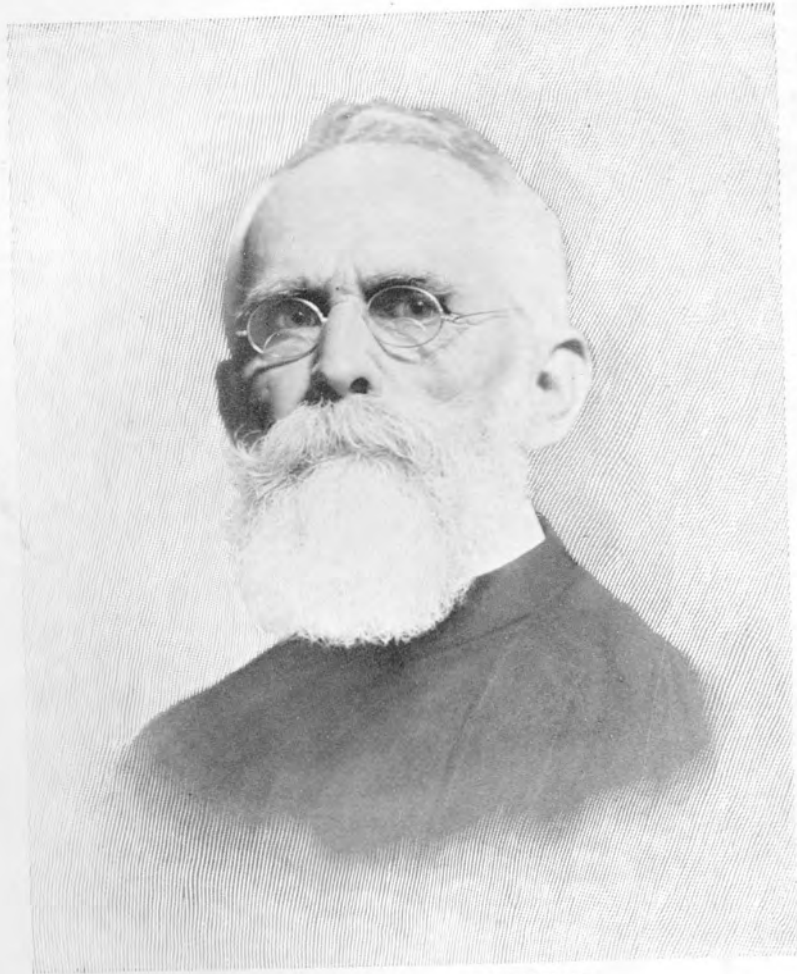


The Fairmount Book.

“And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of truth,
Tops in life’s morning-sun so bright and fair.”

—M. ARNOLD.

Ca. 1902



DR. WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE

“Cum Sapientia Fides.”

TO
DR. W. P. DuBOSE,

OUR BELOVED CHAPLAIN,

We Fairmount girls dedicate this effort to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the school in which his sermons have inspired the spiritual life, and his life has been a most inspiring sermon, presenting to us in a lovable personality a rare combination of loyalty to the church and vigor of thought, philosophical wisdom and enthusiastic faith, self-renunciation and light-hearted happiness.



The Editors

Mary Conley Carnes. Fla.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

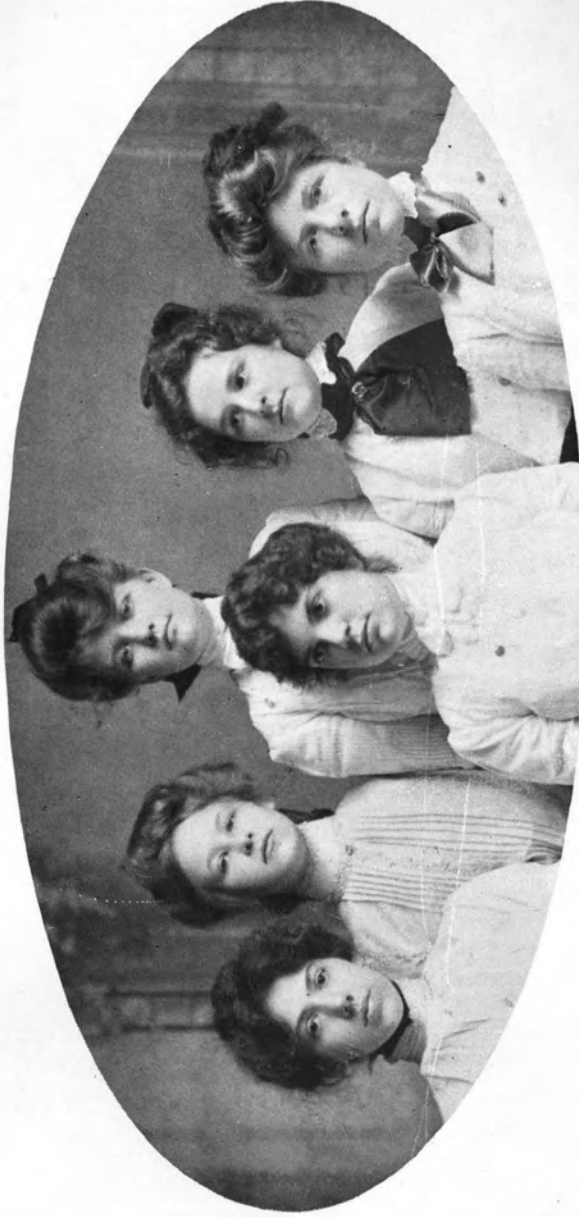
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John M. Standing. Puerto Honduras.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Katherine Elizabeth. Tex.

Mary Johnson. La.
ASST BUSINESS



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Principal.

MISS DuBOSE,
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MISS ESTHER WALTON, B. A.,
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Assistant in English and Latin.

MISS WADHAMS,
Painting, Drawing and Wood Carving.

MISS PERONNEAU,
Matron.

CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D.,
Medical Adviser.



Three Chapters from The Story of Fairmount.

BY OUR FIRST THREE PRINCIPALS.

CHAPTER I.

Early Days.

IT IS always the beginnings that are beautiful things. They hold the vigor of inspirations, the prophecy of divine possibilities, the energy of great developments, the fascinations of novelty, the creative power of the ideal struggling for expression, the transformations of a fixed purpose. It was with an undefined sense of all these that two climate-worn teachers from the lowlands of Mississippi sought the fresh breezes, the rock-bound beauty, the golden sunlight, the recreating air of cloud-wrapped Sewanee mountain.

For five years Mrs. Maria Louise Yerger and Mrs. Hattie B. Kells together had conducted a large school at Jackson, Miss. Girls sent away from home to school returned to the Mississippi valley in the midst of a long summer. Sickness and often death resulted. At least one of their own pupils had thus been cut off at the beginning of a beautiful life. This fact, coupled

with the necessity for a more bracing climate for themselves, originated their purpose to establish Fairmount in a climate where girls could remain all summer at school.

Sewanee and Tracy City offered inducements. Bishop William Mercer Green was never reconciled to Fairmount being out from Sewanee. After the building was well under way he made a special visit to urge that it be pulled down and removed to the University of the South. With his inflexible gentleness he pleaded: "It will be so beautiful for the boys and girls to be trained together in the same classes!" "Very beautiful, but uncommonly troublesome," Gen. Gorgas, the far-seeing Vice-Chancellor replied. The Tennessee Coal Company offered five hundred acres of land and as much lumber as was necessary to build near Tracy City. But Mrs. Yerger and Mrs. Kells did not feel strong enough to inaugurate the co-educational idea or to combat the unreasoning fear that a mining community must necessarily be a disorderly one. So in deference to an unprogressive public sentiment, the offer of fifty acres of land as a location (midway between the proffered evils or advantages) was finally accepted from Col. John Moffat near the railway station that afterward became Monteagle.

A college charter was obtained from the State, and on April 9, 1873, Fairmount began its work with ten boarding pupils, and a faculty consisting of the two principals, Professor Graban, assisted by Miss Emma Coulson, in charge of German and music. The pupils present on the opening day were Fanny Percy, Bettie Harper, Pauline Shackelford, Annie Robinson, Mary Stamps, Ida Stewart, Marion Yerger, Tenie Crane, Florence Yerger, Lucy Macdonald, Warren Anderson. A few days later Mrs. Emma Sutton arrived from Virginia with her two lovely daughters, Mollie and Emma. A pleasant memory is that Rev. Duncan Green sought solace in his first great sorrow by assisting in this opening week.

Then began the wrestle for culture of the human field of brain and character, and to subdue the great American forest. Within doors was the digging for Latin and French and mathematical roots; outside the grubbing hoe and axe wrought their more quickly evident transformations. Energy of brain and muscle were in equal demand. The spirit of the American pioneer seized every soul. Afternoons were devoted to explorations, and Duncan's Point, Winston's Cascade, Gray's Peak, and Alpine View quickly registered in their names both affection and the earliest discoveries. At

night everybody assembled to burn the great log piles that had accumulated during the day in the ten-acre enclosure around the house.

In those early days there was no telegraph, and no doctor within miles of Fairmount. But there was no sickness, and Fairmount was too busy to miss the flashing news of the wires. There was rapid growth in numbers, and friends rallied about the new enterprise, so far from the world's thoroughfares. Sewanee and the Tennessee Coal Company vied in helpfulness. The one cared for its spiritual interests by supplying a chaplain; the other, on frequent occasions, placed railway trains at its service. There was hard work inside and outside; but there was the joy and beauty of order and growth, of a little world springing into being; and the life-laden air was making Fairmount girls the prettiest and brightest in the nation.

Eight of those who began Fairmount's first day have long rested in the perfect companionship of the great beyond. They were beautiful in their lives, and many hearts tenderly whisper with the thoughts of them:

"A longing after better things—
A spreading of the folded wings—
The breathing holier breath;
More life! More life! 'Tis this we crave;
More life! More life! When this we have—
'Tis this, that we call death."

Not less beautiful is the character wrested from life's struggles by many who in these early days began to realize, in the busy simplicity of Fairmount, that not of material things are the "statlier mansions" of the soul builded. Somebody sang one day, "And men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever." "And that's what you say up here, in this household of women, is it?" said Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama. "Men may come and men may go!" Turning suddenly, he earnestly asked the principals, "Are you happy here, out of the great world?" And they answered, "We are happy." Why not? There was love and faith and hope and work. These made the Eden of earth, and shall make the Heaven of God. So "in the beginning" of Fairmount, as of the greater earth, "there was light." "May it shine into the perfect day."

The deepest satisfaction life has brought the writer is seeing Fairmount girls nobly serving their day and generation as leading Christian women wherever they are found—and there's no greater sweetness than in the bonds formed in those early days of loving service between teacher and taught.

HARRIET B. KELLS.

CHAPTER II.

Reminiscence.

THE letter of the Editor of the Fairmount Annual, asking for some account of Fairmount as I knew it, finds me taxed with public duties which I can not escape, and without any data at hand. It is quite impossible, therefore, to respond adequately to such a request, and yet I find it difficult to refuse any appeal from "The Mountain." Let me confine myself to a few impressions: first, I recall the two wonderful little women, Mrs. Yerger and Mrs. Kells, who came from Mississippi and created in a few years, out of what had been a wilderness—Fairmount—in outward form and literary tone, largely as we know it today. The distinctive contribution of my administration was the making of the School a Church institution so that it might, in its measure, be for girls what Sewanee was for young men. Two important results followed this change. First, a closer affiliation with Sewanee in aim and motive, resulting in courses of lectures by professors of the University, and in Dr. DuBose devoting more time to the school as its chaplain; second, the building of "The Chapel" by the combined efforts of teachers, pupils, and residents of Monteagle. At the very outset a portable altar was constructed for the school-room, and the offerings at the services were devoted for years to the accumulation of a fund for this purpose. Even after the Chapel was built, it was a matter of principle that some addition should be made to it each year, so that I was able to say on leaving Fairmount that every teacher and every pupil who had worked with me had contributed in some way to the Chapel and its enrichment. Just what the influence of this Chapel, built by the free gifts of the people of Monteagle, and the girls of Fairmount, from various parts of the South, has been on the school and beyond its limits, none would venture to say, though many of us would find it difficult to express the gratitude we feel for what it has been to us individually.

If I remember correctly, the number of students reached the high-water mark during those years, so that it was necessary to increase the accommodations by building the cottage, and by substantial additions which were made to the college buildings themselves. Without commenting upon the actual work of the school, it must be a source of great satisfaction to all those who were there with me to see the two girls who took the full course with the

fullest honors, now in charge of the school, Miss Susie P. DuBose as principal, and Miss May DuBose as one of the corps of teachers. Thus the chaplain, whose hallowing influence has been over and in every administration at Fairmount, is, through his children, shaping the Fairmount of the future.

SILAS MCBEE.

CHAPTER III.

Ten Years Ago at Fairmount.



THE spring of 1892 was so tardy in its coming to the mountain that in the month of March, when the session of Fairmount for that year opened, it did so in the flurry of a late snowstorm. "This is a fine *summer* school!" exclaimed one patron as he struck the snow from his boot before entering into the welcome warmth of the fire-light within. But the blustering weather was not the only uncertain factor in the initiation of that special session.

There had been a break in the continuity of the past sessions with the one just beginning. The long and successful rule of Mr. Silas McBee had just come to its close, and regret for the passing of the acceptable old, accentuated the uncertainty of the untried new—a new manager in the business department, a new principal in the scholastic, and a new matron in the domestic. But the days of the beginning had not made themselves into weeks before it was easily seen that the Rev. Henry Easter, with his capability, energy, and rarer quality of good common sense, was the right man in the right place. With his practical hand at the business helm, his wife's able supervision over the domestic service, it is pleasant to recall with what harmony and co-operation our three separate lines of work moved through the months together aiding without interference, touching without jar or friction.

At length the spring had come into its own, and had taken possession of the mountain, tempting with its widespread beauty the pupils of Fairmount into many a long tramp through its sunshine and crisp air, giving them in return an added color to the cheek, a brighter luster to the eye, and fitting them all the more for the daily routine of work long since established in the scholastic department.

This department was equipped with a full corps of teachers—teachers of different ages; different temperaments. Among them there always comes the

remembrance of one young girl, whose bright smile and gracious words gave so cordial a welcome to the new head ; and who, from the time of that first greeting until our pleasant relations of principal and teacher were severed, never wavered in the helpfulness of her ready acquiescence and faithful loyalty.

Now, that she herself occupies the same position of authority and responsibility, I can extend her no better wish than that something of her own fidelity and loyalty are being rendered back to her by those over whom she wields her gentle sway. All this is now ten years ago, but across the years there lives a very grateful remembrance, which it is pleasant to express ; a remembrance of the unvarying kindness, the cordial support, the unstained appreciation, that were extended to me both officially and personally, by each and all of those whose interests I represented, during the whole course of my connection with the school of Fairmount.

May all prosperity rest upon Fairmount, is the cordial wish of one of its former principals.

MRS. C. W. SPRUILL.

Sans Souci, South Carolina, May 15, 1902.





PRINCIPALS OF THE SCHOOL

MRS. W. P. DUBOSE
MR. SILAS M'BEE

MRS. C. W. SPRUILL

MRS. HARRIET B. KELLS
MRS. MARGARET WEBER

Faith, Hope, Love.

Beautiful Fairmount! Mount of Faith!
Queen of the flaming hue,
Queen with the verdant true,
Queen with the azure blue,
Guard her, and guide her onward search
For the beautiful and true.

Beautiful Fairmount! Mount of Hope!
May'st thou as ever be
The strenuous seeker after truth,
The inspirer of virtuous youth,
The holy grail to see.

Beautiful Fairmount! Mount of Love,
Of Faith, of Hope, of Love;
These heavenly guides are sent to prove
Thy mission from above.

Margaret J. Weber.

In Memoriam.

Maria Louise Verger.

(MRS. W. P. DuBOSE)

September 27, 1887.

Co-Founder and First Principal
of Fairmount.

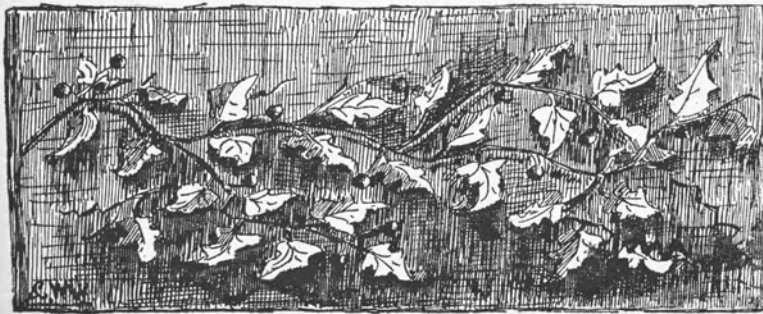
Isaac Winston.

IN looking over the faces of the dear principals and teachers, old Fairmount girls will naturally think of one other who was the especial friend of every member of the Fairmount household. There never was one who entered more heartily into the joys and pleasures of the girls, or who showed more genuine appreciation of their efforts to entertain their friends than did Mr. Isaac Winston. We know that he is not forgotten, for there stands in the Chapel of the Holy Comforter a beautiful pipe organ, erected to the memory of Mr. Winston by Fairmount girls. This thoughtfulness on the part of the girls testifies more to their appreciation of him than any words we might add as to his enthusiastic admiration for the girls, his loyalty to the school, and his faithfulness to the church.

