

by her long black lashes — that seemed still blacker by contrast with her pale cheeks. Her mouth was open a little, and her breath came and went irregularly. Her face was very still; but as Pem waited for her answer, watching her closely, he saw an expression of resolve come into it. Then at last she spoke:

"I do hate you," she said slowly and firmly. But as she spoke the words there was a drawing of the muscles of her face, as though she suffered bodily pain.

"Unearthed at last! By Jove, Smith, I had begun to think that you and the Señorita and Rose had fitted yourselves out with wings and flown away somewhere. I've been looking for you high and low, literally; for I've been up on the roof of the convent, and now I'm down here. Where is Rose? Doña Catalina said that you all three were here in the garden. Oh! there she comes now. Come! We're all waiting for you; it's time to start back to town."

Brown was of the opinion that he did not at all deserve the rating that Rose gave him, on the first convenient opportunity, for perpetrating this most untoward interruption. "How the dickens could I know they were spooning by themselves?" he asked. "I thought that you all three were together, of course." And although

Rose, who took the matter a good deal to heart, replied that this "was just like him," she could not but accept this reasonable excuse.

On Pem and Cármen the effects of the interruption were different. Whatever her more considerate opinion might be, Cármen's first feeling certainly was that of relief. She had fired the shot that she had nerved herself to fire, and the diversion had come just in time to check the reply of the enemy and to cover her orderly retreat.

Pem, realizing that the situation was critical, was thoroughly indignant. He wanted to punch Brown's head. Fortunately no opportunity offered for this practical expression of his wrath, and by the time that he got back to town he had cooled down a little. But he was so grumpy on the return journey, and looked so thoroughly uncomfortable, that the motherly Doña Catalina expressed grave concern when she bade him good-bye and frankly asked him — with the freedom that is permissible in Spanish — if anything that he had eaten at breakfast had disagreed with him? And being only half-convinced by his disclaimer, she advised him to take promptly a tumblerful of hot water strengthened with a little tequila.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Thomas A. Janvier.

POEMS BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

GREAT IS TO-DAY.

OUT on a world that's gone to weed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
The heart is still young in the mother-soil:
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten round Adam and Eve,
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God:
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in yon cottage door?
While your Shakspeare, your Milton, takes his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb:
There's glancing of daisies and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours,
The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years:
There's waving of wheat, and the tall, strong corn,
And his heart-blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

A DAY-DREAM.

'T WAS not 'neath spectral moon,
But in the day's high noon,
That, pillowed on the grass,
I saw a vision pass.

Strange quiet folded round,
Strange silence — close, profound;
Sweet peace, peace sweet and deep,
Bade every trouble sleep.

"O spirit! stay with me,
Lying all quietly:
If this be death," I said,
"Thrice blessed be the dead."

The shape with others passed,
Each fainter than the last;
And — dreadful was the roar —
I heard the day once more.

OLD BRADDOCK.

FIRE! Fire in Allentown!
The Women's Building — it must go.
Mothers wild rush up and down,
Despairing men push to and fro;
Two stories caught — one story more —
See! leaps old Braddock to the fore —
Braddock, full three-score.

Like a high granite rock
His good gray head looms huge and bare;
Firm as rock in tempest shock
He towers above the tallest there.
"Conrad!" 'T is Braddock to his son,
The prop he thinks to lean upon
When his work is done.

Conrad, the young and brave,
Unflinching meets his father's eye:
"Who would now the children save,
That they die not, himself must die."
On his white face no touch of fear,
But, oh, it is so sweet, so dear —
Life at twenty year!

"Father — father!" A quick
Embrace, and he has set his feet
On the ladder. Rolling thick,
The flame-shot smoke chokes all the street,
Blinds so only one has descried
Her form that, through its dreadful tide,
Springs to Conrad's side.

Strong she is, now, as he,
Throbbing with Love's own lion might;
Strong as beautiful is she,
And Conrad's arms are pinioned tight.
"Far through the fire, sits God above" —
In vain he pleads; full does it prove,
Her full strength of love.

Too late she sets him free —
High overhead his father's call;
From a height no eye can see
Calls hoary Braddock down the wall,
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Wilder the women's cries,
Hoarser the shouts of men below;
Sheets of fire against the skies
Set all the stricken town aglow.
With sweep and shriek, with rush and roar,
The flames shut round Old Braddock hoar —
Braddock, full three-score.

