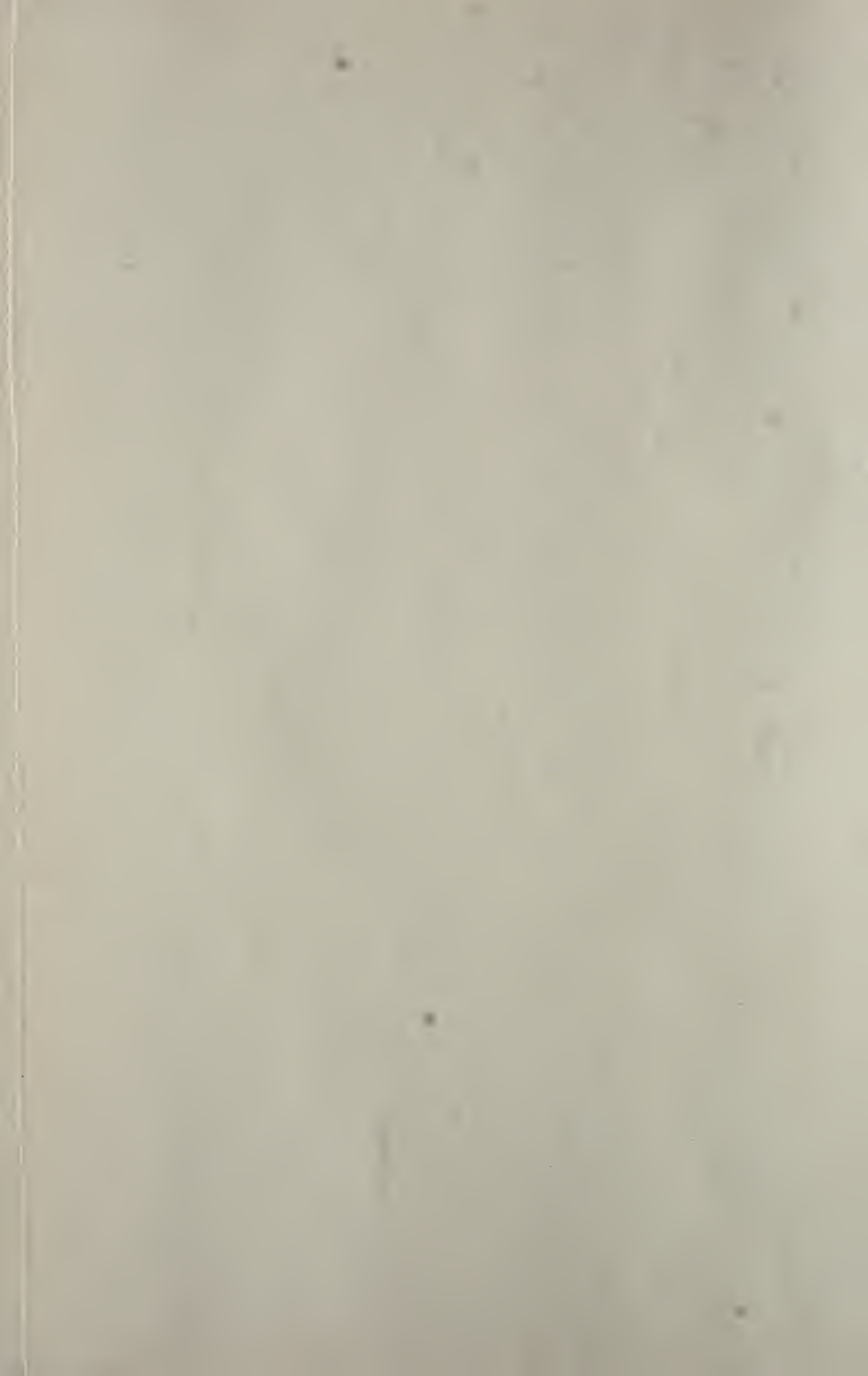
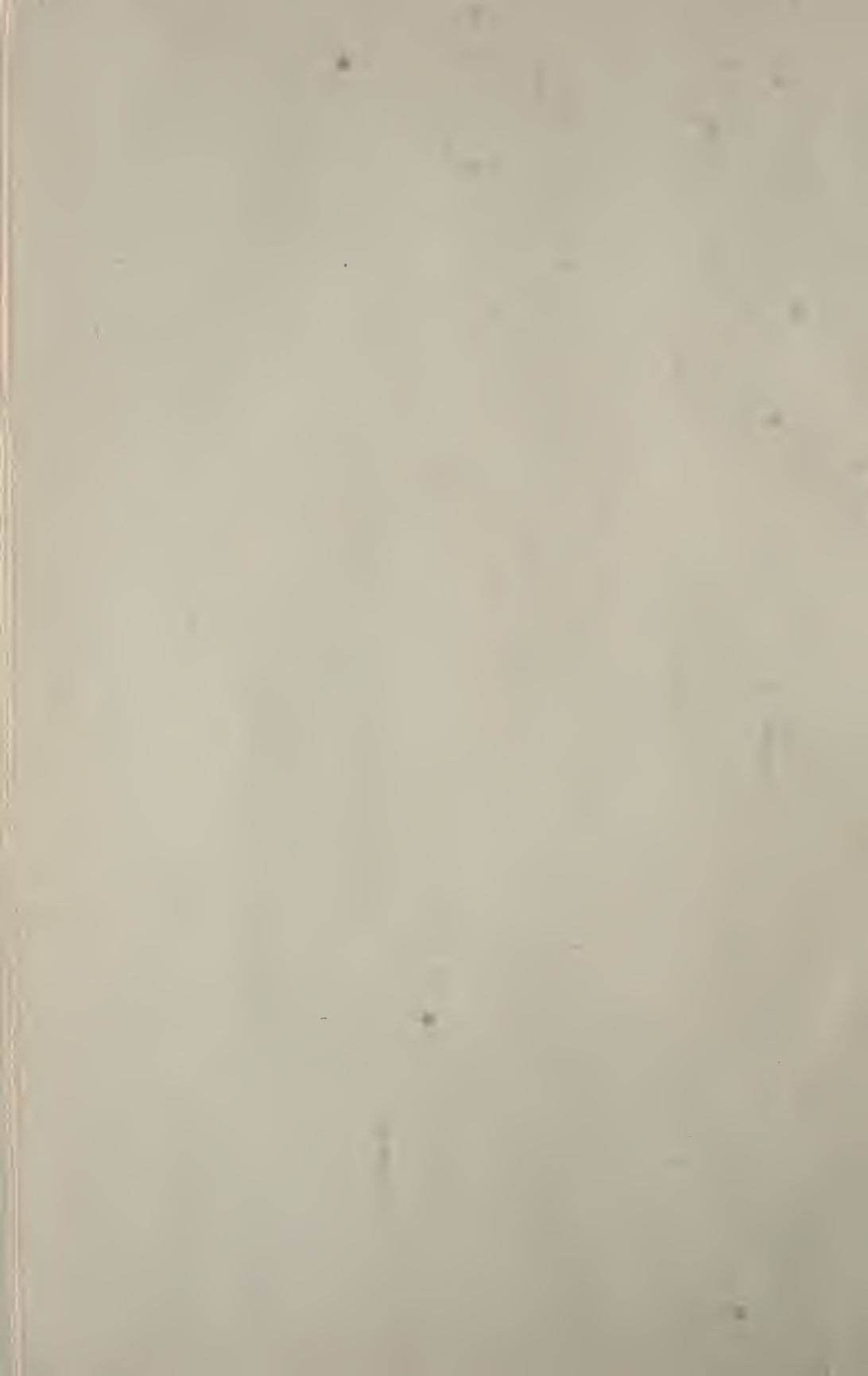


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GAP

AND

GOWN


'91

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CAP AND GOWN

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

PUBLISHED BY

THE FRATERNITIES.



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE:
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1891.



first

Later (about 1928) we made
Tommy Gailes the official head of
the Church in the United States -
with the title of "President of the Council"
Claborn did it: but he could
not have done it without me, for
I brought the "Living Church" and
the "Southern Churchmen" into line.
They had never agreed on anything
before and (so far as I know)
never have agreed on anything
since.

L. J.



CONVOCATION HOUSE.

1291

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THE REV. THOMAS FRANK GAILOR, M.A., S.T.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, was born in Jackson, Mississippi, on the seventeenth day of September, 1856. He is thus thirty-five years old, and is young for his age. After taking his M.A. at Racine College in 1876, he entered the General Theological Seminary, and graduated there in 1879, taking deacon's orders in the same year. He was priested in 1880, and two years afterwards was elected chaplain and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of the South. On the resignation of Dr. Hodgson in August, 1890, he was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University, whereupon Columbia University conferred the degree of S.T.D. upon him.

Dr. Gailor possesses in a very marked degree the affection and admiration of the students at Sewanee. They rejoice in a ruler and a judge over them who has not forgotten his own youth, and who is in perfect touch and sympathy with them. Dr. Gailor is one of the most dignified of men, but he never troubles himself about his dignity. He does not hedge himself about with rules and regulations, or make himself difficult of access. True dignity will always take care of itself. The men appreciate the many sacrifices Dr. Gailor has made for Sewanee, and Dr. Gailor appreciates their appreciation. He is a man to tie to, and a man to follow. Most of us would rather be wrong with Dr. Gailor than right without him.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
This loyal strain.

Mortal man may sound the sea
Or the space beyond the sky,
But a maid's heart may not be
Open to him, nor can I
Sound my lady's mind, its mazes,
I can only sound her praises.

L. T.



PREFACE.

THIS is Sewanee's first real attempt at an Annual. We have had anniversary numbers of the college magazine, but these in no way approached the true Annual. It is unfortunate that we could not have been better prepared for our *début*. The publication of CAP AND GOWN was decided upon about two months ago, and the book is mainly the result of a few weeks' work, done in the midst of final examinations. Such as it is, however, we present it to our readers, confident that it will be found to possess some value, and that if it does nothing else, it will ensure the publication of another and necessarily a better one next year.





Sewanee Life.

"Sometimes I can hear a fading laugh, or the dash of a broken glee,
Or watch a shadowy face rise up and pass like a mist of the sea ;
Sometimes I can see how the sunlight fell deep down where the fern-fronds grow,
And hear the sounds of life float up from the valley far below."

That summer was a new experience.

Jack persuaded me to go—Jack, who knows everybody and goes everywhere. I told him that I wanted real scenery, without railways in the foreground; where the streams were lazy little streams that were of no use; where the rocks were covered with lichens and ferns, and not with advertisements; where there were no promenades, nor brass bands, nor anything that I had been bored with every summer of my life. And Jack said, "Go to Sewanee."

"Sewanee?"

"Yes; go to Nashville or Chattanooga, and you can hear all about it."

"But I want an unknown place."

Jack laughed.

"When you have exhausted Nashville and Chattanooga," he said, "you will only know how to get there."

"Among the mountains?"

"On top the mountains."

"Daily mail?"

"I am neither Nashville nor Chattanooga, Billy. Bye-bye. It is a refuge for idealists and dreamers—go!" And Jack vanished.

I think laziness took me to Sewanee. It was so troublesome to think up another place. I took my ticket to Chattanooga, and in Chattanooga I asked, "Where is Sewanee?"

"Get off at Cowan and go up the mountain," was the answer, and I turned away.

"Cowan," I said, "I must remember that or I shall never reach Sewanee—Cowan." And the ugly name jingled through my mind, keeping time to the clanking of the train.

We travelled through a beautiful country where the brave mountain-born streams fought their way among the hills; where peaceful valleys "stood thick in corn," and wild clefts and gorges broke away on every side. At last a grand amphitheater of mountains seemed to close about us—a wild dash out of the sunshine into the darkness of "the tunnel"—then emerging, a sudden stop and a cry, "Cowan!"

I sprang up in the wildest haste. I had said the word so often that at last it seemed to be attached to every nerve in my body, and when the call came—"Cowan!"—the shock was great. I stood on the platform of the station and wondered why I had let go my last hold on civilization. As far as one could see from the station, it was a mud-bespattered little place, haunted by lean, slab-sided horses and gaunt, long-legged swine. I contemplated taking the next train away. Then I looked and saw the mountains sound asleep in the sunshine, with their arms flung out across the valleys, and the shadows of the clouds floating over them.

I would go on; I could come back to-morrow. A long line of empty coal-cars appeared with two carriages at the end for passengers, and from somewhere the passengers came who almost filled the seats. "Left over from another train," I mused, and looked at them with some curiosity. It being June, the weather was hot, but not too hot for me to take my stand on the back platform. It was not long before we crossed the mouth of the tunnel, that from this stand-point looked like the gate of the lower regions. The grade was heavy as we climbed higher and higher, curving in and out among masses of rock, and catching glimpses of the valley that looked like the plains of Paradise.

"So to the Jews fair Canaan stood," I quoted, my eyes resting on a white village that nestled among the green fields. "What a restful home one might make there!"

"That's Cowan," and the brakesman pointed relentlessly to my dream village. I turned away.

We were in dense woods now, and I asked the brakesman, "What is Sewanee?"

He looked at me in wondering amusement.

"It's a college."

A qualm as of sea-sickness swept over me; I cast a longing glance in the direction of Cowan. I thought with hatred of Jack who had inveigled me into such a scrape. I contemplated pitching the brakesman overboard. I was in a bad temper.

A college town! Already I felt battered and bruised with "Commencement Exercises." The air seemed dark with crawling essays—my arms were being waved by countless declamations—my ears were roaring with orations. I could see the model youth dressed with pitiless care walk forward, stop with military precision, draw the right foot back and bow, return to the perpendicular, "fit his middle finger to the outside seam of his trousers," and gazing at the top of the furthest window, begin in a hollow tone: "Friends!—Romans!—Countrymen!"

The memory was so strong it made me smile, even though longing to wrench Jack's neck. What had I done to be so punished?

"Does the road stop at Sewanee?" I asked.

"No; it goes on to the mines."

"Mines!" with sudden hope.

"Yes, at Tracy City."

My hopes collapsed. Between an unknown college and an unknown city, I chose the college.

"It stops at Monteagle, too."

"Monteagle," I repeated, with my hopes under better control.

"A girls' school and Chatauqua," with pride.

I had often tried to imagine the despair of the guide when they asked him of the mummy, "Is it dead?" I realized it now. Boys were bad, but more to my taste than anything else offered me, and as we drew up at the station I decided that Sewanee was my fate.

I was the only passenger for Sewanee, and felt myself a base coward that though I dreaded the college, I was not brave enough to go on. But the vision of the girls' school and the crowds that were always at Chatauqua gatherings terrified me, and I felt that any number of the very worst boys would be less unnerving to me, a timid bachelor.

The station house and the village were a great advance on Cowan, and I looked about anxiously for the "College." A huge wooden barn was what I expected to see, with spindling saplings planted in rows all about it.

"Will you go up, sir?" asked a man with a whip.

"Where?" fastening my college-hunting gaze on his face.

"To the University. I'll take you up for a quarter, and Dan'll take your trunk for a quarter."

"How far is the University?"

"A good piece. What house are you going to?"

"The hotel."

"It ain't opened yet."

"The mischief!"

"There 's lots of boarding-houses, though; they'll take you in."

"Here is your half dollar," I said. "Tell Dan to fetch the trunk," and I stepped into the hack. I had had so many shocks since noon that I could not again be astonished, but I had observed that the hackman had called the place a University, and I did not know whether to expect mere pretension, or whether to hope for a pleasanter reality. The driver having instructed "Dan," waked up his horses, and we set off in a reposeful trot. For a little while it really seemed to me that the horses jumped gently up and down in the same place, but after some moments I observed that we did move forward. The road led directly from the station up a steep incline, and it seemed that we would go directly through a little stone church that crowned the hill. But we turned to the left, and after a short curve we entered another village. The houses here had grounds about them, and each house and fence had an individuality of its own. Still, I did not see the University, and I asked the hackman for it.

"This is it," he answered, waving his hand to the houses on each side of the road. "The boys stay all about in these houses, and go to chapel."

"Are all of these boarding-houses?"

"No. Some live with their mothers and go to chapel."

"A gigantic kindergarten," I said to myself, then aloud, "What is the chapel?"

"It's the University where Mr. Gailor preaches."

The mystery deepened. Presently a bicycle whirled by and the rider had a mustache.

"Is that a professor?" I asked, the vision of the kindergarten being still in my mind.

"Lor', no! that's a boy."

I pulled my own mustache and sat a little straighter. A bicycle and a mustache made me a little more hopeful.

"What boarding-house do you take me to?" I asked.

"The Z's."

"Boys there?"

"The boys are everywhere, Mister, but we've got mighty nice boys; you'll like 'em."

We passed a pretty house in a bright garden. A lot of young fellows stood about the gate; they touched their hats.

"They mistake me for some one."

"No; we speak to everybody up here. Nobody ain't proud."

Presently we passed another group. Here I saw base-ball bats, and tennis flannels, and much larger mustaches.

"You have base-ball?"

"You never saw any better," enthusiastically. "We've got two clubs—Hardees and Sewanees; I am a Sewanee. You must be a Sewanee, Mister. We wear blue."

"Do *you* play?"

"Gosh, no! only the University boys; but we bet on one or the other."

