain its maturity. Smiles grew instead and they determine the retrospect. We are happy in the present and confident for the morrow. To those who have contributed to our columns we give our hearty thanks. Improvement has been constantly striven for, and though not always achieved, is still within sight and suggestive of attainment. To our subscribers we owe less, considerably, than they to us; nevertheless we shall endeavor to make the *RAINBOW* worth more and more to them.

* * *

By the time this issue reaches our subscribers, most, if not all of our Chapters, will be dispersed for the summer. If the Chapter secretaries have done their duty we shall have the summer addresses of all the actives and be able to mail *RAINBOWS* directly to them. Failure in giving us these addresses will necessitate our sending *RAINBOWS*, as heretofore, to the Chapter secretary, and let him distribute as best he may. Notice was sent every Chapter, so that all blame for possible delay must be laid elsewhere.

* * *

LOST! Any information concerning the whereabouts of W. L. Mason, the President of our Western Division, will be gladly received at this office. It has been suggested that he



OUR FLAG.

has withdrawn into a vacuum and pulled the vacuum in after him. Perhaps he has been absorbed into its essence. The silence of the tomb hovers over the West. A year's subscription is offered for reliable information.

* * *

As was announced in previous issues, bills have been sent out to those of our subscribers who are in arrears, accompanied by a gentle appeal. Some are paying up handsomely, while others — but why speak of it? There is a hereafter where all such little matters are straightened up. We are sorry to note that one or two have been offended by the vigor of statement in our circular. Brethren, this is unmanly; our only idea was to avoid ambiguity and generalities. Courteous petition for the payment of subscriptions has been repeatedly made in these columns, but that was wasted material. We urgently trust that our accounts may soon be balanced.

* * *

The RAINBOW acknowledges receipt of a neat little pocket dictionary published by the Practical Text-Book Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. The amount contained is really surprising, about 33,000 words, giving pronunciation, syllabication and participles. It is compiled from Webster's International and is accurate. We can recommend it, especially to our undergraduate readers and writers (judging from Chapter letters). The book is not bulky, can easily be carried in the vest pocket, and having indexed edges, any word can be found in a moment. The art of spelling seems to be growing obsolete, or at least to have a tendency that way. This little book may be of material service to every student. The price in morocco, indexed, is fifty cents; in cloth, not indexed, twenty-five cents.

* * *

We are able, in this issue, to give space to a short article on Leland Stanford, Jr., University, which has been added to our

Chapter roll. The boys have a fine Chapter and send in the most encouraging reports. The RAINBOW wishes them unexampled prosperity for their second year.

* * *

For want of space we are unable to publish in this issue the symposium on EXTENSION, a number of articles having been already sent in. They will keep, however, and be more timely than ever in the fall, at the beginning of next year. An explanation is thus made and apologies offered to those who have kindly taken the trouble to put their ideas on paper.

* * *

Another baby for Delta Tau Delta! My! how they come! We were compelled to record twins in our last issue, and now we are to welcome another comer, our infant Beta Nu. This, however, is a reincarnation, or a regeneration. We had a Beta Nu before, which did not tarry long, but bid us adieu in one short year. To this new-born child our obeisance is made and the wish expressed that it may keep its eyes firmly fixed upon the prismatic arch of the sky and our eternal motto. Welcome, Beta Nu.

* * *

Once more, at the risk of perpetual oblivion, we venture to call the attention of our readers to the matter of their subscriptions. All those who wish the RAINBOW mailed to them in the future will positively have to send their names and subscriptions to the Editor during the summer, for next fall an entirely new mailing list will be formed, and all in arrears will be unceremoniously dropped. Now, this does not mean *you*, not at all; only the other fellows.

FROM THE CHAPTERS.

DELTA — UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The college year here, as elsewhere, is almost at an end, and we are busily employed with working up for examinations. Commencement Day is the 28th. Delta closes this year with seventeen actives, out of which five solid men go by graduation, and their places will be hard to fill. Delta has had a fairly prosperous year, and next year, as far as we can see, will be a good one for us. We wish all Delts a happy vacation, and renewed prosperity next year.

J. M. SWIFT.

GAMMA — WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON.

Once more Gamma sends her greetings. Although we have initiated no new men since the last issue of the RAINBOW, our fraternity spirit is high.

Brother Boyd returned a few weeks ago from Allegheny City, nearly recovered from the effects of a broken leg, received on the base ball field.

We now have twelve actives, of these two will graduate this year. Brother McIlvaine, *cum laude*, which is the second highest honor ever conferred by our institution. Brother McIlvaine has also been honored by his class with the office of master of ceremonies on class day.

Brother Hanna, '96, and Kith Hart, '96, will represent Delta Tau Delta on the board of next year's college annual.

Washington and Jefferson's base ball team has shown up in splendid form this season. Although its eastern trip, on which we would have played State College, Franklin and Marshall, and Dickinson, has been declared off on account of rain. We hope for better weather during the team's western trip to Buchtel, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Oberlin.

Brother Martin, ex-'96, will return to college next year, making in all eleven actives, and one pledged man for Gamma.

With such a working force and with the push and hustle which has characterized our Chapter, we can not fail to spike the new men who enter next year.

M. C. CAMPBELL.

KAPPA — HILLSDALE.

The school year will close June 14, the orator of commencement day being Prof. Benjamin S. Terry, of Chicago University. We shall lose three men by graduation, and E. D. Fite goes to Yale next year. We expect to have eight, possibly ten actives in the fall term.

