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Romance
The Picturesque
Humor

Art
Literature
Industrial

THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTH

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Vol. 3.

LOUISVILLE, KY., JUNE, 1901.

No. 1.

Graduating Class of Potter College at Bowling Green.



MISS WILLIE MOORE, Monroe, La. MISS BETTIE CRADDOCK, Munfordville, Ky. MISS MARY ELLIS, Bowling Green, Ky. MISS BERTIE MAIER, Bowling Green, Ky.

MISS CORRI WEBBER, Texarkana, Ark. MISS LIZZIE DIMITT, Cynthia, Ky. MISS THEONA STUBBINS, Bowling Green, Ky.

MISS NELLIE BUCKLEY, Louisville, Ky. MISS REEDIE HURT, Big Springs, Tex. MISS NELLIE HARRIS, Decatur, Ala.

Potter College Graduates, June 1901

WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY

ARCHIVES

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OF

"THE GIRL HE MARRIED SECRET."

Along a dreary, country road, which was half buried in the mud slush of a warm winter, a young woman hobbled, so faintly and with such evident difficulty, that it seemed every moment as if her wearied frame would collapse and she would sink to the ground, never to rise again. She was poorly but neatly clad, and a casual glance would not have suggested extreme poverty, but a second look at the hollow, wasted cheeks, the wild eyes, the shaking hands, indicated only too clearly the demon of hunger and utter exhaustion.

She was ill, sick almost to death, but with her chin slightly poised in the air, with a kind of dumb resolution to struggle forward somewhere, she half clung to the low wooden fence which ran along by the public road. It seemed as if she had exhausted her little stock of endurance. Where she had come from, where she was going to, she had almost forgotten. She was conscious of a dull, gnawing pain, which was hunger, or any rate was an intense longing for food, without the pleasure of appetite, and an overmastering desire to lie down and sleep.

Presently the dull crunch of carriage wheels and the thud of a pair of high-stepping horses were heard on the road, but the lonely woman seemed not to hear. In the course of the day she had encountered hundreds of wayfarers, but not one had noticed her plight, or, at any rate, offered her help. Some had glanced at her almost with repulsion; others had not appeared even to see her, being so wrapped up in their own affairs. Consequently she had long since ceased to indulge in a vain hope of meeting with sympathy.

This carriage caught her up as others had done. It contained a young lady, of about the same age perhaps as herself, who was dressed in furs and sat up straight in her carriage, the very type of unbending aristocratic pride. The carriage passed her as all the others had done, and the occupant glanced at the best figure on the path—panting, tottering, stumbling along. Then a clear, sharp voice said, "Stop!"

That one word made all the difference. It was only spoken in an impulse, half of kindness, half of curiosity, but no human being will ever know how much influence it had upon more than one life. The lady alighted from the carriage and picked her way carefully and daintily through the mud, with her petticoats lifted so as to avoid all possibility of contamination, and stood by the girl's side. "Where are you going, my good woman?" she inquired, somewhat severely.

In reply the young woman looked at her with lack-luster eyes. Her senses were numbed, and she could find no answer. Where was she going? How could she tell? The only ideas her mind retained were "food," "sleep," "rest."

Mrs. Stanton frowned. Evidently the creature had been drinking, and she half turned away in disgust. A second thought prompted her, however, to try again. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked.

"I feel bad," said the girl, in a low voice, and she clung to the fence a little tighter.

A frown appeared on Mrs. Stanton's face.

"Are you trying to get to Stowbridge?" she asked.

The girl nodded. She had no idea where Stowbridge was, but it would serve as well as any other place.

The footman had jumped off his seat, and stood by his mistress's side. "Stowbridge is seven miles away, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Stanton.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man, touching his hat.

"I'm afraid you will scarcely be able to reach the town," she said in perplexity, turning to the girl. In reply she gave a short gasp, and sank to the ground in a heap. This seemed, on the whole, to prove the truth of Mrs. Stanton's words, and she looked more perplexed than ever.

There was perhaps half a minute's silence; then she said: "Help me put her in the carriage."

The man seemed to be surprised, for no one knew better than her servant Mrs. Stanton's cold, unemotional nature. That she should deliberately pick up an unknown wanderer and take her into her carriage was almost as surprising as if he had been invited to ride there himself. He had not yet learned that a cold, reserved manner does not always bespeak lack of feeling.

Together they lifted the semi-conscious girl into the luxurious victoria.

Mrs. Stanton took her seat, and the footman stood waiting for instructions. "Where to, ma'am?" he asked.

"Home," came the answer, in a quick, clear voice.

He touched his hat again and tried not to look surprised.

"Rummy go, ain't it?" he whispered to the coachman.