At the house where we stopp'd a lady received me pleasantly. Yes, I could have a room, and terms were explained. I did not think to say that I might leave in twenty-four hours. If I remember, my course of reasoning was that as the next day was Saturday, I would endure until Monday. This mystery of a University consisting, as far as I could see, of one bicycle, two base-ball clubs, a number of mothers who kept boarding-houses, one chapel, and a man who preached; and all tucked away in a thick wood on top a mountain, was a strange thing in the conventional, mechanical nineteenth century, and I desired to investigate.

The room to which I was shown was a small corner room with two windows, a bare floor, and the simplest of simple furniture; but it looked neat, and both windows looked out into trees. To say this, however, is to say very little in the way of description, for I cannot recall any window at Sewanee that does not look out on trees. Presently "Dan" brought my trunk, touched his hat, and said, "Let me know when you want to go." I promised, and asked the name of my hackman.

"Just ask for Jim."

"Jim and Dan," I repeated. "I will remember." Jim and Dan at least had adopted me.

While I was getting rid of my travelling suit and the dust, I heard a soft-toned bell ring out above the trees, and from behind my curtain I watched two young ladies going with prayer-books in their hands. I began to tremble at the thought of boarding in the house with young women. I might as well have gone on to Chatauqua and the girls' school!

What *was* this Sewanee? Of course these young women were going to the chapel and the man who preached. Had I run aground on a co-educational institution? How awful!

After this I went down stairs timidly on my toes, and crept out on a

piazza. Here I sat down carefully on the edge of a chair. I had reached that point where the impossible seemed more than probable, and the usual had tapered off into the uncertain. I had never felt so bewildered since the time when I studied Hegel. Would Sewanee illustrate the great proposition that "Being and Non-Being were one?" For Sewanee seemed to be, yet where was it? I felt doubtful even about sitting down on the splint-bottomed chair that looked so innocent. I was not at all sure that it would not turn into something else—a bicycle, perhaps, or the chapel, or the man who preached. I could think of Sewanee as nothing but an "It" with a capital I. Or, perhaps "Itness" would be better.

Presently the bell rang again; then from every side I heard clanging, and dashing, and tinkling. "'A fire, or dinner,'" I said, in quotation marks. Certainly everything had waked up. People seemed suddenly to be moving in every direction; even the cows stepping along move briskly. Young fellows bolted into the yard, sobered their gaits, and touched their hats as they passed me; then my hostess appeared and asked me in to supper. I was glad, for, besides being very hungry, I saw the young women with prayer-books approaching.

Everything in the dining-room was plain, but, as I remember it, the food was simple and good. My hostess introduced some of the young fellows who were nearest—Smith, and Brown, and Jones, of course, and Tompkins, and Simpson—nice fellows they seemed. The young ladies came in next, Miss Jemima and Miss Angelica. The atmosphere became blurred, and I bolted a whole glass of milk. I saw little Brown dig Smith in the ribs furtively, and had an unhappy consciousness that I was making things stiff, and while pondering some airy remark Miss Angelica said, in a slow little voice, "How is the nine, Mr. Brown?"

The breaking of a mill-dam was nothing to the rush of talk that followed. "Splendid" and "magnificent" were the mildest adjectives I heard, and Smith was positive that the Sewanees would be victorious the next day.

"You mean the base-ball nines?" I said to little Brown in an undertone.

"Of course. Won't you be a Sewanee?" At this request there fell an appalling silence, all waiting for my answer.

"Yes—yes," I gasped: "I promised the hackman as I came up."

"What hackman?" came in chorus.

"Jim."

"Good for Jim!"

"That was nice of Jim," and Miss Angelica gave me a kind, bewildering look.

"We must give Mr. Initoo a blue ribbon," said Miss Jemima. Miss Jemima's hair was red.

By this time I began to find some self-confidence, and was capable of collecting a few more items about Sewanee. I found that "Mr. Mac," the umpire, was an assistant in the Grammar School. That the Grammar School was the place where kidlets were made into Juniors. That soon this department would be moved a mile or two away, as it annoyed the Juniors.

"An emancipated chicken does not like to see its old shell," I suggested mildly. Everybody laughed, and I pushed my inquiries further. I found that Juniors became Gownsmen, and that of this company Smith, Tompkins, and Smith were Gownsmen.

After supper we returned to the piazza, and Smith brought his guitar. I moved my chair into the yard, for I thought I had never seen such stars save in Egypt. A dreamy feeling came over me as the young people sang. My big, splint-bottomed arm-chair rocked itself slowly, and the smoke from my cigar floated away in effortless rings. I think I must have fallen asleep, for I was in the act of crowning Jack and the brakesman with golden crowns when the bell that had rung for supper sounded again. "Nine o'clock," I heard Smith remark, and all the young men save Tompkins, who sat with Miss Jemima at the far end of the piazza, went away. I went in to talk to Miss Angelica after this. I was not afraid of her somehow, and I gained more information about Sewanee.

The bell I had heard was the chapel bell. It rang all the hours for classes; it rang for fires, for all occasions of joy or sorrow. It rang at nine and ten o'clock for the benefit of Juniors.

"And where is the University?" I asked once more.

"You expected grand material things?" she said; "we have *some* permanent buildings. I will show you them to-morrow if you like. But if you will stay here long enough you will be very much amused when you hear people ask that question."

"Why?"

"Because you will be a piece of it yourself, yet you will not like to say, 'I am the University.'"

"So?" I said, and looked at Miss Angelica as hard as the half light would permit.

"I would not make that explanation to everybody," Miss Angelica went on with divine simplicity, "for it is not everybody who suits Sewanee. And if a person does not suit Sewanee he might live here a century and be no more a part of it than a barnacle is part of the ship's bottom. And after a while these barnacles get scraped off. Many have come and gone, saying Sewanee was 'too this' or 'too that,' but it was not Sewanee, you know, it was they who were out of tone. Do not think that we treated them unkindly; we usually take more trouble for complaining people. We feel so sorry for them that they can not rise above material things and love Sewanee that feeds and fosters all that is high. You know a pig or a dog might hear the most beautiful music for a thousand years, and never feel spiritually uplifted or see the use of beautiful music; and to explain it to them would be a waste of breath. Just so it is with people and Sewanee. If they have not that higher side to them that can feel the place, they had better go—they will never like it. But I think you will suit Sewanee."

"Thank you," I said earnestly. "I would not like you to think of me as a pig or a dog, nor yet as a barnacle."

Miss Angelica laughed.

"Don't tell on me," she said, "for you will not be able, just at first, to know who is what, and you might tell it to a barnacle."

"I am safe. But let me ask you something. The hackman said that the University was the chapel where Mr. Somebody preached."

"Mr. Gailor. That was a very good explanation to give to a Philistine," smiling. "Jim is cleverer than I thought. You will hear Mr. Gailor on Sunday, and can judge for yourself. The professors will come to see you presently, and will invite you to the E. Q. B. Club. If you play tennis, Mr. Smith will take you to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon court or the Delta Tau Delta court, or Mr. Tompkins will take you to play billiards at the Phi hall. But all the faculty will be out at the game to-morrow afternoon."

"What, do such old gentlemen care for ball?"

Miss Angelica laughed.

"It is rather funny to see the old fellows being hauled out and propped up," she admitted, "but they go to keep order. Our games are played in perfect silence."

"You may say any thing," I answered. "Sewanee is such a revelation that I swallow all assertions as one swallows raw oysters; but to think of

the old chumps where I was educated taking interest in ball is a difficult matter.

"It is unusual, but our men do it. Think of an old man all over Greek roots," she went on, "and a decrepit 'Modern Languages' with a Comparative Philology in every baggy pocket and History and Literature bent double, with his wig on one side! And as for Metaphysics and the Proctor, who are always together, they are so old and weak that one is become knock-kneed and the other bow-legged. And Mr. Gailor—"

"He is the man who preaches?"

"Yes. He is *very* old, and has asthma so dreadfully that you can scarcely hear him speak."

"How does he preach, then?"

"O we have sounding boards and one thing and another so that we can hear him."

"And why do you have such old men?"

"We are too poor to pay young ones."

"And the professors' club you spoke of?"

"The E. Q. B.? '*Ecce Quam Bonum*' is its motto. It is formed of the whole teaching force. They meet at their club-house every fortnight, and one man makes a lead on any subject he likes, and they discuss it. After that they have a supper, chiefly 'spoon-wittles,' then they mumble moss-grown jokes."

"That sounds thrilling."

"I believe it is—women do n't go."

"Is everything here done for the men?"

"*Everything*. Here women are distinctly the weaker sex. When we are not working in kitchen, or pantry, or sewing-room, we are strictly ornamental. We may not even attend lectures."

"This is the most refreshing thing I have heard yet," I said, with a sigh of relief, "really domestic women without facts—charming!"

"You are unkind."

"On the contrary, I consider it a compliment."

Here the ten o'clock bell rang, and we said good-night. I do not think I ever slept as earnestly as I did that night, and, announcing the fact at breakfast next morning, Mrs. Z. said it was a sign that the climate suited me. Miss Angelica would not let me go to chapel that morning, as she wanted my first service to be on Sunday. Of course I obeyed her just as I had obeyed Jim and Dan, and to reward me she took me to walk.

We went first to the Bubbling Spring, and, leaving that, we climbed up and down through the woods to the chalybeate spring path that ran along a thickly-wooded ridge. On either side ravines broke away, opening vistas through the black stems of the trees; and the silence was made musical by the whispering of hidden streams and the voice of the wind that crept so softly up the mountain. Steeper grew the path, winding down over rocks and roots, through tangles of vines and wild hydrangeas, along the banks of a tumbling stream that, dashing its mimic waves high among the roots of the gnarled calmias, foamed between the crowding stones, and with a parting laugh slipped away over the shelf of rocks underneath which lay the chalybeate spring. The last few yards of the descent we made in a half run, catching finally by a poplar tree that seemed providentially placed to save us from going headlong into the stream. Under the rocks, behind a veil of falling water, far back where all was moss-covered—where the ferns lived, and grew, and died in green content—where the ground ivy crept with its scarlet berries shining out like little flecks of fire, I saw a wooden trough and the water trickling slowly. There was a break in the veil of water, where a great rock lodged above divided the falling stream, and before I realized it Miss Angelica had gathered up her skirts, and, stepping lightly across the slippery stones, looked like a little ghost against the green background.

“You should have let me do that,” I said when she came back and handed me the cup.

“There is only room for one,” she answered, and strangers usually fall in. Will you have these?”

I drank all the water, feeling duty bound, then took from her hand the ideal ferns she had gathered—delicate, exquisite! I have them still.

Returning, I marked well the way, that I might come again, for I thought how easy to “dream the day to death” in such a scene.

Miss Angelica pointed out St. Luke’s Hall and Convocation House, both built of the beautiful pink sandstone, and the latter possessing a tower such as I had not seen outside of England. Next was the Walsh Memorial, going rapidly toward a beautiful completion. I found very little that was artificial anywhere; every thing was natural, and roughly so in a great many instances, but this only made the whole thing more unique. The gowned and capped students wandering in the primeval wood that is wherever a house is not, made an unusual picture that pleased me.

By this time, however, the water or the walk had made me awfully

hungry, and home and the bread and butter that Peter, the house boy, got for us from "Aunt Betsy," the cook, touched my heart with peculiar tenderness. Indeed, there were two things from which I did not recover the whole time that I spent at Sewanee—one was hunger, the other was sleep. Everybody seemed in the same condition, however, and, as there was a plenty to eat, no one seemed to mind.

After the two o'clock dinner I retired with a book and a cigar to a hammock in the yard where I slept peacefully until little Brown rushed out saying, "Everybody is going—hurry!"

"Base-ball!" I cried, and sprang up. I got ready in furious haste, and found the young ladies and Smith and Tompkins waiting for me, also a long blue ribbon, which was pinned to the flap of my coat.

The grounds were very level, and I was astonished to see the number of people and vehicles gathered. There was no grand stand, nor anything horrid of that kind, but plenty of logs and stumps and chairs and carriages and wagons. As we mounted the hill from Tremlett Spring, I thought how bright and cheerful it was, and felt my spirits rise. We turned to the left, circling the ground behind the crowd that occupied the logs and stumps, and I think I never heard so many and such pleasant greetings. Everybody seemed so friendly—everybody seemed so happy. Half way round we found a vacant log and took our places in a row.

"They have not hauled out your old professors yet," I observed, scanning the grounds carefully.

"Have they not?" "Then you must be patient."

"You seem to have a good many clergymen," I said, seeing a number of straight clerical coats.

"We have a theological department."

"Are not these men a little advanced for theological students?" I insisted.

"For other places, perhaps, but we have such very old professors that we have to cultivate very old students."

"So." And again I looked very hard at Miss Angelica.

"Ha! ha! ha!" I think it was the heartiest laugh I ever heard, and I turned to see one of the straight-coated gentlemen talking to Miss Jemima at the other end of the log.

"That is the jolliest looking theologue I have ever seen," I said. "Religion has not soured him."

"Sewanee religion sweetens people," Miss Angelica answered, rising;

"he is coming here now." Of course I rose too, and, Miss Angelica saying, "Mr. Initoo," I felt my hand grasped as if by a "long-lost brother." Very glad to see you," the theologue said; "Jack Mayo wrote me about you. Jack is an old boy, you know; we try to keep the run of all our old students. Hope you have come for the summer?"

"Oh, yes!" earnestly.

"He is hunting for the University," Miss Angelica put in. A shadow swept over the theologue's bright face; it seemed a shame that it should be there even for a moment.

"We have not much to show," he said rather sadly; "all our work goes away in the students, you know, and, indeed, Sewanee is rather a feeling than a seeing. But I shall be glad to show you what there is."

"Thank you; you are very kind," I answered, "and please excuse me, but I did not catch your name. I do not think Miss Angelica mentioned it."

"She did not. Miss Angelica is not to be trusted. My name is *Gailor*. I have asthma, don't you hear? And am one of the professors who have to be propped up—ha! ha!"

Anid all the laughter that shook me as well as the rest, a gentleman with a blonde mustache, a blue-ribboned dandy straw hat, and clothed in a way that left nothing to be desired, joined the group. Mr. Gailor put his hand on his shoulder.

"Another of the fossils," he said, "Modern Languages—ha! ha!" Then all Miss Angelica's chaff was repeated.

"And now if Miss Angelica will excuse you," Mr. Gailor went on, "I will take you across the grounds to where the rest of the faculty are laid out on logs, and if you will join me in a cigar we will fumigate the old fellows.

So we went, he and I and Modern Languages, to where on a log a number of gentlemen were seated. I found Greek with a tender mustache and a cutaway coat. History in tennis flannels. Metaphysics and the Proctor, one a West Pointer and the other from Annapolis, two of the best "set up" men I had ever seen; and if there were some silver threads in their beards that had come to be a hopeful sign, seeing the rest were so young.

I did not see all the faculty that afternoon, but presently General Mathematics came galloping upon old "George," a thoroughly well known character at Sewanee, followed by two setters, "Dick" and "Ned,"

equally well known as being able to point a snail, an orchid, or a partridge with perfect impartiality. Mathematics really did look venerable, for his long silver beard parted to right and left as he rode, but even *he* needed no "propping," for he sat his horse like a boy of sixteen.

It surprised me just at first to see how deeply interested these gentlemen were in the game, how their spirits rose and fell as one side or the other got ahead. But presently I became interested myself, and forgot to watch them, and when, after some close playing, my side won I was as wildly excited as any one. And at supper I discussed "errors" as hotly as possible.

After supper Miss Angelica pinned a red ribbon on my coat, and told me that I was to belong to the Sigma Epsilon Literary Society. That, as it was an "open" night when the two societies would meet together we would go. I had a little faint turn remembering the model youth of my dreams, but I thought that perhaps the Sewanee student was not one of those dreadful things, and, thank God! he was not. The young men spoke well, and all the literary celebrities of the University Magazine were pointed out to me. There was nothing stereotyped in either manner or speech, and mixed with much youthful dignity there was a good deal of fun and humor. Before the evening was done I was thoroughly interested. I could easily understand how it was that the professors were so fond of these young fellows. How it was that they played tennis with them, belonged to their fraternities, cheered their base-ball, and took a vital interest in their *Magazine* and athletics, at the same time requiring good work and putting up some of the hardest examinations I have ever seen. It is the proper feeling to exist between students and professors, but I had never seen it anywhere else.

Miss Angelica took me to church the next day, and seated me on the end of a bench in the middle aisle. "If you want to see," she said, "step out in the aisle; everybody does it."

Soon the lower half of the building was filled with ladies and children, and some gentlemen. The upper half was filled with students. The professors and older gownsmen coming in a side door to seats on a platform known as the "Synagogue." On a lower level was the "Squab's Nest," where the young gownsmen sat. It was all very orderly, and presently the organ sounded, the last bell rang, and in the choir-room I heard the singing begin, led by a cornet. It was very sweet, and I felt myself thrilling in sympathy with the clear young voices.

The church was a temporary structure that had been patched and added to until it was a most conglomerate piece of architecture. It was churchly, however, and after the first moment I never again remembered that the benches were not painted, and that only the main aisle and the chancel had any carpets. The altar was ablaze with flowers, but no candles, and the light thrown on them from a corona of lamps was beautiful. The organ and the cornet were played by students, and the choir-master was also a student. I had thought the music sweet as it came, but once in the side door the volume of sound was remarkable. *Everybody* sang. I saw two, and sometimes three, students leaning over one hymnal, and found myself imitating a rain-crow most successfully.

