

The Fowler
1905

1905

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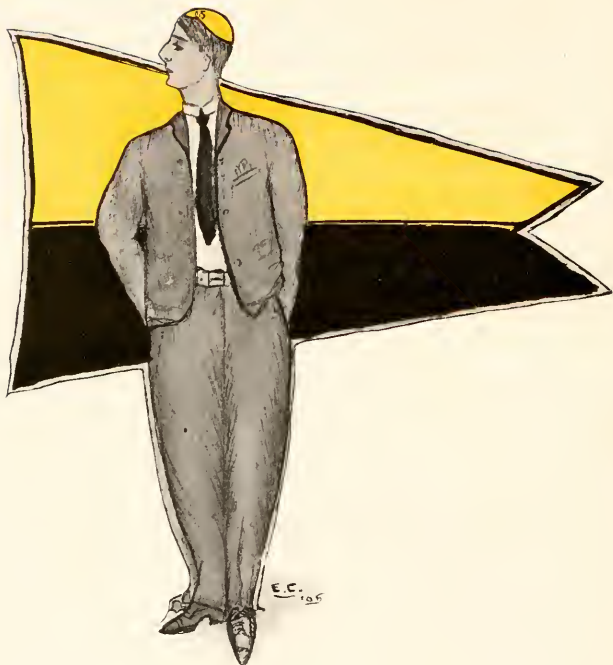
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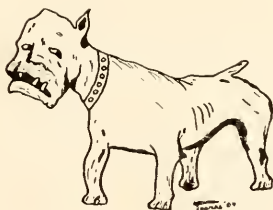


THE HOWLER

VOLUME III

MDCCCXV

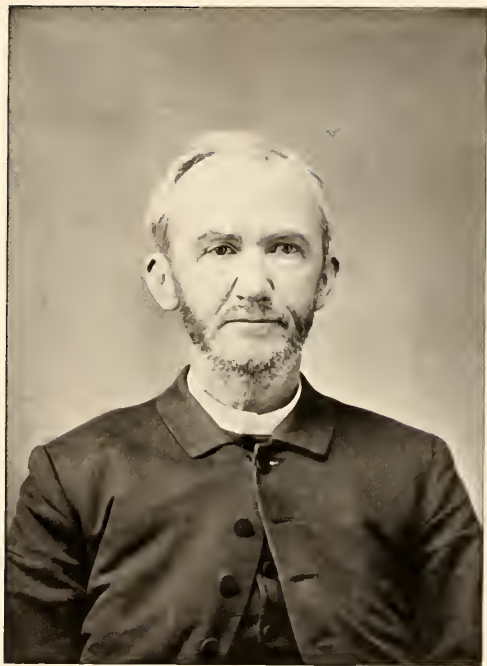
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



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DEDICATION

*To JAMES DUNN HUFHAM, D.D.,
THE STURDY CHAMPION OF THE BAPTIST CAUSE
AND THE LIFE-LONG FRIEND
OF WAKE FOREST,
WHO, BORN IN THE SAME YEAR WITH THE COLLEGE,
HAS LIVED THROUGHOUT
THE NOBLE LIFE THAT IT TEACHES,
THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED IN GRATEFUL AFFECTION
BY THE EDITORS.*



DR. HEPRAM.

56804

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College Calendar

For Session 1905-1906

August 28-29	Entrance Examinations
August 30	Beginning of the Session
September 15	Applications for degrees submitted
October 4	Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted
October 27, 28	Mid Term Examinations
December 5	Senior Speaking
December 14-22	Fall Term Examinations
December 23-January 2	Christmas Holidays
January 3	Beginning of Spring Term
February 16	Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies
March 8	Senior Speaking
March 9-10	Mid Term Examinations
Easter Monday	Holiday
May 1	Senior and Junior Theses submitted
May 19-26	Spring Term Examinations
May 23-25	Commencement:
Wednesday, 10:00 a. m.—	Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees;
8:30 p. m.—	Baccalaureate Sermon
Thursday, 11:00 a. m.—	Address before the Literary Societies
8:30 p. m.—	Address before the Alumni
Friday, 11:00 a. m.—	Commencement Day—Addresses by representatives of the Graduating Class, and Closing Exercises of the Session

Greeting

A glad, happy greeting
To all who read here
This echoing record
Of the swift-passing year.

Our life at Wake Forest,
Our work and our play,
Impartially treating,
It seeks to portray.

The Freshman's short-comings
It boldly declares,
The Sophomore's wisdom,
The Junior's soft airs.

And lastly, not leastly,
In well-meaning lays,
It chants the gay Senior's
Well-earned praise.

Yes, all of our doings
It tries to unfold,
Tales clust'ring round
The black and the gold.



G. J. SPENCE, Business Manager



C. T. GOODE, Editor-in-Chief.



E. W. COOKE, Art Editor.

Editors



W. I. FRANCIS.



T. M. BIZZELL.



J. M. PUGH.



R. L. KENDRICK.



JO PATTON.



EARLE GORE.

Associate Editors

Faculty

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D., President

Professor of Moral Philosophy

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D.

Professor of Greek Language and Literature

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A.

Professor of Pure Mathematics

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A.

Professor of Biology

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD, M.A.

Professor of English Language and Literature

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Chemistry

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A.

Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy

JOHN B. CARLYLE, M.A.

Professor of Latin Language and Literature

NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., B.L.

Professor of Law.

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Modern Languages

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D.

Professor of the Bible

E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of History and Political Science

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A.

Professor of Physics

DR. F. K. COOKE,

Professor of Medicine

DR. W. S. RANKIN,

Professor of Medicine

DARIUS EATMAN, M.A.

Professor of Pedagogy

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Latin and Greek

GASTON S. FOOTE, B.A.

Associate Professor of Latin and English

BURTON J. RAY, B.A.

Associate Professor of Chemistry



OUR PRESIDENT.



W. B. ROYALL.



L. R. MILLS.



J. F. LANNEAU.



N. Y. GULLEY.



W. L. POIZAT.



B. F. SEIDD.



C. E. BREWER.



J. H. GORRELL.



W. R. CULLOM.



J. B. CARLYLE.



G. W. PASCHAL.



E. W. SIKES.



DARIUS EATMAN.



C. C. LAKE.



F. K. COOKE.



W. S. RANKIN.



G. S. FOOTE.



B. J. RAY.

Four Bach Professors

Four bach professors lived a life of glee ;
A maid's arch glances made the number three ;—
Was'nt he crazy? (Wise, wise head.)

Three bach professors and they would not woo ;
A widow snared one and then there were two ;—
Wasn't he lazy? (Such are thus wed.)

Two bach professors, two more than none ;
One hopeless in love expiring left one ;—
Quite reprehensible ! (Yes, quite a bit.)

One bach professor, crusty and lone,
In his heart has determined, there shall always be one ; —
Isn't he sensible? (Nit ! nit ! nit !)



THE
CLASSES



Senior Class

Officers

WILLIAM LUTHER WYATT, . . .	President
MARION LESLIE DAVIS,	Vice-President
WILLIAM JOSIAH FRANCIS, . . .	Secretary
CLAUDIUS COOPER HOWARD, . .	Treasurer
EUGENE ALFRED TURNER, . . .	Historian
HUBBARD FULDON PAGE,	Poet
GEORGE AMMON PEEK,	Prophet

Proem

Out of the dying gleam of years
There comes a low, sweet strain—
A dream of days now distant flown,
Never to come again.

A sadness steals into my heart—
Just how I cannot tell;
It deeper sinks, and all my soul
Echoes one long farewell.



M. D. AUSTIN, B.A., ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

*There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved and loving.*

Here we have a man most wonderfully made. He is famed for his long-drawn-out words, and when he speaks "The air, a chartered libertine, is 'still.'" For years he has been in school, and now he is in hopes of his "sheep-skin." He goes forth into the world to teach men the error of their way. May a minister's toga encompass him about and the hand of fortune direct him.

Orator Euzelium Society.

S. W. BAGLEY, B.A., LITTLETON, N. C.

*"Soprano, basso, and even the contralto.
Wish'd him five fathoms under the Rialto."*

A man who blows his own horn and teaches others how to blow theirs. A leader in music and all that would be music as well. Member of Glee Club, Orchestra, and Wake Forest Band.





J. A. BARKER, B.A., LUMBERTON, N. C.

The indolent: too lazy these
To make inquiry for themselves.

While in some things a man may fail and in others thrive, a business man is to be most admired. Once manager of the *Student*, but he fain would rest, so he gave it up. A man, that though the winds blow and the rains beat upon him, yet he will endure all these for an order for his engraving house. When he will he keeps a fire in the Library, and sees that the boys do not "tote" off the papers.

An esteemed friend and "one o' the boys."

T. M. BIZZELL, B.A., GOLDSBORO, N. C.

A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Time is always necessary to determine a man's occupation. In this man we find Music, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology and "Howlerology." Through five long years he has striven with many things, some to the good, some to the bad. It is to be hoped that his 'ologies will leave at least a remnant.

President Medical Class, Associate Editor
HOWLER.





J. W. COLE, B.A., LEXINGTON, N. C.

"Not a word spake he more than dire need,
Of study tooke he moste care and heed."

I live in the past and stand with shaded eyes
and gaze into the misty long ago with a feeling of
regret.

"And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Senior Speaker.

E. W. COOKE, B.A., LOUISBURG, N. C.

"Weak effeminy hath me yoked her bond-slave."

Truly my works belie my name, for I am an
aristocrat of the old regime. I live at home in
Louisburg. I wear my rags and spend my
"dough." Although small in stature, I have a
peculiar gait upon me, and though darkness be
around me I will betray myself in my walk. To
me THE HOWLER is due some credit for its many
illustrations, for I AM Art Editor.





R. D. COVINGTON, B.A., FLORENCE, S. C.

Memory, the daughter of attention, is the teeming mother of wisdom.
And safer is he that storeth knowledge than he that would make it for himself."

When the Sophs. of 1902-3 met in the Eu. Hall, "Dick" was chosen as their leader, and a leader he has been ever since. Did he not break the record and make a hundred on Psychology! Yea, as a student, no one excels him, and yet they say already his "fancy hath lightly turned to thoughts of love."

Senior Speaker.

M. L. DAVIS, B.A., BEAUFORT, N. C.

"Full well beloved and familiar was he
* * * with the worthy women."

'Tis well for us that now and then we can have a man who can make himself handy. In the Glee Club Concert he captures his audience by "Staying in his own front yard" and "Sitting on that bee."

Senior Speaker, and President Y. M. C. A





W. J. FRANCIS, B. A., WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

"Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear,
The freedom of a mountaineer."

Josiah is widely known as a man of keen wit and humor. We often see him in a sunny state of mind, wending his way over the Campus, vying with the mocking birds for superiority in *whistling*. Just any old way suits him. English is his "long suit." His vivid imagination fully qualifies him for the position he holds on THE HOWLER staff.

C. T. GOODE, B. A., MOORESBORO, N. C.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

A serious-minded man, who speaks in solemn, whispering strains, concise in expression and ambitious as a student. A bachelor he would be, for the thought of woman was never known to molest his tranquil spirit; but this remains unrevealed to us, at least, for perhaps some mute, uncovered love here may rest. Who can tell?

Senior Speaker, Editor-in-Chief THE HOWLER.





Mr. [Name] was born [Date] in [Location]. He received his education at [School] and [College]. He is a member of [Organization]. He is now residing at [Address].

Mr. [Name] was born [Date] in [Location]. He received his education at [School] and [College]. He is a member of [Organization]. He is now residing at [Address].





W. L. TRAVIS, JR. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Graduated at the University of Virginia
in 1885.

Member of the University of Virginia, and of the
Washington University, and of the University of
Maryland. Member of the Washington University
of the University of Virginia, and of the University
of Maryland. Member of the Washington University
of the University of Virginia, and of the University
of Maryland.

W. L. TRAVIS, JR. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Member of the University of Virginia, and of the
Washington University, and of the University of
Maryland. Member of the Washington University
of the University of Virginia, and of the University
of Maryland. Member of the Washington University
of the University of Virginia, and of the University
of Maryland.

Member of the University of Virginia, and of the
Washington University, and of the University of
Maryland.





W. E. GOODE, B.A., MOORESBORO, N. C.

"The force of his own merit makes his way.
A place that heaven gives him, which buys
A place next to the King."

A man with a cool and dignified bearing. Never in the wrong, since deliberation is his "long suit." Editor-in-Chief of the *Student* from Eu. Society and Principal of Wake Forest public schools.

J. S. HARDAWAY, B.A., NEWMAN, GA.

"You beat on your pate and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

A man small in stature, and hair as a frightened cat. Member of class '04. Associate Editor of *HOWLER*, '04, also of *Student*; taken sick in spring of '04 and left school. Hence one of the '05ers





C. C. HOWARD, B.A., SALEMURG, N. C.

" Learning by study must be won."

One of the few left, who in the fall of 1901, reached Wake Forest and inquired for the school-house and teacher. But those times have passed and so popular has he become that now the *Student* claims him as one of its editors. Daily he haunts the Reading Room and peers at fellows who try to "hook" the papers.

Senior Speaker.

J. D. HOWELL, B.A.,

TILLERY, N. C.

" I feel within me,
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

I have a way of tossing my head as a horse reined too high, and twisting my body in a peculiar fashion.

Senior Speaker.





J. D. IVES, B. A., PINEBLUFF, N. C.

"A scientific man am I, * * *
I study from whence sprung man."

Be he native or foreign, bond or free, learned or ignorant, "I never once heard such a mixture of speech"—as though he had a mouthful of parched flour. He makes his haunts among those writhing snakes, earth-worms, and slimy snails, and views them through 'scopes and glass jars. Though the Crayfish, standing on his posterior extremity, with claws outstretched, approach him, yet he will not be scared away. Evolute thyself and tell us some few things to look for without fear of getting caught !

W. M. JOHNSON, B.A., CARY, N. C.

"In his duty prompt at every call.
He watched and wept and pray'd for all."

Of the class of 1905 few fellows have become so prominent in "college honors." As historiau of the Medical Class he keeps well informed with all its doings. The *Student* claims him as Editor-in-Chief from Phi. Society; also editor THE HOWLER in 1904. Well might we say—

"Thou hast been diligent in all things,"





J. M. JUSTICE, B.A., HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

"An honest man he is, and hates the slime,
That sticks on filthy deeds."

Jim is the proud possessor of the art of exciting laughter with his time-worn jokes, which is the underlying secret to the enchanting influence which he has in winning lady friends. A short stay in Cuba has given him an unbounded sphere for interesting (?) conversation, and of this he always rejoices to take advantage.

Senior Speaker.

T. D. KITCHEN, B.A., SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

"Neat and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped
Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home."

'Tis now that in our class there is one man who aspires to none of those coveted places called "class distinctions." A man of retiring disposition, who puts himself in no one's way. A friend indeed and unpretentious in his every action. He realizes his calling in life and "makes edges cut," as is shown by his barbarous attacks on "stiffs."





E. LONG, B.A.,

MONROE, N. C.

"I would the gods had made thee witty."

He is both a ladies' man and a student—an unusual combination. He is a man of wit, only self-perceivable, and always wears a benignant smile. But in a more serious vein, Long is a good fellow, and will help the woods he settles in First Debater Anniversary, 1905.

J. R. MORGAN, B.A.,

CLYDE, N. C.

"A plain unvarnished tale of life."

He is one of our diminutives, from a physical view, yet he has a distinguished look, for he wanted a Prince Albert. He is a brave one, for when he was a "newish" he held a blacking crowd at bay with an empty pistol; he is wise too, for he was judge of the moot court.





A. H. OLIVE, B.A., THOMASVILLE, N. C.

"I know the gentleman to be of worth and worthy estimation."

He is a man of wise judgment mingled with a keen sense of humor. He bears a high reputation as an orator and debater, having assisted in winning the Cup for two consecutive times in inter-collegiate debates. He is the originator of the idea of providing the physical laboratory with a set of rocking chairs for the preservation of energy. No doubt the scientific world will soon be enlightened by this physicist, who has bored through an extended research along this line

Orator Philomathesian Society.

H. F. PAGE, B.A.,

DUNN, N. C.

"A poet soaring in the high regions of his fancy with his garland and singing robes about him."

A poet, orator, and statesman, slow of speech, meek in spirit, he is liable to convey the wrong impression until you know him. He is a lone, solitary creature who answers everybody in the fewest possible words. Although he arranges his curly locks very artistically, the inspired thoughts of rhyme, prompted by the muse whose linked arm he holds, soon gives them a perpendicular attitude. So we must not regard him as a man of neglect but of deep thought.

Senior Speaker.





J. PARKER, B. A., LEWISTON, N. C.

"In mathematics be was greater
Than Tycho Brake or Erra Pater,
Could tell by sines and tangents straight
If bread and butter wanted weight."

Jesse is a fellow that decidedly belies his looks. On Logic he actually made a hundred, and on Math he is a prodigy. But two things are lacking in his makeup—*an* ambition and a pair of suspenders.

G. A. FEEK, B. A., HODGES' FERRY, VA.

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

Here we have a man whom Freshmen fear, but though he be prodigious he is not so bad as one would think. His chief occupation o' days is spouting German, French and Spanish; and he is a walking dictionary of poetical quotations, and local news-gatherer. The night is made hideous with his yells; ghosts and goblins hie them away to seek revenge "some other where."

Associate Editor *Student*, Vice-President Athletic Association.





W. H. PRICE, B.A., SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

"With a smile that was child-like and bland."

In Wilson Price we have come to one of our enigmas. You can never tell whether he thinks or not. If he does it must be of something funny, for he is always smiling. If he were a real rich man's son he would be a great sport. He is ambitious, for he never failed to run for something at every election in his society. At our last Anniversary he was president, and he is usher in the church on Sunday.

J. D. PROCTOR, B.A., LUMBERTON, N. C.

Blessing on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts."

The beacon light of patriotism from the "State" of Robeson here passes from the stage of college scenes. No more will she have such a reporter who can paint her deeds in equal words of praise. He is highly respected and widely known by all of us, and especially by the Faculty, who have often suffered one of those long-drawn-out conversations of his, which they find to be a disguised "leg."

Senior Speaker, Manager Glee Club.





J. R. SANDERS, B.A., WINGATE, N. C.

"The muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face that he showed twenty teeth at a grin."

With the same inconsistent smile, the greasy kind that won't come off, encompassing his striking countenance, "Jim" cheerfully greets all remarks regardless of their importance. The success he has already achieved in speculating on Logic books warrants for him a place of high standing on Wall Street.

Librarian.

W. W. STAFFORD, B.S., ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

"One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases."

"Billy," to be brief but to the point, is a "rare old bird." His talent lies along the literary line and it is said that were the entire set of Hooligan and Buster Brown jokes lost, he could reproduce them part and parcel. By his deciding to become an M. D. the literary world has suffered an irreparable loss. Good-natured Billy with his "Gimme a chew of your tobacco" will be sadly missed.

Librarian.





E. A. TURNER, B.A., WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"An innocent, irreproachable, nay, exemplary life."

"Gene" deserves credit for the interest that he has taken in all matters connected with the College. For the past two years he has creditably represented his Alma Mater on the base-ball diamond and has nobly sustained her record in oratory and debate. His sporting qualities must not be disregarded, for they constitute an important part of his college life.

First Debater Anniversary, 1905.

J. H. VERNON, B.A., BUSHY FORK, N. C.

"His success shall vouch him a politician."

His career has been one of a political nature, his chief ambition being to free politics from corruption. He shows his pugnacious spirit very often and would carry his point by force if he only had the physical strength. His gestures while talking disclose his earnestness for success, but in defeat his downcast look betrays a sad heart. With due apologies to the class prophet, I predict that some day he will be high constable over some secluded district of Person County.

