THE CARNATION.

CLASS OF '98.

"Go, little booklet, go,
  Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went,
  They're glad that you have came."

A SONNET TO THE CLASS OF '98.

What need our Seniors for their honored bones,
A monument in piled stones?
No! they in wonder and astonishment
Have built themselves a life-long monument.
Noble Class of '98; great heirs of fame;
Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen e'er will praise their name.
In trailing clouds of glory do they go;
Their seeds of wisdom in the world to sow.

AD SUMMUM.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

HOWARD C. BINKLEY, President.
SYLVANUS FREE, Treasurer.
THOMAS S. JONES, Secretary.
ISAAC V. BUSBY, Superintendent.

FACULTY OF HIGH SCHOOL.

JOE T. GILES, Principal.
J. CARROLL BYRD, Assistant.
JACOB C. COLLICOTT, Assistant.
BYRDE J. NEFF, Music and Drawing.

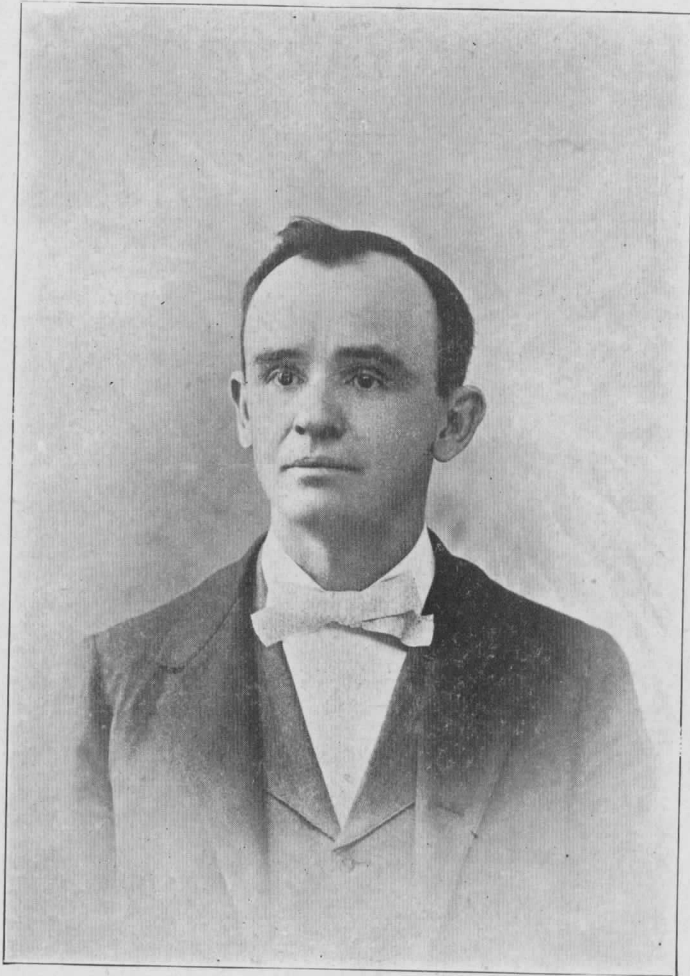
GRADUATES.

Class of '96:

Effie Bertsche, Edna Elrick,
Lulu Snether, Herman Runyan.

Class of '97:

Guy W. Mitchell.



I. V. BUSBY, Superintendent of Schools.

BYRDE J. NEFF.

J. G. COLLICOTT.

J. T. GILES, Prin.

J. CARROLL BYRD.

CLASS SONG.

(Air, "Auld Lang Syne.")

Should old-time schoolmates be forgot,
And the school-house where they sate;
Should old-time pleasures be forgot
And the Class of '98.

CHORUS:

To the Class of '98, my chums,
To the class of '98,
We'll take a cup of kindness now,
To the Class of '98.

Four years we've traveled up the path,
And shared our joys together;
We'll ne'er forget our happy past,
Nor ne'er those ties we'll sever.

CHORUS.

And when we're old and nearing death,
And our sun is setting late,
We'll think with pleasure when we were
Of the Class of '98.

CHORUS.

To the Class of '98, my chums,
To the Class of '98;
We'll take a cup of kindness, then,
To the Class of '98.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '98.

Historians recall the remarkable eloqueuce of famous orators, daring deeds of personal bravery, the rise and fall of mighty empires, the sagacity and wisdom of statesmen; immortalized though these themes be in song and story, yet they are as nothing compared to the wonderful achievements of the Class of '98.

One morn, about the middle of September, 1894, hovering over the sacred precinctc of Tomlinson Building, was divine Athena seen, her fair form shrouded in fleecy clouds, fountains of joy swelling up into her rapturous eyes, as she discovered within its classic walls the bright, intelligent faces of twelve new devotees to her shrine, the illustrious Class of '98. And what a discovery it was, my countrymen! then sophomore, junior, senior, all fell down before the incoming freshmen, few in numbers, but mighty in resources.

Mr. Busby, having just assumed the superintendency, and Mr. Giles the principalship of the High School, we, with a true fatherly spirit, took them gently by the hand, gave them points as to method and discipline, and, by our support, we have brought them safely through.

We were launched forth upon the sea of knowledge by Mr. Giles and, for this reason, have been "at sea" ever since. For four years have we tossed about on the mighty main, buffeted by constantly recurring waves of history, English, Latin, mathematics and science, which sometimes swept us completely off the deck. But soon with our characteristic buoyancy and indomitable energy, we "bobbed up serenely," all "on deck" again to withstand the next encounter.

Like all earthly things else, our freshman year had an end, and now lives only in our fond memory. Spring fades into summer, sum-

mer mellows into autumn, and again we meet, a shattered band, suffering from the ravages of time, to again cope with the inexorable demands of the now enlarged curriculum.

To meet our increased capacities as Sophs the Board procured two new instructors; the work done in the other classes being merely incidental. We came out from this year sadder, wiser,(?) better(?) students.

The change of teachers was as recurrent as the changing years; Mr. Giles being the only one who was able to withstand our phenomenal power of development and keep pace with our rapid growth. When in our Junior year, Mrs. Byrd appeared upon the scene, we threw the charmed circle of our protection about her, and aided by our encouraging smile, she has remained with us to the end.

(We feel it simply due to ourselves to say at this point that, stimulated by the wonderful energy of the Class of '98, our English teacher goes hence next year to drink at the fountain of knowledge in one of our great universities. She will at the same time recuperate from the effect produced by the correction of the senior themes.)

As Juniors with true fraternal spirit, we strove to uphold the Senior class. In this latter we were ably assisted by some of the fair sex of the other classes. At the close of this year, Miss Neff, under our special supervision, gave "The National Flower,' a success unprecedented in the annals of the history of Alexandria. This brought out the fine vocal and histronic talent of some of our members, of which more anon.

But it is as Seniors that we have won our greatest laurels. We have advanced so far up the mount of learning that we can occasionally stop, and gazing down from our dizzy height, see the luckless classes below us painfully struggling up the thorny path by which we did ascend. From our isolated position it behooves us to give a word of cheer to those who are to follow. We feel ourselves a part and parcel of that new but growing institution, the Alexandria High School. Though not the first class to graduate, yet we are the first to finish the present curriculum, and the first to have begun and completed its course under the present management, with Mr. Busby as superintendent and Mr. Giles as principal. We leave to others a shining example to guide their footsteps aright.

We longingly look back; there is much that we would change; we

hopefully look forward. What do the coming years hold for us? Even now as I write a strange spell comes over me, lifting the misty curtain of the future "dim descried" and revealing to my raptured gaze the once familiar features of my comrades nobly matured and changed by time.

In a far-off city I see a magnificent theatre crowded with kings and nobles, princes and peasants, all gathered together to hear the famous prima donna, the world's greatest contralto, Mme. Edythe Gype. Round after round of applause greets the tall, graceful form of the singer. As tee last sweet notes die upon the silence, a hush falls upon the great concourse of people, but as she, with stately tread, moves away, the auditorium rings with praise.

Far, far away, under the warm Indian skies, on the skirts of a jungle, standing in the midst of dusky forms, a ministering angel to their wants physical and spiritual, is our gentle Kitty Lane, nobly devoting her life to rescue them from their old superstitions and darkness and bring them into the light. Not greeted with the plaudits of an admiring audience, yet she has won for herself eternal fame by the good she has done to our less fortunate brothers.

The scene shifts to the Senate halls of our own fair land. This august assembly is held spell bound by the silver-tongued oratory of Indiana's junior member, Earl Young. Such logic, such eloquence, such profound knowledge of politics, have not been known since the days of Webster. This last is probably due to the keen, analytic work done in social science in his palmy Junior days in Alexandria High School.

All the country rings with praises of a new poet who has just appeared above the literary horizon and is far on her way to the zenith. This marks the advent of a new school in literature. Her style is as charmingly irregular as Browning's, and her thought equally as elusive. The poet, who is our own Luella Guard, writes only for the few. It were better thus.

Speaking of literature, it hath also reached my ear that a worthy successor to Bill Nye, Mark Twain and Bob Burdette, has at last appeared. Occupying the humorist editor's chair on one of our great newspapers, is Frances Pierce, who, by her timely jokes, graphic sketches and well-pointed narratives, brings a smile to thousands of sorrowful faces. It is needless to state that she got her training in

working on the "Annual of '98." As is the case with many who "gladden this cold world with a laugh," it is hinted that her young life has been darkened by the tragedy of unrequited love.

It is night within the hospital. All is stillness. In the silent form that glides hither and thither among the sufferers we recognize our demure Daisie Hupp, whose countenance glows with a sweet sympathy with suffering, as she consoles the dying and eases those in pain. A Florence Nightingale in our late war with Spain she has devoted her life to this noble work.

Within the classic halls of Vassar College, in cap and gown, sits the dignified professor of mathematics, Daisy French, renowned far and wide for her scholarship. For her original investigations and discoveries in this branch she has received many honors from the great universities of Europe and America.

As I musingly wander along the street, I find myself jostled and pushed, and awaked to the reality that I am a part of a great mass of humanity that is surging forward, I know not where. Moving along with the crowd I find myself at the entrance of a great theatre. I enter and seat myself while the curtain rises. The star enters with majestic mien; the house giver one great round of applause, and then, thrilled through by the wonderful personality of the actor, awaits in breathless silence his first word. Every feeling, every passion, does this gifted tragedian portray with vivid realism. He carries his audience by his marvelous acting, from careless laughter to darkest despair. The mantle of Macready, Booth and Barrett has fallen to the shoulders of Fay Frederick Ward, our classmate and friend. His first impulse of this Kind came from our work on the drama in senior year, and from the association with great masters of dramatic art in his high school days.

The vision fades, the roseate hues die into the dull gray of twilight. I feel within myself a power transcending all that hath been revealed to me of others, but modesty forbids me to paradc my own intrinsic worth before the public. But in behalf of my classmates I would say: Here was a class! whence comes such another?

FRANK MAY.

STAFF OF "THE CARNATION."

EDYTHE GIPE—President of Class.
KITTIE LANE—Editor-in-Chief.
FRANK MAY—Class Historian.
FRANCIS PEIRCE } Humorous Editors
DAISY HUPP }
LULU GUARD—Class Poetess.
FAY WARD—Athletic Editor.
EARL YOUNG—Business Manager.
DAISY FRENCH—Assistant Business Manager.

Commencement Program.

PART I.

Music.

Bridal Chorus...Pupils of High School
Invocation...Rev. Chauncey King

Music.

(a) Butterfly Song...Pupils of Primary Grade
(b Legend of the Bells...Boys of Intermediate School
Address, "Lincoln"...Dr. W. L Bryan

PART II.

Class Address...J. T. Giles, Principal
Presentation of Diplomas............................. .... I. V. Busby, Superintendent
Chorus, "Good Night Beloved,'...Pupils of High School

Class of '98.

MARY EDYTHE GIPE,
KITTIE FLOY LANE,
DASIE MAUD HUPP,
SARAH FRANCES PEIRCE,
DAISY BERYL FRENCH,
LUELLA WYNONA GUARD,
FAY ROLLA WARD,
EARL EDGAR YOUNG,
EDWIN FRANKLIN MAY.

DAISY HUPP. KITTIE LANE. EDYTHE GIPE. LUELLA GUARD.
DAISY FRENCH. EARL YOUNG. FAY WARD. FRANK MAY. FRANCES PEIRCE.

MY FAVORITE STUDY.

Geometry, how I love it!
It stirs one through and through,
And sends a shock of horror
From my head down to my shoe.

One weary year I've studied it
And tried to understand;
And while I worked so hard on it,
Here is where I'd land.

I studied till my brain was cooked.
I was as crazy as a nit;
And often would take spells
And have an epileptic fit.

While in that sad condition,
If down the street I'd stroll,
I'd suddenly surprise the town,
By climbing a telegraph pole,

Or else I'd stand upon my head,
Instead of on my feet,
And laugh in everybody's face
That e'r I chanced to meet.

I'd even turn o'er in my bed,
And have some terrible dreams;
And wake the neighboring country folk,
With a lot of horrible screams.

My mother knew not what to think;
The doctors, too, were puzzled;
And at last said I was crazy,
I was so much bumfuzzled.

But one day in February,
Our geometry we did cease;
And then the people round about
Enjoyed a little peace.

That had been then the trouble;
It had entered my whole brain,
And now I go round happily,
Singing this sweet refrain:

All circles look alike to me,
Makes no difference what the center may be,
Spheres, planes, or hemispheres,
Those that always bring me tears.
Now, I study them no more,
But can go to sleep and snore;
They don't worry me now, no how,
For they all look alike to me.

LIBRE CUBA!

The relation between mother country and colony should be that existing between parent and child. Too often this is not the case. The colony is left to work out its own salvation and its claims are ignored until it becomes a possible source of revenue. Then it assumes the importance of a good investment and receives selfish attention accordingly. Such has been the case with Spain and Cuba.

The first three centuries after the discovery of Cuba by Columbus and its subsequent settlement by the Spanish, did not develop the elements of discord between Spain and her ricnest colony, which have proven so disastrous in the latter half of the fourth. Still, Cuba has been under martial law for nearly three quarters of a century; the Captain-General having been in 1825, invested "with the whole extent of power granted to the governors of besieged towns."