On May 15, Kappa of Kappa Kappa Gamma, gave a reception to Rev. J. C. Newcomer, Phi Delta Theta, '91, and wife (*nee* Celeste Brackett) Kappa Kappa Gamma, at the home of Alderman H. G. Bailey. The entire Chapter and two of our pledged men were favored with invitations and joined in wishing the newly married couple long life and all kinds of happiness.

At local field day, May 24, P. W. Chase won the tennis singles. An exciting tug-of-war gave the Freshmen a victory over the Sophomores.

The evening of the 25th was the occasion of an enjoyable reception, given at the Delta Tau Delta house by the Juniors to the Seniors. Prof. D. M. Martin responded to the toast "The Ladies" in a mirth-provoking manner. The Senior reception will occur June 5 at the residence of Alderman E. M. Washburn.

With best wishes for great pleasure during the summer.

E. P. S. MILLER.

MU — O. W. U.

Chapter Mu is just closing a very prosperous year, and the outlook for next year is very bright. We have just obtained two more honors.

The class of '73 last year decided to raise a fund of \$1,000, the income from which should be divided and awarded as prizes to the best student in the French Department and the best one in the German Department. The prize in the French Department was this year awarded to Brother W. T. Peirce, '94. Prof. Stevenson offered a prize to the member of his American Literature class who should write, in class, the best critique on "The House of Seven Gables." The class was composed of about seventy-five, and the prize was awarded to Brother J. F. McConnell, '94.

The University will next week celebrate the semi-centennial of its founding. An elaborate program has been prepared, and no effort has been spared to make the event a memorable one. Governor McKinley will deliver an address on Monday. On Monday evening will occur the students' anniversary celebration. Brother J. F. McConnell has been chosen to represent "The Present Students," and Hon. C. W. Fairbanks will represent "The Past Students."

On Thursday the fifteen members of the graduating class, whose

grades showed the highest average for the college course, will deliver orations at the commencement exercises. Brother W. T. Peirce and Brother D. K. Dunton are among those thus honored.

Next Thursday Brother V. E. McCaskill, '93, who has been principal of Commercial Department here this year, will leave for Wood's Holl, Mass., to continue his work in Biology. He will enter Chicago University next fall.

On Saturday evening, May 19, we initiated into the mysteries of Delta Tau Delta, Charles R. Smith, '97, of Richwood, Ohio.

Brother H. N. Cameron, who has been attending Yale the past year, is now visiting us.

Brother Frank Appel has ably represented us on the ball team this year. On June 9, our team went to Springfield and gave the Wittenberg College team their first defeat of the season on their home grounds.

Brother Frank Appel will be superintendent of schools at Wheelersburg, O., next year.

Brother McConnell will enter Boston Theological School, and will fill a pulpit near Boston.

D. K. DUNTON.

RHO — STEVENS INSTITUTE.

During the past term, nothing out of the common has happened to disturb the even tenor of Rho's way.

Stevens has won the intercollegiate championship in Lacrosse; and by beating an outside team — the Crescents, supposed to be one of the best teams in the United States — in the last of a series of games, won for herself much renown and a handsome banner.

The proposed extension to our Chapter-house is beginning to look real, for estimates and plans are being drawn up by two of our recent graduates who have taken up the architectural branch of engineering. We expect to find it ready for us on our return next fall. Our house, already the best and prettiest Chapter-house at college, will be made more attractive than at present.

Rho wishes all a pleasant vacation.

STUART COOPER.

SIGMA — WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

We take pleasure in introducing to the Fraternity another man, who, without doubt, will be a loyal Delta, Jerome Odell Hoyt, of Cambridge, N. Y., who, on May 29, had the pleasure (?) of a goat ride.

Sigma is making arrangements to rent a newly built house in a convenient part of the town, and there we will heartily welcome any Delta who may chance to stop in Williamstown. Our doors will always be open to any men who expect to come to an eastern college from any of the wide-spread Chapters of Delta Tau.

After showing that we can increase our membership over a hundred per cent. without a house, we are confident of holding our own against the ten other Fraternities represented at Williams.

JOHN WINTHROP DOW.

TAU — FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.

In three weeks the college year at Franklin and Marshall will come to a close — a year of hard, uphill work, yet not without its reward. We feel that each individual member, as well as the Chapter as a whole, has gained something, and that our work has not all been in vain. Our position is better than it was in the beginning of the year, and we look forward to next year with great hopes, and with the intention of working harder than ever. At present, we are preparing for a big reception and banquet at commencement, and expect to have a great many of our alumni with us.

It is still uncertain how many of our men will return next year. Five of our number graduate at this commencement, and it is very probable that none will return for a post-graduate course. Several of the lower class men also may leave, but how many we do not yet know.

The coming commencement will probably be one of the most interesting ever held here. The graduating class is the largest the institution has ever had, and promises to make things hum.

Delta Tau Delta will be well represented both on the class day and commencement programs. On the former, three of our men appear, as Prophet, Inquisitor, and Mantle Orator. On the latter, two are Deltas.

As this is the last letter of the college year, Tau bids her sister Chapters good-bye until next fall, and hopes that everybody will have just a jolly vacation.

C. BAUSMAN.

UPSILON — RENNELAER.

"The RAINBOW at night is the sailors' delight." As the gleam of her prismatic hues shoot across the sky of the Greek world with the sunset of the year 1893-94, we poor struggling seamen, still storm-tossed

on the sea of unrest, witness with joy the radiance of this reassuring omen.