He passed away among devoted friends in the year 1899, and as the Fairmount girls surrounded his newly-made grave, their fresh young voices truly sang of him as among—

“The Saints of God.”

O happy saints! forever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe you rest!



Fairmount.



LARGE expanse of bare brown land, surrounded by a reddish brown fence, and studded with leafless trees; just in the center a long rambling house, while to the left at a little distance a small chapel of mountain sandstone. This first glimpse of Fairmount seems uninteresting, but gradually the attention is aroused by the first note of spring. Little by little the trees put on their new spring clothes, and Fairmount undergoes a wonderful transformation. In place of the bare brown trees and leaf-covered ground, behold! budding leaves of varied shades of green, and the lawn and grass plots sprinkled with Heaven's own blue, the modest wood-violets.

Each day the little leaves unfold themselves, lured from their beds by the coaxing sun. The orchard by the side of the house is white with apple blossoms, wafting their fragrance far and wide.

By the time summer is here the lawn is a velvety green, the flower garden, between the chapel and the main building, is in full bloom, and the tennis court and ball grounds bask in the sun. The never-tiring hum of the bumblebee, the hazy lines of heat rising from the lawn, the twitter of happy birds long since mated, and the distant cow-bell, fill your heart with peace and your mind with sweet dreams. Such is the ideal summer day at Fairmount.

In autumn, gradually the trees grow gorgeous, donning their purples and reds and golds, and surrounding Fairmount with a never-to-be forgotten halo, a just reward as it were, for the sweetness of spirit that ever dwells within her walls. When November arrives the bare trees return, and "heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead." But within are quickly beating hearts eager for home, and although it is bare and brown without, dear reader, should you ever have a chance to peep within you would find Fairmount as full of sunshine as you did on the brightest summer days.





	REV. WILLIAM HASKELL DUBOSE	
MISS ESTHER WALTON		MISS JULIA PORCHER STEELE
	MISS SUSIE PERONNEAU DUBOSE	
MISS JULIA ELSTNER ROGERS		MISS MAY PERONNEAU DUBOSE
	MISS LIZZIE WADHAMS	
MISS SUSAN HAYNE PERONNEAU		MISS ETHEL HALL



The Bell.

This cast iron monitor of youth
In brazen tones doth ring,
The summons we must all obey,
And thus of it we sing.

It summons us to sup and dine,
It summons us to church,
And those who dare resist its call
Get "dammerits" stead of birch.

It summons us to bed at nine
And has an awful way
Of ringing, when one sleepest is,
Just at the peep of day.

You must get up! You must get up!
One hears its brazen clatter
And opens a pair of sleepy eyes, with
A "Bother! What's the matter?"

It keeps it up! It keeps it up!
As to and fro it swings,
And alas! You have to tumble out
And hustle on your things.

The seconds fly and more racket begins,
You've five minutes just to spare,
You snatch a ribbon, grab a belt,
Stick the hair pins in your hair.

Take a hasty glance in the looking glass,
Pin up your skirt and waist,
Rush down the stairs—saunter coolly in—
Did any one mention haste?

Twenty to eight, ten minutes past,
Half-past eight and nine,
At ten, eleven, one and two,
Each hour, the fateful chime.

But like oil on the stormy waters,
It soothes the troubled soul,
Like a rope to a man that is drowning,
When he chokes with the waters cold,

It rings for the girl in the class-room,
And it makes her heart right glad,
When time for the last page of a lesson,
She really has not had.

This old bell rings its stern commands
From early dawn till night,
And some cause heavy sighs and groans,
Tho' not a few, delight.

But should we attempt here to enroll
All of the myriad number,
We fear that, stopping once for breath,
We'd find you were in slumber.

So lest you weary of our verse, we'll say
The bell's sad, but sweetest tone
Is when we ring it for ourselves,
The day we leave for home.

Directory of the Alumnae.

1876.

(PAULINE SHACKELFORD) MRS. LEWIS COLYAR . . . Chattanooga, Tenn.
(BETTIE E. HARPER) MRS. E. MOON . . . Abilene, Texas
LEILA GARY.

1877.

ANNIE STEDMAN.
(SALLIE YERGER) MRS. WIRT ADAMS . . . Jackson, Miss.
MAGGIE RUCKS . . . Deceased
(BERTHA BUCK) MRS. WM. A. CRANDELL . . . New Orleans, La.
ANNIE BELL . . . Deceased
DEBBIE SPENCER . . . Deceased

1878.

(ROWENA SPENCER) MRS. JOE JONES . . . Jonesville, La.
JENNIE ATWOOD.

1879.

(WARRENE ANDERSON) MRS. WM. ANDERSON . . . Mobile, Ala.
890 Government Street.
MITTIE JOHNSON . . . Deceased
(CORINNE ACKER) MRS. CORINNE ROGERS . . . Aberdeen, Miss.
ANNIE GIBSON . . . Deceased

1880.

(KATE THOMPSON) MRS. VAN LEER KIRKMAN . . . Nashville, Tenn.
(FLORENCE YERGER) MRS. FLORENCE GUILBERT . . . Jackson, Miss.
MARY BILLIU, care of Dr. Billiu . . . Shreveport, La.
(DELLIE MCCOY) MRS. JOHN FORSYTHE . . . Georgia Ave., Mobile, Ala.
LOUELLA CATCHINGS.
MAY BROWNE.

1881.

LINDA WATSON Port Gibson, Miss.
(LAURA PROUDFIT) MRS. C. C. JANIN San Antonio, Texas
(ELLA BEASLEY) MRS. C. C. BARTON Albemarle, Assumption Parish, La.
LUCY MACDONALD Deceased

1882.

IRENE FREEMAN Forrest City, Ark.

1883.

SUSIE P. DUBOSE Principal of Fairmount School, Monteagle, Tenn.
(EFFIE LEE BARTON) MRS. E. L. PIKE Welcome, St. James Parish, La.
(VIOLA MAY BEASLEY) MRS. WM. R. WALTON Albemarle, La.
Assumption Parish.

1884.

LURA FORMAN Henderson, Texas
ANNIE WHEELER care of General Joe Wheeler

1885.

MAY DUBOSE Fairmount School, Monteagle, Tenn.
(ANNIE MAY SLACK) MRS. ROLAND JONES Grenada, Miss.
(JENNIE M. HUGHES) MRS. A. J. DODDS Chattanooga, Tenn.
Care of L. H. Payne.
MINNIE F. GORDON Deceased

1886.

(ETTA NATHURST) MRS. J. J. ORMSBEE El Paso, Texas
(LILLIAN MOFFAT) MRS. WILLIAM GILFILLAN Monteagle, Tenn.

1887.

(MARTHA T. MCBEE) MRS. W. E. MIKELL Philadelphia, Pa.
225 Buckingham Place.

1890.

MAY CROSBY Highlands, N. C.
(KATIE HAMMAN) MRS. H. L. STRICKER Calvert, Texas



GRADUATES, 1901-2

MARY PERONNEAU OWENS, 1901

JULIA PORCHER STEELE, 1901

MARGUERITE ADOUE FULLER, 1902

MARY CONLEY CARNES, 1902

KATHERINE ELIZABETH AVES, 1902

1893.

JEANNETTE VICKERS 1303 Third Street, New Orleans, La.

1897.

(MARY LEE ZEIGLER) MRS. CURTIS SCOVELL Shreveport, La.

1898.

MARY VARDRINE MCBEE Lincolnton, N. C.

1899.

(MARTHA HINCHMAN) MRS. G. BERGERON, deceased . . . Waco, Texas

NORMA JOHNSON Waco, Texas

1900.

(CORA BELLE SEDWICK) MRS. COKE WESTBROOK Lorena, Texas

1901.

MARY OWENS 71 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga.

JULIA STEELE Fairmount School, Monteagle, Tenn.

We regret that the directory is incomplete. Any information sent to us concerning the Alumnae will be appreciated.

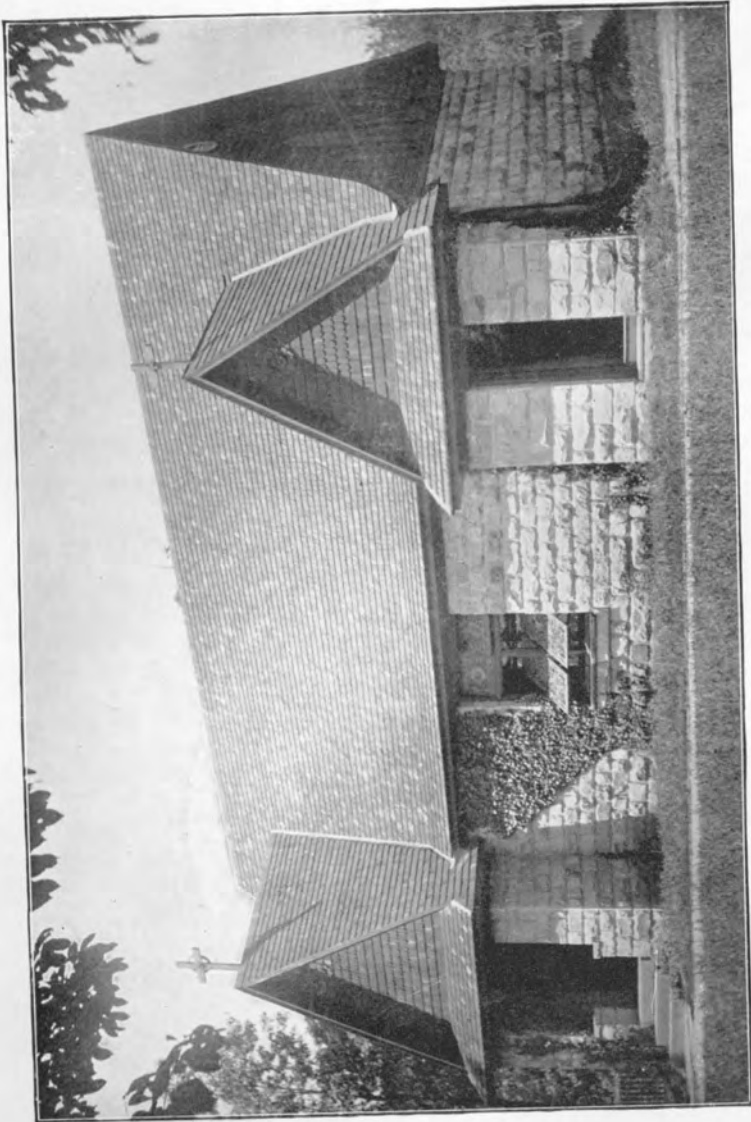


In Memoriam.

Martha Aubrunette Winchman.

(MRS. GEORGE BERGERON)

Monday, the ninth of June,
1902.



THE CHAPEL

A Midget Church of America.

AS A supplement to a recent article in *THE CHURCHMAN* on the midget churches of England, something might be said of one midget church in America, which, though not so ancient and historic, is quite small, and as beautiful as any. One can travel throughout this country and find nowhere else a church combining so much architectural beauty and spiritual meaning in so small a space as the Chapel of the Holy Comforter, near the mountain village of Monteagle, Tennessee. This little temple is situated in a remote corner of the extensive grounds of Fairmount School, and looks out on the far-reaching dips and curves of a green lawn that rolls off into the deepening shade of forest trees. From a winding gravel path, leading to the southwest entrance, we have a picturesque view of the little church. It is a Gothic structure, built of mountain sandstone, and it measures only twenty-three feet in width and fifty-three feet in length. A high, sharp roof gives it a graceful height, and uplifts over each entrance the solemn symbol, so full of awe and pathos to Christian eyes. The walls are veiled with a luxuriant growth of ivy, whose dark green leaves contrast exquisitely with the delicate fairness of the stone beneath them. Up the steep roof and into the windows the ivy climbs, and over the deep-arched entrance it waves its graceful tendrils.

One enters the chapel from a southwest door, looks up to the shadows of a high, arched roof, and forward to a soft glow of light and color in an eastern chancel. A rood-screen of carved oak frames in the



generous sweep of its lofty Gothic arch a high altar and reredos of oak, richly carved, and above all a stained glass window of exquisite beauty. This window thrills one like a heavenly vision. It represents the resurrection morning. A radiant angel stands before the empty tomb, and in the attitude and expression there is such a splendor of life and joy as strikes upon the heart like a message from the other world. In the shadowy background Mary and Salome approach the tomb, but they are too absorbed in sorrow to be aware of the glory near them. Mary Magdalene, however, is in front of them; she has seen the vision, and in its heavenly light she kneels, with uplifted face and adoring eyes.

The holy women in the background, sorrowing under the shadow of death with the unnoticed revelation of life before them, are typical, perhaps, of more responsible mourners, who, in earthly bereavement, will not behold the light or receive the message. And so in the pictured window we may see not only a record of the divine event of the first Easter morning, but the angel message of comfort and joy to every grieving heart.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

The divine meaning of the window is more than sufficient to stir the imagination, and yet the heart thrills with this narrower application of its lesson to our human sorrows.

But, aside from any spiritual beauty, this window is a delight to the eyes. There is none of the usual glare of harsh reds and blues, and crude greens and yellows. On the contrary, the beautiful faces of saint and angel shine out from a background of softest jewel lights, and the graceful drapery of the figures glows with rich but subdued splendor of color.

This small gothic temple has not the parlor-like, social suggestions of the ordinary American church, where people nod and whisper to each other, and lounge in their seats, lazy spectators of the priest's devotions. The great high altar, with its rich carving, rises solemnly before the eyes, the

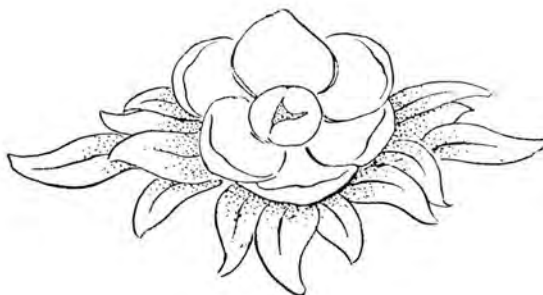
most conspicuous thing in the church, the throne of the King, and one feels that the elaborate care lavished on every detail of beauty, within and without, is an offering to Him of "the thought that invents and the hand that labors, of wealth of wood and weight of stone." In that great presence, so eloquently recognized by the reverent beauty of all around us, there is an atmosphere of worship, and the heart trembles with awe, "as one who feels an unseen spirit."

Though this chapel has the national defect of newness, being about ten years old, it contains two relics of historic interest. There is a prayerbook rest on the altar, made from the wood of the post to which Rowland Taylor was chained the night before Queen Mary had him burned, in 1555. This interesting souvenir of the martyr was presented to the chapel, several years ago, by the late Bishop Quintard. To the Bishop's goodness the chapel is also indebted for another relic of ancient times. This is a quaint old carving of St. Nicholas, black with age, that is said to date from the fourteenth century.

It is pleasant to picture the little chapel hundreds of years hence, when its carved oak will be dark with age, its delicate stonework time-stained, and another generation will muse on its origin and history. One can fancy how they will explain its suggested meanings, its mysteries of loveliness, by legends of romance and devotion.

N. C. M.

—A Clipping from THE CHURCHMAN for April 22, 1899.



The Four Leaf Clover.



HERE was much distress and amazement mingled with wonder at the court of the fairies, for several of their number had broken the rules of the court, and done what was considered by all to be a dastardly crime. This was to slay a number of butterflies and steal their wings to make new robes to wear to the princess's ball. They had tired of the old fashions, and thought that this was a good opportunity to show their ingenuity in introducing into the court new styles and other materials than those afforded by the rose and lily leaves. They had also robbed two prosperous spiders of their store of silken thread to sew the new clothes. And an indignant cricket had reported the criminal offence to the court.

Now the culprits were to be tried. The court was assembled. The judge was clothed in a robe of the sombre leaves of the night shade; the jury was likewise attired. These, with the judge, were seated on a raised platform of frog-stools, while those who had come to hear the decision of the court were grouped about on mossy banks. There was the queen on her royal throne, robed in a gown of scarlet geranium leaves. Her crown was a wreath of golden buttercups. Her train of maidens were around her. Some in gowns of satiny daffodils, some in the soft pink of the rose petals, others in the purity of the lily corolla. The courtiers were in rich attire. Their robes made of the deep green leaves of the wax-plant slashed here and there with the crimson of the holly-hocks and the royal purple aster.

The moon shone brightly and softly on the pretty scene, on the carpet of soft green grass. The fire-flies furnished light, that the judge might read from his famous books of law, bound with leather made from the web of a swan's foot, and edited by the printing spider.

At last the guilty ones were brought in, heavily loaded with daisy chains. They were told that they might plead their own cause, but they could make no excuses, and begged for forgiveness as this had been their first offence. The court at first decreed that they should be hanged, but on further consideration it decided upon exile. And these were the conditions of the sentence given by the stern-looking judge. There might be some hope of their one day returning to their own forest and their own people.

But now they must leave, and they could not go in their own forms and shapes; but the witch of the fairies would change their appearance. She would turn them all into clover leaves, not into blossoms, for these were too upright and pure to conceal evildoers—but into the leaves; so that the offended race of butterflies might make wayside rests of them, and they would not be able to retaliate.