The first discordant relations between Spain and Cuba became evident over sixty years ago, during the Captain-Generalcy of Tacon, the instrument of Spanish greed in Cuba. On September 27, 1836, the tidings of the new constitution, proclaimed in Spain, reached Cuba; a movement was made by the Cubans to secure their share of the liberties accorded Spaniards. Tacon, acting under inrtructions from Spain, suppressed this movement with the utmost vigor. Thus began that long-continued struggle for their rights as Spanish subjects, which resulted in the Ten Years War, precipitated by the Declaration of Independence by the Cubans, Oct. 10, 1868. This war was carried on by much the same plan as the present, with the same leading men on either side. After great loss of life and destruction of property it was brought to a close in 1878, through the promise to Cuba of constitutional reforms. Peace was promptly followed by the issuance of the following royal decrees:

1. Cuba was divided into the six present provinces for political purposes.

2. Cuba was allowed to elect deputies to the Cortes, one for each 40,000 people.

3. The necessary elections were provided for; and

4. A system of provincial and municipal government was insti-

tuted.

The seeming fair concessions, when put into practical execution, proved only the shadow of self government.

The Provincial Assembly could nominate but three candidates for presiding officers, while the Governor-General had the power to appoint not necessarily one of these nominees, but any member of the Assembly he chose. He also had the power to prorogue the Assembly at will. Hence, in case of conflict, the Assembly was badly handicapped. In matters of local government the Captain-General was supreme. The taxes, tariff and absolute control and expenditure of revenue was under the control of the Spanish Cortes. And while it is true that Cuba was allowed to send deputies to the Cortes, yet they were unable to accomplish anything, for their votes only counted in minor matters. In the true function of government they had no hand. So this dream of self-government, both local and general, was rudely dispelled. So the Spanish lesson of the Ten Years' War had been entirely lost upon Spain, and instead of inaugurating a redeeming policy that would have satisfied the thirst for justice felt by these people, who were desirous to enjoy their natural rights, she persisted in carrying out her old policy, that is, to exclude every native born Cuban from offices that would give him influence in public affairs, and to deny the Cuban people the right to levy their own taxes.

If governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, if the power that taxes the people is the power that governs them, then, indeed, is it a hollow mockery to claim that Cuba has ever had more than a show of self-government.

For seventeen long years has she striven for this right, but Spanish oppression has grown more and more tyrannical. The cost of the Ten Years' War was charged to Cuba, and although it was impossible for the island to pay more, yet Spain continued to impose new burdens. The people were compelled to use the manufactures of Spain, and be taxed on the articles they sent out, as well as those that came in. Since sugar and tobacco are the chief crops of the island, this was a great hardship on the planters, shippers and such. Thus Cuba's welfare and interests were constantly sacrificed to Spain.

Of this immense tax of $26,000,000 to $30,000,000 thus collected, only 33 per cent. remained in Cuba, the remainder being sent to Spain, so the Cuban taxes were not levied for schools, roads and the im-

provement of the island, but for the enrichment of the Spaniards. Spain confiscated the products of Cuban labor without giving safety, prosperity, or education to her people. Moreover, the appointive offices were even filled from the Spanish ranks, and the Spaniards crowded out the native-born Cubans from all official positions, both civil and military; so that in 1895 three-fourths of the ruling class were Spaniards.

During all this time Cuba was represented theoretically, but not practically. In 1895, out of the 1,650,000 people of the island, only 47,649 men were allowed to vote for members of the Cortes; of these over 20,000 were Spaniards. Out of about forty Cuban members of the Cortes, only four were Cuban constituents. This is what the so-called representation of thirty deputies and sixteen senators amounted to. At the next election in Cuba, out of the thirty odd deputies, there appeared only one native born Cuban, who, by the way, is a renegade. All the others were native-born Spaniards.

Slowly but surely the crisis came on; the elements of the Ten Year's War were mustering for another struggle; but just at this critical moment the "Colonial Department Law" was passed by the Cortes.

This law, given to the islaud March 15, 1895, provided for the Council of Administration. In this body, if anywhere, was the healing capacity for re-adjustment. Bnt these alleged reforms, whatever they might have seemed as concessions and re-adjustments to the Spaniards themselves, failed to appease the constantly growing demand for "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." They yet withheld the right of local self-government and gave the so-called reformation into the hands of the official class—the primal curse of Cuba—and accordingly were of no avail. However, the time for weak compromises was now past, and the people demanded not only their rights as Spanish subjects, but as Cubans and men. And so began the conflict which is fast nearing its close.

The Cubans have a thousand-fold more cause to free themselves from the Spanish yoke than the thirteen colonies, when they, in 1775, arose against the British government. The revolutionary fathers enjoyed the blessings of local self-government. They had liberty or conscience, of the press, and of speech. They were not made a Captain-General with absolute power. They did not have to support a permanent army or navy to keep them in subjection, or to feed a

tuted.

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swarm of employees sent over from the mother country. They were not subjected to a crushing tariff, nor compelled to pay a tax of $26,-000,000 or $30,000,000 without their own consent.

The right of the American colonists to use no arms, has never been questioned. Will there be a single lover of liberty who will doubt the justice, more than justice, the necessity in which the Cuban people find themselves fighting to-day and to-morrow and always, until they have overthrown Spanish oppression and formed themselves into a free and independent republic?

The revolution which began February 24, 1895, was initiated by Jose Marti. Late in April, the exiled leaders—Marti, Crombet, Guena, the brothers Maceo, Gomez and others, landed in Cuba and met at the plantation of Mejorana, in the province of Lantiago. Here Marti the recognized leader, organized a formal council of war, around the dinner table, and Gomez, who had already thought out a whole year's plan of operation, developed his startling project for invading the body of the island, which was enthusiastically approved.

General Martinez Campos, who had attained great celebrity for his success in closing the war of 1868-1878, by the Treaty of Zanjon, was the first man thought of in Spain, when the rebellion broke out, to put it down.

Campos was made Governor-General through Premier Canovas, and at once left for Cuba with 25,000 men. He landed at Guantanamo, April 16, and also visited Santiago and other points before reaching Havana.

For three years have the horrors of war held sway in Cuba. Campos has been succeeded by Weyler, who has certainly come up to the expectation of the Spaniards, who, it is said, appointed him "to be barbarous." The Cubans have kept up a sort of guerilla warfare, and by swift marches in the night, brilliant skirmishes, and skillfully conducted retreats, have succeeded in holding out against great odds. The island has been laid waste by the ravages of war and great suffering prevails; even now tde Cubans prefer destruction to any setllement except independence. In 1897, 600,000 people died of starvation and disease.

Perhaps the greatest atrocity committed in the whole course of the war was the forcing at the point of the bayonet, of over 400,000 self.supporting, peaceable, simple country people into the town to live

as best they might—a self-protective measure on the part of Spain. These poor people taken from their homes and plenty, set adrift in the towns without any provision made for their support, have fallen prey to famine and disease. A conservative estimate indicates that over 210,000 have perished of starvation. Spain has not given one dollar for their support; their only aid has been from the United States. The towns are fortified by ditches, protected by barbed wire fences, constructed as much to keep the reconcentrados in as to keep the Cuban soldiers out. Between the towns are no fields of tobacco or cane; all having been destroyed. All the island is a vast waste, no cultivation in progress, no sugar mills are running except those paying taxes to the Cubans.

The Cuban soldiers are barely able to support themselves; they cannot drive the Spaniards from their fortifications and so succor their suffering, dying fellow-countrymen shut up within these towns. Spain plainly means to starve them out. Now, in the name of Christian brotherhood can we stand idly and unconcernedly by and see our fellow-men thus horribly sacrificed at our very door? No, while the nations of Europe might calmly watch the butchery of the Armenians, and stand back for motives politic, but the people of the United States are too much imbued with the love of liberty and the love of their fellow-man to allow such conditions to continue. The United States is the great American power and has the right to throw her strong protecting arm around American interests.

Spain shall be educated by the misfortunes to understand the cause of Cuba and consent to her independence. Spain shall lose Cuba, although we know how frantic Spaniards grow at the thought. Cuba is an American island. Spain has parted with all her American psssessions, because she was incapable of fair play to her colonists. Shall Spain cling forever to what is left of the Spanish world and assert the right to murder a people who refuse to be the servants of her servants, and to jeer at us that we have no right of humanity to protect, to see that a race born on American soil shall not perish from the earth at the hands of a people who have refused all forms of self-government to those they have oppressed for generations?

Aside from all this, intervention is justiffable when the integrity of the territory, the influence, the prestige, or commercial interests will suffer by the continuance of the war. And such are the conditions now

existing. Murat Halstead says:

"Cuba has the power as well as the will and wisdom to be free. It cannot be kept forever in bonds, endowed as she is with a population of 1,200,000; with a revenue of $20,000,000. with the intercourse and light attending $60,000,000 of trade; with a territory equal to the larger States; with a soil teeming with the choicest productions and precious; with fine harbors; with an unmatched position as warder of the American Gulf; Cuba, the Queen of the American islands, will not consent always to remain manacled; and when the chains break, the United States can no more say, 'Cuba is naught to us,' than Cuba can detach herself from her anchorage in the American sea.

Then arises the question, what is to become of Cuba? She will remain independent; she will come under the protection of England, or she will form one of the confederated United States. As far as Cuban interests are concerned a connection with England, or annexation to the United States, would be more for its welfare and prosperity, than solitary independence.

That Cuba should come under the power of England is out of the question. The United States cannot permit anv European power to erect a Gibraltar that will command both north and south, and which can cut in two the trade between the Gulf and Atlantic States. In a military point of view, Cuba locks up in a closed ring the whole sweep of the Mexican Gulf. Its 700 miles of coast is one mighty fortress; each one of its hundred bays is a haven of shelter for an entire navy. In short, it makes a complete bulwark of the Mexican Gulf.

We should not be boastful of ability to assert ourselves; but we may, in a war becoming barbarous, interpose with the preservation of our own equipoise, to command the peace, and we may close the crisis in peace, if we rise to the occasion, ready with the sword and the supreme moral force that has accepted the challenge of fate and the duty of destiny. Thus we shall impose no calamity on any one, but give relief to Spain; freedom to Cuba, and dignity and glory to ourselves.

The peace and prosperity of the most fertile and fairest, the largest and noblest of American islands, demand that it shall yield to the drift of manifest destiny, and the attraction of gravitation of the great republic, and take its place as an indestructible State of the indissoluble American Union—one of fhe Stares of our National constellation—the United States."

(This essay was written before the destruction of the Maine.)

FAY WARD.

FICTION.

The love of fiction planted deep in every human heart asserts itself in this age in the form of novel reading. Bare facts never have and never will satisfy men; the imagination ever outruns the slower moving world of fact and creates for itself a world of beauty or terror above or below the real world in which we live.

We delight in stories before we are out of the nursery and the world has loved to tell and hear them since its childhood. The race in its infancy listens in rapt wonder to stories of heroic deeds, told in rythmic verse. The Greek gloried in the great strong heroes of the "Illiad" and "Odyssey;" the bold Norsemen revelled in the wild extravgances of the Sagas; the fierce, determined Teuton found himself in the "Neibelunpenlied" while the serious Anglo-Saxon drew lessons of fortitude and courage from the "Beowulf." Besides these great epics, there was an abundant store of folk-lore and beautiful myths, embodying ideal truths which delight the children, even of our own day. All these may be regarded as exalted forerunners of the novel.

From this time the race never lost its love for stories, and each epoch of history has its own characteristic romance. The mediaeval romance, a narrative poem, embodying the chivalric ideas of the time, marks an important step toward the creation of the novel. These were introduced into England with the Norman Conquest. They were sung by the trouvere and imitated by the native bard. Later, after Chaucer made it possible for Englishmen to write in their native tongue, not only French, but Italian or Spanish romances were translated or paraphrased into English prose and eagerly sought for by the limited reading public.

The wonderful literary activity which ushered in the dawn of the sixteenth century, found in these mediaeval romances a never-ending fund of plot for dramatist and story writer.

The general tone of the Elizabethian story is poetic and fanciful, pastoral or chivalric in character, and remote from the prosaic realties of life. Thus Moore's "Utopia" shows us a world that exists only as an ideal. John Lyly's "Eupheucs" is written in a highly wrought and affected style, elaborately artificial: Lodge's "Rosalynde" is a pastoral idyl; and Sidney's "Arcadia" is a pastoral romance taking us into a

world where the shepherd boy pipes as though he should never grow old. Yet such stories were in accord with the chivalric ideas of the times, and there was no other field open for the story writer, as the new departure in English literature, the drama, was exhausting the field of realism.

The richness of the drama now fully satisfied this craving of the people, until the theatres were closed down during the Puritan reign. At their re-opening, in 1660, the people flocked to them, hoping for the intellectual and emotional feasts of the earlier day; but they turned away in disappointment and disgust from the then corrupt and demoralizing stage. The intelligent reading public, now considerably enlarged, cut off from the enjoyment of the drama, which no longer made any pretense of holding the mirror up to nature, and unsatisfied by the coldly, critical, materialistic literature of the classic age, hailed with relief the advent of a new spirit. For, through all this time, the people, true to their divine inheritance, never lost interest in humanity.

With the Restaration had been ushered in an age of "frigid good sense." The romances during to the early part of the century, instead of advancing toward truthfulness and simplicity, had become farther removed from actual life, and so gave way before the practical temper of the times. Through the influence of the time, prose had become plainer, more serviceable and more direct. Under these conditions a form of prose became popular in which character was the sole interest. Of these studies the one best known is the "Characters" of Sir Thomas Overbuay.

Addison and Steele were also educating the public to a distaste of the plays that held the stage. by their periodical essays of contemperary life and manners, having in them all the elements, but one, of the modern novel. Had the "De-Coverly" papers been united by a regularly constructed plot we should have had a very interesting novel. A further step was taken by Defoe and Swift, who, in their stories of adventure, reduced romance to realism, without depriving the former of any of its charms.

