

Blue and Gold

1906

Blue and Gold

Published Annually

by the

Corps of Cadets

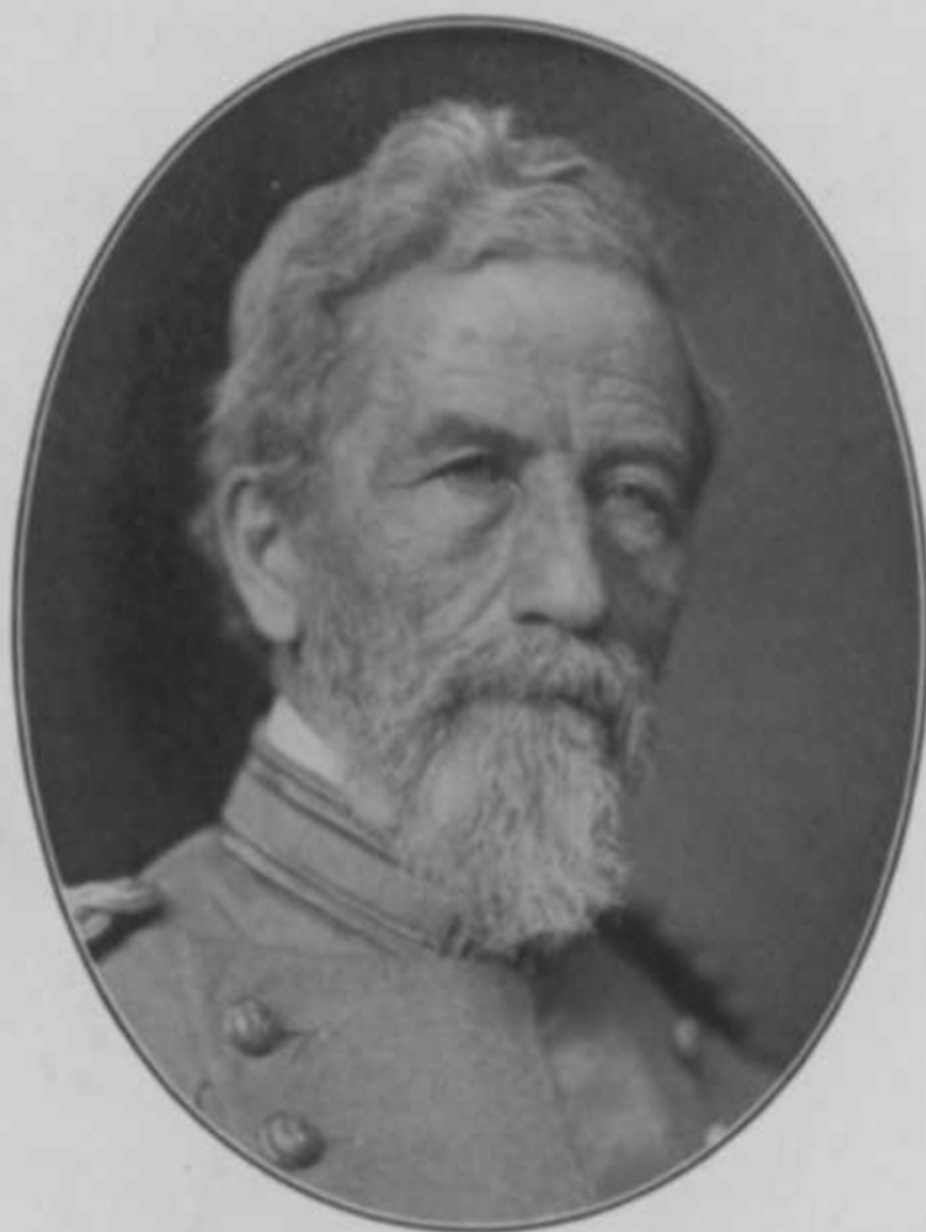
of the



Staunton Military Academy

Staunton, Virginia



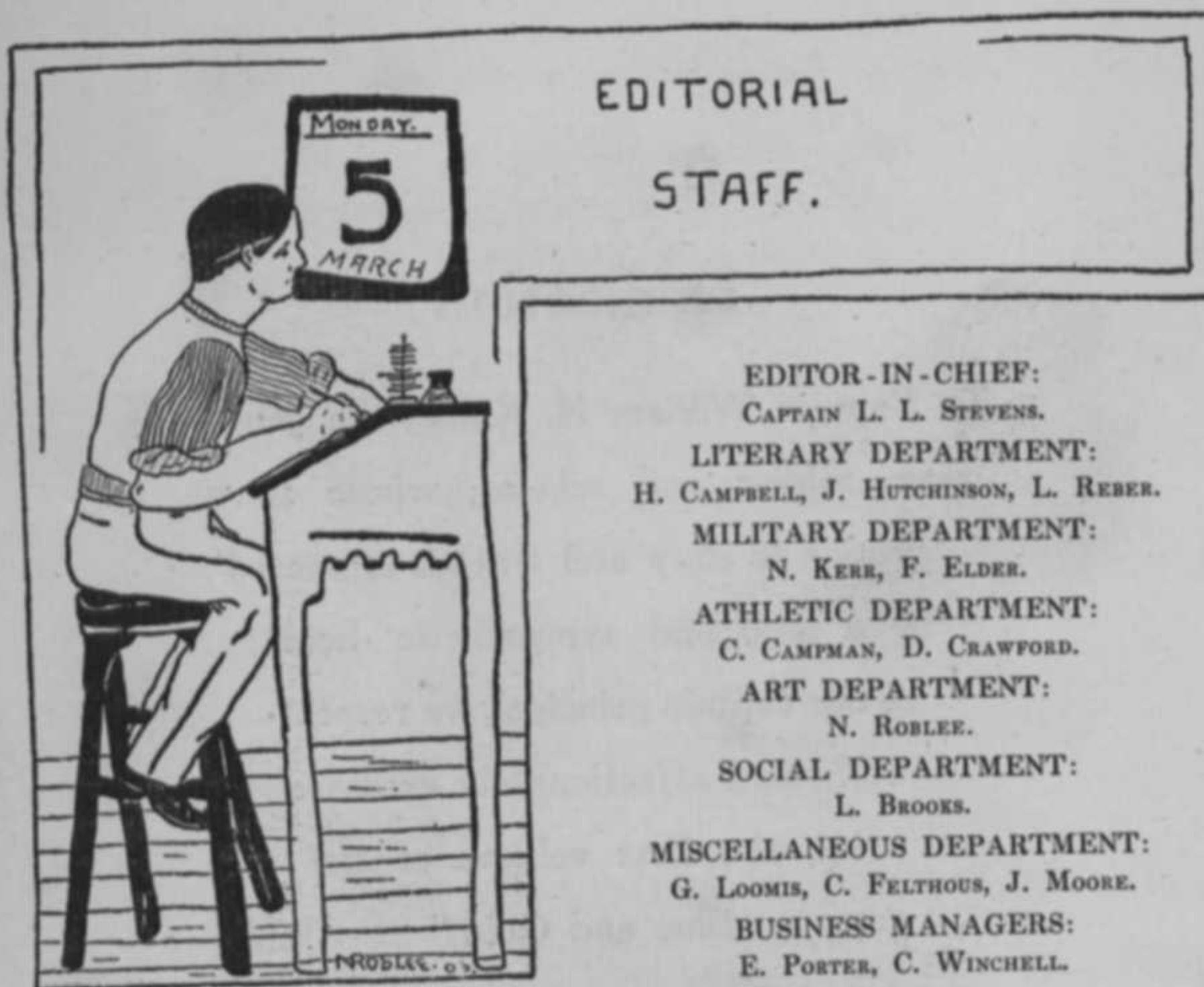


CAPTAIN W. H. KABLE, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL.

Dedication

To Captain William H. Kable, the gentleman, soldier and scholar, whose stern devotion to duty and truth is tempered by a kind and sympathetic heart; to our captain principal, we respectfully and affectionately dedicate this, the first volume of the
"Blue and Gold"





Editorial

THE EDITORS take pleasure in presenting to alumni, cadets and friends of the Staunton Military Academy its first Year-Book. We offer it as a humble contribution to the traditions of the S. M. A. Our object has been to record some of those happenings and reminiscences that will linger most fondly in our memories. If, in after years, this volume should bring any pleasure to a loyal son of the S. M. A., then our chief object will have been obtained. If we have failed, we trust that you will not forget that our work has been the product of moments stolen from study and recreation, and that to destroy is easier than to construct. It has been to us a labor of love, and we hope our faults will be pardoned in the spirit in which they were committed.

Cadet Editors



The Major

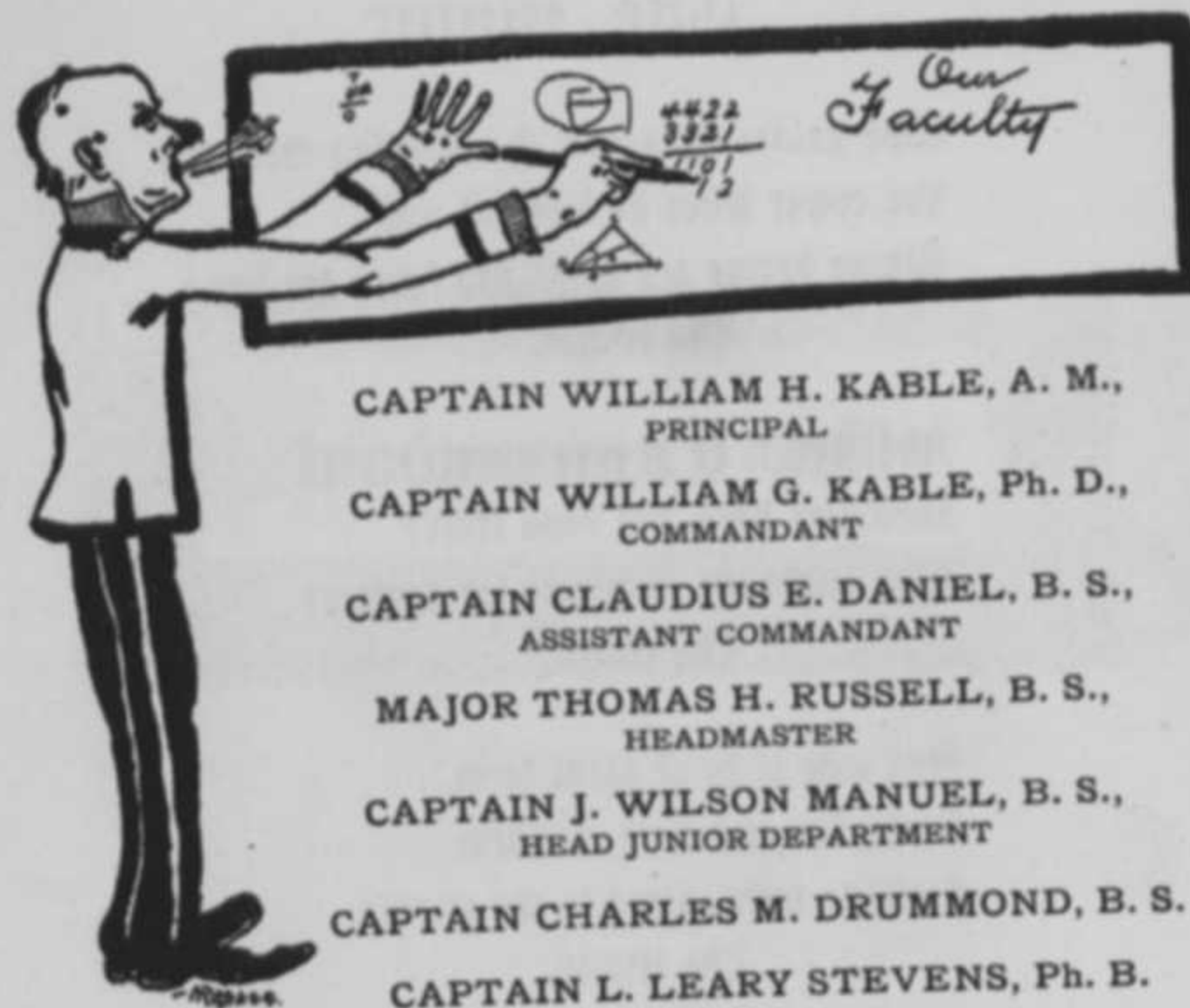
Who guides the school the morning through?
You cower when he looks at you.
Whose brains are great and hairs are few?
The Major.

Ah! who is he of pose correct?
Shoulders back and head erect?
Who sticks the corporals for neglect?
The Major.

And who is he of giant form,
Derby hat and cape so warm,
Stalking town-ward in the storm?
The Major.

What grand O. C. goes stalking round
Third floor second and the ground,
With ears alert for every sound?
The Major.

Whose "Nudum Caput" still will gleam
In years to come when memory's dream
Subtracts the years till young we seem.
The Major.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. KABLE, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL

CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. KABLE, Ph. D.,
COMMANDANT

CAPTAIN CLAUDIUS E. DANIEL, B. S.,
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

MAJOR THOMAS H. RUSSELL, B. S.,
HEADMASTER

CAPTAIN J. WILSON MANUEL, B. S.,
HEAD JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

CAPTAIN CHARLES M. DRUMMOND, B. S.

CAPTAIN L. LEARY STEVENS, Ph. B.

CAPTAIN AUSTIN L. HODGES, B. S.

CAPTAIN JOHN P. MALONEY, B. S.

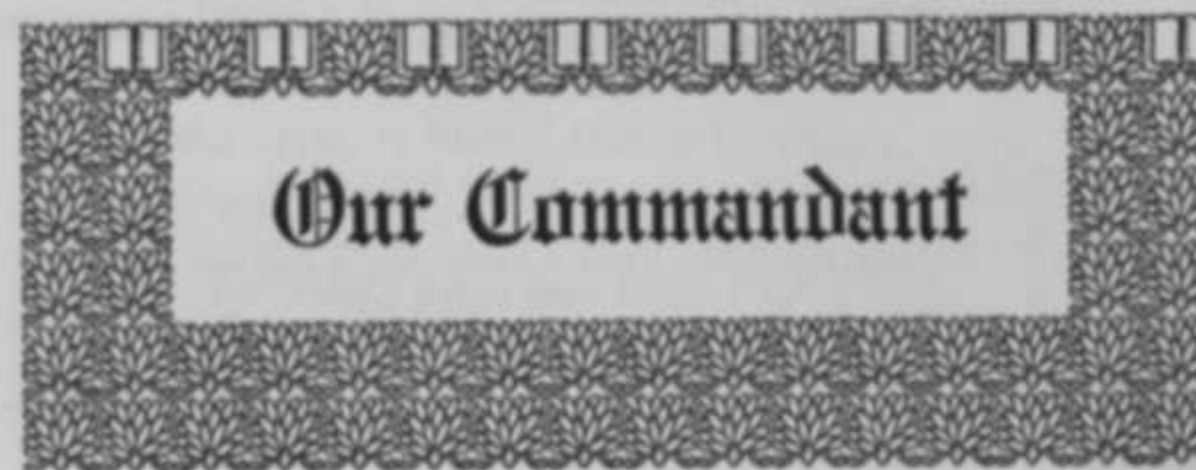
CAPTAIN ROBERT A. ABRAMS, A. B.

CAPTAIN JOHN L. KABLE

CAPTAIN LEE J. HAMMETT, B. S.

MRS. MABEL R. SHARUM

MISS LORETTA WALTER



Our Commandant



OUR ANNUAL would not be complete without a word about our popular commandant. The Staunton Military Academy to-day is largely the creation of this one man, Captain William G. Kable. He is now in the prime of manhood, having overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles, building through twelve years of struggle, a school second to none of its class in the country. Our handsome and commodious barracks, and our large attendance are fitting testimonials to his energy, industry and perseverance.

The Junior Captain holds a warm place in the hearts of the cadets and the faculty. His kindling enthusiasm, broad sympathy, deep sincerity, and personal magnetism make us love and respect him, and account in a large measure for his remarkable success. He has a great big heart embracing a wide range of sympathies; and it is this characteristic above all others that wins men, and accomplishes great things in the world.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. KABLE, PH. D.,
COMMANDANT CORPS OF CADETS.



CAPTAIN CLAUDIUS E. DANIEL, B. S.,
(“The Citadel,” South Carolina Military Academy,)
MILITARY TACTICS, FRENCH.



MAJOR THOMAS H. RUSSELL, B. S.,
Headmaster,
(“The Citadel,” South Carolina Military Academy,)
MATHEMATICS.



CAPTAIN J. WILSON MANUEL, B. S.,
Head Junior Department,
("The Citadel," South Carolina Military Academy,)
ENGLISH, MATHEMATICS.



CAPTAIN CHARLES M. DRUMMOND, B. S.,
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MATHEMATICS.



CAPTAIN L. LEARY STEVENS, PH., B.,
(University of North Carolina)
ENGLISH LITERATURE.



CAPTAIN AUSTIN L. HODGES, B. S.,
("The Citadel," South Carolina Military Academy,)
MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS.



CAPTAIN JOHN P. MALONEY, B. S.,
(Amherst College)
CHEMISTRY, GERMAN.



CAPTAIN ROBERT A. ABRAMS, A. B.,
(Newberry College, Student University of Chicago,)
GREEK, LATIN.



CAPTAIN JOHN L. KABLE,
(Virginia Polytechnic Institute)
ASSISTANT JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.



CAPTAIN LEE J. HAMMETT, B. S.,
("The Citadel," South Carolina Military Academy,)
ASSISTANT JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.



MISS LORETTA WALTER,
(Mary Baldwin Seminary, Peabody Institute,)
MUSIC.



MRS. MABEL R. SHARUM,
(Chautauqua School, New York,)
PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Blue and Gold

'Midst various schools and colleges, our S. M. A. comes in,
From "West Point down to Roller's," she's about the only thing.
And when we hear opponents rail our dauntless athletes bold,
We'll answer back defiant and wave the "Blue and Gold."

On Staunton's highest summit our Institution stands,—
The pride of all the country and the pride of "Sunny Lands."
To our dear old "Hall of Knowledge" we are loyal and we're true.
We are not ashamed to own it or our colors "Gold and Blue."

When the sun has lowered at evening and is moving down the west,
It is then that Nature proudly dons the garments of her best,
As over hill and mountain and by the castle old
She moves in proudest contrast with her colors "Blue and Gold."

When we've finished our instruction, and in leisure hours we long
For the shrill note of the bugle and the old familiar song;
How we see our cheerful school-room and our teachers grand and true!
How we wish that we were back there, 'neath the colors "Gold and Blue!"

C. C. C.



Our Senior Captain



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HARTMAN KABLE, our beloved Principal, was born in Jefferson County, Virginia, September 25, 1837, thus being in the 69th year of his age. He attended a private school near his father's plantation until he attained to young manhood, when he matriculated at the University of Virginia in the fall of 1857. He left the University about a year before the war between the States and was teaching at Southampton, Virginia, when that gigantic struggle began. Like hundreds of the South's best sons, though doubting the expediency of secession, when the crisis came he responded to the call of his native State and joined the Confederate Army in April, 1861. He enlisted in the Tenth Virginia Cavalry as a private, but won promotion rapidly, being elected lieutenant the next year, and rising to the captaincy of his company the second year. He fought bravely throughout the war, participating in many of the fiercest and bloodiest struggles for Southern independence.

In the Gettysburg campaign he was wounded at Hanover, Pa., where he also had his horse shot under him in battle. He was at Appomattox, Virginia, at "the time that tried men's souls," when a small but invincible army of veterans from a hundred battlefields had to bury their hopes and their flag in the face of a multitudinous enemy that was backed by inexhaustible resources. At the sad and solemn surrender he stood by the side of his great commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and received from that peerless chieftain, on a parole for duty well done, the highly merited commendation, "This was a good officer."

After the war Captain Kable began teaching at the same place where he had taught a short while when only seventeen years of age. But still ambitious to bet-



Staff

ter equip himself for his chosen profession, he re-entered the University of Virginia and graduated from that justly famous institution with the degree of Master of Arts in June, 1868. For one year after graduation he taught school at West View, near Staunton, but owing to defective eyesight, which developed just at this time, he had to give up for a while the profession to which he was so devoted, and for three years he was a farmer. It was while thus engaged that he won the heart of the woman who became his first wife, and in October, 1871, he was married to Miss Willie Lobban Gibbs, of Lynchburg, Va. From this union there were seven children—the oldest of whom is Captain William G. Kable, our popular and efficient Commandant of Cadets.

In 1872 the subject of our sketch began teaching—this time to continue until he had to his credit fifty years of work as an instructor and exemplar for hundreds of young men who came from all sections of the Union to be prepared for college and for life. He first took charge of the famous Charles Town Academy, at Charles Town, West Va., an institution founded by Lord Fairfax, of England. He remained here for twelve years, and followed his profession so successfully that the Charles Town Academy became one of the most noted schools for scholarship and thorough work in that section of country. It was while presiding over this school that he was elected by his fellow-citizens to the presidency of the County Court at Charles Town, and from his tenure of office in that honorable position he holds the distinction of never having had one of his decisions reversed by a higher court.

In 1884 Captain Kable gave up his work at Charles Town and moved to Staunton, Va., where he founded the Staunton Military Academy, familiarly known to everyone as the Kable School. After all the vicissitudes that could be incident to an institution of its kind, this school stands to-day grander and stronger because of its age—the largest preparatory school in the Southern States—a sublime commentary on the ability and fidelity of its noble founder, Captain William H. Kable, honored by all his co-workers and loved as a father by every cadet in the corps.

Calendar, 1905-'06

SEPTEMBER.

- 20—School opens.
- 21—First section of "Bobbie Marsh" arrives.
- 22—Outbreak of Zulu War, 1879.
- 23—Second section of "Bobbie" arrives.
- 24—Holiday.
- 25—Searcy meets Captain Daniel.
- 26—Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846.

OCTOBER.

- 1—Porter draws his sabre.
- 10—Goodman washes his face.
- 21—Massacre of Smerwick.
- 28—Saddler strolls the "beat" from early morn till dewy eve.

NOVEMBER.

- 3—Searcy's second introduction to Captain Daniel.
- 21—Anniversary of fire.
- 29—Fight with Dunsmore.
- 30—Thanksgiving "Holladay."

DECEMBER.

- 2—Uprising of Jack Straw, 1378.
- 5—Uniforms of Faculty arrive.
- 7—Islar combs his hair.
- 10—Battle of Spurs, 1513.
- 18—Christmas vacation begins.
- 25—Major Russell receives a handsome set of military hair brushes as Christmas present.

JANUARY.

- 11—Dumbell drill begins.
- 19—Lee's Birthday celebration.
- 23—Reidy and Holladay settle their dispute.

FEBRUARY.

- 12—Final appointment of officers.
- 14—Faculty receives a few Valentines.
- 19—Gaston and Maxwell put out of the Bridgewater basket-ball game.
- 22—Washington's Birthday (holiday).

MARCH.

- 2—Geology Class stuck in cave.
- 17—St. Patrick's Day.

Commissioned Officers



Our Barracks

ON a raw, chilly morning in November, 1904, while standing midst the ruins wrought by a disastrous fire on his cherished school the night before, Captain Kable was addressed by an on-looker with the following remark: "Well, Captain, you've lost everything you had, what are you going to do now?" "What am I going to do?" replied the Captain, as he gazed into the ashes of all that had been but yesterday. "What am I going to do? Why, my dear sir, I'm going to find it again where I lost it." These prophetic words proved but the key-note that bespoke the great success which has since that day been realized. Rome had her fire; Kable School had hers, and each rose from its ashes all the grander for the terrible disaster it had suffered. On the 21st of November, 1904, our buildings were burned to the ground, and as soon as the bitter cold had moderated sufficiently, ground was broken for the magnificent new barracks which were to stand as a fitting monument to what faith and indomitable pluck can accomplish. On the 18th of March, 1905, the first stone was laid, and on the 20th day of the following September the building was completed and ready for occupancy, and that, despite the numerous predictions of the multitude that to accomplish such a thing in that length of time was both Utopian and ridiculous. All of which goes to show that there are thousands of people in the world to-day who have yet to realize that this is an age in which gigantic things are done, done now, and done well, too. However, it is none the less wonderful when we consider the magnitude of what really was accomplished in so short a time.