But this was where leniency was to be shown to them. They would be distinguished from the ordinary clover leaf by having four leaflets instead of three; and they would have a white ring through each. They would not be in groups, but scattered far and wide, each one to himself, and they would be hard to distinguish from the other leaves. But if a mortal, by chance, instead of passing over or crushing one of them should pluck and press it to his lips and make a wish to himself, and this wish should be a good one, and if, instead of throwing the clover away, he should put it between the leaves of a book, as soon then, as the wish should come true, the ghost of a little fairy would float out of the leaf and return to its own land, and there regain his natural shape.

On the whole, a little relief was shown by those assembled, for they had expected a heavier sentence to be passed; and the little culprits, after bidding fond farewells, suddenly disappeared. The court mourned for a season; but from time to time as one of these departed ones returned, they rejoiced (for fairies are very loving little beings), and danced and feasted for one whole night in the moonlight.

Slowly the little wicked ones are being wafted back to their homes; if they are not found, they die with the other clover when winter comes, but they are allowed to spring up again in the New Year. And sometimes this happens to one for years and years before the little culprits are released.



How the Mere Ghost of an Idea Spoiled, by His Untimely Appearance, the Probable Life-Long Happiness of a Very Deserving, Though an Unfortunately Ugly Young Man.

TUESDAY NIGHT.



MOLLIE'S little Swiss clock has just chimed half-past eleven, from its place on the mantel, between the latest picture of Mollie and the little bronze Psyche, which John's much-talked-of third cousin sent them as a wedding gift. Mollie herself has just left me, after John's third reminder from down the hall, that it is time for all persons who care to look their best on the morrow, to be abed.

I wonder if there was ever such another person as Mollie? Here she has been, these six hours since my arrival, telling of all she has planned for me—and for the all-important third cousin who is to arrive to-morrow, from parts unknown; and whom Mollie intends I shall have the *unspeakable* pleasure of marrying! Even a *third* cousin of John's would naturally be *irresistible*, even though I were the most fastidious. But whereas any other matchmaker, confessed or otherwise, would overwhelm one with glowing accounts of the intended victim, Mollie, of course, has done the reverse. Not the remotest idea will she give me of what I am to expect. She says I must see for myself, and she will not throw one ray of light on the subject—nor will she let John. But this much I do know, his name is Thomas Reginald Orgill, called by the family Reginald, and considered by Mollie a DEAR. Now one would like to know more about the person one is apparently *doomed* to marry. Mollie calls him my Mr. Affinity. She thinks I will succumb at first sight. Humph! Now, if Mollie likes him he must be nice, and no one who is called Reginald, could have the face to be otherwise than handsome. John is dark and so, I imagine, would his cousin be, besides Mollie detests blonde men. Tall he must be and well made. I am tall and Mollie would not dare make me walk to the altar with a small man. I think from what Mollie has let slip that he is a civil engineer or something. He travels a good deal, I know. Then, of course, he rides, plays golf, dances and has all the accomplishments of a man whom *Mollie* would call "a dear." Well, I can guess pretty clearly what our paragon is like, even though Miss Mollie is so secretive.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Dreamed last night that the gentleman in question was killed in a railway accident while on his way here. I had quite a little fright, for it was all very vivid and I saw him plainly. He was just my idea of what he would be. However there is no mention of any such accident in the morning paper. So I will not worry about losing my "affinity" just yet.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Oh! another such experience would surely turn me gray. I never went through such an ordeal! When the trap drove up from the station this evening, bringing Thomas Reginald, I was up here preparing for the fray, and when I got down, the third cousin was being welcomed by Mollie. But beside him—O, awful!—there beside him stood, mistily but perfectly outlined, the figure of my Thomas Reginald! At my exclamation of horror Mollie and the cousin turned, and then I burst into laughter, terrible laughter! I could not help it. It was too horrible, too ridiculous. There stood my ideal Reginald, in all his manly grace; his handsome regular features, his—O, why go on? And there beside him stood John's third cousin—tall? Well, six feet four of black clothes hung on a frame of loosely-jointed bones, topped by a square face and a shock of red hair. It is true there was a pair of good grey eyes, and the hair *might* be called auburn. As I was about to shake hands with him—O, the memory makes me feel faint still—the ghostly Reginald put out a shadowy hand and took mine, saying, with a reproachful and sepulchral sigh, "and *this* is what I was supposed to be?" The icy touch of its clammy fingers made me scream and snatch my hand away from the outstretched one of the third cousin—then a long blank. When I came to, Mollie was holding salts to my nose, and John was frantically fanning me with a newspaper. Mollie was weeping and John looking white and scared. The third cousin seemed the only master of the situation. I know now. He is a physician and used to fainting women! He had made John open all the windows and lay me flat on the floor, and had himself dashed a tumbler of cold water in my face. The other thing had disappeared, doubtless satisfied with the mischief it had wrought.

I am in my room now, and I dare not leave it, for I dread the explanations which must follow. They will never understand! The third cousin—I can not bring myself to call him Mr. Orgill—probably considers me a

victim of insanity and weak nerves. Mollie may be right in her opinion of him, and he may be my "Mr. Affinity," but he will have to prove it to me in another world. After the accident of this afternoon no man would be brave enough to attempt a second meeting, nor would I wish him to. To utter a wild shriek and fall in a dead faint is not exactly the conventional way of meeting one's best friend's friend. And I feel that the shattered state of my nerves necessitates my speedy departure.









Calendar

March 28 = Opening

Some came to stay.
Some went away.
But none there are who rue the day

April 7 = Easter

April 19 = A Man!

A man did come down like a wolf on our fold
And the havoc which followed may scarcely be told.
Harmless he was, we did a later agree
Then his purpose we knew not — nor stayed
me to see.

May 6 = When
the stove fell on E & W

A new woman she had never washed to be,
For male attire she never seemed to care;
So much surprised and grieved were we
To find her with a stove pipe on her
ambulant hair.

May 16 = Ascension-
day Picnic

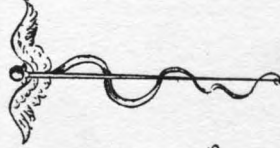
Distance lends enchantment to the view
As one or two did readily agree
When walking for a nearer view of S —

June 18 = Debate
Great Expectations

Shall maiden modesty forget herself
And stooping to man's low estate,
Propose?

July 25 = Reception

Maidens fair from Sappho's Isle
With mirth and dance and roguish eyes
Grave theologs so wondrous wise.





August 1 **C**ommencement

August 16 **T**rip to the Vineyard

*"Better be merry with the twittful grape
Than sadden after none or bitter fruit"*

September **W**edding in the Chapel

"All the world loves a lover"

October 23 **G**o Ash
ville to see Calvé!

October 30 **A**ll Halloween

*The witches salute you.
By Hecate conjure you.
Come where they lure you,
You late to be learning.
By fortunes wheel turning
Mid blue blazes burning.*

November 23 **T**he
H A Club Reception

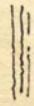
November 28 **T**hanksgiving

*I am sure that this day
We will all remember
For 'tis the first time that May
Ever came in November.*

*However strange 'tis also true
On this Thanksgiving-day
Little Boppe and a gay Boy Blue
Were crowned King and Queen of May.*

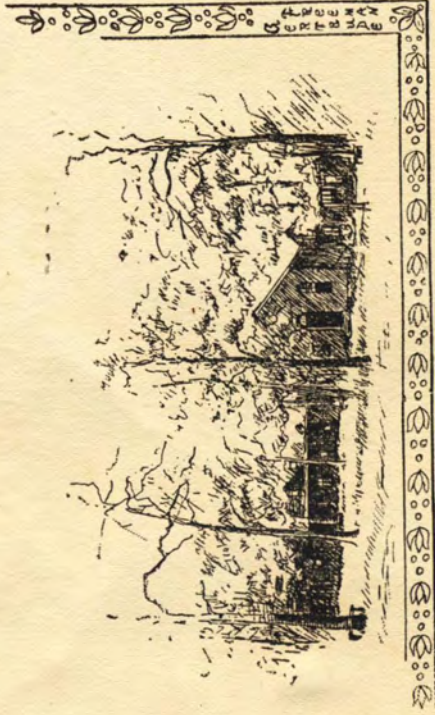


December 5



Winter Commencement

You rising moon that looks for us again
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane.
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden and for two in vain.





Mammy's Ghost Story.

BUT Aunt Cinda, you don't really believe in Ghosts, do you?" "Wal"—with a knowing look and a shake of her old turbaned head, as she added a little pat of butter to her mixture—"an' I reckon dats all yo' knows 'bout it, honey. Ain't I been dead twice a'ready, an' oughtn' I know what I's sayin'? Didn' I neber tell yo' 'bout dat time?"

Up to this moment we had been standing by the table, but now as the prospect of one of old mammy's "sho' 'nough ghost stories" presented itself, we drew up our chairs, quietly, so as not to disturb the thoughts of our entertainer, and waited for her to commence. A better day could not have been chosen. The rain fell steadily with a dismal drip, drip, on the roof. The wind howled madly about the house in its wild race, tossing the fallen leaves hither and thither. What a dreary, lonesome sound it was.

As a last resort I and my friend had gone to Aunt Cinda, trembling lest she might be indulging in one of her "spells." It was delightful to find a cheery fire and old Cinda's beaming face awaiting us. For several moments we waited in silence, and then I ventured, "What was that time you were going to tell us about?"

"Yes, chil', yes, but I jes' can't recollect myself whether I put in dat wee pinch o' salt or not. Lemme see—O! yes—'bout dat time when young Marse John war livin' up in de ol' place. Wal, you sees, I wusn't so bery ol' den myself; I don' reckon I could a bin much older'n you childern is now, 'bout eighteen or twenty, I spec. Dem war good times, an' I remember dat day when my marse he say to me—but neber min what he say—he brung home my mistiss all so purty an' young an' sweet lookin', an' wid dem shy eyes o' hern jes a shinin' when she look at him."

What a picture the old woman made as she stood there! What conscious pride beamed in every line of the wrinkled face as she turned toward us! She was happy, but why should that feeling of pity rise in my heart.

"She love Marse John an' dey war jes as happy as two birds together. After while Marse John 'gan look worried like, an' den one day, one de army men come and talk to him for a long time. An' den Marse John talk to Mistiss, an' she jes cry like her little heart gwine break right dar. De nex morning my young Marsar rode off to de war. My lady don' cry den,

she jes hol' her face right straight, all so pale, and cling to Marse John. He look mighty brave as he rode off on Joe! But de chil'—she jes fell in my arms an' I tote her up de stairs. Ebery day she watch for him, payin' no 'tention to no one, but jes pinin' an' fadin'. We warn't able to do nothin' for her. An' still Marse John didn' come. An' one day she didn' come out o' her room, an' it seemed like de little bit o' sunshine what der war done left, an' eberybody war so woeful sad. She neber did come out no more."

Here the narrative seemed to come abruptly to an end, and the little smile came back. The old soul had gone back many years and was again caring for "my Mistiss."

"An' dat night 'fore she died, de owls hoot, an' de black cat done run right front o' me twice, an' I knowed dat some one war gwine die, an' I knowed dat it war my little Mistiss. De nex mornin' der she war sho' 'nough, fas' asleep. An' dat bery evenin' Marse John come home so happy, spectin' to see her lookin' fer him. An' I tol' him, an' took him to whar she war, and den lef him in dar with her. I don' know what he done, he neber spoke to no one. He laid her down under de trees yonder, by his own pa'and ma, an' den rode off again, so tired and old lookin'. By dat time de war was over, an' all de niggers lef, an' jes a few ob us what war really de fambly stayed."

Again Aunty fell into a revery and we were obliged to recall her—it seemed almost a sin.

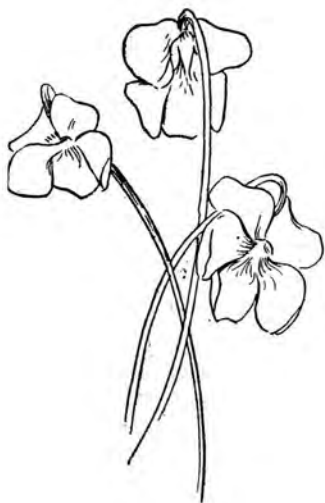
"But what about the ghost? I don't believe in ghosts yet!"

"De ghos'? I was jes comin' to dat part, only it warn't no ghos' it war my little Mistiss' speerit, she warn't jes a common haunt, I's seen lots ob dem. Arter Marse John gon' you couldn't get none dem black trash in de house dar. An' dey jes kind o' hang 'round and peer in de window. One night, when Jem—dat war my ol' man—war out late, he seed a light in dar, 'twant no lamp, an' he come an' called me, an' we stood outside jes shakin'. De doors war open inside an' we seed way through de long hall an' into Mistiss' room. An' dar, de light warnt very bright, but I seed her jes as plain as day glidin' 'roun' an' lookin' fer something in dem chests. An' we knowed her speerit wasn't restin' easy, an' ebery night we waited fer de soft glidin' foots, an' ebery night she hunted. You needn' believe it if you don' want to, I's jes tellin' you what I seed."

“But mammy, hasn't she ever stopped hunting, she must be an old woman now?”

“Four eggs beat up, three cups of sugar, wee pinch o' salt, an' de flour an' nutmeg—why chil, don' you know even if she didn't neber stop she neber grows no older? Ghos' neber does! But she done stop. One night de wind war jes screeching roun' de house, jes like to-day, an' me an' my man was peerin' in through the window same as usual—Law, chil', we love dat little thing—an' she look so pitiful and lonesome like, jes crying soft an' couldn't tell no one what she war after. Well, dis time, after she done like usual, she open de dore, she don't make no soun', an' den she come out an' I jes held Jem tight. In her han' war dat little picture of Marse John in de gol' frame, what he give her jes when he went to de war. She look so happy an' kiss de little picture an' den fade away, an' we neber seed her no more.”

Cindy had forgotten us, and we slipped from the room, leaving the old creature to herself with those sweet sad memories of long ago.



The Chit Chat

Published by the Great Expectation Club.

MONTEAGLE, TENN., AUGUST 1, 1902.

TWILIGHT.

Softly now the peaceful twilight
Steals upon the weary earth;
Gone the day, its troubles, cares,
Beginning with it at its birth.

A solemn stillness reigns—all Nature's
Hushed in sweet repose;
Gladly of her rest she gives us,
Much we need it, this she knows.

Ah, how soothing is the silence!
How it calms and stills the heart!
Bids us do away with memory,
Takes possession of our thought.

How often in this world of ours,
When sorrows, cares, oppress,
Life seems no longer beautiful
While plunged in deep distress.

Were we to open wide our hearts,
Our minds, our thoughts, our souls,
To Nature's pure and blessed truths,
Which freely she unfolds,

How gently she would minister
To all our wants and needs,
How tenderly she'd watch the flowers
Were we to plant the seed.

Now the twilight lifts its filmy veil,
The darkness towers near,
To clasp again in close embrace
The earth, so old and dear.

At last the Black Knight claims his own,
His influence, his power;
And Nature slumbers on his breast
In this her resting hour.

A. L. C.

FAIRMOUNT HAPPENINGS.

Since the last issue of our paper, Fairmount life has been almost too thrilling to endure, so many exciting events have occurred. In enumerating some of these adventures, the first which comes to my mind is never to be forgotten.

On the nineteenth day of July, nineteen hundred and two, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Fairmount girls could have been seen slowly picking their way through the mud, bound for Monteagle. Their flushed faces and sparkling eyes showed that this was no every day event, for they were making their weekly visit to the station, which fact caused all to be intensely excited. They were guarded and protected by a solemn, dignified and impressive teacher, whose utmost effort could hardly keep these young ladies safe from the perils of the journey.

On arriving at their destination, which was Mr. Holcombe's store, each brought out her

pocket money and began to make her many and important purchases.

Miss G— bought a nickel's worth of delicious peppermint candy and a half-dozen lemons, while Miss P— purchased three-quarters of a yard of yellow ribbon and some crackers.

The teacher at last gave the order to march, and each girl, laden with bundles, set out for home.

That night every one noticed the difference in their faces, for they were not animated as they had been before the great event. This can be easily explained. They were thinking that there was a long week before their next trip to Monteagle.

The tennis games and walks and daily meals have constituted a great deal of rush and excitement. I sometimes long for some quiet country spot, where I should not be worried with so much society and dissipation.

OBSERVATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.

The astronomers of the Fairmount Observatory, under the direction of the well known Miss DuP—, are from certain recent signs much alarmed concerning the future of the sun. They have discovered the startling fact that our light and heat producer is fast approaching old age. It is doubtful whether he has yet to live more than ten millions of years. The sun seems certainly a very well preserved body to be in reality so near its end.

One member of the observatory is especially concerned about the magnetic attraction of the center of the solar system, and is afraid that as its heat diminishes its attraction for us will be lessened and therefore the force which holds our earth in space removed—and then what will happen? asks the anxious scholar.

Another enterprising young lady desires to set on foot a scheme for the invention of an artificial heat to be used after that of the sun has been withdrawn. And still another proposes to make an excursion to the sun after it has reached the inhabitable state. We would kindly advise her to take on her meditated journey a barrel or two from Ponce de Leon's famous fountain and several blankets, in case of a long journey; also a large supply of groceries, as the price per pound is said to rise as one approaches old Sol's domain.

A recent discovery in the same observatory is that the earth is shrinking several inches a year, and so if you should be at Fairmount again some twelve or fifteen years hence, do not be surprised to find the grounds much smaller.