Senior Speaker, and Second Debater '04.





T. L. VERNON, B.A., MADISON, N. C.

"Give him time and he will say something."

"Preacher Tom" never has been taken at his worth. Deep down below the surface there is something that bespeaks him a man, though it may never find exit, for his tongue absolutely refuses to be servant to his thoughts. Tom is not loud and ostentatious, but is quiet and straight in his life, and yet for some reason he delays graduation. A good joke is going the rounds on Tom. There is something irresistible up on Main Street that draws him there often. What a ladies' man!

W. L. WYATT, B.A., RALEIGH, N. C.

"The smallest hair throws a shadow."

As president of the class he has presided over this august assembly with the dignity of a moot court judge. Besides possessing rare executive ability, he has gained exceptional distinction as a ladies' man. This, perhaps, is the cause of his great attachment to the "Hill." Willie, for so he has been dubbed, is an ideal for mothers to point out to their children. By serving his fellow-students with everything possible for an agent to furnish, he has become very popular (?) His agencies, we predict, he will carry away with him.





S. H. VOKELEY, M.A., LAKE, N. C.

"Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My troubles are few, and my temper the same."

"Doc" possesses those qualities which are such as to command wide admiration. The high regard in which he is held by his fellow-students was shown by electing him Assistant Manager of the College weekly paper. He enjoys sporting life and always likes to be up in "G," especially on visits to the Capital during occasions of interest and excitement. As a medical student he has already shown an ability such as to be a warning to all eminent physicians, lest, perchance, some one of them may soon forfeit his position to this more capable man.

Assistant in Laboratory, 1902-5.

L'Envoi

Out of the breaking down of years
 There comes another strain
Far-whisperings of some after-time,
 When bliss shall end all pain.

A rapture steals into my soul
 From where?—Unknowing to me,
Unless it be the voice of Hope
 Unfolds Eternity.



J. B. ANDERSON, B.L., PAINT FORK, N. C.

"I know you lawyers can with ease
Twist words and meanings as you please."

Who is it that can not tell a mountaineer? That long stride, piercing eye, cutting remark, decided answer and sensible decision. A man with hustle in him. A friend in need and sticketh closer than a leech on a slick rock.

Licensed lawyer, Senior Speaker, President Law Class.



B. H. CRUMPLER, B.L., CLINTON, N. C.

"Fit for the mountains and barbarous caves
Where manners ne'er were preached."

Licensed lawyer, "learned in the law." Judge of the moot court Pugilistic practitioner and professional blow.



T. S. FERREE, B.L., ASHLAND, N. C.

" Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man:
That man resembled thee."

A Freshman turned out into the world with a degree! "O, consistency! thou art a jewel!"

T. J. MARKHAM, B.L., ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

" If looking wise was wisdom,
Then thou wert wise indeed."

The world has long sought for a modern Justinian but all in vain. Here is a man whose lordly look and dignified air fill the requirement, but as for the legal ability we can not safely vouch. However, we hope that he may some day, at least, occupy the position of office-boy for some eminent legal firm.

Licensed lawyer.





P. C. McDUFFIE, B.L. BALTIMORE, MD.

Dazzled by his own wondrous flight.

"Mack" is a rare genius, whose favorite "stunt" consists in talking as much as possible on "experiences" never dreamed of before. His speaking has won for him the name of orator, having successfully represented the College in an inter-collegiate debate.

Licensed lawyer and Senior Speaker.

W. H. PACE, B.L., RALEIGH, N. C.

Tax not so had a voice to slander music any more at once.

He is a man of legal reputation and also popular in social circles. He occupies an important position in the Glee Club, where he makes himself heard by his wonderful basso profundo. In him we lose another old landmark of the College, and it will surely be a grief to the Faculty and trustees to be deprived of his presence and timely advice. Perhaps we can part with him, though assured that he is soon to enlighten some of our "moonshine districts" through legal reforms.

Licensed lawyer.





F. D. SWINDELL, B.L., WILSON, N. C.

" I would be a graduate, sir, no freshman."

He is a former graduate of Trinity College, and now a member of the Law Class at this place. From his attempts at dignity and pride, we judge he prefers being ranked among the professors, but our conscience prevents us from showing him this respect and honor.



Class Ode

I.

Dream-wrought and far,
They rose—those mist-veiled heights,—
With line on line,
Of ranging scarp and cliff,
Where-o'er, a star
Soft shone and lit the night's
Dawn-smitten shades
With promisings divine.

II.

Lone, dim the way,
With sinuous windings, crept
From crest to crest
Of shadow-darkened steeps:
Then bathed in gray,
Empurpled haze, it slipped
Beyond the straining eye:
And changeful vanishings
Told where it dipped,
And passed into the trackless deeps.

III.

Within our hearts
Deep, quenchless yearnings stole,
And thrill on thrill,
Fired by that fervid flame
Which faith alone imparts,
Resistless swept the soul
And nerved the arm
To reach and wrestle still.

IV.

"Grapple and gain!"
Such was the voice we caught,
Far-heard, far-sent,
Adown the vistaed maze;
Nor knew from whence it came,
Save that not vain
It seemed. But promise-fraught,
Presaging all those after-days
For each might hold,
It hinted of the palm
And laurel wreath
Ere strength should be fore-spent,
Or ardor wane.

V.

Slow-numbered years
Of toil—how swift they stole
Into the past!
Long pausing here, this hour,
Where others erst have stood
And felt, within, the voiceless thrill
Of questionings beyond
Stir deeply all the soul,
We fain would ask,
What task awaits us still?

VI.

Scarcely musing thus—
 "Scorn not to serve!"
 With mute, imploring hands
 A nation's millions plead.
 "For truth be bold!
 In this wild strenuous whirl
 Of jarring, clashing creed,
 Disclaim to swerve
 From aught that right demands;
 Nor lightly hold
 A State's, a Nation's need."

VII.

"Shrink not from trust!—
 When hard upon thine arm
 A cause committed rests,
 And ruthless hands,
 Assailing all that's counted just,
 Deal deadly harm
 To every cherished hope of man,
 Let not the hests
 Of duty go unheard;
 Nor let man's faith in man—
 A heritage conferred
 By sterner times—
 Neglected fail.—God's plan
 Is this.—Keep it, thou must!"

VIII.

"Strive and achieve!
 The lingering age-long scheme
 Round which the destiny
 Of man doth cling,
 As yet is but a dream—
 Ever evanishing."

IX.

"Doubt not—believe!
 For thee afar the chalice burns.
 And ere the finished quest,
 A nearer view
 Of all for which the spirit yearns
 Shall failing strength renew,
 An l to the soul
 Give promissings of rest."

X.

"Reach forth and grasp!
 With nerved control,
 And dauntless courage trace
 Firm, rock-hewn steps,
 From brow to brow of rugged scarp.
 And, straining, clasp
 Ere-long the chaplet-cinctured goal,
 Visioned beyond dim-verging space,
 Lone, outer summits rise,
 Where winged thought
 Breasting the intense air,
 May cleave the rich-hued skies,
 And sweep for aye
 The margeless regions of the soul."

XI.

Dream-wrought and far
 They rise—those mist-veiled heights
 To which we did aspire—
 Measureless, boundless, infinite!
 Nor nearer than
 The foot-hills do we seem.
 Enskied apart,
 Still burns that one white star
 Which first we saw strike through the night's
 Dawn-smitten shades
 And bathe the soft-illumed hills
 With holy fire.

XII.

Will it thus shine,
 Undimmed, unspent,
 Upon each separate way
 Which, parting, now we take?
 And, shall forever pour
 Those glimmerings divine
 Adown the rifted shadows gray,
 Awaking in these hearts
 Deep yearnings heaven-sent?

XIII.

This is our faith,—
 —Silent the ever-hastening years
 Backward shall steal
 Themselves away
 To some far, slumbersome, foam-fringed shore,
 Where all the weight of woe and tears,
 Which here we feel,
 Nephenthe-bathed, shall change to bliss—
 Or vex no more.

XIV.

But yon white star,
 Whose lustre never wanes,
 Self-moved, ensphered alone,
 Shall still inspire the soul to soar
 To those vast regions glimpsed afar.
 Where jarless concord is,
 And Truth with Beauty reigns
 Forevermore.

XV.

And when the days
 Of toil, of pain, of hope,
 Nearer their golden fruitage grown,
 Shall bear us hence;
 Treading wide-severed ways
 Which here a transient blending found,
 We each will pause
 To catch from time's receding depths,
 A Voice afar,
 Recalling this sweet, pensive hour
 And all that here we've known:
 And turning thence,
 We each will follow still—
 The gleam—the star!

Junior Class

Officers

T. B. ASHCRAFT,	President
O. P. RICHARDSON,	Vice-President
S. O. HAMRICK,	Secretary
RUFUS FORD,	Treasurer
GEORGE GOODWYN,	Poet
JO PATTON,	Historian
L. E. BALDWIN,	Prophet

JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class History

IT was in the fall of 1902 that a sturdy band of "newish" from all over the State boarded the cars with grips in their hands, lumps in their throats and the last flower from their sweet-hearts pinned on their coats, to set sail for the Elysian fields of erudition said to be found at a small flag-station somewhere near Raleigh. How the fond fathers returned to their firesides to reflect over the many honors their sons would win at college! But, "Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball."

We enlisted with a company of about seventy-five, but lo, the change that has come over the world! We number less than fifty to-day. Some have married wives and have bid us a lasting adieu; some have heard "the call of the wild" and have left us for ports unknown; and, alas, some poor prodigals have fallen upon stony ground to be devoured by the ravenous Faculty; while the remainder stand with fear and trembling, dreading what the future may hold in store for them.

No pen can describe, nor poet dream, nor orator portray the perils, the heart-aches, the blighted hopes, the crushed pride, yea, verily the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" we poor 'newish' underwent in that unspeakable year of 1902—during the sophomoric inquisition. Those were days when even the knees of the righteous smote together, and the souls of the ungodly cried for "the rocks and mountains" to hide them. It was then that we learned to guard that most unruly member, the tongue; it was then that we learned to translate the hieroglyphics found on trees, etc. It was then that we heard the weird and uncanny wails of the "Night Hawks" as they communed one with the other. Oh, it was then that our forms quaked and our hearts grew sick at the sound of every approaching footstep, whether of man or beast. Cruel days, can we never forget them?

But surcease came with Commencement and we went home wounded and bleeding in spirit. However, time is fleeting as well as grief, and when we heard the neighbors dotingly remark as we passed, "He's been to college," somehow a reaction set in and our spirits underwent a transformation. We became egotistic, proud, haughty, domineering; and it was in this baleful plight that we returned to college again. We pass over that stage in our evolution with haste, for if there are any days that a man wishes to forget they are the days of sophomoredom—those days when a boy becomes a veritable bubble, a gushing nonentity, a "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," full of nothing heavier than hot air.

In this state of mental distortion we in turn played the game with the unsophisticated "newish" that we had been taught the previous year. It was then that we talked of things momentous, that we put the Seniors and Juniors to shame with our

witticisms and repartee; and it was then that we taught the Faculty many lessons in discipline, ever lending them our worthy counsel and advice. So it was that we passed through the eventful days of sophomore insanity.

And now we have reached the lesser peak of Mt. Parnassus. We are Juniors!! We have shed our false skin; the scales have fallen from our eyes. We have, at last, awakened to the fact that there is still something left for us to learn. Our eyes have become fixed upon the farther shore looming in the distance, and we are steering our fragile barks across the treacherous waters towards the shining port of graduation.

We have a right to be proud of our record this year, for we hold more offices than any other class in college. We are strongly represented on the Glee Club, ball team, in the Y. M. C. A. In fact, our men are at the head of nearly every college organization. We have been represented in the intercollegiate debate and at Anniversary. Our men are holding offices on all the college publications, and everywhere the Juniors are doing themselves honor.

We have made one or two exchanges with the Seniors. Davis, becoming tired of our slow gait, has taken a step forward and will graduate this year; while the Seniors have given us one or two of their number. Although we feel greatly cheated, still we press forward oblivious of small matters.

We have in our file, orators, poets, preachers, lawyers, doctors, ball players and anything else you may call for. We are pressing forward, having profited from the experiences of the past, towards the acme of success. And thus I close the partial history of one of the most phenomenal as well as epoch-making classes the world ever saw. We leave behind us a history more lasting than brass, obviously unprecedented, absolutely impossible of narration.

Junior Grinds

"My tongue within my lips I rein."—*Poc.*

"My legs are my main stay."—*Holding, B.*

"In me as yet ambition has no part."—*Cox.*

"I dare not be as funny as I can."—*McBrayer.*

"One struggle more and we are free."—*Juniors.*

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."—*Harwell, D. F.*

"His voice no touch of harmony admits."—*Earnshaw.*

"I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch."—*Spence.*

"Much tongue and no thought often go together."—*Ray, V.*

"Long indulged laziness hath sapped thy very soul."—*Wiggs.*

"But half a man when separated from his other half."—*Potcat.*

"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."—*Johnson, R.*

"Has great loquacity and too great taciturnity by bits."—*Ford.*

"When speaking, he sounds like a threshing machine."—*Parker, L.*

"Who makes a furnace of his mouth and keeps his chimney burning."—*Patton, Jo.*

"My words I count, for fear my vocabulary will become exhausted too soon."—*Jones, J. C.*

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." —*Smith, R.*

"With hands rammed in his pockets and hat on the back of his head, he waddles and paddles around."—*Kendrick.*

Sophomore Class

Officers

FELIX B. GREENE	President
JOHN IVEY SMITH,	Vice-President
CLYDE JENKINS,	Secretary
RIVERS JOHNSON,	Treasurer
JESSE GARDNER,	Historian
ARCHIE WARD,	Poet
GARLAND GREENE,	Prophet



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class History

EARLY in the fall of 1903 we were landed at college in full force, and in full freshness, too, as the "oldishes" continually prevailed upon us to believe. We were "newish" then, and being such, we were subject to many hardships, many unpleasant criticisms, and many derisive remarks. In the day time we were obliged to keep step to that abominable "newish whistle," and at night we stood in constant fear, dreading a visit from that renowned "Blacking Club." Last year was indeed a hard and stormy one for us, one full of humiliation, trial, trouble and tribulation. But we grunted, grinned and endured it all, finding some consolation in thinking:

"Forsan haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

And no wonder we longed for the time to come when we could occupy and enjoy the most enviable of all positions—that of sophomores.

So with our return to Wake Forest last August, we abandoned the bounds of monstrous stupidity and are no longer "newish," nor one of Professor Sledd's monumental somethings; but we are decorous and honorable sophomores, though not with the primary meaning of that word.

Yet increased honors and more exalted positions bring new responsibilities and duties. And upon our arrival here last fall we at once realized that we had not only to look out for our individual interests and affairs, but also found that there devolved upon us the apparently distasteful, yet really fascinating, duty of "caring for" the freshest crowd of "newish" that ever sophomores had to contend with. So, with Hamrick as our leader, (we chose him for this place because there is such an unlimited number of them here that the Faculty will never know when they have the right one), we have treated the "newish" "black," for we are men who never shirk a duty, and it was simply "up to us" to haze a *little*.

We leave it to the "newish" that we have done our full duty along this line. Also, Dr. Sikes, will testify to it, for doubtless he remembers the night on the campus that he was mistaken for a certain big freshman in college and barely escaped having his manly and lordly face besmeared with lamp black and kerosene.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have "put it to" the next sophomore class to carry out our high ideals of freshman subordination, we have

"Mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth,"

and have really done some work in our text-books. Also we always stand ready to promote the welfare and interests of the dear old college. We very ardently and earnestly assisted in passing the "Honor System" now in operation here, though

some of our members (we promised not to give their names) did vote against it. They said that they were in favor of the system, but thought that a fellow ought to be given sufficient warning and time to "study" in order to stand examinations under the new rules. Don't think for a moment now that any of us would "pony" on exams, or even use a "pony; for while we lead our classes in "Biology," "Psychology," "Physiology," "Laboratoryology" and "Gymnology," yet there are two "ologies" we never take any part in, and they are "Ponyology" and "Loreology."

Our method of procedure in organizing and electing class officers was far more agreeable and pleasant this time than last. Instead of meeting out in the country in some old farmer's cornfield with the cold ground for a floor and the blue sky for a roof, as was the case last year, we met this time in one of our comfortable society halls and getting down to business we elected officers beginning with "Chinaman" Greene as President and ending with "Knotty" Greene as Prophet.

After Christmas several of our flock "came up missing." Long-legged Edmonds is not back here. We hear that he is president of Pine Bluff Public School. We also miss the Parker twins, or rather the racket and disturbance they were continually keeping up. It was almost impossible to distinguish one of the twins from the other, and quite often the question was asked, "Mike, are you Arnold?" A few others of our number failed to put in their appearance this spring. It is rumored around here that they couldn't stand the "Honor System," but of course it will not do to talk this. However, to take the places of our absent class-mates, "Old Santa" was kind enough to bring us two or three "Christmas gifts," who are certainly handsome (?) little fellows.

We know, in writing a class history, it is customary to name some of the members who have won notoriety and fame. But to do this in our class, without slight to any one, would necessitate our going through with the entire roll, for almost all of us have "trod the flowery paths of fame." We do not boast of it, yet we do say with all sincerity, and are proud to say, that the present Sophomore class is the backbone of this institution. For, take the members of our class out of the ball team, the Glee Club, and we might add, the Faculty; and as for the rest—well, we will not express our opinion.

It is true, we have some "lame ducks" and "broken sticks" in our ranks, and other deficiencies are noticeable, for,

"The best may slip and the most cautions fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all."

Yet we believe as firmly as it is possible to believe that there is lying, perhaps "dormant" in this class some of the finest material, some of the greatest things possible that could be found in any body of young men that has ever existed heretofore between the Blue Ridge and the Atlantic. For who knows but that some of our members may be a George Washington, a Sir Isaac Newton, or a Demosthenes?

And now our second year at college draws to a close, and we trust that we have

faithfully performed our sophomore duties. This year has been one of work as well as pleasure. Next fall we resume our work here as Juniors, and with the exhortation of Solomon,

"Get wisdom, get understanding,"

and that famous line from Horace,

"*Nil mortalibus ardui est*"

ever before us, the class of 1907 will accomplish something, and will be men of thought and men of action in the arena of life.



Sophomore Raps

"Like a crane he stalketh by."—*Lennon*.