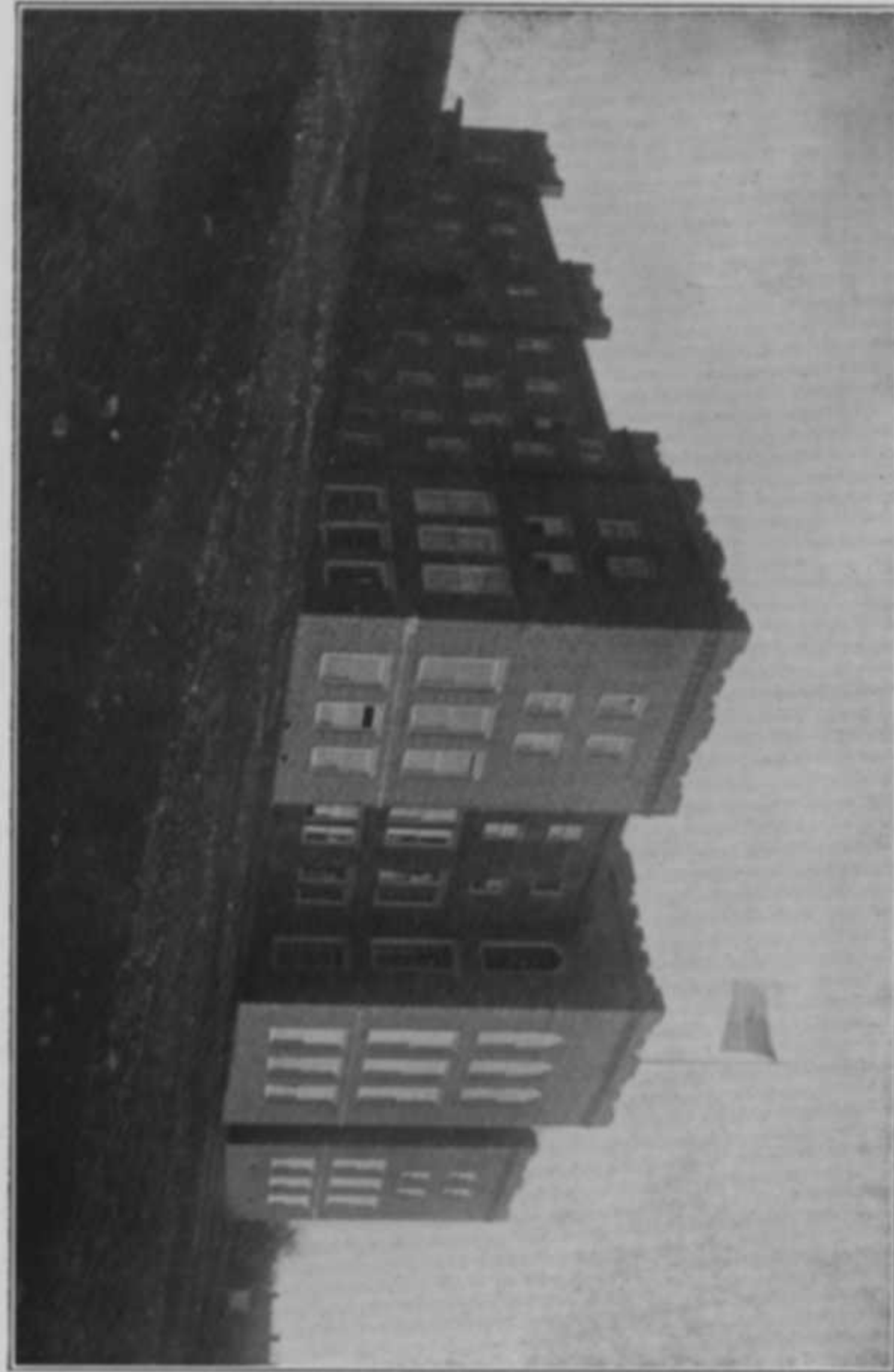
The barracks of the Staunton Military Academy are, without exception, the largest and handsomest quarters for cadets in the Southern States. The building is strictly West-Point in style; 170 feet by 145 feet, having a quadrangular court of 115 feet by 75 feet. There are 116 bedrooms, 12 class-rooms, chemical and physical laboratories,

boiler-rooms, library, assembly-room of 2,000 square feet floor space, gymnasium of the same dimensions, numerous toilet-rooms, bath-rooms containing thirty showers, with an adjoining swimming pool of 625 square feet, of graduated depth. The material and workmanship used in erection are no less a source of pride to us than the beautiful plan of construction. We believe there is nothing that could be improved upon for strength or for beauty. We might say that practically the only building materials used in construction are steel and stone, thus making it absolutely fireproof, except as to the floors, every square inch of which, galleries included, is maple hard wood; and should a floor ever catch fire, only the very small area of one room could burn at a time, as each room is separated from the adjoining ones by ten-inch stone walls. As still another safeguard, and a very admirable one, the door of every room in the building opens on the broad galleries which extend all the way around the interior court—one for each floor. These galleries are twelve feet wide, supported by huge columns of concrete, and as a guard against accidents, there extends all along the edge an iron railing four feet high. There are numerous stairways leading from the galleries to the court, each protected by iron railings.

A word should be said in regard to this interior court, which is called, from its shape, the "quadrangle." We consider this feature of construction one of the most practical and admirable of our whole plan. This court has 8,250 square feet of area, which is covered with six inches of concrete, and this, in turn, with a coat of Portland cement, giving a smooth, solid pavement, equal to any that can be made. All formations in severe weather are held in this court, where the bitter winds and raw air are completely cut off, and as twelve feet all around the court are under the galleries, we can thus enable our boys to avoid exposure, either over head or under foot. At night this court is lighted by a 1200-candle-power electric arc, which is suspended just over the centre.

As to provision made for the comforts of cadets, in their quarters there are toilet-rooms on each floor; these

Barracks



toilets are equipped with the latest improved sanitary fittings, and each room has a tiling floor. The building is heated by steam from two 80-horse-power boilers, and in addition to this, there is a 60-horse-power boiler for the showers and swimming pool. Light is furnished by gas and electricity. Each room is neatly papered, and the steel ceilings (there being no other kind in the building) are elegantly painted by the best decorators that could be employed.

These details, hastily given as they are, describe what we believe to be the handsomest and best equipped school building for boys to be found in this country. And we are justified in this claim by the unanimous praise of two hundred and fifty cadets who have been living in it for nine months, and by the favorable comment of every visitor to the institution this year.

Very natural it is for Captain Kable to be proud of what he has accomplished; few men there are in this day who can turn from the past for a model of excellence and look forward to posterity to levy a tribute of admiration. All praise to him to whom praise is due.



The Senior Class

MOTTO: Labor Omnia Vincit.

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.

Officers:

President,	-	-	-	-	-	C. H. Winchell
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	C. E. Reber
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	H. H. Hutchinson
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	E. C. Porter
Poet,	-	-	-	-	-	J. H. Moore
Historian,	-	-	-	-	-	F. R. Elder
Prophet,	-	-	-	-	-	H. S. Campbell

The Seniors

All the learned and authentic fellows.—Shakespeare.



Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.

—Shakespeare.

CLYDE A. WINCHELL, Class President, was born in Shokan, N. Y., March 16, 1887, whence he escaped to S. M. A. in the fall of 1903. He is now Captain of Co. E, Vice-President of the Athletic Association, Business Manager of the ANNUAL, member of the Omega Debating Society and a Upsilon Gamma Sigma man. Will try for a Ph. B. at Yale if he masters "Trig."

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

—Shakespeare.

LOUIS E. REBER, JR., is a native of State College, Pa., and was born May 6, 1889. By means of unceasing labor he successfully performed the strenuous duties of Quartermaster-Sergeant. He is a member of the Omega Debating Society, and is intensely mathematical, having no time to give to the ladies. Will enter Pennsylvania State College next year.





For I am nothing, if not critical.
— Shakespeare.

JASON HARVEY MOORE, JR., selected Pitts-
ton, Pa., for his birthplace and forever made
famous the 7th of May. He is Second Lieu-
tenant of Co. D, one of the Editors of the
Blue and Gold and a member of the Omega
Debating Society. Has blue eyes and few out-
shine him as a social star. Intends to seek a
M. D. at the University of Virginia.

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight.
— Shakespeare.

FRANK R. ELDER first opened his eyes at
Rochester, Minn., May 31, 1889, whence he
blew to Amherst, Mass. He is First Lieuten-
ant Co. B. and one of the Editors of the
Military Department of the ANNUAL. He
came here with a good physique and con-
science. He still has a good physique. But
he longs for his native heath and next year
will try Amherst College for a change.



*For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and
singing of anthems.*
— Shakespeare.

HUGH S. CAMPBELL, is a poet. Hence he
was born, not made, in Galveston, Texas, July
24, 1887, but later broke loose and made his
way to Sparta, Wis., where he has since re-
sided. He is Second Lieutenant of Co. E.
and Class Prophet. Has great literary talents,
but hopes to bury them and enter business.

*You may relish him more in the soldier than in
the scholar.*
— Shakespeare.

EDWARD CARSWELL PORTER was born in Al-
bany, N. Y., February 10, 1888. By constant
attendance to duty he has attained the respon-
sible office of Hospital Steward, which he fills
to the satisfaction of all, and is, indeed, "a
friend to the sick." He spends his furloughs
between Saratoga Springs and New York City.
Aspires to a C. E. at Cornell.





Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
— Shakespeare.

HENRY HUTCHINSON was born in Staunton, Va., March 7, 1888. His future success is assured, being of a steady and industrious turn. He is a quiet, sensible and congenial companion. Can trace his ancestry as far back as his grandmother. He is in the last analysis essentially a scientist and a mathematician. Expects to enter the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Class Poem

Oh, Memory! giver of both pain and joy,
What treasures for this Class hast thou in store!
On wounds which us in future will annoy
A grateful healing ointment thou wilt pour.
Some quiet hour when fading in the west
The saffron clouds to gray are turned at last,
Thou'lt swiftly as the wild bird to its nest
Transport us back o'er milestones we have pass'd.

We'll see the mild moon shining down upon
The barracks with its hundred gleaming eyes,
The smiling face of Harry, Dick or John,
The old familiar tramping and the cries.
We'll see the gray battalion and the gleam
Reflected from the shining line of steel,
The hoarse commands, the quick formations seem
Not past nor dim, but present—they are real.



History of the Class of 1906



ABOUT the middle of September, on a sunshiny day, we entered the gates of old S. M. A. to begin the life of a Cadet.

The time has passed quickly and happily for the most of us since our entrance to this grand old place. It is true that some of us have fallen by the wayside and left the others to go on alone, and to at last reach the goal for which we have striven so hard. It is a pleasure now to look backward to the time when we, as "rats," were placed in the kind and gentle hands of the old boys and received our share of their gentle correction.

We shall never forget the first two months of our stay. The calls, drills and recitations seemed numberless, and to us were very confusing, to say the least. But soon, out of this confusion, came order, and we settled down to work in earnest.

We soon had the pleasure of donning our new uniforms, and were proud to be seen upon the streets wearing the cadet-gray.

These happy months of our first year have gone now, months that we can never recall, and we will always look upon as one of the pleasantest periods of our lives.

Finally, Commencement drew near, and we saw the Seniors graduate—an honor which we hoped to attain some day in the future.

When Commencement was over and our final drills finished, we disbanded and went to our several homes, which ranged from Washington to Maine—from New York to Florida.

The summer passed too quickly for us, and once more we were assembled within the familiar walls of S. M. A. to continue our studies as old boys and to have the "rats" turned over to our gentle care—to learn the principles of military drills, and etiquette.



Assembly Hall

The restraint which we endured the previous year was somewhat removed, and we entered upon a more agreeable and dignified life, which none of us found fault with.

Some of our number developed a great liking for exercise, and every Monday morning could be seen walking on the stone walls for three or four hours at a time.

On the 21st of November, 1904, we were awakened by the cry of "Fire!" at about 2 o'clock in the morning, and when morning broke the buildings of our institution were a mass of dying embers.

We were furloughed until the 4th of January, when we found ourselves back, though our ranks were greatly thinned.

During our absence a temporary school building had been erected, and we roomed in houses situated about the town.

The walking from the houses to the school seemed rather hard at first, but after a while we grew used to it and did not mind it so much.

The time seemed to go as quickly, if not more quickly, than the previous year, and soon summer was at hand again, and after Commencement and the final drills were over we disbanded once more and returned to our homes.

The middle of September, 1905, found us back again to S. M. A. to begin the last year of our course. It was a keen pleasure to us to begin the last year at the S. M. A. in our new, handsome and strictly up-to-date military barracks.

We now had nearly reached the goal for which we had worked so hard to obtain, and now studied even harder than we had ever done before.

Soon came the Christmas holidays, and most of us returned to our homes to enjoy the two weeks given us before returning to take up the final struggle during the last six months before graduating. We were full of hopes and fears in thinking whether we would succeed or not.

The time passes quickly, and soon Commencement is here, and as we walk upon the platform and receive our diplomas, our minds go back to the time when we

entered. We think of the happy years spent at the S. M. A. We cannot help but feel with regret that it is all over, and we have to leave the place which we have learned to love during the last years.

Now, that the diplomas are won, some of us look to the college, others to the struggle of life; but, whatever be the course pursued, we feel that the years spent at the S. M. A. have not been spent in vain; that the seeds of knowledge and character sown during these years will bear fruit in the lives of successful men.



At Mess

First Class Statistics, 1905-'06

Name	Favorite Study	Chief Characteristic	Ambition	Favorite Amusement	Prospect of Marriage	Disposition	Postoffice
Campbell, H.	"Trig."	Writing Bad Poetry	To Outrank Tennyson	Playing "Pedro"	Nil	Amiable	Sparta, Wis.
Campman	German	Talking in School	Has None	Athletics	Good	Kind but Firm	West Middlesex Penna.
Elder	Physics	Borrowing Others' Note-Books	To Become a Second Newton	Rough-housing	Very Bad	Good When Asleep	Amherst, Mass.
Hutchinson, H.	Chemistry	Burning Apparatus	To Teach Science	Roughing Harman	Fair	Loving (?)	Staunton, Va.
Moore, J.	"Trig."	Commenting on the Faculty	To Become an M. D. (Quack)	Playing "Seven-Up"	Tolerable	Sarcastic	St. Louis, Mo.
Porter	German	Running Infirmary	To Wear a Sabre	Stating on the Hudson	Fine	Very Gentle	Saratoga, N. Y.
Reber	All of Them	Silence	To run the State College of Pennsylvania	Studying "Trig."	Might be Better	Meek	State College, Penna.
Winchell	Geometry	Studying at 4:00 A. M.	To be a Motorman	Eating	Very Good	Affectionate	Shokan, N. Y.

First Class Recommendations

To Whom it May Concern:

Having had the privilege, as well as pleasure, of being intimately associated for some time with the young men who constitute our Senior Class, and knowing, as we do, the good qualities, upright manliness and sense of duty of each, we are glad to be allowed to offer these recommendations; which, however, can in no way do them justice.

From this intimate knowledge of them, we will endeavor to offer recommendations which will be in keeping with their past distinctions.

Our list begins with Cadet Hugh S. Campbell, of Sparta, Wisconsin. Since his matriculation, this young gentleman has shown such aptness in literature, especially in poetry, that he has been poet of his class each year. We recommend that King Edward VII make him poet laureate before the "Tip-Top Weekly" secures his services as editor of "Poets' Corner" in that periodical; and that special arrangements be made for his bust to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Cadet Clarence C. Campman, of West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, comes next. Since his entrance, athletics at S. M. A. have shown a decided change for the better. As captain of the foot-ball team for 1905, by his perseverance and pluck, victory after victory has been won for the school. Also, as catcher on the base-ball team, he has been exceptionally clever. As captain and leader in athletics, he has had a remarkable success, and has taken high rank. We recommend that Yale or Harvard communicate with him at once, for it is just possible that one of these might be so fortunate as to secure his services as head coach for next year.

Cadet Frank R. Elder, of Amherst, Massachusetts, is one of the brightest minds in school in one line — namely, the sciences. He has shown such aptness in mastering



Study Hall

the intricate formulæ and problems connected with science, that he is easily recognized as being a star in them. We cordially recommend that he be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (F. R. S.); and that after his death he may be allowed to sleep in peace beside the grave of Sir Isaac Newton.

Cadet Henry H. Hutchinson, of Staunton, has faithfully climbed the "Hill" for three years, and has won a place among the best students in school. He is good in all his studies, but science seems to be most attractive to him. We therefore recommend that a chair of "Darwinian Philosophy," to teach the height, length and breadth of man, be instituted at S. M. A., and that Henry be unanimously elected to the same.

Cadet J. Harvey Moore, Jr., of St. Louis, Missouri. Jason has been known for some time by his knowledge of Mathematics. He is easily the star of his class in "Math." In his mathematical studies he is somewhat philosophical, for he is not content to accept the familiar definition of the figure "one" (1)—that it is a unit—but is troubled because he cannot get any satisfactory explanation of why "one is one," and why "twice two is four"; and then, too, in his mathematical philosophy, he is trying to show just at what stage in the development of the mathematical conscience of the human race that man first learned how to count, measure land, and how he got the idea of the figure "one." We heartily recommend that some enterprising (?) publisher employ him to write a new edition of the "Euclid."

Cadet E. C. Porter, of Saratoga, New York. While very good in his studies, Porter has shown that he has a great head for business. He has demonstrated his ability in business in many ways, and lately, as one of the business managers of the "Blue and Gold," has caused many expressions of wonderment to escape the lips of his comrades. He, no doubt, will become one of the "Captains

of Finance"; and we sincerely recommend that he be appointed business manager of the "New York Mutual Life."

Cadet Louis E. Reber, of State College, Pennsylvania, has shown great proficiency in all his studies. He has demonstrated that he can easily become a star in any of the academic branches. It is to be hoped that he will continue his scholarly pursuits. We shall be glad to write a letter at any time commending in the highest possible terms his fitness for the chair of "Universal Knowledge" in State College.

Cadet Clyde A. Winchell, of Shokan, New York. "Winch" has shown more than once his fitness for things military. Very quiet and reserved, he has at all times preserved the calm dignity of an efficient officer. We most heartily recommend him to be eminently fitted to fill the next vacancy occurring on the Board of Visitors to the United States Military Academy at West Point, or that the President appoint him captain of a company in the Regular Army, to be stationed in San Domingo.



Physical Laboratory



"Prophecy"

A Pipe Dream in Six Naps

INTRODUCTION

Time—About 11:00 P. M. Place—Staunton, Virginia.

Year—A. D., MDCCCXVI. Season—Merry May.



THE hot sun had poured on the barracks all day. The cadets in khaki trousers and not much else had panted and scorched around all day and now the "balmy air of the Shenandoah" was just beginning to decrease a little in temperature. Upon my downy couch in room No. 20, I tossed about and listened enviously to the eloquent nasal dissertation of my pal in the other bed. Suddenly I heard cat-like steps along the hallway. It resembled much the paddy contact of Captain ——'s feet on the oaken floor, so I pretended to sleep and waited. The door opened and the object which entered opened my narrowed eyelids in about two jerks of a lamb's tail. The first thing I noticed were its feet. Robbie Marsh's. No doubt of it. My gaze wandered higher. Nothing doing with R. K. Nobody but Barstow ever possessed those knees. My frightened perception traveled swiftly to "its" highest extremity, and included Wickman's abdomen, Big Smith's shoulders, Robbins' neck, and, oh, horror! Speedy Brook's noddle. This amiable creature, with one of Speed's most captivating smiles, propelled itself forward and deposited a small medicine phial in my hand. Then with a gentle flirt of its hand (which I recognized as S. G. Robertson's) it stole gently from the room. I looked at the phial. It contained what looked like six common quinine capsules, filled with a grey powder. My first "think" was "Not for mine," but as I squirmed about looking for a cool spot in the bed, I

"thunk" again. Nothing much worse than this was what traveled through my brain. At last, unconsciously, perhaps, my hand stole to my mouth. I felt something sweet in my mouth and then —

I

I was in the operating-room of some large hospital. A patient lay on the enameled steel table. I saw his face and it seemed familiar, too, but somehow I couldn't place it. My eyes wandered around the room and at last rested on a small calendar hung on the wall — 1920. I started. They must have made a mistake. My gaze returned to that silent form again. A sudden stir and the soft opening of a door. In comes the surgeon with white apron, cap and rubber gloves. That face again. He advances with a firm tread, winks solemnly at one of the nurses, chucks another under the chin, deposits the medicine case on a table and prepares for business. He produces a certain black instrument resembling a funnel, which he placed against the patient's forehead for an instant. The latter apparently drops into a deep sleep. He works deftly to produce his tools, but finds time now and then to perform osculatory operations on his fair assistants. One of the blushing damsels murmurs: "Why, Doctor Winchell, you must stop!" Oh, yes, I thought I knew that face. I only paused long enough to find out. The unfortunate's name was Gerow and that he had gotten hurt sleeping in a soap factory. Then with a doubting prayer for the success of the operation I "butted" out.

II

How did I get back in bed? Search me. But all the same there I was with that mysterious bottle and not six but five little grey capsules within it. With more confidence than before I bolted one of the pellets and awaited developments. Almost instantly I found myself in the midst of a whirling, singing, joyful crowd of people. I recognized none of the faces this time but all looked old compared to when I had seen them before. The costumes, too, were strange to me. The décollete of the ladies

Gymnasium



shocked my Puritan ideas and I recognized to some extent what at one time had been Tuxedos. The trousers, however, were grotesque and resembled those of a Turk or a Zouave. They were all dancing some queer round dance which resembled a waltz in some respects and a polka in others. I recognized the graceful outlines of my friend Searcy, even though he wore eye-glasses and a sandy goatee. No mistaking those ambrosial curls and lily fingers of Cadet Corporal (?) Riles. No mistaking the ease with which he trod on his partner's Trilbies or the hem of her dress. Others also I saw and knew, but I was nearly struck dumb when happening to glance over the door I saw a beautiful placard which bore this genteel fable: "Monsieur Louis Rebaire. Select Dancing School. Home for Me."

III

It must be confessed I breathed a sigh of relief when I felt the unyielding springs of my pallet 'neath my curiosity once more. But, alas! "Curiosity, thou art a fiend." Another powder slipped smoothly down my esophagus. This time I was in somebody's backyard. A shadowy moon peered now and then from between clouds and by its light I saw a heavy-jawed bulldog lying in the door of a kennel and embraced in the arms of Morpheus. I saw something else. A certain gentleman with a Colt's automatic in one hand and a radium flashlight in the other was climbing in through a second story window. I debated whether I had better warn the inmates or not, but at last decided it was none of my business. It seemed about twenty minutes before the back door opened and a low-browed ruffian walked out with the most disgusted expression I ever saw on a man's face. Despite his years of dissipation and crime I recognized Jason Harvey Moore. As he passed me I heard him mutter to himself, "I'll be blanked if he didn't borrow my revolver and the last nickel I had on me." I strolled around to the front of the house, pondering deeply on these things. All of a sudden my wonderment vanished, for there on the door plate I read,

"George D. Wing." "Poor Harvey," thought I, "he's lucky George didn't get his clothes."