We con with satisfaction the record of successes of our beloved Fraternity, and vow our intensest determination to add to the glory of our beloved Delta Tau as succeeding years roll on.

M. EDWARD EVANS.

PHI—HANOVER COLLEGE.

Just now Hanover is in the midst of preparations for the final examinations, which begin on June 1. The Seniors have finished all their work, and are enjoying a vacation until commencement. Our commencement takes place on June 13.

On account of an action of the faculty, the students of Hanover have not sent a ball team into the field this year, as usual. As a result, tennis has largely taken the place of ball, and all the interest in athletics is centered toward the coming tennis tournament. Each Fraternity has its court, and each will contest for the championship. A silver cup will be given to the winners.

We were highly pleased with the report brought back by our delegate to the Boreadis, at Indianapolis. These meetings of the Chapters make us so much better acquainted, and are far more satisfactory than written communications. I only hope now that more of Chapter Phi's members may be able to attend next year.

Before we separate for summer vacation we will receive into our Chapter another man of the class of '98, who, we are fully confident, will make a first-class Delta.

H. E. GROS.

CHI—KENYON COLLEGE.

Chi sends greetings to all, and wishes to say this issue of the RAINBOW finds all prospering with her. She is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to her first reunion, the last of this month, and hopes to welcome the return of several of her alumni to their alma mater.

Some time ago we enjoyed a pleasant call from Brother Shankland, manager of Adelbert base ball team, on its western trip, and soon after two of our members dropped in for a call on Eta. They were well entertained at Eta's Chapter-house, and report a very enjoyable time.

Our delegates, Barber, Harris and Hathaway, returned from Indianapolis very enthusiastic over the Conference. They reported a delightful trip, and many new acquaintances.

All college men here are finishing up their work, and preparing for commencement week, which begins the 25th. This is the gala week for Fraternities at Kenyon, and Chi extends a cordial invitation to neighboring Deltas to spend the week with her.

ROBT. L. HARRIS.

PSI — WOOSTER.

I am happy to report that the outlook is brightening for Psi. For a time things looked dark indeed, but since last writing we have pledged two good men. It gives us pleasure to introduce to our brethren Harry C. Cunningham, of Clyde, Ohio, and Mr. William Bagly, of New Hagerstown, Ohio. We have now four active members, and four pledged, whom we hope soon to initiate. We lose two Seniors.

Brothers Charles Critchlow and Trumbo, old members of Psi, and recently graduates of Leland Stanford, Jr., are with us.

HARRY H. JOHNSON.

BETA ALPHA — INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

This year has been one of marked significance in the history of Beta Alpha. We have added to our roll twelve new names, so that we have just twenty active men in the university at present. Of these, at least twelve will return next year. This will enable us to do more for the interest of Delta Tau this coming year than any year previous. During the college year, Indiana University has enrolled 633 students, of whom 542 are attending the university this term. This is an increased attendance over any previous in the history of the institution, which is a significant fact when there has been a decrease in the number of students in every other college in this State as well as in many colleges in other States. A magnificent recitation building, costing over \$40,000 is now in process of erection, which will greatly augment the already excellent educational facilities of Indiana University.

GUY H. FITZGERALD.

BETA DELTA — UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

Beta Delta now sends her last letter to the RAINBOW before the University of Georgia closes the college term, and winds up the year with a loss of three loyal Deltas by graduation. Since our last letter to the RAINBOW things have moved along with us as smoothly as could be expected.

Brother Johnson, who has been with us for five years, left college life behind him last week, and Beta Delta loses one of her much loved brothers. In college circles we report the following achievements for Deltas: Brother C. R. Tidwell and Brother W. P. Gearreld are on the Senior and Junior Hop Committees for the commencement dances. Brother Gearreld not long since was elected President of the University Athletic Association. Brother A. S. Tidwell represents us on the '97 Class Banquet Committee, while "Yours truly" holds the office of Associate Editor on the college weekly, the *Red and Black*.

Final examinations are at present confronting the boys, but soon they will disappear as dark clouds before the sunshine of the gayeties of commencement season. We hope all Deltas may have an enjoyable vacation and return to their respective colleges in the fall, filled with Delta Tau Delta spirit.

G. W. REAB.

BETA ZETA — BUTLER.

This term has been a notable one for Butler students. Indianapolis has been the scene of many college events. The Interstate Oratorical Contest occurred here May 10. Indiana took second place. At the same time occurred the Phi Delta Theta National Convention. The Northern Division of our Fraternity also held a most harmonious and successful convention at the same time, and in entertaining and welcoming delegates Beta Zeta Deltas were kept enjoyably busy. Inter-collegiate State Field Day was held here May 29, under the efficient management of Brother Somerville. Since our last letter we have pledged the catcher of our base ball team, Montreal Beville, a most valuable acquisition. This makes three Deltas on the ball team. Looking backward on the past year we can only hope the next will be as pleasant and profitable at Butler and elsewhere to Old Delta Tau.

A. P. HYNES.

BETA ETA — UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

Beta Eta has ended, perhaps, her most successful year. It has been a year marked by brilliant victories, which have extended into the future as well.

We have fourteen active fraters, all of whom will be back next year. Besides, we shall have five of our old men back in the professional departments who are with us every time, and are just what any Chapter needs to kindle enthusiasm.

We should be glad for some of the other brothers to come down to the commencement exercises, and we shall promise them a good time.

Best wishes to all the Chapters, and a hearty invitation to come and see us.