"Almost too small for sight."—*Mitchell, P.*

"Childhood has no foreboding."—*Harris, Scott.*

"A barren desert, fountainless and dry."—*Nanny.*

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."—*Leonard.*

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."—*Waff.*

"They always talk who never think."—*Thomas, J.*

"Incessant scribbling is death to thought."—*Hayes.*

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."—*McCarter.*

"And for the bass he can only bellow."—*W'atherspoon.*

"And seem a saint when most I play the devil."—*Taon.*

"Taint no disgrace to run when you git scart."—*Ferrell.*

"Lo! comb down his hair, it stands upright."—*Upchurch.*

"Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength."—*Caldwell.*

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print."—*Mangum.*

"One may smile and smile and still be a villian."—*Spalding.*

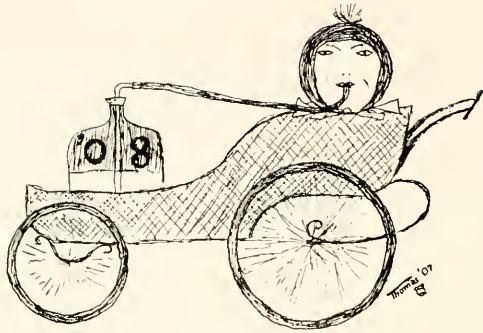
"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."—*Gulley, T.*

"He loves the college for the W. F. C. on his sweater."—*Hill.*

"Deep on his front engraven deliberation sat, and public care."—*Ramscur.*

"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."—*"Reddy" Johnson.*

"Unhand me, gentlemen—by jove, I'll make a ghost of him that hits me."—*Powers, J. A.*



Freshman Class

Officers

LEE B. WEATHERS,	President
RUPERT EARNEST CHEEK,	Vice-President
THOMAS CHRISTOPHER SINGLETON,	Secretary
WILLIAM LEWIS WETZELL,	Treasurer
HERMAN THOMAS STEVENS,	Historian
ARTHUR LLOYD LASSITER,	Poet
LARRY LEONIDAS McLENDON,	Prophet



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Newish Class

ON the second of September, 1904, about six thousand years after the creation of the world, there arrived at Wake Forest College the most intellectual and best looking haul of newish that ever fished out of the frog ponds of time. The moment our feet touched the mud of this locality the air seemed surcharged with a new force. Those who saw us get off of the train looked upon us with awe. As we gazed upon our new surroundings we realized at once that we were lord of all we surveyed. By a unanimous vote the Faculty declared that there never had been, never was, nor ever will be another such collection of smart newish. (?) The management of the college was at once given into our hands, and the trustees were notified that they were no longer needed. (?)

The first great mission work we undertook was to civilize and enlighten the institution, and teach a very poor set of oldishes their allotted places. At once the command went forth that such things as trying to baptize the Faculty, drawing photographs on the buildings, using song books in the chapel to make newish bow their heads reverently, and the lowest down of all meanness—putting kerosene oil and soot on the pretty faces of our noble class—must stop. They actually poured oil and soot in one newish's eyes and ears, against our orders, which made Mr. John Ivey Smith and Mr. Walter Cobb Toon mighty mad. To remedy all these evils we got up the "Honor System," which is working the "rabbit foot" on all the oldish.

To get a "leg" on us the Juniors and Seniors are going to build a beautiful archway for us to walk under, at the entrance gate near the depot. It is to have inscribed on it "*Pro Christo et Humanitate*," which is, being interpreted, "The Newish Triumphant Archway."

We had not been here long before we noticed that the Sophs. held a meeting to elect officers, and did not invite us. We did not like it and to spite them we decided we would have a meeting and elect us some officers. Every newish wanted to be President, Treasurer or something, and everything in town was legged from Oliver Bracy to "Reddy" Johnson. Some of our legs were pulled so long we have been wearing high-water pantaloons ever since. Finally, October 6th, the day appointed for the meeting arrived. We met in the Euzelian Hall. All of the oldish and some of the newish were there. The oldish were cast out and the meeting was called to order. "Maiden-eyed" Weathers was elected President; "Under-taker" Check, Vice-President, and

"Rattled were we?—not a bit;
But went on in spite of it,
Got a Pres. with lots of go,
Rah, rah, rah, we told you so!"

"Pretty" Wetzel was running for the Judas job, so he was made holder of the bag. "Know-all" Singleton was made Secretary; Little "Long Haired" Lassiter, Poet, and "Light-headed" McLendon, Prophet. While our august body was in session the sound of the hammer was heard. Some of the boys tried to make patriotics, but they could not for the thought of the fate that awaited below. With "all save himself who can," as our motto we adjourned. We found the hall door firmly tied. We quickly snatched it open, and with Creasman, "Blushing" Baucom and "Knotty" Brown in the lead, we made a charge down the stairs that would have put the "Light Brigade" to shame. To our horror, we found at the bottom of the stairs a heavy door firmly nailed to prevent our farther escape. Like the walls of Jericho, a side door leading into Professor Mills' recitation room went down before this frenzied host, while floods of water and sand poured in upon us. We soon made our escape through a back window while the oldish were "scrapping" on the outside.

From "Big" Bunn to "Baby" Bryan, we have some noted characters, who rejoice in singing, "On the mud-sill of fame I have carved my name." South Carolina Ayers heads the list of heroes as a professional snipe catcher. "Smutty" Morris comes next as General Receiver of the polish. He was blacked twice in one night. They started to put him in "Spoon's" laundry basket and send him off to be washed. He surely needed it. The best cat-skinners and all-round actors in the gym, are Arnette and "Dr. Ducky" Murray. We have several sports of the first water, but "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" Tyner, Carl Dunn and "Creasy" lead the crap. They are genuine heart-breakers. The B. U. W. girls say that our "Pilgrim" is a flirt, but he gets there just the same. Little Dunn and "Ichabod" Chafin are our hardest workers and make the highest marks. They have a leg on all the Faculty. "Frog" Powers has entered politics. He settled the race problem one night trying to escape from the "Night Hawks." He, indeed, succeeded in leaving "footprints on the sands of time." "Big" Bunn is the best looking man in college. Couch, Walters, Hamrick and "Jollywhopper" are trying for the hall team, and remind us of "Casey at the Bat." Our "Xmas Gifts," and especially our "Valentine" from Georgia, are all fine. One beautiful gift came from Statesville. The Valentine visited a sick man in the dormitory one night, and while he was comforting him with his love stories and adventures in Georgia his face suddenly received a nocturnal appearance.

One of the first things a fellow learns when he goes to college is not to tell any funny jokes the first year. Our class is no exception to the rule. There are very few oldish that are bright enough to see the point to a newish's joke. On Junior English we all learned this great truth, "If a newish stopped to think what he was about to say, nine times out of ten he would never say it."

In parsing a sentence for Professor Eatman, one graduate from the high school "to home" said "woman" is a transitive verb, an object of the preposition "man."

We were about to forget the newish reception. It was for our special benefit and we took it in. The oldish followed us around and waited upon us. One new-

ish tried to walk through the large looking glass in the Phi. Hall. Before we left the affair we felt that we were "Barnum and Bailey's best man from Borneo."

The Wake Forest and Richmond debate came next. It was a grand affair for us. You ought to have been there. We are going to elect Messrs Olive and Patton honorary members of our class for saving our cup from them foreigners.

The Anniversary was the next great occasion in our embrial path. Of course, we took charge of the affair. We were glad to have the B. U. W. girls visit us, and we took great delight in entertaining them. Girls, we want you to come again next year. Little Townsend was our marshal, and he surely did look cunning in that biled shirt and long-tailed, thank-ye-mam coat.

We appointed President Weathers and Mr. J. B. Rozier, at our last meeting, to act as marshals for us at Commencement, and to see that the Seniors put on their s.lk bee-gum hats correctly, and have their long-tailed coats setting well, and most of all, that they show up well when they get on the stage to say their speeches. At this meeting we instructed Hon. "Frog" to attend the inauguration of our friend "Teddy," and to assure him that he has the sympathy and co-operation of our class in the management of the government, and that if he needs any money just to call on the treasurer of our class. We also ordered that electric lights and water-works be installed in the college and town at once.

Finally, beautiful spring has come, bringing its balmy days and we get a glimpse of the end of our newish year. Ae we look back over the past we are satisfied. Yes, we were fresh and green when we arrived, and carried grass to feed the goat the night we joined society. But taken as a whole our class has been a most successful one. Our failures have been many but our successes are legion. Many strong and enduring friendships have been made, and we have learned to love old Wake Forest College and her teachers with all our hearts. With high purposes and noble ambitions we enter new fields to win greater victories, singing:

"Let not sophomores mock our useful toil,

Our newish joys and hopes obscure,

Nor seniors hear with a disdainful smile

The short and simple annals of the poor—newish."

Newish Drags

- "His meekness is extreme."—*Lassiter*.
- "Mon Diu! what a name."—*Zollicoffer*.
- "Weep for night comes on apace."—*Freshman*.
- "He'll never die of Bright's disease."—*Murray*.
- "Oh! that I might get an introduction."—*Adams*.
- "Look! he's winding up his watch of wit."—*Arledge*.
- "But for my own part it was Greek to me."—*Martin*.
- "We asked our mamma 'fore we came."—*Bryan Bros*.
- "You'd doubt his sex and take him for a girl."—*Check*.
- "Let the 'Gold Dust Twins' do your work."—*Williams, B.*
- "In debating I lay much stress on loud utterance."—*King*.
- "My own thoughts are my sole companions."—*Brickhouse*.
- "A coward, a most devout coward, religion's in it."—*Newell*
- "Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."—*Dr. Murray*.
- "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."—*Newish in general*.
- "When a fool was the theme my name was not far off."—*Morris*.
- "God made him, therefore, let him pass for a man."—*Murray, A. R.*
- "Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plains."—*Newish Footc.*
- "Oh, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."—*Ayres*.
- "Not all the salt in the ocean's brine can cure the freshness that is thine."—*Adams*.
- "And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, still we went coupled and inseparate."—*Wetzel and Morris*.

Newish Poem

Many boys came forth from the East and the West,
To the great old W. F. C.
For she was acknowledged to be the best
Since the surrender of R. E. Lee.

The freshman class of '04-'05
Was by far we thought the best,
But at length we found other classes alive,
And were soon put behind the rest.

The boys called us "newish,"
And would delight in whistling us around,
Until at length many of us would say:
"We wish they were out of this town."

According to custom we had to meet,
As the classes before us had done;
To elect our officers for the ensuing year,
And have some pleasure and fun.

The day finally came for us to meet,
So we met in the Euzelian Hall;
Other boys had gathered quickly around,
But our crowd was exceedingly small.

The boys pushed us into the doors,
And now and then would cry and shout;
We knew at once what that meant,
To keep us from getting out.

We elected officers as quickly as we could,
For we thought we would have to fight or run;
Or else from the crowd that had gathered around
We would be there till the setting of the sun.

They had nailed up the doors to keep us in,
But we broke through and came down;
Then they threw sand and water on us,
Until we reached the ground.

They love to polish us up
And make fun of us anyway,
But what does us a lot of good,
Our time is coming some day.

Of course, we must be good,
And behave ourselves this spring,
And when the happy vacation rolls by,
We will be "Johnny-on-the-spot" again.

Law Class

Officers

J. B. ANDERSON,	President
T. J. MARKHAM,	Vice-President
E. M. HAIRFIELD,	Secretary
J. H. VERNON	Treasurer
P. C. McDUFFIE,	Historian
F. D. SWINDELL,	Poet
E. COX,	Prophet



Photo by Hildrick, Durham, N. C.

LAW CLASS

Law Class History

THE concluding chapter of the history of our career has been demanded, so we must write it. From the time we entered we have been noticed as a remarkably smart class. (?) Our teacher, Professor Gulley, would gaze upon us in wonder while listening to us, as we expounded the most difficult questions of law, or ably explained the true meaning of some of the hardest passages in Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries. Often our instructor would come to the class looking haggard and worn. We learned that it was from loss of sleep from spending the "wee small hours" of the night in study in order that he might keep ahead of the class, which is noted for its ravenous assaults upon the demons of ignorance, and for its heart to heart talks with the fairy of knowledge. In the class we are a constellation, in oratory a congress and parliament complete. An opportunity to come to the Moot Court and hear the burning words and gifted tongues of our eloquent orators pleading for mercy has long been looked upon as a rare treat by all the people from far and near. Never before in the history of the Law School have so many appeared before that august body—the Supreme Court—to obtain their license. We now have in our class eight talented young limbs of the law. These are Messrs. Spence, Anderson, Crumpler, Markham, Pace, Sigmon, Morgan, McDuffie. As a band of voyagers on the sea of forensic knowledge we have floated very peacefully with the tide, and we expect to launch into the breakers and sail into the world as the most renowned class of young lawyers in the history of Wake Forest.

This work is done, but before the pen drops from the hand of the historian I would like to speak of a few individual members of this celebrated aggregation.

J. B. Anderson began operations in this world some where near Ashville, N. C., in 1878, as a prospective school teacher and general "ward-heeler." He made such a reputation among the local politicians of Western North Carolina that he decided to follow the study of law, in order that his future success might not be blighted. The crowning feature of his political career came to pass when he was elected President of the Law Class.

R. L. Sigmon was born in the town of Dealville, N. C. A great many curious things have happened, but none like this. "Old Siggie," as he is known by the student body, is, in politics, a boxer. After leaving Wake Forest he will become a local agent for the consolidated Fire Insurance Company of America and city attorney for Wake Forest.

J. W. Whisnant. The curtain of his existence went up at Granite Falls, N. C., in 1880. He will continue as long as is necessary to complete his law course. As

a corporation lawyer his fame will extend throughout the country, and as a political spell-binder he will have no equal.

B. H. Crumpler began his earthly career in the wilds of Sampson County in 1883. Little is known concerning his early life, except the fact that his native town observes his birth day as the day of prayer, and celebrates the day of his removal as Thanksgiving Day. He will make a specialty of criminal law and will be a power in politics in Sampson County.

J. M. Picot made his first appearance in this world in Littleton, N. C., in 1885, where he received his early education. He is familiarly known as Sir Edward Coke as his knowledge (?) of the law is surprising to all who come in contact with him. He will devote his time after leaving Wake Forest to writing law books.

F. D. Swindell, Jr., LL.D (?) was issued into Kinston, N. C., by the howling of November wind in 1882, and the local editors have it that the wind was not responsible for all the howling. He comes to us as a post graduate from Trinity, and never fails to make the fact known that he has had early training. As soon as he gets his license he expects to become Attorney-General for the State and, at the age of forty, take charge of the Law School at Trinity.

Here's to the class of '05, may the fame of her intellectual prowess ever be on the increase. "*Salve et vale.*"

Law Class Poem.

When the teacher's last lecture is ended,
And we put our Blackstone aside,
When the Supreme Court has asked its questions,
And all of us have passed who tried,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Quit work for a month or more,
Till some blooming fool of a client
Takes a notion to knock at our door.

Then those who studied their Blackstone,
And Hopkins on property real,
Can write a last will and testament,
And boldly present a big bill.
We'll take a few cases for nothing,
And put up an eloquent plea,
For a "nigger" who stole a chicken,
And is indicted for larceny.

Then perhaps a few will praise us,
But likely many will blame,
Because of our frantic efforts
To get acquainted with fame,
So some day we may handle the gavel
And speak of ourselves as "the Court,"
Or embody our learned opinions
In a North Carolina report.

Medical Class

Officers

T. M. BIZZELL,	President
S. H. VOKELEY,	Vice-President
T. D. KITCHIN,	Secretary
S. R. EDWARDS,	Treasurer
W. M. JOHNSON,	Historian
P. H. MITCHELL,	Poet



MEDICAL CLASS.

Medical Class History

EVER since the Wake Forest Medical Class of 1904-5 first met Dr. Rankin in the little room that is always too hot in summer and too cold in winter, it has been entirely too busy to bother with such trivial matters as making history. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, in its own modest (?) way, it has accomplished a good many things worthy of record, but, alas! the most of these things have been forgotten long ago. Still, the historian will do his best to bring a few of them to memory.

The class, like its predecessors, is characterized by the small number of its members, but the diagnostic difference between it and them lies in the superior quality of work done by it. Taking this into consideration, it felt justified in claiming as its motto, "Quality, not quantity." Doubtless there are several of its members whose names will some day be inscribed in the Medical Department of the Temple of Fame. In fact, one of our number has already acquired no little local reputation by a discovery which was made by him after he had been in the class only a month. This discovery, as announced by him to the Physiology class, was that the umbilical cord is located in the pituitary fossa on the superior surface of the body of the sphenoid bone. While as yet the attention of the scientific world has not been called to this discovery, who can tell what its far-reaching results will be?

Soon after the beginning of the session, the class received a valuable addition in the person of Timberlake, whose dramatic entrance upon the rostrum of the chapel at morning prayers created quite a sensation. Although it is rather unusual for a first-year medical student to specialize on any particular branch, he began at once to make a special study of structures, and soon became recognized by the class and by Dr. Cooke himself, as a Ready Reference Manual of Histology.

During the fall term the class was saddened by the death of one of its most promising members, Mr. S. A. Matthews, who died of typhoid fever in the hospital at Raleigh. Although he had been a student but a short time, he had made a warm friend of every man in the class, and each one of us felt that he had suffered a personal loss. It is hard to understand why such things must be, but we know that the Great Physician never makes mistakes, and that it was for the best.

By hard work the class managed to get along over the rough places in Osteology, Physiology, Histology and the other ologies, and at the Christmas examinations broke the record for Wake Forest Medical classes. Every man passed with flying gall-green and blood-red colors.

After Christmas the "meds." came back with great tales of the good times they had been having, but the joys of that happy occasion were soon forgotten in the storm of quizzes, practical examinations and other work which swept down upon us.

When the work of dissection began, the morals of the whole class were slightly lowered; those of us who could neither smoke nor chew began to envy those who could, and some began taking lessons in the use of the weed. The rest of us never went into the dissecting hall without our pockets full of matches, which we cheerfully furnished to any one who would volunteer to smoke.

Our number was increased at the beginning of the spring term by two new members, Bennett and "Bill" Hines. "Bill" distinguished himself from the first by his skill in grinding knives, and soon became Dr. Cooke's right-hand man whenever sharp knives were needed.

Not very long after Christmas the monotony was broken by Anniversary, when the whole class stopped work for two or three days, substituting Sunday suits for overalls, and kid gloves for rubber ones. After this festive occasion, it was decided unanimously by Dr. Cooke and the class that "Dutch" Yokeley deserved to be called the sporting man of the class. It would have been rather hard to decide between him and Kitchin, but for the fact that "Dutch" wore in addition to a dress suit, a beaver hat—a slick, shiny beaver—while Kitchin did not.

From Anniversary to Commencement the record of the class varies little from day to day—being mostly one of quizzes, ball games and examinations, with all kinds of scores on all of them. As Commencement approaches, the pleasure with which its approach is anticipated is not unmixed with a feeling of regret, that the "onliest class in college" must so soon disband, never to meet again with its ranks unbroken. Although some of its members belong to the graduating class, they all alike have to look forward to several years more of hard work before being sent out into the world as full fledged M. D.'s. When this time does finally come, however, there will doubtless be a change for the better in modern medical science.

In Memoriam

Sidney A. Matthews

Died November 27, 1904

What I do thou knowest not now:
But thou shalt understand hereafter.

“The Echo of the Heart.”

Be it so gay or debonair,
Disguised or changed by creature's art,
The face is e'er, or smile or tear,
The silent echo of the heart.

The key to all the thoughts within
The elsewise soundless depths of mind,
The face is but, or stamped with sin,
The silent echo of the heart.

Serene the face, mysterious force
Sad hearts attracts as to the sun
For warmth. 'Tis still, nor harsh nor coarse,
The silent echo of the heart.

A noble soul spreads o'er a face
To comeliness a thing apart,
And 'prints thereon a heavenly grace,
The silent echo of the heart.



To Euzelia

The stately mien, the calm, imperious brow,
The regal glance of eye, whose holy fire
Would kindle in the soul a long desire
For all that lovely is; and would endow
The mind with strength—with purpose to aspire
To all that Truth can teach, or Good require.—
These charms are thine, Euzelia. Ere now
Thy sons have loved thy name. Nor has the vow
Which bound them to thy long-revered shrine
Been lightly held. Nor shall it ever be—
So long as aught remains men call divine,
And Truth shall teach man's spirit to be free,
The torch that thou dost bear shall shine
Forever in the hearts that reverence thee.



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

ETZELEAN SOCIETY.



EUZELIAN SOCIETY HALL.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY HALL.





PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

To Philomathesia

Winged bearer of the laurel-wreathed crown,
Whose native realm is that truth-centered sphere,
Where high resolve doth move untouched by fear
Or aught that fetters faith, or drags hope down
To depths abysmal; whose undimmed renown
With changeful ages shall unchanged appear
Till all be finished: fain would we revere
For aye thy hallowed shrine. And wilt thou frown
To own the gift we bring?—For unskilled hands
Essay to pluck from bold Parnassus' brow
This wreath for thee.—If so thy frown still stands
As sacred as thy smile. And e'er, as now,
Yielding obedience to thy just demands.
These hearts, with thee, shall keep each plighted vow.

Y. M. C. A.

HUBERT M. POTEAT,	President
J. B. WEATHERSPOON,	Vice-President
T. B. ASHCRAFT,	Treasurer
C. A. LEONARD,	Recording Secretary
W. D. POE,	Corresponding Secretary

Chairmen of Committees

Religious	Nominating
C. A. UPCHURCH	J. H. SPAULDING
Finance	
T. B. ASHCRAFT	
Bible Study	Mission Study
W. A. POLLARD	C. A. LEONARD
Handbook	
W. H. VANN	



Glee Club and Orchestra

JAMES D. PROCTOR, Manager Glee Club

Glee Club

DARIUS EATMAN, Musical Director

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Leader

First Tenor

M. L. Davis J. W. Whisnant
D. Eatman B. J. Ray

Second Tenor

G. S. Foote C. A. Leonard
W. McGhee Jo. Patton

First Bass

S. W. Bagley W. Lennon
H. M. Poteat L. Powell

Second Bass

B. L. Powers E. Josey
W. H. Weatherspoon C. R. Hamrick
W. H. Pace

Orchestra

J. J. THOMAS, JR., Leader

First Violin—J. J. Thomas, Jr.

Second Violin—M. L. Davis

Double Bass—B. J. Ray

Flute—W. Lennon

First Cornet—S. W. Bagley

Trombone—H. M. Poteat

Horn—T. M. Bizzell

Drum—B. L. Powers

Piano—D. Eatman



GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA.

Love's Allegory

Fair lady, now the dream is past
And Fate's decree is known at last,
Since naught my tears have moved your heart,
List to my love-song ere we part :

The Prince has come with crowned head—
The prince the Princess is to wed—
With trumpet's blare and cavalcade,
And jangling spur with gold inlaid ;
Arise ye slaves, arise and sing
The praises of your Prince and King.

The Prince—how beauteous is his face,
How fair his form, how full of grace,
The Princess' eyes have chosen well ;
Ah, does she love him? Who can tell?
The king, her father, says she must ;
She loves him, aye, ah well enough.

The bell hath long since ceased to toll,
The wedding organ loudly rolls,
And at the altar kneel the pair,
The Princess' face is pale but fair ;
The priest in solemn tones hath said
The sacred words, now they are wed.

The King hath blessed them : there they stand ;
The people bow on every hand,
And shout aloud, "Long live the King,
The King who weds our lovely Queen."
But now all sudden is a hush ;
The Queen hath fallen, fainted. Tush.

From out the crowd a brave knight steals :
The sun is shattered on his shield ;
And quickly springing to a horse
He bears away the lovely corse,
And o'er the hills his echo rings,
"The Queen loves me and not the King."

And canst thou from this simple song
Reveal the meaning? Life is long :
Love 's coaxed, but ne'er compelled :
And I fail to coax it? Well
Life is long : Ah, love farewell.





FRATERNITIES







D. V. L. FRATERNITY.

D. V. L. Fraternity

Chapter Roll

Hufham Watson Early	John Steger Hardaway, Jr.
Richard Wright Adams	John Wheeler McGhee
Ashby Wood Dunn	William Heck Pace
Lewis Montgomery Powell	Terry Alden Lyon
Edwin Walter Fuller Cooke	*James McKennon Powell
William Lankford Royall	Henry Hamlin Harris
Carl Ray Smith	James J. Thomas, Jr.

Fratres in Facultate

Benjamin Francis Sledd	Frederick Kingsbury Cooke
------------------------	---------------------------

Fratres in Urbe

John Marchant Brewer	Roscoe Sanford Dodd
----------------------	---------------------

Robert Henri Royall

"Frater" in Nigro

Nat Mitchell

* Died January 19, 1905

In Memoriam

James McKennon Howell

Who entered into life eternal, January 19, 1905

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the
everlasting arms.

A
Σ
Π



Philip Parey
1900



ALPHA SIGMA PI FRATERNITY.

Alpha Sigma Pi Chapter Roll

'09

James H. Townsend

'07

Bruce L. Powers

Rivers S. Johnson

'06

George T. Goodwyn

Hubert M. Poteat

Jo C. Patton

Claudius B. McBrayer

Dallas B. Zollicoffer

'05

M. Leslie Davis

S. Waitte Bagley

'04

Gaston S. Foote

Burton J. Ray

Fratres in Facultate

Watson S. Rankin

Darius Eatman

Frater in Senatu

Percy J. Olive

Honorary

William B. Royall

William L. Poteat



DELTA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

Delta Sigma Chapter Roll

Fratres in Facultate

Charles E. Brewer

J. Richard Crozier

James L. Lake

Members

Thomas D. Walker

John I. Smith

Arch F. Ward

Waite C. Hamrick

Carl N. Dunn

Oliver P. Richardson

James D. Proctor

Herbert L. Wiggs

Simeon F. Caldwell

Walter C. Toon





T. S. TRANTHAM.



L. L. McLENDON.



E. B. JOSEY.



G. J. SPENCE.



R. H. FERRELL.



M. E. FORREST.



J. E. ALLEN.

Pals

Here's to the pals of college days,
Whose memory lingers fresh always;
The ones who shared each other's bliss,
Or soothed when all life seemed amiss;
The ones who were there when the "goose hung high,"
As well as when things went awry.
Here's to the ties that bind us together,
Here's to the friendship that lasts forever.
Here's to the pals of brighter days,
And the memory that lingers fresh always.

.

Parson Hill's Transgression

IT WAS a calm, beautiful Sunday morning in May, all lay quiet and peaceful, as the rising sun tipped myriads of leaves with a shimmer of silver. Ere long in several directions could be seen the country folk flocking to the little church, and grouping themselves about the grove to discuss current topics before the arrival of the preacher.

Parson Hill had served the church long and faithfully and had "fought a good fight." He had grown old, but notwithstanding the ravages of time, he still retained some of his old-time vigor. On this particular morning in May when all nature seemed reverent in the half-hush of the Sabbath, the parson was riding church-ward on his old nag which, though somewhat the worse for wear, had once been a race-horse. His habitual jog-trot—a gait peculiar to ministerial steeds—belied his past reputation however.

About a mile of the road which ran past the church, and along which this decrepit pair proceeded, had in time past been a race-course. What were the cogitations of the equine brain, as the parson with a pendulum-like swing of his heels prodded his horse on, all the time singing in a strong nasal voice some good old hymns, it would be beyond our sphere to imagine; but, as a vehicle suddenly rattled up behind him, a long-disused brain center seemed to be restored to activity—the old racing instinct returned, and with long strides the old horse started out rather unceremoniously down the road, before the parson could even suspect what his intent was.

Despite the frantic efforts of our venerable parson the old race-horse, now thoroughly aroused, sped on unchecked. The minister's coat-tails, disturbed from their funeral calm, held up their hands in holy horror and waved a doleful farewell. Faster sped the old horse as he neared the church, where the people, hearing an unwonted clatter up the road, had gathered in an expectant group by the roadside. So unceremoniously tossed about, the parson's saddle-bags began to liberate various and sundry articles of apparel, testaments, *et cetera*.

Despairing of stopping his mad career, and having to look to the stability of his equilibrium, Brother Hill had ceased his ineffectual efforts to persuade his steed to moderate his speed, and with clinched teeth was clinging to the pommel of the saddle with no uncertain grip. With a rush and a roar they bore down upon the congregation standing agape at the undignified haste of their pastor. But before a realization of the real state of affairs could sink through their craniums, like a flash of light the church was passed; and with a final flourish of his tail, while the coat-tails of the parson gave one last despairing flop, the whilom race-horse bore his unwilling master around the bend and out of sight.





OUR CITY SISTER.

Li'l Cripple Bobby

I.

Evey night I sits erwhile,
Des er wa'chin' Miss's' chile,
Ez de moon shine on his li'l smilin' face.
An' s'm' how—I dunno why,
But de tear-drops fill meh eye,
An' I feels so lonesome-like an' out o' place.

II.

Hits bin many years ergo,
Sence I uster sit—des so—
Er rockin' li'l baby boy ter sleep;
An' do' de cradle waunt so fine,
Yit *dat* li'l chile wuz *mine*,
An' his li'l face, do' black, wuz des ez sweet.

III.

An' I uster sit an' weep,
Ez I wa'ch 'im dah er sleep,
Fer his fo'm waunt niver shape des zackley right.
But he'd coo an' smile, you boun',
Evey time dat I cum roun'—
Do' he's allus suff'rin' pow'ful day an' night.

IV.

O', I'ze tryed ha'd ter look bright,
Sence de angels cum one night,
An' tuk meh baby ter de yuther sho';
But I can't res' nary spec',
Twell I feels eroun' meh neck—
De arms uv li'l Bobbie—des onct mo'.





J. RICHARD CROZIER. ATHLETIC INSTRUCTOR.



OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Athletics

THE athletic department, once so little noticed, has become a leading phase of college life, and has grown more rapidly in the past year than any other institution connected with the College.

Professor Crozier, gymnasium instructor and ball coach, is responsible more than any one else for this transformation. Under his stimulus athletics in general has taken on a new life. He has made of the gymnasium a most pleasant resort for recreation, and instead of going in to be "bored," the students have grown to look forward to the gymnasium hour with pleasure.

A lot of new apparatus has been purchased, and the little spent in this direction has proved greatly beneficial. Among the new appurtenances to the gymnasium are punching-bag tables, chest works, hand-ball boards, etc. The floors have been marked off for volley-ball, in-door baseball and basket-ball. Screens have been put over all the windows, and all these different games have become an incentive to the boys to go in every day for sport and exercise. The attendance to "gym" has been much larger this year than ever before. Exhibitions have been given and the work of the Atlanta's genial little left-fielder is everywhere evident.

A man has been employed to look after the bath room, which is now open and supplied with hot water every day, instead of twice a week as formerly.

A track team has been organized and so far about thirty men are enrolled. Field day will be some time in April, with probably a contest between W. F. and other colleges in the State, if not an inter-state contest.

The ball team is in fine trim. By having a professional man as a coach the team has improved.

The Athletic Association is stronger this year than ever before. Also a new scheme has been undertaken, that of editing a weekly paper under the auspices of the association. The Wake Forest Weekly bids fair to be a success.

Mr. Crozier will be with us again next year; and with a "specialist" at the head, W. F. athletics is bound to be a still greater success.

Base Ball Team

H. L. WIGGS, Manager
G W PASCHAL, Faculty Manager

Team

Hamrick,	Catcher
Edwards, Turner E., Couch,	Pitchers
Turner, J.	First Base
Walker,	Second Base
Smith, (Captain)	Third Base
Townsend	Shortstop
Walters	Right Field
Goodwyn,	Center Field
Richardson,	Left Field
Holding,	Utility



Photo by Holladay Durham, N. C.

TENNIS CLUB

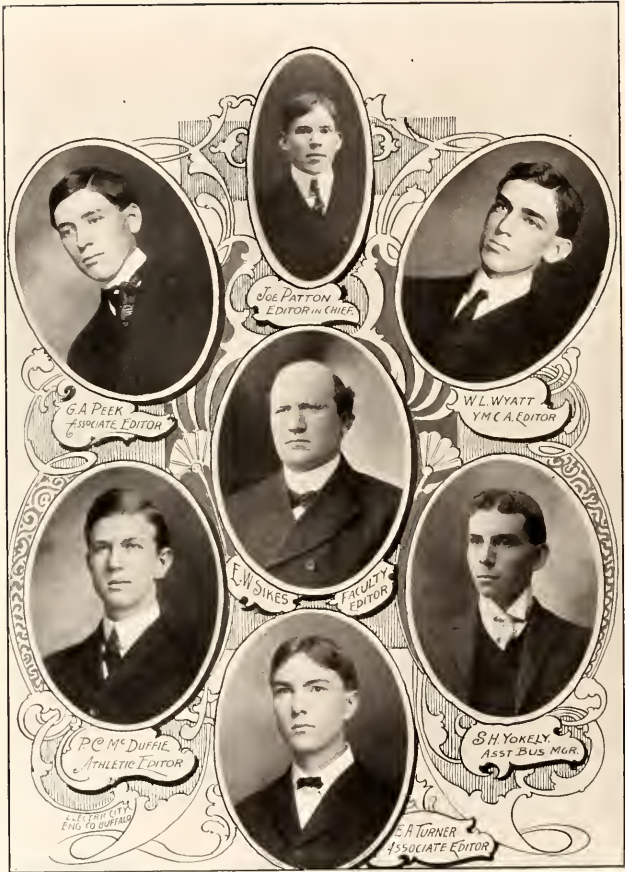


Photo by Holladay.
 Durham, N. C.

Staff Wake Forest Weekly



CLUBS

The Night-Hawks

(A By-gone Institution)

MOTTO: Make all "newish" blacker than Stygian darkness

TIME OF OPERATION: The ghostey hours of midnight

KNOCK-OUT DROPS: Honor system

FAVORITE CONCOCTION: Lamp black and kerosene

Upchurch, . . .	Lord High Instigator
Spalding, . . .	Grand Factotum
Marshall, O. N. . .	Gloomy Octopus
Husketh, . . .	Peculiar Strangler
Stevens, . . .	Voluntary Contortionist
Justice, . . .	The Kid that Totes the bottle
Toon, . . .	"He who runs away may live to black another day"

Members

Ramseur	Holding	Francis	Brown
Weathers	Ford	McCarter	Hill
Gulley, T.	Howell	Richardson	Weatherspoon, W. H.

OBITUARY: Sad to relate—the "Newish" say "nit"—this august Institution, founded to fill a need which, in the light of experience, was one of great moment, has passed into history and is no more. The bane of all fresh "Newish," it has given the elect a chance to live and think, free from coercion or crowding; therefore, peace to its ashes.

"Dead, but never forgotten."

The Bores

"We often boast that we are never bored, yet we are so conceited that we do not perceive how often we bore others."

PRESCRIBED DIET:

Bore cole

OCCUPATION:

Tedious iteration prolonged

"Teddy" Allen,	Effeminate Hocus-pocus
Hardaway,	Out of the Depths comes a rancous voice
Curtis, K.	Blabber-lipped Blubberer
Spence,	Legality George
Elvington,	Dish-rag Relaxation
Trantham,	Possum-like Progression
Ford,	Eternal Crocitation
Cox, E.	Exercrating Attorney
Holding, B.	Ursine Confessor
Cheek,	Poor fellow! he never knows the vapidty of his eternal babbling
Toon,	One of those monomaniacal bipeds who knows no limit to his nocruous dep- redations

CRITICISM: Bores should, like other intrusive swine, be distinguished by rings in their snouts.

Pot-Hook Club

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION:
Least interference with the breeze

CHIEF INDUSTRY:
Capitalization of a new trouser manufactory

QUERY:
What's the matter with the fit of my pants?

AMUSEMENT:
Riding 'o barrels

CHOICE FIGURES:
Arcs and parabolas

DISEASE:
Ring worm

White,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Townsend,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Colonial Hoop-skirt Patentee
Powers, B.	-	-	-	-	-	-	Prototype of the Modern Ring-circus
Pace,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Novelty Horse-shoe Setter
Waff,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Illustrious Billy-goat Rider

Members

Josey	Ives	Williams, B.	Anderson, G.
-------	------	--------------	--------------

Non Compos Mentis Club

" Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not
So awful as that of the human mind in ruins."

PASSWORD: Not wise nor otherwise

EMBLEM: A Deranged Dendron

DISEASE: Mental Aberration

Anderson, J. B.—"The fool doth think he is wise"
Pearson—Infirm of purpose
Murray, A. R.—"Sure the man is tainted in his wits"
Curtis, K.—"Thy mind is a very opal"
Burlison—Famous Hellenic Logician
Poe—"A work of real merit finds favor at last"
Elvington—Exponent of Jiu Jitsu
Zollicoffer—"Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion"
Morris—Transplanted too suddenly
Broughton—Much study is a weariness of the flesh

Hincs, W.	Josey	Dunn, Carl	Greason
Price	Hussey	Fort	Hill
Bazemore	Howell	Long	Foote, O. C.
Brickhouse	Parker, L.	Wetzel	Stephens

Turner Boarding Club

MOTTO: There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink

MOST APPROVED DISH: Whitleather Soup

MANAGER: A. H. Olive

Members:

Stephens,	Engulfer of Chow-chow, Emitter of Pow-wow
Ayres,	Snipe Hunter Extraordinary
Holding, B.	"Who can eat more than I?"
Justice, }	Scylla and Charybdis, respectively
Upchurch, }	
Hill	(Bread) Wrestler Plenipotentiary
Ives	Stolidity and Stupidity Personified and a Veritable Maelstrom
Tyner,	Sissistic Femininity

Photo by Holladay Durham, N. C.

TRINITY BOARDING CLUB



Bragger's Club

MOTTO: Do what others won't do for you

SMOKING MATERIAL: Corn-tassels and dry cotton leaves

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION: To run a bluff

CHIEF OCCUPATION: Ploughing a steer at home and bragging abroad

SONG: "My Girl's a High-born Lady"

"Mose" Goodwyn,	"Much Ado About Nothing"
"Preach" Hardaway,	Renowned Master of Clairvoyance
"Reddy" Proctor,	Egotistic Speculator of Spider-webs.
H. McMillan,	Narrator of "Down home" Wonders
M. L. Davis,	Walking Encyclopedia of Past Experience
McDuffie,	Substituter of "I" in Drummers' Tales
Peek,	Full of sound and fury but signifying nothing
Morgan, E. L.	Three lights: first, the sun; second, the moon; third, himself

FRATER IN FACULTATE, Dr. Cooke

The Auto-Riders

Or, Clandestine Organization of "Translation" Users

TEXT BOOKS: Jacks and ponies

MOTIVE: To read between the lines

NOVELTIES: Greek and Latin Lexicons

TOAST:

Here's to our saints, Hinds and Noble
Whose supplies have been a blessing—
Whose ponies ride as an automobile
And keep the teachers a' guessing

Wiggs,	Scientific Chaffeur
Weatherspoon, W. H.	Celebrated Keeper of the "Keys"
Gardner,	Agent for Handy Literal Translations
Holding, B.	Champion Lasso-thrower from the West
Weathers,	Groom and Stableman for "Jacks"
McCarter,	Last Relic of Chivalry

MEMBERS:

Curtis, W.	Burns	Ferrell	McMillan, R.
Johnson, W. O.	Singleton	Brown, G. V.	Hill
	Burleson	Lennon,	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE: Prof. Carlyle, Dr. Paschal

Short-legged Brigade

Life is short and so are we

MOTTO: Just so we don't drag the ground

OUR THEORY:

All men, alas! from monkeys sprang,
At least that's what old Darwin sang;
Howe'er we claim by trick of luck
To have descended from the duck

CHIEF AMUSEMENT: Tying ladies' shoes

PURPOSE OF ORGANIZATION: To hold close communion with old Mother Earth

Taylor,	Brigadier-General
"Doc" Murray,	Ideal Citizen of Lilliput
Curtis, K.	Ladder Toter in Midnight Raids
Marshall, G.	Agent for Cartilage System of Growing Tall
Ramseur,	"I never yet have learned to cross my legs"

DRAKE MEMBERS:

Townsend	Watson	Dunning
Kendrick	Ayres	Hamrick, R.
Ford	Broughton	Morgan
Williams	McBrayer	Hamrick, F. B.
	Conley	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE: W. L. Poteat, W. R. Cullom

The Loafing Strollers

"Books are fatal;
They are the curse of the human race"

AMUSEMENT: Walking around like a deranged baboon

CREED: We believe in total abstinence from all intellectual indulgences, first, last and all the time; because such practices inhibit proper mental deformity; and then "to do nothing is in every man's power," hence it is our inalienable right to refrain from all practices destructive alike to brain centres, peace of mind, and the full fruition of ignorance.