IV

The next capsule went down as a matter of habit and I found myself in a dingy attic. Over in a dim corner sat a giant form, his hands full of chemical apparatus, as likewise was the table near by. Numerous pamphlets were lying about and I noticed a dog-eared one which bore the date 1909, and had an advertisement of "The Cartilage System, Rochester, N. Y." The general contents of most of them were pertaining to the quick acquisition of height. I gained also from his intermittent and self-directed conversation that he was on the verge of discovering a new and instantaneous method of acquiring inches in statue. Now and then from the depths of a bushy beard I caught a glimpse of some well-known features and at last reached the conclusion that this was my old friend Henry Hutchinson, commonly known as "Hi Henry." Then exit.

V

The same swallowing process and I stood before a huge building in what seemed to be the center of New York. Above me on the second floor swung the conventional huge molar and below it was the sign, "Porter & Polhemus, Painless Dentists." I noticed the absence of houses and street cars and wondered at it, but finally decided to go up and have a tooth attended to. Yes, that is Porter, all right. He advances with a suave smile which is almost as good as an advertisement of his trade and asks me what I will have. I pretend not to know him and tell him I wish to have my teeth examined. Seated in the chair he asks me whether I will take radium or liquid air. Not me. I tell him I'll take a walk and I glide out of the door with but a glimpse at the bewhiskered countenance of Norman Roblee as he writhes in agony under Polly's painless paws.

VI

Back to bed. Back in the street. Not in the same

street, however. This time it is in some foreign country. Vienna, perhaps. Who is this who comes tumbling down the street, with his eyes glued to a book. A long grey beard (milk stains, maybe,) falls below his collar and a pair of steel-barred spectacles bestride his nose. Glancing over his shoulder, from my limited store of German, I decipher that it has something to do with astronomy, trigonometry, physics and every thing else imaginable. The fly-leaf becomes detached and drops. Picking it up I read: "To my dear friend and loving instructor, J. B. Maloney, this book is dedicated." I grab him by the wind-teasers and jerk his face around where I can see it. Frank Elder, or I'm a liar. The insulted party nails me one straight from the shoulder and once more to my downy couch. What's that I have in my hand? An empty ink bottle. Hark, a noise!

From the other bed, Hau-u-u-k! z-z-z! Hau-u-u-k! Me for that, all right. Oblivion.



School Alphabet

A is for Arthur, smart and gallant;
A mighty spry boy is this young Mr. Fant.

B is for Brooks, a fusser (?) Oh, my!
Got a job as a watchman at V. F. I.

C is for Crawford, with a face, oh, so sad!
One would think V. F. I had put him to the bad.

D is for Daniel, whose arm is so strong,
Makes most kids repent that they ever did wrong.

E is for Elder, whose brains are so large
They are kept in the room of the officer in charge.

F is for Fretwell, a happy old soul,
Whose heaven reposes in his pipe and his bowl.

G is for Gaston, with a nature so mild,
He grubs all his makings "from any poor child."

H is for Horton, who comes from New York;
Sometimes mistaken as coming from Cork.

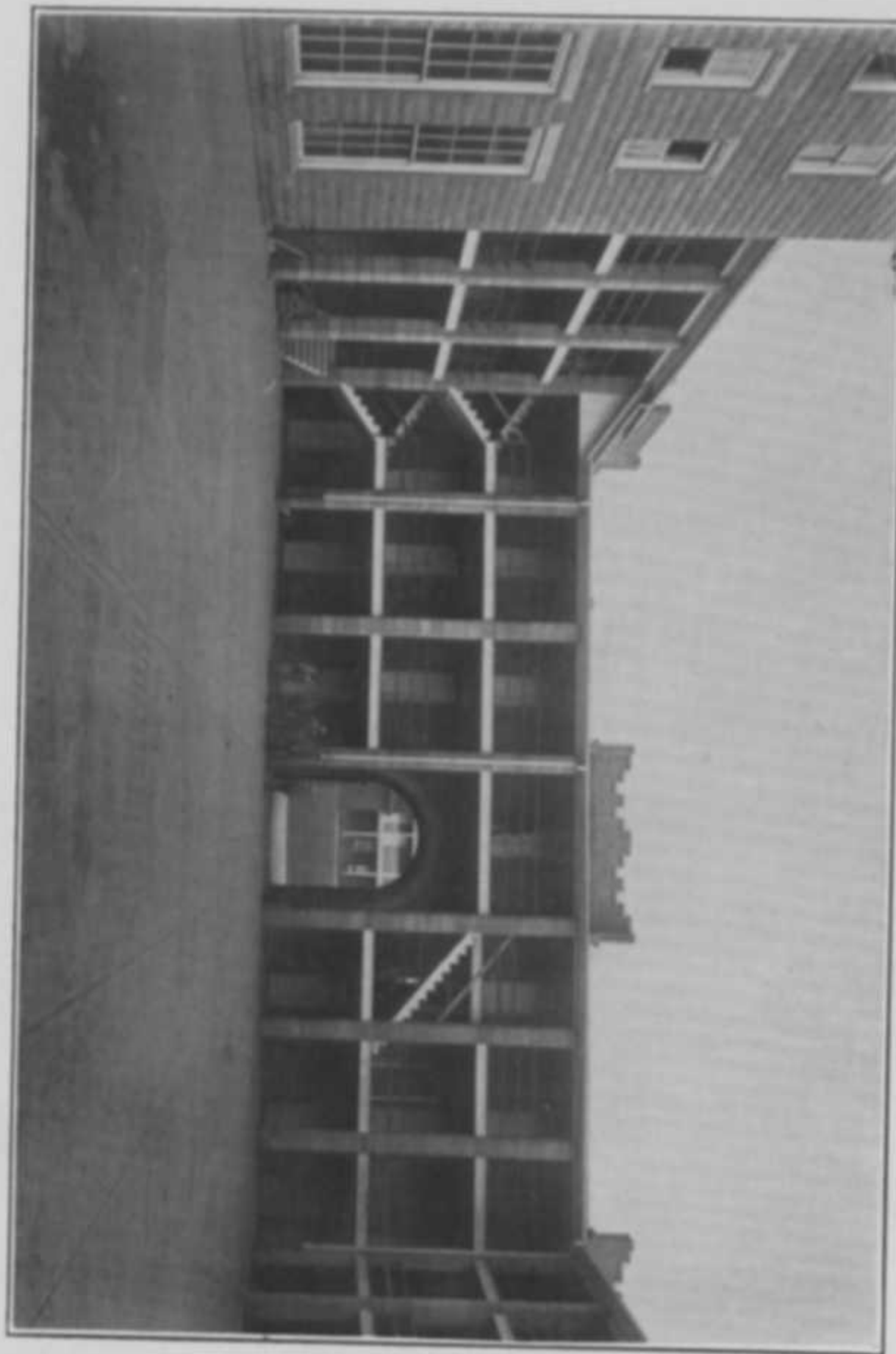
I is a letter we can't represent,
So on this slender young letter no time will be spent.

J is for Otto, whose last name is Jones;
Roblee and Riddle have smashed all his bones.

K is for Kerr, of Scotch-Irish descent;
For being a minister his labors are spent.

L is for Loomis—his girl is called Blanche;
We'll see what she looks like at our next dance.

Partial View of Quadrangle



M is for Maloney, of "Thermon House" fame;
He caused all our troubles at the Harrisonburg game.

N is for Norman, the head of them all;
He'll lead us to victory again in the fall.

O is a letter that's now "on the beat,"
But good luck in the next one I'm sure we will meet.

P is for Peyton, the twirler of fame,
Who can pitch for a year and not lose a game.

Q is a letter which, 'tis easy to see,
To write up is impossible—at least so to me.

R is for Riddlemoser, manager next fall;
Lots of games coming, full of glory for all.

S is for Searcy, the pride of the school;
He can't go a day without breaking some rule.

T is for Thomas, who stands for authority;
He's most popular of all by a large (Major)ity.

U is a letter, like "O," "on the beat,"
And so I'm forced the same rhyme to repeat.

V is for Vesper (gamble), who soon will attain
A name like "Nick Carter's" or "The Bradies" of fame.

W is for Winchell, serene and quiet
Till a "rat" shows up, and then there's a riot.

X is for the XX gang, bringing memories so dear,
It makes most "rats" wish they had never been there.

Y is for Upsilon Gamma Sigma, a mighty swell frat.;
Every one knows in this school it stands pat.

Z is for quitting time, and there sounds taps,
And I must turn in with the rest of the "rats."

Last Will and Testament of Class 1906

WE, THE MEMBERS of the Class of 1906 of the Staunton Military Academy, being of sound minds, and, moreover, being about to launch our mortal frames upon the sea of life or death, with odds in favor of the latter, do leave to our fellow-sufferers in said Military Academy gifts as follows:

I, Clyde A. Winchell, do give and bequeath to Clem. Thompson one "alligator grip," and to J. E. Hutchinson admittance to "Upsilon Gamma Sigma."

I, Lewis E. Reber, do bequeath to Leon D. Brooks my sportive tendencies, and to Scott B. Smith my natural brilliancy.

I, J. Harvey Moore, give to the class in Cicero one "Roman-nosed" "Missouri mule," on the condition that he is exercised every day.

I, Edward C. Porter, do leave to Cadet S. G. Robertson one set of polished front teeth, and to George D. Wing my right to wear a sword.

I, Henry Hutchinson, do give and bequeath to Oscar Finkelpearl eleven inches of surplus height, a dog-eared Trigonometry and a saw-tooth razor.

I, Frank Elder, do leave to Cadet Blum my knowledge of Latin, and my military figure to Carl Juvenal.

I, Hugh S. Campbell, do bequeath to the Phi Sigma Fraternity a doubtful opinion, and to Newell Kerr my hopes of graduation.

Sworn to before me this 14th day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and six.

HON. X. Q. WILEY,
Justice of the Peace.

John Long, }
Wm. Potter, } Witnesses.

Chemical Laboratory



Song of the Valley

'Tis the Song of the Valley ;
I heard it last night
When the cold winds did rally
'Round the Northern light.

But long before the morning light
Had pierced the dark chambers of night,
The song assumed a grander strain,
With pulsing music full of pain.

It kept repeating, soft and low,
A story of the long-ago ;
Of a face beautiful and fair,
With dreamy eyes and wavy hair.

Now, whenever the winds do sigh,
Or yet again when they are high,
They seem to say, as in refrain,
That I shall see my Annie again.



Cadet Y. M. C. A.

President	- - - - -	N. H. Kerr
Vice-President	- - - - -	J. E. Hutchinson
Secretary	- - - - -	P. C. Ragan
Treasurer	- - - - -	F. E. Adams

A branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was started here in the fall of 1904, but on account of the fire we were scattered over the town and could not make much headway. The real beginning was on November 17, 1905. For a new enterprise we made a very creditable start, the Cadets seeming to take an interest in the work from the beginning. A few have dropped from the Association, but this was to be expected, as it was slightly difficult to make all the meetings interesting at first; nevertheless, we have succeeded very well and have derived a great deal of good from the Association.

The Bible Class is studying the "Life and Works of Jesus according to St. Mark," by William D. Murray, published by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Captain Manuel, who has had some experience in such work, kindly volunteered to conduct the class for us—with such good results that the work is made much more interesting than it would otherwise have been.

The Prayer Meetings are conducted exclusively by the Cadets every Wednesday evening in the Assembly Hall of the Junior Department. On account of limited time our program is not as long as it might be, but a great deal of good is done just the same. Every Cadet is given an opportunity to lead in the service, and we have had some very good talks on Christianity and upright manliness as a result.

There is no doubt but that a Young Men's Christian Association does much good in a Military Academy. It brings the Cadets closer together spiritually, raises the moral tone of the school and influences the Cadets to have higher ideals of life.

P. C. RAGAN, Secretary.



Y. M. C. A. Officers



Staff:

Colors: Black and Gold

Lieutenant and Adjutant,
N. H. KERR.

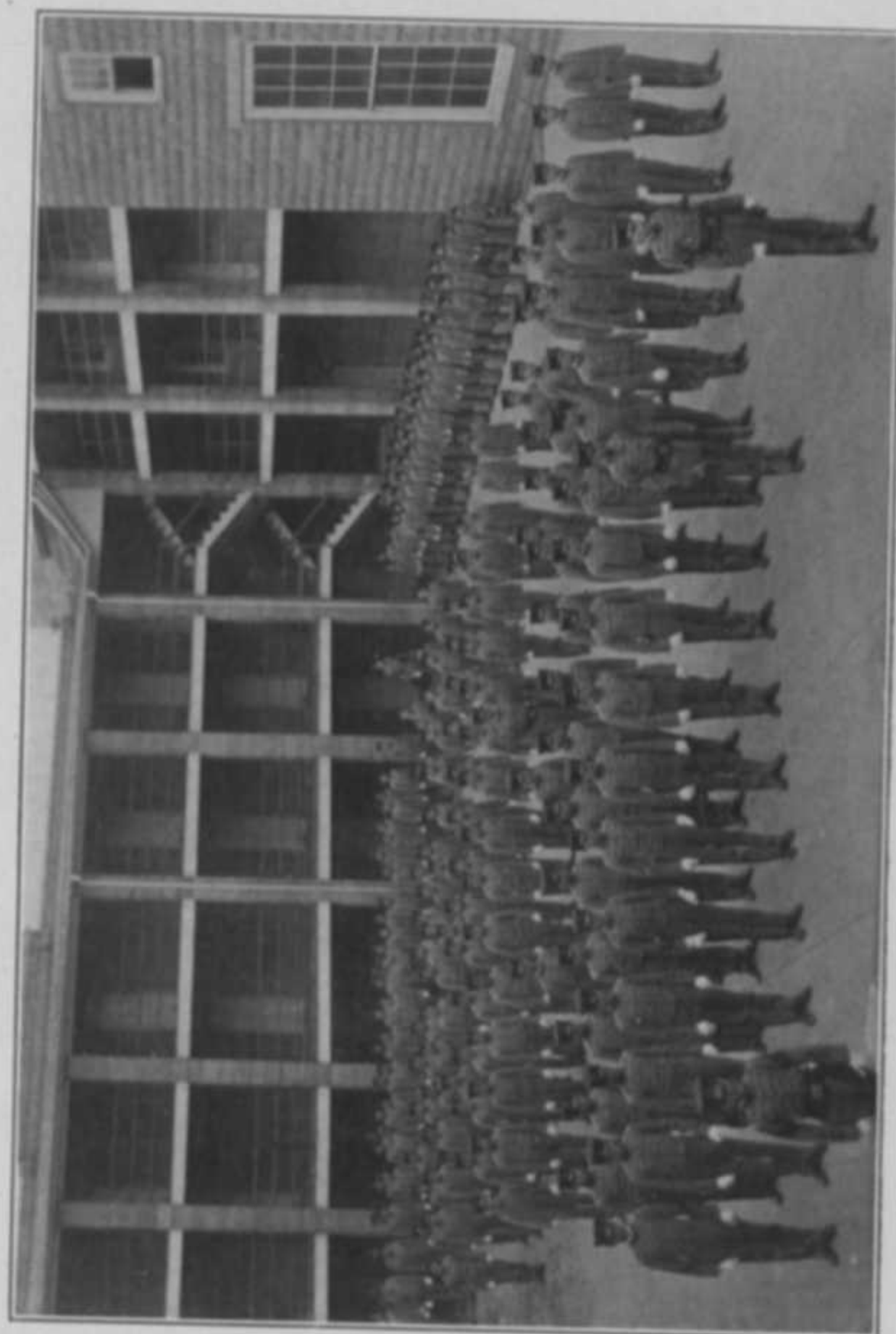
Lieutenant and Quartermaster,
C. A. WINCHELL.

Lieutenant of Ordnance,
J. E. HUTCHINSON.

Sergeant-Major,
J. C. THOMPSON.

Sergeant and Quartermaster,
L. E. REBER.

Hospital Sergeant,
E. C. PORTER.



Battalion

BATTALION

ORGANIZATION



Captain W. G. Kable — Commandant.
 Captain C. E. Daniel — Assistant Commandant.

Staff

Kerr — Lieutenant and Adjutant.
 Winchell — Lieutenant and Quartermaster.
 Hutchinson — Lieutenant of Ordnance.

Non-Commissioned Staff

Thompson — Sergeant Major.
 Reber — Sergeant and Quartermaster.
 Porter — Hospital Sergeant.

Line

CAPTAINS.

Company A, Smith.	Company B, Roblee.	Company C, Crawford.	Company D, Campman.
	Company E, Winchell.		

LIEUTENANTS.

Juvenal,	Elder,	Brooks,	Hale,
Loomis,	Campbell,	Fretwell.	Moore.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

Daugherty,	Fant,	Wing,	Brown.
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SERGEANTS.

Company A, Serena,	Company B, Grosvenor,	Company C, King,	Company D, Brast,
Gaston,	Felthous,	Brown,	Cappelen,
Goodhue,	Spear,	Miller,	Oliver.

CORPORALS.

Gerow,	Barton,	Finley,	Smith, H.,
Turner,	Soles, D.,	Reynolds,	Standring,
Rothert,	Gard,	Hubbard,	Horton,
Waite,	Treadway,	Polhemus	Strawn,
Marsh,	Blackmore,	Standifer,	Kimball,
Ragan,	Ferrell,	Alexander,	De Fabry,
Riddlemoser,	McFadden,	Hamilton, M.,	McRae,
Smith, D.,	Harrison,	Joseffy.	



Company A

Company A

SPONSOR,

Miss Mary E. Warwick.

Colors: Purple and Gold

CAPTAIN,

Smith, S.

LIEUTENANTS,

Juvenal — Loomis.

FIRST SERGEANT,

Daugherty.

SERGEANTS,

Serena, Gaston, Barstow, Goodhue.

CORPORALS,

Gerow, Turner, Rothert, Waite, Marsh,

Ragan, Riddlemoser, Smith, D.

PRIVATES,

Knap,

Lewis, Logan,

Sadler, Bright,

Jewett, Tanner,

Walker, Wise, Frost, Stokes,

Petzelt,

Whiter,

Davidson,

Berkey,

Armsby,

Armstrong,

Wickman,

Lovell, W.,

Campbell, C.,

Hanbidge.

Company B

SPONSOR,
Miss Katherine Benson.

Colors: Red and White

CAPTAIN,
Crawford.

LIEUTENANTS,
Elder ——— Campbell, H.

SERGEANTS,
Grosvenor, N., Felthous, Spear.

CORPORALS,
Barton, Soles, D., Gard, Treadway,
Ferrell, McRae, Harrison.

PRIVATES,			
Adams,	Carter,	McKeever,	
Alves,	Converse, W.,	Reed,	
Bradshaw,	Miller, R.,	Floyd,	
Ames, A.,	Hamilton, C.,	Plonk,	Price, E.,
Jones, O.,	Ames, H.,	Knott,	Silver,
Brady,	Johnson, D.,	Reidy,	Margerum,
Benson,	Lucas,	Searcy,	
Blum,	Tenney,	Berry, L.	

Company B





Company C

Company C

SPONSOR,
Miss Argene Andrews.

Colors: Old Gold and White

CAPTAIN,
Campman.

LIEUTENANTS,
Brooks — Fretwell.

FIRST SERGEANT,
Wing.

SERGEANTS,
King, Miller, H., Brown, L.

CORPORALS,
Finley, Reynolds, McFadden, Hubbard,
Strawn, Standifer, Alexander.

PRIVATES,

Avery,	Howard,	Riles,
Aaron,	Hardy,	Snively,
Bramlitt,	Hood,	Wanbaugh,
Clarke,	Kelley, M.,	Taylor,
Converse, P.,	Kelley, R.,	Van Roden,
De Vore,	Memory,	Worden.
Dippold, F.,	Maxwell, C.,	Winn,
Garver,	MacNulty,	Spangler,
Harry,	Price, F.	

Company D

SPONSOR,
Miss Mabel Littig.

Colors: Red and White

CAPTAIN,
Roblee.

LIEUTENANTS,
Hale — Moore.

FIRST SERGEANT,
Brown, H.,

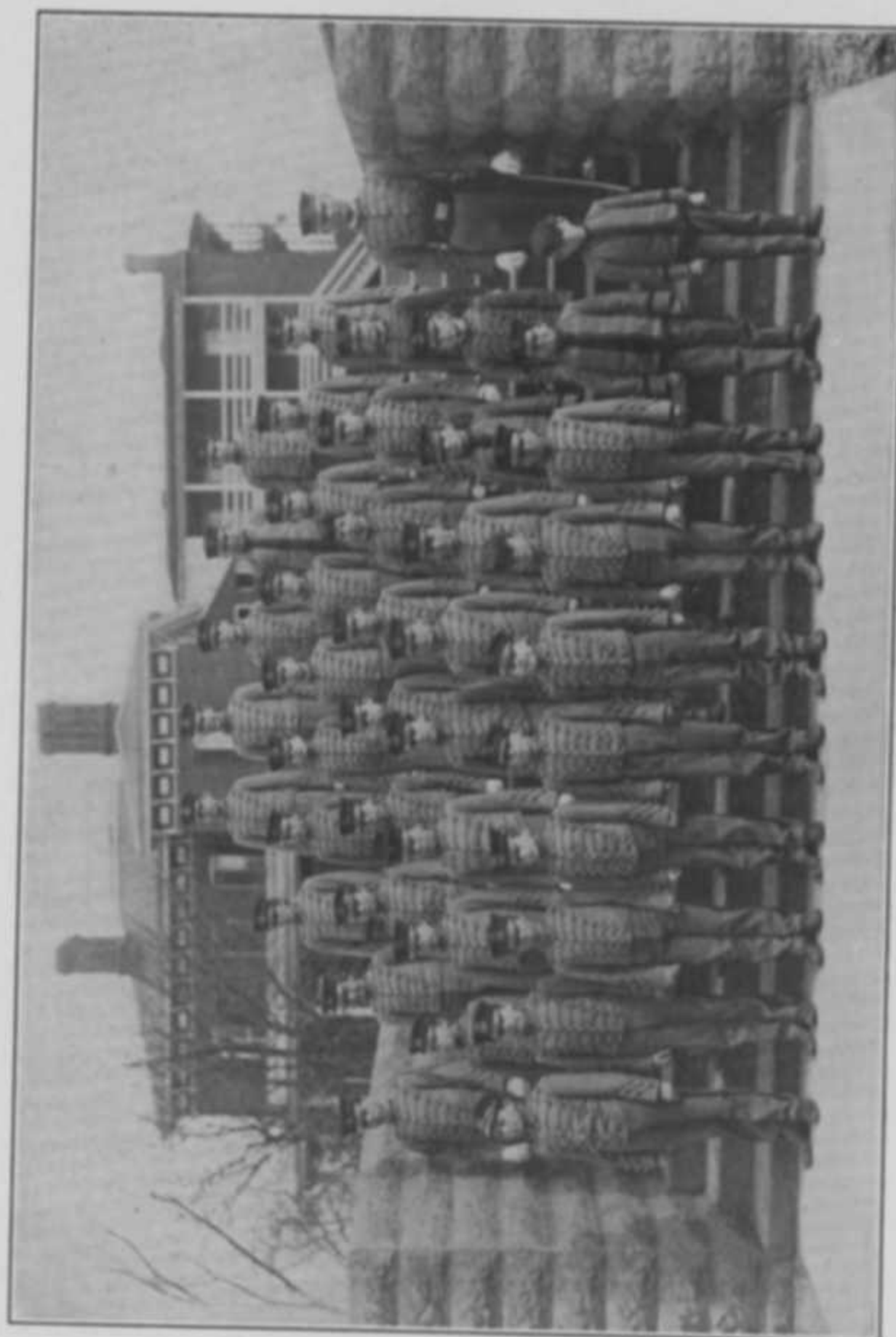
SERGEANTS,
Brast, Cappelen, Oliver.

CORPORALS,
Smith, H., Standring, Horton, Polhemus, Kimball,
DeFabrey, Hamilton, M., Joseffy.