R. W. HOGUE.

BETA THETA — UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

Beta Theta has little to add to what was said in her last Chapter letter, which, being just too late for the last number of the *RAINBOW*, will appear in this number. Field day is close at hand, and we expect to carry off our share of the honors. Brother Hooper is the only Fraternity man that represented Sewanee at Vanderbilt University's field day, and he succeeded in carrying off two medals.

The picture of the delegates to the Conference, together with the whole of Beta Theta Chapter, has just been finished, and is very good, indeed.

On May 19 Brother Burford was elected President and Brother Hogue Secretary of the Sigma Epsilon Literary Society. Including both of the literary societies, we have a larger number of officers than any other Fraternity on the mountain.

Brother Chas. Wright, '87, spent a few days on the mountain this week. A more enthusiastic Delta can not be found.

Sewanee's most important victory in many years was won on May 16, when her orator succeeded in getting the medal in the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest.

As mentioned in our last letter, several of our men will take part in the commencement exercises in August, and a hearty invitation is extended to all Brother Deltas to come and visit us then.

BETA LAMBDA — LEHIGH.

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we are able to send an encouraging letter to the *RAINBOW* after so many discouraging ones. Our prospects for next term are brighter than ever before in the history of the Chapter.

Brother J. H. Budd, '95, who has been working for the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton, Pa., will return to college next week.

We enjoyed a visit from a number of Rho men, who came over to see the Lacrosse game.

It is currently reported that by the opening of the fall term the university will have a new President.

J. S. WALLACE.

BETA MU — TUFTS COLLEGE.

The undersigned substitutes for Brother Frank Blackford, who was called away by the serious illness of his father.

Beta Mu has had a very prosperous year, and looks forward cheerfully, though nine good men graduate this spring.

By far the most important event that has occurred in this part of the country that is of interest to Delta Tau Delta is the re-establishment of the Beta Nu Chapter at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The six men who were initiated came out to the Hill and were instructed in the mysteries at our Chapter-house. At the same time we ourselves took in two new men, Brothers C. B. Green and G. W. Hill, both of '97, who were "rushed" hard by Zeta Psi and Alpha Tau Omega. After the initiation an adjourned meeting was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, at which, under the guidance of Brother Hughes, toasts were given by Brother Duerr (Σ), '93; Brother Hall (P), Brother Thompson (B N), Brothers Blackford and Strand (B M). Brother Duerr gave us some good, sound advice, which it was a pleasure to listen to, and will be to obey.

The banquet had been planned at first by us as our annual farewell banquet to our Seniors, but we were more than willing to join with Beta Nu. However, Brother Stroud's toast was, "The Beta Mu Seniors." Joint banquets will be the order of the day hereafter.

The reception given on the anniversary of the entrance to our Chapter-house was a very enjoyable event. Mrs. Professor Maulsly, and Mrs. Professor Kinsley, matronized, and about fifty were present.

After commencement we shall move into another house, which has just been built, is much more commodious, finely finished, lighted by electricity, and heated by furnace. Six men will room there next year, and all will take their meals at the home.

Honors are heaped upon the shoulders of our '94 men. Of three chosen to Phi Beta Kappa, the Honorary Fraternity, we claim two; we have three commencement speakers; we have won the Agamemnon prize in Greek, the second prize in reading among the Seniors, and the Greenwood prize for improvement in Oratory. Also at commencement honors were awarded to our men in Greek, Latin, Chemistry, Mathematics, Electricity, German, and History. Of eight men to whom honors were awarded, five were Delta Tau Delta's.

From the fields we are not absent. We have two men on the Board of Directors for the *Tuftonian*, one of whom was chosen Treasurer. We are taking prizes in athletics, and Brother Stroud, on the ball team, is

putting up a star game at centerfield ; his throws from centerfield to the home plate are the wonder of all observers.

Pray do not think that we spend all our time in boasting of our attainments ; we have to use a little exertion to attain them, and in a Chapter letter good-natured exultation is surely pardonable.

However, we do not forget the Fraternity at large ; we ever work and hope for the success of Delta Tau Delta, and to you — every one — we extend best wishes for a pleasant vacation and a prosperous new year of college and fraternity life.

H. E. BENTON.

BETA NU — MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Like the Phoenix, Beta Nu, with a brand-new set of feathers, arises from her ashes to salute her sister Chapters, hoping to succeed in demonstrating her worthiness to the General Fraternity.

October the first will find us comfortably located in our new quarters, at 563 Columbus avenue, where we shall do some diligent rushing, as we plan to have a joint initiation with Beta Mu about the middle of our fall term. Brother Deltas will always find us ready to tender them a warm reception.

The close of our spring term has just seen us dispersed to many and divers places ; but the fall will find us more firmly united than ever. We hope our good luck has enabled us to escape conditions.

Through the pages of the RAINBOW we unite in expressing our heartfelt thanks to Rho, our parent, and to Beta Mu, who has received us with open arms. We shall never forget Brother Hughes, who has so kindly aided and advised us, nor Brother Duerr, who helped give us the best installment that the most ambitious young Chapter could ever wish for.

ALBERT W. THOMPSON.

BETA XI — TULANE.

"Chained in the dismal, dreary cell,
Dark as the deepest pit of hell,
The blear-eyed William stands;
Rolls his red orbs with baleful leer,
And meditates his revels near,
And shakes his iron bands."

—Anonymous.