It was a lovely service. The responses sounding like a roar to one who had come from a whispering city church; and I wondered, "Have I ever prayed and praised before?"

And the sermon? Well, I felt turned upside down morally, and decided that I had not been converted, and was not half the good fellow I had thought myself.

On Monday I went into a number of the class rooms, and was delighted with the course of study; but this investigation had the same effect on me mentally that the sermon had had morally; and I found out that I was not quite as *learned* as I had thought.

On Thursday evening I was taken to the E. Q. B. Club. The lead, the discussion, the supper, were all good, but the stories that came after, the "mossy jokes" of Miss Angelica's description, were more jolly than words can say. Everything was very simple, but framed in the truest good fellowship, and the most whole-souled hospitality.

On Friday some one remarked, "You have been here a week."

I looked up in astonishment.

"Only that?" I said, slowly; "if you had asked me I should have answered, 'I have been here all my life.'"

How extraordinary!

"And you have not seen a newspaper," Miss Angelica went on. "I made sure you would grumble about that."

"A paper!" I repeated. "A paper! Does the world wag still? Are they still murdering, and lynching, and embezzling, and lying, out in the fury-haunted world? I am sorry you reminded me of it."

It was really remarkable how time had flown, how busy and interested I had been, and yet how I had accomplished nothing except contentment; I

who had determined to do some hard reading. But the whole summer slipped by me in the same way, and the meeting of the Board of Trustees which I had planned to avoid, was on me before I knew it, and I would not have left for anything.

A mild excitement began to pervade the place. Bishops seemed everywhere, and clerical and lay-trustees were as thick as trouble. I contemplated putting on a black coat and a white tie in order to be in the fashion. The opening services were really fine. The bishops and clergy in their vestments, the faculty in their gowns and hoods, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor in gorgeous robes of academic state. It seemed that I had not fully realized the University before, and when this imposing procession entered, preceded by the choir and ended by this blaze of colour, a feeling of wonder came over me that this thing was so "hid in a corner."

That night was the contest between the societies. I had forgotten all about the "model boy," and when Tompkins, the star of my society, came forward, I was in almost as much of a tremour as Miss Jemima. I smile now as I sit here in a far-away city when I remember the type of thing over which I lost my head at Sewanee, and how thoroughly I became imbued with the spirit of the place. I called Mrs. Z.'s "our house," and her quota of students "our students," was desperately exercised over a lunch she gave the Trustees, and worked tooth and nail to assist the Hop Committees. On the night of the contest I was extremely impatient with the judges who were to decide which society had won the honors. I called those elevated personages all sorts of slow things, and threatened many punishments if they did not at least divide the honours. And when at last they announced that the honours *were* divided, one society taking the Oratory cup, the other society the Essay cup, I made quite a spectacle of myself, and began immediately to congratulate red and blue badges with a wide and indiscriminate charity.

All Commencement week we were in a whirl of excitement, culminating for the young people in the Commencement Hop. Everybody was there. The whole Board of Trustees, including Bishops, were looking on. All officials of all kinds, from the janitor looking in the window to the Vice-Chancellor shaking hands with all the mothers and sisters. For every fellow wanted the Vice-Chancellor to know *his* people. The only member of the community missing was old "Bunny," the University mule, that trotted the mail wagon from place to place.

I danced with the girls' school and with charming young ladies from

Chatauqua without either fear or trembling, and emphatically changed my mind as to those places. We had a grand time. Then the Trustees went away, and I called to mind the fact that, sooner or later, I also must leave.

It was with deep regret that I saw October approach, and watched the gorgeous colouring that was falling like a veil over the woods. This change signified to me a fading of the summer and a parting with all my good friends.

It was with a heavy heart that I made my farewells—heard the last hymn fade away—looked at the last sunset—took my last walk; for the love that had grown up in me for Sewanee made even Jim's hack horses seem swift trotters, and Cowan the beautiful gate to a happy land.

And I think there is not, and never will be, another place like Sewanee, where lives and fortunes wrecked by the war have been swept together from out the turmoil and rush of the modern world. A place where the widow and orphan find refuge, where all live for and by the University, heeding little save where that is touched. A place where politics are seldom mentioned, where State lines seem to be forgotten, and bank accounts are not worshipped; where the Commencement takes the place of elections, where the Vice-Chancellor and Proctor are of greater importance than Congress and the courts, and where the Church is supreme.

Happy Sewanee! where peace is more peaceful, and charity is love and not a science.

And now, sitting alone in my far-off city home, where my windows look out on stony, snow-covered streets, I call up in the gloaming all the fair pictures of my *Sewanee Life*. I can hear the water forever falling over the mossy stones—I can see the purple shadows creeping up the gorges as the day dies—I can feel the dash of the wind and watch the great trees wave below me, as standing on Poised Rock I look out to the valley "lying like a dream"—I can see the hillsides yellow with golden-rod, the ravines shady with ferns, and the picture of the dim beechwood in Lost Cove comes up so vividly that I seem to see the yellow sunlight flickering up and down the dappled trunks of the trees, and hear the fading laughter of the scattered party as they wander far and near.

It all comes back to me with a sadness I cannot fathom. All the patient, earnest faces of the workers, all the simple life I led there, touching me like the days of my childhood.

And some faded fern leaves are all I have left, save one hope, of which more anon.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

The University of the South.

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"Green-haired" Milesy - crown to the accidental
use of green dye as a hair-tone.

"Daddy" Trent

Stone
Pebble (Stone's younger brother)
Gent, his baby

The Classical Department.

"AVE IMPERATOR MORITURI TE SALUTANUS!" was the acclaim of the gladiators on entering the arena; and we about to end the long toil of the classics with a more joyful *ave* than ever sounded in an emperor's ears, greet the graduates of '91. And who will affirm that we deserve no greeting—we who have conquered and laid bare those stern pages writ long ago by sophist Greek and satire-loving Roman? But hold! we have saluted the victors alone. Remains there no poor lingerer whom the summer siren lured away from hopes of laurel and of pæan to dance and song and the shade of sweet forbidden myrtles? Ah, yes! See him yonder, walking apart from the crowd, a broken and an abject thing. The short and desperate cram upon which he staked his all is over, and he has failed to get his *Dip*. Now he is failing in brain. Hark to his mutterings!

"Euripides, a trilogy by Hippolytos. Ha! ha! [with a chuckle] I got that right. . . . Who was the great-great-grandmother of the nurse of the father of Hippolytos—where born, and when? Date of birth? Who the—yes, surely, surely—she was a chambermaid in the house of Pericles two hundred years after Christ. . . . [Groaning.] Oh, Professor, you ought to have passed me! . . . Maids! maids! Who said maid? Oh, Chloe! Oh, false one! My spirit faints. . . . Spirits? Yes, spirits! That's it. I'll go——" [And he moves off.]

We speculate sadly as to where he is "going," but guessing the mystic meaning of his last words, we wish earnestly that we could accompany him and keep him out of harm's way. But "it could not was." But leaving this sad spectacle, let us indulge in a little retrospect.

The Classical Department of the University is its mainstay, for the very *creme de la creme* of the students compose it. The seeming vanity of this statement will be pardoned when it is remembered how urgently the classics are here insisted on as fundamental and necessary. What other department monopolizes as much time? what other can boast the thousand defunct hours and lamps that we are compelled to sacrifice at these heathen shrines? What other department is so widely comprehensive, so

lavish of its treasures to the victors? Are we poet-wise inclined? Then wandering through the summer woods, and by the streams of the old mountain, once more imagination peoples the leafy ways with the immortal conceptions of the golden prime of Greece and Rome. Pan again pipes to the white nymphs of the water, and Echo and Priapus live and love as in the days of old. Have we desire for disputation, subtle or sublime? A brace of hostile commentators would confuse the mighty brain of Francis of Verulam. Are we critics, lovers of the literary chase? Then what pleasure equal to the pursuit of Mr. Goodwin, and the ecstasy of being "in at the death" inflicted by professorial hands? Are we admirers of art? Mr. Gildersleeve's syntax was held up to us in childhood as the flower and blossom of all symmetry and perspicuity—a thing to be made a companion of, but never handled irreverently. Do we wish music? Oh the unutterable delight that lies in the differentiation of trochaic and logæedic rhythms! Oh the light airy feeling that the anapæstic measures lend the feet when read at the rate of a line a minute! Ah how solemn the spondees in every dull passage meant, we are told, to represent the dragging of the action! But these are all passed over. And now at this supreme time, when we are about to lay aside, some for a season, others forever, studies that, concerning the having not, the memory of most of us runneth not to the contrary, many days and dreams foredone crowd upon us. We hark back even to the perennial *λωω* and recall the glistening eye and heaving bosom that greeted our first perusal of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes.

Then how green the memory of the Junior class—its Livy filled with battle, murder and sudden death, and inspiring us with vague ambitions of triumphant fisty-cuffs! How dear to our heart were the odes of Horace, read when our first Lalage the *dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem*, of the neighbouring boarding-house was luring us to frequent drives and indiscreet O. Q.'s! How we wept when full of grief for the death of an early love we stumbled upon the lines—

Sed Cinare breves
Annos fata dederunt!

Afterward when the solemn bestowal of the Academic gown had entitled us to philosophic leisure and fashionable *ennui*, the subtle shafts of Horatian satire pleased us best. With what savage joy would we quote to some unlucky loiterer on our time that immortal blister for all bores,

beginning "*Ibam forte via sacra!*" How great our concealed gusto, how inimitable our manner in quoting to some pious "moss-back" a newly acquired and dainty *mot* of Cynic or Epicurean. . . . And must all this pass? Much of it will, much of it can never, for some of the gifts and graces that our *alma mater* bestows can never fade, and a belief and comfort in books is one of them. To Latin *Oratio Obliqua* and Greek particles we may say our *vale* joyfully, but may the breath and spirit that is in them always live in us. For so shall we have good of them.

Ὁυ γάρ τι νῦν χε καχθέςς, ἀλλ' ἀέι ποτε ζῆ ταῦτα.



Scientific Department.

The Scientific Department of the University is on a boom. It now boasts three professors, some first-class apparatus, Henderson, and Stickney. Our course in chemistry will compare favorably with that of any other institution in the country. Each student has his own acid bottle and test tube, and has something else to do besides swear at the other student who, not having any, has purloined his. We have a bran new Professor of Physics—no second-hand article, with all the brightness rubbed off and all his jokes stale, but one who comes into the class-room as bright as a new dollar. The other branches of the department are as ably sustained, and we may shortly look for a new Darwin, or Aristotle, or Huxley to emanate from Sewanee.

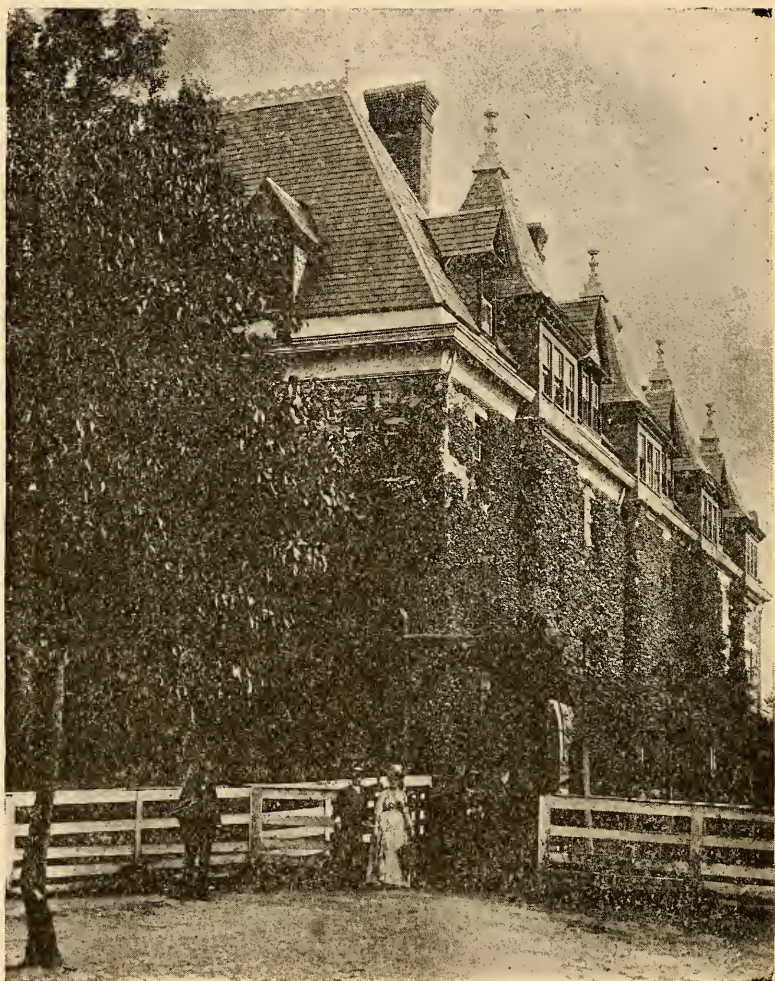
In chemistry especially there are some bright minds. From the youth who wanted to know "what sort of heat is Fahrenheit" up to the one who wanted to know "whereabouts they keep the oxygen in this old laboratory" they are full of great possibilities, and of a very inquiring turn.

They carry phosphorus home in their pockets, and without any warning blow up at the tea-table; they present themselves, saturated with carbon bisulphide or sulphuretted hydrogen, in the company of their friends, only to be gently but firmly requested to retire. They like to wear a gown stained with chemicals. But the thing that delights them most is the quiz. There is such a charming uncertainty about the chemistry quiz. The future Lavoisier goes to class prepared to doze through the usual flow of chemical terms, when, alas! the pigpott is not loosed on that day, and he must instead endeavor to answer a blackboard full of Choctaw, and his reward is something like this .10.

In physics, acoustics is the favoured study, and practical illustrations of the fog horn are constantly given. In astronomy we are especially well fitted up, having one of the finest skies in the State, and being much nearer to it than any other university. It is true, we have no telescope, but as most of our star-gazing is done in company with some one else, in chapel yard after a german, we do not need much light on the subject. It will be readily seen from the above that Venus is the favourite planet. Great attention is given to her, though sometimes the student is bothered by Ma's.

Henry Grady
of Atlanta
did this.
F. J. J. J.

Theological.



St. Luke's.

The inhabitants of St. Luke's are divided into "lordly theologues" and "able-bodied postulants." Of course the postulant is not yet in "the Department," but he lives at St. Luke's, and is supposed to intend to become a theologue some day.

The lordly theologue is of various sizes, states, extractions, and views. He may be long and slender, with a stride and an appetite, and hail from the flowery peninsula, or he may be thick and stumpy, with an oscillating cylinder movement and a funny story, and come from the gold fields of the far West. He may come from the North, he may come from England, he may even come from Scotland! (And as Dr. Johnson remarked, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young.") Some have been railroad men, some have emerged from "a previous condition of servitude" as clerks, some have turned away from their wickedness which they have committed as lawyers, some have come through tribulation as school-teachers.

As in his extraction, so in his bent of mind is there much difference and variety in the theologue. He may be High Church, or Broad Church, or Low Church, or, as the Bishop of Kentucky is reported to have said, "High, Low, Jack, and the game." He may come up with the habit of crossing himself and genuflecting, and with a weakness towards compline and the use of incense; or he may have a rooted antipathy towards a vested choir, and may think the Eastward position a step towards Rome. Gradually he gets the edges rubbed off him and drops his extreme views. He ceases to cross himself, and his genuflection towards the altar develops into a familiar nod and disappears; or, if he was originally of ultra-Protestant views, he is no longer "afraid with any amazement" when he sees that the hangings have been changed on the eve of a festival. The dignified conservative Churchmanship of Sewanee asserts its influence, and the theologue rarely fails to respond.

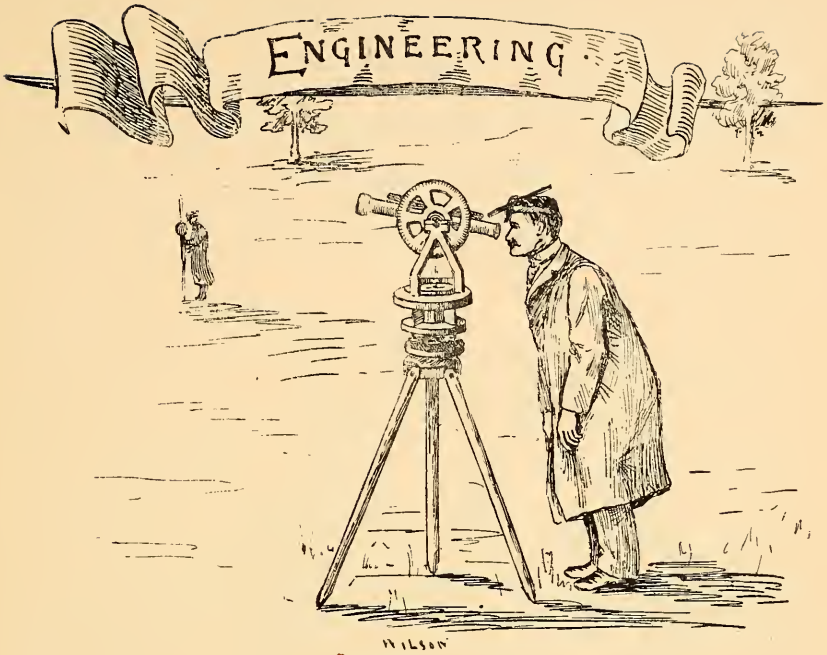
Sewanee theologues are not recluses. They do not believe that the best way to learn to influence men and guide men is to go off and hide oneself from mankind for three years. They mix with the University stu-

dents, and in the Fraternities, the Literary Societies, the Athletic Association, and all other student organizations, except the German clubs, they take prominent places. Indeed, the theologues have always been amongst the most prominent men in the University. Of the five men who have won for Sewanee the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Medal, three were theologues, while of the sixteen who have been sent to represent Sewanee at those contests, a majority were theologues; yet the Department has never contained more than about a tenth as many men as the University.