PRIVATES,		
Bestic,	Ferguson,	Mann,
Blackmer,	Gamble, V.,	Mead,
Buckley,	Harper,	Mount,
Brua,	Hamlin,	Robbins,
Campbell, R.,	Maxwell, E. L.,	Valentine,
Cramer,	Hankins,	Small,
Klingensmith,	Soles, H.,	Christy,
Lovell, H.,	Eldredge,	Merrill,
Farrington,	McMillin.	

Company D





Company E

Company E

SPONSOR,

Miss Massie Kable.

Colors: Red and Blue

CAPTAIN,

Winchell.

PRIVATES,

Arnold,	Maxwell, E. W.,	Grey,
Beck,	McBride,	Granger,
Grosvenor, C.,	Overington,	Berry, R.,
Browning,	Robertson,	Goodman,
Byck,	Gamble, H.,	Saum,
Carlile,	Heroy,	Sharum,
Childs,	Izlar,	Snell,
Davis,	Thompson, G.,	Luce,
Lantermann,	Thompson, H.,	Edelstein,
Franklin,	Maxwell, E. H.,	Tucker,
Finkelpearl, A.,	Whitworth,	Maloney,
Matthews,	Finkelpearl, O.,	Yetter,
Bennett,	Gumbinsky,	Miller.

Bugle Corps

CHIEF MUSICIAN,

Jones, D.

MUSICIANS,

Dippold, E., Brown, N., Branyen, Werlich,
Ames, A., Robbins, Saunders.

Bugle Corps



Cadet Life at S. M. A.

Military training has many advantages. It develops neatness of dress and appearance, and gives a boy the upright bearing and manly appearance of a gentleman. It makes a boy self-reliant and imposes responsibilities, and thus develops individuality and conscious power. The daily drills and exercises develop and strengthen the muscular system, produce a correct and manly carriage and graceful movements.

It is not all work and no play. If the cadet learns his lessons well and looks after his other duties, he has hours of recreation and pleasure—on the athletic field, in the gymnasium, in the dancing classes, or attending the weekend classes. He soon learns that to be in line at all roll-calls, to have lessons well learned, and all duties properly attended to, is much easier than to serve "restrictions" or to "walk guard." The tramp, tramp, tramp of those on the "beat" points its own moral.

Every cadet can be accounted for each hour in the day, as can be seen from the schedule:

Reveille—7:00 A. M.
Assembly—7:03 A. M. (Military setting-up exercises.)
Recall—7:20 A. M.
First Call for Mess—7:25 A. M.
Assembly—7:30 A. M.
Call to Quarters—8:35 A. M.
Police Call—8:40 A. M. (Rooms must be swept, beds made, and everything in perfect order.)
Release—8:55 A. M.
School Call—9:00 A. M.
First Call for Mess—1:55 P. M.
Assembly—2:00 P. M.
First Call for Drill—3:10 P. M.
Assembly—3:15 P. M.
Recall from Drill—4:15 P. M.
Dress Parade—5:45 to 6:00 P. M.
First Call for Mess—6:00 P. M.

Assembly—6:05 P. M.

First Sergeant's Call—6:50 P. M.

Adjutant's Call—7:00 P. M.

Call for Study Hall—7:15 P. M.

Release from Study Hall—9:15 P. M.

Tattoo—9:20 P. M.

Taps—9:30 P. M. ("Lights out.")

Just after "taps" an inspection of every room in barracks is made by the officer of the day, and at midnight it is made by the officer in charge.

Monday is a weekly holiday. The morning is occupied with drill and guard mounting, and the remainder of the day is devoted to recreation until special roll-call—5:30 P. M.—when the working-day order is resumed.

Every Saturday night the cadets have a dance in the gymnasium, and every cadet is allowed to attend that has a clean record through the week. The Thanksgiving and Easter "hops" are looked forward to with great pleasure.

The S. M. A., with all its hard work and many duties, is a fine old place after all.



Non-Commissioned Officers





The S. M. A.

IN 1871, Captain William H. Kable, the founder of the Staunton Military Academy, was placed in charge of the Charles Town Academy, in Jefferson County, West Virginia. This honored institution was founded in 1792, while Washington was serving his first term as President of the United States. Chief among the progressive men of that age who contributed liberally toward the establishment and success of the old academy was one Fairfax, a close relative of the well-known Lord Fairfax, General Washington's friend and patron.

Finding the accommodations of the buildings and grounds too contracted after thirteen years of service, the present site of the S. M. A. was purchased and the school moved from Charles Town, with all its furniture and apparatus, to its present location in Staunton, Virginia, and into a larger field of usefulness. A greater portion of the pupils who had been members of the school in Charles Town, followed its removal, and every seat of the new building was filled at the opening of school.

In 1893, the school was chartered by the State as The Staunton Military Academy, with power to confer degrees and grant diplomas.

Numerous buildings had been added from time to time to meet the increasing demands of the institution, and the last enlargement was scarcely completed, when the disastrous fire of 1904 necessitated the erection of the present barracks.

The aim of the school has been, from its foundation, to be thoroughly preparatory for the best colleges and universities, as well as the United State's Military Academies, and bears an honorable record in the number of its graduates who have distinguished themselves at the various institutions for higher learning.

Shakespeare's Patriotism in Richard II



IN RICHARD II, we have Shakespeare's first patriotic song for the glory of England. At this time the English air was pervaded with a spirit of patriotism. England in defeating the Spanish Armada had triumphed over the greatest power in Europe, and after centuries of domestic turmoil, had come to enjoy apparent peace. Tanned sailors, home after long and stormy voyages, bleached city "dudes" dressed after the manner of fashionable Italy and noblemen arrayed in showy velvet flocked to the theatres and eagerly listened to the story that told how England came to her greatness. To such an audience Shakespeare gladly responded, interpreted Holinshed to suit his own convenience, and unfolded at intervals the greatest of the English historical dramas.

Richard, the son of the Black Prince, was selected to show how a waster of the nation's money is punished in England. In personal appearance Richard was handsome like his father, but weak as a child in the moment of action. York compares his personal beauty to his father's: "His face thou hast, for even so looked he." In addition to this masculine beauty inherited from his father and a long line of English kings was a delicate feminine touch suggested by Isabelle calling him "My fair rose," and Hotspur, "Richard, that sweet, lovely rose." At the moment he is less kingly we are reminded that he "yet looks like a king." This flower-like beauty of a king is hedged in by traitors and open rebellion. Henry Bolingbroke accuses Thomas Mowbray of treason in the king's presence. Richard attempts to reconcile them. Instead of the firm hand of a king we have the compromising

attitude of a coward. The accuser and accused are to fight it out in the lists—and the first fatal step in a series of blunders has been taken. On the appointed day Bolingbroke and Mowbray appear. Just as the trumpets sound for the combatants to set forward the king's warder falls. Mowbray is banished for life, Bolingbroke for six years.

These are strong men, invested with flesh and bones, built of a mass of muscles with nerves of iron, and full of energy as the winds of their northern climate. Bolingbroke towers like a giant among pigmies. His power at the outset is sufficient to cause the king to lessen the time of his banishment. A deep patriotism breathes in both Mowbray and Bolingbroke, but in the latter it is predominant. He says at the end of his last talk with his father, Gaunt:

"Then England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true born Englishman."

Mowbray and Bolingbroke leave England; the latter full of hatred and confident of his power.

Meanwhile, John of Gaunt is taken grievously ill, sends for the King, who openly wishes in the presence of his flatterers that the venerable old counsellor would die. On his death-bed old Gaunt reproaches the youthful King for wasting the nation's money, for placing a few insignificant flatterers at the head of the Government, for neglecting the true noblemen, and foretells his ruin, reminding him of the execution of his uncle, Gloucester (brother to Gaunt). Old Lancaster, in the very presence of death, forgets everything, even thoughts of the hereafter, pushes aside the idea of a banished son, and thinks only of England, his country. With the vision of a man near the other world, he catches a glimpse of the future, tells Richard his weaknesses will be the undoing of his country. Old Gaunt loves his country, saying to the King, "For sleeping England long time have I watched," and to his brother York:

"This throne of Royal Kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of War;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

The flowers have not withered on Gaunt's grave before Richard confiscates his estates, using the money to carry on a fresh Irish campaign, and to defray a thousand needless expenses. Old York protests, and warns him of his danger.

In seizing the rights and property of Bolingbroke, the English sense of justice was outraged, and Henry became at once their hope of deliverance. The common people and a majority of the powerful noblemen turned to him as the legitimate enemy of Richard. Henry having waited for the supreme moment, felt that it had arrived, and with faith in his power, sailed from Calais, France, with scarcely sixty men, for the English coast, landing at Ravenspurgh, Yorkshire, during the King's absence in Ireland. Bolingbroke pretends only to be coming after his rightful inheritance of Lancaster; but deep in his heart he knows, and we know, that by the help of the powerful family of the Percies, the kingdom can be his without the asking, and that he will eventually be satisfied with nothing less.

At this point pity for the King is enhanced by the misgivings of the Queen, for she feels that misfortune is coming to him, though she knows nothing, neither does he, of the terrible storm that is about to break upon them. Old York, in a half-hearted way, is true to his trust as regent of England in the King's absence, feeling his helplessness to cope with Bolingbroke's power, as he watches day after day castles cheerfully surrendered, and nobleman after nobleman fly to him for safety. The venerable old counsellor sends Berkley to ask of Henry why he comes

armed to trouble the peace of England, and in a weak way prepares to offer resistance. He fails, declares himself neutral, and ends by accompanying Bolingbroke to Flint Castle, in Wales, where the King, almost deserted, has taken refuge. Deep in the heart of old York he feels that retribution is at hand; that the day of vengeance has come, and that Richard must answer for his follies where Bolingbroke alone is to be the judge.

At Flint Castle Henry only asks that his exile be repealed, and that his patrimony be restored. The powerless King grants all, and accompanies him to London. Though fallen and weak, Richard is still a king in mind and in person, still loving the country in which he is so heartily and so justly hated. Those that helped him to his fall fled in the moment of danger; but vengeance overtook them, for "at Bristol they lost their heads." The treacherous and unfaithful Northumberland had Busby and Green promptly executed under the direction of Henry.

Once in London, Bolingbroke reveals his true purpose by having Parliament transfer the crown from Richard to himself. A list of formal charges are preferred against the fallen King, and openly before the people, apparently of his own will, he surrenders the crown. Richard is conveyed to the Tower. Pity for him on his way to prison is once more enhanced by the tears of his distracted queen. When Richard appears under guard, she calls on the ladies in attendance upon her not to look and see her "fair rose wither." She calls him the "map of honor," "the model where old Troy did stand." The wail of her grief weakens still further her King. He tries to comfort her, telling her to hasten to France, her native land, and to live religiously, in order to gain another crown in the world to come. In the midst of their grief, Northumberland enters and announces that the mind of Bolingbroke has changed—that Richard is to be lodged in Pomfret Castle, and the Queen must hasten with all speed to France. Thus, in the dark hour of their grief, the power of their destroyer is more keenly felt, and their humiliation is impressed more deeply upon them. Northumberland is the chief instigator and agent for Boling-

Hearts and Arms



HAT will do, Orderly; you may go now, but if you should see Lieutenant Brenton, kindly tell him that Captain Wright and Colonel Roberts are waiting for him in the Officers' Mess."

"Yes, Sir, I shall do so."

With a prompt salute, the orderly left the two officers smoking their Havanas. These had been preceded by an army supper, which, at times, is nothing very wholesome.

"You may say what you please, Colonel, I am extremely sorry to hear that Brenton is going back to the States when his enlistment is up next month."

"Why, Captain, this is just a foolish rumor you have heard among the non-coms. Brenton is not going home."

"All that sounds well, but I am almost certain that he is going. And think what it means to the post! Why, Ponte De Broiz won't seem like the same place. He is all the life we have here, and every inch a man."

"You're right; and when I come to think of it, I heard him say about a week or so ago that he longed for home once more; but, Captain, we must see him and find out. Why, just think how much we'll miss him! Do you remember the night when we were surprised by those insurgents? You know it was as black as ink, and we couldn't see a thing. The first thing we knew, a long line of flame was seen behind the insurgents' firing line. We were nonplussed at first, but after a while we missed Brenton, and then we knew what that flame was. He had, with the help of six other men, poured oil over some old brush, set fire to it, and by so doing exposed the insurgents, so we shot them down like dogs."

"Not only that, but just think of the time when he rode from here to Havana for more men to hold this post! How, during the first mile, he was shot in the leg, but rode on and delivered his orders to headquarters! Colonel

Roberts, we cannot let Lieutenant Brenton go home. We need him here, and I hope we'll be able to keep him."

"And, Captain, he's as kind-hearted and generous as he is brave. Does not every man under him really love him? Who is it they go to with their troubles? You? No. Me? No; but to Brenton. Ah! here he is now."

A young officer entered. He was about six feet in height; a fine figure, which graced a well-worn uniform; broad shoulders, with a face bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; dark-brown hair; large blue eyes, and teeth which, when he smiled, shone like so many pearls.

"Speak of the devil, and he's sure to appear. Brenton, Colonel Roberts and I were just speaking of you. Wondering why you were so late. Some pretty Cuban, I suppose; or was it a visit to the Cafe Madrid?"

"No; you are wrong, Captain. There was neither woman nor wine. Why, I was only sending a letter home to my people. Just think, it is over a month since they have heard from me."

"Now, Brenton, you may be able to fool the Colonel, but you can't fool me. Come, tell us who she is."

"Again I say you are wrong, Captain. If you remember correctly, I have been at this post, Ponte De Broiz, Cuba, for three years. My enlistment is up next month, and I am going back home. I assure you, Colonel Roberts and Captain Wright, I have thought very seriously on this subject, and I, at last, have reached the following conclusion: That, on the day my enlistment expires, I leave for home as soon as I can get passage."

"Come, Brenton, you must put such an idea as that out of your head. Why, my dear young man, as long as I have been a colonel at this post, I have yet to hear as bad news as I have just heard from you in person."

"Colonel Roberts, your words hurt me. Do you think I am going to spend the rest of my life here in Cuba? Don't you think I want to see my mother and father? They are, you might say, dead to me. When I was a young boy, I went to a military school in S—, Virginia. There I spent two years of my life. I often missed the good-night kiss of my mother, often gulped down a sob

which was caused by thoughts of home, and I assure you there were many other things which added worry and sadness to my life while there. While I was at this academy, I met a young lady who attended a seminary there, and, from that time on, I knew our lives would be linked together. To make a long story short, we quarreled. That was four years ago, and as a result I joined the army, and was sent to Cuba. I have never heard from her. She, in all probability, has forgotten me, but I have not her. I am going back home, gentlemen, to my folks, my friends, and to find Ellen Hamilton. I was wrong in the first place, and for that I have suffered terribly. I have always tried to do my duty as a gentleman, but four years ago I failed, and that lesson taught me things which I could never have conceived in any other way."

During Brenton's earnest explanation, neither soldier had moved a muscle. Each was in deep meditation. At last a faint smile broke forth on the Colonel's face. He put his hand into his pocket, drew forth a letter, and, relighting his cigar, calmly said:

"So, Brenton, you have made up your mind to go home?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are going not only for the sake of seeing your people, but also of seeing a certain Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Very well, report for your usual orders in the morning, but in the mean time go to your room and reconsider what you have said."

"Very well, Colonel, but let me assure you I shall not sign another enlistment."

Brenton saluted and left. The Colonel, still smiling, turned to his companion, who was very much perplexed, and, picking up the letter which he had taken from his pocket, read:

Fort Hamilton, New York, August 6, 1905.

Colonel Roberts,

Ponte De Broiz, Cuba:

Dear Colonel:

An old friend of mine, Mr. Hamilton, is about to visit Ponte De Broiz. He is in company with his wife and daughter. There are also Mr. and Mrs. Loraine and their daughter in the party, and you will oblige me greatly if you will show them any little attentions you are able.

I am sure the young ladies will add much life and pleasure to you and your staff while they are with you—especially Miss Hamilton, as she is a very charming young lady.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours to command,

Captain Carter.

"Now, Captain, we'll let Brenton go as far as he likes, but, let me tell you, there will be some fun here in a few days. That party is due here to-morrow on the Azelia, and I am going to meet them."

"Do you mean to say that the young lady Brenton was speaking of is due here to-morrow?"

"I most certainly do."

"Well, this is a very small world, after all, and whoever that little fellow they call Cupid is, he's got me guessing."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," replied the Colonel.

"Colonel Roberts, a small detachment of insurgents is camped four miles to the north, and Lieutenant Brenton awaits your orders."

"Tell Lieutenant Brenton to march his command northward at three in the morning; find out their strength, and, if possible, drive them back into the interior."

"Very well, sir."

The door closed, and the bearer of the startling news had vanished.

"There it is again, Captain; as soon as there is danger, Brenton comes to the front. I hope he don't get injured, but there is no one else here whom I could trust such an affair to."

That morning at three a small detachment of blue jackets left Ponte De Broiz, marching northward. At their head rode a young officer. His face and features expressed deep meditation, but his men knew who was leading them and that in itself was sufficient.

II

CONCERNING HER

"Good-bye, dear old New York; we won't see you for a long time; will we, Dora?"

"No, Ellen, and just think how glad we are to get away; but, let me tell you, after six months in Cuba, we shall be very glad to get back."

"I suppose you are right, but think of the fun we are going to have; think of being way off in nowhere, six months from no place and the same from nobody."

"That may sound good to you, Ellen, but I just hate to leave all my friends for so long. Why, last night, when I said good-bye to Dwight, I nearly cried my eyes out, I felt so badly."

"Yes, that's the worst of being in love; its so hard to break off; like a piece of rock candy, you know; but never mind, dear, Dwight will be all the more anxious to see you when you get back."

"Now, Ellen, you need not say a word to me about love. Do you remember the days at M—— Seminary in Virginia? Didn't we have gay old times?"

"Yes, but those days have passed and why recall them?"

"Why? Did I not meet Dwight there, and Ellen, by the way, did you not meet Lewis?"

"Yes, Dora, my dear girl, but we are friends no longer?"

"What is the trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought he liked some one else better than me, and when I told him so, we had some

words and he went away mad."

"Well, Ellen, have you never heard from him?"

"No, only this; that he had gone away some where to join the army."

"That's not surprising; he was a cadet anyway, and say, didn't those cadets have great times when the line went out?"

"Dora, please drop that subject."

"Why, Ellen, I did not mean to hurt your feelings, but tell me this. Do you still think of Lewis Brenton?"

"Dora, there is nothing I would not give to see him. He was always so nice to me, and you know while I was at school he did so much to make me happy. I guess he has forgotten me, though, for I have never had a line from him. He surely—"

"Come, come, Ellen, you must not talk like that. There are others, you know."

"Yes, I suppose there are, but to me there is no one like—"

"Ah, Miss Ellen and also Miss Dora, I assure you this is a surprise, but, allow me, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Carton. Miss Loraine, Mr. Carton."

"The Captain tells me, young ladies, that you are bound for Ponte De Broiz, Cuba, and, as I had spent several months there and the Captain also taking advantage of my bashfulness, insisted on my meeting you."

"Now, you young ladies know better than that, don't you? This is the third trip they have taken with me, Mr. Carton, and let me tell you this. You had better be careful, for I know what will happen to you if you go making any pretty little speeches like that. A Mr. Alexander found out last year, didn't he, Miss Dora?"

"Well, I guess he did."

"Now, you young people will have to excuse me, but just make yourself at home and remember, the ship is yours."

"Now, Captain, you're the same old blarney, and if you go I do too, so let's go together and leave Ellen and Mr. Carton to talk of Cuba."

"Very well, little lady, I am always at your service."
A merry laugh, a swish of a skirt, and Dora and the Captain slowly walked aft to the bridge.

"So you are bound for Ponte De Broiz, Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes; there is a party of six. My mother and father, Miss Loraine and also her folks. You say there's an army post there?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just thinking how nice it would be if they danced down there."

"They do—sometimes. You see, there are very few white people there and a large dance is a very seldom occurrence."

"Are any of the soldiers very young? Are there any from some military school or other?"

"I can't say, exactly. I think not. Evidently you are interested in military life."

"For two years I went to a seminary in Virginia where there was the largest military school in the South."

"No wonder; but, Miss Hamilton, I fear if you do not take your last look at the land, you'll miss a sight you'll regret very much."

"Yes, its getting fainter and fainter. Ah! who can tell what may happen before I get back. Mr. Carton, I want you to answer me a question."

"I shall be delighted."

"Very well. Is this place we're going to any sort of a place for romance?"

"There could be none better, I assure you."

"Thank you. I shall see what sort of a prophet you are. Well, mother is beckoning, so I shall have to dress for dinner, but, be sure and talk to me again about Cuba."

"I shall, Miss Hamilton."

Little did she imagine, as the steamship Azelia slowly but surely wended its way towards Cuba, of the romance that was in store for her. Her dreams that night were of days back at M ———, in Old Virginia. Of cadets in gray and one especially who she had liked so much, but now —

III

CONCERNING THEM BOTH

One by one the passengers were making their way down the gang-plank. All seemed happy again at the prospect of being on land, for the voyage had been very unpleasant on account of the high seas.

Very patiently the Colonel looked for the party he was to have the pleasure of meeting and had nearly given up hope when a young lady dressed in a navy blue yachting suit appeared on deck. Her rather fleeting glance around the dock finally rested on the Colonel. For a moment their eyes met and it was then that the Colonel acknowledged if that was the young lady Brenton was going home to find he did not blame him in the least. As she stood there on the glimmering deck looking down at the Colonel he was drawn, as if by some unknown power, toward her. As he approached a little smile shot into her mischievous eyes and the old man's heart was thumping and bumping as it never had before. When he finally reached the edge of the dock he tried to speak, but alas, his voice failed him. Thus they stood for several seconds, when at last a sweet voice asked:

"I beg your pardon, but are you not Colonel Roberts?"

"I am, and are you not Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes; that is, I am Miss Ellen Hamilton. You see, I have an elder sister."

Again that smile shot into those eyes and a merry laugh rang in the Colonel's ears as though it had been a challenge sent from some one unknown.

"No doubt, Colonel, you wish to meet my father, so if you will kindly come aboard I shall take you to him at once. We have heard him speak a great deal about you and I feel honored to think I discovered you."

"Really, Miss Hamilton, the honor was mine, having had the pleasure of meeting one so fair in this God-forsaken country."

The Colonel, after having met the party which he was to have the extreme pleasure of showing Ponte De

Broiz to, proposed starting for the hotel and his proposal was accepted with great pleasure by the ladies, for, sad to tell, all excepting Ellen had been dreadfully sick.

The ride to Hotel Madrid was extremely short to the Colonel and never before, it seemed to him, had the distance taken so little time to traverse. While Mr. Hamilton was attending to the trunk checks and registering, Dora and Ellen plied the Colonel with questions.

"Now, Colonel, you don't mean to say you have some real live American soldiers away down here?"

"Yes, Miss Loraine, and some very nice ones, too."

"Well, that is a great relief. Ellen and I were wondering what we should do to pass the time away, but with you and your real nice ones we shall not have such a bad time after all."

"I fear you have judged Ponte De Broiz very harshly."

"Oh, no, I meant no harm, I assure you, Colonel. You see Miss Hamilton and I are used to military affairs, as we have seen a great amount of military life, and when you promise a good time with some very nice and attractive officers, why who could judge wrongly. Tell us about your post. Are there many—well, say—real nice ones there?"

"Well, Miss Loraine, I think them all nice, but there is one I'm sure you'll both like."

"Oh, tell us about him. Who is he?"

"Now, let me think. He's about six feet tall, real broad shoulders, dark brown hair, large blue eyes, a great big heart, and loved by all the post. He has been at the post for three years and during that time his conduct has been that of a soldier and a gentleman. I would be proud if I was only able to call him my son, for I have yet to meet a finer young man. He is every inch a man and fear is an unknown word to him. Twice he has been promoted for bravery and once for saving the lives of several comrades who were capsized in a small boat about a half-mile from shore. He is a splendid horseman and rides like the—I beg your pardon, young ladies, and—oh, I must stop. I could tell you of him forever, but wait, you shall meet him soon and then you can decide for your-

selves. At present he is out looking for some insurgents and, to be frank, I am rather worried about him, as we have had no word whatsoever since he left."