Then there arose a new form of fiction, connected with, yet very different from all that had gone before. This was a detailed account of the incidents of ordinary life and manners. Samuel Richardson began this new era by the publication of "Parmela." He gained popularity by his sentiment and became the founder of a school of novelists.

He was followed by Henry Fielding, who described people as he saw them, not as a moralist might wish them to be. The third novelist of the epoch was Tobias Sucollett, who defines a novel as, "A largely diffused picture, comprehending the character of life, disposed in different groups, and exhibited in various attitudes for the purpose of an uniform plan." And he gives what is at least a characteristic of his own novel, when he adds, "this plan cannot be executed with propriety, probability or success without a principal personage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and at last close the scene by virtue of his own importance."

Soon the extreme realism of the first novels gave way before the incoming flood of Romanticism. In the "Castle of Otranto" published in 1864, we are again surrounded by the glamour of mediaevalism; and from this to the time of Jane Austin, the supremacy of the romance is assured. Its place is made fixed and lasting in literature by the poetic imagination of Sir Walter Scott, who so re-animated historical characters with a spirit of life and action that they seem to be once more in living presence among us. His influence was felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Cooper read his novels, and thinking he could find material in the new country about him for no less stirring romances, began his remarkable series of books, and became the real founder of American fiction.

Again, in the nineteenth century, by one of those mysterious influences which control history, the pendulum of popular taste swings back to realism. With Bulwer Lytton begins the modern school which became intensified in Dickens, Thackery, George Eliot and our later writers. With few exceptions, the Victorian novelists deal with real things, with flesh and blood; they paint things as they are, they have a basis in fact; they violate no law of physical nature, nevertheless they inspire to the higher and more ideal living.

Dickens is the most truthful advocate of the life of the outcast and poor. He describes the real London, witn its lights and shadows, the London of the poorer classes. Thackery combines every gift that belongs to the master of fiction. His realism is higher than that of Dickens, it is a fidelity to human nature, a study of motives. George Eliot from the first avowed herself a realist. In "Adam Bede" she devotes an entire chapter to the explanation that her mission is to write the truth, to paint men and things as they are, and not better than they are. She

penetrates the inner and primal elements of nature itself. Her place is with Ruskin, Darwin, Arnold or Browning, "the teachers and seekers after light."

In this age so many able and distinguished writers, have chosen the novel as their favorite or exclusive form of literature. Their work is familiar, and it is impossible and unnecessary to enumerate them further.

To-day the novel is universally hailed as one of the great vehicles for the inculcation of truths beneficial to mankind. The very breadth of canvas it offers tempts the best writers to try their hand at it. Every man of intelligence and imagination is deeply impressed with the whole spectacle of life. It is so full of strange contrasts and perplexities; not only the destiny of the individual, but the destiny of the race is reflected in this motley procession of which he is a part, as well as a spectator.

The whole school of novelists who are called "realists" believe that the only ambition worthy of a writer of fiction is to reflect the life of the times, particularly that phase of it with which he is especially familiar. In so far as he fails to portray life as it is, he fails to be an artist. Being truthful, it is impossible to be immoral.

Life is a moral struggle. That it is many other things we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, it is tragedy, it is comedy, but it is steadily and sturdily and always moral responsibility, and an artist cannot throw off the moral sense from his work. A great artist is too great to try to do so. "Your work," said Hall Caine, "is what you are, it cannot help but carry with it the moral responsibility in which you live."

It matters not whether the characters in fiction are real, invented, or imagined, they stand for facts in life which are fixed and firm realities. A character in fiction is a universal individual and exemplifies some universal aspect of humanity.

Critics arise now and then to protest against love being made the central thought of the majority of the novels. But nature set the example when she made love the central motive of the world. It is the life of the race and all conditions spring from it or from the lack of it. There is always a charm in a fresh love story, and a fascination in the record of a strong man or woman being influenced, sometimes against their entire nature, through that mysterious attraction we call love.

The world will never tire of love stories. Humanity does not grow old.

Fiction cultivates in us an admiration for true character. It broadens our views and sympathies for suffering humanity. It appeals to universal experience; all the chords of life are touched; problems of every-day life are presented and solved. We gain a vivid, true and varied picture of so many sides of human nature, so many conditions of actual life. It makes us feel, and shows us something in ordinary life which was not apparent before, and strengthens our faith in goodness.

We have a right to demand of a book that it shall fill our mind with something of beauty that was not there before—whether it is beauty of thought, of imagery, or character.

By showing us the anguish or ecstacy in missing or gaining ideals, it arouses in us a desire to realize ideals in our own life. It stimulates us to live the true life for a time that we may grow into the strength of living it for all time.

DASIE HUPP.

THE ART OF ARTS.

"Man, a God though in the germ," feels within himself divine instincts, which, blindly groping, strive to realize themselves. "The need for expression, felt by every human creature, appears in men of profound and intense interior life as a creative impulse; the relief is found in giving objective form to the thoughts that come welling up from the depths of the spirit. But it is in art that creative expression most becomes in itself an over-mastering end, and especially in the two arts that give swiftest and readiest outlet to emotion, in poetry and in music." Hence, it is the noble function of art to catch and fix in beautiful form the sparks of divinity that man perceives within himself and nature.

Harmony is the law of all art. The Greeks were the first to discern this; with them the aim of life was to tune man into harmony with his surroundings;failure in this was evil.Pythagoras says:"Harmony is the principle and guide of divine and human lIfe." The artist's soul must be able to grasp "the thread of all sustaining Beauty that runs through all and doth all unite," and so bring the elements of his

thought into perfect harmony in a sensuous image that pleases the aesthetic sense.

This is brought about by skill in the technicality of his art; but the true purpose of art is not attained by the production of a perfect physical image. The image must embody a universal ideal that appeals strongly to our emotional nature. Ruskin's theory is, that the ethical value of art is its only excuse for being.

Since Art is harmony, its one purpose is to bring our souls in unity with whatever is purest and noblest in nature and man. If a sculptor carves from marble "the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman," if the brow be insincere, or the lips have a certain curve that hints of earth, or the physical beauty suggests a moral ugliness, the work of the artist is lost, unless he wishes to portray a moral ugliness for a moral purpose. Time whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not receive his work.

Ruskin says: "We find vice in art failure, and virtue in art success;" that no one can portray ideal beauty, unless he, in his own life, has practiced the good and sought for the true; that he can never be a true artist who fails to see how artistic beauty and moral beauty are parallel lines.

This idea is forcibly brought out by Browning in his "Andrea del Sarto." Andrea, while criticising the technique of Raphael, acknowledges that his own pictures lack the spirituality, the divine inspiration of Raphael's. He says:

> "That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
> A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
> Its body, so to speak; its soul is right;
> He means right—that a child may understand.
> Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
> But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
> Out of me, out of me! and wherefore out?
> Had you enjoyined them on me, given me soul,
> We might have risen to Rafael.

Hence, it is the noblest purpose of art to raise man out of his present surroundings, to inspire him with ideals, to console his troubled soul, "to sink his individual sorrow in the contemplation of eternal beauty, to bring weary and doubting humanity into restful communion with the divine source of all its yearnings, in the faith that they have not been given us for naught."

Of all the arts, music is the most potent in bringing about this spiritual uplift. It resolves all things into harmony, and eliminates the harsh and discordant elements. The Greeks very early recognized this and used music as one of their first means of education. It was so connected with their system of ethics and mind training that the God of Music was also the God of Righteousness.

Art rises in the scale as it becomes less technical and more ideal, as it becomes less material and more spiritual. To prove that music is the highest art, Browning presents the following argument in "Abt Vogler:"

> "All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
> All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly torth,
> All through music and me! for think had I painted the whole,
> Why, there it had stood to see, nor the process so wonder-worth;
> Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause.
> Ye know how the form is fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
> It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
> Painter and poet are proud in the artist list enrolled; But here is the finger of God."

No composer of genius wishes to be known in the world as merely an intellectual athlete, or as a skillful composer. Mere technical skill may be acquired by hard study, and may be possessed without the least creative power. But the real creative artist uses the material accummulated by study as food for imagination, whereby he may embody his thoughts in beautiful form.

Beauty in music presents three phases; sensuous beauty of tone, symmetrical beauty of form, aud spiritual beauty of content. Any one or two may predominate, or all three can be combined to form one complete whole. Compositions, in which the mere beauty of tone predominates, are at the foot of the scale; those which combine with this the embodiment of beauty of form stand higher; while those in which the three phases are combined, but in which the emotional beauty predominates, are the best; and the best composer is he who can thus combine tones, for

> "The soul of music slumbers in the shell
> Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
> And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
> A thousand melodies unheard before"

Thus have we all grades of music; from the elevating, that brings good, pure thoughts and noble resolves, as "Home Sweet Home," or the grand noble works of the great composers, down to the low ditties

that breathe only of vice and wretchedness; yet in all arts vice is found, but the cultivated taste refuses it as a "thing unclean."

While music is less material than other arts, yet it is very restricted, in that it cannot express abstract ideas, but only hint at them, and put you into a certain mood and let your imagination or fancy lead you where it will.

So when we speak of the content of music, we do not mean that it describes a scene or narrates an action, but we mean the ideals and emotional experiences which find expression through the form.

The feelings of the composer are always manifest in the content of his composition. If his mind is wholly upon the form side of the work, it can be felt, and there is really no content, for the emotion is vague and cannot be clearly defined. Yet, in the other compositions we feel that the composer has thoroughly mastered his material, constructed the form with real freedom of energy, and given us an emotional experience of his own for our interpretation and delight; this is musical content.

Music is truly the language of the heart, its effort to express its fullness. This may be seen in the mother's song sung over her sleeping babe, the song of the milkman and workman, and the song of the little tot crooned at its play. If a story be related, music can be made to add to its interest by the difference in tune and changes in melody. In Faust, if during the pathetic scenes, low, plaintive music be played, much is added to the artistic effect.

Of the potency and universality of music, Ruskin says: "Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is also the one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man."

All sounds are among the best means of expressing feelings or emotions. The animals, when in pain or pleasure, express their feelings by inarticulate sounds; so do infants. Adults do the same, but modify their expression by a difference of tone. Hence, certain tones have come to mean certain definite feelings. Through this, the sounds produced by instruments are associated with the same feeling expressed by tones in speaking and singing, so that music has become a complete language of emotion—a perfect medium for the expression of feelings, for "true music is that which is born in some one's heart."

The feelings in music are simple or complex. A composition in

which the feeling is simple; merely expresses pleasure or pain. Other compositions in which the feelings are complex, express longing, desires, affections or passions. If a homesick, wayward boy hears "Home Sweet Home," softly sung, he has a longing for the "scenes of his childhood," and a desire to go back to the old home; others, who have always enjoyed and appreciated their homes, are led to a greater love and appreciation of them by such songs.

In simple emotions, the mind is quiet and passive and simply enjoys the music, while in the more complex there is a desire "to be up and doing," a longing for action.

Each great composer left the impress of his individuality on his work, and from it we may judge of the infleunce which moulded his life. The minds of some were taken up wholly with desires, longings, and yearnings, or fierce passions; others sought to express their impressions or experiences. In the beautiful music of Haydu we feel in the presence of "green fields and running brooks," and know that his life was full of joy. The purity of Mozart, the gentle melancholy of Beethoven, the intense passion of Schubert, the force of Gluck and the freedom of Wagner, all lie revealed in their works. While in the grand, wierd, solemn Requiem of Mendelssohn, we feel in the presence of a dark tragedy, full of pain and despair.

Every great composer had a definite purpose in writing. Each strove to make music generally cultivated and thus produce a higher civilization. Mendelssohn aided this move with his "Songs Without Words." They are easily understood and each has its own beautiful ideal These popular, pretty compositions have won for him the title of "the musician of the unmusical," for they appeal to every class. Gluck and Schubert sought to restrict music to its true office, that of ministering to poetry, and thus aid in bringing out the beautiful and pure ideals. They raised song writing to a high degree of perfection.

But music cannot be limited to that which has been written or produced by man's energy. It defies the bondage of time or space. Music is universal, it is everywhere, even if it cannot be heard by mortal ears. Sounds are carried by vibrations, and vibrations are the result of vibrating bodies. The small molecules, in any object as they vibrate, produce music too fine for mortal ears; and the planets, as they revolve about the sun, make music so divine that none but the immor-

tals can hear. David was not much wrong when he said, "The Morning star singeth in the East."

Nature's laws are not only harmonious, but also ryhmetic. All sounds ebb and flow in nicely accentuated beats, whether the sound be produced by nature or ingenuity of man. Listen closely to the low call of the bird, or the harsh whistle of the locomotive and you can readily detect the periodic swell of volume. The universe teems with tones, harmony and rythm.

Not only is music universal in the physical world, but in the life to come it will be the one delight of the angels to sing around the throne of God, for, "Passing wholly beyond the domain of death, we may still imagine the ascendant nobleness of the art, through all the concordant life of incorrupt creatures, and a continually deeper harmony of 'puissant words' until we reach—

> The undisturbed song of pure consent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne.

EDYTHE M. GIPE.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Night has fallen on the Judean hills:

> "And sinking silently,
> All silently the little moon
> Drops down behind the sky."

Within his house of cedar, rich with Oriental furnishings and hangings, reclines David, the poet, the king. A soft glow suffuses the room; the air is redolent with spices; strains of distant music fall gently upon the quiet air.

For awhile David gives himself up to the beauty of his surroundings, but to-night he feels a spirit of unrest which luxurious ease fails to satisfy. With a short sigh he turns to the open doorway.

> "Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
> Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Dimly outlined against the star-lit sky, he sees the tent in which reposes the ark of the Lord, just brought up to Jerusalem. All day long the harpers and singers had poured forth songs of praise and thanksgiving. David's heart wells up within him as he recounts his manifold blessings. Suddenly he starts from his reverie, gives one quick look into the luxurious room, one long look into the night, and, turning to Nathan, the prophet standing near by, he says: "Lo, I dwell in an house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains." Nathan in a deep, gentle tone replies: "Do all that is in thine heart; for God is with thee."