Many other interesting and profitable theories have been put forth by our young astronomers, but we have neither time nor space to mention them here

NELL.

(To a young lady who was confined by scarlet fever in Devil's Island.)

Sad is the day, with you away,
Sweet English Nell;
Your absence grieves us and sore bereaves us,
More than words can tell.

'Tis melancholy, we can't be jolly,
When Netticote's away;
Our joy is gone, we are all forlorn,
Without you in our play.

We'd give anything to hear you sing,
Sweet Nell, again;
Naught we'll enjoy without alloy
Till you are well again.

In all we do we think of you,
And miss your laughter merry,
And your sweet ways through all the days
That you're not with us, dearie.

Miss B—: "I wish they would rush my tea down here. I believe it's all a joke, anyway."

Miss O—'s definition of righteousness is up right. Her reason for saying so is that righteous people always go right up.

One of our history class informs us that Christopher Columbus discovered Asia and that Cornwallis was Washington's dearest friend and counsellor.

We wonder if a man of celebrity would not object to a certain statement made by Miss T—, She tells us a man of celebrity takes an oath never to marry. We suppose she was thinking of celibacy.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Wolsey after his fall and when he was on his way to London, these words:

"O, Father Abbott,
An old man, broken with storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Give him a little earth for charity."

But one young lady quoted it thus the other day:

"O, Father Abbott, please give me a little dirt to bury myself in."

Miss M., out for a walk, and meeting two mountain children:

"Bonjure, Mademoiselle."

The mountain mademoiselle:

"You'uns got a bad cold, ain't yer?"



How They Did the Annual.

"Where have you been, my pretty maid,
And why are you so merry?"

"I'm doing the Annual," she said,
"In the old library."

"Is it hard to do?" I, laughing, ask,
Then she, with cheeks like roses,

"Indeed, it is a harder task
Than any one supposes."

"Then let me come and work with you,"
Eagerly I pleaded,

"For if it is so hard to do,
I am sure more help is needed."

"Oh, many, many thanks to you,
But, I pray you, do not worry;
There really isn't much to do,
And—we are in no hurry."

Then, eagerly, away she ran
To the old library,
Where, waiting, sat a grave young man,
Of girlish charms unwary.

And there they worked with heart and hand,
And now and then their brains;
And thought, and wrote, and drew, and planned,
Heedless of time—and trains.

When she his sage advice resisted,
He, in accents soft and mild,
Upon his wise ideas insisted,
Saying, "But you must, dear child!"

Then she tossed her curly head—
This wilful little maid—
"Are you so very old," she said,
"That you must be obeyed?"

So she bantered him all day,
As saucy as could be,
Till in the end she had her way—
The Annual's done—and he?



An Album Leaf.

WRITTEN AT FAIRMOUNT

"Non alitex quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum,
Regmigüs subigit : si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni."

ALSUA EGLIEVA—

Signorina Susie DuBose,
J. de Zielinski.

Tempo de Valse.

The musical score is a handwritten manuscript for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The notation is dense and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and ornaments. Performance instructions are written throughout the score, including "con calore", "f", "sabbando mp ff", and "creca". The score is written in a style characteristic of late 19th or early 20th-century musical manuscripts.

When We Are Old.

The promise that its springtime leaves entwine,
The rare sweet fruit that comes of vintage laughter,
The fragrant purple life blood of the vine,
Among the autumn's gold,
Are good—or long years after,
There were no flavor to the wine
When it is old.

Were there no promise in our youth outshown,
Nor prophecy in all our songs or laughter,
E'en though we know our soul's desire our own,
And life yields gold:
No! Not long years after
Would the heart's wealth be known—
When we are old.

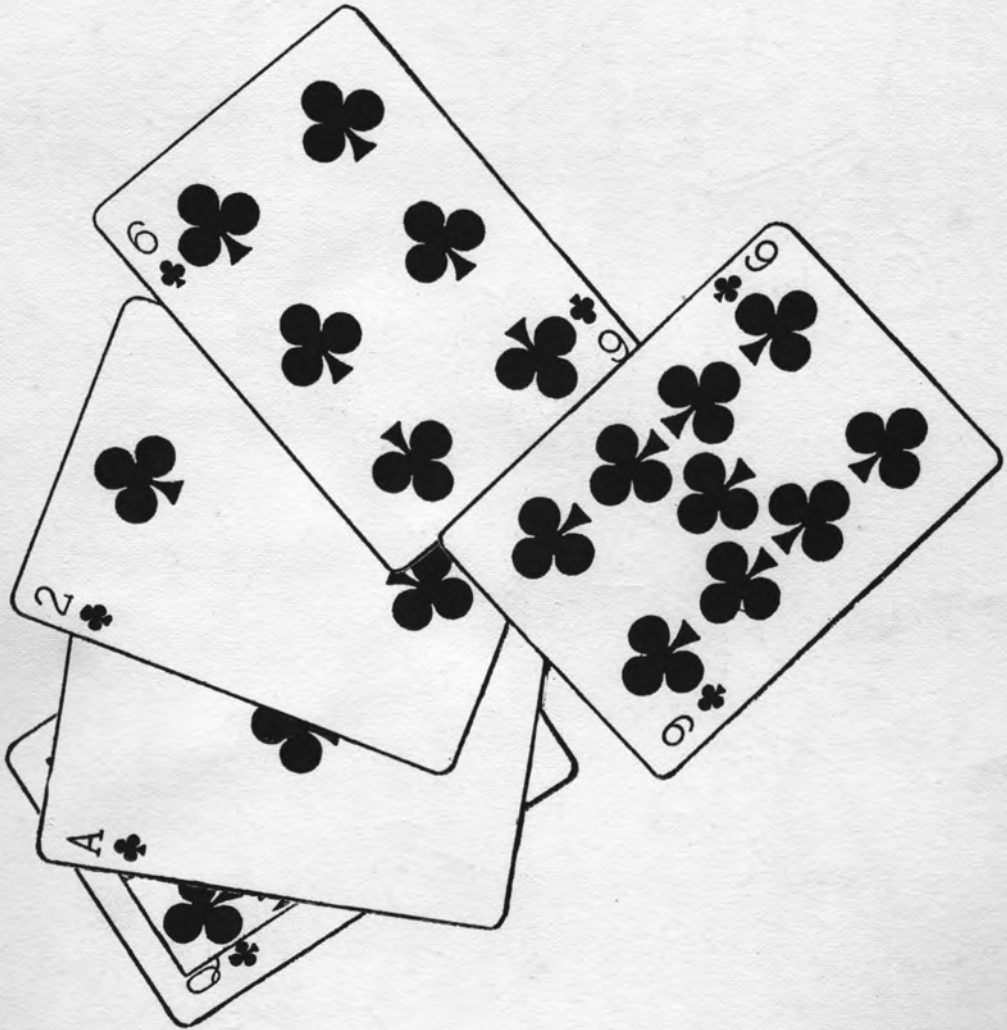
The springtime sunshine on the blooming vine,
The summer's ripening glow and heat,
The out-pressed juices at the year's decline,
Among the autumn's gold,
Must be—or never rich and sweet
The flavor of the wine
When it is old.

Our youth must show its buds of promise fair,
Our songs and laughter blossom in their time,
Our souls must some fruition wondrous bear,
The future to unfold,
Or, never to its prime
Will come the heart-wine rare,
When we are old.

W.



BASKETBALL TEAM



BASKETBALL



Basketball Teams.

TEAMS: Blue—White.

Blue: CAPTAIN MARGUERITE ADOUE FULLER.

POLLY BROOKS.	AGNES OLIVER.
RAY BROOKS.	ALICE OLIVER.
RACHEL BENJAMIN.	LADY PEARL OLIVE.
HENRIETTA GLOVER.	MARY STARR.
ALBERTA LEWIS.	NELL STANDING.
ADELINE LEWIS.	ANNIS VAN HOOSE.

DAPHNE YATES.

White: CAPTAIN JULIA PORCHER STEELE.

KATHERINE AVES.	JULIA FINLAYSON.
ZEMULA DOOLEY.	BESSIE GRAVES.
LOUISE BOLINGER.	FLORENCE KAMPER.
IVY GASS	KATHLEEN ROBERTSON.
MARY GOODRICH.	KATE TAYLOR.
ALICE GOODRICH.	EDNA WILBURN.

Umpire: MISS MAY DUBOSE.

Timekeeper: MISS CATHERINE BROOKS.



TENNIS



BASKETBALL TEAM

The Walking Club.

MOTTO: "Men may come and men may go, but we go on forever."

COLOR
Écru (dust).

AIM
To reach the "White House."

Parade between 4.30 and 5.30 on the "Boulevard" in search of the
Beauties of Nature.

PARTY FACTIONS.
The charmingly cheerfuls.
The dismal dissenters.
The lazy lagers.
The excepted few.

Officers

CHIEF INSTIGATOR
Our Principal.

PROPELLER
Whoever happens to be "It."

Membership includes whole school except S. M. J.

The Great Expectations.

A LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB.

Officers.

PRESIDENT.

SECRETARY.

The Chit Chat Editors.

Debates for 1901=02.

Resolved, That woman should propose.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.

Resolved, That country life is better than city life.

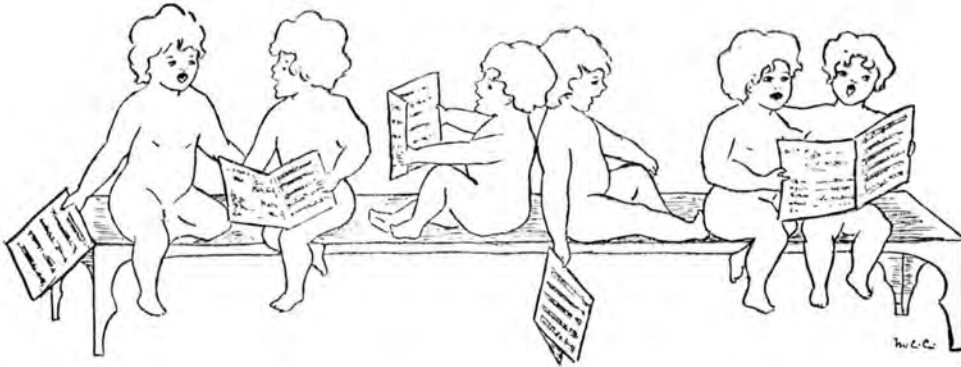
Decision in favor of the negative.

Resolved, That the present great diffusion of literature
is unfavorable to Depth of Thought.

Decision in favor of the negative.

Resolved, That the reign of Elizabeth was more
glorious than that of Victoria.

Decision in favor of the negative.



Choral Class.

In thy song I on ly hear — The ech o, — the
 The ech
 The ech
 ech o, — the ech o of a tone — From *pp*
 o, — the ech o, the ech o of a tone — From *pp*
 o, — the ech o, the ech o of a tone — From *pp*
 days for ev - er, ev - er flown.
 days for ev - er, ev - er flown.
 days for ev - er, ev - er flown.

Choral Class.

Directress,

FRAULINE ETHALA DAHALTHA.

Leading Soprano,

MLLE. IVI DUWELGASSI.

Mezzo Soprano,

SENORITA MARGUERITA FUELLA.

Contralto,

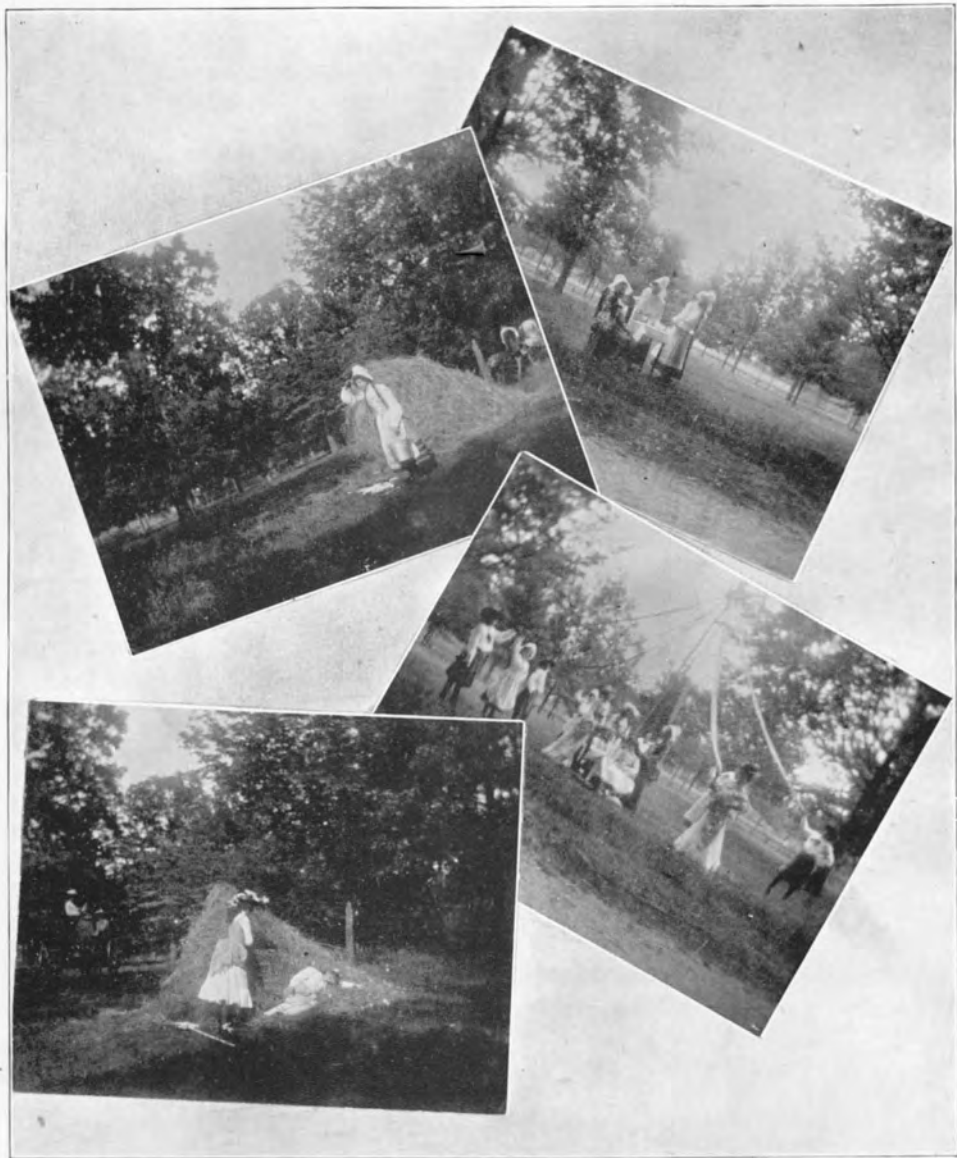
LOUISA RACHEL BIENGAVILLE.

Tenor,

HENRI BRAGADOCIO GLAVORO.

Basso,

EDDIO WILBURNEZZI.



KODAKS OF THE OPERETTA "BO-PEEP"

Dramatic Club.

Miss Julia Elstner Rogers....., Director.

Miss Ethel Hall..... Musical Director.

Little Bo-Peep—A Pastoral Operetta.

Thanksgiving, 1901.

Repeated May, 1902.

CAST:

Little Bo-Peep (the shepherdess who is always in luck)...Miss Adeline Lewis.

Netticote (a damsel who finds it better to laugh than be

sighing)..... { Kate Markham Brown.
Minnie Helen Standing.

Ladye Lea (the "gay ladye" of the castle).... { Mary Peronneau Owens.
Alice Oliver.

Mistress Mary (the mistress of the farm)..... { Madaline Holmes.
Mary Goodrich.

Gill (the maid with the milking pail).....Abbie Latham Cleveland.

Cockle-Shell } ("Fair maids" who wait upon Mistress
Silver Bell }

Mary)..... { Marguerite Fuller.
Mary Carnes.

Boy-Blue (the cow-herd, always in mischief, generally in
disgrace).....Kathleen Robinson.

Taffy (the cook, fiery, like the element over which he
presides)Edna Wilburn.

Scenes from As You Like It

Under the direction of MISS JULIA ELSTNER ROGERS, July 26, 1902.

CAST:

Duke (living in exile)Olivia Gwynne Cox.

Frederick (brother to the Duke, and usurper of his domin-
ions).....Edna Wilburn.

Two sons of Sir Rowland de Bois: { Oliver.....Julia Porcher Steele.
Orlando.....Katherine Elizabeth Aves.

Sylvius (a shepherd).....Mary Starr.

Hymen.....Edna Wilburn.

Rosalind (daughter to the banished Duke).....Mary Conley Carnes.

Celia (daughter to Frederick).....Minnie Helen Standing.

Phebe (a country wench).....Marguerite Adoue Fuller.

The Guild.



ON Easter Monday of the year 1888 was organized the body which now bears the name of the Guild of the Holy Comforter. With the assistance of Miss Tilghman—at the time a member of the school faculty—regulations were decided on, the name was chosen, and the nature and purpose of the work to be undertaken was discussed.

Among the early presidents the most prominent name is that of Miss May Crosby, whose active and guiding influence bears fruit among the pupils of Fairmount to-day in the good work of the guild which has gone steadily forward.

Besides assistance in the way of money and clothes to the poor in the neighborhood, the Guild has from time to time added, with loving interest, to the adornment of the Chapel—the latest work being the setting up of a pipe-organ of great sweetness and fullness of tone, as a memorial to the late Isaac Winston.