"But who is he, Colonel? What's his name? Dora and I are real anxious to meet this idol of yours."

"His name, my dear young ladies, is—"

"Come, come, Colonel, and have dinner with us. Surely you have time and Mrs. Hamilton will be delighted."

"No, Mr. Hamilton, I am sorry, but I must get back to the post, as there is lots to attend to."

"Very well, I am not one to beg, and you know what concerns you better than I."

"I thank you, nevertheless, Mr. Hamilton, but before I leave I want you to promise that I shall have the pleasure of having you all at dinner at the post to-morrow. We dine at one and I shall expect to see you all there."

"I answer for my father, Colonel, under the consideration you have your ideal saved for me."

"Miss Hamilton, he shall have the honor, if he returns in time."

"Colonel Roberts, you are a dear."

"No, no; wait and see who the dear is this time to-morrow."

"Good afternoon, ladies, and Mr. Hamilton, I shall expect you and your party at dinner to-morrow?"

"My daughter has accepted for us."

Need we consider the Colonel's thoughts as he slowly rode back to the post?

IV

CONCERNING ARMS

The army post at Ponte De Broiz had never looked so nice. Every one was in high spirits, and well they might be, considering the circumstances. The Hamiltons and Loraines had reached the post at noon. Both Colonel Roberts and Captain Wright had shown them every attention, and the young ladies seemed in the highest of spirits. Dinner was announced at one o'clock sharp, and Ellen

became very anxious, wondering whether she was to meet the officer the Colonel had spoken of. All was confusion as they entered the mess hall, and when their seats had been assigned, much to both Dora's and Ellen's surprise, there was a vacant chair between them. The Colonel sat at the head of the gayly-decorated table, and never had his staff seen him in merrier spirits. Ellen sat on his right and Mrs. Hamilton on his left. Surely he had every cause to be very happy.

As course followed course, the conversation drifted at last to the post itself, and also to the many picturesque places. To the strangers from the States Pont de Broiz seemed like a fairyland. The Colonel noticing the inquiring glances Ellen was bestowing upon him, leaned towards her and asked:

"What's the matter, little lady?"

"Colonel, you have broken your word with me?"

"Why, how, Miss Hamilton?"

"Did you not promise me some very wonderful young man?"

"Yes, I did; but, as yet, we have had no word from him whatsoever."

"Where is he? Has he run away because we are from the States? Is he so very bashful?"

"Please do not jest about him; at this moment he may be suffering; he may even be dead."

"Why, what do you mean, Colonel?"

"Two days ago he was sent out to disperse some insurgents. He ought to have been back yesterday; not only that, we have received no word from him; but a native passing here the other day spoke of hearing infantry fire about five miles north, and that is the direction he marched."

"Well, I hope, for your sake, he is not hurt."

"And, Miss Hamilton, I hope so for your sake."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours; and you will know the reason very soon."

"Please explain, Colonel."

Laundry Call



"It is simply this: The young man I speak of is no one else but a very old friend of —"

"Beg your pardon, Colonel, but this message was sent to you, to be delivered at once. Is there an answer?"

Ellen, looking up, saw a soldier standing at attention at her side.

"Is there an answer, did you say?" Every one turned towards the Colonel, whose features expressed surprise and relief. "Yes; tell him to come to me at once; just as he is—do you hear me? just as he is, and at once."

What did all this mean? Was something very strange going to happen? The Colonel rose with his glass held aloft in his right hand.

"Friends from the noble shores of home, officers of my esteemed staff, I bid you rise and drink with me a toast to one most deserving. I give you the health of the bravest, noblest and finest young man I know. One whom we who know him love, honor and esteem; one who has ever been loyal to the Stars and Stripes and to his loved ones at home. Friends, dear friends, I bid you drink to the health of Lieutenant Lewis Brenton."

"To Brenton," responded the staff; and Ellen, as if in a dream, drank a toast to some one who bore the name of he whom she loved. Could it be him? No! He could not be here in Cuba. No; there was some mistake. But, if it were only true—if it were only true!

A door opened, and in walked a young man. His uniform was a mass of dust and mud, and a dirty linen bandage covered his left hand. A cartridge belt was fastened loosely around his waist, and from it hung a sabre and a very vicious-looking pistol. A soiled handkerchief served as a necktie to a blue army shirt, and on the whole his appearance showed that that there had been some hard riding, and also some rather dangerous fighting. He looked neither to the right nor left, but, walking up to the Colonel, saluted and said:

"Colonel Roberts, we met the insurgents, and they have been dispersed. I lost six killed and four wounded. The wounded are already in the hospital. The dead are being carried to the post. Kindly excuse this intrusion in

that which I see is a very enjoyable dinner party; but I thought you would like to know at once the news I have just told you, and if you will excuse me, I shall leave."

"Very well; meet me in my office in an hour. Do you understand—in just one hour; and I also wish to know at that time whether or not you stay here at Ponte De Broiz or go home to find an old sweetheart of by-gone days."

"I shall meet you in your office in an hour."

The door closed, and he was hidden from sight. Perfect quiet reigned, but the faces of both Colonel Roberts and Captain Wright were radiant. Dora looked at Ellen, Ellen at the Colonel, but not a word was spoken. Mrs. Hamilton was first to break the silence.

"Did you say that young man's name was Brenton—Lewis Brenton?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Why, Ellen, didn't you know some young man by that name?"

Ellen's face was one of perplexity. Placing her hands upon that of the Colonel's, which rested on the arm of his chair, she asked, with a voice full of pathos and emotion:

"Colonel, is that the young man you have been telling us about? Is he the one for whom this chair was saved? Is he the one you meant when you said, 'I hope he is not killed, for your sake?' Is he going home to find some old sweetheart? Is he, Colonel, is he? Is his name Lewis Brenton?"

"That is his name, Miss Hamilton."

"Dora, am I awake, or am I dreaming? Is this all some joke, or is it that I am being made to believe something I have hoped for for so long."

"Ellen, that young man who was just in here is Lewis Brenton—only taller, handsomer, and looking better than ever."

"Young ladies, you must allow me to acquaint the rest of the party with the circumstances."

The Colonel rose, and those of his staff had never heard him speak in such tender tones, nor use such language before. He told them all, and to those who listened.

it seemed as if they were hearing some old love tale read from an ancient volume. When he had finished the guests rose and left by the door they had entered. As Ellen passed him, he took her arm and motioned towards the window.

"You see that summer-house on that hill yonder?"

"Yes."

"You go up there, and he will be with you very shortly. If I am not mistaken, you and he have some little difference to settle, and no one will disturb you except a little fellow who shoots arrows at young people's hearts."

"All right, Colonel, I shall go; but would you think me very rude if I told you something real personal?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"You are the dearest old man there ever was."

They passed out of the mess hall and parted at the door. He to his office, and she to a little summer-house on the cliff overlooking the clear blue waters of the great Atlantic.

V

CONCERNING HEARTS

"Come in!"

"Colonel, am I on time?"

"You are very prompt, sir."

"I have tried to be."

"Well, Brenton; let us come to terms at once. Are you going home, or not?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Your enlistment is up pretty soon, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; a little over three weeks."

"You are going home to see your folks, only?"

"No, sir; not them alone."

"Who is the other person?"

"Colonel, she is one I think the world of. I love her. She is Miss Hamilton."

"Oh! so you still think about her, do you? Are you absolutely sure of all you have said?"

"Sir; I am positive."

"Suppose when you reached home you found that she had married, say, some one else. What would you do?"

"Colonel, please don't. I have thought of that many, many times. No one except myself knows my thoughts on that subject."

The Colonel rose and going to the door, opened it. Pointing to a path to the right, he said:

"Lieutenant Brenton, you see that path?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"That path leads to a little summer house on the hill. When you first reached Cuba you spent many leisure hours up there thinking of loved ones at home. My heart ached for you at times and I suspected what you have told me about some young lady. Would I be asking too much of you if I were to again have the pleasure of seeing you walk along that path as of old and make your way up to that little summer house?"

"Why, no, Colonel; but will you tell me whether or not you are displeased with me because I am going home?"

"You will know my answer when you reach the little house."

"The Colonel took the other path and Brenton slowly made his way along the old familiar walk. Many times had he gone along here, dreaming of Ellen, and now, just think, inside of a month he would be on his way to her. He wondered if she would be glad to see him. If she still cared for him as in those good old days. What a fool he had been, and how many, many times he had regretted it. The summer house came in view, but, not suspecting any one's presence, he gave no thought of any lady being near. A steamer, way out on the horizon, attracted his attention and his gaze never left it. When he was within a few feet of the little house he stopped and leaning against a tree still watched the boat as it made its way back to the country where his loved ones were. He remained that way for several moments, when to his surprise, he heard a very sweet voice exclaim:

"Lieutenant Brenton, do you dream like that always?"

Looking around he saw a beautiful girl. She was dressed in white and the mischievous little eyes of brown smiled into those of blue. Thus they stood, she knowing, but not daring; he, only too glad to imagine, yet scarcely knowing. Could his sight deceive him? Was the beautiful girl before him Ellen? Surely she was some vision, but hark! the vision was speaking:

"Do you not know me, Lewis?"

"Ellen, is it you; am I speaking to the Ellen of those good old days?"

"Yes, Lewis; won't you come in and be seated. If I am not mistaken, I think we have a few explanations to make. You know once you said you were never going to speak to me again and here you have broken your word."

"Ellen, stop! for goodness' sake, stop! For those very words I have suffered for four long years. How under the sun did you ever get here? Did you drop from the clouds, or have you come of your own free will?"

Then it was she told him all; how the trip had been proposed; the meeting at the dock with the Colonel; the manner in which he had spoken of him; his arrival at the dinner party; her surprise and her joy.

"Your joy, Ellen? Were you glad to see me? Tell me, Ellen, tell me!" and, crossing the room, he placed her hand between those which were brown from work and sun.

"Lewis, are you a soldier?"

"Yes, Ellen, but never mind that; tell me, do you—"

"I sha'n't tell you a thing until you do as I ask."

"Very well, ask what you will, but please be quick."

"Let go my hand. Thank you. Now, Lieutenant Brenton, attention! Come, stand up, sir; very good. My, how you have grown! and won't your mother be surprised? Here! no smiling; stop it at once! Now, right hand, salute! Good; you are exceedingly graceful. Left hand—I don't mean that; what do you say—what do you say when you want them to take off their hats? Oh, yes! uncover! Now, sir, give an explanation of yourself."

"Ellen, what is there to explain? You are here, and I am just the happiest man that ever was. Still, if you insist, I shall tell you all. You know, several years ago, we thought everything of each other, and we both knew it. I had other friends, and so had you. Some one told you I liked another, and you believed them, without giving me a chance to explain. One day you sent for me, and told me our friendship would have to end. I was heart-broken, for I knew you would see your mistake sooner or later. I got angry, and said things I did not mean—you did, too, Ellen—and after that I went away. There was a call for volunteers to Cuba, and I answered, and here I am. Many times during these years have I come up here and thought of you, Ellen. When you spoke to me a few minutes ago, I was wishing I was on that ship going home to you. Every day your image has been before me, and every day that old love for you grows strong in that heart which beats only for you, and you alone. Ellen, is not an old sweetheart like some treasured toy to a little child? A child treasures a toy, enjoys playing with it, goes to it every chance it has, and is always contented when he or she has it near. One day it is given a new toy, and that old one is laid aside. For weeks it is hidden in some dark closet, and the new toy takes its place. Finally, the child seeks other enjoyments, and one day, while looking over some other old playthings, comes across the old, old treasured toy, and there is not another toy in the nursery which can take its place. That toy is sacred, as it seems, and, finally, it is the new one that goes in the closet, and the old one again gives pleasure and happiness. Ellen, to-day I found an old sweetheart." He sat down beside her and again took her hand, which was like ice. "I found one for whom I was giving up everything to go to. I found one I love above anyone else on this earth. Ellen, that one is you. May I again speak as I did years ago? May I tell you of that love which I have kept guarded in a heart which, even though the one for whom it yearns, has been miles and miles away, nevertheless, has been as true as true could be. I am no great man, have neither wealth nor fame, but I hope to gain

both. Can you ever forgive the harsh words I said? Can you ever think of me as you did in days gone by? Ellen, Ellen, dear, can I ever—?"

"Can you ever what, Lewis?"

"Can I ever call you my own again, and in saying it know I am speaking the truth?"

"Yes, Lewis, you may; but have you considered—?"

"I have considered nothing but one thing, and that is your love. I have won it fairly, dear, and may I now go to—?"

"Go to whom, Lewis?"

"May I go to your father and tell him all? May I say you are willing to become the wife of a mere soldier of fortune?"

For answer, the eyes of brown again looked into the depths of those of blue, two pairs of lips met in one blissful kiss, and as Cupid flew away, he exclaimed:

My arrow went straight to the mark,
And need I worry any more?
For love like that can grow, I'm sure,
Much stronger than it was before.

—"SPEEDY."



My Queen

If I were a Rose,
I'd bloom so fair,
As to win a place in your gleaming hair,
Or in ecstasy crushed to your lips would lie,
Breathing perfumed prayer toward the kindly sky.
If I were a Rose.

If I were a Bird
I would sing so sweet
That I surely, Queen, would stay your feet,
And you'd hide me, then, in your snowy breast,
Away from the world and this wild unrest.
If I were a Bird.

If I were a Pine
I'd be stately, sublime,
And whisper for aye, till the death of Time,
I love you, my Queen; yes, worship you, too,
And your heart would know that my song was true.
If I were a Pine.

If I were a Brook,
I'd sparkle and dance,
And glimmer, and gleam, and shimmer and glance,
To entice you, Queen, to some silvery part,
To mirror your beauty on my heart.
If I were a Brook.

If I were a Star,
I'd shine so bright
As to wake you with wonder in the night
And I'd kiss your lips, and brow, and hair
And bathe you in splendor, slumbering there.
If I were a Star.

If I were a Voice,
I'd sing in your ear,
The ravishing music that angels hear,
And fill your heart with seraphic song,
As on Judea's hills when The Christ was born.
If I were a Voice.

But I'm none of these,
And my tortured soul, in its pitiful strife,
Cries aloud, "Thou art spilling my wine of Life.
Oh, Queen, canst thou not play a kinder part."
I faint — I fall — "Thou has broken my heart."

English Room



The Freshman



THE gymnasium of the university was crowded, crowded from floor to roof, and the reason for all this crowding and jamming was that on this night was to be decided who would represent the university on the track in the coming spring meet. Figures in trunks and jerseys, with bathrobes or overcoats, could be seen coming and going, from and to the dressing-rooms, or mingling with the throng. Young girls, and elderly matrons, dotted the balconies here and there, and occasionally from some point, came the brisk, sharp yell of one of the classes.

The meet was on. The pistol cracked, and, to use a much abused simile, as an arrow from a bow, the fleet-limbed runners sped around the track, and, a minute later, the president of the senior class announced through a megaphone, the winners and their time. So it went; a sprint, a distance race; and, in the centre of the oval, the shot puts and jumps were progressing.

The meet was nearing an end; but, instead of departing, something seemed to hold the spectators to their places; something caused the classes to root louder than ever. Soon came the semi-finals; then, the finals, and, at last, it came—the relay. Above everything else, Y—was noted for its relay; sprints they won; long-distance races, too; records they broke and held, but what Y—had, was their relay. The distance for the four men was a mile, each to run four hundred and forty yards. The four classes had their representatives there, four relays in all, and the four men who had heretofore represented the university, took their places beside the other competitors of their own class. There was Parsons and Stokes, '06; Taylor, '07, and Whitney, '08. There were no 'varsity freshmen, and the relay team, representing the noble class of 1909, was composed chiefly of men heretofore

unknown in the collegiate world. There were two men from Philadelphia, one from Chicago, and the last man to run, Hurlburt, of New York. And to him is our story dedicated.

To decide this event, there were to be a number of time-keepers for the purpose of taking the individual time of each man, and the four men whose time was the best, were to represent the school, while the fifth was to be the one, and only, substitute of the team. As the first men trotted out to their positions on the start, the voice of the starter was heard, four figures crouched low, the pistol cracked, and "they were off."

Standing near the start, his bath-robe over his arm, stood Hurlburt. As one looked at him, one could see the figure of an athlete in his chest, in his arms, and in his legs and back. But no one looked at him, no one knew him or cared to know him—he was a freshman. As he stood there, hands on hips, waiting impatient for his turn, perhaps his mind went back to prep. school days; to days when he, Hurlburt, pride of the school, captain of the track-team, and president of the senior class, defeated the once champion middle-distance scholastic man of the continent in the great inter-scholastic meet at Madison Square Garden, when thousands yelled when he was presented with the championship trophy, and when, before a breathless audience, the announcer declared him second to no one in his own sphere, and he, in his glory, was borne away upon the shoulders of his comrades. But, now, things were different. He was at college; he was a member of those despised of the despised—a freshman (and need we say more?)

And meanwhile the second men had run their race, and the third men were starting off, the senior team four yards in the lead, with Stokes rapidly widening the distance between himself and the pursuing sophomore, and the freshman (the team of which class was showing pretty well), running neck and neck with the junior man, three yards behind the sophomore.

As the last turn was reached, and the fourth senior

man, Parsons, was off on his run, the freshman fell a pace to the rear of the junior, and the team of the class of 1909 was the last team in the race. Then something happened. As the freshman touched Hurlburt, he sprang into the race like a deer, his head high, his arms at his sides, and his stride, lengthening at every rod, rapidly closed up the distance between him and the man ahead, and the pair of them, running side by side, gained on the sophomore, passed him, and the junior's stride gave way, he fell a pace to the rear of the on-rushing freshman, and the freshman was left alone to battle with the senior. But, suddenly, as Hurlburt rounded the last turn, the rubber on the sole of his light leather shoe slipped off, and, sliding and slipping all over, he stumbled, and arose in time to cross the finish a yard behind the sophomore, and, for the third time, the freshman team was last in the race.

Three months had passed, and the track-team of Y—, entered in many a meet of the season, had come off victor, unbeaten. Through months of training, they had at last reached a stage when one might search the land to the uttermost breadths, and one could not discover a cleaner, purer, manlier-looking set. On rainy days they had practiced in the gym., and on clear ones on the track surrounding the ball-ground. Then, too, there had been early rising, when they had taken long cants across-country, followed by a cold shower and a hearty breakfast. But now was to come the final test. In a few weeks was to come the great inter-collegiate meet at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, and for the first time the Western colleges were to be represented at it, Y—, Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, and others, to represent the East, the Universities of Georgetown, Maryland, and Virginia, to represent the South, and the great State Universities of Chicago, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and many others, to represent the West. And during all the intervening time, no one had practiced more earnestly than the freshman Hurlburt. The trainer and the student-body had at last, in a measure, become slightly aware of his presence at

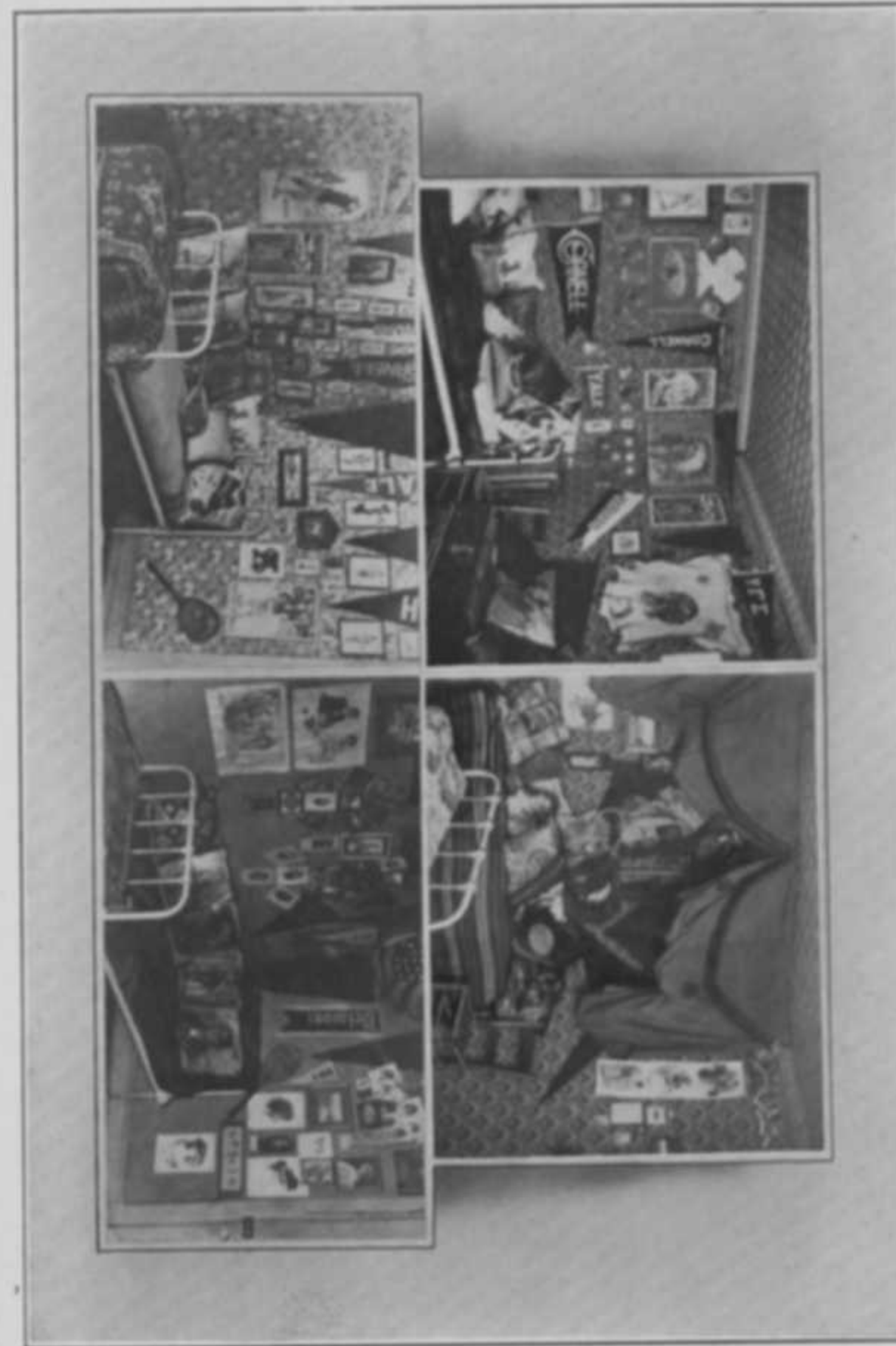
the university, and his life had thus become a little less burdensome for him, for, with his easy, open-hearted nature, he had made many a friend, not only with the men of his own and the sophomore classes, but also with men of the upper classes.

As may be concluded from what has been said before, he secured the position of substitute on the team, his time (because of the accident he met with) being one-fifth of a second inferior to that made by Whitney, the soph., and Whitney himself had secured the place of second man on the team, Stokes to be first, and Taylor and Parsons to be third and fourth men, respectively, the team arranged as it had been the preceding year.

The day for the meet was but a number of hours off, and the Y— track-team, arriving the night before, were stopping at the Walton on training rations. And the morning of the fifth of May dawned bright and clear, and with many injunctions from their trainer, the track-team arose, and after a cold shower, went over to the track to practice. Hurlburt went with the rest, did what he was told to do, and then, returning to the lobby of the hotel, sat down on a chair to rest; and as he sat, he wondered if the chance might come to him that day to race; and he swore lightly under his breath at the shoe that had spoiled his chances for the team.