That same night as the prophet sleeps peacefully, the word of God comes to him, that David's hands are so stained in bloody war that they are unable to build a temple for the great Jehovah; yet he is promised a wise, noble son who will refrain from war and thus be worthy so great a task.

But David, having put his whole soul into the thought of building a temple to the Lord, zealously began preparations. All the gold and precious metals obtained in war he dedicated to the temple; he prepared nails and brass; under his instructions, cedars were brought from Tyre and Sidon; he contributed vast sums of gold and silver. Not content with this alone, he commanded the princes to lend their aid. He appointed twenty-four thousand Levites to aid in the preparations; four thousand as porters for the service of the temple; and also four thousand others, who, with harp and voice, should praise the Lord night and day.

Now, David, realizing the fullness of his years, and the great work before Solomon, anointed him king. His people rejoiced exceedingly, and came and blessed David, saying: "God make the name of Solomon better than thy name, and make his throne greater than thy throne."

Then David called together all the princes of Israel, and all the great and mighty men at Jerusalem. In the presence of this august body he delivered to Solomon the detailed plan of the temple. He asked aid of the children of Israel, and they joyfully contributed their wealth of gold and silver, together with an enormous amount of brass and iron.

Over against Mount Zion, on the rocky summit of Mt. Moriah,

down whose sides ripple many a sparkling stream, where God had stayed the desolatory work of the angel of Death, was the spot chosen as the site of the temple. Far and near could be seen the surrounding hills with smiling valleys between.

With the opening buds of May, Solomon sent messengers to post over land and sea, and bring back material and skilled workmen to build the great structure. The whole world poured into his lap her treasures of metal and stone. Thousands of workmen in all parts of the known world wrought, shaped and hewed for this great temple; while Hiram, of Tyre, sent "cunning workmen" to oversee the work, and put the great structure together. Laborers cut down the mighty cedars of Lebanon, carefully prepared and made them ready for use, floated them down to Joppa, thence they were taken to Jerusalem.

Men worked diligently in metal and stone, shaping, hewing and polishing. The preparations were so complete, "that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard within the house while it was in building:"

Vast superstructures of great and costly stones were built, forming a level area of about one thousand feet square. Here at this conspicuous height was erected the temple and its courts. For seven years the work went on under the supervision of the great Solomon, every piece receiving minute attention.

Lo! alone it stands in its magnificence, the marvel of all succeeding ages. The great and costly stones; the cedar and fir, evergreens with their fragrant odors, symbols of eternity; the olive with its rich color, the symbol of beauty aud strength; the algum, with its beautiful garnet tints, and of which the poet makes his "star-tuned harp;" the gorgeous effect in color and light produced by the flashing of gems, and the brilliancy of marvellously wrought linens, all profoundly affect us by their grandeur and magnificence.

Since Phoenician workmen were employed, and we are explicitly told Hiram of Tyre had charge of all metal work, we may infer that the temple was of Syrian architecture; also, in facing the rising sun, it shared one of the characteristics of all Syrian temples.

The temple proper was an oblong, rectangular building, sixty cubits long, twenty wide and thirty high. The back chamber, a cube of twenty cubits, was the Most Holy Place, prepared for the ark of the covenant; the front, which occupied the remainder of the building, was

the Holy Place. Surrounding the temple on every side but the front ran three stories of chambers, each five cubits high, leaving a space of fifteen cubits at the top for the windows which admitted light to the outer sanctuary. These rooms were to be used by the priests, and for the storage of sacred vessels, vestments and such articles.

Extending across the entire front was a porch ten cubits deep, having an inordinate height of one hundred twenty cubits. This porch communicated backward with the Holy Place, and forward to the inner court which surrounded the temple, and was, in turn, surrounded by the outer court. The courts were enclosures open to the sky, and surrounded by colonades of wonderfully carved stone, which supported a roof of cedars, offering a shelter to the people.

In front of the entrance of the porch stood the great brazen altar, twenty cubits square and ten high. The ascent was made by three successive platforms, steps leading from one to the other.

Before this altar was a brazen scaffold or platform for the use of the king when presiding over a sacrifice.

In the inner court, to the south and east of the altar, was the molten sea, for the use of the priests. This rested upon twelve oxen, whose faces were turned unto the four corners of the earth. It was five cubits in height, ten in diameter, a hand-breadth in thickness, and capable of holding about twelve thousand gallons. Its great capacity was due to its bulging out below. It was ornamented with rows of "knops," and carved with lilies and open flowers.

Upon the north and south sides of the court were five lavers, in which the animals intended for sacrifice were to be cleansed. Each had had a capacity of about three hundred gallons, and consisted of a basin about four cubits in diameter, and three in height, into which the water fell through cocks from the laver proper. Carved cherubin, with wings spread, roaring lions, and palm trees with their fern-like leaves, seemed to lend new beauty to the falling water.

At the entrance of the porch stood two great brazen pillars, eighteen cubits high and twelve in circumference, upon which rested chapiters five cubits in height, ornamented with pomegranites, lily and chain work.

Great double doors of fir, with lintels of olive wood upon which were displayed numerous golden images, opened upon the porch. Small doors were cut in the larger ones, so that the Holy Place might

be entered without the large ones being opened.

The walls of the temple (which were of solid masonry five cubits in thickness) and the ceilings were lined with a layer of beautifully carved cedar wood, which in turn was overlaid with pure gold and lavishly garnished with gems. Just before the door of the oracle stood the golden-covered altar of cedar, whereon sweet incense was to burn night and day. On either side were placed five golden tables for the shew-bread, and five seven-branched candlesticks of beaten gold. Both the tables and candlesticks were like those of the tabernacle. The tables were small, and round about each was a crown of gold. The candle-sticks were semi-circular, with flower buds carved upon them, having almond-shaped bowls; "there was a meaning and a purpose in each of the seven branches," which, if kindled, "their radiance would combine into the intense white light of the truth." In the Holy Place were also many golden vessels, and censors, and the tongs used only in the holiest rites, when the high priest entered the oracle once a year to sprinkle blood upon the mercy seat. The only light entering this appartment came from small, narrow windows close to the ceiling, its soft radiance was increased two-fold by the bright gold.

At the west end, communicating with the Holy of Holies, were massive, double-folding doors of olive wood, swinging upon golden hinges, and beautifully ornamented with images of cherubrin, palm trees and open flowers. The beauty of the dark olive wood was enhanced by the contrast of the golden images. On the side of the outer sanctuary, this veil was draped with the sacred veil, a rich curtain woven of white, purple and scarlet linen, wrought with golden cherubrin and looped up with golden chains.

Beyond these doors lay the Holy of Holies, the place destined for the treasured ark, Beautified by every art known to man, it stood in its splendor a fitting abode for God's holy presence. Here in the center was the place reserved for the ark; at either end of which stood a cherub ten cubits high, each inclined just so that the wings of one touched the wings of the other. No light was admitted to this sacred place, for well Solomon knew that God's presence would fill the place in the Divine effulgence.

And now, after seven years of labor the temple stands complete. Solomon has called together the elders and chiefs of Israel, that with fitting ceremony it might be dedicated to its sacred purpose.

Above the hills the dawn-light appears, announcing the advent of

this glorious day. Suddenly upon the tranquil air steals a far-off rythmic sound that comes and goes and dies away. But now more clearly and more loudly does it resolve itself into the deep-toned, sonorous chant of the priests and Levites, as with stately tread they bring the ark of the covenant to its magnificent resting place. Slowly, solemnly, grandly, they wend their way up the mountain, followed by a great concourse of people. Arrived at the temple, the people silently assemble within the courts, while the priests and Levites enter the Holy Place. Here with hushed and bated breath they pause, while the sacred veil is reverently lifted, and the emblem of their faith deposited within the Holy of Holies. Lingeringly the thick veil is dropped. Silently the priests withdraw.

Within the courts of this consecrated spot the children of Israel are assembled in fond anticipation of the scenes which are about to be enacted. A little apart and grouped about the altar stood the musicians, priests and Levites; the plain white robes of the musicians and Levites enhancing the gorgeous splendor of those worn by Solomon and the priests. The harps are struck, the cymbals sound, the grand chorus of the soul-enthrilling anthem rises to the very heavens. As the music swells harmoniously, the temple slowly fills with a cloud which, descending, rests like a halo over the multitude. The glory of God is upon them, and a great peace fills their hearts.

Amid the hush that succeeds, Solomon standing upon the brazen scaffold upon the alter, turns and blesses the people; then Kneeling, with his hands outstretched to heaven, he pours out his soul in raptured prayer. As he prays, a deep sense of religion pervades the gathered throng, they await with devout expectancy and sublime faith the manifestations of the glory of God. The prayers cease. Lo, a radient light permeates the air. Fire descends from heaven and consumes the sacrifice, upon the alter, before their very eyes, and all that vast assemblage, as one man, bow in worship until their faces touch the pavement. Surely God hath visited his people. Such is the first dedication of the temple. Seven others follow with ceremony, song and praise. Each night as they look toward the temple, the soft light of the ever-burning candles is an earnest that God dwells among his people.

On the eighth day they return to their homes with hearts filled with new hope, new love, new life.

DAISY FRENCH.

be entered without the large ones being opened.

The walls of the temple (which were of solid masonry five cubits in thickness) and the ceilings were lined with a layer of beautifully carved cedar wood, which in turn was overlaid with pure gold and lavishly garnished with gems. Just before the door of the oracle stood the golden-covered altar of cedar, whereon sweet incense was to burn night and day. On either side were placed five golden tables for the shew-bread, and five seven-branched candlesticks of beaten gold. Both the tables and candlesticks were like those of the tabernacle. The tables were small, and round about each was a crown of gold. The candle-sticks were semi-circular, with flower buds carved upon them, having almond-shaped bowls; "there was a meaning and a purpose in each of the seven branches," which, if kindled, "their radiance would combine into the intense white light of the truth." In the Holy Place were also many golden vessels, and censors, and the tongs used only in the holiest rites, when the high priest entered the oracle once a year to sprinkle blood upon the mercy seat. The only light entering this appartment came from small, narrow windows close to the ceiling, its soft radiance was increased two-fold by the bright gold.

At the west end, communicating with the Holy of Holies, were massive, double-folding doors of olive wood, swinging upon golden hinges, and beautifully ornamented with images of cherubrin, palm trees and open flowers. The beauty of the dark olive wood was enhanced by the contrast of the golden images. On the side of the outer sanctuary, this veil was draped with the sacred veil, a rich curtain woven of white, purple and scarlet linen, wrought with golden cherubrin and looped up with golden chains.

Beyond these doors lay the Holy of Holies, the place destined for the treasured ark, Beautified by every art known to man, it stood in its splendor a fitting abode for God's holy presence. Here in the center was the place reserved for the ark; at either end of which stood a cherub ten cubits high, each inclined just so that the wings of one touched the wings of the other. No light was admitted to this sacred place, for well Solomon knew that God's presence would fill the place in the Divine effulgence.

And now, after seven years of labor the temple stands complete. Solomon has called together the elders and chiefs of Israel, that with fitting ceremony it might be dedicated to its sacred purpose.

Above the hills the dawn-light appears, announcing the advent of

this glorious day. Suddenly upon the tranquil air steals a far-off rythmic sound that comes and goes and dies away. But now more clearly and more loudly does it resolve itself into the deep-toned, sonorous chant of the priests and Levites, as with stately tread they bring the ark of the covenant to its magnificent resting place. Slowly, solemnly, grandly, they wend their way up the mountain, followed by a great concourse of people. Arrived at the temple, the people silently assemble within the courts, while the priests and Levites enter the Holy Place. Here with hushed and bated breath they pause, while the sacred veil is reverently lifted, and the emblem of their faith deposited within the Holy of Holies. Lingeringly the thick veil is dropped. Silently the priests withdraw.

Within the courts of this consecrated spot the children of Israel are assembled in fond anticipation of the scenes which are about to be enacted. A little apart and grouped about the altar stood the musicians, priests and Levites; the plain white robes of the musicians and Levites enhancing the gorgeous splendor of those worn by Solomon and the priests. The harps are struck, the cymbals sound, the grand chorus of the soul-enthrilling anthem rises to the very heavens. As the music swells harmoniously, the temple slowly fills with a cloud which, descending, rests like a halo over the multitude. The glory of God is upon them, and a great peace fills their hearts.

Amid the hush that succeeds, Solomon standing upon the brazen scaffold upon the alter, turns and blesses the people; then Kneeling, with his hands outstretched to heaven, he pours out his soul in raptured prayer. As he prays, a deep sense of religion pervades the gathered throng, they await with devout expectancy and sublime faith the manifestations of the glory of God. The prayers cease. Lo, a radient light permeates the air. Fire descends from heaven and consumes the sacrifice, upon the alter, before their very eyes, and all that vast assemblage, as one man, bow in worship until their faces touch the pavement. Surely God hath visited his people. Such is the first dedication of the temple. Seven others follow with ceremony, song and praise. Each night as they look toward the temple, the soft light of the ever-burning candles is an earnest that God dwells among his people.

On the eighth day they return to their homes with hearts filled with new hope, new love, new life.

DAISY FRENCH.

LADY MACBETH.

Nothing in Shakespeare is more characteristic than the beautifully feminine traits of his women. Unlike many of the creations of fiction they are not fantastic pictures of the imagination, but women of flesh and blood. His broad conception of woman's character has found expression in the many types he has given to the world, ranging from gay, bright, lovable creatures like Julia, Viola and Rosalind, who, with the clever Portia don male attire, under constraint, without losing any of the grace, modesty ot sensitive delicacy of their sex, to the coarse brutality of Goneril and Regan.

Lying between these is a series of characters which present the varied phases of good and bad in woman. In "Merry Wives of Windsor," the merry wives themselves are a delightful pair, with "their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows, the lines whereon look more like the work of mirth than years;" Beatrice is gentle, affectionate, tender, and if playful, playful in a gentle way; Catharina, although willful and subject to violence of temper, is changed by love, to the least rebellious of subjects; Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but not heroic; Juliet possesses fortitude, courage, self-command and stands for love and fidelity; Brutus' Portia is a sensitive, intellectual, finely-tempered and tender woman; Isabella is noble in serenity of her character, her devotion to an ideal of rectitude and purity, and her religious enthusiasm; Imogen is quick and exquisite in feelings, possesses brightness of intellect, delicate imagination, energy to hate evil, and to right what is wrong, scorn for what is mean or rude, culture, dainty, womanly accomplishments, and beauty of a type which is noble and refined; Portia, of "The Merchant of Venice," is almost a perfect type of womanhood, but he has the grace to redeem her by a few faults and girlish pranks.