G. A. Peek,	The Great and Only Ambulator
Jo Patton,	Uncle Remus
Cox,	Leader of the Midnight Squad
Thomas,	The Perambulator

MEMBERS:

Johnson, R. D.	Rozier	Wyatt
Barker	Sikes	Earley
Wiggs	Powers, A. K.	Upchurch
Fisher	Walker	Toon
Cooke	Spence	Adams

FRATRES IN FACULTATE: Dr. Sikes, Dr. Rankin



CLAW-HAMMER CLUB.

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

The Claw-Hammer Boarding Club

MOTTO: It's a strong stomach that has no turning

FAVORITE DISH: *

Choice selections of bacon

SPECIAL DRESS:

Please-don't-rain coats

Howell,	Manager
Price,	High Cockalorum of the Serving Corps
Bunn,	Cyclopean Wielder of the Butcher Knife
Nanney,	Headquarters for Full Cream Cheese
Jones,	Apostolic Confessor of the Monastical Inn
Husketh,	General Supervisor of the Refuse Department
Creasman,	Rustic Waiter in a City Kitchen
Hairfield,	High Ink-slinger on Colored Cards
Kurfees,	Grand Rag-chewer and Bottle-feeder
Anderson,	Attorney Prosecutor for Enlargement of Meals
Brickhouse,	The Every day Pickle-eater
Greene,	Imported Chinese Rice-consumer

The Plug Hat Domineers

MOTTO: Wear a Derby or go bare-headed

STYLE: Anything with a crown in it

FAVORITE CHEW: Plug Tobacco

SOBRIQUET: "Plugs"

CHOICE COLOR: Ginger-cake brown and dusky black

TOAST:

Here's to the gent who wears a plug,
And twirls his golden reed,
Who proudly leads his gentle pug
And smokes his favorite weed.

Mangum—"My brother wore one when he was here"

Peek—"Something, please, to show I'm a Senior"

Cheek—Fresh sometimes yearn for lordly looks

Picot—"Too worlds of thought—my plug and my head"

McDuffie—"Nothing looks better on my can"

Adams—"By Jove, ain't I a 'peach'?"

Turner, E.—"Plugs are always 'just right' for me"

SUNDAY WEARERS:

McGhee

Pace

Whisnant

Wiggs

Josey

Portrum

Proctor

Sigmon

Olive

Spalding

Wyatt

Anderson

Joyner

Swindell

Greason

Goode, C.

Francis

Leonard

A Swarm of Shoo-Flys

Or, The Self-Selected Delegation of Train Meeters

MOTTO: Board the train, but watch the Cop

WATCH WORD: "On time?"

OBJECT OF MEETING: To let the train pass

RENDEZVOUS: Around the depot

SONG: Bro. Michael, hand me down my jug

McDuffie,	Signal and Side-track Operator
Zollicoffer,	Grand Inspector of All-on-Board
Cox, E.,	Minute Man Attendant upon Hot Boxes
Dunn, Carl,	Public Crier and Porter for City Hotel
Hussey,	Newsboys and Grip-toters—only five cents
Hines, W.,	
Bridger,	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE: Profs. Carlyle and Mills

FRATRES IN URBE: Spence Wheeler and Caleb Winston

TRAIN OF ATTENDANTS:

Wiggs	Powers, A. K.	Adams
Johnson, R. D.	Edwards	Patton
Walker	Toon	Earley
Bizzell	Pritchard	Spence
Ward		Bagley

Proboscis Club

MOTTO: Follow your nose through thick and thin

MUTUAL DEFORMITY: An enlargement of the nasal cartilage

ANTHEM: A Trumpet Sound

Goodwin,	Grand Old Hookemsniffy
Vernon, J. H.	Venerable Roman Nose
Johnson, W. M.,	His nasal appendage is in danger of decapitation
Taylor,	A great big face and a hand-maul nose
Harrell,	For a 'newish' his nose soareth aloft too proudly
Earley,	Ay, tear her speckled ensign down

POEM:

To thee, O muse, my hopes incline
For help and strength divine.
Direct my nose to things still higher
And keep it from the mire;
For strength, ay power, indeed it takes
To hold such weary weights.

Page: Hawk-Bill Poet

The Legging Monopoly

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind

MOTTO: Get through on your leg

PURPOSE OF ORGANIZATION: To travel a royal road to the sheep-skin depository

FAVORITE SPORT: Lifting hats to the Faculty

LONG SUIT: Asking questions on recitation

PLACE OF MEETING: Where the bulls met the bears

Earnshaw,	Lord High-pleader for Lower Rates
Smith, J. I.,	Strong Advocate for Reducing College Curriculum
Davis,	General Representative of Individual Interests
Thomas,	Active Promoter of this Practice
Ashcraft,	Faculty's Economic Leg-stretcher

STOCKHOLDERS:

Turner, E.	Leonard	Austin
Upchurch	Swindell	Wyatt
Weatherspoon, J.	Barker	Poteat
Covington	Bagley	Stephens
Gentry	Justice	Long



*Photo by Holladay,
Durham, N. C.*

EUZELIAN BOARDING CLUB.

Euzelian Boarding Club

MOTTO : We always respect old age except when stuck with a snack of tough chicken or rubber steak.

EATING TOOLS : Dish pan, hand saw, and a sharp pitch-fork

PASTIME : Swiping soda crackers

SONG : Drink her down, drink her down—

OFFICERS :

Goode, C.,	Manager
Austin,	Patron Saint
Gentry,	Professional Milk Tippler
Williams,	Leader of the Beef and Meat Combine
Hamrick, R,	Culinary Cup Bearer
Parker, J,	Lord High Bone-Picker
Peek.	Champion Fast-feeder, —Grab it and Growl
Massey,	Marvelous Sorghum-Sopper
“Rammy.”	Handsome Piccaninny Waiter
Francis,	Buffoon of the Round Table
Burns,	High Diver of the Soup-Dish

The Fibbing Tattlers

HEADQUARTERS : Hotel lobby and "on the grass"

FAVORITE DRINK : Lye

LONG SUIT : "Lie circumstantial" and "lie direct"

DEMAND : Get out of my sunshine

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION : A slick tongue with a cracker on it

Hardaway—"I know a few but its 'gainst my scruples to tell them"

Goodwyn—"No, I'll tell you just how it was, you can't fool old George"

Barker—"You needn't believe this if you don't want to"

Richardson—"There's nothing better than a rich old lie"

Wiggs—"Let me tell you what I heard a drummer say once"

Liverman—"This aint no lie, but actually occurred, for I remember"

Proctor—"It's the truth ; a man there in L— saw it, I'll swear to it"

McDuffie—"You're all good eggs, but listen, I've got you going"

Cooke, E.—I cannot tell how the truth may be

I say the tale as 'twas said to me"

Kitchin—"Say fellows, did you ever hear that one on—well, let me tell you"

Dunn, Carl—"Wait, I've got one I want to tell, too"

Patton—"My lies are all married and have large families, I'll retire on pension"

The Smart Set

MOTTO : To bulldoze and ballyhack all who are so unfortunate as to fall under the galling fire of our scathing criticisms

SONG : "O, Where are the Verdant Freshmen"

PRAYER : "Oh, wad some power the gift tae gie us,
Tae see ourselves as ithers see us"

DAILY AMUSEMENT : Ebullitions of wit

Davis,	Bureau of Information
Edwards,	Grand Blankety-blank
Sol Ray,	Precocious Infancy
Newell,	Manipulator of Pop-guns
Cooke,	The Vinegar of Vituperation
Francis,	Stentorian Fog-horn of the Boobies

MEMBERS

Turner, J.	Powell	Crumpler	McMillan, H
Lennon	Ford	Stevens	Singleton
Leonard	Waff	McBrayer	Powers, A K.

EPITAPH : A critic should be a pair of snuffers. He is oftener an extinguisher and not seldom a thief.

The Sorrel Tops

"Of all God's gifts to the sight of man (red) color
Is the loftiest, the most devine, the most solemn."

OBJECT :

To extend the range of the ruby ether oscillations to the
uttermost parts of the earth

TIME OF MEETING :

Eclipses of the moon

NO ADMISSION :

'Til your head turus yaller

WATCHWORD :

" Reddy "

SONG :

" Red, red, red, I wish my color would fade "

Proctor,	Searchlight of the Twentieth Century
Spence,	Midnight Sentinel to the Faculty's Fuel Depository
Hines, H. B.,	Chief Torch-bearer of Fairyland
Johnson, W. O.,	Peddler for Lightning Hair Dyes
Bridger,	A Ghastly Signal of Danger Ahead
Chafin,	Lightning Bug from the "Harricane"

MAGISTER IN GYMNASIO :

Crozier

The Little Ones

OBJECT :

To Resist the Bullies

DRAM :
Soothing Syrup

TIME OF MEETING :
'Tween Meals

OCCUPATION :
See-sawing and Jawing

CHOICE NOVEL :
" Little Men "

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION :
A good knowledge of runt life

Caldwell,	Royal Dwarf and Mokety Bluff
Scot Harris,	Puss-in-boots
Bazemore,	Stunt King of the Cocoanut Grove
Mitchell,	Professional Faith-doctor of the Pygmies
Lassiter,	Leading Wally-draggle of the Soiree
Bryan, P.,	Twenty-four Pounder by the Scales

"FICE" IN URBE : Spence Wheeler



D. and B. Club

WHAT WE LOOK FOR:

Mail, money and eatin'.

QUARTERS:

Fesser Sledd's basement and No.
43 E. 4th.

WHAT WE AX ONE ANOTHER:

"Layin' to me?"



"Flop ear" Francis writes long essays (?)
Jo Patton, he writes po'try.
"Am Peek's son" does local sportin'.
"Doc" Yokely sports in Raleigh.
Lee Weathers helps "Peek's son" to sport.
"Bols" Hamilek "looks around."
"Cato" eats "John Cato's" grub.
"Old" Hamrick's marshal and sets folks down.

Don't ye rememler, friends and pals,
Every one of us was once purty good;
And now we're here and can't get away,
Doing things which we never *woud'*—up at home.

Because ye know that word environment
Every one is subject to,
And's no use for,
That's the very reason y'er talks out o' season,
So kiss yerself goodby.

And now *we* don't want yer money,
Nor yer love's not for certain,
Don't ye hear the rain a' falling, Alexander?

But's no use to run when ye're scared,
Understand, Alexander?
Minn's the word ye're all to say,
Matters not wher its night er day,
So go way baek, and—sit down.

General Hits

- "Rude am I in my speech."—*Peck*.
"Just enough learning to misquote."—*Upchurch*.
"Rarely are they what they seem."—*Seniors*.
"O! Sleep, sleep, do not forget me."—*Proctor*.
"God sent his singers upon earth."—*Glee Club*.
"What worm's brother are we."—*Biology Class*.
"An oracle within an empty cask."—*Hardaway*.
"Are often welcomest when they are gone."—*Bores*.
"That leaves no print or impression."—*Long's Speech*.
"Simple minded siren singer, sing softly."—*Davis, M. L.*
"When I was at home I was in a better place."—*Freshman*.
"Upon what has he fed that he should grow so great."—*Pace, W m.*
"He that plots to be the only figure among ciphers."—*Ironon, J.*
"It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name."—*Wyatt*.
"When shall we three meet again?"—*Francis, Peck and Yokeley*.
"His voice more fits the medicine vender than the law."—*Markham*.
"The turn of his thought and expression is unharmonious."—*Prof. Lake*.
"Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."—*Drug Store Quartet*.
"With obscure wing scout far and wide into the realm of night."—*Sophis*.
"Zounds! Gadzooks, Carrambo! where did he come from."—*Peed's Clerk*.
"I never yet saw one so bold of speech yet so weak of heart."—*Crumpler*.
"Hear how he clears the points o' faith wi' rattlin' an' thumpin'."—*Austin*.
"That old miracle—Love-at-first-sight—needs no explanation."—*Covington*.
"Screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail."—*Night Hawks*.
"Faster than her tongue did make offence her eye did heal it up."—*Anniversary Girl*.
"For men may come and men may go, but comb my head! no, never."—*Bro. Page*.
"How sour sweet music is, when time is broke, and no proportion kept."—*Footc, G.*
"Can you hear a good man groan and not relent, or compassion him?"—*Fresh Eng. Class*.
"His writings are a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd calls 'rignarole.'"—*McDuffie*.
"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."—*Eatman and Potcat*.

Recent Inroads Upon the Field of Literature.

- Twice Told Tales. *Professor Mills*
- Assininity of a Freshman. *Professor Sledd*
- Evening Hours of a Hermit (a poem). *Page*
- The Honor System. *Sophomores*
- Street Scene in New York. *Dr. Taylor*
- Personal Reminiscences of a Mustache. *Dr. Paschal*
- Memoirs of a Hook Worm. *Dr. Rankin*
- Relation of Man to Man. *Morris and Wetzel*
- "Paradise" Lost. *Edwin Cooke*
- Physiognomy of a Bull-Frog. *A. K. Powers*
- Continuity of Grinning. *Leonard*
- Our Trip Down South. *Goodwyn*
- An Introduction. *Adams*
- Reign of Ignorance. *Freshmen*
- A "Stiff" Hunt. *Dr. Cooke*
- Ball-Team "Prospects." *Vernon and Foote*
- Echoes from Cuba. *J. M. Justice*
- Rise of the Dutch Republic. *Peek and Yokeley*
- Old Curiosity Shop. *Freshman in Laboratory*
- All About the Baby. *Dr. Sikes*
- The Newcomes. *Xmas Gifts*
- On the Heights. *Gove*
- Cast Up by the Sea. *Swindell*
- Men I Have Known. *Davis*
- Five Thousand Words often Misspelled. *McCartier*
- Picked Up in the Street. *Crumpler*
- Haunts of a Weasel. *Burns*
- News and Observer. *Proctor*
- THE HOWLER. *Editors*



"On to Richmond"



PATTON.

OLIVE.

Richmond Debaters

Pray Tell Us

How to get a winning team.
When Tom Vernon graduates.
When McBrayer seems funny.
When John Ivey gets energetic.
When Gulley T. will stop dreaming.
When McSwain answers on law class.
When Price will lose his job as usher.
When the new drug store is to be *in esse*.
Why Josey made the Glee Club Anniversary.
When Upchurch will stop legging Dr. Sikes.
When the Glee Club will get some new songs.
If Stafford and Parker, J. are to be married.
When the Alumni building is to be completed.
When an Anniversary will come without snow.
When Edwards, S. R., will learn to take tablets.
How Adams is to be cured of Bright's disease.
When Zollicoffer becomes chief justice of U. S.
When "Teddy" Allen will stop ogling sidewise.
When the books in the library will be arranged.
When Jim Thomas will get enough of B. U. W.
When Prof. Lanneau refuses to go into details.
When "short-tail" dress suits will go out of style.
When Foote and Morris will make the ball team.
When Burton Ray will be the chemist he thinks he is.
When Prof. Carlyle will cease to ride the "Shoo-fly."
When Bridges represents the Eu. Society in Richmond.
When the Seniors and Juniors will erect the arch over the gate.
Why Josiah Francis stopped prowling aimlessly around at night.
When Richardson, Smith and Walker will forget last Thanksgiving.
When a certain newish can distinguish between a barber's mirror and a bureau.
When Crozier will stop grieving over Billy Wiggs' resigning *his place* on the ball team.



DR. TOM.

Dr. Tom's Vacation

Dey now am a-leavin'
On mos' evy train,
Good-hye ter de boys, good-bye.
'Tam a long time 'fo'
Deys a-comin' agin.
Good-hye ter de boys, good-bye

I too am a-gwine, I'z gwine away.
Way down on de fa'm,
Whuh de ole folks am, whuh de da'kies
stay,
Way down on de fa'm.
An' a-way down—
Way down on de fa'm.
Whuh de ole folks am, whuh de da'kies
stay,
Way down on de fa'm.

An' some uh dem boys
Gwinter come no mo',
Good-bye ter de boys, good-bye :
An' it meks me sad
Fer ter think 'bout it sho',
Good-hye ter de boys, good-bye.

I'z a-gwine mighty sntin, I'z gwinter go
Way down on de fa'm,
Whuh de summer long de cool win's blow.
Way down on de fa'm.
An a-way down—
Way down on de fa'm,
Whuh de summer long de cool win's blow,
Way down on de fa'm.

De Campus am a gettin
Too lonesome fuh me,
Good-hye ter de college, good-bye :
Gwinter res' down deah
By de Sycamo' tree,
Good-bye ter de college, good-bye.

Dis da'ky am a-gwine jes sho'z you hawn
Way down on de fa'm,
Whuh de melons grow 'mong de roas'in
co'n,
Way down on de fa'm,
An' a-way down—
Way down on de fa'm,
Whuh de melons grow 'mong de roas'in
co'n,
Way down on de fa'm.

Desired

- "A Jack."—*Walker*.
"A guide."—*Smith, Ray*.
"A wife."—*Ernon, Tom*.
"Anything, Lord."—*Price*.
"An office."—*Wyatt, Willie*.
"Time to rest."—*Smith, John I.*
"An ideal."—*Cox and Johnson, R.*
"Just 75 on something."—*Burleson*.
"'Stiff,' from somewhere."—*Dr. Cooke*.
"Something to chew or smoke."—*Barker*.
"A chance to tell a down-homer."—*Prock*.
"A place to lay my weary bones."—*Wiggs*.
"The fiction medal."—*Mangum, Opal Ruby*.
"Another agency."—*Turner, E. and Wyatt*.
"Revised treatise on economy."—*Dr. Gorrell*.
"Some place to use a large word."—*Hardaway*.
"A baseball team to beat A. and M."—*College*.
"A Marconi system of telegraphy."—*Dr. Paschal*.
"Something new to smile upon."—*Saunders, Jim*.
"More trains to stop here."—*Car-Inspector Dunn*.
"My books returned to the library."—*Prof. Gully*.
"Nice sweet sugar rag to save my thumb."—*Bagley*.
"The power to see ourselves as others see us."—*Bores*.
"Trustees to make our positions hereditary."—*Faculty*.
"Position as *valet de chambre* on Glee Club."—*Earnshaw*.
"N. C. history class suffering from insomnia."—*Dr. Sikes*.
"Only fifty bucks for the arch over the gate."—*Prof. Carlyle*.
"To find the location of the umbilical cord."—*Edwards, S. R.*
"Somebody to show me that A. and M. fellow."—*Hines, W. E.*
"Any job on the baseball team—mascot will do."—*Buford Williams*.
"Credit for my original research concerning the Hookworm."—*Dr. Rankin*.
"Somebody else held responsible for what is contained in this book."—*Editors*.
"A new variety of visiting cards containing all the hues of the rainbow."—*Hairfield*.

A Story of Ye Olden Tyme.