The "able-bodied postulant," by the statutes of the University, is a University student in no way distinguished from others; but as a matter of fact, the odour of sanctity in which he lives brings him rights and privileges. He dwells under the shadow of the theologue, so to speak, and is expected to reflect some of the spiritual splendour of his betters. His success in doing this depends largely upon the entry which he inhabits. If he live in the third entry, for instance, it is an hopeless task. He either makes himself ill in trying, or he gives it up in despair and plunges into vicious courses, whereupon "the cardinal" ascends and excommunicates him forthwith. If he live in the second entry, however, it is easy enough; for when the theologues, who hold down that part of the hall, find that the effulgence of their spiritual splendour is hurting the eyes of their able-bodied friends, they turn it off, and raise a little secular Cain by way of variety and to encourage the others.

The postulants follow their great exemplars, the theologues, in the diversity of their conditions, "views," and extraction, but they are all united on the broad basis of hating drill like poison.

Meaning.



Department.

The Engineering Department is a growing institution. We have had a transit for some years—but there was nobody behind the transit. Now this is changed: we have two transits, an engineer, and quite a corps of incipient engineers. If all the railroad curves, deep cuts, long fills, and high trestles which have been so elaborately planned or laid out around Sewanee could be suddenly made visible and tangible, there would be no room for any thing else, and the steed of the covite would have to seek a new route along which to convey his consignment of questionable fruit. The Professor is a West Pointer—an ante-bellum West Pointer, who served the Confederacy. This accounts for the great rapidity of his movements with his corps. Men move dirt in a hurry when bullets are zipping around them. Sometimes they do it behind them with their feet,

sometimes with shovels. In either case they work according to directions from one whose mind works ahead of them, but who is not visible to them. So it is that our Professor has been known to make his corps construct a railroad to Shakerag in one afternoon without becoming in the least tired himself, or even being seen by them.

The corps itself is a brilliant one; they know all about curves especially. Some of them spend half their time constructing baseball curves, some few make curves after dark, while the others stick the transit up in a shady place and confound railroad curves. They likewise confound and scandalize the jaybirds over their heads with their cigarettes and their conversation. But seriously speaking, the Engineering Department is now on a firm footing. A man can now become a good practical engineer at Sewanee if he so wishes. The few engineers whom we have sent out by their eminent success fully prove this, and we are glad to note here, as elsewhere, that evidence of the University's development which is so dear to all of us.



- LITERARY DEPARTMENT -



"WHOSE BY RIGHT?" -

University of the South Magazine.

[Published by a Board of Directors composed of students.]

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The Gownsmen.

THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS.

Sewanee has always claimed a genius of her own. Moreover, gentle reader, those who know her, and the summer *ephemeroi* more especially, will tell you that that genius reposes solely in the gownsmen class. Did I say class? Pardon me, O ye shades of the graduated; and ye who are uninitiated, "awaken your senses that you may the better judge!" The gownsmen of the University simply constitute an aristocracy of brains—and morals, for the peculiar privileges attaching to their rank are reserved (we are told) for those who in "age, character, and attainments" merit them.

True, there is the Junior, so called for purposes of temporal convenience, but he would be insulted if you were to view him as a separate and indivisible entity. He wishes always to be looked upon as an embryo gownsmen, for some day he will lay aside that other hateful self and "put on immortality" in the guise of many pocket-breaking yards of black silk. He would wish it purple were not taste born in him at the moment of his apotheosis—what time the reverend V.-C. announces his birth to the world, and he feels himself entitled to wear white waistcoats and go walking on Sunday afternoons with the choice and assorted divinities of the season.

In the life of the new-made gownsmen, if he abides long enough, there are generally two great events—his first love affair, and his ascension to the synagogue. He has equal pride in both. Let us trace his career. At first he feels his "blushing honours thick upon him." He determines that they shall have increase, for fame is a fair and pleasant thing. He will be a scholar, learned and renowned. He begins to see wit in Persius and to study metaphysics. He forswears all the vanities of his fellows. He will be frugal in dress and buy books—so he wears flannels and looks jaded and worn. Yet somehow he can't philosophize away a certain vague discontent and longing.

In this frame of mind he goes to early chapel some bright summer

morning, and takes his stand by the old railings with the rest to watch the aforementioned divinities pass in to their devotions. (?)

"Heavens! who's the girl just going in? What an ankle! What an eye!" he asks, with flushing face.

"Would you like to meet her?" asks a friend. "I'll take you to-night if you do. But I believe you do n't *calico*?"

He hesitates a moment, and is lost. The sting in the last question decides him. He will go, he says, and he does. In three days he is a changed man. He now sports a light suit and cane, smokes cigarettes, and affects hacks. The seasoned and knowing ones of his clique chuckle quietly and watch him, knowing the end. And it comes swiftly. He is rejected by his fair one, who believes in "the survival of the fittest." He was very young, you see! He plays the broken-hearted for a fortnight, if he was hard hit, and to let the public know it indulges largely in spiritualistic socialism. It does not take him long to determine that the phrenological development therefrom is both painful and abnormal, so he desists, adopts a *blasé* air, and takes his place in the ranks of the veterans of many summer campaigns, for he too can now boast honourable scars. Then comes his ascension to the synagogue, when he takes his place among the elders of the land as an "Ancient of Days."

This, however, affects the crudities of his character as did the pumice stone of the Romans, their capillary excrescences, they rapidly disappear, and the result of the polishing is generally a very *smooth* man. Debonair he becomes, and with a rooted objection to taking life seriously, for he now sits as a disciple in the porch of the laughing Democritus. By these signs you may know him, and it is well to remember them, for when he has risen to this honour, he is generally here to stay. One of these finals, when his fossilization shall be complete, he will take a degree. In the meantime he enjoys life—*æsthetically*. He is "nothing if not critical," and generally knows something about every thing and every thing about nothing, though it is generally reported that he has some specialty. In this the charitable and credulous "Mountain" believes him to be supreme, whether it be textual criticism or flirting. At any rate he always gets his just dues—sometimes his unjust ones.

We have tried to paint you the average gowmsman as he is—his growth, works good and evil, joys, sorrows, and loves. Still, we are confident that you will never understand or appreciate him until you meet him on his "native heath," for he is a thing apart and wholly uncommonplace.

Despite his levities he has a purpose and mission in life. That purpose and mission is the advancement and emolument of his *alma mater*, who he is conscious has gained an influence over him that no other could ever have gained and swayed. To him she is ever the embodiment of all high emprise, all noble self-sacrifice, and the culmination of all that is good and gracious in life and learning. He feels, too, that the unparalleled loyalty of his predecessors to her in her times of teen has imposed upon him a sacred and inviolable obligation to do his duty by his vow now and hereafter. With such an animus he seldom fails. Let each one see to it that this spirit shall continue to live in the Gownsmen of the University of the South.



The Juniors.

A sketch of the Junior Department is a difficult task. It is impossible to catch each one of its members and classify him, and unless this was done it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the body as a whole. They have, however, a few common traits. Thus they to a man are not fond of being Juniors, save during the week in which they are newly fledged. Then they enjoy it. They enjoy being able to meet a Grammar School Preceptor without feeling a tremour of the knees. They like to wait for a Fraternity man to have a private conversation with them. They like their new privileges, particularly the one of getting sick frequently, of having "their teeth fixed" quite often, and of visiting anybody, for no purpose, at all times. They do not want a gown. O no! They turn up their noses and say Huh! when approached on the subject. But when they have acquired (in various ways) the necessary thirteen points, they sit in chapel with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks while the V.-C. pronounces them Gownsmen.

There are two classes or kinds of Junior, the native or home-raised and the imported. The first is a sort of differentiated product of the Grammar School and an unknown quantity, the second is an unknown quantity. Both are variables. Some of the first class come to us covered all over with Grammar School honours, only to lapse immediately into that state so forcibly described by the first Democratic President since the war. Others get into the University by the skin of their teeth, and get a gown within a year. Some of the second class arrive with hayseed for their baggage, and toilets more picturesque than lovely, and in a short while carry crush hats and lead the Junior german. Others come who are men of parts; they have graduated "*cum laude*" in the arts and sciences as set forth in Squeedunk University. These drag out a miserable existence on the edge of the Grammar School for a short while, until the Mountain suddenly knows them no more. Of course there are some who come to work, who are prepared, who take their proper place and work steadily upward.

These latter become imbued with the spirit of Sewanee and stay until they graduate, when they have to be dragged away by friends.

The Juniors form the floating population of the University. The men who leave before graduation are for the most part Juniors. Especially is this true of those who leave suddenly. But with all their faults we love them still; we love to "rush them" when they come among us, to watch them grow in knowledge and moustache, and to think that one day some of them will stand in our shoes, take our places, and improve on our work.





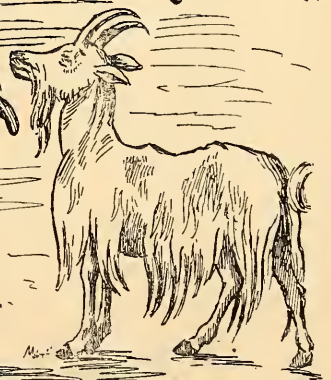
Fraternities.





GREECE

Barbarism



Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Founded at Richmond, Va., in 1865.

CHAPTER ROLL.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ALABAMA ALPHA-EPSILON, | A. and M. College. |
| ALABAMA BETA-BETA, | Southern University. |
| ALABAMA BETA-DELTA, | University of Alabama. |
| ARKANSAS ASSOCIATION, | Little Rock, Ark. |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, | Washington, D. C. |
| FLORIDA ALPHA-OMEGA, | University of Florida. |
| GEORGIA ALPHA-BETA, | University of Georgia. |
| GEORGIA ALPHA-THETA, | Emory College. |
| GEORGIA ALPHA-ZETA, | Mercer University. |
| GEORGIA BETA-IOTA, | Ga. School of Technology. |
| GEORGIA BETA-NU, | Middle Ga. M. and A. C. |
| IOWA BETA-ALPHA, | Simpson College. |
| KENTUCKY ZETA, | Central University. |
| LOUISIANA BETA-EPSILON, | Tulane University. |
| MAINE BETA-UPSILON, | Maine State College. |
| MICHIGAN ALPHA-MU, | Adrian College. |
| MICHIGAN BETA-KAPPA, | Hillsdale College. |
| MICHIGAN BETA-LAMBDA, | University of Michigan. |
| MICHIGAN BETA-OMICRON, | Albion College. |
| NEW JERSEY ALPHA-KAPPA, | Stevens Institute. |
| NEW YORK ALPHA-LAMBDA, | Columbia College. |
| NEW YORK ALPHA-OMICRON, | St. Lawrence University. |
| NEW YORK BETA-THETA, | Cornell University. |
| NORTH CAROLINA ALPHA-DELTA, | Univ'y of North Carolina. |
| NORTH CAROLINA ALPHA-ETA, | Mebane, N. C. |
| NORTH CAROLINA ALPHA-CHI, | Trinity College, N. C. |
| OHIO ALPHA-NU, | Mount Union College. |
| OHIO ALPHA-PSI, | Wittenberg College. |
| OHIO BETA-ETA, | Wesleyan University. |
| OHIO BETA-MU, | University of Wooster. |
| OHIO BETA-RHO, | Marietta College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA-IOTA, | Muhlenberg College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA-RHO, | Lehigh University. |
| PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA-UPSILON, | Pennsylvania College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA BETA-CHI, | Haverford College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA TAU, | University of Pennsylv'a. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA ALPHA-CHI, | Citadel, Charleston. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA ALPHA-PHI, | South Carolina University. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA BETA-PHI, | Wofford College. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA BETA-CHI, | Charleston College. |
| TENNESSEE OMEGA, | University of the South. |
| TENNESSEE ALPHA-TAU, | S. W. P. University. |
| TENNESSEE BETA-TAU, | S. W. Baptist College. |
| TENNESSEE LAMBDA, | Cumberland University. |
| TENNESSEE BETA-PI, | Vanderbilt University. |
| VERMONT BETA-ZETA, | University of Vermont. |
| VIRGINIA BETA, | Washington and Lee Univ. |
| VIRGINIA DELTA, | University of Virginia. |
| VIRGINIA EPSILON, | Roanoke College. |



Dreka-Phala



Alpha Tau Omega.

OMEGA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1877.

Colours—Blue and Gold and White.

Fratres in Facultate.

THOMAS F. GAILOR, S. T. D. B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A.
FRED. M. PAGE.

Instructors.

W. B. NAUTS, M.A. W. H. MCKELLAR, M.A.

Fratres in Urbe.

P. S. BROOKS,
R. L. COLMORE,
J. M. LOVELL, B.A.,
RT. REV. C. T. QUINTARD, M.D., D.D., LL.D.,
GEO. QUINTARD.
J. W. WEBER.

Academic.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| A. S. CLEVELAND, | W. D. CLEVELAND, |
| W. H. DuBOSE, | H. S. DUNBAR, |
| R. W. B. ELLIOTT, | J. B. ELLIOTT, B.A., |
| F. C. FISHBURN, | J. Y. GARLINGTON, |
| N. HEYWARD, | J. E. INGLE, |
| E. D. JOHNSTONE, | W. H. JOHNSTONE, |
| J. C. MORRIS, B.Lt., | J. M. MORRIS, |
| ED. B. NELSON, | W. B. SHIELDS. |
| F. E. SHOUP. | |

Theological.

H. EASTER.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded at University of Alabama.

PROVINCE A.

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| GEORGIA BETA (G. C.), | University of Georgia. |
| GEORGIA PSI, | Mercer University. |
| GEORGIA EPSILON, | Emory College. |
| GEORGIA ALPHA ALUMNUS, | Atlanta. |
| GEORGIA BETA ALUMNUS, | Albany. |
| GEORGIA SIGMA ALUMNUS, | Savannah. |
| GEORGIA OMEGA ALUMNUS, | Augusta. |
| ALABAMA IOTA, | Southern University. |
| ALABAMA MU, | University of Alabama. |
| ALABAMA ALPHA MU, | Alabama A. & M. College. |
| ALABAMA MU ALUMNUS, | Montgomery. |

PROVINCE B.

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| SOUTH CAROLINA DELTA (G. C.), | South Carolina University. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA ETA ALUMNUS, | Honea Path. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA LAMBDA ALUMNUS, | Charleston. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA PHI ALUMNUS, | Greenville. |
| NORTH CAROLINA THETA, | Davidson College. |
| NORTH CAROLINA XI, | Univ. of North Carolina. |
| NORTH CAROLINA THETA ALUMNUS, | Charlotte. |
| VIRGINIA OMICRON, | University of Virginia. |
| VIRGINIA PI (sub rosa), | |
| VIRGINIA SIGMA, | Washington and Lee Univ. |

PROVINCE C.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| TENNESSEE OMEGA (G. C.), | University of the South. |
| TENNESSEE ZETA, | S. W. P. University. |
| TENNESSEE LAMBDA, | Cumberland University. |
| TENNESSEE ETA, | S. W. Baptist University. |
| TENNESSEE NU, | Vanderbilt University. |
| MISSISSIPPI GAMMA, | University of Mississippi. |
| MISSISSIPPI THETA ALUMNUS, | Starkville. |
| MISSISSIPPI GAMMA ALUMNUS, | Meridian. |
| LOUISIANA THETA, | Thatcher Institute. |
| TEXAS RHO, | University of Texas. |

PROVINCE D.

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| OHIO SIGMA (G. C.), | Mount Union College. |
| OHIO DELTA, | Delaware University. |
| OHIO ALPHA ALUMNUS, | Alliance. |
| KENTUCKY KAPPA, | Central University. |
| KENTUCKY IOTA, | Bethel College. |
| KENTUCKY ALPHA BETA ALUMNUS, | |
| MISSOURI ALPHA, | University of Missouri. |
| MICHIGAN ALPHA, | Adrian College. |
| MICHIGAN IOTA BETA, | University of Michigan. |
| PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA, | Alleghany College. |
| IOWA SIGMA, | Simpson College. |
| OHIO EPSILON, | Cincinnati College. |

ΣΑΕ



Ε. ΚΑΡΑΓΙΩΡΓΙΟΥ



Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

GRAND CHAPTER OMEGA—PROVINCE C.

ESTABLISHED 1881.

Colours—Purple and Old Gold.

Fratres in Facultate.

GENERAL E. KIRBY-SMITH, C. S. A., Chair of Mathematics.

CAMERON PIGGOTT, M.D., Chair of Chemistry.

JOHN GADSDEN, M.A., Master of the Grammar School.