Over against these wholesome, sweet, good women, he places Gressida, light, sensual and heartless; Cleopatra, unsubstantial, frivilous, vain, contemptible and variable; and the monstrosities, Gornul and Regan, who are gorgons rather than women.

In direct contrast with these coarse, brutal women, unredeemed by any feminine grace, stands out distinctly the fine, delicate, sensitive nature of Lady Macbeth, capable of the most unselfish love, yet likewise of the utmost cruelty and treachery when spurred on by that love.

In Lady Macbeth we see a strong nature, endowed with wonderful energy denied its rightful sphere of action by environment, and the circumstances of her life, turning in upon itself and becoming so intensified that when it does find an outlet in the accomplishment of Macbeth's ambition, it carries every thing before it by the force of its own strength.

A personality so striking in its personality, so unique in its strange contradictions, must be the product of strong character modified by peculiar environment.

In the days when "might made right" a valiant soldier like Macbeth was kept constantly in the field, this together with the isolation attendant upon feudalism, threw Lady Macbeth upon her own resources. Even when they were together, Macbeth, eminently practical and materialistic, failed to appreciate her highly emotional and intellectual nature, and thus through her mental and moral loneliness her energies were turned in upon herself and caused that wonderful power of mind which otherwise would seem astonishing.

Her isolated life makes her reflective and philosophical, able to solve many of life's deepest problems; thus in an age of superstition we find her calmly exclaiming: "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures; tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil." Again she exhibits a philosophic strain when she says:

> "Naughts had all's spent, where our desire is got without content.
> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, than by destruction live in doubtful joy."

She is used to judging for herself, so she is an independent thinker, quick to perceive and act on her own judgment, deliberate, calm, complacent, and self-sustained. Her habits of introspecting have given her the power of realizing and appreciating her own weakness and strength. Knowing herself to be delicate, sensitive and refined, her womanly nature recoils from the coarse brutality of the deed, which she has set herself to do, but thrusting these womanly sentiments aside, she calls upon the "Spirits that tend on mortal thoughts" to "unsex" her and "fill" her "from the crown to the toe topful of direst cruelty."

Fully realizing that she is lacking in physical courage, she has recourse to stimulants to give her false strength for the hideous deed. Her study ot self has given her the key to the interpretation of the

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Fully realizing that she is lacking in physical courage, she has recourse to stimulants to give her false strength for the hideous deed. Her study of self has given her the key to the interpretation of the

character of others. Her insight in this line is keen, as is shown by the way she reads the faces of the lords at the banquet scene, and her soliloquy over Macbeth's letter:

> "Yet I do fear thy nature,
> It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great;
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
> That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
> And yet wouldst wrongly win."

She acts upon this knowledge, when, after having arranged the plans and supplied the details for the murder, Macbeth fails to keep "his courage to the sticking point," and fluctuates between fear of consequences and his ambitious desires. She first appeals to his ambition:

> "Your face, my thane, is as a book where men,
> May read strange matters. To beguile the time.
> Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under't. He that is coming
> Must be provided for; and you shall put
> This night great business into my dispatch,
> Which shall to all our sights and days to come
> Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."

Failing in this, she appeals to his physical bravery, and taunts him in the following:

> "Art thou afeared
> To be the same in thine own and valor
> As thou art in desire? Would thou have that
> Which thou esteemest the ornament of life,
> And live a coward in thine own esteem,
> Letting 'I dare not' waste upon 'I would not'
> Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Then she appeals to his sense of justice in these words:

> "What beast was't then
> That made you break this enterprise to me?
> When you durst do it, then you were a man;
> And to be more than what you were, you would
> Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
> Did there adhere, and yet you would make both;
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does make you."

Then by her bold attitude he is shamed into courage to do the terrible deed. Again in the banquet scene, when Macbeth sees the ghost

of Banquo in the chair, Lady Macbeth reads at once the faces of the lords, and knows that something must be done and done quickly; she tries to bring him back to his senses by scorn, contempt and anger, but when these fail she uses the practical test:

> "My worthy lord, your noble friends do lack you."

This recalls him to the sense of his surroundings.

Her isolated position cuts off her sympathies with the outside world, her children have died, and the great passion of her heart finds its only outlet in her intense love for her husband. Her whole nature is consecrated to Macbeth's ambition. She merges her own interests into his and devotes the whole of her wonderful energies to the accomplishments of his desires. Never does she think of self; relieving him of all the tediousness of details in the working out of the plot; intending even to take part in the murder herself, and only deterred from it because the sleeping king looks like her father.

In this she reveals the softer side of her character. She is full of feminine graces, and is so addressed by every one. Macduff says:

> O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak
> The repetition in a woman's ear, would murder as it fell."

She is full of womanly tenderness and wifely solicitude. Her high-strung emotional nature is on the verge of madness at the thought of the deed. She says:

> "These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so it will
> make us mad."

She is scornful and quick-tempered, yet capable of self-control, and an adept at concealing her emotions. That she is capable of remorse is shown in the following lines:

> "Naughts had, ills spent, where our desires is got without content;
> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, than by destruction dwell in
> doubtful joy."

All the forces of her mind fall under the sway of her is to decide and to decide is to act. Nothing daunts her, she thrusts aside all obstacles in her way, scorns the idea of failure, and when Macbeth fears such she says: "We fail! but screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail." Her wonderful personality ouercomes all obstacles, all people and herself. She suppresses her own emotions and likewise Macbeth's, and when the deed is done and Macbeth weakens,

although it is abhorrent to her, she forces herself to take the daggers back to the room of Duncan.

She is naturally moral, her soul is like "her little hand," delicate, sensitive, quick; yet, knowing the wickedness and foulness of the deed, she deliberately unsexes and unmothers herself that she may accomplish her dire purpose. The energies of a noble intellect, the passion of a great heart, are prevented from their natural indomitable will. She willfully sins against her own better nature, and Nemesis fittingly comes to her in the form of insanity and suicide. "She is piteously affected by the memory of a stain of blood upon her little hand, and at last the thread of her mis-spent life snaps suddenly." Thus the history of sin dies away in the gloom of tragedy.

FRANCIS PEIRCE.

CHIVALRY.

Feudalism should be honored throughout the ages, for one thing at least. It fostered the Teutonic reverence for woman, and out of this grew chivalry, the brightest star in the canopy of history.

A natural outgrowth of the feudal system, it arose, flourished and fell with its parent. The germs of chivalry may be found in the early German ideas of personal bravery, fondness for feats of arms, respect for woman, together with the devotion to religion and regard for the oppressed, inculcated later by christianity.

Chivalry undoubtedly had a very great influence upon the Middle Ages. Nothing had previously existed that touched the same chords of feeling and passion in the human breast; but when it came it stirred men's souls to their deepest depths, calling forth all that was best, noblest and most ideal in their characters.

The cause of religion called forth all the elements of honor, devotion and loyalty in the feudal knight. The Crusades were the best means through which military ardor and religious enshusiasm could find vent. Chivalry then attained its maturity. Its best thoughts and highest aspirations reached their culmination in this period.

The flower of chivalry was knighthood. To become a knight, the applicant must first pass through various orders leading up to the coveted honor. These orders may be regarded as the training schools

for knighthood, for, through these, he learned the duties of a knight and all the knightly virtues.

At the age of six or seven, a boy of noble blood was taken into the household of some great lord as a page, there to commence his training. His duties commenced at once as a follower of the lord and lady of the manor in all their rides, excursions, hawking parties and visits to neighboring lords.

As soon as the page reached the age of fifteen he was given the title of squire. He might be placed in personal attendance either upon his master or mistress, but in either case, he was supposed to display sufficient courage to merit the honor of knighthood by the time he was twenty-one, As an attendant upon his master, he followed him to the battle and tournament, carrying the baron's lance and parts of his armor not in use, also attending to his personal wants. In case a lord was dehorsed in the melee of the tournament, his squire rushed in to extricate him from beneath the hoofs of the surging horses, even at the peril of his own life.

At last the momentous day in the squire's life arrived. Having at the age of twenty-one honorably fulfilled the obligations of a squire, or fairly won his spurs on the field of battle, the dignities and responsibilities of knighthood were conferred upon the youth. Before entering upon the ceremonies he was carefully bathed so that he might be presented pure to the ministrants. After bathing, he was clothed in a pure white linen tunic, over this, in a later part of the ceremony, was placed a crimson vest. Finally, he was encased in a sable coat of mail; his waist was bound with a belt; spurs were fastened to his boots; a sword girt at his side. Each part of his dress had a special significance as well as use. The white tunic was symbolical of the new life he was to lead; the red vest, a sign of blood, indicated that his business was war; his armor reminded him of the blackness of death; his belt signified that he was girt with chastity; and his spurs that he should fly to the rescue of the innocent, After the ceremony of clothing the young knight was over, he knelt before the officiating knight, who then struck him on the shoulder with the side of his sword and exclaimed: "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be brave, bold and loyal. Rise, sir!" For sir was the knightly title.

The young knight was required to take a number of vows. He swore that his sword would ever be unsheathed to defend the church,

and protect the weak from danger; that his lance would be laid in rust to rescue a woman from peril; and to support a brother knight beset by danger. In case any of these vows were broken, the knight was stripped of his armor, his lance broken, his sword taken away, his shield reversed, all his honors and dignities revoked, and he himself banished in disgrace from the eye of man.

The knight, fully armed and ready for battle, was well nigh invulnerable. His body was incased in a strong suit of armor, a sufficient protection against sword-blows and flying arrows; the head was protected by a solid metal hemlet, whose perforated front could be raised and lowered at will, and from whose crest floated a long, waving plume. To ward off blows, on his left arm he bore a heavy shield upon which was engraved his coat of arms; by his side was hung his trusty sword in its costly scabbard; in his belt was thrust his ponderous battle-ax and mace. His squire followed him carrying his lance.

But the knight's life was not all serious. He enjoyed a high place in feudal society and basked in the smiles of fair ladies; yet his chief amusement was the war-like and exciting test or the tournament. These were usually held just after a young man had been knighted, but often given by kings to increase their popularity, just as the Roman emperors gave gladiatorial combats to win public favor. They were held so that the knights could try their skill with one another. Their principal feature was the personal combat with lance and sword.

The lists or tournament grounds were chosen on account of their natural advantages. Long, sloping hills surrounded them on each side, leaving a level valley, sufficiently large for the needs of the tournament. This was enclosed with a high palisade. At each end of the lists was a gate large enough to admit two horsemen riding side by side. At each gate were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men at arms for maintaining order and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to take part in the tournament. Galleries were erected around the palisades for the use of the higher classes; between the galleries and palisades, was an open space for the yoemen and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar; back of the galleries, on the high rising ground, banks of earth were arranged for the accommodation of the promiscuous multitudes, enabling them to overlook the galleries and obtain a fair view of the field. On one side of the list, opposite the

spot where the shock of combat would take place, was a gallery, higher than the others, more richly decorated, adorned with a throne and canopy engraved with the royal arms:—this was intended for the king and his retinue.Opposite this,on the other side of the lists, was another gallery, of the same height, more richly and gaudily decorated, for the use of the "Queen of Love and Beauty," chosen to preside over the tournament and to award the prize to the victor.

Sometimes the tournaments were of two or three days duration. On the first day, the Queen of Love and Beauty was chosen either by the king or by the victor in the first day's joust. Generally there was a limited number of champions who undertook to overthrow all comers. Their quarters were at one end of the lists and their opponents entered at the other. Just before the contests began, the heralds proclaimed the laws of the tournament. By this time the lists presented a splendid spectacle. The galleries were crowded with the rich, the powerful, the noble, the beautiful in their rich, gay dresses; while the lower space was filled with the substantial yoemen in their plain attire, forming a dark fringe to the circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and setting off its splendor.

As the gate was opened after the herald's proclamation, a number of knights advanced into the arena equal to the number of champions. They rode abreast up to the tents of their opponents; here they separated, each choosing their antagonists by striking his shield with the point or reverse of his lance, according as to whether he desired to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle, or with the arms of courtesy, that is with a piece of round flat board placed over the end of his lance so that there was no danger incurred except in the shock to horse and rider. After choosing their antagonists,the challengers retreated to their own end of the lists to await the signal of the onset.

When this was given, the contending knights sped forward with lance in rest and met in the center of the field.

Lances were broken, noble knights were hurled in the dust by the impetus of the charge, and the air was filled with the frenzied cheers of the multitude. The victors returned to their respective stations and the conquered withdrew as best they might with the help of their squires. This kind of jousting was continued until the champions had each broken a certain number of lances. Then the king named the victor.

On the next day, the contest more resembled actual battle. The

knights were divided into two opposing bands, each one under the leadership of some distinguished knight. Each leader arranged his men as he would in actual battle and led the first charge. At the signal to begin, the front ranks rushed forward while the hind ones moved slowly to follow up an advantage gained in the first attack, or to stop a retreat. A cloud of dust followed in the wake of the first division and nothing could be seen, but the splintering of lances. The neighing of horses, the groans of the wounded, the crash of the battle ax, the clash of sword on shield, and the rallying cries of the combatants could be plainly heard by the spectators. Such sights and sounds made faint hearts tremble that had loved ones in the ranks. When the dust cloud raised, many of the knights were dehorsed, some stretched upon the ground never to rise again, some trying to bind up a wound, some extricating themselves from fallen horses, others on their feet joined in conflict with an adversary, exchanging blows as if life and honor depended upon it, for the laws of the tournament allowed even this. The deadly sport continued until the king threw down his truncheon, then the victor was announced and the prize awarded by the Queen of Love and Beauty.

The third day was given up to such sport as the general public delighted in, contests in archery being a prominent feature. In these contests, yoemen from the great forests competed for the prize, with good natured rivalry and rude mirth. Thus ended this popular pastime.