ONCE upon a tyme inn ye gude auld dayse theyre lyved, mayhap in merrie Englande mayhap in some other merrie countrie, a kynge whos naime was Harrie, and he was bye farre ye goodlyeste kynge that ever rulde inn alle ye broade lande. Non other than hys own gude hande was yt that drave ye heathen fromme ye kyngdome, an brot under subiectshun alle ye pettie tryvialle trybes off ye lande. Then righte sturdylye he dyd sitte upon his roial throne and wislie rulde ye gudlye domaynes; tyll yat ye lande was inn ful prosperitie, and alle ye stoute folk were wont to saye, "Never yet was theyre such a kynge as our owne gude Harrie," and "May he lyve as longe as mann never lyvde before." For sweete was ye gude browne nale they dranke fromme hys boarde, and gaye was ye clothynge he clothde them withal.

Nowe ful merrylye dyd Kynge Harrie lyve in hys bigge castle in Ashtolat towne, for theyre yt was he helde hys courte, butte never so merrylye yat he was lyke to forgette ye gude off hys people or ye welfaire off ye lande. Yt was sayd bye thos who cam after hym that ye tynyeste chyrrup off ye cryket and ye weeyste lypsunge of ye nestlynge were hearde by hym. Certayne yt was that gyf trouble was a-brewinge yt was first beknowne too hym, or gyf rmerrymment was afloate he was ye fyrste to heare. And hys happyeste hours were not whyl syttinge upon hys throne in ye greate courte off Ashtolat, but wyle goynge to and fro, up-and-down in hys kyngdome, sometymes wythe alle hys gaye followers and in threue kynglie style, at others wythe a cloake upon hys arme, a staffe in hys hande, and save one or two almost alone.

On daye inn ye browne October wethear, as kynge Harrie satt at hys boarde wi alle hys noble lordes and laides, he was seen to sighe and turnynge to hys lorde off ye Hyghe Chaimberlayne he sayd: "Alack ye dai! Here have I wasted four-score dayse. No longer shall we tarrie in ys dulle plaice, butte wille bye us about ye lande, peradventure somethynge gude maye befall us." Then turnynge too hym upon hys left he sed: "Sirrah, dyd not yoursel saye yat lorde Dudlie was gallynge hys vestment that we hadde not uisited him in ys amany a dai? Methinks that nowe me shalle bestowe our roial selves upon hym, and faythe we'll pluck hys birde so bare he'll not wyshe for us agayne for ful a tweel-month." At his wourds plaudities arose for they all thought off ye pleasantries that wo'd befall them on ye waye and at gude Lorde Dudlie's e'er they sette foote in ye big hals off Astholat agayne.

Farre into ye nyghte that nyghte theyre was bustle and hurrie in Ashtolat hals, butte at laist they alle slept ye sleep lyinge here and thear awaiting ye dewie morne. And of a soddyne up rose ye sunne butte not befor kyng Harrie and hys Highe Chamberlayne hadde uprisen too. Then ye two caled aloud to others, and they to still others, tille not longe after ye whol courte was astir wi' gallant youth and faire maydes all on a rante for ye iournie to Lorde Dudlie's. But yt was highe noone ere ye roial cavalcade was ready for to sette forthie upon ye iourney. First, when alle was readie, theyre cam a companie of yongsters in gaye trappyngs ridynge careleslie thear prancyng steeds yet managyng them so skylfullie that many a faire mayde who looked thereon sighd and sighd agayne for ye prettie feloes. Then theyre cam a band off fulle fourscore stout yeomen, butte ther bowes were unstrunge and ther quivers wear nowhere to be seene, but ech carried in hys left hande a toughe staf of stout yew, and acrossse ye shoulders of alle was flung ye roial purple. And in ye midst of yse rode ye gude kyng yth ye gray-beardes of hys council and wi ye statelie dames and prettie maydes of ye courte. Aye! a gay syghte indeed it was, such a one as you and I will never see.

A fulle eaveninge in ye balmie air of ye autumn wethear theye rode, but at ye comyng of nyghte ye roial companie stopped for lodgyng at ye inne off ye sygne of ye Fatte Ox, whereto heralds hadde announced ye comyng. Earlie on ye morrowe ye iourney was pursued agayne. And many a shadie woodland was past yat dai and sweet mellowynge field and happie ronnyng streame. Any many too wear ye simple folke yat stode bye ye waysaide for to see ye gaye procession passe, or bowed themselves in ye dust in reverence to ye kyng; till another nyghte's lodgyng in an inne was spent, and ye thyrd daise sunn was up.

As gude Kyng Harrie sprang to styrrup on that blythe daye he sayd, while a merrie twinkle gleamed in hys eyne: "Ho now, my pretty lads and lassies prettyer styll! Methinks myd-eave wyll fynd us at gude Lorde Dudlie's, an we meete wi' no yll lucke twixt theyre and hear." At hys wurde ryghte blythely ye yonge horsemen off ye fronte sprange to leade, one by one ye bolde yeoman took thear stashun about ye Kyng's roial personne, and again ye iourney was begun.

To gude Kyng Harrie as he roade alonge yat dai yt seamed that never before hadde thynges appearde half so gaye. Ye little gray squirrels plaide and twitterde about in ye broade branches of ye trees as yf theyre was no one else in ye whol wyde world save Dame Nature and they; and ye lyttle songsters of ye woodlande almost came ythin hys reache as they piped and fluttered in ye balmie aire. The broade rounde sunne let hys rayse fall gentlie upon them, whyle away in ye deepe shaide of ye foreste thyre was hearde ye patient hammerynges of ye speckld wood-snipe. As ye roial Harrie was musyng thus he fayled to hear ye chatter of hys companyons till at laste they ceased speekyng to hym. Ye conversashun of ye horsemen in frounte ceasd also as they slackunde rein and thear steeds

walked more slowly as ye daye wore on. Ye steadie steppe of ye stonte yeomen was styll kepte up, but thear faces began to lose somme of ye merriment and thear staves hunge at thear sydes. Thus greene fieldse to ye ryghte and lefte wear past unnoticed, ye roade turned into a greate foreste and ye compaunye followed yt hardly awar.

Nowe in ys waye ye cavalcade hadde proceded farre into ye hearte off ye greate foreste. Listlesslie those in fronte roade forard where ye shaides thickende and the greate trees stooode like ye giants off olde. Suddenlie when least they expected yt, theyre stept into ye roade in fronte of them a tall straynger clad in ye upper parts wi' shaggie sheep-skinne clothynge, butt fromme ye middle downe yt was bryghte scarlett. In hys longe arms he twirlede a longe oaken staffe, whyle wi' lustie lngs he calld out: "How nowe, my prettie fellows, knowe ye not ye pass not hear till ye reckonyng is payd?" Whereupon thye sprange from ye cover off ye wood full thre score tall fellows clad exactlie as he who spoke wi' so bolde a tongue, and in thear handes ye same stonte oaken staf.

Nowe yt wod seame thear wod be a battle roial, and such thear was, for ye kyng's stoute yeomen wear not ye ones to stande calmie and take a drubbynge, for many a tough bonte hadde they had in thear daye at such playe, and for that same deft skille in which were they chosen for to guarde ye kyng's owne roial person. Assailde thus, in ye twynklynge off an eyne, thear yew staves wear graspt fyrmy about ye middle, and wi' legs outsprede they awaitde ye attack. Thwack! range ye oaken staves of the assaylantes on ye roial purple off ye kyng's men. Thwack! wi' as lustie a stroke went ye stout yew of ye yeoman. Ah! such a battle as yt was—for two longe hours it lasted! Butte, alas for ye yeomen, theyre blowse but felle on shoulders of ye rough sheep-skin coverynge, whyle thear own hadde nothyng but ye roial purple. One by one they rolde in ye duste, and in ye twytchynge of an eyelyd they wear depryvd of thear possessions, and ye talle men in sheep-skyne and scarlette wear gone ere they could so much as byd them gudebye wi' a trystie arrowe.

Nowe ys was done so neatlie we should say, dyd we knowe yt was in Merrie England at all, yat yt was none other than bold Robin Hood hymself, butte we knowe yt was longe before he roamed ye merrie woodlande wi' Little John and Will Scarlet or sattu wi' Will Stutely and others on ye soft grasse under ye greene trystygne tree.

But ye yeomen wear onlie stoned. After a short byt thye sattu up, rubde thear sore shoulders, and lookde at ech other wi' blynkynge eyne. Then gude Kyng Harrie, whos owne roial person hadde not scapde ye roughe treatment altogether, seeinge thear sorrie plyghte, bespoke them thus: "Alas! Alack! Mine owne true men. Ys dai hath a bolde robber been tutor to a kyng. Saw yon not how ye toughe garments of ye knaves wythstooode your stoute yew, whyle

your owne riche clothyng was as nothyng under thear sturdie stroke?" And hys face went sober as a Jew's whyle he spoke.

And when agayne in his courte in Ashtolat Kyng Harrie satte theyre went out an edictum sygnd in his owne proper seale, that never a man should be employde in his service agayne—be he lancer, bowman, bodie-guardsmen or symple kitchen knave—unless he wore about hys sholders ye toughe garments of ye sheep-skyne clothe; for said he, "Devil a man knowes when we'll be sette upon and drubbde agayne as we wear on ye roade to Dudlie's. And with such garments as yse yt is never a man in ye world my yeomen will feare".

Thearwith was a mightie stryvynge for ye toughe skinne garments, for alle wyshe to finde favour in he gude Kyng's syght. Some thyre wear who wear successful in a dai, others thyre wear who sought for ful four daise—and at ye ende off yat tyme wear no more like to obtayne thear wyshe than when first theye beganne. Others, too, sought for foure weekse and still others for foure months, and even then some weare unsuccessful. Glad indeed theye alle wear when about thear sholders theye could flinge ye toughe sheep-skyne and present themselves for ye soldierie of gude Kinge Harrie.

And mayhap to ys dai theye are yose who styll seeke for ye wonderful sheep-skyne. Not in foure weekse nor yet in foure months do they expect to obtayne them, but foure longe years do they spend and yth gladsome hearts at laste receive ye precious prizes wi' never a regret for ye tyme spent. For saye theye, "Yse gude skyns may yet ward off many a stoute blow as we travel on a longer roade than yat to Dudlie's."



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Student Editors

A Newish's Letter to His Paw

DEAR paw—as this is the first time I aint had no compny since I bin here I'll write ye to let ye know how Im gettin' along. I bin here three whole days now but I aint quite got use to things yet. The first day we didnt do much but look around for a room to stay in. At last we had our trunks hauled up and we settled down here in the labbratory where we bin ever since. Next mornin' after we come back from breakfas I heard the bell ring again, and I asked some of the boys if it was time for school, they said it was for prayers. I told em I wasnt feelin well so I didnt blieve Id go, but they said come on everybody had to go and after prayers wed have school. So I got down my big book-sachel and all my books and slate and started but I hadnt moren got outside my door when a big fellow called out to me hello newish where ye goin with that poke. I thout he had mistook my name so I told him my name wasnt newish but Billy Patterson. But he didnt seem to understand he cussed at me awfully and I begun to feel like my breakfas or something was goin to make me sick, but bout that time George come up—he is my room-mate and knows everyth'ng for he was here last year—and so I soon felt all right. He told me to leave my sachel so I left it. As soon as prayers was over he said lets go to see the president. I told him alright thinkin he meant Mister Roosevelt, but I dont think it was him, if it was he dont favor his picture. Then we went into a room where a little fat man with a bald head teaches, he askt me what course I was goin to take, I didnt hardly know what to tell him just then he lookt away and George whispered *posgrajuit*, so I blabbed out *pos-grajuit*. He lookt like he wanted to laff and askt me if I wanted to take med'cine. I told him no not unless I got sick. All the boys laft when I said that but I didnt see nothin to laff at. Then we went in the back room on the top floor of a big building—I think they call it the kemicle library though Im not sure. The man shook hands with me and told me he was glad to see me I told h'im ves I guess so. He askt me if I was goin to take latin. I told him I reckon so, I was goin to take evervthing else so I guessed Id take it to. Then he commenet to talk but he wouldnt look at me, he just turned his back and kept talkin I tried to walk round in front of him rememberin how you told me not to stand behind anybody to talk to em. But the more Id walk the more hed turn till I got tired and quit and we soon left. then George said wed seen most all the teachers but wed go down to the english room anyway. But I think we musta made a mistake George stopped at the door but I went on in. A man in there with a red beard and specks came up to me and askt me what I wanted. I told him to study english, he askt me if Id read much if Id read many stories. I told him ves, Id read all the stories in fifth reader once and some of em

twice and that I thout how Maggie cuts her hair was the best. When I said that he lookt at me strate and said, you get out of here before I take you by the neck and kick you out. I didn't know what Id done but I got out all the same. We went to a lot of other places but I cant tell you about it now. Its funny but they dont have any recess or else its all recess I dont know which at least everytime the bell rings the boys run out, some go to other rooms some dont. Looks like its recess all the time. I'll have to close now.

Your lovin son billy.

p. s. I think Ive seen all the big places down here but the campus I cant find it. I haint exaxfly decided yet whether Ill take lld or just dd maybe Ill take both. b.



The Spooners

Oh, learie, languid, little moon,
What wast thou made to do?
To drive thy shafts the midnight through,
Or make bright diamonds of the dew?

Nay, learie moon, thy light wast made
To cast enchantment in the shade,
When bashful lad and blushing maid
Might spoon, and spoon, and spoon.



Photo by Helmut W. Durham, N. C.

ANNIVERSARY OFFICERS.

Under the Lilacs

(A Scene from the Campus.)

Charm-haunted Helen,
Glimpsed but now,
Under the lilac's
Low-swinging bough.

Pressing those clusters	Passionate heart-thrills
Close to thy lips,	Rise to thine eyes.
Bathed with the nectar	Touched with a rapture
Titania sips.	Caught from the skies.

Thy locks, deep purple
Clusterings fold,
Weaving their petals
With woofings of gold.

Thy bosom the May winds	O'er thee the shade-netted
Freshen with dews, .	Sun-dancings play,
Dipped in the soft-blown	Banishing undreamed
Violet hues.	Heart-pain away.

Would it were alway
With thee as now,
Charm-haunted Helen,
Under the bough!



CAMP'S SCENE.

Holladay
1895

For Love of Humanity and for Exercise's Sake

(A Play)

SCENE: SYLVAN COLLEGE AND VICINITY

SCENE I. A Sleeping Room in the College.

Four boys, Cuthbert, Roy, Lionel and Jennings seated at a table, on which lie the fragments of a feast. Two o'clock in the morning of Thanksgiving Day.

Cuth. (*Looking at watch*) Gadzooks! Boys, it's two o'clock! Who'd a thought it? Guess we'd better tumble in for the night if we expect to get up for breakfast in the morning. Don't feel like I'd want breakfast in a month.

Li. Two o'clock! (*with a sigh*) Another night passed with nothing done— but that's nothing unusual, I am going to studying though some of these days, boys, I'll swan I am.

Roy. Of course you are *someday*, Li. We all know that. We are all *going* to study *someday*. But I might add, by way of parenthesis, not while there is an egg or a sandwich on hand, or devilment about. To bed you say? Well—but stay! To-morrow is Thanksgiving isn't it? and no recitations. Let's do a little celebrating if it is late, just to let them know we ain't all dead yet.

Jen. Bully, Roy! That bits me exactly. I say tumble off to bed after eating like you fellows have. Who could sleep? Not I (*looking wise*). Exercise! We've got to exercise some before we can sleep after such a feast, any doctor would tell you that. And now that I think of it, isn't Prof. D— going to the Falls to-morrow to deliver a philippic? Now if we could interfere with that some way 't would be a real act of charity to those people.

Prof. D., just in on a late train seeing light in room approaches window.

Prof. D. A light! Somebody sick, surely. I'll just take a peep through the window before disturbing.

Roy. (*Inside*) I have it, by jingo. We'll take his carriage—I saw it out this afternoon, reckon he means to take his whole family—and roll it down the old road to the creek and chuck it in. Guess it needs a wetting anyhow. He won't find it in a week. How about it, Cuth? What say, Li?

Cuth. and Li. (*Together*) Agreed.

Jen. Good! Won't old D— charge, though, when he finds his carriage gone? And if those people at the Falls but had sense enough to know what a good turn we're serving them they would rise up and call us blessed.

Prof. D. (*Outside hastening away*) A trick is it? "Carriage in the creek." "People at the Falls to-morrow," that must be myself. Well—. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Prof. D.'s Carriage-house.*

Enter Prof. D., climbs into the carriage hastily and covers himself with robes and curtains. Enter boys a few minutes later.

Jen. Dark! Egyptian darkness is nowhere. A stack of black cats can't touch it. Midnight in it—ll couldn't be any darker. I tell you, fellows, I came near breaking my shin over that box, and no lie.

Li. (*Starting*) What's that?

Jen. Nothing, you goose, only the horse. Old fellow, you can stand in your stable to-morrow and rest.

Roy. Soft, you now. Here we are, and I think I heard some one stirring near the house as we came up. Wait here till I see if there's anything doing. [Exit.]

A few seconds later a noise is heard in the direction of his departure, as of some one struggling with low-hanging limbs, incoherent mumblings, indistinct imprecations, etc.

Cuth. Reckon we can find the way?

Jen. Find it? Yes, once in it, we can't miss it.

Re-enter Roy.

Roy. Everything is right up to the snuff. Not a soul stirring. Talk about your shin, Jennings, my face is scratched all to the devil—never saw the cussed peach tree until I had run into it. But that is no matter. Let's to the carriage. And to avoid waking anyone I guess me had better circle the house.

They seize the carriage and begin to roll it cautiously.

Cuth. Great day! What makes it so heavy? Must never have had an introduction to axle grease. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Creek.*

Roy. That will do; let her stand there a little. We'll rest a minute before we chuck her in. Right down that sand-bank and a few feet down the creek and he'll not find her all day to-morrow.

Li. Guess if he finds her in there to-morrow he'll do a different kind of preaching to what he intended, won't he?

Jen. My, wasn't she heavy? and it down grade nearly all the way, too. I think we've had enough exercise for a whole week. Got anything to smoke, Cuth?

They all smoke and discuss public and private matters freely.

Roy. (*Rising at length*) Well, it's up to us, boys. Let's chuck her in and through with it. It is about time for sleep if we expect to get any to-night.

Prof. D. (*Sticking head out of carriage*) Don't be frightened, boys, I know your names, every one. And I should like to say I have enjoyed this little ride ever so much; but it's time to return now, so yoke yourselves to the carriage and back we'll go, otherwise this is by no means the end of this little episode.

Boys. ! ! ! ! (*as with countenances like a seven days' rain, they see the circumstances and prepare to respond*). [Curtain.]



Howell Veriton Page Justice Goode Covington
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Senior Speakers

Photo by Holliday, Durham, N. C.

The Call of the Old Plantation

I.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

“AUNT Hester is dead, mamma, but the little boy is living and doing well.” The speaker was a young girl, and she spoke to an elderly lady with curls and laces, who was sitting on the piazza busily engaged in working on a piece of dainty linen.

The scene was a charming one. It was near the close of an ideal summer day in old Alabama. A beautiful girl leaned thoughtfully over the railing that led up the massive steps to the long verandah. The glow of the fast-sinking sun added lustre to her dark hair, and her wondrous brown eyes flashed excitedly as she became more interested in the conversation with her mother. Celeste Mosgrove was the daughter's name, and as the smiles of approval passed over her mother's face, they partly dispelled the traces of sixty years' time, and for the instant, made the faces of the mother and daughter identical. The work had fallen from her hands, for the lengthening shadows had made it too dark for sewing, and besides, she was deeply interested in her daughter's words.