The next step will be to enlarge the building by throwing out a niche for the organ, which at present occupies too much space.

Perhaps the most characteristic ceremony of the Guild is the expedition on every Thanksgiving Day to the houses of the poor in the immediate vicinity. Each girl bears a burden of gifts, many of her own making, to be distributed among the “widows and children.”

Each member of the Fairmount household is a member also of the Guild of the Holy Comforter, and there are never lacking loving hands to tend the altar, and loving hearts to bear always in view some purpose towards the care and improvement of the Chapel, which is the central point of the life of Fairmount.

The Junior Auxiliary.

THE Fairmount Branch of the Junior Auxiliary was organized in September, 1900, under the direction of Mrs. W. H. DuBose. The Branch, composed of eight or ten girls, has so far been interested chiefly in the study of missions. The first year of its organization a small Christmas box was sent to the Northern Indians. Last year the interest was in Central Florida, and an effort made to give a small isolated mission there a happy Christmas. The money collected has been sent to the United Offering.

"A Hint to the Wise."



It is told in a rhyme
How, once on a time,
Cupid impatient grew;
When this mischievous elf,
With a thought for himself,
Taught a man how to woo.

Now, this frolicsome youth
Has a very sweet tooth,
So a way he tried to find,
To get something better
Than the daily letter,
He could not read, being blind.

So dear little Dan
Wrote to the man
And told him a thing or so,
That all young men
Should know about when
They would a wooing go.

If you would learn, and you're not stupid,
How you best could aid blind Cupid;
To send your sweetheart fruit and candy,
Are the means you'd find most handy.

When your best girl out of town is,
You should send a box of Lowney's;
And if you wish to press your suit,
Follow this with a basket of fruit.

From lengthy missives let her rest—
(Nunnally's is far the best);
But if of that you cannot buy,
She would gladly Huyler's try.

Send not so many loving vows
(Best a pound or two of Plow's);
Make her fewer tender speeches,
But send her quick a box of peaches.

And, now, that you are on the track,
I hope you'll win her, Mr. Jack;
That she'll be kind and you'll not be stupid,
Is the wish of her friend,

CUPID.

DEAR DAN CUPID:

Your sweet letter
I've received and I feel better;
For the truth is, I was wondering
How to win that winsome maiden,
With her head so ringlet laden,
When your verses end my pondering.

Now, your message comes so handy,
I will surely send her candy;
Send her boxes by the score,
Send them till she wants no more,
Her, and all her friends galore,
Till to send them seems a bore.

Then I'll quickly change to peaches,
Unalloyed with tender speeches
(For you tell me they don't go);
Send her fruit by every express,
By the dozens, surely not less,
For I want to win her so.

And my license I will lengthen,
Send her dainties you don't mention,

For success must crown my wooing;
I will coax with books and flowers,
Make her home like fairy bowers,
So she won't resist my sueing.

By these wiles, and ~~may~~ maybe others,
Used by really desperate lovers,
Who have everything at stake,
I will woo the girl I love,
And by all the saints above,
Win her or my heart will break.

But without you I am helpless,
And my cherished cause is hopeless,
So I need you much, my dear friend;
For a true friend near my dear one
Can give "tips" for me to act on,
Which must triumph in the end.

Ne'er again will I be stupid,
Thanks to you, dear Dan. Cupid.

NOTE.—The cards are out.



The Orange and Blue.

"Winning this game will give us the championship," Meriwether says, pulling the lines over the four blacks that dash off with the purple-draped tallyho and its merry load.

"You seem confident of winning, but remember whom you are playing," and Joyce puts her hand under her cape to be sure the colors are safe.

"By the way, you are not wearing our colors," he says, looking down at the pretty figure in the gray tailor-made gown.

She draws her furs more closely around her and will not meet his eyes, while a wave of color dyes her throat and face. "We have so much of them, we are completely smothered in the mare we not?" she evades, touching the ribbon under her cape again.

"I want you to wear them for me," he adds, leaning toward her. "I think if anything could make them dearer to me it would be your wearing them. That would represent my life complete. What the dear old mater has not done for me, you have."

The horses know the road and do not need watching.

"You have seen how it is—women can always tell."

She glances over her shoulder uneasily and then up at him. He is very good to look at, she decides in that swift glance, and she is afraid he has grown fond of her during the weeks she has been in the quaint old college town. He has made it very pleasant for her. He dances divinely—well, he is altogether a charming fellow.

After all, it has been a long time, nearly a year and a half, since that night of the "Finals" in that other college town, when some one else asked her to wear his colors for his sake, and she let him pin them on her with the violets he had sent her. Then that other Thanksgiving game, a year ago today, and he had asked her a question—

"Won't you wear this?"—she starts—it is Meriwether's voice again. He holds out a knot and streamers of purple ribbon, with a gold heart to fasten it. His handsome eyes are very near her own, and very tender they are as he pleads, "Please hold the reins and let me pin them on—no one can see," as she looks over her shoulder again. It really did not matter, she thinks, taking the reins; it really did not matter, the other one is not on the team, and she knows none of the new fellows. Meriwether has been so kind and—

"There, I am satisfied for the present," he says, surveying the fluttering purple and the fair face so near his own as he takes the reins again.

Joyce feels guilty. Her conscience does not find the mingling of colors harmonious, but the other did not show and no one need know.

As the tally-ho rolls through the gate it is greeted by a rousing cheer from the Purples, and the old familiar yell answers lustily, Joyce following under her breath. How fast it makes her heart beat, and the quickening pulse sends the warm color to her cheeks.

"This is the only time I ever wish to be a man. I want to yell and be in it all. I feel as the old war horse does at the smell of powder and the call to 'Boots and Saddles,' eager for the fray," she says, her eyes dancing with excitement and her hands tightly clasping each other, as Meriwether swings the tally-ho close to the gridiron and brings the blacks to a stop.

Joyce stands up and looks for one tiny glimpse of the other colors, but there is nothing but purple. She feels a quick resentment at such partiality. How can the visiting team play against all that purple? The ribbon on her shoulder flutters across her face. She brushes it aside impatiently, petulantly, and in a moment would have shaken off the tyranny of purple, but Meriwether, standing behind her, catches the cape as it slips, and placing it carefully around her, smoothes the colors, saying softly:

"Will you make this an ideal Thanksgiving for me? I am daring to hope it will be the happiest of my life."

As Joyce turns to answer him she sees coming straight to them a man in the uniform of the visiting team. A splendidly built fellow, with an easy, swinging grace of movement and the conscious strength of an athlete. A blue cap is pushed back on the dark curls and his blue sweater shows to advantage his handsome figure. Joyce starts and tries to look unconscious, hoping Meriwether is not looking at the color she feels burning her face.

"MacLemore! unless I dream," cried one of the girls on the back seat.

"It is no dream, not even the 'stuff' dreams are made on, I fear, Miss Vaughan," laughs Maurice, shaking hands, and hurrying to Joyce's side with eager outstretched hand. Joyce leans forward with glad welcome in her eyes, but the eagerness in his gives way to cold surprise as he sees the ribbon on her shoulder. How can he know that underneath her cape she wears the orange and blue football badge he had given her. Then she

remembered Meriwether and incidentally her manners. After that somewhat trying introduction, Joyce asks quickly:

"How is it you are playing? You are not at the university now."

"No; but when Pendleton, my successor, the halfback, was hurt, the fellows wired me to come. I trained a bit, and here I am. Rather tough on Pen, but I am glad I am here." Then, glancing at the purple, he adds, in a tone not calculated to reach Meriwether's ears: "That is, I was glad until I saw this. You have forgotten your promise."

The referee's whistle sounds sharp and clear and he is gone.

The home team is in fine form and they are splendidly matched, but hold their own well—too well, Joyce thinks. She has scarcely breathed since the game began, and now the center rush has snapped the ball into MacLemore's arms. He makes a dash for the left of the struggling mass before him and is seized by the left tackle. He shakes him off only to rush into the arms of another and is downed, but the next instant he is up, and down the field he flies and—the "touchdown" is won!

In the exulting excitement of his triumph she forgets Meriwether and is about to discard the purple disguise again, but the sudden thought of how little, how contemptible to display the winning colors in the face of their victory stops her.

All through the game Joyce has seen but one figure, strong and graceful; one head, with waving black hair; one face, with the determined jaw and eager, watchful eyes. There is not much chance for her favoritism to be noticed, as, at the end of the first half, the score stands even. Meriwether leans back and looks at Joyce.

"Is MacLemore an old friend of yours?" he asks.

"Yes—that is—I have met him at the 'Finals,' and often in Richmond. He was a college mate of my brother's—you know—and"—she does not finish.

"Yes—I understand," Meriwether says. If Joyce were looking at him she would know what the understanding means to him.

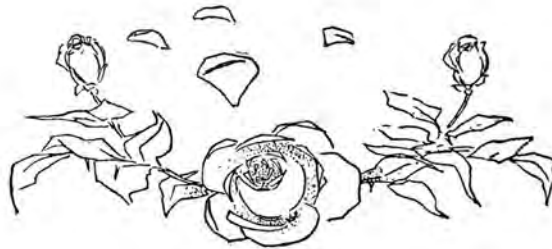
And now he watches MacLemore, too, and regrets that he gave up athletics for extra Greek this year. How he would enjoy being in the thickest of that scrimmage, matching his strength against that other's—women adore strength and triumphs. He has ceased to watch the game. What matters it if the Championship is lost, when—what he holds most dear is not to be won!

Suddenly Joyce starts with a stifled cry, her face is white, and her lips are drawn, while her eyes are strained with intense gaze. He looks at the field, then puts his hand on hers to call her to herself. The lines have closed together, and the mass of human flesh is going down the field—all save one—who is lying with his arm doubled under him, and gives no signs of life. It is but the work of an instant to put him on a stretcher and carry him from the field. Joyce turns to Meriwether, the mute appeal in her face banishing all doubt and hope.

“I will take you to him,” he says quietly. He gives the reins to one of the men, and as he lifts her down he sees the colors beneath her cape—and again he understands. The forgotten purple lies under her foot; he stoops quickly and puts it in his pocket.

As they go Miss Vaughan says: “They were engaged—Joyce and MacLemore, I mean—not Meriwether,” and the girl at her side leans back with a smile and a sigh that may have meant relief.

When they reach the dressing room the doctor comes out and for a moment Meriwether leaves her and follows him. His smile reassures her as he returns and opens the door. He sees the white face on the pillow turn to them, a quick, rapturous light comes into the grey eyes; she goes in, and he closes the door softly.



Spring.



NOTHING could be more naturally perfect than the picture which is presented to us by this Southern garden in the freshness of early spring! Standing at the fartherest gate to the right of the building, one gets a better and prettier view of the grounds in general than from any other point. When one looks across the beautiful lawn, so evenly laid out, it seems hard to believe that the scene is real; for surely you have never seen elsewhere, save in painting, that soft rich green stretching away into the distance like a green carpet, with the shadows playing gently and lovingly over it.

The tall maples, prouder of their new spring foliage than others of their race, toss their shapely leaves in triumph, and bend graciously to the breezes that linger near them. With the clear blue heavens overhead and the golden flecks of sunlight stealing through the branches, the picture needs no touch of coloring, no trace of outline, to make it more charming than it is!

But there is another picture, more rare, and even more lovely, that lingers in one's mind, not as an attractive scene, but more as a passing dream—for such it was. It was when the soft, warm air of a Southern springtime first began to call one out for the enjoyment of all that was beautiful in Nature; when all things gave of their best as an offering to the Goddess of Spring, and last, but most of all, when the apple trees were rich with blossoms! This is the picture as it has remained to one who not only loved it, but appreciated the rarity of its beauty!

It was a mild, balmy evening; the sky was cloudless except for two or three baby clouds, more like powder puffs than anything else, which had arisen, as it seemed, for no other purpose than to float around in the heavens and to be made to blush a most delicate pink by the sun's last ardent caress. There was the tenderest, warmest, glow over our orchard that evening; everything smiled in the face of the setting sun, and with the gnarled old trees thickly clothed with snowy apple blossoms, the scene was one of perfection!

Nothing could have been more soft, more dreamy, than that orchard, so pure and white that it seemed almost like a heavenly host come down to earth for brief space of time! Outlined clearly against the evening sky, each little blossom stood out for itself and looked almost ready to speak.



KODAK PICTURES

There were so many trees of them, and all so lovely, that one felt afraid to look at them too hard for fear of the picture vanishing! In the distance we could hear the musical tinkle of cow-bells, and soon, over all there came a calm, a peacefulness, a solemnity not of earth, that seemed, as slowly we fell under the sacred influence of that place, to draw us closer and nearer to God!



An Ascension Day Picnic.

Ascension Day dawned bright and clear,
The day we took our outing,
That e'en before the rising bell
For gladness we were shouting.

With wraps, directions, and advise,
We piled in wagons three,
And mingled with the Fairmount yells
Were those of Sewanee.

At last the Rift was safely reached,
The view and water-fall
In quiet rapture were surveyed,
And praised by one and all.

We wandered down the mountain side,
And followed up the stream,
When suddenly there came a splash
And then an awful scream.

We fished her out in gallant style,
Midst lots of jokes and fun
While inward laughter shook our frames,
We dried her in the sun.

We found it harder coming back,
For it was difficult to climb,
But inward weakness and distant shouts
Told us 'twas dinner time.

When our repast was over
We spread out far and wide,
We examined ferns and "blackberry blossoms"
All down the mountain side.

We each found out a shady nook,
And used our hats to fan,
There were snakes and things on every side.
Which turned out to be human.

And so we passed a happy day
Until the sun went down,
Then into our wagons piled
And drove back into *town*.

And after all was over,
All things done and said,
I think that every one was glad
To get at last to bed.



An Adventure.

Let me beg to announce at the beginning, that I am a, hitherto, very unoffending man. A German, and not generally spoken of as handsome. The duties of my profession and those brought about in my various relations to my fellowmen I have tried to perform as becomes one who bears no particular grudge against humanity. But man can never know what fate may have in store for him, or what sort of creature events may prove him to be.

But on to my story. There is one page of my life upon which I look back with doubt, fear, and bewilderment. On that night I appeared in the garb of a thief and assassin; at least— But you may judge for yourself.

One day in the early spring of —, my profession, which is that of an organ builder, called me to a small town in the heart of the Tennessee mountains. Having completed my work there I was informed that my services were desired by another party in a smaller place some few miles up the railroad. In response to the summons I started out one evening expecting to arrive at my destination in about thirty minutes. However, on account of an unusual delay, it was nine o'clock before the train pulled up and the conductor tapped me on the shoulder with his "Your place, sir." Folding up my newspaper and taking my hand satchel, which was all the luggage I carried, I alighted at what seemed in the darkness a very desolate spot in the woods. The night was exceedingly threatening, but accustoming my eyes somewhat to the darkness, I discovered myself to be on a long platform, opposite to which I could make out the dim line of a fence, and behind it some long, low buildings. Groping my way toward these I succeeded in falling down some six or eight steps from the platform to the ground. Rather stunned, I arose and saw for the first time, shining through the trees, a light in one corner of the building. Towards this I made my way.

The room from which the light shone appeared to be a hall of some kind. I knocked on the large front door, but received no answer. Again I knocked. No answer. So, as it seemed a public entrance I pushed the door open and started in. Now, I am naturally bashful of women, and when I beheld that whole room full of them, all apparently deep in their books, I hastily withdrew myself, muttering an apology and sincerely hoping that my intrusion had not been noticed.

For some time I searched around for another entrance and found none. But there were two windows, one on each side of the door which I had entered, and, wishing to reconnoitre, I raised myself up to one of the sills and looked in. Bang! went the inside blinds, startling me from my perch. The quick bang! bang! of other slamming blinds convinced me that I had created some sort of disturbance. What was left for me to do? A total stranger, I knew nothing of the place. The little town I had left was miles away. Besides, the night was growing stormy. Make myself known I must. That was clear. So, putting all fears in my pocket, I knocked loudly, and turned the knob to walk boldly in. With an awful rattle and clatter the door flew open.

With a swift glance in my direction and one shriek of horror the young women rose in a body and fled. Quicker than thought the room was cleared, save for myself blinking in the full glare of the lamps, one young lady who sat petrified with fear, and two others who, white and wild-eyed, were on their knees tangled in some benches at the far end of the room. Had I happened on an asylum for the demented? I have heard that those who are affected with any trouble of the brain are unusually strong physically, while I was *one* man and unarmed. But remembering how once long ago I had thrashed a boy for calling me a coward, I advanced with a firm step, though a fearful heart, to a platform, where there stood awaiting me a tall, dark woman. I knew not whether she was in charge of the others or whether, being crazed herself, she only awaited my approach to fall upon me in one of those fits of rage to which I have heard the mildest looking of lunatics are prone.

All after this is a blur. I know I was taken unharmed to a room, but how I reached it or when I know not. My mind could not grasp trifles. In the whirl of thoughts I could only wonder whether *I* were crazy or they. Whether I had only intended asking my way in the night or whether I had really meditated murder and theft.

The question I have never decided. On that point my mind has never cleared. I *think* that I remained at the place a day or two and that I put an organ there. But I don't know. I can't be sure. My poor brain retains only the one impression of that flying, shrieking mass of skirts and pompadours which, on my opening the door, seemed to hurl itself into—heaven knows where!