REV. M. M. BENTON, Proctor of the University.

Instructors.

H. W. JONES, M.A., La.

E. H. ROWELL, M.A., Me.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Academic.

F. L. COYLE, La.,

C. B. FORD, La.,

WALTER BARNWELL, S. C.,

P. T. GADSDEN, S. C.,

J. W. BAILEY, S. C.,

LE GRAND GUERRY, S. C.,

A. G. BLACKLOCK, Tenn.,

R. M. KIRBY-SMITH, Tenn.

A. B. HALL, Ala.,

R. CABELL READ, Texas,

C. H. HASKELL, S. C.

W. B. FASIN, Miss.,

M. F. SMITH, La.,

CAREY BECKWITH, Va.

C. P. COCKE, Va.

Theological.

W. S. HOLMES, S. C.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

LIST OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

- PHI OMEGA—Univ'ty of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.
 ALPHA—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
 BETA—Thatcher Institute, Shreveport, La.
 GAMMA—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
 EPSILON—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
 ZETA—University of Virginia, Virginia.
 ETA—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
 THETA—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
 KAPPA—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
 IOTA—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
 LAMBDA—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
 MU—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
 NU—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
 OMICRON—Virginia.
 PI—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
 RHO—North Georgia Agri. College, Dahlonega, Ga.
 SIGMA—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
 TAU—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
 UPSILON—Hampden Sidney College, Hamp. Sid., Va.
 PHI—Southwestern Presb. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
 CHI—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
 PSI—Maine State College, Orono, Maine.
 OMEGA—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

Α·Ε·Κ·Α·Β



ΒΟΝΟΜΙΑ ΔΟΞΕΙ

1800

1867

ΚΣ



ΧΡΗΜΑΤΑ καὶ ΔΥΝΑΜΙΣ

ΚΑΡΤΕΡΙΑ

ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ

ΔΙΚΗ

ΠΙΣΤΟΤΗΣ



Kappa Sigma.

OMEGA CHAPTER.

FOUNDED 1882.

Colours—Maroon, Old Gold, and Peacock Blue..

Academic.

JOHN LEWIS,

E. M. MITCHELL,

W. I. EGGLESTON,

J. F. T. SARGENT,

PRESTON PARTRIDGE,

F. E. STONE,

A. Y. SCOTT,

ED. SARGENT.

Fratres in Urbe.

H. R. MILLER.

E. M. BOND.

Phi Delta Theta.

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, 1848.

COLLEGE CHAPTERS.

ALPHA PROVINCE.

Maine Alpha—Colby University; New Hampshire Alpha—Dartmouth College; Vermont Alpha—University of Vermont; Massachusetts Alpha—Williams College; Massachusetts Beta—Amherst College; Rhode Island Alpha—Brown University; New York Alpha—Cornell University; New York Beta—Union University; New York Gamma—College of the City of New York; New York Delta—Columbia College; New York Epsilon—Syracuse University; Pennsylvania Alpha—Lafayette College; Pennsylvania Beta—Pennsylvania College; Pennsylvania Gamma—Washington and Jefferson College; Pennsylvania Delta—Allegheny College; Pennsylvania Epsilon—Dickinson College; Pennsylvania Zeta—University of Pennsylvania; Pennsylvania Eta—Lehigh University.

BETA PROVINCE.

Virginia Alpha—Roanoke College; Virginia Beta—University of Virginia; Virginia Gamma—Randolph-Macon College; Virginia Delta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.; Virginia Zeta—Washington and Lee University; North Carolina Beta—University of North Carolina; South Carolina Beta—South Carolina College; Kentucky Alpha—Centre College; Kentucky Delta—Central University.

GAMMA PROVINCE.

Georgia Alpha—University of Georgia; Georgia Beta—Emory College; Georgia Gamma—Mercer University; Tennessee Alpha—Vanderbilt University; Tennessee Beta—University of the South; Alabama Alpha—University of Alabama; Alabama Beta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute; Alabama Gamma—Southern University.

DELTA PROVINCE.

Mississippi Alpha—University of Mississippi; Louisiana Alpha—Tulane University of Louisiana; Texas Beta—University of Texas; Texas Gamma—Southwestern University.

EPSILON PROVINCE.

Ohio Alpha—Miami University; Ohio Beta—Ohio Wesleyan University; Ohio Gamma—Ohio University; Ohio Delta—University of Wooster; Ohio Epsilon—Buchtel College; Ohio Zeta—Ohio State University; Indiana Alpha—Indiana University; Indiana Beta—Wabash College; Indiana Gamma—Butler University; Indiana Delta—Franklin College; Indiana Epsilon—Hanover College; Indiana Zeta—De Pauw University; Michigan Alpha—University of Michigan; Michigan Beta—State College of Michigan; Michigan Gamma—Hillsdale College.

ZETA PROVINCE.

Illinois Alpha—Northwestern University; Illinois Delta—Knox College; Illinois Epsilon—Illinois Wesleyan University; Illinois Zeta—Lombard University; Wisconsin Alpha—University of Wisconsin; Missouri Alpha—University of Missouri; Missouri Beta—Westminster College; Iowa Alpha—Iowa Wesleyan University; Iowa Beta—State University of Iowa; Kansas Alpha—University of Kansas; Nebraska Alpha—University of Nebraska; California Alpha—University of California.





Phi Delta Theta.

TENNESSEE BETA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

Colours—Blue and White.

In Facultate.

F. E. SHOUP, D.D.

A. A. BENTON, D.D.

In Urbe.

E. WILSON, JR., Pa.

R. M. DuBOSE.

Academic.

A. BOUCHER, B.A.,

E. WILSON, Pa.,

W. S. SLACK, La.,

D. B. STANTON, Miss.,

A. E. GREEN, Miss.,

F. V. WILSON, Pa.,

J. B. WILDER, Ky.,

W. M. JORDAN, Ala.,

C. B. K. WEED, N. J.,

S. SEIDELL, Ga.

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.

CHAPTER DIRECTORY.

GRAND DIVISION OF THE NORTH.

| | |
|-------------|---|
| BETA, | Ohio University, Athens, Ohio. |
| DELTA, | University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. |
| EPSILON, | Albion College, Albion, Mich. |
| ZETA, | Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio. |
| ETA, | Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. |
| THETA, | Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va. |
| IOTA, | Michigan Agricult'l College, Michigan. |
| KAPPA, | Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. |
| MU, | Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. |
| PHI, | Hanover College, Hanover, Ind. |
| CHI, | Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. |
| PSI, | University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. |
| BETA-ALPHA, | Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. |
| BETA-BETA, | DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind. |
| BETA-ZETA, | Butler University, Irvington, Ind. |

GRAND DIVISION OF THE SOUTH.

| | |
|---------------|--|
| ALPHA, | Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. |
| PI, | University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss. |
| BETA-DELTA, | University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. |
| BETA-EPSILON, | Emory College, Oxford, Ga. |
| BETA-THETA, | University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. |
| BETA-IOTA, | University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va. |
| BETA-XI, | Tulane University, New Orleans, La. |

GRAND DIVISION OF THE EAST.

| | |
|---------------|--|
| ALPHA, | Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. |
| GAMMA, | Washington and Jefferson, Washington, Pa. |
| NU, | Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. |
| RHO, | Stevens Insti. of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. |
| TAU, | Franklin and Marshall Col., Lancaster, Pa. |
| UPSILON, | Rensselaer Polytechnic Insti., Troy, N. Y. |
| BETA-LAMBDA, | Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa. |
| BETA-MU, | Tufts College, College Hill, Mass. |
| BETA-NU, | Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass. |
| BETA-SIGMA, | Boston University, Newton Highlands, Mass. |
| BETA-OMICRON, | Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. |

GRAND DIVISION OF THE WEST.

| | |
|-------------|--|
| OMICRON, | University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa. |
| XI, | Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. |
| OMEGA, | Iowa State College, Des Moines, Iowa. |
| BETA-GAMMA, | University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. |
| BETA-ETA, | Univ. of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. |
| BETA-KAPPA, | University of Colorado, Boulder, Col. |

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| New York Alumni Association. | Chicago Alumni Association. |
| Nashville Alumni Association. | Pittsburgh Alumni Association. |
| Cleveland (O.) Alumni Association. | Nebraska Alumni Association. |
| Twin City Alumni Association (Minneapolis and St. Paul). | |





Delta Tau Delta.

BETA THETA CHAPTER.

CHAPTER LIST.

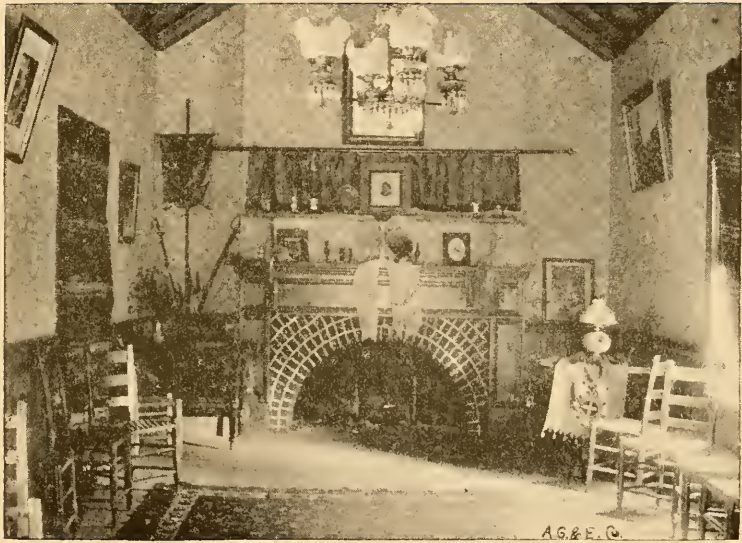
- ROBERT M. W. BLACK, Sylvania, Georgia.
- ✓ WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING, San Diego, California.
- LOUIS TUCKER, Mobile, Alabama.
- WILBUR GAYLE BROWN, Sewanee, Tennessee.
- WILLIAM LYTE NICHOL, JR., Nashville, Tennessee.
- WILLIAM MOREAU BOSTWICK, JR., Jacksonville, Florida.
- ✓ HUDSON STUCK, Sewanee, Tennessee.
- HENRY CANOVA HARRIS, Natchez, Mississippi.
- SPRUILLE BURFORD, Memphis, Tennessee.
- HENRY B. P. WRENN, Atlanta, Georgia.
- SEBASTIAN KING JOHNSON, Sewanee, Tennessee.
- SAMUEL WHITE SMALL, JR., Atlanta, Georgia.
- CHARLES MILTON TOBIN, San Antonio, Texas.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1865.

CHAPTER ROLL.

| | |
|------------------------|--|
| ALPHA, | Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. |
| BETA, | [Sub rosa.] |
| GAMMA, | University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. |
| DELTA, | Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. |
| EPSILON, | Emory College, Oxford, Ga. |
| ZETA, | Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. |
| ETA, | Richmond College, Richmond, Va. |
| THETA, | South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, S. C. |
| IOTA, | Furman University, Greenville, S. C. |
| KAPPA, | Mercer University, Macon, Ga. |
| LAMBDA, | University of Virginia, Albemarle County, Va. |
| MU, | Erskine College, Due West, S. C. |
| NU, | Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala. |
| XI, | Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas. |
| OMICRON, | University, of Texas, Austin, Texas. |
| PI, | University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn. |
| RHO, | University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C. |
| SIGMA, | Davidson College, Mecklenburg, N. C. |
| TAU, | [Sub rosa.] |
| UPSILON, | University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. |
| PHI, | Southern University, Greensboro, S. C. |
| CHI, | Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. |
| PSI, | Tulane University, New Orleans, La. |
| OMEGA, | Centre College, Danville, Ky. |
| ALPHA-ALPHA, | University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. |
| APHA-BETA, | University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala. |
| ALPHA-GAMMA, | Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La. |
| ALPHA-DELTA, | William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. |
| ALPHA-EPSILON, | S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn. |
| ALPHA-ZETA, | William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. |
| ALPHA-ETA, | Westminster College, Fulton, Mo. |





Kappa Alpha.

ALPHA-ALPHA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

Colours—Crimson and Old Gold.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

CHAS. L. GLASS,

GEO. H. GLASS,

JAMES W. GRESHAM,

DAN. H. HAMILTON,

GEO. W. HODGSON,

WILL T. HOWE,

EWING F. HOWARD,

HOWARD L. MOOREHOUSE,

JOHN N. NORTHROP,

JULIAN L. SHIPP,

MORRIS E. TEMPLE,

WARREN A. WILKERSON.



THE EDITORS.

Editor in Chief.

W. H. MCKELLAR, *A T Q* (S. C.)

Assistant Editors.

C. P. COCKE, *Σ A E* (Va.)

H. S. STUCK, *Δ T Δ* (England)

A. Y. SCOTT, *K Σ* (Miss.)

E. WILSON, *Φ Δ Θ* (Pa.)

J. L. SHIPP, *K A* (Tenn.)

W. B. LOWE, *Σ N* (Ga.)

Business Manager.

ELWOOD WILSON.



Order of Anchovies.

The Order of Anchovies was founded at the University on the 13th day of April, 1890. It is limited entirely to the gownsmen members of the various fraternities represented at Sewanee, and is a secret organization. The badge is a yellow ribbon with no device. The original members of the club were as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| WALTER BARNWELL, | CLAUDE C. HIGGINS, |
| FRANCIS L. COYLE, | PAUL T. GADSDEN, |
| CHARLES P. COCKE, | FRANCIS E. SHOUP, |
| JOS. W. LOVELL, | JAS. C. MORRIS, |
| ISAAC BALL, JR., | HARVEY S. McCUTCHEEN, |
| HARRY H. GRAHAM, | ALLAN W. WRENN. |

WM. B. LOWE, JR.

The principal honours of the Club for '90-'91 are:

- Walter Barnwell, B.A., '90; French Orator, '90; English Orator, '91.
 F. L. Coyle, Capt. Sewanee Rifles, and Best Old Member of Pi Omega, '90.
 P. T. Gadsden, Nashville Orator, '90; Orator Inter-State Oratorical Association, '91; Best Old Member Sigma Epsilon Society, '91; Ass't Proctor of University for '91.
 C. C. Higgins, B.S., '90.
 C. P. Cocke, Mag. Ed. and English Orator, '90.
 F. E. Shoup, Mag. Ed., '90 and '91.
 J. W. Lovell, B.A., '90; Ass't Proctor, '90.
 Jas. C. Morris, B.Lt., '90; Mag. Ed., '90-'91.
 I. Ball, Jr., Kentucky Medal for Greek, '90.
 H. S. McCutchen, Ass't Proctor, '90; Mag. Ed., '90.
 Augustus Boucher, Latin Salutatory, '90; B.A. and B.Lt., '90.
 E. B. Nelson, Ass't Proctor, '90.





Sigma Epsilon Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Colours—Red and White.

A comparison of dates will show the Sigma Society to be the oldest institution on the Mountain, except that venerable body, the Hebdomadal Board. It is also the largest, with the exception of Brooks, or a young Gownsmen's opinion of himself. During the past year the membership has gone as high as fifty. Its meetings have been highly interesting and valuable. Numerous points of order have been hunted down and slain, and almost any one of the members is now prepared to cope with Tom Reed. The Society sent the man who represented the University at the Interstate Oratorical Contest, and furnished all the contestants for the place.

Sigma Epsilon is a democratic body. The members are *Liberal* Democrats too. All of the reforms which are introduced into the literary societies have their origin in this one.

This progressive spirit has borne valuable fruit during the past year. It was Sigma men who called into being the *Magazine* and brought about the organization of the Oratorical Association. The motto of the Society, "*Carpe Diem*," is very appropriate, since they at all events take half the night for their meetings. The eloquence of the members on these occasions is of such a sustained and lofty character that the Commissioner of Buildings and Lands was lately compelled to fix a large chestnut tree (carefully skinned) in the midst of the hall to sustain the ceiling.

Pi Omega Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Colours—Blue and White.

The Pi Omega Society was formed in opposition to the doctrine of natural monopolies, which is now championed so ably by Messrs. Henry George and Paul Gadsden. The Society believes in competition, and has been competing with Sigma Epsilon ever since its organization. The members also compete with each other for the floor—that is, they say they want the floor. The president says they want the earth.

One of the mottoes of the Society, "*Apis matinae more modoque*," does not, as usually interpreted by the new members, mean, "After the manner of the morning bee," but "After the manner of the matinean bee," which was evidently a kind of bumble bee. The society has never prided itself on numbers, and has this year been especially true to its other motto, "Quality before Quantity." Its membership is not large, but is very striking. With one or two exceptions all the men who wear glasses belong to Pi Omega. Some of them are most "divinely tall," and others are "most divinely fair."

So much for the *personnel* of the Society; now as to its work. This during the past year, while possibly not as successful outwardly as in preceding years, has been such as to place the Society high among those things which prove a benefit to the student and a credit to the University. The debates have been well-sustained argumentations on subjects of some value, and have proved beneficial in no small degree. Pi Omega looks forward to the coming year with confidence.



Chelidon Extempore Speaking Society.

FOUNDED 1884.