The tournaments exerted much the same influence upon mediaeval Europe that the gladiatorial contests did upon Rome. They hardened the heart to scenes of blood and suffering and allowed a knight to wreak his vengeance unpunished upon an enemy.

Chivalry exerted a great influence upon and in return received a great impulse from the Crusaders. To this series of wars is due the formation of the three great chivalric, religious orders, Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, Templars, or Knights of the Temple, and the Teutonic Knights.

The Knights of St. John were so called because the order originated in the hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. At first its members acted only as nurses but later took on a military form to protect the Christians of Jerusalem from the insults of the Saracens. This act brought great popularity to the order and thousands in all parts of Europe joined its standard. While its chief aim was to defend the

Christians of Palestine from the Moslems. still its commanderies were scattered over all Europe.

The second order, the Templars, ran a short but more glorious course than the Hospitallers. Founded in 1117 by two French knights who took upon themselves the duty of conducting christian pilgrims between Jerusalem and the Jordan. Receiving accessions from time to time and growing in power and popularity, in 1128 they drew up their first charter. The members had to recite prayers at certain hours of the day; abstain from meats four days in the week; defend the Christian faith with their lives; observe and maintain the Seven Sacraments of the Church; uphold the doctrines of the Two Testaments, the unity of God and the trinity of His persons; go beyond the sea in defense of the cause, and not fly from a foe unless assailed by more than three enemies at a time.

The other order, the Teutonic Knights, also originated in Jerusalem. It was open only to Teutonic knights of noble birth and its chief characteristics were works of charity and relief for the distressed.

All three of the orders rapidly rose in power and wealth. Great lords and kings gave them extensive grants of lands. Their own number enriched the orders with their private fortunes. New recruits constantly flocked to their standards. They owed allegiance to no man and owned territory in many parts of Europe. As a result of opulence, vice and corruption crept in and undermined the great structures. Kings, too, looked upon the proud, arrogant knights with jealousy and, upon slight excuses, placed the orders under the royal ban, confiscated their property, and abolished their commanderies. The different orders, grew jealous of each other, and, when not otherwise engaged, carried on wars of extermination against one another. And soon from being equal to the proudest king, these orders gradually passed into a state of vassalage, then of subjection, and, finally, of extermination.

While chivalry was at its zenith, subtile forces working within were steadily undermining the glorious structure. As it rose with feudalism, so also with feudalism does it die. As none but those of noble birth were eligible to knighthood, its life depended solely upon them; and when the number of feudal lords diminished, the number of possible knights likewise lessened. New weapons, too, had been invented that made the humble foot-soldier the equal of the mailed knight, whose armor, though sufficient defense against arrows, lance and sword

thrusts, and blows from the battle ax, easily allowed the new missiles to pass through. Again the long wars had thinned out the ranks of the feudal lords and had hardened the hearts of the few surviving knights to all that was noble and generous. Chivalry with its beautiful practices and ideals became the outward husk of its former self, a mere cloak under which to hide corrupt and licentious living. Finally; a new spirit of democracy began to take possession of the hearts of men, tending to obliterate all social barriers and proclaim the equality of man; the newly awakened bondsmen clamored for the destruction of old institutions erected for the benefit of a privileged class. Chivalry fell in the general ruin but its eternal principal has lived throughout the ages.

It was the one bright thread in the chaos of the middle ages. It exerted a more refining influence upon the half developed mind of mediaeval Europe than any other institution. Like many other historical movements, it had its evil as well as good results, but while the bad was destined to last for only a few ages, the good continues forever.

No other institution has ever offered such great opportunities for the betterment of the race as did Chivalry, and such advantages were never more abused. While there were many true knights who worked for the good of humanity, yet the great multitude looked only to personal honor and aggrandizement. Such persons as these would not hesitate to take advantage of their rank to gain their end and this brought infamy and disgrace upon the entire institution.

The principle of personal combat to settle a trivial point of honor was one of the bad features of chivalry from which our modern duel has descended.

Being essentially a military organization, chivalry naturally fostered those qualities which tended to make its members better soldiers. One of its fundamental principles was the vow to defend the Church. For the space of several centuries, this it bravely did, repelling the assaults of the Moslems in the west and again and again driving them out of the Holy Land. The very principle of self-protection urged the necessity of the loyalty of knight to knight. Constantly engaged in wars, the knights soon recognized the necessity of personal as well as political fealty, if they wished to gain the victory and enjoy its benefits.

One of the greatest results of chivalry, however, was the elevation of woman. All the old Teutonic reverence was redoubled a hundred

fold and woman was almost worshiped. From occupying an inferior position in the household, she became the true and trusted helpmate of her lord. The purity of the feudal home was inviolate. The feudal maiden bestowed themselves upon none but the brave, noble and generous. Nothing could so well invite a knight to valorous deeds as the sweet smile of his lady-love. From the Middle Ages down to the present this same refining influence has been at work, and the perfect gentleman of today is the embodiment of all of the best principles of chivalry.

FRANK MAY.

POETRY, THE BEST EXPRESSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Art is the ultimate result of the soul's strivings to realize in consciousness its ideal, true self. "Nature is the expression of God's thought." God is infinite. His thought is perfect. Man feels in his soul this perfection, his imagination images it, his hand strives to produce it in objective form; hence, art is the finite expression of perfection:

Art embodying itself in a beautiful image is high art. High art finds expression through architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry.

The less the limitations imposed by the form, the greater the freedom of expression. Architecture is hampered by the fact that beauty must sometimes be sacrificed for utility, it can express but few sentiments; sculpture makes use of solid material, leaving little to the imagination, yet, being able to express movement and passion by the posture and physiognomy; painting supplies the third dimension by the imagination, and through color and perspective, possesses greater freedom to express life; music and literature are purely imaginative, and are almost wholly free to express noble ideals. Music, while it gives the most exquisite emotional experiences, and lifts the soul to a high plane of spirituality, falls below poetry from an ethical standpoint. It cannot express abstract ideas, nor definite specific ideals, which man may realize in his own life.

Poetry is the most adequate expression of life. It is architecture, is sculpture, is painting, is music. The poet builds ideals and charac-

ters which endure for all time, and influence humanity to the uplift of the race; he does with words what the sculpture does with form, the painter does with colors, and the musician does with tones; all this he does, and more, for he "holds a mirror up to life," presenting ideals which determine for eternity. Ruskin recognized this when he said: "The giving brightness to pictures is much, but the giving brightness to life more."

If art is the finite expression of the infinite mind, the old theory; that the physically beautiful image is an art product, whether its effect on the mind be elevating or degrading, is exploded. The voice of Ruskin was as "one crying in the wilderness" against such a pernicious principle. To him and to Browning is due the present idea, that whenever there is a contest between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail, all is lost.

Yet, if we think of the spiritual beauty, the old idea that art must express beauty will hold, for harmony is the basis of all beauty and the idea of harmony precludes all discord or defect, so the truly beautiful must likewise be truth and goodness.

It is interesting to note how the poets appear to lose all sense of distinction between these terms. Keats boldly asserts: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know," inferring thus that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," that it contains the eternal principle. In Emerson's poem, "Beauty," the same thought is enforced. Browning and his poetic helpmate insist upon it. Mrs. Browning so far identifies it with love as to make the former depend upon the latter. She says:

"The essence of all beauty, I call love. The attribute, the evidence and end, the consummation to the inward sense of beauty apprehended from without, I still call love. As form when colorless, is nothing to the eye; that pine-tree there, without its black and green, being all a blank. So without love is beauty undiscerned, in man or angel."

Harmony is the basis of all beauty, therefore of all art; all the elements must be nicely adjusted to the end. To express a high, lofty purpose, nothing is fitting except artistic beauty. A person with a lofty soul may be clothed in rags, and be beautiful, yet, if such a person were clothed in befitting raiment, their beauty would be more apparent; a poem may be weak in body, but strong in feeling, and live, yet its mission is hampered. Artistic and moral lovliness are parallel

lines meeting at infinity. They form a proportion. Just as the moral purpose becomes loftier, the artistic creation should become more perfect. Thus, in "Macbeth," that terrible tragedy of sin, the lofty ethical purpose is sustained and enforced by every poetic art. Hence, the old idea, that a moral purpose on the part of a poet is apt to interfere with the artistic beauty of his production, is fast giving way.

Often times the harmony demands that the language be simple and even rude, so as to fit the sense. Oftentimes vivid imagery or euphonious language would only obscure the thought.

"As a crystal gathers into a mass of perfect form only that which is pure, so in literature the ethical ideas of the race are given shape and finished in the mold of high art in which they are cast." Noble ideas are presented, the God-like sentiments of man, to purify and elevate humanity; the aesthetic sense is aroused, latent energies stored up in the soul are liberated to reach the goal set up by the poet. Thus literature is the means of moral and aesthetic culture, which increases and widens man's susceptibility to moral impressions, fitting him to judge between right and wrong, and enabling him to resist temptation.

Poetry, to live through the ages, must have breadth as well as heighth and depth. It must not only appeal to people when on excursions to etherial heights, or lift them from the dark depths of despair, but it must be a factor in their every-day life. In fact, it is life and must be universal in its applications. "A great poem is not a solo, but the whole orchestra," in which all the chords of life are touched upon and brought into perfect harmony.

The poet does not study the flowers, the mighty mountains, and the seething sea as an artist, or a scientist, but as a lover of nature, seeking to discover God's revelations to man. He has the power of interpreting God's thought. He sees "sermons in stone, books in the running brooks and good in everything." He must feel intensely his own passion, and be a man,

> "Who gives one's breast a thousand pains
> Can make one feel each passion that he feigns;
> Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
> With Pity and with Terror, tear the heart;
> And snatch one over the earth and through the air
> To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.,,

His soul must be afire, "for the mind could only conceive of fire by being fire." To obtain all the good stored up in "the melodious lays

which softly melt the ages through, sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew," one must be with the poet, magnetized, electrified, aflame with passion, so that his own throbbing heart will, with the rise of the emotions, beat time to the rythm.

"Oh, ye dead poets who are living still
Immortal in your verse though life be fled
And ye, O living poets, who are dead,
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill
Tell me if in the darkest hour of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong,"

And showing us the heights to which we may attain, reveal to us the possibilities of our own souls, and enable us to regain our divine inheritance.

KITTIE LANE.

THE IDEALITY OF THE GREEK MYTH.

"There is an instinct in this human heart
Which makes all fables it has coined—
To justify the reign of its belief,
And strengthen it by beauty; right divine—
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like hazel twig in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth."

It is perhaps natural for all who have not made careful research into the field of Greek mythology, so as to be able to interpret the wierd and solemn lessons there unfolded, to enshroud the myth in a glamour of superstitious folly and regard it as the product of a diseased imagination in a corrupt age. They read the beautiful myths not for the lessons contained but rather in a spirit of amused creduality, as children read fairy tales.

Disabusing our minds of all prejudice and approaching the subject of Greek mythology with the same tenderness and reverence that should characterize the consideration of any phase of man's religious life, we discover great treasures of thought and sentiment that astonish the searching student and awe the most profound thinker.

To understand this mythical creation we must know something of

the character of the Greek, his environment, and the age in which he lived.

We live under the same skies that spread over the hills of Greece, and nature in the same voice speaks to us. If we listen to her with the reverence of the Greeks, we will better understand their myths. Their keen imagination made them penetrate her in all her sublimity and find in her the hidden springs of truth.

Nature demands a god. Man is such that he feels the presence of a higher and more powerful being. He is haunted by the idea of a "Something beyond him, yet in him, something in opposition to which he is as nothing; in unity with which he is more than he immediately seems to be." He feels

"That unless above himself, he can exalt himself,
How mean a thing is man."

But why does he feel that beyond every limit there is something? It is because he cannot conceive without perceiving the infinite. For every limit has two sides; one toward us, the other away from us to the great beyond. But in this beyond which from the earliest days has formed the only real foundation for all that we call transcendental in our perceptual knowledge, though it has no doubt been peopled with the manifold creations of the poetic imagination.

So, instinctively feeling this invisible something about and above him, man in his primitive state strives to objectify his idea, and invests the things about him or creations of his own fancy, with god-like attributes.

Some things are to limited to be apprehended as gods, but rivers, mountains and the heavens, have in them something imperceivable. The vastness of the heavens and the invisible strength of the forces of nature awe and elevate the soul and for a time satisfy primitive man's idea of God.

Such was the condition of the Greek mind. At the beginning of their race in their ignorance of the causes of things, everything was a source of wonder to them, Certain forces of nature and powers of man seemed so inexplicable that they said, "Some God or spirit is in this thing."

Especially the universality of the heavens formed the stepping stone upon which their religious minds rose to the fanciful conceptions of their divinities. The thunder terrified them, and being apt to expres

their own passions by howls and roarings, they regarded the heavens as a vast body that also gave vent to its anger by thunder and lightening. Yet surrounded as they were by beauty in every form, the milder aspects of nature likewise attracted them. Thus personifying all the powers of nature, this very imaginative and poetic nation beheld divinity in every tree that grew, in every stream that flowed, in the bright beams of the glorious sun, and the clear cold rays of the silvery moon, for them the whole universe lived and breathed, peopled by a thousand forms of grace and beauty, and in every sequestered bower ministered a gentle nympe or ruled a mighty deity. They not only sought to satisfy their idea of God in nature, but man was likewise deified. Even here we find that they were greatly influenced by their environment. We hear of giants upheaving mountains and performing all kinds of superhuman feats; but if we understand the awful convulsions of nature that were in operation about these people, we need not wonder that that they symbolized them in their gods.

Outlined against the clear blue sky, old Mount Olympus reared its lofty head, enveloped in its mystic clouds. The mystery which overhung it touched their imaginative minds and led them to regard it as the doorway to the celestial abode of their divinities.