Yes, the above is a snap-shot, so to speak, of our redoubtable beast in his very lair. His diet has been regulated of late to flints, knife-

blades, and old music-boxes for the strengthening, respectively, of his constitution, his ferocity and his vocal powers. He is truly a weird-looking animal.

His master, too, the venerable and sapient doctor, is about to hold high court; for the "sharks" have been at work, the victims that are "to be let blood" are chosen and summoned, and the fateful time draws near. In other words, and to use the sublime language of the poet, we are expecting to swing a few sufferers before this letter has been given to the eager eyes of this world. By special request, however, this letter will be short, and the weary scribe is glad in his heart, for he has stolen an hour from cramming for an examination in mechanics, "and thereby hangs a tale."

We are all of us about to pass through our final throes of agony, and, of course, no man can do anything worth writing about when he spends much of his time with a wet towel on his head, a fan in his hand, and a big book and a glass of ice water in front of him, and, to complete the dismal outlook, a well-nigh hopeless examination staring him in the face.

The contests for the medals have not yet been decided, but we have several men who are "expectant." As the scribe is not in a prophesying mood, we will say nothing of the prospects. All our attention is centered on two objects or subjects, the coming examinations and the billy-goat festival. The former will probably be as fatal as well as we deserve, and the latter as fine as an Irish election. There will surely be fun, perhaps even a murder. Watch the daily papers for further particulars.

ALBERT C. PHELPS.

BETA PI—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Two most important contests in which Northwestern has had a part, have been held this term. In the debate with the University of Michigan, Northwestern won by a narrow margin before an enthusiastic audience, Governor Rich, of Michigan, presiding. In the final contest of the Northern Oratorical League, the University of Michigan took first place, Wisconsin second, with Northwestern and Oberlin tied for third place. The contest was held this year in Madison, Wis.

Our base ball team is about to finish a most successful season. The University of Chicago has twice suffered defeat, but only after ten and twelve inning games. Wisconsin and Oberlin have also been beaten, and this week we try conclusions with Minnesota.

The Pi Beta Phi Fraternity last week established a Chapter in

Northwestern with five charter members, which increases the number of societies represented here to six.

The *Syllabus*, the annual published by the Junior class, appeared last week, and is undoubtedly the best yet published here. Brother Potter was Beta Pi's representative on the editorial board.

Brother E. H. Pierce has been elected business manager of the *Northwestern* for the coming year, and Brother Brown business manager of the *Syllabus* board. Brother McCarthy won first prize in the Adams Oratorical contest and also first prize in the Raymond debate.

That Beta Gamma Chapter royally entertained the delegates to the Ninth Annual Conference of the Western Division, is the verdict of every one in attendance. The sessions, too, were harmonious, and can not fail to be of good to the Fraternity.

Though Beta Pi is the youngest Chapter in Northwestern yet she has no fears in looking into the future. Four good men in the Academy are pledged, which gives us a good start in the Freshman class next fall. We have three Seniors, Brothers Pallette, Roberts and Beebe, the two latter of whom will attend professional schools in Chicago next year.

P. L. W.

BETA RHO — LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

The work of the year concluded on the 30th of May. The outgoing Senior class numbers about fifty. The collegiate year has been a very successful one for the university and students at large. Stanford still retains the Pacific coast championship in foot ball, in intercollegiate base ball, and intercollegiate debate. Next year we expect an enrollment of 1,200.

Fraternalities and fraternity spirit have taken a strong hold on Stanford. Within three years the following Greek letters have been established: Zeta Psi, Phi Delta Theta, Phi Kappa Psi, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Nu, Sigma Chi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Delta Tau Delta, and Beta Theta Pi, Chi Psi and Delta Upsilon are in embryo, the latter under the local title Alpha Upsilon. Other fraternities represented but not organized are Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Upsilon, Theta Delta Chi, Chi Phi. Theta Nu Epsilon and Sigma Sigma were introduced early in the last semester, the latter being a Junior-Senior inter-fraternity organization, purely local, and embracing some of the best elements in the university. With several exceptions, the rival fraternities are comparatively strong, and are maintaining a constantly advancing standard. We expect to have a hat contest during the fall months; but with the possible accession of several desirable eastern brothers, will hold our

own. Beta Rho's first year's record is a source of encouragement, stimulus, and gratification to those who have striven to maintain her standing, and put the Chapter on a firm foundation. The prospects for next year are bright.

At the close of the semester W. W. Potter, of Oakland, Cal., was added to the Chapter roll.

Ed. H. Barnes represented us at the convention of the Western Division at Madison.

W. H. Kennedy will spend the summer at the Cornell Law School.

R. L. Donald has been elected editor-in-chief of the *Daily Palo Alto* for next year.

HUGH H. BROWN.

BETA TAU — UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Beta Tau began its life under very favorable circumstances. Lincoln is the home of a number of old Deltas, who are enthusiastic Greeks. They have done much, and in the future will do more for the new Chapter.

We are well represented on the glee club and the foot ball team, having three men on the latter, besides Brother Weaver, the manager. Brother J. H. Johnston, '94, has held the captaincy for two years, and Brother Dern has been elected his successor. Brother McMullen was Nebraska's orator at the Interstate Oratorical Contest this year.

We have three pledged Deltas who will be initiated this spring or at the beginning of the next school year.

Brother Wilson has just returned from the meeting of the Western Division, held at Madison, Wis. We are rejoicing over the fact that the Western Nome meets here next year.