R. M. W. BLACK,
W. H. DuBOSE,
P. T. GADSDEN,
J. C. MORRIS,
F. E. SHOUP,
W. B. SHIELDS,
S. D. WILCOX,

A. C. CARDEN,
C. P. COCKE,
F. L. COYLE,
H. W. JONES,
W. H. MCKELLAR,
H. STUCK,
LOUIS TUCKER,

E. WILSON.



THE BISHOP BONE SOCIETY

So much has been written first and last of this great institution, the pride and glory of the Theological Department, and the wonder and dread of the rest of the University, that it is very hard to say anything fresh about it. Those who only know it on the outside, know it as a huge collecting machine which, at regular intervals, sends out dime-and-quarter-grabbing arms which one must be agile and alert to elude. The students have a vague notion that somewhere in the Chinese empire there is a missionary, or a lay reader, or a theologian, or something, which these collections are supposed to support, but, not being greatly concerned in the welfare of foreign missions generally, and having views of Chinamen which are pronounced if not luminous, the average University student gives grudgingly by reason of much pleading and importunity, and not as him whom the Lord loveth. If he can escape he will not give at all; if he is tracked to his innermost den, and there cornered by a theologian of imposing presence who will not take "no" for an answer, he will make a small contribution for the sake of peace and "deare amitie," in the shape either of an order on "Uncle Bob" or coin. By preference he will give an order on Uncle Bob, because he knows that Uncle Bob will probably not cash it. The amount of worthless paper money that the Treasurer of

the Bishop Boone Society holds, brought to him by new and green collectors, is a tribute to the possibilities of the rising generation of Sewanee students as public financiers.

Viewed from the inside, the Bishop Boone Society is an august body. It includes the Dean and all the professors of the Department, and all theologues are members of necessity. It meets once a month, and its meetings are preceded by a "conference" at evening chapel, and a special service in the morning, so that everybody is worked up to the proper pitch before it begins. It is supposed to do two things for the theologue: first, to interest him in missionary work by discussing topics connected therewith, and, second, to teach him how to get money out of people. Every theologue in his first year is expected and required to become a Bishop Boone collector. His experiences as such are various. On some "beats" early in the term he simply rakes in the shekels, but generally it takes very hard work if the collector would make a good report. Late in the term especially, when everybody is strapped, when the fountains of the great deep of the students' pockets are broken up, the receipts dwindle; for it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to take up a collection "from him that hath not" of "even that which he hath."

The origin of the Bishop Boone Missionary Society is shrouded in mystery. The oldest member of the Society can give no information on the subject, and the archives are commonly believed to have been carried off to South Carolina by a secretary of days gone by, who had a taste for such things and an absent mind.

There is a tradition that there was once a Bishop Boone and that he preached a sermon at Sewanee; nay, there is a house pointed out in which the Right Reverend Father is supposed to have stayed. Then he is believed to have gone back to China and to have been eaten by cannibals, or captured by pirates, or to have met some such dreadful fate after starting two native theologues and saddling their support on Sewanee. This is vague and unsatisfactory, but it is probably founded on fact. Most traditions have some basis of actual happening, if one could only trace them back.

At any rate, it is certain that there is a Bishop Boone Society now, and that it has monthly meetings and takes up monthly collections.

The Homiletic Society.

St. Luke's Homiletic and Literary Society was founded on St. Luke's Day, October 18, 1879. We take a holiday on St. Luke's Day now, and try to catch up on back sleep, but the elder generation seem to have spent holidays in founding things. There were giants in the land in those days, and this was a way they had. The "object" of this Society is set forth in the calendar as "the promotion of personal piety and brotherly love amongst the theological students," and "the cultivation of literary and æsthetic taste, the discussion of homiletic and theological subjects." This is incorrect. It used to be correct, but early this term the Society revised its constitution so that "the promotion of personal piety and brotherly love" is no longer part of its "object."

The members had long since realized, under the exciting influence of debates on the celibacy of the clergy and the coloured question, that the personal piety which the Society cherished became too pronouncedly personal, and that even the fires of brotherly love might too hotly burn. Nor was this deemed sufficient, for as a farther means of insuring the keeping of the peace, not to say of parliamentary decorum, it was made part of the permanent constitution that the Dean of the Department should be *ex officio* president.

But though the Dean now presides *ex officio* with a bland dignity that is all his own, the principal figures in the Society are yet students. And amongst these prominent men there be two that are preëminently prominent—the vice-president and the critic. In fact, there is more vice-president and critic about that Society than anything else. The main duty of the vice-president is to preside in the absence of the president, and to act as a permanent repository of sacred and profane learning from the earliest times to the present day. He is a most valuable vice-president, and he has had much experience. He has long been vice-president of the Exegesis class, and he was persistently vice-president of the Browning Society until it died.

The critic, also, is a most valuable one. The Homiletic Society wandered in darkness and doubt seeking a critic and finding none, until in a happy hour it elected him. There are some patent medicines that are guaranteed to cure every ill that man may suffer from, and again there are some that are only good for one complaint, and are proud to advertise that they will not cure anything else. So there are some men that are all round men, and there are others that will fill one position well, execute one duty admirably, and no more. The critic of the Homiletic Society is of the latter sort.

As a promoter of volunteer musical organizations he was not a startling success; and though we have seen a worse manager of a base-ball nine, it was a long time ago; but there is no doubt that as a critic he is fulfilling his destiny. If, however, the critic has a weakness as critic it is admiration for the vice-president. The relations between these Homiletic magnates is indeed touching. Saul at the feet of Gamaliel is nothing to it. The more the vice-president talks, the more the critic's wonder grows "that one small head can carry all he knows." And when the eagerly expected time for "critic's report" arrives, he rises and bursts forth into song: "How sweet are the words of wisdom that drop from the learned lips of the vice-president; how vast is his knowledge, and how wonderful his mind! yea, behold how beautiful upon the extreme edge of the platform are the feet of the vice-president when he layeth down the law!" Whereupon the vice-president riseth and bringeth forth from his treasury things new and old complimentary to the critic. Then the house adjourns. This is the regular order for the conclusion of business. Sometimes it is interrupted. Sometimes "the gentleman from Florida," who is the third Homiletic notable, having "got on his ear," gets on his feet. Then it is quite a long time before the house adjourns. His happy hunting ground is "miscellaneous criticism," and the prey that he is ever pursuing but which ever eludes his grasp is the present nefarious method of appointing those who are to follow the leader in the discussion of a selected topic. No one understands exactly how they are appointed now, or how the gentleman from Florida wants them to be appointed. He holds the present system to be radically wrong and inherently vicious, and we have no doubt it is; but it works all the same.

There is only one other man in the Homiletic Society who stands out in bold relief, and it would be a relief to the Society if his standing out were not quite so bold. If salient meant jerking instead of leaping, he

might be called the salient member. As it is, he comes as near to leaping as the bland dignity of the president will permit. He is a man with many demands on his time, so that his attendance at the meetings of the Society is brief and irregular. But when he cometh he cometh indeed. He comes "as the winds come when forests are rended." A quick heavy tattoo of feet on the stairs, a streaming black gown in the doorway for one instant, a squirm and a flop, and "the gentleman from Scotland" has taken his seat. A minute or two for breath, and, at the first pause in the debate, he is on his feet, plunging *in medias res*, without hesitation, and sometimes without information, getting louder and faster and shriller every moment, working himself up into a frenzy, until he is too fast to follow, and too loud and shrill to understand. Already there are five cracks in the plaster of Pi Omega hall which are attributed to his vocal powers, and there are those who aver that they have seen these cracks lengthen and deepen as he speaks. When the president has succeeded in impressing upon him the fact that he has exceeded his time, does he take his seat? O no! Casting a furtive glance around him, he makes a sudden dash for the other door, his gown streams out as he passes the portal, and he is gone. We do not recover all at once. We look at one another wonderingly. We feel as if we had dreamed a dream that was not all a dream, and that the bright sun was extinguished. A deep silence falls over all, and even the vice-president is at a loss. Then the president asks, "Are there any further volunteers?" and some one plucks up heart enough to proceed.



*The
Cadet Corps.*

A corpse instead of a corps.



THE SUMMER GIRL.

"Without a smile from partial Beauty won,
Pray what is man—a world without a sun."

Sewanee Bathing Tank Association.

W. H. MCKELLAR, *President.*

F. E. SHOUP, *Secretary.*

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."



FOUNDED 1877.

Colours—White.

OFFICERS.

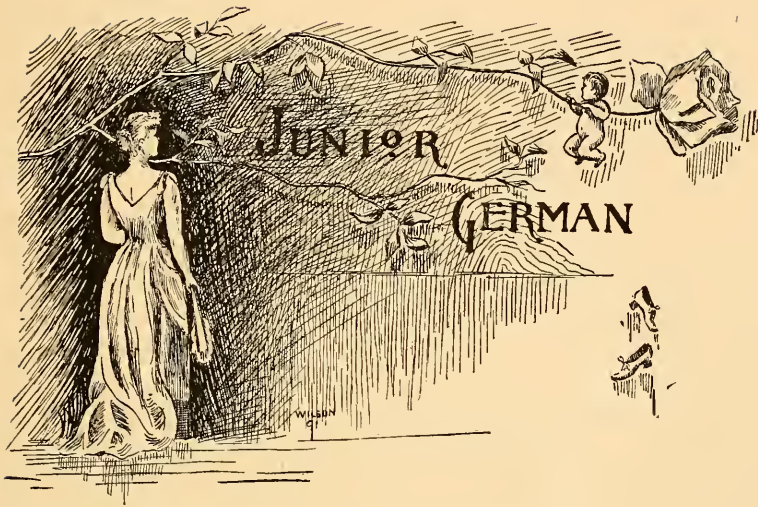
PAUL T. GADSDEN, *Pres't.*
WALTER BARNWELL, *Sec'y.*

W. H. DUBOSE, *Vice-Pres't.*
W. G. BROWN, *Treas.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

J. C. MORRIS,
HUNT HENDERSON,
E. B. NELSON,
F. E. SHOUP,
F. L. COYLE,
T. B. HOLLAND,
D. B. STANTON,
M. E. TEMPLE,
A. Y. SCOTT,
AUGUSTUS BOUCHER,
ED. SINCLAIR,

PROF. F. M. PAGE,
W. B. NAUTS,
W. L. NICHOL,
A. S. CLEVELAND,
W. D. CLEVELAND,
J. S. HOLLAND,
D. H. HAMILTON,
J. L. SHIPP,
W. B. LOWE,
W. H. JOHNSTON,
JNO. GARLINGTON.



JUNIOR GERMAN CLUB.

JOHN LEWIS, *Pres't.*

ED. JOHNSTON, *Sec'y.*

J. E. INGLE, *Treas.*

LEGRAND GUERRY,

H. W. GRADY,

H. B. P. WRENN,

E. M. MITCHELL,

S. SEIDELL,

A. G. BLACKLOCK.

F. C. FISHBURNE,

L. H. HALL,

SAM SMALL,

W. M. JORDAN.

Pan-Hellenic Convention.

W. H. MCKELLAR, *President.*
 HUDSON STUCK, *Secretary.*

The Pan-Hellenic Convention was organized for the protection of the Grammar School Kid—a creature dear to our hearts, over whom we watch with tender solicitude. From the time he arrives on the Mountain until he doffs his knee trousers and joins the awkward squad we keep one eye on him. And when he is announced as a “Junior” we go at him with *both* eyes, and teeth, and claws. The kid is very shy game which must be *approached* with great care, and the stalking of him is very exciting sport. He cannot be bagged until he is formally declared a Junior, so that all that can be done before that event is to manœuvre for position. Generally the crowd which holds the best position secures the game, but woe to the unfortunates who *approach* too near! They are brought before the council and their guns are taken from them so that they can hunt kids no more. This is the only game law in Tennessee which is enforced, and it is the Pan-Hellenic Convention which does it. But the above is not the only function of the Pan-Hellenic. It is a powerful factor for good in Fraternity circles. Through it we adjust all our differences and keep up that uniform good will which has always existed among the Fraternities here at Sewanee.

Athletics.



Base-Ball—University Team.

W. G. BROWN, *Captain* and l.f.

W. H. MCKELLAR, *Manager*.

W. B. NAUTS, 2 b.

W. M. BOSTWICK, 1 b.

A. G. BLACKLOCK, s.s.

S. BURFORD, 3 b.

R. A. FLEMING, c.

C. B. FORD, p.

W. D. CLEVELAND, c.f.

E. B. NELSON, r.f.

Our team usually plays Vanderbilt. The reason of there having been no games this year will be found on the preceding page.

Hardee Base-ball Club.

FOUNDED 1869.

*Colours—Red and White.*F. L. COYLE, *President.*A. S. CLEVELAND, *Vice-Pres't.*W. D. CLEVELAND, *Sec'y.*A. G. BLACKLOCK, *Treas.*

TEAM.

W. D. CLEVELAND (Tex.), 1 b., 2 b., c.f., and captain.

G. T. LOCK (La.), 1 b.

A. G. BLACKLOCK (Tenn.), 2 b. and c.

C. B. FORD (La.), 2 b, p. and c.

W. I. EGGLESTON (S. C.), s.s.

S. B. BURFORD (Tenn.), 3 b.

L. GUERRY (S. C.), l.f.

A. S. CLEVELAND (Tex.), c.f.

C. M. TOBIN (Tex.), r.f.

W. B. LOWE (Ga.), p. and l.f.

W. H. MCKELLAR (S. C.), scorer.

W. B. NAUTS (Ky.), umpire.

CHAMPIONS 1891.

Sewanee Base-ball Club.

Colours—Blue and White.

H. W. JONES, *President.*

W. S. SLACK, *Secretary.*

D. H. HAMILTON, JR., *Vice-President.*

TEAM.

W. G. BROWN, p.

C. L. GLASS, s.s.

R. A. FLEMING, c.

F. V. WILSON, r.f.

W. M. BOSTWICK, 1 b.

F. C. FISHBURNE, c.f.

ED. SINCLAIR, 2 b.

W. H. JOHNSTONE, l.f.

E. B. NELSON, 3 b. (*Capt.*)

Foot-ball Team.

Full Back.

J. M. NELSON.

Half Backs.

W. D. CLEVELAND,

CLAUDE HIGGINS.

Quarter Back.

A. BOUCHER.

Line.

E. WILSON,

W. BARNWELL,

W. H. MCKELLAR,

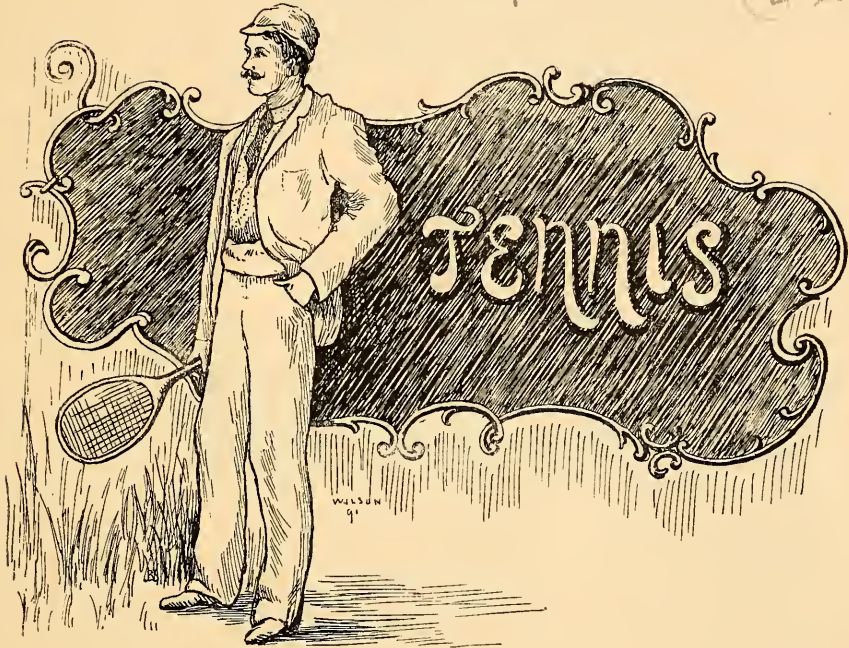
ALLEN WRENN,

ED. NELSON,

HAL. HARRIS,

F. WILSON.

Portrait of W. B. Nauts (Tubby)
in 1890
(S. Jackson)



Tennis Club.

"They handle ball and racket."

W. B. NAUTS,

F. E. SHOUP,

P. T. GADSDEN,

C. B. FORD,

A. G. BLACKLOCK,

W. S. HOLMES,

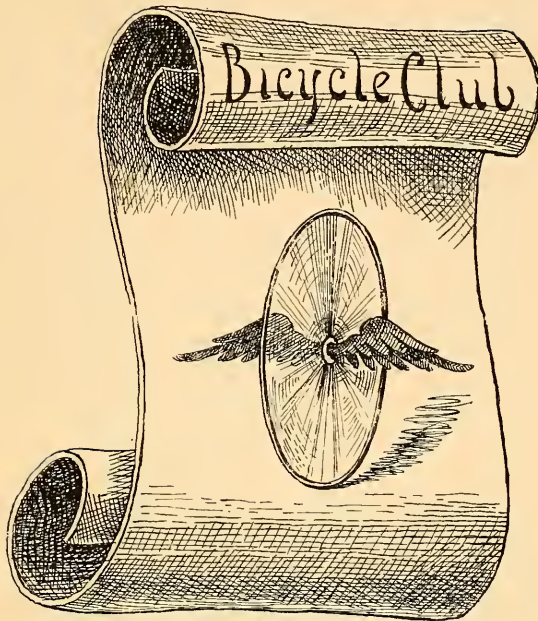
J. B. ELLIOTT,

W. M. BOSTWICK.

Field Day, June 11, 1891.