The most important of these were perhaps something more than the mere creation of an active and poetic imagination. They were possibly human beings, who, having risen to distinction in some line of life, after death were deified by the people, especially the poets; who touched with their magic wand the details of their lives, which in modern times would simply have been recorded as illustrious. It is probable, too, that the ancient bards, travelling from place to place, sang their deeds into the hearts of their fellowmen. For example, if Orpheus, who sang such notes as

> "warbled to the string,
> Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
> And made hell grant what love did seek,"

Had lived at the present time, he would have been honored as one of our greatest musicians; but the Greeks with their fanciful minds exaggerated his remarkable gifts and attributed to him the possession of supernatural influence over animate and inanimate nature and the spiritual world.

It is, therefore, a useless and profitless task to try to separate fact

from the exaggeration which never fails to cling to tradition. It has been said that the soul of man is a wonderful instrument for the world to play upon; that it cannot avoid having in highest chords at times touched and an occasional note of perfect music drawn forth even by a wandering hand upon the strings.

What is true of the soul may be likewise true of a nation. Some of the souls that lie slumbering in the polentialities of the Greeks,were touched by the wars and contact with their nations, wherein she heard the names of new deities; and by the great tides of Oriental religion that overflowed her temples and made them symbols of such grandeur.

She had the art of selecting from every nation the very best it had to give; her aesthetic nature moulded and changed it until it became her very own. Hence, though we find occasional hints of a borrowed myth, yet the spiritual essence is essentially Greek.

It is impossible to separate their mythology from their religion, as the one forms the basis for the other. Their religion was such that God was only a subject among other subjects and although their splendid system of mythology was but a tissue of "cunningly devised fables" their conception of their divinities was of the highest type and they tried to bring their lives up to the ideal the God embodied.

It is interesting to note the evolution of the idea of God. Man can not conceive of the infinite; in his effort to form the conception he is forced to think in finite terms; hence man puts into his idea of God the elements and attributes he most admires in himself and others. Primitive man with his limitations must be expected to form rude and less ideal conceptions of divinity; so we are not surprised to see Jews protecting deceit, Hera indulging in petty jealousies, and Hermes given to thieving. But however incomplete the result, the fact yet remains that the Greek sought to express in the myth his highest conception of truth and beauty; and if sometimes it presents a paradox, if we approach it reverently and sympathetically we can not fail to see the eternal principle lying therein. Ruskin says: "This is true of all myths, however, that they have many lights and shades; they are as changeful as the opal, and, like the opal, usually have one color by reflected and another by transmitted lights. But they are true jewels for all that and full of noble enchantment for those who can use them."

Every mystic creation has its symbol in nature and is not only an embodiment of human passion but a teacher of right living and an ideal

toward which to strive. Its heroes tread upon the same earth with us; experience the same joys and sorrows, but have a "spirit whose look is heavenward and whose words shall have the savor of earthliness or of heavenliness, according as they are born of the intoxication of earth vapors or of the inspiration given by a 'live coal' from the altar of divine truth."

Hercules was to them no "mere dragon killer" but "the perpetual type and mirror of heroism," and Achilles stood to them as the most beautiful type of strength, of a courage that does its duty regardless of consequences.

This great mythology stands for all,that is best and noblest in Greek character; the expression of a sort of divine discontent; a longing for higher aspirations; for the woman that never comes; the

"Desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar,
From the sphere of our infinite sorrow."

The same motive prompted the Greek in his devotion to the ideals of his mythology that today prompt the Christian. The difference is not in kind but in degree; so from the time when they learned the message of their god through the sighing branches of the sacred oak at Dodoua, to the time when the apostle stood on Mar's hill, the unknown God whom they had "ignorantly worshipped" was none other than the the great Jehovah. Coleridge says:

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery deplits; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back old names;
Spirits or gods that used to shove this earth
With man as with their friend; and at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whatever is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair."

LULU GUARD.

THE MORALITY OF THE DRAMA AND MODERN STAGE.

God has planted in the human heart a desire for the ideal; the imagination craves food, and the emotions demand an outlet. This deep-rooted sentiment in the human heart finds expression in the little child's "make believe," and the pleasure which the adult discovers in literature.

It is the purpose of all literature to present life. The drama is the highest form of literature, because it paints life both with the colors of emotion and action. In the presence of the heroic world of the drama, the worth and dignity of humanity are raised and our ideals purified and ennobled. "Holding up a mirror to nature" it gives us perfect types, whereby we can measure our own short-comings and mold our lives to higher planes. What sane man, then, can doubt the ethical value of so great a presentation of life?

From the infancy of the race, man has sought to objectify his greatest conceptions in literature. The greatest creations in literature have always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose. An example of the most poetical poetry is found in the psalms of David and Job. In Shakespeare there is no deviation from this set rule; the more lofty and artistic the moral purpose, the more lofty the creation.

Shakespeare was possessed of the moral beauty of large forgiveness, and his creation is influenced by the moral purpose of displaying this beauty to his fellow men. Through his universal truth we are brought face to face with all phases of life. The great human conflict of good and evil is his theme, and never once in all his work does good go down before evil; but with nice moral judgment and an artistic sense of fitness, he makes the "deed return to the doer."

Shakespeare is ever a moralist. His works abound in scriptural allusions and his sentiments are in perfect harmony with God's divine law. He teaches: "It is appointed men once to die, and then the judgment;" by his "To be, or not to be," in "Hamlet," he holds that the future state of existence is self-assertive in the human heart. His views of the hereafter are embodied in the following: "In that sleep of death what dreams may come.l'

Shakespeare's comedies, though full of wholesome, happy laugh-

ture, carry a strong moral strain throughout; while his tragedies are full of enduring lessons to every intellectual mind. "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar" can not fail to make man live more consciously; while "Macbeth" is a wondrous sermon on the evolution of sin in all its hideousness, "Othello" is full of telling situations; the lessons sink deep upon the heart. As the influence of the poisonous liquor passes from Cassio, and he begins to regain his senses, he says: "Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial." Continuing, he preaches one of the greatest of temperance sermons in the following: "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let me call thee—devil! * * * * O, that men would put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts." * Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is the devil." Even the villianous Iago,while working upon the passions of Othello, says: "Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals from me my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

The same heartless villian, in many other instances, uses even as virtuous words to accomplish his end. The most noteworthy of these is where he sets forth the moral to be learned from the play, in the following advice to Othello:

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; it is a green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

What more beautiful sentiment than that contained in Portia's exposition of mercy, in "The Merchant of Venice." It reads like the sermon on the mount:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown; his scepter shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but mercy is above this scepter'd sway; it is enthroned in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God

himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice."

This same Portia shows the blessedness of goodness as she muses on seeing a tiny candle burning in her room. She applies its example to mankind: "How far that little candle throws his beams! so shines a good deed in a naughty world." The blessedness of "Good for evil," and the hideousness of revenge as shown in this play are well worth the consideration of all men.

Not only Shakespeare's plays, but much of the Elizabethian drama slightly expurged, together with much of the drama that has come to us since that time, is beneficial, instructive, helpful. Might not a drunkard in reading "Rip Van Winkle," or, more likely, by seeing it placed upon the stage, as played by Joseph Jefferson, realize the degradation of his life and the wretched condition he brings upon his family; and, by the fearful experience of poor Rip, through his great love for the cup, might he not come to his senses and abandon his habit? Indeed, nothing could be more influential in bringing about such a result than a good presentation of any of these great temperance plays. In "Shore Acres" is set forth the beauty of self-sacrifice and the evil influence of avarice, Its simple realism deepens the moral effect.

All the plays discussed thus far have dealt with man as he exists in the world, mingling with his fellow-men. Turning aside from this aspect, let us examine "Faust," the greatest of all moral plays, which deals with the souls of men rather than their physical being. The play represents the constant struggle between the forces of darkness and of light. Faust sells his soul to the devil for worldly pleasure, and the result shows that many of our seeming virtuous paths lead but to destruction. Mephisto exults over the various ways and means by which he is able to slowly crush out the better natures of men and bring their souls into eternal torment. Physical pleasure is Mephisto's greatest weapon when dealing with intelligence, but the play also shows how these pleasures each turn into an eternal source of increasing torture. The powers of light are embodied in Margaret, who, physically, is quiet, and even weak, yet spiritually, she is as gentle as the dew, but exemplifies the great power of God Almighty himself. Twice during the play,when Satin,in railing in all his cursed power, Margaret and her bright cross before her causes him to quake and flee, showing that though the powers of evil are sweeping and infinite, yet when

brought face to face with the powers of light, they must go down. It embodies the eternal struggle between right and wrong in the souls of men. Even Mephisto himself admits the subordination of the evil to the good when he says of Margaret: "Over such as her I have no power." The reality and influence of this play is accepted by the master minds of the age.

In the force of such evidence even the most skeptical must find some virtue in the drama. Admitting as much, the question arises, "Is it right to attend the theatre?"

The function of the theatre in its ideal form, and as it exists to-day under the management of note-worthy actors and actresses, who value their reputation, is to amuse and instruct the masses of the people. It objectifies and actually "brings before our eyes the great crucial situations of our life, making virtue impressive in the abstract; and vice hateful, as it never would be hateful in the abstract." Yet, it is a most deplorable fact that many actors and actresses do not try to educate the people, many presenting plays which appeal to the baser passions, and working upon a much lower plane than they should. When the theatre is found in this condition it should be censured, and censured most severely.

Otis Skinner once said: "But because you find abuse of privilege in any station or walk of life, is it your prorogative to condemn to a leprous exile the class of human beings wherein the error has been discovered?" Should we completely ignore the great and glorious good the theatre has accomplished in the world by its essential worth, simply because it contains the bad elements in some cases? In almost every church a large per cent of the membership are spiritually droans. Should we, for their sake, ignore the influence for good possessed by the church, and denounce the grand and beautiful teachings of Christ, our Lord? If we are Christians, we would rather be found trying to elevate our brother and sister, lending them a helping hand that they might gain a more rounded development spiritually. If such are the measures to be used in this case, let us apply the same method to the theatre, and while in favor of exterminating the vices, and of elevating the lower class of theatres to a higher standard, may its elements of noble power and goodness be recognized as well.

Intelligence teaches it is helpful to read Shakespeare. Is it any worse to see a chaste exhibition of his plays? Christ, in His numerous

parables, set forth His teachings in such a manner, that they might be comprehended by the common people. The drama was only a method Shakespeare had of attempting to reform the people by presenting their follies and sin in a way in which they could see them. He wrote the plays to be acted, and thus in no other manner can they present in their fullest measure the teachings he intended. Would not the temperance sermon previously mentioned have more effect when delivered by an actor bringing all the reality and dramatic action into play which should attend such a sermon, than by the simple reading of it? It is a recognized fact that half the influence of a good oration is lost by taking away the orator's personality. So is it with Shakespeare's plays; the great actors of our day are orators, setting before the public in their best possible light the invaluable teachings of Shakespeare and other great dramatists.

There is a demand in human nature for amusement; man's dramatic instinct is God-given and legitimate; therefore, why should not this instinct be satisfied? The theatre fails in that it is not always elevating in doing the above. But the presence of such distinguished personages as Garrick, Jefferson, Macready, Booth, Keene, Forrest and Barrett, and as representatives of womankind, Janauschek, Modjeska, Fanny Kemble, and Mary Anderson—all these at the very head of the institution, surely tend to prove its purpose pure and beautiful.

It is often said people who go to the theatre seek that which will arouse their passions. Did not God give us our emotional nature? Granting the statement correct, let us suppose these passions aroused to a higher plane of living; would not the theatre be doing a great benefit for humanity? Such is the effect of the best plays. If the emotion aroused be sensational, and fails to find its outlet in action, then it is hurtful. Nothing can be said in justification of such a play. It is the same question which presents itself in novel reading—we must select only the best.

It is also advanced that the scenes presented in the theatre are unreal and unnatural, and that false standards of living and character are often imbibed before the footlights, so that real life seems tame in comparison. Most of the actors and actresses named in a preceding paragraph sternly deny this as the condition existing in the best class of theatres, and they should be regarded as authority upon such a topic. Nevertheless, we know that such conditions do exist and are common,

and it again resolves itself into a question of the choice of the best.

Richard Mansfield says, referring to the morality of the theatre, that it has the same temptations as any other profession or walk of life, but is just as moral in proportion. Joseph Jefferson, and many of the stars of the theatrical arena, stand by the stage as being as pure as society. This may be true, yet the statement seems somewhat sweeping. It is almost safe to say that good people and good drama on the stage are the exceptions. If the theatre is allowed to go on as it is through its agency a great evil may fall upon the land, but, if reformed, it may become one of the greatest and most impressive of all the institutions of righteousness. The present growth of the melodrama and farce, and the fact that burlesque is decaying while extravaganca is increasing, offer no encouragement for improvement. Yet, in the face of all this, in an article in a late journal, the leading historic artists and managers testified to a revival of Shakespeare, and high art and drama, and predicted a purification and elevation of the stage. Sol Smith Russell says: "In large cities there is a tendency towards chaste in the classification of plays. There is a breach between high-class plays and the mediocre productions, which is widening each season, yet it will not be very long before the patronage of each theatre will be separate and distinct."

We must learn to distinguish the false from the true. Otis Skinner, in a recent article says: "The young growing up in our schools today have it in their power to become the patrons of the best forms of dramatic art and to discountenance many of the samples of debauched plays such as have recently disgraced the American theatre."

With this end in view, above all things let our motto in attending the theatre be "discrimination.

EARL YOUNG.

FOOT BALL.

The first permanent organization of the Alexandria High School Foot Ball Team was accomplished in October, 1897, with the following officers: Richard Lukens, manager; Virgil Wilson, secretary and treasurer; Howard Wildberg, captain; Jack Minor, coach. These officers, with the exception of Minor, were retained throughout the season. Later, Raymond French became the coach, proving very efficient in that capacity to the end of the season.

On the day of organization, those who volunteered to don bruises and court-plaster, and to defend the foot ball honors of the high school, were: Wm. Snethen, Otto Cahall, Frank May, Earl Young, Howard Wildberg, John Gipe, Clayton Benjaman, Jesse Morrison, Chas. Peirce and Walter Norton. Ray Davis and Wade Finch were also chosen as substitutes. Some of the above team were unable to play when it came time for a game, and outsiders had to be chosen in their stead.