As he thus sat considering, he saw the trainer, Mac, come in, and placing himself in a chair, begin to read the morning paper, without so much as even a glance toward the youth not ten feet from him. Then Hurlburt's glance lighted on a blue-coated Western-Union boy, who had just then entered the hotel with a telegram in his hand, and who, walking up to the desk, asked the clerk for Mr. McDonald. The clerk, after glancing around the lobby, finally saw him, and pointed him out to the boy. Immediately the boy crossed the room, and after handing the yellow envelope and its contents to the trainer, and receiving his signature, left the hotel. With his penknife Mac opened the envelope, and after coolly replacing the knife in his pocket, took out the sheet of paper inside and read it. As he read it, however, the boy noticed that his face

Corner of Cadet Rooms



assumed a reddish hue (as it was apt to do when he was enraged), and then, as with a sudden realization of facts, turned white and remained so.

He crushed the paper in the palm of his hand, and as he did so, his glance wandered, and finally rested on Hurlburt, who was watching him in a wondering sort of way. As his glance rested upon the boy, the trainer rose from his chair, and crossing the room, touched the freshman and said:

"Come to my room immediately, Hurlburt."

With a heart filled with doubt and hesitation, Hurlburt followed him to the elevator; they reached the floor desired, to the room of the trainer, who then entered and closed the door behind him.

"Hurlburt," and the trainer's voice showed his excitement, "read this."

Opening his hand, he gave the piece of paper to Hurlburt, and then watched the boy's face as he read:

Mr. J. McDonald,

Walton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Parsons failed on examinations. Cannot run to-day.

Faculty, Y — U.

It was final, and who to run; but —; but here the trainer's voice broke in:

"You've read it, eh! and you'll run in Parsons' place to-day, hear!" And Hurlburt heard.

The grand-stands were packed. Y — contingent occupied the stand nearest the start, and from time to time came some familiar yell or song, either from them or from other rooters. Then all was silent, as the referee read the rules of the meet, which was to be held under the sanction of the Amateur Athletic Union. Then the meet was on, and, though but represented for the first time on Eastern soil, the Westerners acquitted themselves even better than had been expected of them. They won the shot-put and hammer-throw, and a number of the runs. But, good though they were, they were outclassed by the eastern and southern universities.

Event after event passed off, and at about half-past three, (the meet had started at one-thirty), a voice called: "All out for the inter-collegiate relay," and eight men took their places at the start. Harvard had the pole, on inside track; Cornell came next, then Wisconsin, then Georgetown, then Y—, then Colgate, then Michigan, and on the outside, Columbia.

Silence reigned supreme. Then came the clear, sharp voice of the starter:

"Are you ready?"

And, as in one voice, came the instantaneous answer:

"Yes."

"Then take your marks, get set," crack, and they were off.

At the start Harvard led, with Y— second, and Michigan third. The teams, as they traversed the track, held their places, but when the second men went round, Harvard and Michigan had exchanged places, but Y— still held her own. As the third men were started, Stokes, of C—, crawled up, till he was almost even with the Michigan man, and then, something happened, for as he turned the last curve, preparatory to touching Hurlburt, the Michigan man stuck out his foot, and Stokes was hurled to the ground, skinning his whole leg. Only an instant, however, did he falter, for quickly springing to his feet, he stumbled on to where Hurlburt was awaiting him. Hurlburt, meanwhile, waiting for his man, saw it all, and his heart boiled up within him at the trick which had been played. As Stokes touched him, he threw out his stride, and rapidly shortened the distance between himself and the second man, of Georgetown, who, in the above mentioned interim, had attained second place. All the fire in his soul leaped out, his eyes blazed, and his muscles strained to their utmost. He was conscious of naught save the man ahead, not even of the roaring of the people on the stands; not even of the yells of encouragement the men along the track gave him, but only of that steady, even thump, thump of the feet of the man ahead; for, tearing away, three yards in advance, ran the last representative of the team, whose former

representative had committed so unsportsmanlike a deed. And he was gaining, gaining like an avenging Nemesis; gaining, till, when but half-way round the track, he had cut down the intervening gap to one-half its former breadth, and there he hung; neither gaining nor losing. But his train was afire, and at last the broad, white chalk-line at the finish, gleamed away ahead of him, and he knew that what he did must be done now. And then he showed of what he was made; how he, a freshman, should avenge the wrongs of Y—; should turn defeat into victory. And still he ran. Inch by inch he gained, and then, as the tape suddenly loomed but ten yards in advance, in one grand, tremendous burst of speed, he threw himself ahead of the Michigan man, and, as he felt the tape snap across his chest, even as he sank into the dark depths of unconsciousness, he knew that Y— had won.

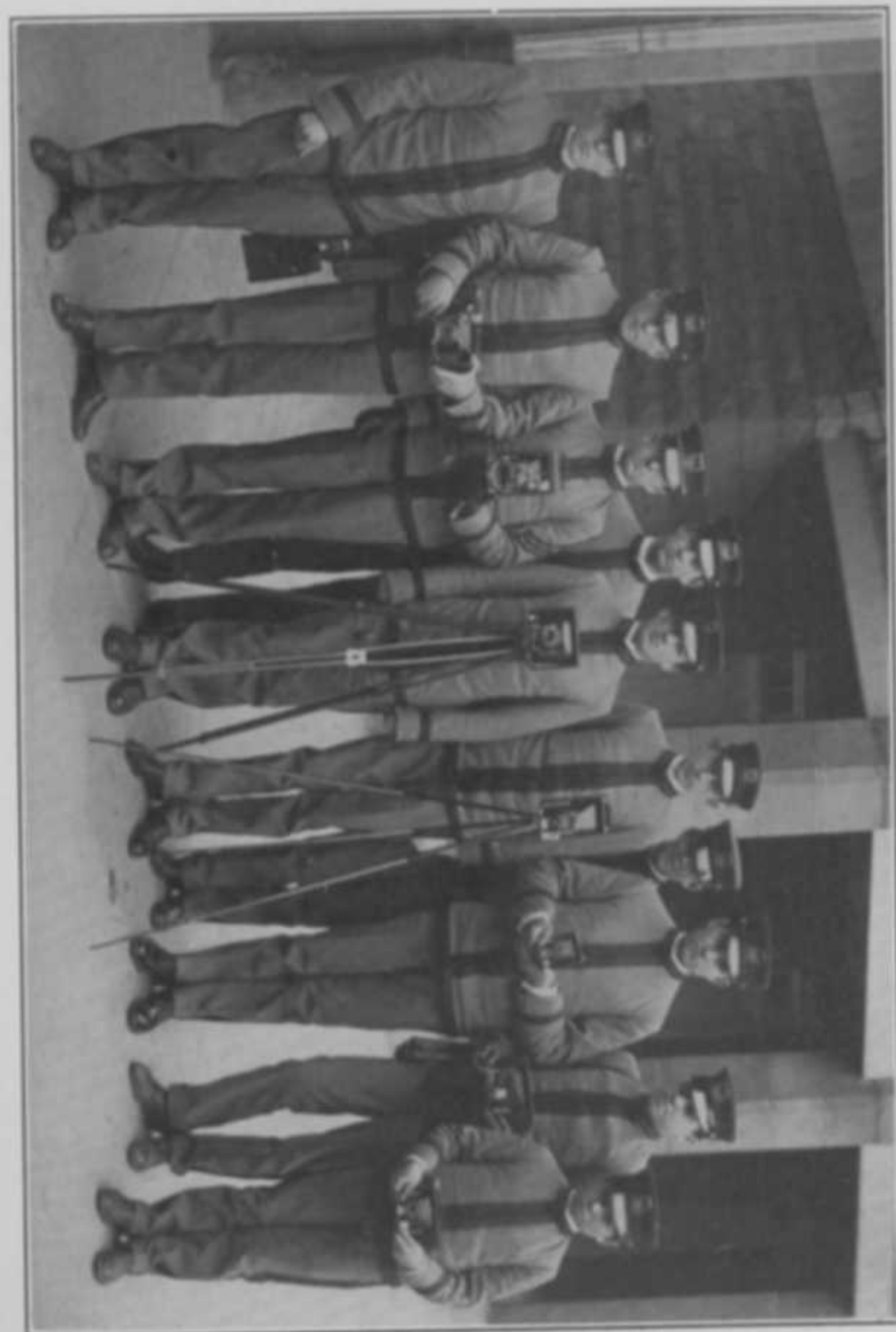


By the Seminary

The Night was dark and dreary;
No stars lit up the sky,
When down the street I wandered,
The Seminary by.

From out the place there issued
A most unearthly scream,
Like that of an archangel,
Or devil in a dream.

If I remember rightly,
The cry behind the scene
Was just about as follows:
"Stop pinching, Josephine!"



Kodak Club

The Valley of Death



BURIED deep in the woods of Northern Michigan, forty miles from any human habitation, is the "Valley of Death." The country around it is wild, unfertile, and desolate.

Even the wild animals shun this valley. The only signs of life in it are the bleached bones of men and animals that have entered the valley,

but never left it.

On a cold and bleak November evening, about sunset, in the year 1873, a horse and rider crossed the border of the valley. The horse shied and tried to turn back, but, urged on by the rider, at length passed up the valley.

The horse is a large, black stallion; the rider a man about twenty-five years old, and it is evident from his face and bearing that he is afraid of nothing living. He rides up the valley between piles of rocks and heaps of bleached bones, and skulls that seem to grin fiercely at him as he passes by. After riding for about a half a mile up the valley, he comes to an old, tumbled-down log cabin, and decides to stop there for the night. He dismounts, unsaddles his horse, and builds a small fire, over which he cooks his supper.

His horse, which is a fearless animal, looks at the hut with its nostrils dilated, then turns, and, with a frightened neigh, gallops away into the darkness, leaving him alone in the dark and dismal woods, in the centre of the "Valley of Death."

Night has now descended like the wing of a huge black bird, and he is alone in the darkness.

After eating his supper, he sits down on a large rock and looks around the narrow circle of light thrown by his camp-fire. The first thing that his eyes fall upon is a heap of human bones, and, as he looks at them, a skull turns over in the wind and seems to give him a malignant

grin; then a long arm rises from the pile, points a warning finger at him for an instant, and then—drops back with a rattle.

At length the man grows weary, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, lies down by a pile of bones and falls asleep.

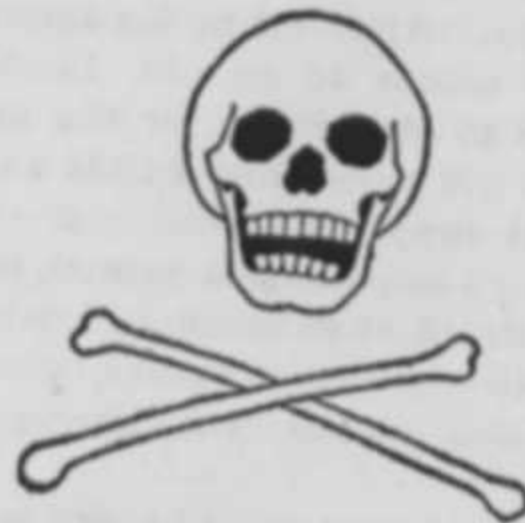
He awakens with a start, looks up, and almost swoons with terror, for, in a circle around him are twelve grinning skeletons. One, taller than the others, is bending over him with a knife raised above its head. The knife rises higher—stops for a second—then descends like a flash—all in darkness. Then he seems to be falling through space, and coming closer every second is a skeleton, with its sharp, long fingers clutching at his throat. Down—down—down. Ever faster—ever nearer.

The fingers are within an inch of his throat—they close around it—darkness comes over him.

He awakes with a start and springs to his feet.

"Reveille is blowing!"

W. A. HOLLADAY.



He and She

PLACE: The back parlor of a certain home in Staunton. Time: About 10:15 P. M.

He: "Really, I must go; my permit is only until 10:30."

She: "Ah! No, stay."

He: "Do you really want me?"

She: "You know I do."

He: (Sitting beside her.)

She: (Coughs slightly.)

He: "May I ask you a question?"

She: "It depends on what it is."

He: "It's about you."

She: "Very well, go on."

He: "You see, I want you—"

She: "Want what?"

He: "I want to tell—"

She: "Tell what?"

He: "How much I—I want—"

She: "Want—go on, please."

He: "Oh! I forgot what I was going to say; but, if you don't mind, I wish—"

She: "Sir! let go my hand!"

He: "Really? Ah! such is not the case."

She: "Stop! I say! take your arm away! I never thought it of you. Not so tight, you hurt. No, I don't like it at all, and you're no gentleman. Do you hear me? Stop! please don't!"

He: "Please don't stop? Ah! all right."

She: "I didn't mean that at all."

He: "I knew it; that's why I keep on."

She: "I gave you no opportunity to do so, and you must stop! No, you sha'n't kiss me. Good night. I don't like you at all; you are very rude—yes, that's better. No, I don't care, but you must not kiss me again. Hush! there's some one coming. Yes, just one more. Come around Sunday evening, and tell me what you had to say."

* * * * *

He reaches the sally-port and is met by O. D.
 "Very sorry to 'stick' you, but you're thirty minutes late."

Next Monday morning he walks four long hours.
 Wears out a pair of shoes; but—such is life at S. M. A.



A Toast

You ask for a toast? I'll give you one.
 A toast to the GOLD AND BLUE;
 A toast to a school, and a toast to a flag,
 To which we shall ever be true.

Here's to our troubles we had at school,
 And here's to our pleasures and joys;
 Here's to those days in Virginia,
 When we were military boys.

Here's to the friends we made there;
 Here's to the merry times.
 Here's to the days we spent there,
 In our country's finest clime.

So fill them up, fill up each cup,
 And drink with hearts as gay,
 As those old days, those good old days,
 We spent at S. M. A.

—SPEEDY.

Music Club



"Claudius Danyull"

With Apologies to Bill Shakespeare

ACT II

Scene III—A street near the Barracks. Enter Arthurfanterus, reading a paper.

Danyull, beware of Porter; take heed of Wing; come not near Spangler; have an eye to Juneval; trust not Roblee; mark well Robbie Marsh; Frank Dippold loves thee not; thou hast wronged Samuel Goodman. There is but one brain in all the "dubs," and it is bent against Danyull. If thou be'st not converted, look about thee. Beauty gives way to valor. The mighty gods defend thee.

Thy lover,

Arthurfanterus.

ACT III

Scene I—Staunton—Before the Barracks—The Faculty Standing above. A crowd of chumps, among them Arthurfanterus and an Irishman. Enter Danyull, Porter, Wing, Spangler, Dippold, Marsh, Roblee, Juvenal, Kerr, Gerow, Searcy, Riddlemoser, and others.

Danyull. The 17th of March has come.

Maloney. Yis, Danyull, but nit gone.

Arthurfanterus. "All to the good," Captain; peruse these hen tracks.

Spangler. Roblee doth desire you to look over, at your earliest inconvenience, this his threadbare suit.

Arthurfanterus. O, Danyull! me first; for mine's a suit that touches Danyull nearer. See, great Danyull!

Dan. What touches us ourself must be clean.

Arth. Make it snappy, Danyull; read it now.

Dan. What, is the fellow batty?

Riddlemoser. Mutt, pull your freight.

Wing. What! botherest thou the Captain in the quadrangle? Come to the school-room.

[Danyull goes into the school-room, the rest following.]

Searcy. I hope you put the bug on him to-day.
 Wing. What bug, Searcy?
 Searcy. Olive oil.
 Porter. What said Searcy?
 Wing. He wished we might place the insect on him to-day. I fear we are up against it.
 Porter. Watch how he jollies Danyull! Paste him! Never mind; he won't squeal; for, look, he grins!
 Wing. Roblee is on; he taketh Newell Kerr away.
 Dipp. Where is Bobbie Marsh? Let him go and gas with Danyull.
 Porter. He's on deck. Come on and help him.
 Juvenal. Spangler, you soak him first.
 Dan. Let 'er rip; what's doing now?
 Marsh. Most high, most mighty, and most handsome Danyull! Robert K. Marsh throws before thy feet ten cents' worth of gum drops!
 Dan. Cut it out, Bob; you make me sick.
 R. K. M. Is there no confection more expensive than this to please Danyull's mouth for the return of my friend?
 Porter. I kiss thy hand, but not for my health, Danyull, desiring that Isaac Eisman may come back to us.
 Dan. Hey, Porter!
 Wing. Pardon, Claudyus; Claudyus, pardon; as low as thy sole doth Fling Wing drop to beg a return ticket for Isaac Eisman.
 Danyull. Nit; not on your photo. The Hebrew don't get to come back. I am constant as the "dog-pole star," and if the said Israelite comes back, you can horn me.
 Juvenal. Oh, Dan!—
 Danyull. Does not Porter, shoeless, kneel?
 Spangler. That for yours. [Spangler first, and then the other "dubs," and last, E. C. Porter, soak Danyull.]
 Danyull. You Brute, Porter! [Then fall Danyull.]

The Ball Room

The ball room, the ball room,
 With its lights and its gleams;
 With the snow lying around it,
 How cheerful it seems,

The music, the laughter,
 The swish on the floor;
 How merry the glimpse,
 As 'tis caught from the door.

The walls wreathed with holly,
 The mistletoe green;
 How cheerful the lights
 From the windows that gleam.

And there are the dancers,
 The boys and the girls;
 You can hear the room shake,
 As with laughter they whirl.

How strange is the contrast,
 Outside is the snow;
 While inside are the lights,
 The warmth and the glow.



The Haunted House



JUST over the Virginia line, in West Virginia, in the most mountainous part of that State, is a spring, known as the "Dismal Spring." About one hundred yards to the right of it, and surrounded by trees and undergrowth, is an old deserted house called the "Gambling Den." It is about ten miles from a city in Virginia, and was built so that men might come here and gamble without fear of the law. Upstairs there are four rooms, and on the floor of one of these rooms is a large blood stain, where a man was killed. The doors are hanging on their hinges, and the windows are broken; the plastering has fallen from the walls, and the floors are loose and shaky. On stormy nights the wind whistles through the house, the doors creak and moan, and one is not surprised to hear that the house is haunted.

On the night of October 8, 1902, three of the dead man's friends decided to investigate the mystery. It was a sultry, dark and windy night. Shortly after they arrived at the house, it began to rain, making the scene even more dismal. The men for a long time sat around talking, but at length, notwithstanding their excitement, they fell asleep.

Meanwhile, the storm had increased, and at last it howled with such fury that one of the men awoke. At first he started to awake the others, but as he arose, he shrunk back in terror. For the ghost had appeared. At first it was hardly visible as it came in through the side of the room, but as it advanced it became more and more distinct. It was tall and spare, with eyes that looked like coals of fire. Although it seemed solid, you could see through it to the wall by which it had entered; and in its hands was a deck of cards, which it was continually shuffling. At last it reached the blood stain, and taking

the cards in one hand, it stooped and slowly traced it with its finger. By this time the other men were awake, and one of them asked, in a trembling voice:

"Who are you?"

The ghost arose and fixed its eyes upon him:

"I am the one whose blood was here spilt," replied the ghost, in an unearthly voice.

"Then, why are you back here?" asked one of the men.

"I am here," replied the ghost, "to warn you who are following in my footsteps." As it said this, the ghost was seen to be going backwards.

"Where are you going?" demanded one of the men.

"I am returning to the home of the evil spirits," answered the ghost, and with this it gave a cry which sounded like that of a lost soul, and disappeared.

The old house still stands, and on stormy nights the cry of the ghost may still be heard as it goes on its midnight journey.

J. N. MAXWELL.



Maud and the Wishing-Stone

(Submitted as a Composition in English Examination)

MAUD lived a long time ago in Egypt, and from the time she was old enough to think, she wished to become a queen. She wished by every wish-bone, by every four-leaved clover, and by every lucky horse-shoe. She wished and wished, but her wish wouldn't come true.

One day, while she was walking along the Nile river, she found a wishing-stone, and she made her old wish—that she might become a queen. While wishing, an old man came up and wanted to know what she had. She said, "A wishing-stone." He asked for the stone, and made a wish. She asked him what he wished. He said, "That you may become my wife."

So, they were married, and she became the Queen of Hearts. She afterwards went back to the wishing-stone, and wished she had a big family of hearts, whose names are ace, deuce, trey, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and Jack.



"The Gang"

The shades of eve come slowly down;
The hill is wrapped in darker brown.
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the corporal's steps aright.
Yet quite enough from far to show
His dress-coat to the watchful foe.
With cautious step and ear awake,
The Leader climbs the stairs the "Gang" to wake,
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air.
But every breeze that swept the hall
Benumbed the corporal's feeble call.
In dread and danger and alone,
Shivering and chilled through every bone,
He collects the desperate band.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on thy way.
But the next morn did not slip;
The tidings passed from lip to lip;
For on all Faculty's door the comic brand,
And for this before Judge Daniel took stand.
But to assail a weary "Gang" was shame,
So forthwith they went with righteous name.
Each word against their HONOR spoke
DEMANDS of the "Gang" the avenging stroke.
And so to Captain Long they went for lend
An instrument—the gas-pipe; it to bend.
At last they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down, and then—sleep.
Then old Reveille, ever more loud and shrill,
Awoke the "Gang" on Kable's hill
To find it was a DREAM!

German Club Officers

PRESIDENT:

Lieutenant Leon D. Brooks.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

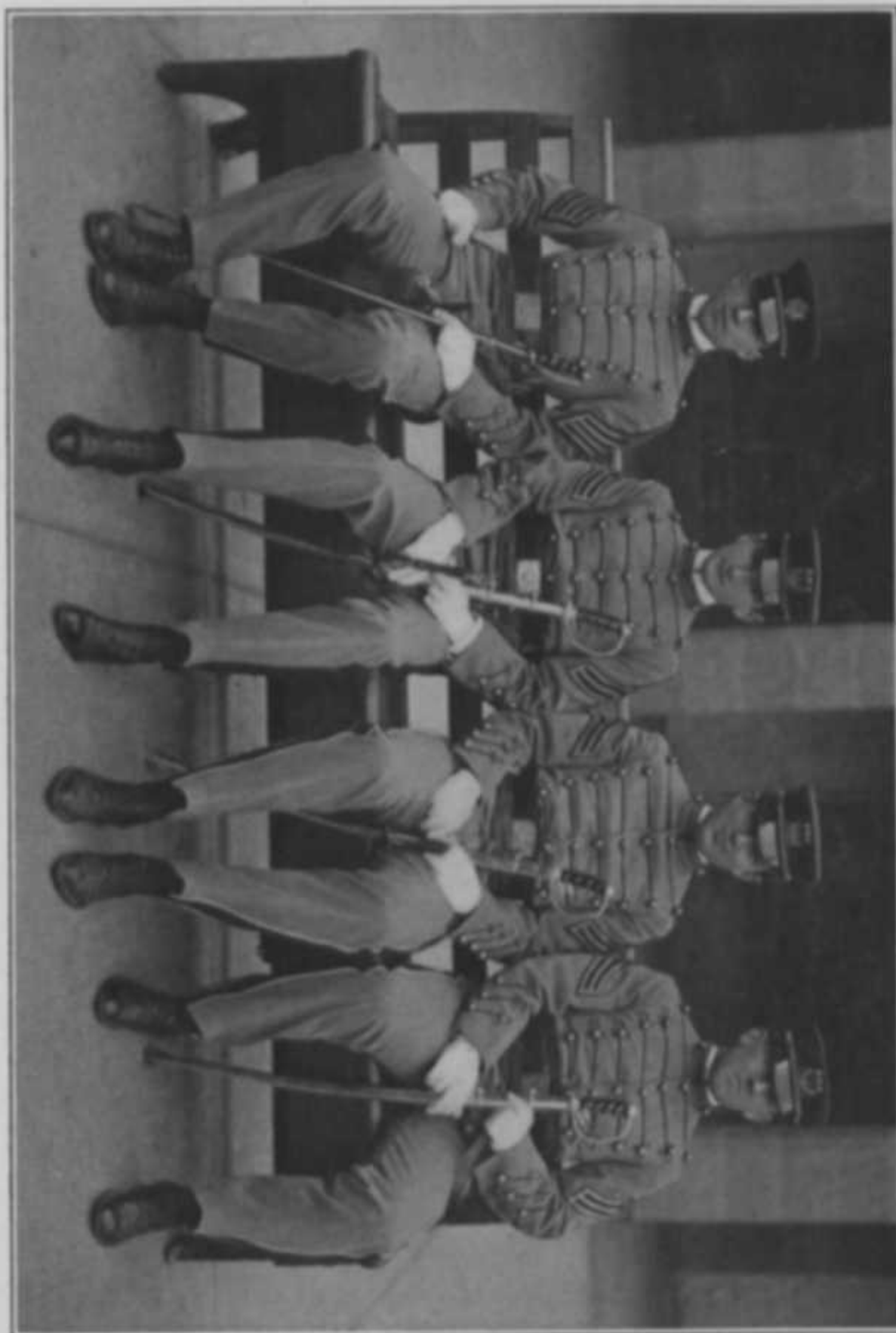
Lieutenant Joseph J. Fretwell.