The house was of the southern type, noted for its honoured traditions, and its very atmosphere was suggestive of romance. It had belonged to the Mosgrove family from the earliest. None other than they had ever been master of its halls, and there, for generations they had lived, extending their bountiful and unrestrained hospitality and enjoying the life of southern country gentle-folks. The yard was large, filled with trees that had stood the storms of ages, and a luxurious growth of flowers almost endless in variety exhaled a perfume that rivaled in fragrance the fresh aroma of the neighboring meadowlands. From the corn fields could be heard the songs of the workmen as they plodded their way to the "quarters" after their day's toil; and the faint and musical tinkling of bells gradually swelled as the small large-eyed negro boys drove the heavy-uddered cows from the pasture to their milking places.

"Yes, mamma," repeated the girl, "Aunt Hester is dead, but the little boy is living. And mamma, may I have the baby and raise him and let him be my own servant when he gets grown? Mammy Hester was so good to me, and she asked me with her last breath to look after her little baby, and please, mamma, mayn't I?"

"But my dear child," the mother replied, "just think how much trouble the little fellow will be; besides, he will be much better off if allowed to stay at the 'quarters.' This house is no place for such."

"But mamma, this is a special case. Just think, *this* is Hester's child," said Celeste.

"Yes, I will admit that Hester was an exceptional servant, but this child of hers is only a few hours old. There will be sufficient time to think of Hester when the boy gets large enough to be useful around the house."

"But mamma, don't you see; I want to teach him from the first how to be useful. I also want him to know how to read and write when he gets grown."

"Really dear, don't you think you can find some better means of casting your bread on the waters?"

"I don't consider myself casting away bread, mamma, for I expect no return from this. I ask you this merely for my own gratification."

"Well, my daughter," replied the mother, "I am glad to grant your every whim. See to it that the east room is prepared for a nursery, and have Ellen to take charge of the baby under your direction."

"Thank you, mamma dear," said Celeste, "and I promise that you shall see in Amos a model servant."

"I shall not see it, but you will, dear girl," sadly replied Mrs. Mosgrove in a tone that implied more than met the ear, as she left her seat on the porch and slowly entered the house.

"But Celeste still leaned thoughtfully over the banister. The click of a horse's hoof, followed by the opening of the yard gate, attracted her attention, and a look of pleasure lightened her face as she saw the manly figure of young James Norfleet coming up the walk. She gave him a hearty greeting, and together they leaned over the banister as she told him of her new possession. The leafy shadows formed rapidly, growing from thin wavering points to broad dark patches, and as the youth took the girl's hand in his, the last edge of the sun considerably dropped below the horizon, and left them to the twilight. A sun-set breeze, seemingly laden with suggestions of love, caused a slight tremor in the foliage; and as a cardinal, perched in a neighboring crepe myrtle, paid his tribute to the glowing west in a melodious warble, an odor of jessamine passed through the atmosphere, and the lovers entered the house.

II.

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER.

Fifteen years have passed since the summer evening that the girl, Celeste Mosgrove, asked of her mother the possession of a little negro boy. She is no longer a girl, but a woman, and with her advent into womanhood she became Celeste Norfleet and the mother of James Norfleet, Jr., the youngest of several and the only one to survive his infancy. The Mosgrove house is the same, but the home has seen changes. Mrs. Mosgrove died without seeing her youngest grandchild. The old slaves passed away, leaving their places to be filled by the younger generation, and conspicuous among them is the stalwart and manly lad, Amos.

It is early morning in summer, and again the scene is the Mosgrove home. James Norfleet, wearing the gray uniform of a colonel, walks out on the porch followed by his wife and little son. The drawn features and dark-circled eyes of the wife speak of a sleepless, restless, prayerful night, while the little fellow's interest

in the brass buttons and gleaming sword bespeaks an ignorance of the cause of the coming separation. Blissful ignorance! Last farewells are said. Words are few, but, ah, the thoughts and feelings that arise in the hearts of those two, the silent prayers that each knows the other is making, the tears that rudely force themselves upon their minds; while the little fellow, though ignorant of the cause of it all, is impressed by the solemn stillness, and forbears asking questions about the uniform of gray, the brass buttons and the sword. The man mounts his horse, and followed by Amos on his pony, rides quickly down the walk and is soon lost to sight.

The woman stands for some minutes intently watching the cloud of dust on the edge of the trees. A handkerchief gleams white in the distance for an instant, and he is gone. Still she watches, unconscious of her surroundings.

"Mamma!"

No answer, only the earnestness of a grief-drawn face intently watching the line of trees.

"Mamma!"

Still no answer, except a shading of the eyes with the hands and an unconscious bending of the body toward the spot where the handkerchief disappeared.

"Mamma, dear!"

Now she hears, and stooping she lifts the little fellow and clasps him to her heaving bosom.

"Mamma, where's papa gone?"

Ah, where has he gone, is the question ringing in her ears!

"Papa is a soldier, dearie, and has gone to the war to fight."

"Who's he going to fight for, mamma?"

"He is going to fight for you and me, dearie."

"Mamma," pipes the little fellow again, "when I'm big I'll be a soldier and wear a sword and fight for you, too."

She clasps him closer to her breast, and burying her face in his mass of golden hair to hide her tears, quickly enters the house.

* * * * *

It is near the close of day. Seated on the porch of the Mosgrove home is a woman clothed in black. Her face shows the deepest agony. It is her hour of darkness and trial, and bravely she tries to see the light through the close-settling gloom. A man in gray is standing near her, and it is he that breaks the menacing silence.

"Have courage, madam," he says, "and think of the cause that claimed his life. You noble women are doing just as much at home, and if your country needed it, would just as gladly give your lives, as your husband did his on the field of battle. Inspired by Norfleet's courage, his men followed him on to victory, and as he fell, pierced by countless bullets, his faithful servant carried him to the rear, only to fall upon his master's body, for a stray bullet struck him, passing through his body and seriously wounding him. When the men gathered around, he just had strength

enough left to mutter, "Marse Jim says, 'God bless Miss Celes'. For your little boy's sake bear up and—"

But the woman had ceased to hear him. Her eyes were riveted on some half dozen men approaching the house, and in their midst was a pine box containing—oh, the agony of it! The darkness was becoming deeper—could she bear it?

A grave was prepared, and beneath the jessamine they laid away the gallant Norfleet.

The blue sky was fast becoming burnished as the globe of flaming fire disappeared rapidly in the west. A woman's figure clad in sorrow knelt by the newly made grave. She tried to pray but the words would not come. A breeze sprang up and caused a tremor to pass over her grief-stricken frame. As she arose from her kneeling posture, the words of his favorite hymn came to her lips, and her heart lightened as she murmured:

"Lead Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark—"

A red bird overhead broke the stillness and caroled a few notes that seemed to give voice to her grief. O woman, be comforted! The birds even share thy sorrow.

"O Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done," she cried. She had begun to see the light.

III.

WHEN THE HEART IS OLD.

"Ticket, ticket! ain't you got a ticket," roughly cried the gate-keeper as an old lady in black attempted to pass through the gate leading to the tracks that came into the Union Station at H—. There was a raising of the shoulders, a flashing of the eye, a quivering of the delicately chiselled nostrils, as the old lady replied, "Yes, I have a ticket, but I didn't know I had to show it to you, sir."

He punched her ticket as she passed through the gate, and cried, "Turn to right, fifth track." She was carried on by the throng, but once outside, her courage failed her. The numerous tracks bewildered her, and she paused, not knowing which way to go. The rude words of the gate-keeper kept sounding in her ears.

"Certainly I had a ticket, but how did I know I had to show it to him?" she said half aloud. She quickly turned fearing that some one had heard her remark and trembling lest some one might see her helplessness in the hurrying throng. As she turned she looked in the face of a smiling boy, and her heart lightened as his musical voice met her ears.

"Don't worry, lady," he said, "if you'll let me, I'll show you your train. These numerous tracks are bewildering to a stranger, and it is a good way to your train."

With a nod of thanks she took his offered arm, and a few minutes later was comfortably seated in a car bound for her old home in Alabama.

The train had been going all the morning, and the little woman had remained

unnoticed by the other passengers. The hours had dragged by slowly for her, and it seemed that she had been an interminably long time on the train when the porter called out, "Beauman! twenty minutes for dinner." There was a hurried rush for the car doors, and in a few minutes the lady in black was left alone.

She had been gazing absently out the window for a few minutes when she became conscious that some one had entered the car. She continued looking out the window, however, till the exultant cry, "Miss Celes'" rang out in a clear masculine voice. Her heart leapt within her; her memory, though treacherous of late, quickened and instantly supplied all the links between the past and present; and her emotions flooded her eyes with tears as she turned with outstretched hand and simply said, "O Amos, I am so glad to see you."

The negro reverently took her hand in his, and just as reverently, kissed it. It was not till then that she noticed that his right sleeve hung empty by his side.

"How is young Marse Jim, Miss Celes'?" he asked.

Fresh tears came to her eyes.

"I have just come from his funeral in H——, Amos," she replied. "I am all alone now."

"You still live at the same old place, Miss Celes'?"

"For the present, I am going there now, but I shall not live there much longer," she replied.

The keen eye of the negro quickly took in the faded black dress that showed the effects of many a pressing, and with softened face and eyes blinking rapidly, he gently said:

"'Scuse this old nigger, Miss Celes', but you's just a leaving of the old place 'cause you want to, ain't you?"

"No, Amos, the place has long been mortgaged, but I shall do the best I can. The Lord will provide. But don't let's talk about my affairs. From all appearances you are prosperous and doing well. Tell me about yourself."

"Well, Miss Celes', there ain't much to tell. I was a poor man till the oil boom came, and my little place being in the oil district, I sold when prices were high and fetched myself a big sum of money. I'se got a nice fam'ly, and—" his face beaming with happiness as a new idea suggested itself to him—"please Miss Celes' stop by here to see us a day or two, and then I'll go back to Alahamy with you."

A few minutes later as the train moved off, some of the passengers saw the one-armed darky gently assisting the old lady into the Hotel Glencoe bus. But the train moved on, and soon the old lady in black and the one-armed negro were forgotten.

* * * * *

'Tis late evening again, and the Alabama breezes cooling the atmosphere of a hot summer day, are blowing gently around the dilapidated Mosgrove home. Mrs. Norfleet is slowly going down the walk, and behind her at a respectful distance walks Amos, hat in hand. A peace which she has not known for years is in her

heart, and her face has lost some of its care-worn wrinkles. She pauses at the gate, and telling Amos good-bye, watches him as he walks slowly down the road. She watches him until he disappears among the distant trees, and then turns slowly up the walk and approaches the silent house. The flowers are in full bloom, and as she hears the song of a cardinal in the crepe myrtle overhead, she remembers—. She mounts the steps and is about to enter the house when her attention is attracted by a folded paper lying on the porch. She picks it up, and seeing its legal form, tremblingly opens it. It is the redeemed mortgage on her place, and as she reads it and understands its meaning, she drops upon her knees and turning her tear-dimmed eyes toward the spot in the trees where Amos disappeared, pours forth a heart-felt prayer of thanks and gratitude. The red west turns her silver threads to gold, and as she rises and enters the house, her face beaming with happiness, again the odor of jessamine comes up the walk.



When Papa Moved to the College

I am sure I do not know why papa decided to have a summer home at the College. I am certain it was not because he wanted us girls to have any attentions from the students. That was just what he did not want. We were already provided for, as far as Papa and Mamma could provide. That horrid Mr. Pustler was courting Bess all she would let him though she was only seventeen and he more than twice her age, red-faced, bald, with the least little eyes, and ever so short and big around. I just could not endure him, but I really believe she was thinking of marrying him because Papa and Mamma wanted her to. Then they wanted me to marry Mr. James, a nice, sweet old gentleman, ever so rich, who had lost his two sons in a railroad wreck and was lonely I am sure, bless his sweet heart.

Bess and I were right in for moving to the College, and we lay awake o' nights talking of the fine times we were going to have. We were going to see the students and have the grandest time. Papa must have found it out somehow. One day just before we were to leave he called us in and said:

"Dot, I want you and Bess to remember that you are to have no acquaintances among the students. They are a harum-scarum set—and you will have plenty of refined company from the city. I expect Mr. Pustler and Mr. James down often. Now remember what I say."

To think that our plans had to be spoilt in this way.

Well, we found our home all we could desire, nice, comfortable, roomy house, large porches, climbing roses, flower-beds, and a sloping lawn with a goldfish pond.

We heard a good deal of singing and shouting around but it was Sunday before we got a good view of the students. They seemed nearly all to be at church, and a motley crew they were. I found out afterwards that I did not observe the nicest ones; I was so taken up with the others. Some were not shaved, some had the longest hair, some looked sleepy and listless, some tried to look smart, some lolled and lounged about in their seats, and two that sat behind me imagined they could sing tenor. I am sure my ears were nearly ruined. All in all I was not so sure that Bess would not have to marry Mr. Pustler after all.

The girls of the town had friends among the students and talked so much about them that I really got tired. I can't see what makes some girls silly, but they are as silly as silly can be. One called a fellow with a shock head of unkempt hair "cunning," another called her fellow "cute," and a thousand and one dear names they had for them, and fed them on cake and fudge, and made much of them generally. I just wish that I had had a chance. They would have wanted cake and judge a long time before I should have given them any. There was one young lady who snorted six—a red-headed one, a fat one, a black-eyed one, a rosy-cheeked

one, a long one, and a most conceited one. I am sure I did not want any of them—perhaps she might have made one good man out of the six, but I don't know.

Well, some weeks passed on and a little incident occurred. I was coming from the post-office and dropped a piece of mail, a letter from Mr. James, when a gentleman just behind me picked it up and restored it to me. He had the dignity and grace of an Oxford don. I know I was all confused. It always confuses me to drop a letter, and he had such a fine eye. His step was so elastic and he was so well-built.

Just then Jannette Owen came up.

"You seem specially favored," said she. "That is Mr. Gaylord. He never did as much for a woman before. He is a regular woman hater. The girls were crazy over him for a while. He is the best speaker in college, graduated with high honors, and is now taking a law course. He is the finest baseball player on the team. But he has never spoken to a girl as I know of. So you need not trouble."

I did trouble just a little bit. I am sure you do not want to know how we met and got better acquainted, and all that. If you do I am not going to tell you. I believe in keeping such things private. I did not mean to disobey Papa. He said it was just a case of love at first sight with him and I just could not discourage him, he was so tender and gentle and handsome, such a dear fellow, such a—oh, but I am telling, and that won't do.

Now I will tell you a little about Bess. Bless the child. She was playing a game all of her own. One night she and I had just retired when we heard the sweetest music—some one was singing the sweetest tenor. We were being serenaded. I do like being serenaded, it is so romantic, and I like any thing romantic. Up we got and put our heads from the window just far enough for the moonshine to fall on them and make us look romantic. Down there on the lawn we saw a party of three. One of them was Mr. Gaylord, but he was not the singer.

After they were gone I asked Bess if she knew who the singers was, when what should she do but seize me in her arms and begin kissing me, all the time crying out, "Oh, dear, dear Dot, you dear sweet thing, oh, you are the sweetest thing. He is so fine, Dot, so strong, so noble, Dot, he is such a dear, oh, you sweet, sweet thing," and so on. He was Mr. Jenks. Agnes Fletcher, Bess's chum, had been to Portland, his home, and knew all about him. He could manage a ship and do everything, and everybody loved him. Then the kissing began once more.

The next morning Papa was terrible. Here was Mr. Pustler coming in a day or two and me and Bess playing the fool. He was going to get a bull-dog. Papa talked so dreadful that we began to cry and kept it up until he left. Crying always did get next to Papa. The next day Mr. Pustler came. Papa and Manma came near eating him up, but Bess didn't. I was surprised to see her spirit and was wondering how things could turn out when the strangest thing happened.

Papa had bought some sheep—they look so pastoral on a lawn. That afternoon he was down showing them to Mr. Pustler, when one very naughty sheep got mad at Papa and began to butt him down. Bess and I were looking at Mr. Jenks who

was coming up the street and didn't see the first butt. When he did look Papa was rolling on the ground and that awful sheep just behind him. As often as he would get up the naughty sheep would simply butt him into a ball and was just rolling him down towards the front gate. Papa was yelling and Mr. Pustler was running along behind holding up his hands crying, "Oh, oh! oh!" Just then Mr. Jenks jumped the fence, caught that sheep and sent him whirling over the fence, and brought Papa to the house.

But wasn't Papa grateful. "Young man, I admire your grit; young man, I admire your strength. You must come this evening and let me thank you. You saved my life, sir."

Bess was so glad. I saw Mr. Jenks and her exchange glances. Then Bess began to kiss Papa, and call him dear names, until Papa was quite bewildered.

It was all right with Bess. She knew it, I knew it. Mr. Jenks is now finishing his medical course, and everything is understood between Bess and him.

I must tell you what became of Mr. Pustler. After Papa came to the house that horrid sheep jumped the fence and got at Mr. Pustler and knocked him into the fish pond. He got out on the side next the street, a perfect sight, and went off towards the hotel. That was the last we ever saw of him. He did not even come back to get his hat which swam around on the pond a day or two.

Now again about myself. Commencement came and with it came Mr. James. He was so gentle and kind that I just could not tell him about Mr. Gaylord. He had brought me the prettiest ring and was petting me so much that for the heart of me I did not know what to do. I now knew that I loved him in quite a different way from what I love Mr. Gaylord. But how to get out of it, there was the rub. Why, before we left the city, I had about half way promised to marry him, and now I knew I could not.

The next day there was a big baseball game. Mr. Gaylord was captain of the College team, and I was glad when Mr. James asked me to go. It was about the greatest game I ever saw, so much running and hitting and hard throwing. Mr. Gaylord did the most of the playing. He stood away back in center field and caught some of the highest balls, and never missed a one. Here the balls would go away up. Then we would hold our breath until Mr. Gaylord would catch them, and then we would clap our hands. Then every time Mr. Gaylord would come to the bat everybody would begin clapping and crying, "home run, home run." Just before they quit playing he came to the bat the last time. Then they began to clap again, and cry, "bases full, home run." I'll tell you he looked fine standing there with the bat in his hand watching the man that threw the balls. That man threw them so hard I don't see how Mr. Gaylord ever did hit them, but at last he did, and he hit it so hard it went clear over the fence. Then he run around and the College had beat 8 to 7.

Mr. James had acted mighty strange during the game. He had talked to me the night before about Mr. Gaylord. I did not think I had let him know I liked him, but he seemed to have found it out. To-day every time Mr. Gaylord made a good play he would turn and talk to me about it. I am certain I was blushing and

failing to conceal my admiration for Mr. Gaylord in spite of myself. Sometimes I would become conscious that Mr. James was watching me, and once or twice when Mr. Gaylord came up and spoke a few words I am certain I gave myself away.

Now when the game was over, and all the students were yelling and making jumping-jacks of themselves, Mr. James, bless his big heart, said: "Well Dot, that is the fellow you are in love with, is it? I found that out last night. He is a fine fellow, and I do not blame you for leaving me for him. He is just the man I should like my daughter to marry if I had one as fine as you. I need just such a man in my office, and as soon as he gets his license, I want to form a partnership with him. This will make it all right with your Papa. You will still be a friend to me, won't you, Dot?"

For answer, I just seized his hand and pressed it. I felt just like kissing him—but there was such a crowd around. Isn't he generous? Isn't he a dear?

To-day Papa just dotes on Mr. Jenks and Mr. Gaylord. I could tell you something else—but you will find it out for yourselves by waiting just a little while.

W. P. Woodford



Editorial

Whiff! We cast our pens to the wind, and with a sigh of relief present this the third edition of THE HOWLER to the public. That it is full of faults we acknowledge, that it will be severely criticised, by some at least despite our efforts, we do know; and yet for all its faults we make no apology; to its critics we answer nothing. To its readers, however, we would say that thrice our staff has been broken by members dropping out of college, once or twice on the very eve of this writing.