RECORDS.

| Event. | Winner. | Record. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Running High Jump, | ED. SINCLAIR, | 5 feet. |
| 100 Yards Dash, | W. D. CLEVELAND, | 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec. |
| Standing Broad Jump, | E. B. NELSON, | 9 ft. 7 in. |
| 220 Yards Dash, | D. B. STANTON, | 24 sec. |
| Pole Vault, | A. G. BLACKLOCK, | 8 ft. 1 in. |
| Running Broad Jump, | J. INGLE, | 17 ft. 5 in. |
| Putting 12 lb Shot, | H. C. HARRIS, | 36 ft. 4 in. |
| 440 Yards Run, | E. SINCLAIR, | 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. |
| Hurdle Race, | D. B. STANTON, | 10 sec. |
| Throwing 16 lb Hammer, | G. T. LOCK, | 60 ft. 9 in. |
| Throwing Base-ball, | W. B. FAISON, | 306 ft. |
| One Mile Run, | C. BECKWITZ, | 5 m. 53 sec. |



Sewanee Wheelmen.

1891.

Colours—Blue and White.

A. Y. SCOTT, *President,*

J. E. MILES, *Captain,*

C. G. DUY, *Sec'y,*

JOHN LEWIS, *Treas.,*

W. B. LOWE,

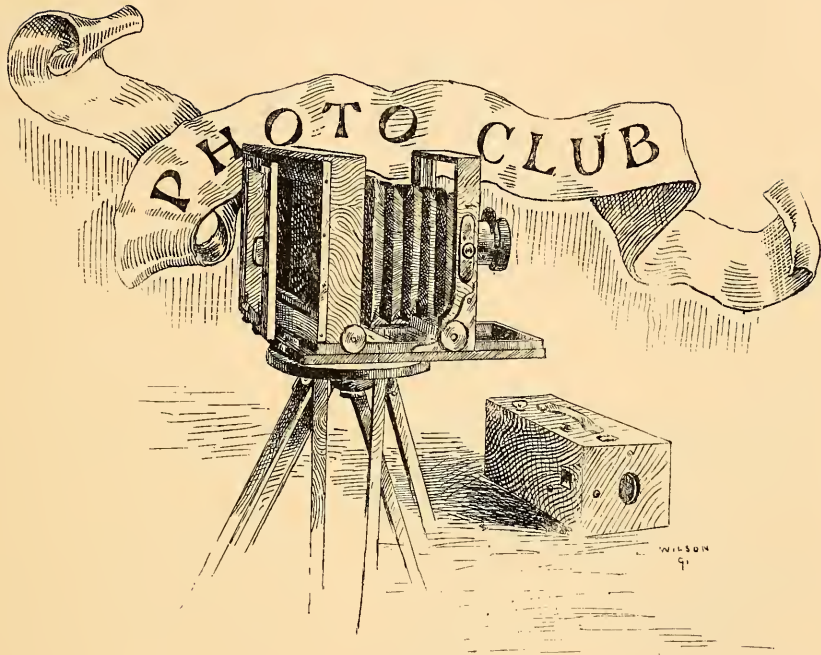
H. W. GRADY,

ED. SINCLAIR.



*Gymnasium.*J. EDWARD MILES, *Director.*

The Gym. is thoroughly equipped with all the modern appliances, and the man who has any muscles at all, can easily become an accomplished gymnast, and capable of holding his own and serving his country. The "Great Mag. Show," last fall, was abundant and convincing proof of the great success of our School of Physical Training. From the sparring of the *Down-weights* (feather is too heavy), Patton and Finney, up to the brilliant arena performance of Messrs. Miles, McCutchen, Hamilton, and Boucher, the exhibition was full of interest, and demonstrated very clearly that the Gym. has become an important factor in University Life at Sewanee.



President.

H. HENDERSON (Georgia).

Vice-President.

J. F. T. SARGENT (Ohio).

Secretary.

W. B. LOWE (Georgia).

F. V. WILSON (Pennsylvania),

H. G. MOREHOUSE (Wisconsin),

Treasurer.

E. WILSON (Pennsylvania).

H. B. GAYFER (Alabama),

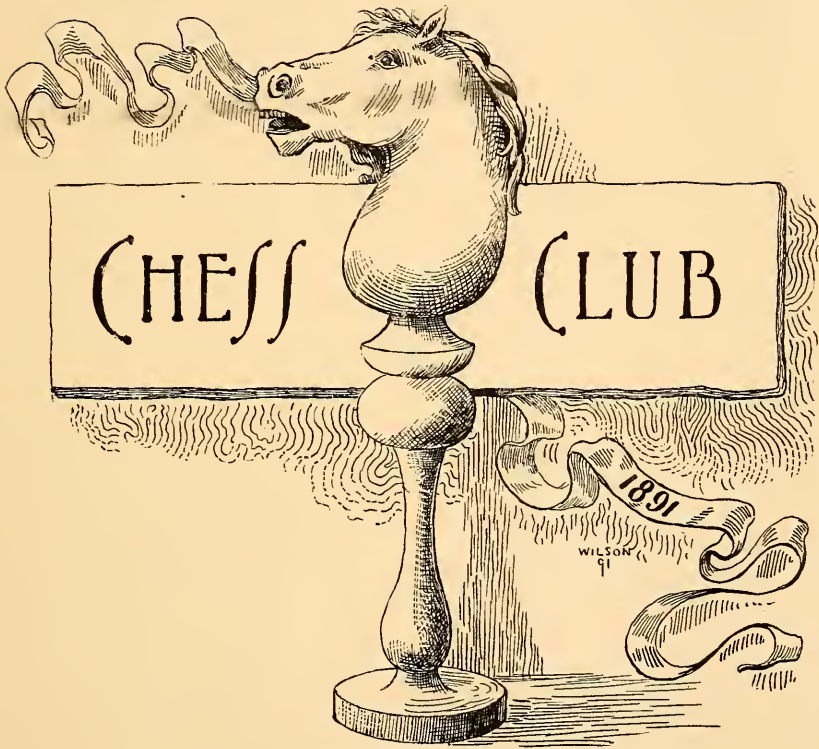
D. H. HAMILTON, JR. (North Carolina).

Whist Club.

Which being dead yet speaketh.

W. H. MCKELLAR (Ala.),
F. L. COYLE (La.),
JAS. C. MORRIS (Ky.),
HUDSON STUCK (Texas),

W. BARNWELL (S. C.),
W. H. DUBOSE (S. C.),
W. G. BROWN (Ala.),
A. BOUCHER (La.)



CHESS AND CHEQUERS.

W. B. SHIELDS,
FRANCIS WILSON,

ELLWOOD WILSON,
A. Y. SCOTT.

Sewanee Gun Club.

W. B. LOWE,
H. W. GRADY,
H. B. GAYFER,
NAT. HEYWARD,

J. ED. MILES,
A. Y. SCOTT,
C. W. ELMORE,
R. M. KIRBY-SMITH.

Banjo Club.

H. B. GAYFER,
D. L. MILLER,
ED. SARGENT,

SAM SMALL,
J. F. T. SARGENT,
ED. NELSON,

JAS. B. WILDER.

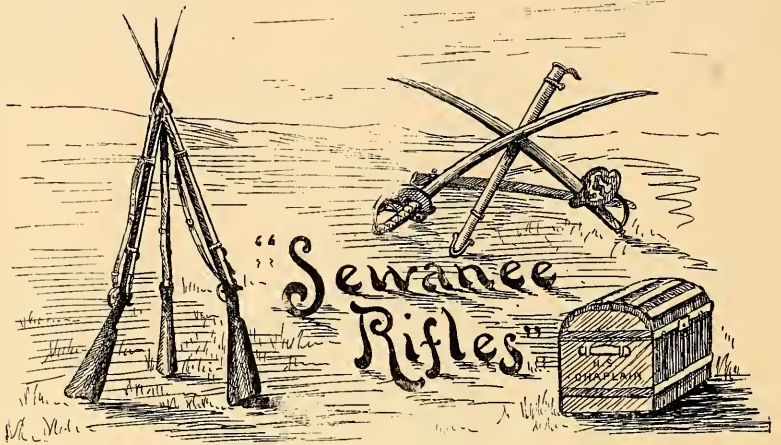


"The Dramatic Club."

PROFESSOR F. M. PAGE, *President.*

The *Dramatic Club* is without exception one of the main social features of the University. It is composed entirely of University students, who are assisted in their performances by the talent always to be found among the *fair* residents, to whose taste the stage setting is invariably trusted. The end and aim of the Club is to embellish *Forensic Hall*, and the proceeds of all performances—debarring expenses for costuming plays—go toward adding to the many beautiful architectural designs to be found in the walls and windows, which make the *Hall* justly famous and the favourite *rendezvous* for all pleasure-seeking students and visitors. Among the present active members are Messrs. Walter Barnwell, David Stanton, J. L. Shipp, Francis E. Shoup, Wm. T. Howe, W. H. McKellar and Augustus Boucher.

The elaborate costumes and accessories are in charge of Mrs. Sophie K. Johnson and Miss Carrie Kirby-Smith, to whose indefatigable zeal and interest the Club now owes its present prosperity and local reputation.



B Co. 3d Reg. N. G. S. T.

PAUL T. GADSDEN, *President.*

HUDSON STUCK, *Secretary.*

F. L. COYLE, *Captain.*

A. S. CLEVELAND, *1st Lieut.*

F. E. SHOUP, *2d Lieut.*

W. H. MCKELLAR, *Q.-M.*

H. STUCK, *Chaplain.*

Sewanee Rifles.

Let not the reader imagine that the cut which accompanies this article is a poor one—Dreka never got out a better one. The gloomy looking background, which looks like a mixture of earth and sky and sea—and treacle, is a very fair representation of the field of Atlanta, on which we appeared in our first, last, and only drill. Now that our brief vision of glory is ended, and the Rifles no longer exist, the work of the historian begins, and some account of the deeds of these brave men may not be amiss.

The Rifles owed their existence to the famous old company of Gownsmen which defeated the entire Sewanee Cadet Corps in 1889. The success of this company on this occasion made its members anxious to keep up the organization, and the next summer saw the Sewanee Rifles organized to attend the drill at Chattanooga. They hauled us down there free of charge, they gave us a good camp, and were very kind to us, but they would not let us drill. They said, “You have not regularly enlisted.” So they made our officers judges of the great drill, and after this we gave them an exhibition drill. Here it was that we became immortal. Here it was that the Louisiana captain said, “The —’s are not gentlemen at all, my men are gentlemen when they are sober, but darned if the Sewanee Rifles are not gentlemen all the time!”

While there we heard of the Atlanta drill, and came home determined to go down and pick up that twenty-five hundred dollars and other little amounts that were lying around loose. We were enlisted in due form, and we worked like beavers until October when we set out for Atlanta. Will any one of us ever forget that trip? How we marched to the depot under escort of our admiring friends; how we sang, and skylarked all the way to Cowan; how after much noise and tribulation we finally got settled in our berths in the sleeper, and so off for Atlanta; how in the middle of the night the whole company would suddenly wake up and count fours; and, finally, how we rolled into the Union Depot at Atlanta, feeling as if we could give Upton points on tactics. It was a beautiful day, and as we

marched out to the Exposition grounds our hearts were light and hopeful. Then our woes began. The military genius who pitched our tents had made the company street run straight up hill, and later on we got the benefit of this. We spent that day in getting used to things generally. Ford and Blacklock visited the side shows. The former threw at the "nigger babies"—that is, he threw one ball which went through the rear of the booth taking the "nigger baby" along with it. Others took in the races, or the other companies, or the phonographs, until night, when we drilled by electric light, and were told by the officers of the Atlanta companies that they would not drill against us. The next day it rained. The next day it poured. The next day it poured and blew great guns. All this time no drill. And so it was that we became demoralized. Of how Mr. Peters and Colonel Harrison defended successfully our claim to drill, and how Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Lowe and Mr. Peters again, kept our men off the cold damp ground until we did drill, has been told in the *Magazine*. We lost the drill on account of the rain and mud. If we had drilled the first day we would have won easily. We did win two prizes, the squad drill and the individual prize—the latter by Corporal Brown. We had the place of honor in the great sham battle, and distinguished ourselves as skirmishers. We shall always claim that our side licked.



Glee Club.

There was a sound of deviltry by night.

W. B. NAUTS,

H. JONES,

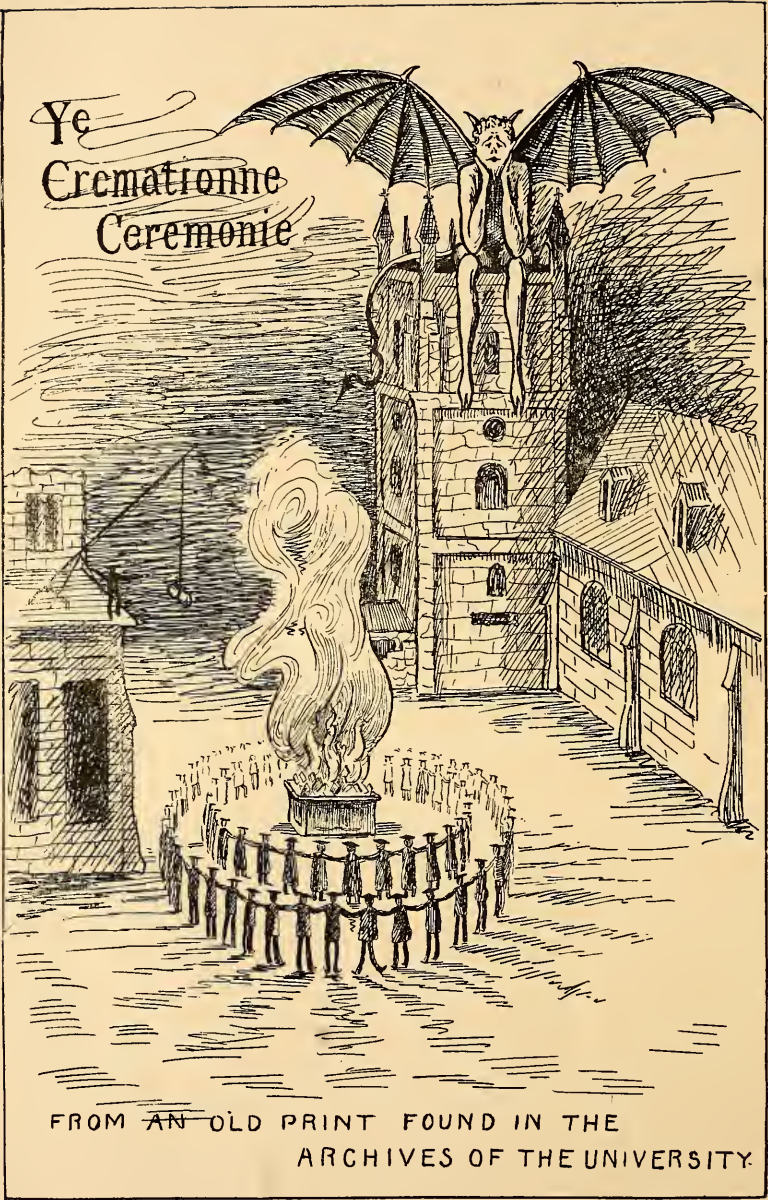
J. C. MORRIS,

ED. MCCRADY,

D. H. HAMILTON,

A. BOUCHER.

Ye
Cremationne
Ceremonie



FROM AN OLD PRINT FOUND IN THE
ARCHIVES OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Cremation.

“Yes,” said the presiding genius of Plutonian shades, gingerly alighting on the gymnasium tower, and thoughtfully stroking the barb on the end of his tail, “I always make it a point to attend the classical cremations here. They remind me of home.”

The organ pealed forth a sulphurous dirge, and the solemn procession wound out of the chapel, and squirmed slowly into the professors' court past the Walsh Memorial, and dissolved into a compact crowd of book-wearily looking souls. The devil licked his lips and looked down upon the motley crew directly under him; near the tower was a raised platform, with steps leading to it, and as the crowd parted on either hand the classical cadaverous class, with solemn tread and averted faces muffled in their gowns, and with heads uncovered, slowly came forward, carrying a bier draped heavily in black, on which lay a crape-covered object. Sadly they mounted the steps, and a gownsman well known to fame stretched out his hands over the bier and wailed, “*Iō moi moi elelelien me talaina, iō moi moi,*” and all the classicists murmured, “*Iō, moi moi, me talaina.*” There was a moment of silence, and then the bearers raised their hands to heaven and sang together a noble chorus from Æschylus, and sobs of “*Moi moi, ai ai elelethen*” rang from the crowd. Next there was silence again for a space, when a fair gownsman, tall and stately, stepped forward and, stretching his arms for silence, pronounced a Greek oration of surprising force and finish.