"The rummiest go I ever saw," said that functionary, gravely.

"Ow do you account for it?" whispered the footman, as if he were discussing a new form of influenza.

"Don't know, I'm sure; I've noticed a wonderful change ever since the Captain went to the war. Seems as if the missis had got a bit more human like."

"First time she's known trouble, I suppose."

"That's it," said the coachman, philosophically, "and trouble does people a power of good. Makes the heart beat faster."

A few minutes later and the carriage swept up the handsome avenue that led to Newark House.

Mrs. Stanton's orders were, as usual, both prompt and decided. The housekeeper was to see the young woman put comfortably to bed. She herself fetched brandy for her. The footman

wife of some poor Tommy, and isn't on the strength of the regiment; and somehow—I couldn't help bringing her home."

The doctor looked rather amused. But when Mrs. Stanton suddenly burst into tears, he pronounced it hysteria, and recommended port wine and quinine.

However, the unknown wanderer was tenderly nursed and cared for, and a few weeks later another little life was born into the world, and with much difficulty nourished and coaxed into active existence.

Then at last the white-faced woman told her story.

She was, in fact, the wife of a "Tommy," and in dumb faithfulness, which was foolish and pathetic enough, she had believed she ought to keep her marriage secret until Private John Little claimed her before all the world. To be sure, the poor creature could have had help from some of the public charities, but she was too ignorant and timid, and perhaps too proud to ask. So she staggered out into the world with her sad burden, to live or die, as Providence directed; for Mr. John Little had gone off joyfully enough to the war, without realizing the misery he had left behind him. An "absent-mind-

If You Would Read Character Study Lips.

"If you don't believe in phrenology, try lip study," says an observant man. "From no one feature of the face can the disposition be more accurately read than from the lips, and especially the upper lip; the lower one is less prophetic."

"A woman with a short, sharply curved upper lip is nearly always of a happy, lovable disposition. A man with a short but straight upper lip is apt to be of a low order of intellect and coarse in his tastes. The person with a long, straight upper lip is the one to beware of. He has a will like adamant, is not always thoroughly trustworthy, is apt to be quarrelsome and jealous and is more often than not an unmitigated politician. If he is gifted with a strong intellect, he will make his mark in one way or another; if he is not, he may become a harmless person, a parasite or a scoundrel. The man whose upper lip protrudes is apt to be a shrewd business man.

"The person whose mouth has a decided droop at the corners may be a humorist, a hypochondriac or a poet."—[St. Louis Star.

After the Quarrel.

A single smile from her rosy mouth,
A sudden glance from her soft eyes sent,
And he turned, as the wind veers north or south,

And followed whither her light feet went.

Did she linger and look for a moment then?

Did she lift her face, and smile again?
Nay, not so!

The heart of a girl, ah! who may know?

With every pace of his swift pursuit,
Her step she quickened, nor looked behind;

Eyes were speechless, and lips were mute;
Never a glance, or cold or kind,

As if she cherished nor thought nor care
For the eager footfalls hurrying there!

Was it so?

Did she love him more when look and smile

Silently bade him to follow her?

Did she love him less when she wove her

His heart to trouble, his hope to defer?
Nay, read you this riddle, strange but true,

She loved him most when she most withdrew!

Even so!

The heart of a girl, ah! who may know?
—[Blanche Trennor Hearsh, in Atlanta Constitution.

"I believe that they are belated people, living a life of survivals and not a degraded population. I further believe that with their native ability, substratum of character and American spirit, they can be made into good citizens cheaper and faster than any other of the people who have not yet shared the advantages of education.

"The lynching of negroes in the South is a barbarism that is without excuse, but the mountain people are not the ones who are guilty of such outrages. They are to be sharply distinguished from the 'poor whites' who lived in the lowlands in the midst of slavery.

"In the novel referred to I hardly think the career of 'Red Head' will excite emulation in the reader. And I am quite sure that the thousands of young men who carry revolvers in the mountains can be led to change their ideals of 'honor' by proper education in a single generation. They merit considerable regard of their fellow-countrymen."

Hush, hark, the fairyland bells are ringing

Merrily, cheerily,
Slumber to sleepy eyes bringing

Softly, clearly;
Rocked to and fro, sing soft and low,
While the fairyland bells are ringing.

Baby is dreaming of fairyland bright,
Angels will guard him through the long night;

"He smiles in his sleep, for the angels are near,"

Keeping my loved one from harm and fear.