TREASURER:

Cadet Captain De N. Crawford.

SECRETARY:

Cadet Captain Roman M. Roblee.



German Club

Mid-Winter Hop

One of the most enjoyable society events of the season was the Mid-Winter Military Hop held at the Academy Wednesday evening, February 21, 1906. Mesdames Kable, Russell, Slater, Littig and Hutchinson were the patronesses.

Program:

DANCES

- 1 Waltz
- 2 Two-Step
- 3 Waltz
- 4 Waltz
- 5 Two-Step
- 6 Waltz
- 7 Waltz
- 8 Two-Step
- 9 Waltz
- 10 Two-Step

INTERMISSION

DANCES

- 11 Waltz
- 12 Two-Step
- 13 Waltz
- 14 Waltz
- 15 Two-Step
- 16 Waltz
- 17 Waltz

Society Notes

Cadet Clarence E. Polhemus attempted to wear "citzs" to church on January 28th; consequently, he will be at home until Februry 8th.

Cadet: How does Juvenal resemble Brooks while he is dancing?

Other Cadet: He is so "speedy" ???!!!?

Hutchinson, J., and his partner made quite a hit at the Thanksgiving dance. Neither were hurt when they fell.

Captain Daniel entertains many cadets in his den. Their refreshment is usually a little "birch."

Conversation overheard between two young ladies at Thanksgiving hop:

"I wonder what sort of rouge Crawford uses?"

"I asked him, but he only smiled."

"'Tis evident" that Cadet John Riddlemoser and Cadet Jack Reidy are very fond of the College Widow. We wish them every happiness, and may the most deserving receive that which he is striving for.

We were glad to welcome the University boys at our Thanksgiving hop.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to both the Misses Andrews and the Misses Littig for the pleasure they have given the cadets through their dancing classes.

Young Lady: "Does Harper wear his heart in his pocket?"

Another of the Fair Sex: "No; he wears it on his coat, with a sign, 'To Let.'" (Rent is very cheap.)

Cadet Alexander ought to be a florist. He makes such "flowery" speeches.

Which one of our esteemed and honored Faculty will follow in the Major's steps?

Captain Hodges, while telling the Rhetoric class of his various love affairs, remarked, with a sigh:

She pants for me,
I pant for;
Together we make a pair of pants.

At times we are surprised to see the great amount of learning our Assistant Commandant shows. Such an intellect deserves commendation.

Roblee evidently believes in that old, old saying: "True love never runs smooth." It is remarked that he was fed on "onions" while in Staunton to make him strong.

The fraternities of Upsilon Gamma Sigma and Phi have added greatly to school life and spirit at S. M. A.

During the year Ex-Cadet Captains Myers and Mason visited the Academy.

One Wednesday morning we were very much depressed over the news that Captain Hodges was quite ill; but, as the afternoon drew nigh and the young ladies began to arrive for the dancing class, he got "weller."

Captain Hammett, at Saturday night dance: "Are you engaged?"

"Oh, Captain, this is so sudden!"

Captain becomes very nervous, face grows extremely red, and his voice quavers as he exclaims: "I meant for the next dance."

She accepts.

He smiles.

Both dance.

L. D. B.



Athletic Association--1905-06

Officers:

CAPTAIN MALONEY,
President and Treasurer.

QUARTERMASTER-LIEUTENANT WINCHELL,
Vice-President.

LIEUTENANT CRAWFORD,
Secretary.

CAPTAIN MALONEY,
Manager Foot-Ball Team, '05.

LIEUTENANT CHAPMAN,
Captain Foot-Ball Team, '05.

CADET CAPTAIN CAMPMAN,
Manager Base-Ball Team, '06.

LIEUTENANT FRETWELL,
Captain Base-Ball Team, '06.

SERGEANT GASTON,
Manager Basket-Ball Team, '06.

CADET THOMPSON,
Captain Basket Ball Team, '06.

CADET RIDDLEMOSER,
Manager Foot-Ball Team, '06.

CADET CAPTAIN ROBLEE,
Captain Foot-Ball Team, '06.

Athletics at S. M. A.

ATHLETICS at S. M. A. are regarded as one of the vital and necessary processes in the accomplishment of one of the prime objects of this school's existence: A sound mind in a sound body.

The reasons for athletics are as manifest as they are numerous. The boy plays for fun; the team develops school spirit and advertises the school; but the authorities of a school who are really working for the boy must have a broader and higher motive if they are to make a place for athletics in the school's curriculum.

At S. M. A. we believe that our reason, as stated above, is a sufficient one. Not only has this been proven through many years of experience here, but it is in accordance with the latest and best pedagogic methods. Physiologists and psychologists are unanimous in their approval of a systematized and well regulated athletic training for educational institutions.

We are reading and hearing much about "athletic reforms" and "abuse," and believe that when athletics take up the major part of a boy's time and thought, that they are apt to defeat their ends and are no longer serving the original purpose for their existence. Such a state of affairs is a dangerous one and must be guarded against.

We are not worried, however, about this real or imaginary "bug-bear" of College Councils or Athletic Executive Boards, for what we are attempting to do here, in the opinion of the writer, has not yet been contaminated by any such evils.

The school is for the training of the boy, the average boy. It is not a training school for professionals. It does not harbor professionals, and, it might be added, that it cares for no relations with institutions that do.

From the nature of the life here one can readily see that athletic training is in constant operation. The school is a military school, and, as the training incident to a school of this nature is in itself specifically athletic, we

take the liberty in using the term athletic in its broadest significance. From the time the cadet arises at "Reveille" until he retires at "Taps," his work is carefully and methodically arranged for him, and so quietly and smoothly does the military system absorb the boy's interest, that he is constantly exercising his muscles and yet not over-taxing his energies or giving to his athletic work time and thought that should be given to his mental. Formations and drills are in themselves sufficient to train a man physically, but in her endeavor to keep abreast with the very best in school efficiency, S. M. A. has not lost sight of the value of gymnasium and field athletics.

A word as to the gymnasium: This has been constructed and equipped with the most improved apparatus for the all-around physical development of the boy. It has a floor space of three thousand square feet, admitting dumb-bell exercises and heavy "gym." work. With ample floor space and regulation equipment, basket-ball is made much of, and the undefeated basket-ball team of this last season at S. M. A. shows to what extent and proficiency the game is practiced by her cadets.

In the fall foot-ball, and in the spring base-ball is played, every effort being made to get the entire corps interested and make the sport for the school, rather than for the members of the team alone. Contests are played with teams from other schools and colleges. S. M. A. teams, like all others, love to win; but, they are coached to do so by fair means. Her records in these lines of activity are sufficient testimonials as to her policy. No athletes are "bought up." They are developed in the school. Teams composed of faculty members and outsiders representing the school are not allowed. The S. M. A. teams are made up of cadets.

With so much being done to develop the boy physically, it must be remembered that the boy cannot be entrusted to his own desires and fancies in his athletics, for there would be the great danger of over-exertion. Important as they are, the boy's military and athletic training is still subordinate to his mental. He must be watched, guided and taught how. For this S. M. A. has

secured men of experience and professional training; college and military school graduates who are especially fitted and are making this work their profession.

Given such an equipment of apparatus and teachers, systematized effort and a corps of two hundred and fifty lively, alert, American boys, S. M. A. feels that her efforts in achieving a sound mind in a sound body are being accomplished.



FOOT BALL.



Foot-Ball 1905-06

THE foot-ball season of 1905, at S. M. A., was a pronounced success. Much enthusiasm was shown not only among the players, but among the cadets, and no team ever had a more loyal set of followers. In victory or defeat the loyal set of fellows cheered us on, and, if some one made a mistake, the cry rose up, "Better luck next time." With such a spirit among us, it was no wonder that we downed our rivals, the Augusta Military Academy, by a score of 6 to 0. Captain Maloney was in a large measure responsible for the team's success, as was our commandant's generosity and enthusiasm.

Thirteen men carried away their "letters." Each man is worthy of special mention.

Campman, full-back and captain of the '05 team, was the mainstay of the team. His knowledge of the game was invaluable to the team, and his line plunging was a surprise, not only to his opponents, but to his friends as well. On the defensive, "Campy," as he is affectionately called, was a "star," and many plays that looked like "ground-gainers," were stopped by his prompt action.

Riddlemoser, the right half-back, while a new man to the game, was, through Captain Maloney, quickly developed into a player of the highest ability. He hit the line low, and was invaluable on the end for breaking interferences.

Smith was a running-mate to Riddlemoser, and, while not playing in every game, played the best kind of foot-ball when he did, and fairly won his S.

Treadway, the little quarter-back, handled the team like a veteran, and not only was a swift and accurate passer, but was an excellent drop-kicker and punter. His playing in the back field was beyond criticism, never failing to catch the ball on punts, and always bringing them well back.

Brast was a valuable man at left end, and seldom did

an opponent make any gain through him. He was a cool, steady player and a hard man to duplicate.

Roblee (captain for 1906) was a veritable battering ram on line-plunging and tandem plays, and when our opponents attempted to make gains through left-tackle, they were usually disappointed. He was one of the best ground-gainers we had.

Loomis at left-guard, while light, was extremely quick, and as steady as a rock. We usually could count on making gains through his offensive work.

Wichman, at centre, was another "find." Captain Maloney's system of coaching soon brought him to the front. His passes were always accurate, and, besides opening holes in his opponents' line, was a steady and difficult man to put out of the way.

Hale was a cool, steady and determined man at right guard. He made good openings in the opposing line, and it was seldom that our opponents made gains through him.

Daugherty, at right tackle, was often played at full-back when Campman was out of the game, and it was here that he made his mark. His line-bucking was fierce and hard, and he especially distinguished himself on end runs.

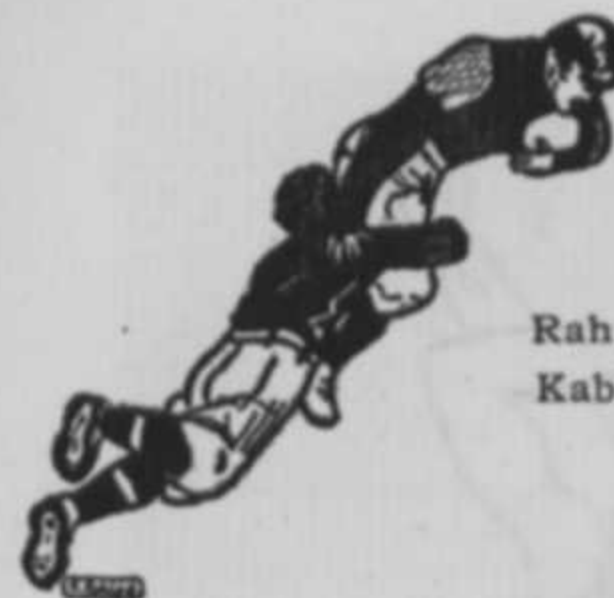
Crawford, at right tackle, was the life of the team, and in the hardest plays Crawford's voice could be heard joking and urging us on. As a player, Crawford was a decided success, and was an excellent man on the offensive.

Gaston, at right end, was one of the star players of the team. His offensive work was extremely strong, slipping through the interference, and usually throwing his man for a loss.



Football Team





FOOT BALL '06

YELLS

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!
Kable's—Kable's—K-A-B-L-E'S!

Rah—Rah—Rah!
S—M—A!

FOOT-BALL TEAM—1905

Maloney (Smith), L. H.	R. T. Daugherty (Crawford).
Brast, L. E.	R. E. Gaston.
Roblee, L. T.	R. H. Riddlemoser.
Loomis, L. G.	Q. B. Treadway.
Wichman, C.	R. G. Hale.
Campman, F. B. (Captain).	

GAMES

Oct. 14—S. M. A., 6	A. M. A., 0—at Staunton.
Oct. 20—S. M. A., 0	Miller's, 5—at Miller's.
Oct. 28—S. M. A., 0	W.-L. U., 0—at Staunton.
Nov. 7—S. M. A., 0	H. A. A., 5—at H. H. S.
Nov. 17—S. M. A., 11	W.-L. U., 0—at Staunton.
Nov. 30—S. M. A., 6	U. V. Res., 6—at Staunton.
Total—S. M. A., 23	Opponents, 16



BASKET BALL.



Basketball Team

Basket-Ball

AT LAST Basket-Ball has found a place among the sports of S. M. A. It has proved to be extremely popular, exciting a great deal of enthusiasm.

The team has won every game, and this is a record that no previous team ever made. The excellent results attained are no doubt, in a measure, due to the excellent coaching of Captain Maloney. The members of the team, by their faithful practice every evening, assured success.

The line-up:

CENTER:

Gaston (Substitute, Campman).

FORWARDS:

Treadway and Thompson, C. (Captain of '07 team).

GUARDS:

Captain Maloney and Maxwell (King, Substitute).

THE SCORES:

S. M. A. vs. Staunton Y. M. C. A.,	-	-	-	30 — 13
S. M. A. vs. Charlottesville Y. M. C. A.,	-	-	-	69 — 7
S. M. A. vs. Bridgewater College,	-	-	-	36 — 15
S. M. A. vs. Staunton Y. M. C. A.,	-	-	-	27 — 22
S. M. A. vs. Randolph-Macon Academy,	-	-	-	42 — 15

How They Write Friendly Letters

My Dear Colonel Robbins:

At present I am in the midst of a very enjoyable session at the Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Virginia. It is situated in the Shenandoah Valley. The school has fine shady lawns; the weather never gets cold; the sun shines all the year around, and the strawberries are always ripe.

We have an expert Faculty here, but they are more or less inclined to psychological pursuits, which, however, is counterbalanced by their extreme humor and good nature. Each teacher is in love with his work.

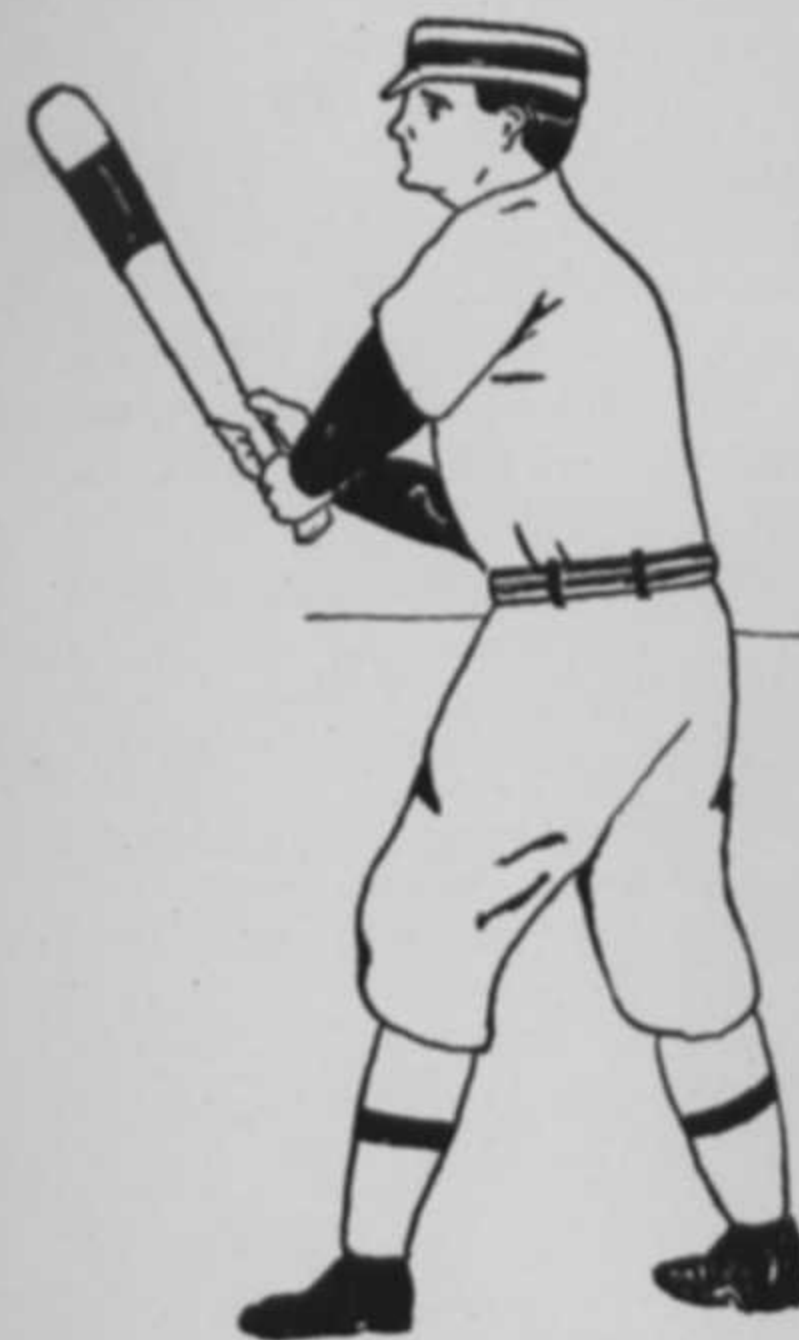
My studies are comparatively easy, and I am getting along nicely. I have worn out seven pairs of shoes smoothing down the rough places on our cement quadrangle.

Should you ever find a spare moment to write me a line, I can assure you it will be appreciated.

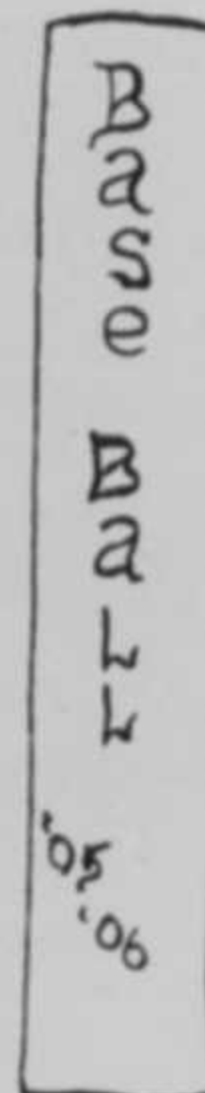
Remember me to Mrs. Robbins and the family.

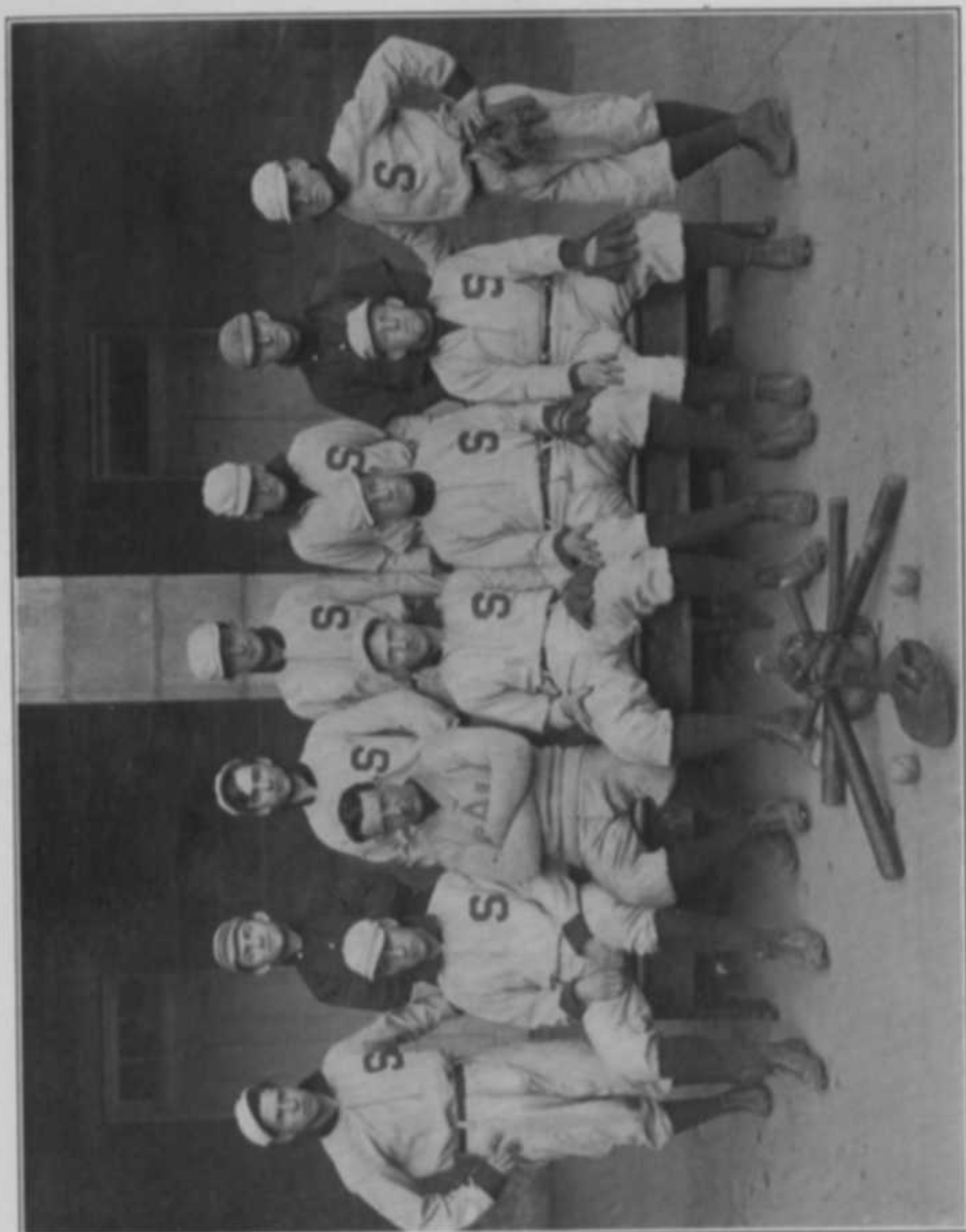
Your former pupil,

C. E. POLHEMUS.



RobLee





Baseball Team

Base-Ball Team

PITCHER,
Hale.

CATCHER,
Campman.

FIRST BASE,
Riddlemoser.

SECOND BASE,
Maloney.

THIRD BASE,
Strawn.

SHORT STOP,
Fretwell (Captain).

LEFT FIELD,
Treadway.

CENTRE FIELD,
Smith, S.

RIGHT FIELD,
Drummond.

SUBSTITUTE,
Smith, D., Brooks.

Tennis Club

PRESIDENT:

N. H. Kerr.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

C. H. Juvenal.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Captain John L. Kable.

MEMBERS:

Captain John Kable,
Armsby,
Soles, D.,
Harry,
Loomis,
Kerr,
Armstrong,
Walker,
Barton,
Brown, N.,

Blackmore,
Worden,
Blum,
Aaron,
Knap,
McRae,
DeFabry
Blair,
Reber,
Browning.