W. M. JOHNSTON.

BETA UPSILON — UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

There is no lack of material for the first Chapter of Beta Upsilon. If fortune smiles on us in succeeding quarters as it has since our installation, our correspondent will have to exert himself but little as far as our letter to the RAINBOW is concerned.

Since the revival of the Chapter in Chicago, April 7, we have added to our Number Albert M. Long, '95, of the College of Architecture, and Harry B. Errett, '97. Both are most desirable men, and very influential in their classes. Their initiation was a very enjoyable affair to all concerned, parts of it, perhaps, more enjoyable than others, but all pleasant to look back upon, even to them. We have succeeded in put-

ting colors on two strong men, one of '98, the other of '97, and they are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the fall term, when they are to exchange their colors for the beautiful badge of Delta Tau Delta.

The annual election of the Athletic Association has taken place since our installation. Beta Upsilon is represented as follows: Treasurer, Brother Long; Manager Track Team, Brother Evans; Captain Track Team, Brother Clark; Trustee, Brother Lighton; Manager Foot Ball Team, Brother Root.

Brother Evans has also brought honor to the Chapter and to the Fraternity through the Chapter by his election to the office of Business Manager of *The Illini*, our college weekly. He has also been chosen by the class of '95 to deliver the oration in response to the Senior charge in commencement week.

The Illio, the annual publication of the junior Class of the university, has recently made its appearance. Among the contributors to the success of the Annual are Brother Evans and Fellheimer. Brother Fellheimer was the artist, and has every reason to be proud of his work.

In the University Field Day, held May 12, the Chapter captured five firsts and one second out of fifteen events. In base ball we can boast but little. It is the only line of student work in which Beta Upsilon is not represented by at least one man.

At the recent intercollegiate meet in St. Louis, Beta Upsilon men won thirty-three of the seventy-one points made by the university.

In a similar meet held in Chicago, June 2, open to all western colleges, Illinois again succeeded in carrying off the pennant, winning with thirty-five points, of which Beta Upsilon men made fourteen.

The trustees of our university have finally found a Regent in the person of Judge Andrew Draper, now City Superintendent of the Cleveland schools. Many other valuable additions to the faculty this year, taken together with liberal donations of money from the Legislature, and a general awakening of the people of Illinois to the fact that the University of Illinois is worthy of their support, are bringing this institution to its proper rank among the universities of the country.

It is the ambition of Beta Upsilon to keep pace with the rapid advancement of our university, thereby bringing to Delta Tau Delta the honor and distinction due her from her thriving Chapter.

GEO. H. ROOT.

RAINBOW NOTES.

L. T. CHAPTER — ERSKINE COLLEGE.

'76. H. C. Fennell has charge of the Southern Presbyterian Church at Lowndesville, S. C.

D. M. George is no longer at Camden, Ala., but is teaching in Texas.

'75. J. W. Haddon is teaching at Anadarko, Ind. Ter.

The following members reside at Chester, S. C.: '75. A. G. Brice, lawyer. '76. J. T. Bigham, job printer. '78. J. Killough Henry, lawyer. T. H. White, banker. G. B. White, Farmer. Matthew E. White, dentist. '78. J. L. McLinn, Presbyterian minister.

B. E. Becton resides at Selma, Ala.

'82. J. Lucius Gaston is practicing medicine at Montgomery, Ala.

The following reside at Due West, S. C.: '72. H. E. Bonner, Vice President Due West Female College. '77. R. C. Brownlee, merchant. '73. D. G. Caldwell, professor Erskine College. '84. P. L. Grier is also a professor at Erskine College. P. B. Carwyle is practicing medicine.

'72. R. P. Clinkscales is farming near Moffattsville, S. C.

'74. A. M. Duffie is judge of the Circuit Court of Arkansas, and resides at Princeton, Ark.

J. H. Dixon is a Presbyterian minister at Querys, N. C.

L. W. Hunter is a medical practitioner at Sardis, N. C.

N. E. Pressley is a missionary of the A. R. P. Church at Tampico, Mexico.

'78. John B. Bonner is a hotel proprietor at Pelzer, S. C.

'73. W. Y. Love, minister A. R. P. Church, Cowans Ford, S. C.

H. G. Reed is president of the Walhalla Female College at Walhalla, S. C.

S. P. Matthews, minister Southern Presbyterian Church at Edgefield, S. C.

W. H. Millen, minister A. R. P. Church at Millersburg, S. C.

'77. D. H. Magill, lawyer at Hodges, S. C.

J. W. Morrow is farming near Abbeville, S. C.

'76. J. W. Sherrard is practicing medicine at same place.

'82. Seth Woodruff is a merchant and pharmacist at Sanford, Fla.

J. H. Cathcart is farming near Adgers, S. C.

A. E. Norris, insurance agent at Cokesburg, S. C.

'76. W. W. Orr, minister A. R. P. Church at Huntersville, N. C.

'76. L. P. Padgett, lawyer at Columbia, Tenn.

'77. W. L. Phillips, lawyer at Louisville, Ga.

'72. C. C. Simpson is farming near Anderson, S. C.

'77. L. Y. Pressley, dentist at Rock Hill, S. C.

'82. William Eugene Patton, railroad clerk at Chicago, Ill.

John B. Wilson, merchant at Monticello, Ark.

The following reside at Columbia, S. C.: J. L. Thompson, physician. '81. Hy. Cowper Patton, attorney. '83. Paul McMaster Brice, journalist.

'72. John A. White, minister A. R. P. Church at Blackstocks, S. C.