WHAT HY HEN HERE



- What does Louise mean by the proper p-Sa-l-m?
Why do we know that even in our solemn chants "variety is a spice"?
Where is Daphne's lost chord?
Why does Marye pray to the clock in botany class?
When did some girls in No. 9 call a pot of candy "nothing"?
Why does the French class insist on keeping the same seats every day?
Where was the reverend "senior" when the light went out?
When did the moonlit roof serve as a boulevard for Gracey and the Steer?
Where is our "Co-Ed" at?
What article of silver plate does A. L. C. take her music lesson with?
Why, O why were telephones ever invented?
When did Ray have wrath and indignation for dessert?
Why did B. M. H. come back "Fi-n(al)lay" from Commencement holidays?
Why are the well and the library porch so popular on Monday afternoons?
Where does E. W. get so many styles of coiffure?
What is the one bone of contention in No. 8?
What rare bird is quite a "pet" at Fairmount?
Why do C. and H. hate the six miles between Fairmount and *the One* at
S—?
What is the real use for a shoe buttoner in No. 17?
Why is "Grandfather" more favored than other poor mortals?

An Unintentional Contribution.

WACO, TEXAS, July 5, 1902.

The Business Manager of the Fairmount Book:

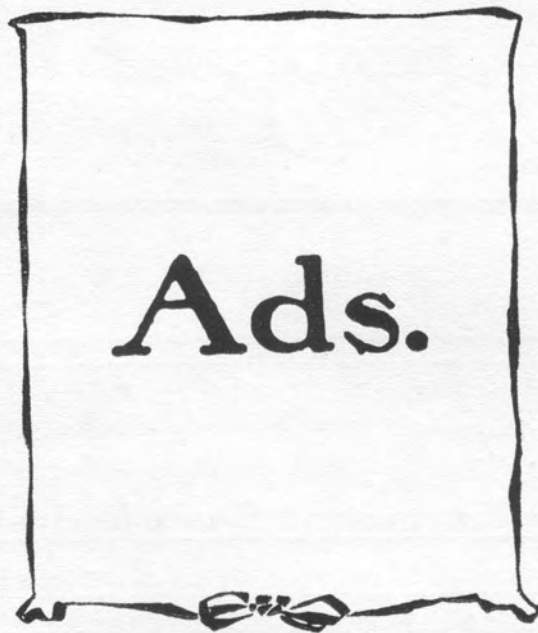
MY DEAR MADAM—Whether it is that fools and their money soon part, or my instinct for good literature, or that the value of your work has been so vividly impressed upon my mind, by your interesting and well gotten up prospectus, that has been the potent factor in securing my name as a volunteer upon your list of subscribers to the "Fairmount Book," I am unable to say for the reason that my mother attributes it to the first named, myself to the second, and you to the last.

You notice I order only one volume of this masterpiece of Southern embryo, effeminate genius; as I am an old (?) bachelor, with no hopes or prospects of changing "Bachelor" for "Hubby" in the immediate future, I can see no necessity of making my order for a greater number.

Pardon me if I am consuming too much of your valuable time, but as all literature, regardless of its merits or demerits, appeals to me and springs a leak in my storage room of hot air; I can no more cease with merely giving you my autograph and one dollar and a quarter (\$1.25), than the Southern girl can remain hidden under a bushel; and it is with hearty approval that I note your light so shining before men as to guide them to the birthplace, home, and heritage of "Time's noblest offspring"—Woman—"Dixie."

Dict.—J. B. G.





Ads.



SPENCER JUDD

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE
PHOTOGRAPHER

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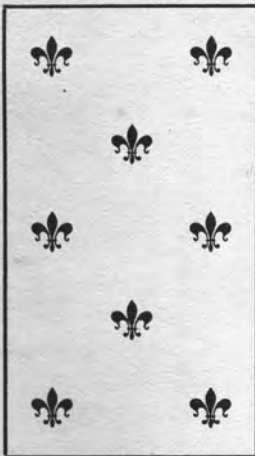
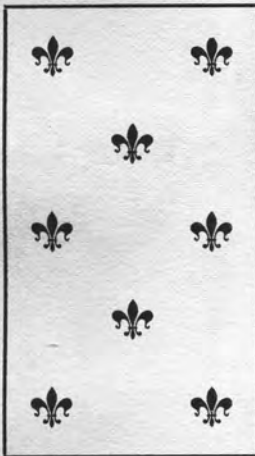
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Correspondence

"Leavenworth."

To the Query Box:

In reply to "F. G. G. P." of Petersburg, Tenn., I send a song "Leavenworth." It was written by A. D. Fillmore and can be found in the "Harp of Zion." J. H. NARON.
2707 Twelfth Avenue, South.

Time speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflet here,
Drop like the fireblood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from our cheek departs,
The tresses from our temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that
blessed.

And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he;
Like fiery speed from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Adversity.

I heard it howling in the night,
The sturdy winter weather;
I heard it whispering of blight,
Of biting snows, cold-breasted, white,
Of crisp and ruined heather.

I heard it laughing in the click
Of freezing water waiting,
Defiant, sparkling, tempting, sleek,
The subtle laughter of the creek
With daring lovers skating.

I heard it roaring bold and strong,
The bitter, brisk December;
I heard it sobbing all along,
In riot wind and wave and song
Of glad things to remember.

Of eager lip and burning cheek,
And lovers, fond words saying;
I heard it mocking laugh, and speak
Of hearts that yearn and burn and
break,
In summertime and Maying.

And oh, I heard it sing of life
Grown great through dire disaster;
Of strength deep-rooted in the strife,
Of courage, nursed where need is rife,
That still is life's great master.
—W. A. D.

In the Dark.

Did you ever hear a child's low crying
in the dark?

Did you hear the startled silence pause
and hark—

And night jar gently with the sun
den, vibrant break?

And have you heard the voice
wakened, warm Love speak?

And, hearing, have you thought how
often in the night

God's older children wake and cry on
in their fright—

With fears as great, as childish, as
are childhood's fears?

And have you thought how, as a
father hears, God hears?

As little children, frightened, crying
in their sleep.

So His poor tired ones in the darkness
wake and weep,

And like small children, fearful of
the dark's grim face,

They lie and tremble in their shad-
ow-haunted place—

Afraid of that which may be, or that
which has been.

The toll, the want and doubt, the trag-
edy of sin—

And if they, too, like children, would
but think to call,

How surely would their Father hear,
and, hearing, comfort all.

—W. A. D.

Change.

In summer when the lilies bloom,
And softly sings the valley,
When laughing zephyrs woo the sun
And with the green grass dally,
And Joy goes singing all the day—
Love lingers, in the path of Ma-

In winter when the birds are gone,
And harshly shrills the river,
When midnight mocks the face of
down.

And song has fled forever—
Love, vagrant 'neath the barren sky,
Forsaken lays him down to die.

And flowers will wake again, I know,
And birds come homeward winging;
Old summer's face again will glow,
With radiant rapture singing.

But Love, with bitter coldness slain,
Mixe, alas—Love cometh not again.
—W. A. D.

A Tin Wedding Toast.

I hope that life still has for you
Great joys to garner in;
That peace and plenty may be yours,
And heaping loads of tin.

The sort of tin we read about,
That never gathers rust;
The sort you sometimes hear described
As "Change," or "Dough," or "Dust."

I hope, wherever you may go,
Warm friendships you shall win;
And life always be brimming full
Of wedded bliss and—tin.
—W. A. D.

IT DOES ME GOOD.

When the days are hot and burning,
And the earth to dust is turning;
When the cicada's voice is rasping,
And songless birds with heat are
gasping;

When the sun is brass and the sky is
copper,
And much of a burden is each grass-
hopper,
I love to think of a clear mountain
pool.

Where game fish lurk and the air is
cool—
A restful nook in the deep green-
wood—
It does me good.

When the snow is packed and deep
Over the plains and mountain steep;
When out of the north the wind comes
bitter,
And pendant icicles coldly glitter;
When under a shroud lies buried the
river,

And suffering cattle mutely shiver,
I love to think of a Southern shore,
Of a tarpon's leap and the ocean's
roar—
Alluring spot, where once I've stood—
It does me good.

Consolation.

Sometimes, when darkness holds the
world,

I dream that you are near;
I softly call, if it might be
That you can hear, and answer me,
Dear heart, if you can hear.

And sometimes, when the shadows lift,
Against the far sky's blue,

I watch the bold sun leap to life,
And through the strain and stress and
strife.

I call aloud to you.

In shadow-time I know you near,
But in that sterner hour
Of strife and struggle and distress,
Lone wanderings in Toll's wilderness,
I need your presence more.

Come to me in the silence's spell,
When spirit voices hail;

But in the tragic, fateful day,
Draw nearer still, abide and stay,
What time my courage fall.

In Training.

It's time ter mend de stockin's, chill',
En learn ter say de prayers;

It's time ter say "I lay me down,"
When sent ter bed upstairs.

It's time ter keep de faces clean,
And not be cross en close en mean.

It's time ter keep de hair brushed out
En come straight home fum school
En fotch in coal en kindlin', too.

En min' mammy's rule,
Else will dat stockin' Christmas morn
Be empty, shore-ex-you-is-born.

—W. A. D.

Forecast.

I heard the bleak December wind
Come howling down the dale;
I heard the sobbing of the stream,
I heard the startled wild bird's scream,
Against the gathering gale.

I saw the glowing red sun pale,
Along the rose and violet fade,
I saw the gathering purple shade,
Along the river's breast.

I saw the glad day sink to rest
Among the old, old years;
I saw the naked winter weep,
I saw the violets stir in sleep,
The young grass bathed in tears.

I heard the sullen waters sing,
The birds come winging back;
I heard the laughing leaves awake,
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The young Spring in its track.

I heard the slumbering sap arise
Along the wakening vine;
I felt the sunlight's warning shaft,
I drank a golden, bubbling draught
Of spring, as fine as wine.
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Kitty Wells.

(Words supplied by several readers as
requested in November issue.)

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
Why he am like others am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek,
From early morn till close of day?
My-story, darkey, you shall hear:
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus:

While the birds were singing in the morn-
ing,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in
bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in her tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells;
But death came in my cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom.
The springtime has no charms for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

"Mortality."

To the Query Box:
In the Banner recently was published
the poem, "Mortality," commonly called
"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal
Be Proud." The seventh verse was
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The sinner who dared to remain unfor-
given;

The wise and the foolish, the guilty
and the just,

Have quietly mingled their bones in
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The fifth verse should read:

The hand of the king that the scepter
bath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre
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The eye of the sage and the heart of
the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of
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This was Abraham Lincoln's favorite
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Time speeds away, away, away, Like torrent in a stormy day, He undermines the stately tower, Uproots the tree and snaps the flower, And sweeps from our distracted breast The friends that loved, the friends that blessed.

And leaves us weeping on the shore, To which they can return no more.

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And oh, I heard it sing of life Grown great through dire disaster; Of strength deep-rooted in the strife, Of courage, nursed where need is rife, That still is life's great master. —W. A. D.

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With fears as great, as childish, as are childhood's fears? And have you thought how, as a father hears, God hears?

As little children, frightened, crying in their sleep, So His poor tired ones in the darkness wake and weep, And like small children, fearful of the dark's grim face,

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When the sun is brass and the sky is copper, And much of a burden is each grass-hopper, I love to think of a clear mountain pool,

Where game fish lurk and the air is cool— A restful nook in the deep green-wood— It does me good.

When the snow is packed and deep Over the plains and mountain steep; When out of the north the wind comes bitter, And pendant icicles coldly glitter;

When under a shroud lies buried the river, And suffering cattle mutely shiver, I love to think of a Southern shore, Of a tarpon's leap and the ocean's roar— Alluring spot, where once I've stood— It does me good. —A. W.

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Sometimes, when darkness holds the world,

I dream that you are near; I softly call, if it might be That you can hear, and answer me, Dear heart, if you can hear.

And sometimes, when the shadows lift, Against the far sky's blue, I watch the bold sun leap to life, And through the strain and stress and strife, I call aloud to you.

In shadow-time I know you near, But in that sterner hour Of strife and struggle and distress, Lone wanderings in Toll's wilderness, I need your presence more.

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I often wish that I was dead And laid beside her in the tomb; The sorrow that bows down my head Is silent in the midnight gloom. The springtime has no charms for me, Though flowers are blooming in the dells, For that bright form I do not see, 'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

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The fifth verse should read:

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn; The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

This was Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem. J. W. WEILER.

Two Poems.

To the Query Box:
I enclose two poems which I should like to see published in the Query Box—"The Land of Little Children" and "The Old Hymns." R. G. VAUGHAN.
1103 Fatherland street, Nashville.

THE LAND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

The land of little children will be Paradise for me.
When I have met the Pilot at the border of the sea,
I want no other heaven than to be transplanted there,
To rest my weary spirit from the sorrow and the care.
The land of little children, I have dreamt of it to-day—
Beyond a gate of roses, in the rosy vales of May:
The music singing through it of their laughter and their song,
And troops of dancing playmates, that have never done me wrong.
The land of little children will be Eden when I go
To know the golden secrets that I'll someday have to know,
And I shall count the moments, with impatience, till my friend
Leans down to lead me onward to the light that marks the end.
The land of little children—I have thought of it through tears,
Amid the roaring tempest and the warfare of the years,
And I shall ask no heaven any brighter than will be
That land my Pilot takes me when I meet him by the sea.
—Baltimore Sun.

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots of music in the hymns of long ago,
And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know
I sorter want to take a hand; I think of days gone by—
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye.
There's lots of music in 'em, those dear sweet hymns of old,
With visions of bright lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear them singing, singing, where memory dreaming stands,
From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands.
They seem to sing forever, of holier, sweeter days,
Where the lilies of the love of God bloomed in all the ways,
And I want to hear their music from the old-time meeting rise,
Till I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.
We hardly needed singing books, in them old days we knew,
The words, the tunes of every one, the dear old hymn book through.
We had no flaming trumpets then, no organs built for show,
We only sang to praise the Lord, from whom all blessings flow.
And so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come,
Before my light has left me and my singing lips are dumb,
If I can only hear 'em then I'll pass without a sigh
To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Solitaire.

The glad earth bared her beauty to his gaze;
As blue as Aaron's robe, the warm skies shone;
The vibrant birds, the wild bees' drowsy drone,
The singing brooks and sun's benignant rays
Brought light and song and laughter for his ways;
Youth laughed for him, and age, whose cares were done,
Yet still, as one born blind, he moved alone,
A solitary spirit all his days.
Earth has no gift of joy to hurl at life;
Nature no pictured page for blinded eyes;
Contentment is the strong-born child of Strife,
And only he who sees may read the skies.
The soul that would joy's heavenly presence see,
Receptive to the vision first must be.
—W. A. D.

SAND WILL DO IT.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day;
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On the slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track;
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flush-town at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.
—Richmond, Ind., Register.

Still a Sportsman.

If once we'd a feminine Cupid,
The milliner's purse would grow fat;
For maidens would know
That a dart from the bow
Would fly to the prettiest hat.

Put Cupid is still of the gender
That deems scattered shots a disgrace;
A hat is to him
But the outermost rim,
A bullseye, the prettiest face.
—Eunice Ward, in Judge.

"My Boy."

To the Query Box:
A few years ago I was spending a lonely birthday in a hotel in Shreveport, La. A letter from my mother brought the enclosed poem. I have had many requests for a copy. Will you kindly publish same?
ALVA LEE KELTON.
Nashville, Tenn.

My boy, you cease to come at night
To gladly climb upon my knee;
Your childhood days have taken flight,
And soon you will be leaving me;
I may not greet you with a kiss,
Lest I your manhood should offend;
But, oh, my boy, remember this:
That I remain your staunchest friend.

Your work is waiting for your hand;
The world will call to you ere long
To serve or to assume command,
To show if you are weak or strong;
Upon your rung your foot is set;
God give you courage to ascend;
But, well or ill, do not forget
That I remain your staunchest friend.

My boy, your playtime soon shall be
A pleasant memory no more,
But in your need come back to me,
Nor pause to knock upon my door;
The world will strive to break your will;
Your trust in sorrow oft will end;
But, come what may, remember still
That I remain your faithful friend.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Growled the grumpy old man in the chimney side,
For cross as a bear was he;
"What a gloomy old world is this," he cried,
"With the wind, the wave, the sun and the tide,
All burdened with misery."

"Oh, a gloomy old world is this world of ours,"
And bare as a bone," he said;
"There's a bite in the breeze, a chill in the showers,
And thorns on all of the best of the flowers,
And I almost wish I were dead."

And the warm sun heard, and the shadows, too,
And the bold wind brazenly laughed,
When he called to the housemaid passing through,
"Shut the door and get out of here, instantly, you,
You fool, I am feeling the draught."

And he wheezed all day, and he sneezed all night,
Did the grumpy old man in his den;
If it wasn't too dark it was still too light,
And nothing on top of the earth was right,
To the trumpety, grumpety man.

"My cup is a cup of the bitterest rue,"
Wailed the grumpy old tiresome man,
"And this is the truth that I'm telling to you,
Everything falls that I set out to do,
Like bubbles bursts every plan."

And the good Lord heard him, and—"Leave him to me,
I think he is needing a slap;
And I'll rake him and shake him, and wake him, maybe,
With something to really fret about, see?"
This crotchety, grumpy old chap."