Tennis Club





The Debating Societies

“READING maketh a full man; conversation, a ready man; writing, an exact man.” This short, pithy quotation from Bacon could not be expressed in better words. Reading is natural for most people, and, to use the words of the quotation, any one can become a full man who has the time and the inclination. Writing, also, is a mere habit. It requires no brains to write legibly, and not much more to write intelligently. But conversation, if we take the word in the sense in which I think the author means it, is a different proposition. It means the power to get up at any time, and talk on some subject plainly and logically. To know what you want to say, and say it. There are times in every man’s life—I care not what his station—when it is desirable to be able to speak before people. When and where is the best time to master this accomplishment? When is the most natural time for gaining any knowledge? In the youth, of course. And, likewise, the most natural place is a school. Young people, and young boys especially, are apt to regard anything which pertains to the literary with something like scorn. But there is one part of literary work which appeals to a boy, and that is debate. There is a streak of pugnacity in every boy, which makes him love to watch or participate in any kind of strife or contention. Debating, to some extent, offers him this enjoyment. At first, in debating, his emotions are apt to rise above his control, but experience teaches him that cool-headed logic convinces better than loudness or gesticulating; he gradually improves as a speaker. Once having acquired the art of extemporaneous speaking, it is as easy for him to get up before a body of his fellow-citizens and express his views as for a preacher to address the Ladies’ Sewing Circle. We have in this school two societies—the Alpha and the Omega—which are, figuratively speaking, still in their infancy. They have had but one public debate, so far, and

though it was a great success, no one doubts that there is some marginal room for improvement. This same fault of over-excitement, and also some self-consciousness, was evident. But there is no reason why this branch of mental training should not grow. By next year we should be able to give quite creditable exhibitions, and perhaps secure one or two joint debates with neighboring schools. John says, in Revelation: “I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.” In their case they are both beginning. Let us hope the end is far off.



La Societe Francaise

Motto: "La langue Francaise est la plus exquisite du monde"

Favorite Flower — Chrysanthemum.

Favorite Drink — Absinthe Frappe.

Pass-word — "Bois, tout le monde!"

Officers:

PRESIDENT:

Cadet Reber.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Cadet Loomis.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Cadet Reidy.

MEMBERS:

Cadets Spear,	Harmon,
Buckley,	Thompson,
Barton,	Walker,
Kelly,	Ferrell,
Turner,	Merrill,
King,	Juvenal.

The Spanish Club

Place of Meeting: Bull-Pen on B. and O. R. R.

Principal Occupation: Attending Bull Fights.

Object: To Learn as Little Spanish as Possible.

Motto: No Tenga Usted Ciudad.

Color: Spanish Green.

Flower: Scilla Peruviana.

PRESIDENT:

Harrison.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Gaston.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Kimball.

MEMBERS:

Plonk,	Tanner,	Hamlin,
Smith, R.,	Waite.	

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Wichman,	Serena,	Soles, D.,	Horton.
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Ex-OFFICIO MEMBER:

Sydney Johnston.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma

COLORS:
Blue and Gold.

FLOWER:
White Chrysanthemum

PRESIDENT:

Roblee.

VICE - PRESIDENT:

Campman.

TREASURER:

Riddlemoser.

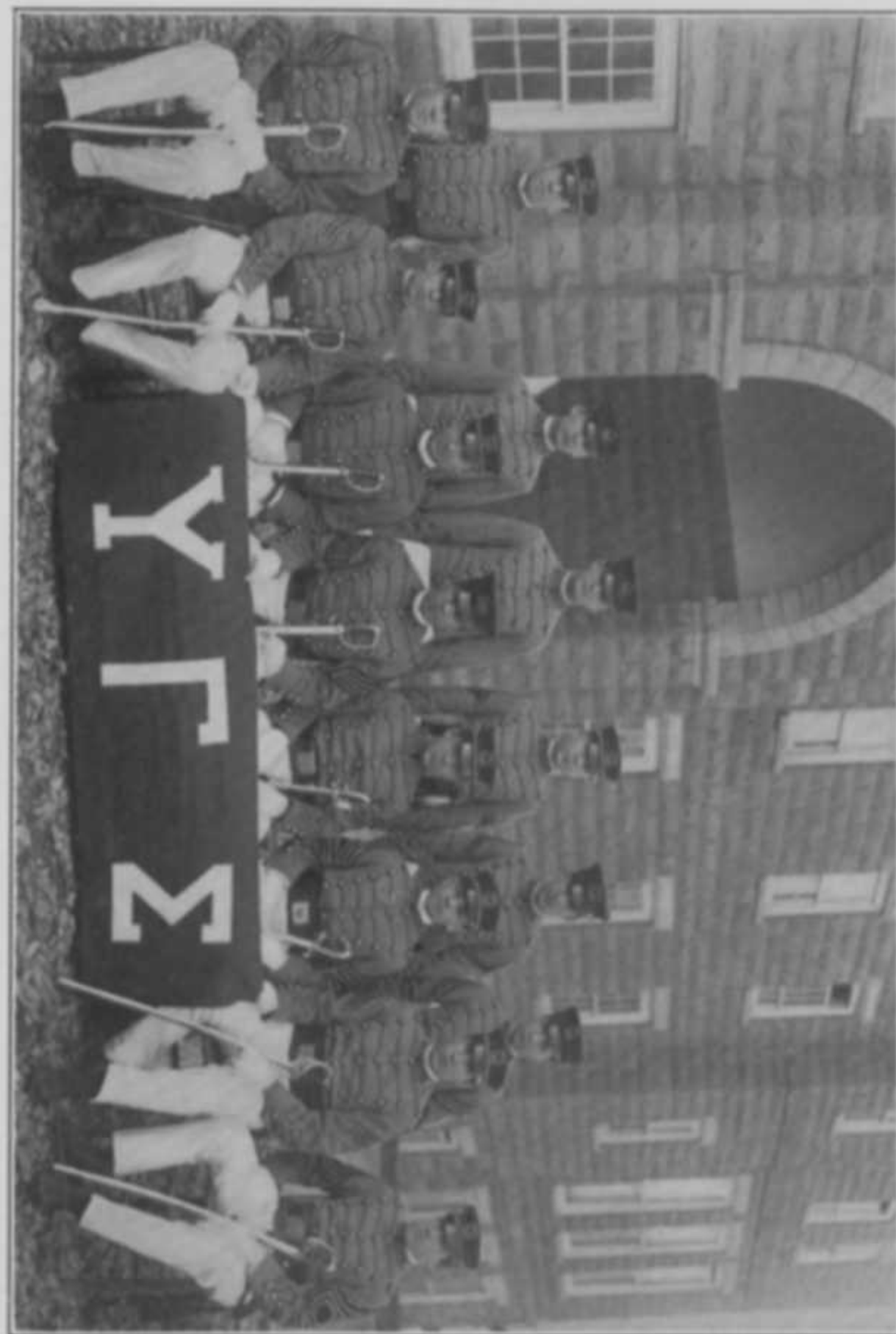
SECRETARY:

Loomis.

MEMBERS:

Crawford,	Brast,	Winchell,
Hale,	Kerr,	
Smith, S.,	Reidy,	Smith, D.,
Daugherty,	Fretwell,	Felthous.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma



Reveries of a Cadet

Awake my harp! Your sweetest lay,
While I sing of our life at S. M. A. !
The metre is poor, the rhymes are not good !
I ought to do better — I would if I could !

Ere Phœbus long has cleared the skies,
That tiresome bugle calls, " Arise !"
Pull on your pants, cap, coat and shoes !
You can't lay in — no time to snooze !

Wildly we clutch at our clothes as we pass,
No time for primping — can't look in the glass !
For each fellow knows but three minutes are given.
If you are not there on time — well, life isn't worth living.

After B. R. C. comes the call for inspection —
We keep our rooms clean — its our only protection.
Inspection! Jump up! Hats off! Its 8:30!
Just stand at attention till he sees if we are dirty !

School call sounds, the bell taps — " First period report?"
Men answer to class roll outside in the court.
Second period and third are the same old story ;
Between fourth and fifth in the pie-man we glory.

Fifth period is spelling — every man large or small,
Has a book like the rest of us — same pattern and all.
We next hear a bugle — sound loved by us all —
For it blows the sweet music of the welcome " mess call !"

Will the bell never tap so that we may be free?
Major is slow about some things, we all will agree.
D. R. C., " Attention to Battalion Delinquencies !" is the cry —
Shoes not shined at B. R. C. — " Dirty room at P. I."

" Battalion, squads right; full step, column right!"
Sounds down the line — then to our delight
We march into the mess-hall and sit at the table,
Each fellow packing his lunch-box as fast as he is able.

Dinner over, Captain Daniel gives the bell a ring.
Drill at 3:15! Same tiresome old thing!
To take our minds off of the drills and such stuff
We raise up our spirits in a glorious "rough."

It is seldom too bad to take a good run.
Out the pike for a mile and then back is great fun.
But drilling is work, and that we all hate;
If we did it for fun we would think it was great.

Five forty-five, Dress Parade! Here's where we all shine!
White gloves and brass buttons gleaming down the line;
And all our cadets simply think they are great—
A trimmer lot of men can't be found in the State.

At seven comes "Guard change! and Adjutant's call!"
When every non-commish can be found in study hall.
Nine fifteen is "tatoo!" "Call to quarters!" comes next;
No cadet allowed out on any pretext.

"Taps" The sweet call can be heard far and near;
And echoes come back from the hills soft and clear.

But all the troubles and trials here
Will seem but pleasure in an after year.
The old place grows dearer each passing day!
Three cheers and a tiger for old S. M. A.!



Phi Sigma

Phi Sigma

COLORS:
Orange and Black.

FLOWER:
Yellow Rose.

PRESIDENT:
Wing.

VICE - PRESIDENT:
Alexander.

TREASURER:
Horton.

SECRETARY:
Harper.

MEMBERS:
Polhemus,
Riles,
Small,
Brown, H.,
Brunt,
Mann,
Hutchinson, J.

Alpha Sigma Phi

COLORS:
Red and Black.

FLOWER:
Lily.

PRESIDENT:
Gaston.

VICE - PRESIDENT:
Grosvenor, N.

TREASURER:
King.

SECRETARY:
Gamble.

MEMBERS:
Maxwell, E. L., Thompson, C.,
Branyan, Strawn,
Harrison, Fant.

Alpha Sigma Phi





Jokes and Grinds

Alexander: All the girls in Staunton smile at me.

Smart Cadet: Well, that shows good breeding. Anywhere else they would laugh outright.

Wanted—To buy, rent or borrow a copy of a book entitled, "How to Cure Bashfulness."

—Moore, J.

Two of our friends, Wing and Barton, seem especially strong in spinning yarns.

Barton: One day, when I was driving a load of hay to town, I heard in the distance the grumbling of a coming thunder-storm. Soon it was raging furiously, and the hiss of lightning and the roar of thunder warned me that unless I found shelter my load would be ruined. Looking around, I saw a huge gun, so large that I drove load and all into its muzzle.

Wing (interrupting the story): Yes, so large that I drove out of the fuse-hole just as you were coming in at the muzzle!

For Hire—A genuine nose (mine), to be used exclusively for a hat-rack.

—Sandring.

Wanted—A position with some star theatrical company to play the part of Cinna in Julius Caesar.

—Smith, S.

Greatest Nuisance at S. M. A.—Reveille and study-hall.

Most Favorite Recreation at S. M. A.—Sleeping.

[Editors wish to state that they will not be responsible for any one who dies from laughing at these jokes, and will not even pay their funeral expenses.]

Loomis: Say, we want to get off some grinds on the Faculty in the Annual?

Campbell, H.: We've got them fixed all right.

Loomis: How?

Campbell, H.: We are going to put their pictures in.

"The mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream"
—Wing.

If you get tired of reading these jokes, just turn over and look at Searcy's picture.

Just because Brown, A., and Crawford have red cheeks, is no reason why they should have corns on their feet.

Captain Stevens: Saddler, give a sentence illustrating the simile?

Saddler (blushingly): Like a river flowing to the sea is the isthmuses between two eternities.

Captain Stevens: Give a few simple suggestions as to the use of a library?

Saddler: If you are after a piece of news out of a magazine, you would be apt to find it in "Poole's Index." When you are looking up an explorer, you would be likely to find him under the North Pole.

Wanted—Rain during drill hours. A northeast storm preferred.

—Corps of Cadets.

Captain Maloney: Felthous, your ever-ready and most laughable wit is only exceeded by your ignorance of German.

Campman (to Serena pounding on door): What do you want, Serena?

Serena: I want to see your room.

Campman: Well, look over the transom.

Wanted—Some bright cadet to compete with Sergeant Wing.

Captain Daniel: Barstow, keep one eye to the front!

Ask Smith, S., how is fishing in the quadrangle.

Ask Campman what he observed on the afternoon of the 20th of February.

It is rumored that Chester C. C. Felthous is writing a German book.

Why does Captain Daniel's office remind one of a farm in the fall?

Bright Cadet: Because there is a great deal of thrashing going on.

Roblee: A barber shop is the safest place for a cadet to smoke.

Barber: Why?

Roblee: Because the Faculty lack the price of a shave

Captain Drummond's Bible class had, on February 25th, quite an interesting discussion about Cassie Chadwick.

Juvenal: Are we in Indiana?

Conductor: Yes.

Juvenal: Everybody have a cigarette on me.

Felthous on Matrimony: Love is blind, but marriage is an eye-opener.

Applied Quotations

(From Julius Caesar)

Would he were fatter!

— Barstow.

Sir, a mender of bad soles.

— Kerr.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus.

— Marsh.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

— Wing.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

— Gerow.

'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

— Dippold, F.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.

— Yetter.

His countenance like richest alchemy.

— Brunt.

And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

— Juvenal.

For my part, I have walked about the streets.

— Wichman.

He sits high in all the people's hearts.
— Brooks.

Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
— Holladay.

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day
— Juvenal.

And every man hence to his idle bed.
— Captain Stevens.

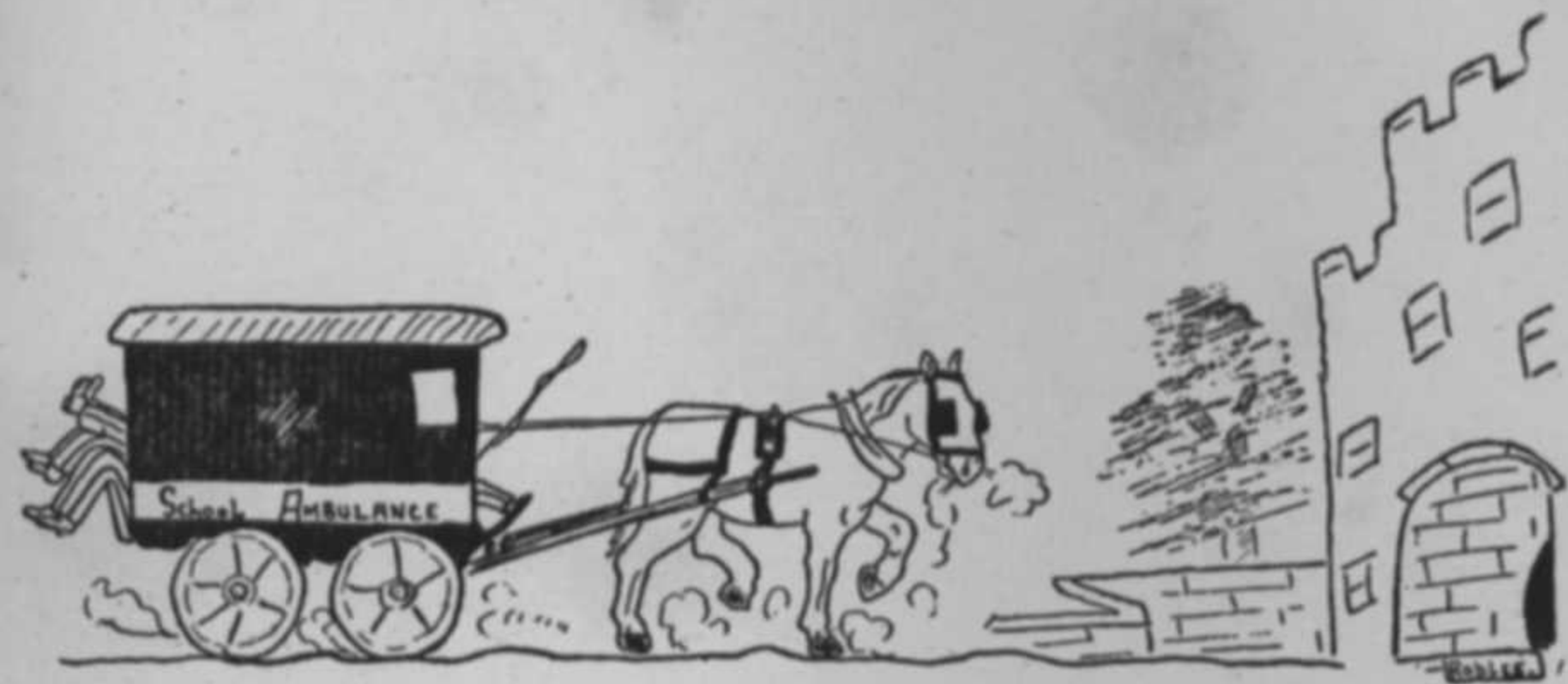
It is the part of men to fear and tremble.
— Searcy.

I can shake off at pleasure.
— Bennett.

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
— Magruder.

The abuse of greatness.
— Samuel Goodman.





BACK FROM THE INFIRMERY AGAIN.

Name	Most Prominent Characteristic	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Expression	What He Is	What He Will Be	What He Knows
Alexander	Flirting with the Ladies	Breaking Ladies' Hearts	Has None	Ladies' Man (?)	President of a Ladies' College	Not Much
Barrow	Good Looks	Going to Theatre	Has None	Farmer	?	Lots
Brooks	Good Looker	Walking Past V. F. I.	This Fast Life is Killing Me	Big Head	Watchman at V. F. I.	How to Play Base-Ball
Brown, H.	His Big Head	Standing in Front of Looking-Glass	I Caught Yetter Running Off	Nothing	Less	What No One Else Does
Brown, N.	Bugling	Blowing Fall-in at Dress-Parade	See My Belt	Musician (?)	Band-Master	How to Be Fresh
Campbell, H.	Writing Poetry	Reading Novels	Youse is a Mut	Poet	Tramp	Who Stole the Books
Campman	Talking	Talking and Making Speeches at Athletic Meetings	See My "S."	Windy	Windler	How to Hit the Line
Carter	Pleasant Face	Hunting "Injuns"	Ugh!	Foolish	? ?	How to Break a Bronco
Crawford	Handsome Hair	Walking with Brooks	Ain't She a Peach?	Friend of Brooks	Life-saver, M. B. S. Swimming Pool.	Where Atlantic City Is
Dippold, E.	Regular Attendance at the Infirmary	Going on Duty	I've Got Credit	Tired	Preacher	How to Pay Attention (!) at Debates
Dippold, F.	Same as Brother	Walking the Beat	Another Report	Cute	A Bum	More Than He Ought to
Finley	Only Man in School who Has Read the Bible Through	Studying (?)	Got Any Makings?	From MacKey'sport	Gold-Brick Agent	Not a Thing
Fretwell	Laughing	Betting Jones, O.	Come here, Otto	Funny	End-Man in Minstrel Show	How to Play a Losing Game
Gamble	Making Wit(?) Remarks While in Class	Reading a Book on How to Be Wise	Has Many to Mention	Stuck on Himself	A Senator	What Does He He Know?

Name	Most Prominent Characteristic	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Expression	What He Is	What He Will Be	What He Knows
Goodhue	Talking	Walking Over Sears' Hill	Fudge	Basket-Ball Player (?)	A Book Agent	Where Bonasfield Lives
Holladay	His Shining Face	Thinking up Devilment	D ——— (?)	The Pride of the School	An Inventor (of Devilment)	That Reidy Can Fight
Jones, O.	Happiness	Killing Time	Anything but Study	Not Known	Hard to Replace	More than Some People
Lewis	Nerve	Making Love to the "Widow"	Down with Liquor	A Mere Youth in Love	Bigamist	How to Successfully Woo the Fair Sex
Marsh	Dignity	Eating	Let's go Hunting	Good Fellow	A Puglist	How to Sleep in Study Hall and Not Get Caught
Polhemus	Nerve	Blowing a Piccolo	???	A Woman Hater (?)	Dentist	Two much
Porter	His Teeth	Smoking Arcadia	You'll !!! A Little Gold Brick	A Wonderful Man	A Ward Heeler	How to Stand In
Reber	Military Bearing	Grinding	Has None	Well Preserved for an Old Man	Dean in State College	"Math."
Reidy	His Tenor Voice	Smoking Arcadia	Same as Porter's	Good Looking	Bald-Headed	How to Shoot Poker Dice
Robbins	Finely Shaped Head	Trying to Beat a Drum	I Have Charge of Six Foot Two and Bow-Legged Squad		Puglist	Less than He Don't Know
Searcy	Aristocratic Bearing	Dreaming of Future Days	I Ain't Done Nothin'	No One Knows	A Millionaire (?)	That Captain Daniel is a Mighty Man
Spangler	Cute Face	Dreaming of Love	???	The Missing Link	Mayor of Philadelphia	That He's Good-Looking
Wing	Modesty	Blowing	When I Was, etc.	Retired Sea Captain	Graduate of West Point (?)	How to Tell a Clever (?) Lie
Yetter	Walk	Trying to go Home	Doctor!	A Bluff	Disappointed	How to Bite

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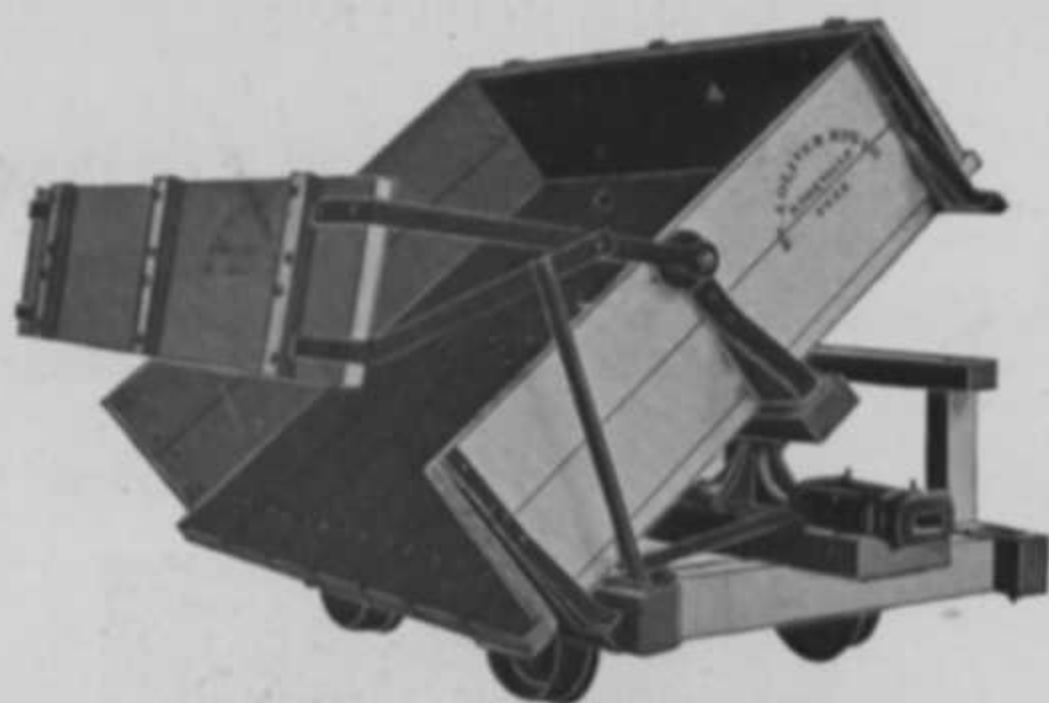
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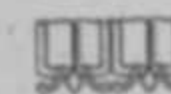


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