In many respects the boys have supported THE HOWLER and its board of editors this time with a loyal care, for which we thank them, and yet few have seen fit to contribute—by far the best support of all. Then if the charge is brought that *all* the students are not represented herein, please remember that where only a few contribute justice can hardly be done to *all*. And again if hits seem to be a little strong in a few instances, please remember that nothing at all personal is meant.

Far be it from us to criticise any of the present officers, yet we would offer a suggestion. In the election of class officers hereafter let the classes see to it that such men are elected as are fully qualified to fill the offices to which they are elected, especially poets and historians.

For aid and timely suggestions in preparing this volume we desire to thank Dr. Cooke and other members of the Faculty, and to our loyal contributors we gratefully acknowledge our appreciation, feeling, as we close these pages, with Longfellow's boatman, "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee."

Finale

Farewell to these loved ways ;
 A lone, far voice calls—
A myriad memories rise
 Before our pensive gaze—
These oak-embowered lawns,
 These ivy-screened walls,
Ere long must changed be
 For scenes of other days.

Here oft around our hearts
 A gold-enclasped bond
Entwined by holy hands
 We've felt; and deep within,
The all-questioning soul
 Has dreamed that out beyond
Our narrow-circled ken,
 Unvisioned regions roll.

The things that here we've loved,
 The fate-driven flight of years
Afar may silent bear
 To some secluded urn;
Yet thought-winged memory,
 Forgetful of all pain,
Shall ever backward turn,
 And pouring here her tears,
Shall bid them live again.

College Roll

Adams, Richard W.	Eu	Fresh	Charlotte, N. C.
Allen, John E.	Eu	Fresh	Warrenton, N. C.
Anderson, John G.	Eu	Fresh	Enfield, N. C.
Anderson, John B.	Eu	Senior	Paint Fork, N. C.
Arnett, David W.	Phi	Fresh	Carthage, S. C.
Ashcraft, Thomas B.	Eu	Junior	Marshville, N. C.
Austin, Matthias D.	Eu	Senior	Rockingham, N. C.
Ayres, Thomas L.	Phi	Fresh	Nichols, S. C.
Arledge, Isaac C.	Eu	Soph	Columbus, N. C.
Britt, E. M.	Phi	Post. G.	Lumberton, N. C.
Bryan, R. K.	Phi		Scott Hill, N. C.
Bagley, Samuel W.	Phi	Senior	Littleton, N. C.
Baker, Gordon C.	Phi	Fresh	Nichols, S. C.
Baldwin, Luther E.	Eu	Junior	Joppa, N. C.
Barker, John A.	Phi	Senior	Lumberton, N. C.
Barnett, Charles S.	Phi	Fresh	Roxboro, N. C.
Baucum, Herbert W.	Phi	Fresh	Morrisville, N. C.
Baynes, Wallace O.	Phi	Soph	Winston, N. C.
Bazemore, Bryan G.	Eu	Soph	Windsor, N. C.
Beale, Carlie W.		Fresh	Potecasi, N. C.
Bell, John C.	Phi	Fresh	Pollocksville, N. C.
Burnett, John P.	Eu	Fresh	Jubile, N. C.
Beverley, Thomas C.	Eu	Soph	Lumberton, N. C.
Bizzell, Thomas M.	Phi	Senior	Coldsboro, N. C.
Bower, John C.		Fresh	Jefferson, N. C.
Brickhouse, Robert E.	Eu	Fresh	Bay, N. C.
Bridger, Henry C.	Phi	Fresh	Bladenboro, N. C.
Bridges, John B.	Eu	Soph	Lexinc, N. C.
Broughton, Arthur C.	Phi	Fresh	Rolesville, N. C.
Brown, Frederick F.	Eu	Fresh	Asheville, N. C.
Brown, Gerney V.	Eu	Soph	Union, N. C.
Bryan, Ashley J.	Eu	Fresh	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Bryan, Paul Q.	Eu	Fresh	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Bunn, Julien N.	Eu	Fresh	Wakefield, N. C.

Burke, Flake T.	Eu.	Fresh.	Statesville, N. C.
Burleson, Adolphus McK.	Eu.	Junior.	Barnardsville, N. C.
Burns, Roy P.	Eu.	Soph.	Wadesboro, N. C.
Byrum, John T.	Eu.	Fresh.	Ryland, N. C.
Bray, Benjamin F., Jr.	Eu.	Senior.	Woodville, N. C.
Caldwell, Simeon F.	Phi.	Soph.	Lumberton, N. C.
Carroll, John R.	Phi.	Fresh.	Winterville, N. C.
Chafin, Abner C.	Eu.	Fresh.	Sheffield, N. C.
Cheek, Rupert E.	Phi.	Fresh.	Roxboro, N. C.
Cole, John W.	Eu.	Senior.	Bringles, N. C.
Conley, Clinton B.	Phi.	Fresh.	Burton, N. C.
Cooke, Edwin W.	Eu.	Senior.	Louisburg, N. C.
Conch, Vander F.	Eu.	Fresh.	Gwyn, N. C.
Covington, Richard D.	Eu.	Senior.	Florence, S. C.
Cox, Elijah	Phi.	Soph.	Catherine Lake, N. C.
Cox, Oscar F.	Eu.	Fresh.	Winterville, N. C.
Creasman, Clarence D.	Eu.	Fresh.	Asheville, N. C.
Crumpler, B. H.	Phi.	Senior.	Clinton, N. C.
Critcher, B. A.	Phi.	Post G.	Williamston, N. C.
Curtis, Jesse W.	Eu.	Fresh.	Finley, N. C.
Curtis, Kader R.	Phi.	Junior.	Ahoskie, N. C.
Curtis, Walter L.	Phi.	Fresh.	Ahoskie, N. C.
Cooke, Hugh D.	Eu.	Fresh.	Sweptonville, N. C.
Cox, Eugene A.	Eu.	Fresh.	Indian Springs, Tenn.
Dailey, Louis E.	Eu.	Fresh.	South Mills, N. C.
Davis, Marion L.	Phi.	Senior.	Beaufort, N. C.
Deaton, Parks B.	Eu.	Fresh.	Statesville, N. C.
Dorset, Oscar S.	Eu.	Fresh.	Lindhurst, N. C.
Duncan, John M.	Phi.	Soph.	Clinton, N. C.
Dunn, Wood A.	Eu.	Fresh.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Dunn, Benjamin E.	Eu.	Soph.	Wise, N. C.
Dunn, Carl C.	Eu.	Fresh.	Raleigh, N. C.
Duning, Bossie J.	Eu.	Fresh.	Ahoskie, N. C.
Earley, Watson H.	Eu.	Fresh.	Aulander, N. C.
Earnshaw, Elliot B.	Eu.	Junior.	Raleigh, N. C.
Edwards, Gordon R.	Eu.	Junior.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Edwards, Slocum R.	Phi.	Junior.	Siler City, N. C.
Elvington, Fulton R.	Phi.	Fresh.	Kemper, N. C.
Edmonds, W. R.	Phi.	Junior.	Dobson, N. C.
Ferree, Thaddeus S.	Phi.	Fresh.	Ashbow, N. C.

Ferrell, Ralph H.	Eu.	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Fisher, Pearl H.	Phi.	Fresh.	Parkton, N. C.
Foote, Ovid C.	Eu.	Fresh.	Roaring River, N. C.
Foote, Gaston S.	Eu.	Post G.	Warrenton, N. C.
Ford, Rufus, Jr.	Phi.	Junior.	Buntsville, S. C.
Francis, Josiah W.	Eu.	Senior.	Waynesville, N. C.
Freeman, Robert H.		Fresh.	Forrestville, N. C.
Fletcher, Arthur L.	Eu.	Senior.	Jefferson, N. C.
Forrest, Mortimer E.	Eu.	Junior.	Raleigh, N. C.
Fortune, Ralph B.		Fresh.	Marshville, N. C.
Garrison, Jacob E.	Eu.	Fresh.	Fort Mill, S. C.
Gardner, Jesse	Eu.	Soph.	Churchill, N. C.
Gentry, Byrd P.	Eu.	Junior.	Bethel Hill, N. C.
Goode, Clement T.	Eu.	Senior.	Mooresboro, N. C.
Goode, Walter E.	Eu.	Senior.	Mooresboro, N. C.
Gullege, J. M.			Wadesboro, N. C.
Goodwyn, George T.	Phi.	Junior.	Laurinburg, N. C.
Gore, Earl	Phi.	Junior.	Wilmington, N. C.
Greason, James F.	Phi.	Fresh.	Eulis, N. C.
Green, Garland M.	Eu.	Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Green, Felix B.	Eu.	Soph.	Canton, China
Green, John R.	Eu.	Soph.	Clyde, N. C.
Gulley, Donald D.	Phi.	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Gulley, Tom	Phi.	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Hairfield, Edward M.	Eu.	Soph.	Axton, N. C.
Hamrick, Charles R.	Eu.	Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Fuller B.	Eu.	Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Spurgeon O.	Eu.	Junior.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Beatty T.	Eu.	Fresh.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Vilas F.	Eu.	Fresh.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Waite C.	Phi.	Fresh.	Gaffney, S. C.
Hardaway, John S.	Phi.	Senior.	Newnan, Ga.
Harrell, Hugh C.	Eu.	Fresh.	Woodland, N. C.
Harris, Charles S.	Phi.		Wake Forest, N. C.
Harris, James A.	Phi.	Fresh.	Youngsville, N. C.
Honeycutt, A. C.			Albemarle, N. C.
Harwell, David B.	Phi.	Junior.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Harwell, Dobson F.	Phi.	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Hatch, Benj. H.	Phi.	Fresh.	Youngsville, N. C.
Hayes, Thomas N.	Phi.	Soph.	Purlear, N. C.

Kitch'n, Thurman D.	Eu.	Senior	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Kemp, Alex. E.	Phi.	Fresh.	Wakefield, N. C.
Lassiter, Arthur L.	Eu.	Fresh.	Potocasi, N. C.
Lennon, Woodie	Phi.	Soph.	Lumberton, N. C.
Leonard, Charles A.	Eu.	Soph.	Statesville, N. C.
Liverman, Carl R.	Eu.	Junior	Roxobel, N. C.
Long, Edward	Eu.	Senior	Loveslevel, N. C.
Long, Jay V.		Fresh.	Loveslevel, N. C.
Lowe, Calvin G.	Eu.	Senior	Forestville, N. C.
Lyon, Terry A.	Phi.	Soph.	Elizabethavrn, N. C.
Long, Samuel*	Eu.	Fresh.	Loveslevel, N. C.
Matthews, S. A.*		Fresh.	Castala, N. C.
McMillan, Oliver H.	Phi.	Fresh.	Mullins, N. C.
Mitchell, John W.	Eu.	Junior	Winter, N. C.
Mangum, Oscar R.	Phi.	Soph.	Durham, N. C.
Markham, Thomas J.	Phi.	Senior	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Marshall, Oliver N.	Phi.	Fresh.	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Marshbanks, Burgess	Eu.	Fresh.	Mars Hill, N. C.
Murray, Archie R.	Phi.	Fresh.	Burgess, N. C.
Murray, John F.	Eu.	Fresh.	Goldsboro, N. C.
Medlin, L. L.	Eu.	Fresh.	Monroe, N. C.
Martin, William R.		Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Massey, Joshua H.	Eu.	Soph.	Pilot, N. C.
McBrayer, C. B.	Eu.	Junior	Shelby, N. C.
McCarter, Jesse	Phi.	Soph.	Levierville, Tenn.
McDuffie, Phillip C.	Eu.	Senior	Baltimore, Md.
McGhee, John W.		Fresh.	Franklinton, N. C.
McLendon, John R.	Eu.	Fresh.	Mathews, N. C.
McLendon, Lang L.	Eu.	Fresh.	Wadesboro, N. C.
McMillan, Henry H.	Phi.	Fresh.	Maxton, N. C.
McMillan, Levy R.	Phi.	Fresh.	Maxton, N. C.
McSwain, Chevis C.	Eu.	Soph.	Lattimore, N. C.
Melton, Noah A.	Eu.	Fresh.	Zephyr, N. C.
Midgett, Edward S.	Phi.	Fresh.	Manteo, N. C.
Mitchell, Paul H.	Eu.	Junior	Ahoskie, N. C.
Moore, Odus S.	Eu.	Fresh.	Shelby, N. C.
Morgan, E. L.	Eu.	Soph.	Clyde, N. C.
Morgan, Joseph R.	Eu.	Senior	Clyde, N. C.
Morris, Frank K.	Phi.	Fresh.	Hendersonville, N. C.
Nanny, Albert H.	Eu.	Soph.	Union Mills, N. C.

* Deceased.

Nanny, John H.	Eu.	Soph.	Union Mills, N. C.
Newell, Clifford	Eu.	Fresh.	Flows, N. C.
Olive, Percy J.	Phi		Apex, N. C.
Olive, Alfred H.	Phi	Senior	Thomasville, N. C.
Pace, William H.	Eu.	Post G.	Raleigh, N. C.
Page, Hubbard F.	Phi	Senior	Dunn, N. C.
Parker, Jesse	Eu.	Senior	Lewiston, N. C.
Parker, Lloyd A.	Eu.	Junior	Menola, N. C.
Parker, Thomas E.	Eu.	Fresh.	Ametta, N. C.
Patton, Jo. C.	Eu.	Junior	Morganton, N. C.
Pearson, Rufus B.	Phi.	Soph.	Reidsville, N. C.
Peek, George A.	Eu.	Senior	Hodges Ferry, Va.
Peel, Judson	Eu.	Fresh.	Greensboro, N. C.
Perry, Earnest M.	Eu.	Soph.	Mapleville, N. C.
Petree, Frank H.	Eu.	Fresh.	Danbury, N. C.
Picot, John M.	Eu.	Junior	Littleton, N. C.
Pinson, Quincy J.	Phi.	Fresh.	Albany, Ga.
Poe, William D.	Phi.	Junior	Pittsboro, N. C.
Pollard, William A.	Phi.	Soph.	Gaither, Ark.
Poteat, Hubert M.	Eu.	Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powell, Lewis M.	Eu.	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powers, Alexander K.	Phi.	Fresh.	Wallace, N. C.
Powers, Bruce L.	Phi.	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powers, James A.	Phi.	Soph.	Wallace, N. C.
Price, Wilson H.	Eu.	Senior	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Pritchard, Charles E.	Eu.	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Proctor, James D.	Phi.	Senior	Lumberton, N. C.
Parker, Arnold, Jr.	Eu.	Soph.	Albemarle, N. C.
Parker, Michael	Eu.	Soph.	Albemarle, N. C.
Portrum, Henry E.	Phi.	Soph.	Rodgersville, Tenn.
Powell, James McK*	Phi.	Soph.	Whiteville, N. C.
Ransaur, Robert L.	Eu.	Soph.	Cleveland Mills, N. C.
Ranes, George A.		Soph.	Forestville, N. C.
Ray, Vallin C.	Eu.	Junior	Baugor, N. C.
Rich, Samuel O.	Phi.	Fresh.	Mocksville, N. C.
Richardson, Oliver P.	Phi.	Junior	Gaffney, S. C.
Royall, William L.	Eu.	Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Rozier, James B.	Phi.	Fresh.	Lumberton, N. C.
Roberts, Edward G.	Eu.	Fresh.	Homerville, Va.
Sanders, James R.	Eu.	Senior	Wingate, N. C.

* Deceased.

Sharpe, Earnest F.	Phi.	Soph.	Blackwood, N. C.
Shearon, Edgar L.	Phi.	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Sigmon, Romulus L.	Eu.	Junior.	Granite Falls, N. C.
Sikes, Oscar J.	Eu.	Soph.	Monroe, N. C.
Sikes, Wiley A.	Eu.	Fresh.	Conway, N. C.
Singleton, Thomas C.	Eu.	Fresh.	Washington, N. C.
Smith, Carl R.	Eu.	Junior.	Timmons ville, S. C.
Smith, C. A.	Eu.	Soph.	Concord, N. C.
Smith, John I.	Phi.	Soph.	Greenville, N. C.
Sneed, William G.	Phi.	Fresh.	Williamsboro, N. C.
Sorgee, Benjamin	Eu.	Fresh.	Newbrookland, S. C.
Spalding, James H.	Eu.	Soph.	Eura, N. C.
Speas, William E.	Eu.	Soph.	East Bend, N. C.
Speas, William P.	Eu.	Junior.	Huntsville, N. C.
Spence, George J.	Phi.	Junior.	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Stafford, William W.	Eu.	Senior.	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Stevens, Herman T.	Phi.	Fresh.	Wilson Mills, N. C.
Stewart, James R.	Eu.	Fresh.	Tennyson, N. C.
Swindell, Frederick D.		Senior.	Goldsboro, N. C.
Taylor, Carey B.	Eu.	Soph.	Dunn, N. C.
Tew, Cornelius T.	Phi.	Junior.	Maltonville, N. C.
Thomas, James J.	Eu.	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Thomas, Thomas M.	Phi.	Fresh.	Beaufort, N. C.
Thompson, Elmore O.	Eu.	Fresh.	Dwight, N. C.
Thompson, S. F.	Phi.	Fresh.	Kapps Mill, N. C.
Timberlake, Richard E.	Phi.	Fresh.	Youngsville, N. C.
Timberlake, E. W., Jr.	Phi.	Post G.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Thorne, Edgar N.	Eu.	Soph.	Forest City, N. C.
Toon, Walter C.	Phi.	Soph.	Whiteville, N. C.
Townsend, James H.	Phi.	Fresh.	Red Springs, N. C.
Trantham, Thomas S.	Eu.	Soph.	Camden, S. C.
Tunstall, James L.	Eu.	Soph.	Coker, N. C.
Turner, Eugene A.	Phi.	Senior.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Turner, James B.	Phi.	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Tyner, Bunyan Y.	Phi.	Fresh.	Lowe, N. C.
Upchurch, Carey A.	Phi.	Soph.	Apex, N. C.
Vann, William H.	Eu.	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Vann, Heber J.	Eu.	Junior.	Como, N. C.
Vann, Joseph N.	Eu.	Junior.	Union, N. C.
Vaughan, James M.	Eu.	Junior.	Flint, N. C.

Vernon, John H.	Phi	Senior	Bushy Fork, N. C.
Vernon, James W.	Phi	Soph.	Roxboro, N. C.
Vernon, Robert	Phi	Fresh	Wake Forest, N. C.
Vernon, Thomas L.	Eu	Senior	Madison, N. C.
Waff, Charles M.	Eu	Soph.	Reynoldson, N. C.
Walker, Thomas D.	Phi	Junior	Pulaski, Ga.
Walters, C. A.	Eu	Fresh	Raleigh, N. C.
Ward, Arch. F.	Phi	Soph.	Lumberton, N. C.
Watson, J. F.	Phi	Soph.	Dillon, S. C.
Ward, Oscar W.	Eu	Fresh	Gliden, N. C.
Watson, Hoyt	Phi	Fresh	Sellers, S. C.
Weathers, Lee B.	Eu	Fresh	Shelby, N. C.
Weathers, Vernon O.	Phi	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Weatherspoon, Jesse B.	Phi	Junior	Durham, N. C.
Weatherspoon, Walter H.	Phi	Soph.	Durham, N. C.
Wetzell, William L.	Phi	Fresh	Gastonia, N. C.
Whisnant, John W.	Eu	Post G.	Granite Falls, N. C.
White, Lee McB.	Eu	Fresh	Macon, Ga.
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