After about two week's practice, a game was arranged with the Summitville team for November 12, in the Alexandria Ball Park. The game was called at 3:30 p. m. on the set day; when the home boys stepped upon the field they were surprised to find that they were not to play boys but men. The visitors were so large that the high school boys were moved to address them as "papa." The field was muddy from recent rains, making it slippery running. The visitors averaged forty pounds heavier than the home team, naturally won the game by a score of 36 to 4. The game was a series of individual plays and fumbles, in which all took an active part. Otto Cahall had the honor of being the only player to score a touch-down for the home team; it was made on account of poor team work by the visitors. Two twenty minute halves were played, the high school boys only scoring in the first half. The spirit of friendliness existing between the teams was a marked characteristic of the game.

The home team, so far as team work and a knowledge of foot ball regulations are concerned, were far ahead of the visitors.

HOME TEAM LINE UP.

Center—Norton.	Quarter back—Cahall.
Right guard—May.	Left guard—Benjaman.
Right tackle—Gipe.	Left tackle—Wildberg.
Right end—Peirce.	Left end—Kurtz.

Right half back—Snethen. Left half back—Morrison.
Full back—Young. Referee—Ice, Summitsville.
Time keeper—Mitchell, Alexandria.

Not to be discouraged by an expected defeat, the boys strengthened the weak points of the line, and entered into practice with renewed vigor, and a game was secured with the Anderson high school team for Thanksgiving Day, to be played on the Alexandria grounds: The Anderson team represented themselves as very weak and as having never played a game; but did you see them? "Mirabile dictu!" The home team was again outclassed in weight, and were not versed in the mysteries of dirty playing possessed by the Anderson giants. The visitors put up a very ungentlemanly game, and many of the boys carried marks from the field to testify to their slugging. The playing of Dyson, an ex-player from the "Butler Infants;" was particularly ungentlemanly. Two thirty minute halves were played, and the score at the end of the last half stood 42 to 0 in favor of the visitors. The home boys were not lacking in ginger, but were simply outclassed in every respect. A misty rain fell throughout the game, making it unpleasant for both players and "rooters," yet the mud and frequent pools of water helped to give the boys a taste of rugby.

THE LINE UP.

Center—Norton. Quarter back—Cahall.
Right guard—Stockton. Left guard—Benjamin.
Right tackle—Gipe. Left tackle—Wildberg.
Right end—Peirce. Left end—Young.
Right half back—Snethen. Left half back—Runyan.
Full back—Morrison. Substitutes—May, French, Kurtz.
Referee—Rutherford. Timekeeper—I. Wildberg.

Owing to the foul playing, nearly all the substitutes were used before the game was finished.

Although defeated in '97, the high school boys have lost none of their grit, and ere the arrival of the season of '98 they will have girded on their foot ball togs again, and will stand ready to face any team of their size in the state.

NOTES.

During the last game, Wildberg was laid out with a broken collar bone. Cahall received a similar injury in a practice game about a week later.

Gipe was all right; only a little too much work for his constitution.

Morrison made excellent tackles both in practice and in the game.

He entered at the high school
A "sheepskin was his guest;
But the chase for it was bootless,
As a "pigskin pleased him best."

—Selected.

Ray French—High school foot ball team's tackling machine: to use in game, squeeze a little lemon juice down the throat; in practice stand at twenty feet distance and run at machine with head down. Beware of consequences.

Will Snethen always came up last in a skirmish, reeking in sawdust and wearing a wry face.

Earl Young was fair on a punt, but did you see that goal kick?

May, Benjaman, Wildberg and Peirce, on account of length, would sometimes collapse, but not often.

"Fatty" Norton, in the position of center, often grew quite enthusiastic when anyone wanted to fight. "Fatty" was the champion heavyweight of the team.

Full back, three feet from visitors goal, out of breath, gasps: "44—13—11—44, (a pinch) chorus by team: "! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !"

Riggety, raggety, zoollegy, zee,
Porcupine, kangaroo, dragon fly, bee,
Scoodlety, woodlety, hurrah, lack,
Hobblety, Gobblety, red and black.
Hot tomallies?
Well, I guess;
Alexandria high school, yes! yes! yes!

EVOLUTION OF THE FOOT BALL.

Some say that poets are idiots;
Others, that they have no sense.
On this I am like the thoughtless,
I'm right a-straddle the fence.

I don't know and I don't care
Whether the're crazy or not.
But our class poet is all O. K.
If you don't believe it, just ask Fay.

As a proof of the above we have interspersed our extremely humorous(?) humor with gleanings from her voluminous poems.

It has been noticed for some time past, that a certain man, on reaching home, put on his slippers, which are set out on the front porch, and walks on tip-toes around to the back door; that the children are not allowed to play near the house, and that the milkman doesn't ring when he stops at the back gate. No one is sick in the house, but the situation is worse—the eldest daughter is preparing her commencement essay, and the utmost quiet is insisted upon in order to allow her brain to work undisturbed. The poor, helpless thing has worn a wet towel on her head every minute that she is out of school for three weeks past; the children have been sent to bed at dusk to keep them quiet, and the mother and father have stepped out doors when they wanted to speak to each other, but with all these precautions and care, the girl has got no further than her text, which is, "No Obstacle Insurmountable."

—Selected.

Scene—Physical Geography Class.
Teacher—"What is generally found at Hot Springs?"
Bright Freshie (promptly)—"Hot water.

Teacher—"If the earth should cease to rotate on its axis, what would happen?"
Freshie No. 2, (surprised and disgusted)—"Why, we'd fall off, of course."

The class meetings are the means of developing much originality among the members, In a meeting of the Juniors, called for the purpose of selecting class colors, a sprightly lass rose, and in a dictatorial voice, said: "I nominate light blue and yellow." The colors did not object.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Professor of Astronomy—"Glen, how does Mars look through the microscope?"
An embarrassing silence ensued.

BIG FEET.

Frank, the proverbial woman hater, who has expressed his views very impressively against the enchanting sex, especially distinguished himself in one of his translations of Virgil, in describing the immense serpents, when he said:

"They seek the temple, and hide themselves beneath the feet of Minerva."

He was in a trance and thought Minerva lived in Chicago.

Scene, Senior English Class:
First Student—"Let's rehearse our Class Day Exercises."
Teacher—"Oh, it's impossible! Frank and I have a secret we cannot divulge."
Frances (with eyes uplifted and hands outstretched—"Oh, Frank!"

While modern savants have been engaged in inventing all sorts of deadly missiles and thinking themselves "wondrous wise," our history teacher has discovered that as far back as the Napoleonic wars, unique projectiles were sent from the mouth of the cannon. She is authority for the statement, "A horse was shot at a man."

PHYSIC PROBLEM.

The moon has no atmosphere. How does the man in the moon live?

Bright Senior—"Breathes ether, of course, and that makes him unconscious, and then he don't know if he is dead or alive. See?"

GEOGRAPHY IN HIGH SCHOOL.

Teacher of English to Freshman Class—"Where are the Hebrides?"

Bright Freshie (who had evidently been studying his map)—"One inch from England.

UP TO DATE LATIN.

A sweet parous boyibus,
Lovet a girlie giribus.

Query—"At what part of the chicken's anatomy was the instrument for severing applied?"

Mr. May—"At the first vertebrae."

One of the Juniors insists on literal translations of Virgil. At one time we are startled by the picture, "The eagle leaped from the sky.' At another, by the stupendous statement, "Ceasar drew up his forces, and sat down under a mountain." Poor Caesar!

Miss Neff should be complimented on her choice of the "Princess" for the Operetta She makes a good one; rather on the order of "linked sweetness long drawn o ut." Eh?

Mr. Giles, towering three feet above midget Otto, trying to explain the length of final vowels, said: "It is i long, and u short, Otto." The discussion ended, as no one was inclined to disagree.

Professor in Zoology:—"What animals are characterized by their big heads?"

Senior— "The Juniors." And the blow almost killed Daisy.

The Freshies have a craze for enlarging their vocabulary. A few of their neologisins are found in the following lines: "J. G. Whittier's father was a sporty man, patented the 24th of April, 1898."

At a party recently given by one of the seniors, each was obliged to write poetry; the following result shows the profound thought and deep poetic insight of the class:

MY MISFORTUNE.

I am coagulated,
My heart doth give me pain;
A volume of conflicting thoughts
Go whizzing through my brain.

I had a variegated cat,
And thought it muchly sweet;
But Frank, the senior beauty,
Stepped on it with his feet

And crushed it. Oh ye gods!
How could I bear the sight?
I crawled beneath the hen house
And almost died of fright.

One lonely night I lay there,
My liver filled with fears,
My green and yellow pinafore
Bedrenched in briny tears.

I crawled me out from under,
Up in a tree I looked.

I spied the haughty beauty
  On a limb with body crooked.

I grabbed one of Jove's thunderbolts
  And threw it at his head;
With a crashing sound and gurgling moan,
  On the wet grass he fell dead.

'Twas done; 'twas done. I'd fed my wrath;
  My joy no man can number.
Then sleep came softly gliding down
  And wrapped my soul in slumber.

Another:—

What is this I see before me?
Methought I heard a voice cry "Attention!"
And to all the school it said:
"Pupils this gum shall chew no more."
The sweet gum, the tulu gum,
The gum the dear girl chews,
Likewise the pig and cow.
To all the voice still cried:
"Students no more of this shall chew."

"A bespectacled pedagogue wisely said:
'By what city is South Carolina led?
What is its capitol? Answer, please.
'Egypt,' said a sophmore, 'filled with mummies.' "

Still another:—

"Where is my son, my strength and power;
Is he diving down deep into the flower;
Or hiding within a shady bower?

Ah! when the naughty boy I see,
I'll place him gently on my knee,
And I'll spank him—you shall see,
For he has killed my favorite flea."

POOR GIRL.

Edith sat on a hickory limb,
  Chewing on a plumb;
She suddenly gave a howl of pain,
  She was chewing on her thumb.

And just one more:—

"Beneath a tree a little Aleck
Sat cramming oysters down his neck;
Another lad came slowly by,
And hooked an oyster on the sly.
'Where got you that oyster, baby mine?'
He glibly warbled, 'Moon-shine.' "

Good-bye, old school, good-bye,
  To you our hats we doff.
We fain would linger nigh,
  And learn from I. U. Prof.;
But now, our "sheep-skin" fairly won,
We long for rest and a little fun.

Squeeze est her circum the waist,
  Kissibus lips of sweet little maidibus,
And facit a good deal of haste.

One does she satibus,
On his hert kneeibus;
She thinkibus it no harm,
But ecce! her mater,
And her antiquis fater,
Breakibus in on their charm.

The mater grabbed girlibus;
Frater grabbed boyibus;
Inde they tremble in fear.
The maid on ma's lapibus
Received bonus slapibus,
And puer led off by the ear.

Next noctem per lumam,
They meet for to spumam,
Beneath the arbor back of the house.
Next eve they elopibus
To happiness hopibus;
Pa and ma were left doums like a mouse."

With these tender and pathetic sentiments still tingling in your breast, we feel it but fitting to bid you adieu.

On Friday, April 29, 1898, the Seniors and Freshmen held their first annual Class Day. The assembly room was tastefully decorated in their respective class colors with "Old Glory" predominating. The class pennants, 1898 and 1901, floated from the flag pole all day, and the programmes made a very delightful afternoon for the visitors and other classes:

"American Authors."

FRESHMEN PROGRAMME.

Song	America	Pupils of High School
Essay	Class of 1901	Edith Sechrist
Declamation	Voiceless—Holmes	George McBroom
Essay	American Literature	Wade Finch
Essay	My Maiden Aunt—Holmes	Etta Schenck
Essay: A Story	Suggested by Thoreau's "Wild Apples"	Emma Jones
Piano Solo	Regret and Hope—Zondonz	Kate Elrick
Essay	Rip Van Winkle	Arthur Bell
Declamation	A Toast	Mabel Huston
Essay	A Rapid Glance at American Novelists	Bessie Chisholm
Declamation	Mother's Fool	Lottie Frazee
Essay	The Ploughman (Analysis) Holmes	Ruth Wales
Declamatiod	Natural Perversities—Riley	Lizzie Porter
Essay	Orators of the Civil War Period	Fannie Sutton
Music	Mandolin and Guitar	Edith and Vivian Sechrist
Essay	American Humorists	Arthur Wildberg
Declamation	Up and Down Old Brandywine -Riley	Mollie Freeman
Essay	Our American Poets	Grace Crouse
Declamation	The Horrors of War--Sumner	Walter Norton
Essay	Whittier	Fred Carson
Declamation	The Angels of Buena Vista	Lillian Rinehart
Song	Star Spangled Banner	Pupils of High School

SENIOR PROGRAMME.

"Shakespeare."

Friday, p. m. April 29th, 1898.

Song	Edith Gipe

Essay, Class of '98	Frank May
Toast, Our Poet of Poets	Francis Peirce
Response, Quotations from Shakespeare	Class of '98
Essay, the Shakespeare--Bacon Controversy	Earl Young
Declamation, Moonlight and Music--Merchant of Venice	Daisy Hupp
Essay, Macbeth	Luella Guard
Declamation, Mark Antony's Oration--Parody	Fay Ward
Essay, Hamlet	Daisy French
Song	Earl Young
Declamation, Hamlet's Soliloquy	Kittie Lane
Essay, Dramatic Background in Julius Caesar	Edith Gipe
Declamation, Homlet's Soliloquy--Parody	Luella Guard
Essay, Portia	Kittie Lane
Declamation, Our Tribute to Shakespeare	Earl Young
Song	High School

After the conclusion of both programmes, the Seniors presented the school with a portrait of Shakespeare, and the Freshmen one of Holmes. Mr. Busby responded to the presentations with a few appropriate remarks, and all agreed that the Class Day was a success. May 20th was appointed Junior-Sophmore Class Day, and from the elaborate preparations and mysterious councils, we were expecting something marvelous. But all our hopes were blasted when the exercise was declared off on account of the accumulation of work attendant upon the close of the year.

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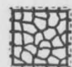
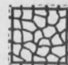
 AND WE DO IT RIGHT. 

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