So he sent the rough wind, and the cold rain fell,
Came the bite of the wild-beating snow;
And the old fellow sighed, what a pitiful tale!—
"Oh, for the days when the world was well,
And the joys that I used to know!"
—W. A. D.

Correspondence

A War Poem.

To the Query Box:
Will you publish the enclosed poem? I have preserved it since first published fifty years ago and believe it will be of interest to many.
MRS. M. W. HUMPHREYS.
Madison, Tenn.

My love reposes in a rosewood frame,
A "bunk" have I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same,
Mine is straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep with scarce a sigh,
With waking eyes I watch the hours
Creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state,
And so do I (?)
The richest viands flank her silver plate,
Course grub have I;
Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake,
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam,
Three acres I;
She goes abroad, or quiet sits at home,
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night!
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between
My love and I,
To her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh,
And hope with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead, we'll one day meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then,
Her love-lit eye
Will all my troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward Rob from Johnson's Isle.
—ASA HARTZ.

Written while a prisoner on Johnson's Island.

IF I WERE SELLING.

WALT MASON.

(Reprinted from System.)

If I were selling nails or glass
Or pills or shoes or garden "sass"
Or honey from the beehive—
Whatever line of goods were mine,
I'd study up the special line
And know its history.

If I a stock of rags should keep,
I'd read up sundry books on sheep,
And wool, and how it grows.
Beneath my old bald, freckled roof
I'd store some facts on warp and woof,
And other things like those.

I'd try to know a spinning-jack
From patent churn or wooden rack,
A loom from hog-tight fence:
And if a man came in to buy,
And asked some leading question, I
Could answer with some sense.

If I were selling books, I'd know
A Shakespeare from an Edgar Poe,
A Carlyle from a Pope;
And I would know Fitzgerald's rhymes
From Charles Garvice's brand of crimes,
Or Charlie Peace's rope.

If I were selling shoes, I'd seize
The fact that on gooseberry-trees
Good leather doesn't grow;
That shoe-pegs do not grow like oats,
That cowhide doesn't come from goats,
Such things I'd surely know.

And if I were a grocer man,
I'd open now and then a can
To see what stuff it held.
'Twere better than to write in wool
And make reply, "I didn't know,"
When some mad patron yelled.

I hate to hear a merchant say:
"I think that this is splendid hay;
I guess it's first-class tea."
He ought to know how good things are
If he would sell his silk or tar
Or other goods to me.

Oh, knowledge is the stuff that wins.
The man without it soon begins
To get his trade in kinks.
No matter where a fellow goes,
He's valued for the things he knows,
Not for the things he thinks.

I have no little stockings
To hang up at Christmastide;
I have no little childish voices
To ring out on the Christmas air;
But buried deep within my bosom
I have a sad and lonely heart,
And in the corner close beside me
Sits my dear one's vacant chair.

This heart of mine, Oh, how it hunger
For a kind and tender word
As I look on this bright world about
me,
But my longings are unheard;
But while I am so very lonely
In my little cottage home,
My thoughts go out to others
And the little ones who are alone

And I know behind those bright eyes
Full of soft and tender light,
Lies hidden sorrow's saddest story
I can gladden Christmas night,
So I send this contribution:
Place it, "Good Fellows," where you
think right;

Then my heart will beat the lighter
To know those little ones are happy
Christmas night.

MRS. NETTIE GRAVES DRAPER,
1111 Douglas ave., Nashville, Tenn

"Sweet Evangeline."

To the Query Box:
I think "E. L. L.," Nashville, Tenn.,
asks for the words of "Evangeline,"
instead of "Dear Evalina." I give
them from memory.
MISS TEMPIE COOPER,
Shelbyville, Tenn.

Sweet Evangeline! My lost Evange-
line!
We have lived and loved each other
fond and true,
Ever true to thee, tho' far away I've
been,
My heart has ever dwelt with you.
But oh, those happy days will ne'er
return.
These happy days that we have seen,
For I am left to weep alone, my sweet
Evangeline!

I am lonely now, my dear Evangeline!
The days are long, the nights are
sad and drear,
And how changed, alas, each well re-
membered scene.
Since you and I were sitting here.
Alas, you never more will smile on
me,
And life is now a sad, sad dream,
I lived to love none else but thee,
My sweet Evangeline!

The chorus, I think, is a repetition
chiefly of "Sweet Evangeline."
A copy is also sent by Mrs. T. E.
Willis of Nashville, Tenn.

Correspondence

"Sweet Evalina."

To the Query Box:
I had hoped that some reader of the
Query Box would be able to give the
old song asked for by "E. L. L.," Nash-
ville, in the Banner of October 30. "E.
L. L." has the wrong title. The song
was "Sweet Evalina" instead of "Evan-
gelini," and was very popular in ante-
bellum days. The first verse ran some-
thing like this: (I don't know that I
quote it exactly; some words I can't re-
call at all.)

"Way down in the valley where the lily
first blows,
And the wind from the mountain never
ruffles the rose,
Lives dear Evalina,
The pride of my heart, the girl that I
love.

Chorus—
"Sweet Evalina, dear Evalina, my love
for thee shall never, never die;
Sweet Evalina, dear Evalina, my love
for thee shall never, never die."

I hope this may throw enough light
on the matter to bring out the song.
V. L. WILLIAMS,
Birmingham, Ala.

"MRS. E. S." Nashville, Tenn.:
"Print the old song, 'Too Late,' that
begins, 'So you have come back to me,
you say.'"
A. Below is printed a newspaper
copy of the song:

So you have come back to me, you
say;
The old, old love is glowing yet;
You've tried through all these many
years,
You've tried, though vainly, to for-
get.

Come close and let me see you well;
Your chestnut hair is touched with
snow;
But then it is the same dear face
I loved so fondly years ago—

The same that on a summer day,
Bent over me and kissed my brow,
Oh, those years of trusting love!
But then it is all over now.

A woman's will, a woman's tongue,
Sowed doubt and anger in your
breast;
You left me and my heart was dead—
Your love can ne'er disturb its rest.

Forgive, and do not speak the word!
You never meant to do me wrong.
God sent this anguish to my heart,
To teach me to be brave and strong.

Farewell! I think I love you yet,
As friend loves friend. God bless
you, dear,
And guide you through this darkened
world
To where the skies are ever clear!

Chorus—
So you've come back to me again,
Since time at last has set you free,
And offer me again your heart,
Whose early hopes were bound in

"MRS. R. I. B.," Lebanon, Tenn.:
(1) "Will you print the poem, 'The
House by the Side of the Road?'"
A. Samuel Walter Foss' poem, "The
House by the Side of the Road," fol-
lows:

There are hermit souls that live with-
drawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell
apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their
paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of
the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men
who are bad,
As good and as bad as I
I would not sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of
the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of
the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who pass with the ardor of
hope.
The men who are faint with the
strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles
nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side
of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened
meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the
long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when travelers re-
joice,
And weep with the strangers that
moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the
road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side
of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are
weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorners'
seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side
of the road,
And be a friend to man.

The Passing Year.

The spirit of the passing Year
Draws softly near;
I hear it pause beside my door—
The Nevermore—
O, lingering pause a little while,
To wistful smile.

And through the clinging mist and rain,
The face of Pain
In that calm smile I plainly see,
Look out at me,
And softly, subtly fade away
Down the calm day.

I speak not, answer not, but oh,
Somehow, I know
The presence passing softly there
Will lead somewhere
To joy, through mist and rain and bitter tears
Of the dead years.

Somewhere, with sunlight on the hills,
And singing rills,
And meadows gay with green, and s
To tired feet;
And for that faith I hold it dear—
The dying Year.

For that glad dream that breathed and died,
And all beside
Of tenderness and trust and cheer—
I hold it dear,
And thank God, humbly, for the grace
Of its calm face.

W. A. D.

Write to HARTZ, Johnson



"Finegan's Wake."

To the Query Box:

In last Saturday's Banner "J. T. S." requests the words of the old Irish song, "Finegan's Wake." The song was published in 1864 by William A. Pond & Co., New York, and claimed by the publishers to be "the only correct edition." The music was by Charles Glover and was sung by Dan Bryant, as follows:

M. W. DANIEL,
Nashville, Tenn.

Tim Finegan lived on Walker street,
An Irish gintleman mighty odd;
He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world he carried a hod;
But you see he'd a sort of a tipping way;
With a love for liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help him through with his work each day,
He'd take a drop of the creature ev'ry morn.

Whack, hurrah! Dance to your partners,
Waltz the fure, your trotters shake;
Isn't it the truth I've told ye,
Lots of fun at Finegan's wake?

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake,
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.

His friends assembled at his wake,
Missus Finigan called out for the lunch;
First they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and tobacco and whisky punch.
Miss Biddy O'Neil began to cry:
"Such a purty corpse did ever you see?"
Arrah! Tim avourneen, an' why did ye die?"
"Oh, none of your gab," sez Judy Magee.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
"Arrah Biddy," says she, "ye'er young, I'm sure,"
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob,
I left her sprawling on the fure.
Each side in war did soon engage;
"Twas woman to woman and man to man;
Shillelah law was all the rage,
And a bloody ruction soon began.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,
When a gallon of whisky flew at him;
It missed him, and, hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim!
Bedad! he revives! See how he raises!
An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathered around like blazes:
"Be luck to yer souls, d'ye think I'm dead?"

"The Shepherd True."

Replying to the inquiry of "Miss I. S.," Nashville, Tenn., in the Query Box of December 4, below is the poem "The True Shepherd."

This poem is to be found in a book entitled "Hymns by Frederick William Faber, D. D.," and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

WALDO M'EWEN.

I was wandering and weary
When my Saviour came unto me,
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way:
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow,
But life began to darken
And I was sick with sorrow;

St. Patrick's in the Morning

Get your shamrock out, my dearie,
Shadow ways or sunny sheen,
Tis St. Patrick's in the morning,
And the wearing of the green.
Let it tell of fair Killarney,
Of the roses sweet with dew;
Dublin Bay and Tipperary,
And the good old blarney, too.

Get your shamrock out, my dearie,
Memory trails the golden way,
In the new green warms and waker
To the splendor of the day—
Sounds the happy bells of Shandon,
That your Irish soul adores;
Ringing, swinging, softly singing
To the shamrock on the shores;

Paints for you its fair face, glowing
Like an emerald on the strand—
The old blessed shamrock, growing
Just alone for Ireland,
Up and out and shout the story,
Pass it on from pole to pole—
How the green is growing, glowing,
On your breast and in your soul.

Get your shamrock out, my dearie,
If that's all that you can do—
Wear it, like a king his ermine,
On the Irish heart of you.
Trim the lamps of joy within you,
Chase the shadow in the sheen;
'Stead of red, let's change the color
Paint the old town living green.

Then here's to her, sunny Ireland,
Sungled in the great sea's arms
Here's to legend, song and story,
With their myriad million charms
May the old fires, courage-kindled
On her daring, distant shore,
Warm and woo and call and beckon
In the green, forevermore.

Banjo Talk.

Quit yo' crowdin', honey, gimme dest a little room,
Mor'en Mister folkses, clear de way;
De fots is bound ter hustle when he oanio gibs de tune,
Listen, lady; listen what it say.

Ever sence de mornin' when he fust day smiled,
En forever sence de sun's fust glance,
When de banjo's talkin' is de footses bound ter move,
De nigger bleeged ter hustle up en dance.

Cl'ar de circle, ladies, ladies, ef yo' please,
Please mom, will yo' condescen' ter move?
Hear de good ole banjo dest a-talkin' right along,
Talkin' when de footses begin ter shove.

Mister men en ladies, does yo' see de graceful pose?
Does yo' note de sinyus ca'lage ob de walk?
Watch yo' steps, meh honey, it's de fact I'm gibin' you—
In de footses is whar de banto talk. —W. A. D.

"A fitful gleam of dying
A herald of gloomy night,
Illumed the thrilling scene.
A silent group of men at arms,
A captive scout between.
"Your life I give," the captain said.

A. We do not know the poem. It is neither the poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox nor that of John Trotwood Moore.

When the Wind Comes Down.

When the wind comes whistling down
from the North,
All the loitering roses shiver;
The leaves grow tremulous in the tree-tops,
And the ripples along the river.
The nuts come rattling down to the ground,
Where the long grass leans to hover;
And the startled aster pales on the stem,
And the wild birds haste to cover.
And up from the valleys and over the hill,
To mystical music humming,
Gray ghosts in garments of haze hurry down,
To signal the hoar frost's coming. —W. A. D.

Red Lilies.

I saw them on a vagrant's breast
In flaunting, scornful glee;
Red lilies, mark of scarlet sin,
Amid the languorous dross and
Smiled out in mockery.

The crimson flushed her haughty
And flamed her dusky cheek;
Bloomed in her luscious lips awl
As though to hide within her smile
Some thought they dared not speak.

And still I saw them once again,
Where lay the dead at rest;
The lilies in their solemn mood
Stained redder with the crimson blood
Upon her death-stilled breast.

And cheek and lip and brow at last
Were white as marble now,
As though that silent, crimson stain
Had washed her spirit clean again,
And spotless as the snow. —W. A. D.

Correspondence

"Pat Molloy."

To the Query Box:
Replying to "E. B.," Gray Rock, Tenn., I send you the old song, "Pat Molloy."
A. H. STEWART.

Nashville, Tenn.
At 16 years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy;
She kept a little huckster shop, her name it was Molloy;
"I've fourteen children, Pa," says she, "that Heaven to me has sent,
But children ain't like pigs, you know, they cannot pay the rent."
She gave me every shilling there was in the till,
And kissed me fifty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill;
"Oh, Heaven bless you, Pat," says she, "and don't forget my boy,
That old Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Molloy."

Old England is a pretty place, of gold there is no lack,
From York to London town I trod,
With my scythe upon my back;
The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline,
The eating and the drinking, too, is beautiful and fine;
But in a corner of my heart that nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue are always peeping out at me;
"Oh, Molly, darling, never fear, I'm still your own dear boy,
For old Ireland is my country and my name is Pat Molloy."

From England to America across the seas I roamed,
And every shilling that I got, ah, sure, I sent it home;
My mother couldn't write, but oh, there came from Father Boyce,

"Oh, Heaven bless you, Pat," says she, "I hear my mother's voice;
I'd now I'm going home again as poor as when I came,
make a happy girl of Moll, and sure I think I can;
pockets they are empty, but my heart is full of joy,
old Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Molloy."

And be a Ireland to man.

Writen by HARTLEY Johnson

I received with that switch a most
merciless hiding,
The toughest and sorest boy-nature
could stand;
Unlike the old bucket, no moss was
adhering;
No white-pebbled bottom was touched
when it fell;
No pure sense of coolness e'er marked
its appearing,
But I marked each descent with a
jump and a yell!
Oh, I viewed it with loathing, for no
underclothing
Broke the force of those blows as so
swiftly they fell.

I remember with trembling one grim
little madam,
Who taught me the rudiments, pot-
hooks and all,
Who sought to expel all the sin left
by Adam
By thrashing it out with that switch
on the wall;
I've been horsed o'er the knee by that
maiden so human,
With my back to the foe and my
face to the floor,
And I thought how fools prate of the
soft touch of woman,
For each touch drew a blister, each
stroke woke a roar,
In that day of tough switches and very
thin breeches,
When correction was pressed from
behind and before.

I survived all the blows and married
the daughter
Of that muscular schoolma'am whose
blows fell like rain;
Now her roguish grandchildren delight
her with laughter;
Their tricks she approves; mine she
punished with pain;
And though I remember of no inter-
-eding
When she put in the licks with a
switch or a rule,
If a grandchild I spank, there's a
grandmother pleading—
'Tis the granny who whaled me of
old in the school
With her toughest of switches, her
sharpest of switches,
That startled a rogue like the kick
of a mule.

How we boast of advance in the secrets
of learning;
How to cram the young heads we
take infinite pains,
And forget inward pangs, yield to blis-
-ter and burning,
That the switch hath quickened both
conscience and brains.
To four minor senses we're often ap-
-pealing;
Each one to our aid in correction
we call;
But that old bottom sense, the keen
sense of feeling,
No longer the rogue doth persuade or
appall;
Let to quiet confusion, or force a con-
-clusion,
There's a mission to-day for that
switch from the wall.

"Old Birchen Switch."

To the Query Box:
I saw the "Old Oaken Bucket" in the
Query Box and thought someone might
like to have the "Old Birchen Switch,"
of which I enclose a copy. I don't
know the author, nor do I remember
what paper I clipped it from. I have
had it in my scrapbook for a long
time. J. C. K.
Clarksville, Tenn.

How dear to my heart are the school-
-days of childhood,
When no care nor contrition my wild
spirit knew;
The orchards I robbed, our larks in
the wildwood,
The schoolhouse and grove where the
birch switches grew;
The rows of mud pies with toe-marks
imprinted—
How they rush to my sight at fond
memory's call;
The old elder mill with draughts never
stinted,
And the switch that hung high on
the schoolhouse wall;
How the youngsters assembled, in
terror oft trembled,
As that hide-cutting switch came
down from the wall.

That knotty old switch in my mind is
abiding,
For oft, when returned with some
wild, transient band,

"NICODEMUS."

To the Query Box:
In issue of February 24 I see a re-
-quest for "Old Subscriber" for this song
which I send you. The words and mu-
-sic are by Henry Clay Work.