A. S. Whitesides resides at Rutherford, S. C.

J. W. White, physician at Yorkville, S. C.

'79. W. B. Wylie, clerk of court at Yorkville, S. C.

'81. Thos. Chiles Perrin, railroad clerk at Abbeville, S. C.

'81. John Livingston Perrin, merchant at same place.

'81. Jas. Wilson Thomson is teaching at Rock Hill, S. C.

'83. John Steele Brice is practicing law at Yorkville, S. C.

Wm. L. McDonald, hotel proprietor at Charlotte, S. C.

'81. John O. Witherspoon, farmer near Coddle Creek, N. C.

'83. Chas. DeVan Walker, minister S. P. Church at Buffalo Forge, Virginia.

'82. W. C. Pressley, physician at Troy, Tenn.

'80. W. W. McMorries, minister A. R. P. Church at Newberry, S. C.

'80. C. P. Pressley, lawyer at Augusta, Ga.

'79. M. W. Pressley, minister A. R. P. Church, Hamilton, O.

'80. W. G. White, physician at Yorkville, S. C.

The following members are dead: Dr. J. S. Bee, Matthews, N. C.; A. G. Latimer, Temple of Health, S. C.; Dr. W. H. Montgomery, Texas; Rev. R. A. Reid, Anderson, S. C.; W. D. Wiseman, Cotton Plant, Miss.; J. W. McNeil, lawyer, Chester, S. C.; T. J. Copeland, Clinton, S. C.; J. A. E. Lindsay, Guthriesville, S. C.

S. A. CHAPTER — UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

'59. Jas. Hardeman Stuart graduated with first honors. At the breaking out of the Civil War, he volunteered his services, and was afterward appointed captain of the Signal Service on Stonewall Jackson's staff. Was killed in battle. There is a paragraph devoted to him in John Esten Cook's "Surry of Eagle's Nest" (page 311).

'51. John Townes Moseley (deceased) graduated with first honors. Afterward studied law, and went to Texas to reside. He became prominent as a lawyer and judge.

'52. Richard Wright Phipps (deceased) took first honors at graduation. After the war, he resided for many years at Dan Edin, Fla.

'56. Algernon Sidney Pass is a prominent merchant at Grenada, Miss.

'75. Rev. Wm. Addison Alexander is Professor of Biblical History at the Southwestern University, Clarksville, Tenn.

'78 (Law). Andrew Shelton Meharg is farming near Hernando, De Soto County, Miss. He has represented his county in the legislature for two terms.

'83. Jas. Stedman Givhan is a traveling salesman. He resides at Oxford, Miss.

'83. Jas. Henry Tison is connected with the Southern Express Co. at Memphis, Tenn.

'86. Wm. Edward Savage is practicing law at Okolona, Miss. He graduated in law at Oxford in 1890.

'86. Horace Hall, Jr., is in business at Houston, Texas.

'73. Thos. Roe Maxwell is Chancery clerk at Hernando, De Soto Co., Miss.

'73. Chas. Randolph Symons who was well known as a civil engineer at Columbus, Miss., died some time ago.

'85. Edward Abernathy Sears is a drummer. His home is at Holly Springs, Miss.

'52. W. P. McKie, one of the charter members of W. W. W., died a few years ago at Oxford, Miss.

'77. Frank D. Robinson is a merchant at Friars Point, Miss.

'75. Geo. Rhew. Page is secretary and treasurer of Mississippi River Levee Board at Clarksdale, Miss.

'77. Geo. Fleming Maynard is practicing law at Friars Point, Miss.

S. A. CHAPTER — UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

'84. Jas. S. Givhan is traveling for a St. Louis, Mo., house.

'93. Harry Lee Hill, is farming near Webb, Miss.

'84. Wm. David Williams is Superintendent of City Schools at Fort Worth, Tex.

NEW ORLEANS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Five and one-half years ago there were only two members of Delta Tau Delta in New Orleans, and no prospects of a Chapter at Tulane University. The two members were not even acquainted with one another, and did not exert themselves to further their Fraternity's welfare.

Things, however, did not long continue thus, for soon a Chapter was started at the university, and Deltaism was being expounded weekly in the Crescent City. Deltaism has prospered so well the local members of Delta Tau Delta thought it would be wise to organize an Alumni Chapter to still further promote the Order's interests, and so a petition was gotten up and after due formality a charter was granted.

The New Orleans Alumni Association of Delta Tau Delta started out with twelve charter members, representing four Chapters. It has since increased its membership by adding one of Beta Xi's early members. The meetings throughout the year have been satisfactorily attended, and among other preliminary work an excellent constitution has been adopted.

Next year the Association expects to admit a number of local members of the Fraternity, and this will keep up enthusiasm among the older members that otherwise would probably die out for want of some tangible encouragement.

One event in this year's history will be the joint banquet of the Alumni Association, Beta Xi Chapter and unattached Deltas, in honor of the fifth anniversary of the Beta Xi and the first anniversary of the Alumni Association. Fully forty members are expected to be present.

Did you hear the words "fully forty members"? Compare these with the first Delta Tau Delta banquet, when there were barely fourteen members present. Evidently some good work has been done by some one.

ALUMNUS.