The Devil smiled grimly at the professor, and the professor smiled grimly at the students, and the students looked with awe and wonder at the speaker, while the visiting grammarians shuddered at nothing in particular and smiled promiscuously. At last the speaker ran down, and then the crowd shifted to make way, the bearers took up the bier and approached an altar which had been erected in the middle of the court, built of musty tomes and manuscripts (Greek exercises); there they placed the corpse and poured libations of midnight oil, while the crowd moaned; after

which a gownsman spake in verse, but so low that the spectator on the tower could scarcely hear:

With extra dry champagne we make libation,

and the moan of the crowd grew tumultuous, and he lost the words,

To the gods that govern the examination,"

but he knew it was something fine, and in his line in a general way; so he wagged his tail with delight, and knocked a pinnacle off the tower. The poet, drawing himself up with mystic grace, applied a torch to the pyre, while the classic audience danced a stately Greek measure around it to the refrain:

Rah! rah! ree!

'Varsity;

Hi-yip! Hi-yip!

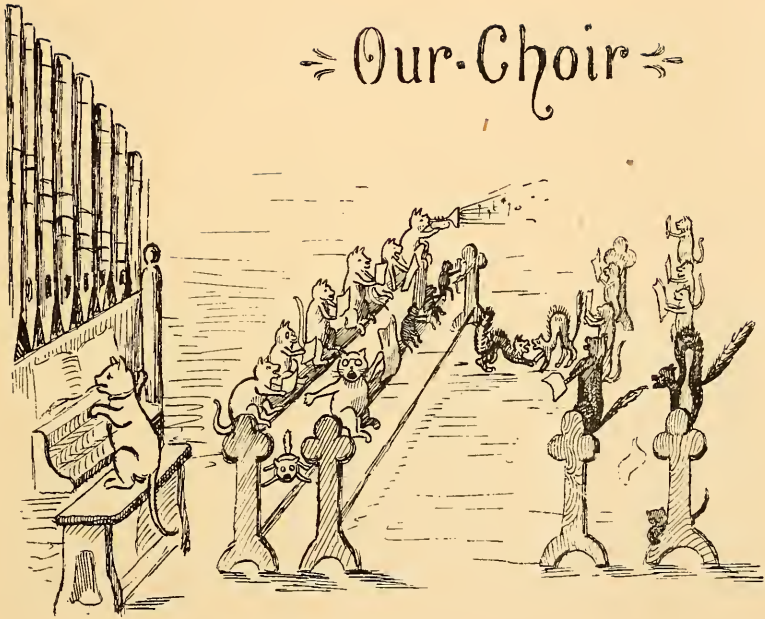
Sewanee.

Good-by to the good man's Moods and Tenses;

To the devil with him for his offenses.

The Plutonic visitor said: "Nay, I'll none of him. I think I'll go home; its cooler and much quieter." And so he spread his wings and went.

— Our Choir —



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THE ORATOR.

Prowling through the woods one day just before the Lyman contest I came upon a student mounted on a log at one of the views, declaiming rapidly, to himself, and gesticulating and contorting himself rapidly. The first words I caught were:

Down below
 The day had scarcely eluded its classes out
 Ere the proud theologlets, all unfledged,
 Mocked at Baalzebub, and theologs
 Bemoaned the term for which they were sent up,
 Three years' hard labor; and the gownsman troops
 Bearded the proctor in his den. And yet
 Grim-visaged discipline has smoothed his beard,
 And now, instead of mounting barbéd wire
 To 'scape the sight of fearful adversaries,
 We saunter slowly down the drill-ground fence
 To the melodious pleadings of the Lieut.

By L. Tucker

(Here he lowered his voice and mumbled a little to himself, but presently burst out:)

A worthy man, a very worthy man,
 But most infernal lazy, for they cried,
 "Great Scott!" and shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Manning the ship. And so pursued the course.
 And the professor pursued them. And so
 Deacons and ministers of grace defend us.

By L. J.

Here I burst out laughing, and he turned round so suddenly that he fell off the log and commenced laughing too. But he would not declaim any more of the piece.

L. G. LEE.

Applied Quotations.

- "He lards the lean earth as he walks along"—Slack. *- Black was very thin*
- "And at his stern command
All hell grew silent—Pandemonium was stilled" } Stuck.
- "I'll beard the lion in his den"—Benton. *- B. wore a long beard*
- "He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat" } (?)
- "Good my lords, I have received the toga" { Squabs' } *I was very poor many years -
nest. } was for the Synagog - after
extra was put in the
a Squabs nest*
- "I have
Some little honest pride in mine own deeds" } M. A.
- "What are these so withered?"—The Keets.
- "What's in a name?"—Naut(s).
- "Where got'st thou that goose look?"—Fishburne.
- "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look"
- "Would he were fatter"—Wilcox. *Curly was very fat?*
- "This is the very ecstasy of love"—Cleveland.
- "Thou hast some crotchets"—K. Guthrie.
- "Stand back and let the coffin pass"—The Anchovies. *The coffin was used in the
Anchore traditions*
- "So wise, so young, they say"—Stuart.
- "Stabbed with a white wench's black eye?"—(?)
- "Othello's occupation's gone"—Stone.
- "O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of bread
to this intolerable deal of sack" } The Alumni.
- "I do remember an apothecary"—Hall, W. B.
- "I have supped full with horrors"—The E. Q. B.
- "I'll rant as well as thou"—Hodges.
- "Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more"—Toe Puliers.
- "I would the gods had made thee poetical"—Guthrie. *- quite interested
at back of persons*
- "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky"—Brown.
- "A hit, a very palpable hit"—Ford.
- "He doth bestride the narrow world"—Bayliss. *- Bayliss was very long-legged.*
- "It means mischief"—The Junior.
- "They fool me to the top of my bent"—The Summer Girl.
- "Wealthy curled darlings of our nation"—Grammar School Boys.
- "A lion among ladies"—Rowell.
- "Who can hold a fire in his hand?"—Grady.
- "Then come, kiss me, sweet and twenty"—Shoup.
- "Let him look to his bond"—The Mag. Director.

A Mathematical Gallad.

Of x^2+y^2+17p
 We are tired, as tired as tired can be,
 And in spite of the text-book I really can't see
 Why now $24a=0$.
 That the $\sqrt[3]{23x}=10$
 The professor has told us again and again;
 Yet I look upon each of the spectacled men
 Who can prove it as really a hero.

I am lost in a trigonometrical haze
 And go stumbling mistily on in a maze
 Of odd words and odd ideas, and live in a daze
 Of co-tangent, co-sine, and co-secant.
 The fact that the co-sine of p is 19
 Seems to give the professor enjoyment so keen
 That my poor, puzzled brain not a moment has seen
 How *he* understands such things, though *we* can't.

With abscissae, co-ordinates, origins—all
 The inventions the devil has made since the fall,
 The professor torments us, and then like a pall
 Our person in wondering awe buries.
 From the vertical plane of projection we turn,
 And the ground line of x , and our intellects burn
 With a vast admiration and glee as we learn
 "That pigtails do n't equal to strawberries."
 Amen!

L. Tucker

General Kirby-Smith's
 favorite exclamation in
 Math classes

THEOCRITAN.

When we glibly read front end, and middle
 The professor pronounces it "idyll,"
 When we stumble and blunder and sidle
 The professor pronounces it idle.

J. Tucker

When the preacher had preached half an hour
 The boys squirmed with all of their power;
 So he looked down the aisle,
 And looked up with a smile,
 And preached on for the rest of the hour.

J. Tucker

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

The devil drifted down to purgatory
To watch the spirits burning, squirming, roasting,
And made St. Michael show him through the building,
While they both smoked cheroots to choke the smell off.
When a fresh batch of souls came down from Terra
One was sent straight to heaven. "How 's this?" said Satan.
"Oh, that 's all right," said Michael; "he 's cleansed fully.
He died of faithful work in Senior Greek class." L. G. L.

Juckin

AFTERNOON WALKS.

Pray, follow the hollows of sunset sky,
Red tangled with azure and dashed with gold;
In tints of sweet waves of the light unfold
New riches of colours that glow on high.
Cool over the mountains and valleys nigh
Ebb mists of huge clouds of sweet light unrolled;
Soft shadows of colors the hillsides hold,
Soft wonders of lights in the tree-tops die.
Each reach of the valley is growing dark
Through hollows of shadows that deepen slow,
How slopes the long hill purple and shady;
Each moment our wonder new beauties work;
Long moments our joy and our wonder grow—
She looked at the sky, and I looked at the lady.

Juckin

LINES TO THE AIR OF "VIVE LA COMPAGNIE."

We're imbued with the idea that sin must be nice,
For our ideal of men—Dr. Gailor—is "Vice."
Oh, all over the Mountain the proctor has power,
But he shares with the devil the use o' the tower.
Oh, just look at the lights shining in the hotel;
The boys think it's heaven, the proctor thinks it's —.

When philosophy classes we're thick in
(Just before our dinner they stick in)
How the Plato I hate
Oh, I scarce can relate,
And the *hen kai pan* smacks of fried chicken.

L. G. LEE.

Juckin

Teacher in arithmetic class in Grammar School—"Johnny, how much is nought times nought?"

Johnny—"Nothing."

Teacher—"How much is nought times nought?"

Johnny—"Nauts!"

Teacher—"If you have six verbs to write out in Latin, and each has six tenses, how many would you get?"

Johnny—"Forty times for to-morrow."

Professor (dictating to class in Junior German)—"Let us go out."

Students (moving in a body to the door)—"Certainly."

First Student—"What's the news?"

Second Student—"Prof. W. got off a joke in class this morning."

First Student—"Humph! that was nothing new."

The devil sauntered up to earth one day,
 And loafed around Sewanee for a time;
 About his face his barbéd tail made play
 To scare the flies. At last he 'gan to climb
 Some winding stairs, and mounted to a room
 Where certain souls were sitting, half awake
 And listening to the heavy-sounding boom
 That the professor and the house flies make.—
 "Phew!" said the devil, looking most unwell,
 "I think I'll go. It's cooler down in hell."

L. G. LEE.

D. Justice

CALENDAR.

1890-1891.

- Sept. 13. Monroe Hammond's Infinity escapes from the bottle and carries him off.
- Sept. 17. Field Day.
- Sept. 18. Corner-stone of Walsh Memorial Hall laid.
- Sept. 20. Exodus of visitors begins.
- " Pi Omega Anniversary.
- Oct. 4. Anchovies begin to sing.
- Oct. 19. The "Sewanee Rifles" left for Atlanta to attend the Inter-state Drill.
- Oct. 20. The Captain loses his shoes—likewise his "specs."
- Oct. 25. The Rifles win two prizes.
- " Jones incites the small boys to wrath and mutiny because telegrams do not arrive.
- Oct. 28. "A Scrap of Paper" given by the "Sewanee Dramatic Club."
- Nov. 2. The choir is entertained by Dr. Gailor with oysters, etc.
- Nov. 3. Chapel service is held with no choir.
- Nov. 5. The foggy days begin.
- Nov. 18. Charity Ball at Forensic.
- Nov. 20. The hack drivers cease their attempts to collect last summer's bills.
- Nov. 24, 25. Engagement at Forensic Hall Theater of "University Specialty Co."
- Nov. 25. Thanksgiving Day.
- Nov. 28. The editor of the *University of the South Magazine* smothers the editor of the *Anglo-Saxon Churchman*.
- Dec. 1. Cramming for "exams." commences.
- Dec. 8. Examinations begin.
- Dec. 24. Trinity Term closed.
- Feb. 20. Southern Oratorical Association organized at Asheville, N. C.
- March 19. Lent Term opens.
- March 29. Easter Sunday.
- March 30. Easter Monday Hop.
- April 8. Pan-Hellenic Convention meets.
- May 6. First annual contest of the Southern Oratorical Association at the University of Virginia
- May 9. The Vanderbilts and Sewanees do not play.
- May 14. Rev. Thos. F. Gailor, S.T.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, is elected Bishop of Georgia.
- June 1. The summer girl buds.
- June 6. Dr. Gailor decides not to leave Sewanee to accept the Bishopric of Georgia.
- June 13. The twenty-second anniversary of the Sigma Epsilon Literary Society.
- June 20. The Hardees win the championship for 1891.
- June 24. Rev. Davis Sessums, M.A. of Sewanee, is consecrated Assistant Bishop of Louisiana—Sewanee's first Bishop.
- " The dudes celebrate and Seidell "wins" the cake walk in Forensic.
- July 4th. Last battalion hop.

Valedictory.

"All is ended now, all the hope, the fear, and the sorrow."

With this page the work on the CAP AND GOWN is completed. It has been full of difficulties and trials, which have delayed its appearance to this late date. We do not propose, however, to offer excuses. If our first attempt at an annual is productive of no other good, it has at least demonstrated the fact that the next one will be a great success. According to their own testimony, there are at least fifty men here now who can do the thing much better than it has been done. These men are capitalists, and consequently will not be troubled about where the money is to come from for plates, expressage, and other things of this sort. They are large-hearted men, so open-handed, so generous, that, instead of simply subscribing a dollar, they will fight among themselves for the privilege of paying the entire cost of the book. That is the reason that some of them refused to give a dollar this time. They felt hurt that they were not called upon for the whole five hundred.

CAP AND GOWN for '91 speaks for itself. Let us speak a word for '92. This work will be largely critical. Instead of writing articles for delinquent contributors, the editor will print elaborate criticisms of them. Instead of organizing and attempting to keep alive the various associations which make up the majority of its pages, they will let them all go by default and say it is a shame that there are none. But they know how the thing ought to be done, for we have heard them say so.

To those who have helped us by their sympathy, and by other and material means, we desire to express our hearty thanks. Among these we cannot refrain from mentioning the man who always helps—Dr. Gailor, and the man without whose assistance the annual might never have appeared, Mr. Wade Hampton, Jr.

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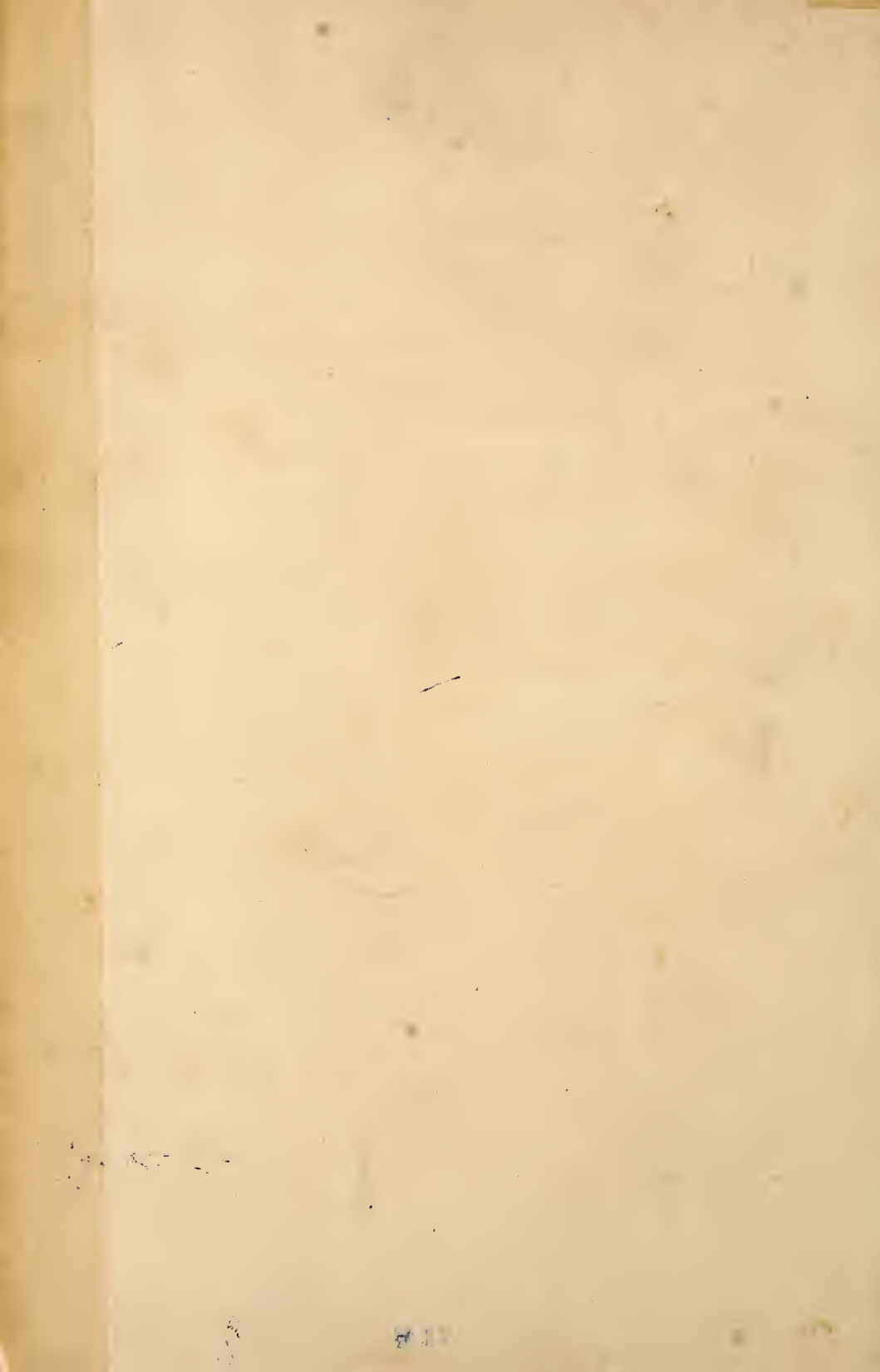
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