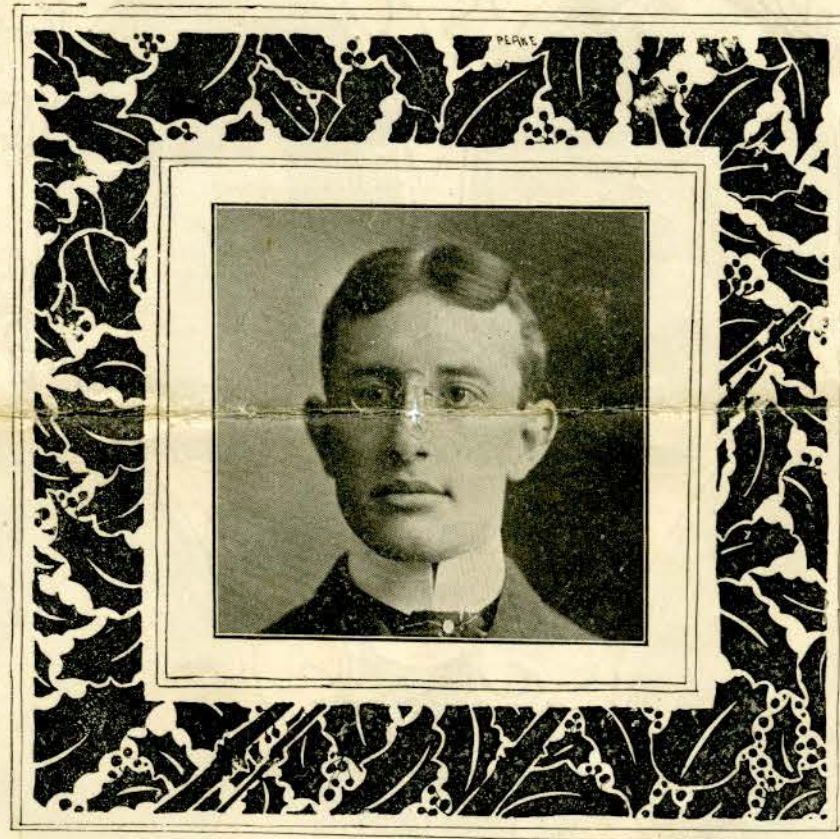
Sleep, sleep, gently sleep,
The fairyland bells are ringing;

Dream, dream, brightly dream,
The lullaby angel is singing;

Sing soft and sing low, as rocked to and fro.

While the lullaby angel is singing.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.



JOSEPH L. REED, President Lawyers' Club.

was to ride off for Dr. Langfield, and, if possible, bring him back.

All this was carried out with the swiftness that money can procure. The doctor, after visiting his queer patient, who had not spoken a word since being installed in her comfortable quarters, pursed up his lips curiously. "This young woman is very ill, Mrs. Stanton," he said. "I recommend you to send her to the workhouse at once."

Mrs. Stanton frowned slightly. "Would it be safe to move her?" she asked.

"Well—er—hardly," said the medical man. "But if you don't get rid of her you may have her on your hands for a month or two."

For a moment Mrs. Stanton hesitated. "I cannot help it," she said, with sudden decision. "Here she is, and here she must remain."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and smiled cynically. "You know nothing about her, my dear Mrs. Stanton," he said. "Isn't it rather eccentric to take a strange woman from the road into your house like this? Why do you do it?"

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Stanton. "Perhaps it was a mad impulse, perhaps it was an inspiration. I was wondering what Fred was doing now, whether he was in any danger. Then I began to hum the 'Absent-minded Beggar,' and—now don't laugh, doctor, because I feel very serious about it—just as I got to the line 'The girl he married secret,' my eyes fell on that poor creature, and I thought to myself, suppose she is the

ed beggar," if you like, but he was "doing his country's work," and, "it ain't the time for sermons."

A few weeks later came the full particulars of the battle of Colenso, and the two women read them together. For the details of the battle they cared little; there was one paragraph that, in their eyes, swallowed up everything.

"Recommended for the Victoria Cross," it ran, with military brevity, "Private John Little, of the East Surrey, for saving the life of Capt. Fred Stanton, Field Artillery. Advancing under a heavy fire, Little picked up Capt. Stanton, who was severely wounded, and carried him to a place of safety."

The two women looked at each other in speechless wonder.

"What was the date, ma'am, of the battle?" asked the young mother, with a sudden light in her eyes.

"The 15th of December," said Mrs. Stanton, trembling with sudden excitement. "The very day that I brought you here, and—after a moment's thought—it happened at almost exactly the same time."

"An' there's some as says there ain't no Gawd," said the woman under her breath. "I reckon He see what my Jack done, and then He remembered the gal as he'd married secret."

Then the two women—the high-born and the low-born—mingled their tears and their prayers. But the doctor described it as an "extremely odd coincidence."—[Modern Society.