Since the above was written the banquet has taken place and all expectations were realized. Antoine's Restaurant was the scene of the struggle, and it is commonly reported that the menu went down in the contest. Another victory for Delta Tau Delta. The following toasts were offered:

C. F. Buck, Jr. Master.

1. Is Public Office a Public Trust? W. McEvery Phi.
2. The Delts at Night C. B. Thorn Beta Iota.
3. The Girls I See J. Labouisse Beta Nu.
4. My Chapter Boys H. D. Coleman, Jr. Rho.
5. Was Luther a Delt? R. H. Wynne Lambda.
6. Did the Lilliputians Swim (?) Swift. A. W. Jacob Beta Xi.
7. Delta Tau Delta C. R. Churchill Beta Xi.
8. Beta Theta Boys F. C. Johnson Beta Theta.
9. Fraternity in the South I. G. Kittredge Beta Xi.

The menu card was prettily decorated with a cut of the old Rainbow badge.

BOYS OF OLD.

'82. Chas. E. Richmond, editor of the *Crescent* some years ago, is practicing law in Meadville, Pa.

BETA — OHIO UNIVERSITY.

'80. Wilber Colvin, A. M., whose name is familiar to all Deltas of a decade ago, is now at Harriman, Tennessee, in the American Temperance University. Here he is Dean of the Law Department, Lecturer on Elementary Law, Contracts and Pleadings, and Commandant of Cadets in the Military Department. Mr. Colvin was the founder of Beta Delta, Beta Eta and Beta Theta, and General Secretary of the Fraternity during '83, '84 and '85.

IOTA — MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

'73. Lieutenant John P. Finley is now at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. After graduating at the Agricultural he entered the Law Department at the University of Michigan. Then came a two years' course at the Signal Service Military School at Fort Myer, Va., near Washington, D. C., ending up with a special course at Johns Hopkins, 1882-83. Lieutenant Finley is an authority upon matters pertaining to meteorology. He was Judge Advocate General Court Martial at Headquarters, at Madison Barracks.

XI — SIMPSON.

Rev. E. M. Holmes is pastor of a church at Des Moines, Iowa.

PI — UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

C. B. Williams is practicing law at Okolona, Miss.

J. M. Sullivan, A. B. at Miss., is now studying for Ph. D. at Vanderbilt. He was a member of S. A. Chapter of W. W. W. For the past seven years he has been Professor of Natural Science at Centenary College, La., and expects to return thither after finishing at Vanderbilt. His present address is 820 Russell Street, Nashville.

TAU — FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.

'84. On April 18, Dr. J. Clinton Foltz was married to Miss Mary E. Upjohn, of Germantown. The wedding was solemnized at noon in St. Lukes' Church, Germantown, the chimes that rang having been composed especially for the occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Samuel Upjohn, father of the bride, in the presence of a distinguished company of guests, including a number from abroad.

'90. On Wednesday, June 5, Rev. Lewis T. Lampe will be united in marriage to Miss Frances M. Griffiths. The wedding is to take place in St. James' Church, Lancaster, all those officiating being Deltas. Brother E. S. Hay is best man, and Brothers Harnish, Glessner, Sweeton, and Bausman ushers. Each will wear a badge and a pansy.

OMEGA — IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

S. Arthur Knapp is connected with the Southern Real Estate, Loan and Guarantee Co. (limited), of Lake Charles, La.

Edward J. Kearney is in business at Milwaukee, Wis. His address is 830 Clybourn street.

BETA THETA — UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

John Fearnley is acting professor in the University of the South.

W. T. Manning is professor of Dogmatic Theology in the University of the South.

R. E. L. Craig has charge of a Parish in Clarkesville, Tenn. He is now in Europe

H. H. Graham has a large cotton and corn plantation in Illawara, La.

S. L. Graham, Jr., is chemist for the North Rome Iron Works, Rome, Ga.

E. C. Tucker is practicing law in Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. T. Locke is at school in England.

S. K. Johnson has a position with a large insurance firm of Atlanta.

C. C. Baldwin is studying law in Washington.

Wm. Lane Atkinson has a very good position in the General Land Office, Austin, Texas.

Rev. C. T. Wright has a parish at South Pittsburgh, Tenn.

A. W. Butt is engaged in journalism in Washington, D. C.

Rev. H. O. Biddell has charge of a parish in Brooklyn. His residence is 293 President street.

G. P. Scruggs is in the real estate business at Dallas, Texas.

B. W. Wrenn is practicing law in Atlanta, Ga.

LAMB COMPANY'S NEW BUILDING.

A. G. Spalding, of Chicago, President of the Lamb Manufacturing Company, and J. Walter Spalding, of New York, visited Chicopee Falls Tuesday and consulted with the Treasurer, T. C. Page, in regard to making a large addition to the factory. Plans have been drawn and work on the new building will be hastened. The new addition will adjoin the present main building and will be of brick, 250 feet long, 45 feet wide, and four stories high. The building will be used for the manufacture of bicycles and athletic goods which the firm have been making in the present factory. The additional room is necessary to supply the rapidly increasing demand for the Spalding and Credenda bicycles. The Lamb Company will also make a specialty of golf and other athletic goods. The new building will be fitted with the best machinery and will cost when completed about \$50,000. The manager does not know how many more men will be needed, but the factory with the addition will accommodate 1,000 men when running full in all departments. The company will also erect an engine and boiler house in which they will place a new 200-horse power Corliss engine. They expect to have the addition completed by fall and will then go to work upon next year's line of bicycles and sporting goods. The skate branch of the concern, at present located at Newark, N. J., will be removed to the Falls next fall. The American club skates are made by them and about 50 hands will be employed in this branch. The demand for this skate has been as great as for any other make, and with the increased facilities at the Falls, the manufacture of them will be made a prominent feature of the concern.—*Springfield Republican.*

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