"Save, save my children, save!"
"Ay, ay!" all answer, speak as one,
"If man's arm can from the grave
Bring back your babes, it will be done;
Know Braddock still is worth us all.
Hark — hark! It is his own brave call, —
'Back — back from the wall!'"

God — God, that it should be!
As savagely the lashed wind veers,
Fiercer than the fiery sea
The frantic crowd waves hands, and cheers:
An old man high in whirl of hell!
The children, — how, no soul can tell, —
Braddock holds them well.

Shorn all that good gray head
With snows of sixty winters sown;
Griped around the children's bed,
One arm is shriveled to the bone:
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Fire! Fire in Allentown!
Though 't was a hundred years ago,
How the babes were carried down
To-day the village children know.
They know of Braddock's good gray head,
They know the last, great words he said,
Know how he fell — dead.

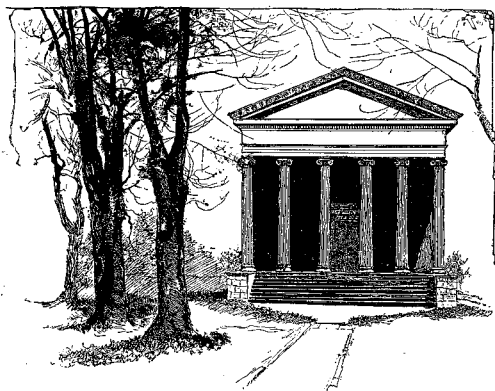
COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.*



SIGMA DELTA CHI CLOISTERS AND CHAPEL, S. S. S., YALE.

Of college fraternities in the United States one significant fact may pass unquestioned—they have retained the affection and kept the support of a large number of those who knew them best. On their rosters are found not only the names of undergraduates, but also those of men who long since left youth and folly far behind. Indeed, one now and then runs across a name that adds a certain dignity to the catalogue and becomes an inspiration for ambitious youth. Of these many find no small satisfaction in identifying themselves from time to time with the life of the various clubs and societies of which they were members when boys at college; they take a mild, half-melancholy pleasure in reminiscent talk, and delight to meet and wander with half-regretful sadness in halls where youth wears the crown.

The charm of life in the society hall is much easier for one to imagine than for another to relate. A stereotyped phrase, "mere boyishness," fails to explain it; a compendium of dry facts and arguments would be farther still from picturing the life that often masquerades under the thin veil of a half-pretended secrecy.

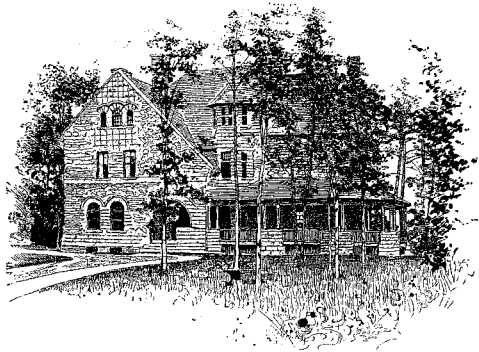


WHIG HALL, PRINCETON.

More "sweetness and light" seems always to have been the goal towards which the fraternities strove, and the story of their development is a plain tale of natural and steady growth from small beginnings.

Towards the end of the first quarter of the present century the social life of our colleges had become barren—not more barren, perhaps, than it had been for many years, but relatively so in view of the fact that life was

becoming richer and the spirit of the times more liberal. Boys from families in which puritanical methods were obsolete naturally hated the puritanism of college discipline; they chafed at the petty decorum of the stuffy class-rooms, and fretted at the deadness of the iron-bound curriculum. Almost the only means of relaxation countenanced by the faculties were open



KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, CORNELL.

debating societies, which met on the college grounds, and to the meetings of which both professor and student might go. In view of the fact that students, from the days of Horace down, were wont to hold their preceptors as their natural enemies, the presence of professors did not increase the popularity of these societies. Indeed, they languished. Here was the opportunity of the typical college fraternity.

Of these societies the first to assume the characteristics that are now recognized as their essential, albeit it soon lost them, had been Phi Beta Kappa. It was founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, December 5, 1776, in the very room where Patrick Henry had voiced the revolutionary spirit of Virginia. The story is a simple one: John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones,

* For friendly assistance in the preparation of this article the writer cordially acknowledges his obligation to Mr. John De Witt Warner, of New York.