Belfast, Tenn.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African
birth,
And was bought for a bag full of
gold;
He was reckoned as part of the salt of
the earth,
-But he died years ago, very old;
'Twas his last sad request—so we laid
him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree.
"Wake me up," was his charge,
"At the first break of day—
Wake me up for the great jubilee."

He was known as a prophet—at least
was as wise,
For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he
rolled up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of this
thumb,
Though he clothed us with fear,
Yet the garments he wore were
patched at the elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he
used to of yore,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the
lash,
Though the bullet has oft crossed
his path.
There were none of his masters so
brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath.
Yet his great heart with kindness
was filled to the brim—
He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which
then was so dim—
For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night—we were
almost in fear
That the future was more than he
knew;
'Twas a long, weary night—but the
morning is near,
And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the
darkness is gone;
There are tokens in endless array,
While the storm which had seem-
-ingly banished the dawn,
Only hastens the advent of day.

Chorus—
The "good time coming" is almost here.
It was a long, long, long on the way.
Now run tell Elijah to hurry up 'pomp,
And meet us at the gum tree down in
the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day.

"The Hat Me Father Wore."

To the Query Box:
Please find enclosed the song, "The
Hat Me Father Wore." I noticed in
Saturday's Banner that someone asked
for it, and, as I had it, I thought I
would send it to you for publication.
Loretto, Tenn. MRS. M. TOUHEY.

I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, just
come across the sea;
For singing or for dancing, boys, I
think that I'll please ye;
I can sing and dance with any man, as
I did in days of yore,
And on Patrick's day I love to wear the
hat me father wore.

CHORUS.
It's old, but it's beautiful, the best
you ever seen;
'Twas worn for more than ninety years
in that little isle so green;
From my father's great ancestors it
descended with galore;
It's a relic of old dacency, is the hat
me father wore.

I bid you all good evening, good luck
to you, I say,
And when I cross the ocean I hope for
me you'll pray;
I'm going to my happy land, in a place
called Ballymore,
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land
with the hat me father wore.

And when I do return again, the boys
and girls to see,
I hope that with old Erin's style you'll
kindly welcome me
With the songs of dear old Ireland to
cheer me more and more,
And make me Irish heart feel glad
with the hat me father wore.

Song For Thanksgiving.

Across the purple-breasted night,
It circles to the day;
A radiant, rosy, ambient light,
Too fair for dawn, for noon too bright,
It warms the skyward way.

It breathes upon the pulse of pain,
And bids its tumult cease;
It sounds one rare, ecstatic strain,
And scatters darkness in its train,
The heavenly presence—Peace.

"Great God of Peace," the nations sing,
"Where'er shall fall thy rod,
Whate'er unborn years shall bring,
First, over all and everything,
Still leave us peace, great God.

The peace that crowned thy first, fall
earth,
If it thy pleasure be,
That peace that breathed on Eden's
birth—
But peace, though bought with blood
and worth
And sad Gethsemane.

Forever down the burning years
Let thy great presence move,
To ward the danger, grief and tears,
To throttle death and vice and fears,
And rule us still with love.

Breathe softly on these hears of ours
And bid their tumults cease;
As roses to the healing showers,
As dew that cheers the dying flowers,
So leave us peace—thy peace.
—W. A. D.

Correspondence

"Little Brown Jug."

To the Query Box.
I am sending a copy of "Little
Brown Jug," a song requested by "F.
L. B." Ethridge, Tenn. The old fa-
-miliar song brings back to memory
when I was a very small tot and my
father, Mr. Wm. F. C. Greer, since de-
-ceased, would take me on his knee and
have me in my little innocent way sing
the song to company.
MRS. GEO. WASHINGTON HATCHER,
1030 Villa Place, Nashville, Tenn.

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little log hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
Tell you what we've lots of fun.

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk;
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her twenty times a day.

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old
clothes;
But seeing you are so near my nose—
Tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling on my farm,
Take little brown jug under my arm;
Set it under the shade of a tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

If all the people in Adam's race,
Were gathered together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear,
Before I'd part from you, my dear.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! 'tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! 'tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

Softly.

Sing softly when the winter's rime
Lies on the hooded mountain;
Sing softly in glad summer's time
Of happy birds and winged rhyme,
And lightly laughing fountain.

Sing softly when the sturdy hills
Call to the changeful weather;
When winged wild birds shrill and
float—
Song silenced in each nappy throat—
And turns to brown the heater.

Sing softly: life and death and days
With solemn change are moving;
And naught is true, or good, or great,
Within the mighty scale of fate,
Save only love—and loving.
—W. A. D.

In May Time.

The sunlight lies upon the hill,
The shadow folds the valley;
An emerald, amber-tinted cup,
Where bees, sweet-steeped in Maytime,
sup,
And wastrel light winds daily.

Within the drowsy, haunted deep,
The violets are peeping;
And in a slender, confined bed,
The violets at foot and head,
Sweet friendship's heart is sleeping.

In May time, when the warm earth
stirs,
And croons the distant river—
And low winds sound their wastrel
air—
Pale memory, a ghost, moves where
The tall lush grasses quiver.

The shadow trails the mocking sun,
One fleeting beam to capture;
And life and longing, weeping kneel.
To plead, to weep from death, to steal—
One throb of dead love's rapture.

Fighting.

When you've done the best that you
can,
When you've mastered the spirit of
ill,
When you've struggled and strained
and done your best,
And stifled, unuttered, the heart's un-
rest,
Be sure there's a hurt for you still.

When you've laughed lest your heart
should break,
And drunk from the deepest rue,
When you've shouted and sung lest
your lips should part
To tell the tale of your bleeding heart—
There still is a dagger for you.

When you've mastered the great unrest,
And have hidden the scars from
sight,
Yet still, ere the full day's o'er full end,
Comes one in the guise of a guest, or
friend,
With dagger all sharpened and
bright.

What then? Shall you give up the
fight?
Shall you fail when the fighting's
past?
Nay, friend, who'd live till the long
day's close
Must fight straight home through the
ranks of foes,
To stand as a victor at last.

—W. A. D.

THIS:

"I told a tale to Jim's delight
Of where the tom-cats go by night,
And how, when moonlight came, they
went

Among the chimneys black and bent,
From roof to roof, from house to house,
With little baskets full of mouse,
All red and white, both joint and chop,
Like meat out of a butcher's shop;
Then all along the roof they creep,
And everyone is fast asleep,
And honey-hunting moths go by,
And by the bread-batch crickets cry;
Then on they hurry, never waiting,
To lawyer's back-yard cellar grating,
Where Jaggard's cat, with clever paw,
Unhooks a broke brick's secret door;
Then down into the cellar black,
Across the wood slug's slimy track,
Into an old cask's quiet hollow,
Where they've got seats for what's to
follow;

Then each tom-cat lights little candles,
And O, the stories and the scandals,
And O, the songs and Christmas carols,
And O, the milk from little barrels.
They light a fire fit for roasting
(And how good mouse-meat smells
when roasting);
Then down they sit to merry feast,
While moon goes west and sun goes
east.

Sometimes they make so merry there
Old lawyer comes to head of stair;
And there he stands, with candle
raised,

And listens like a man amazed,
Or like a ghost a man stands dumb at,
And says, "Hush! Hush! I'm sure
there's summat."

He hears outside the brown owl call,
He hears the death-tick tap the wall,
The gnawing of the wainscot mouse,
The creaking up and down the house,
The unhooked window's hinges rang-
ing,

The sounds that say the wind is
changing.
At last he turns and shakes his head—
"It's nothing; I'll go back to bed."

Turkey Thanksgiving.

De Turkey it done soar so high,
De barbacue's done gone,
En dar's huccome it make me say—
De rooster, hfn, en such ez dey,
Is come into dey own.

Now, turkey, useter be de style,
But it's done got some sea'ce;
En so de ole black hin, baked brown,
Wild cawn-braidd stuffin' lyin' roun',
Is got de honor place.

De turkey hash, it sho was fine,
But vanished mighty quick;
De hin may likewise follow, too,
En leave for me, ez well as you,
Some barren bones ter pick.

De wise folks say, don't cross de bridge
Until you comes ter it;
Ef hin en turkey has ter go,
Dar's chittlin's comin', en, des so—
Bless Gord, dar's allers meat.

—W. A. D.

A little girl, whose parents were of
Irish descent, had heard a good deal
about the war in Europe. One day a
small neighbor girl, just moved into
the house next door, came over to call.
The two promptly proceeded to get ac-
quainted.
"Say," demanded the new comer, "are
your folks Irish, too?"
"No," replied the little one, "we ain't
Irish, we are Germany."

Nmk-Hmk.

Don't you hear dat wind a-blowin',
Cold en clean?
Feel dat sassy spit ob snowin'?
Hear de col' come creepin', growin'?
Ain't yo' reasonmint sure knowin'
What it mean?

Hear de pot say "Somethin' doin'?"
Dat's de word!
Mos' kin se de chittlin's stewin'?
Mos' kin smell dat barbecuin',
Tas'e de richness b'illin', brewin',
Bressa de Lord!

'Tain't no use ter argefy it,
Like a crime,
All the signs done up an cry it,
Set de clocks en watches by it;
Ca'se de debbul can't deny it,
It's hog killin' time.

—W. A. D.

A Nashville doctor, who is good to
the very heart of him, recently had
a very severe case of illness on his
lands, and which necessitated a grave
operation. The patient and the pa-
tient's people were poor, but the
physician made no discrimination on
that account. They were country peo-
ple, however, and when it was all done
and over and the man of the house
came in to see him, the physician said:
"Mr. Blank, don't you raise something
out there that you might bring me
partly offset your bill?"
"What do you mean, doctor?" said
the countryman.

"Why, couldn't you bring me in
something from your farm? You raise
hogs, don't you? Don't you have
sausage meat?"

"Naw, sir," said old Country, "we
don't raise any hogs."
"How about eggs?"
"Naw, sir, doctor, we don't raise eggs
neither."

"Chickens?"
"Naw, sir, we don't raise chickens."
"Well, what do you raise out there?"
said the doctor.

"Kids, nothing on earth but just
kids."
"Well," sighed the doctor, "you may
keep them."

Sweet Chariot.

"Swing low, sweet chariot," one sang,
A liquid song, and slow;
"Swing low, sweet chariot," it rang
Ecstatic, soft, and low,
And dying eyes beheld it rise—
Death's chariot, against the skies.

"Swing low, sweet chariot," so faint—
"Sweet chariot, swing low;"
The halting singing of a saint
Through seas of chastened woe—
Warmed in the music's mellow hum—
"Sweet chariot, to carry me home."

—W. A. D.

A Golden Thread.

It's a grimy old world, if you will it so,
With a rough road running through;
And there's many a stone for the feet,
you know,
And many a bruise as you come and go,
But ever it has for you—
One bright, fair line, like a golden
thread,
That beckons and glows straight on
ahead.

And you sometimes pause where a
dream-ghost strads,
For rest and a breathing spell:
And you wonder when will it fall—
your load—
And where are the palms and the shade
by the road,
And the cool, sweet deep of the well,
And you rise, renewed, from your lowly
bed—
And this was the flash of the golden
thread.

And up and away through the burning
heat,
The solitude and the loss,
The prick of a thorn, or the stinging
sleet,
The bite of a serpent to faith's bared
feet,
And the chafing of your cross;
And then, through the din sounds a
heavenly strain—
The flash of that golden thread again.

Anon you come where the two roads
part,
Alone in the dark to stand;
And you wonder why must it break—
your heart—
And you suddenly thrill with a fright-
ened start
To the clasp of a loving hand,
And soft peace steals to your soul in-
stead—
You have glimpsed the gleam of that
golden thread.

And ever, forever, straight on and on,
To the long road's last, calm end,
Will the shadows gather, now near,
now gone,
The midnight brood, and the violet
dawn
With the solemn darkness blend.
But ever, forever, that golden line
Will beckon and woo with a glow
divine.

—W. A. D.

The poem,
A. Your inference is correct. Mr. R.
A. Wilson was the author. The poem
follows:

The silent trees stretch out their arms,
Stripped of dress and bare;
Their leaves are drifting in the wind,
For the frost is in the air.

Garnered are the crops of grain,
Of apple, peach and pear;
Hog-killing time now comes on,
For the frost is in the air.

From hedge and grove there comes no
song,
With melody so rare;
The birds are seeking shelter now—
For the frost is in the air.

High in the sky the squadrons fly;
No wing-beat do they spare,
As goose and mallard seek the South,
For the frost is in the air.

In lake or slough they drop for rest,
And meet the shotgun's blare;
Dead and dying mark the way,
For the frost is in the air.

The graceful squirrel, in joy of life,
The timid, mild-eyed hare,
Give up their lives in the name o'
sport,
For the frost is in the air.

In the morning light proud Bob White
Leads out his flock, and there
The hunter waits, and takes his toll,
For the frost is in the air.

At eve he sounds his rally call,
But some will not be there;
Little brown brothers and sisters died,
For the frost is in the air.

All flesh is grass, and grass doth wilt
At the north wind's trumpet blare;
The dying year goes not alone—
For the frost is in the air.

"R. W. A." Nashville, Tenn.:
"I have two gold quarter-dollars, and
I have been wondering whether or not

having added to it from time to time during his busy life. J. O. BURGE, Nashville, Tenn.
The spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghostlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost springs with sobs replying
Unto wary autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The night more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair spring no longer charms us,
The wind and weather harms us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of death loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigns me,
My infirmitie remind,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the clouds grow darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Too true—Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

Our life is less worth living,
Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
Every year;
And love grows faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes regretful,
Every year.

A copy of the poem is also contributed by John L. Kennedy of Nashville, Tenn.

"READER," Nashville, Tenn.:
Please print the poem 'Just Twenty Years Ago.'

A. The old favorite follows:

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground
That sheltered you and me,
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green
Just twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
The barefoot boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay,
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place
Some twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced,
But the same old bricks are in the wall
The bell swings to and fro;
It's music just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low, 'twas once so high
That we could almost reach,
And, kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since twenty years ago.

Nearby that spring, upon an elm
You know I cut my name;
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark.

'Twas dying, sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties,
I visited the old churchyard
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me,
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some twenty years ago.

THE BIG BROTHER.

I remember, I remember
My little trundle bed,
From which Jim used to dump me out
Upon my childish head.
He never seemed to think that I
Might crack my foolish spine—
And I, I looked on Jim as if
He had been half divine.

I remember, I remember
The stream behind the school,
Where Jim would duck me 'till it
seemed
I'd swallowed half the pool.
But oh, I never told on him!
I felt too honored then,
For I was only 6 years old,
While Jim was nearly 10.

I remember, I remember
A lot of foolish things
Jim did to me while still he seemed
An angel without wings.
But let me tell you this, good sir:
He does such things no more,
For I am six feet, two, to-day,
While Jim is five feet, four.
—William Wallace Whitelock in Judge.

"W. E. T." Wartrace, Tenn.
"Will you print the poem 'I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying?'"
A. Gen. W. H. Lytle's well-known poem, "Antony to Cleopatra," is

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast
And the dark Plutonian shade
Gather on the evening blast
Let thine arms, O Queen, unfold
Hush thy sobs and bow thine
Listen to the great heart secret
Thou, and thou alone, must

Though my scarred and veteran
Bear their eagles high no more
And my wrecked and scattered
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore
Though no glittering guards surround
me,
Prompt to do their master's
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low
'Twas no foeman's arm that fell
'Twas his own that struck the
His who, pillowed on thy bosom
Turned aside from glory's
His who, drunk with thy care
Madly threw a world away.
Should be base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome
Where the noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widowed home
Seek her; say the gods bear witness
Altars, augurs, circling wings
That her blood, with mine combined
Yet shall mount the throne of

And for thee, star-eyed Egypt
Glorious sorceress of the Nile
Light the path to Stygian horror
With the splendor of thy symbols
Give the Caesar crowns and aureoles
Let his brow the laurel twine
I can scorn the senate's triumph
Triumphing in love like thine

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman
They are coming—quick, my
Let me front them ere I die
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting sweep
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

Coming.

I hear him humming in the rain,
Old Christmas, coming down the lane;
Down at the far end of the year—
That's why I write the news down here,
Down at the end of tale and song,
To help old Heaviness along.

Old Christmas, 'way down at the end,
Just where the life-road makes a bend,
I hear him trundling with his pack;
Where life is sad and fortune slack
I spy him in the mellow haze
Of radiant autumn's dying days.

All hale and hearty, staunch and true,
He's headed straight along to you.
'The white frost crowns his sturdy
brow,
His breath is burdened with the
snow;
But all about him, everywhere,
A love-light falls, divinely fair.

But in his eyes I see the tears
For all the darling little dears,
His children, too, across the main,
Who watch and wait for him in vain.
But still, I think, somehow, somewhere,
Old Christmas has them in his care.

I think that through the troubled night
His love will send a Christmas light
Across the world, beyond the seas,
To cheer the troubled hearts of
these—

While he comes humming in the rain,
Old Christmas, coming down the lane.

With hopes and dreams he journeys
near,
Enough to stock the whole long year;
I hope he stops awhile with you,
And pauses on my doorstep, too,
And scatters here and everywhere
The fragrance of his Christmas cheer.

The same that warmed the world that
day
A baby in a manger lay,
So you, and I, and all around—
Tread softly—this is holy ground,
This season of good will to men
That comes to cheer the dark again.
—W. A. D.