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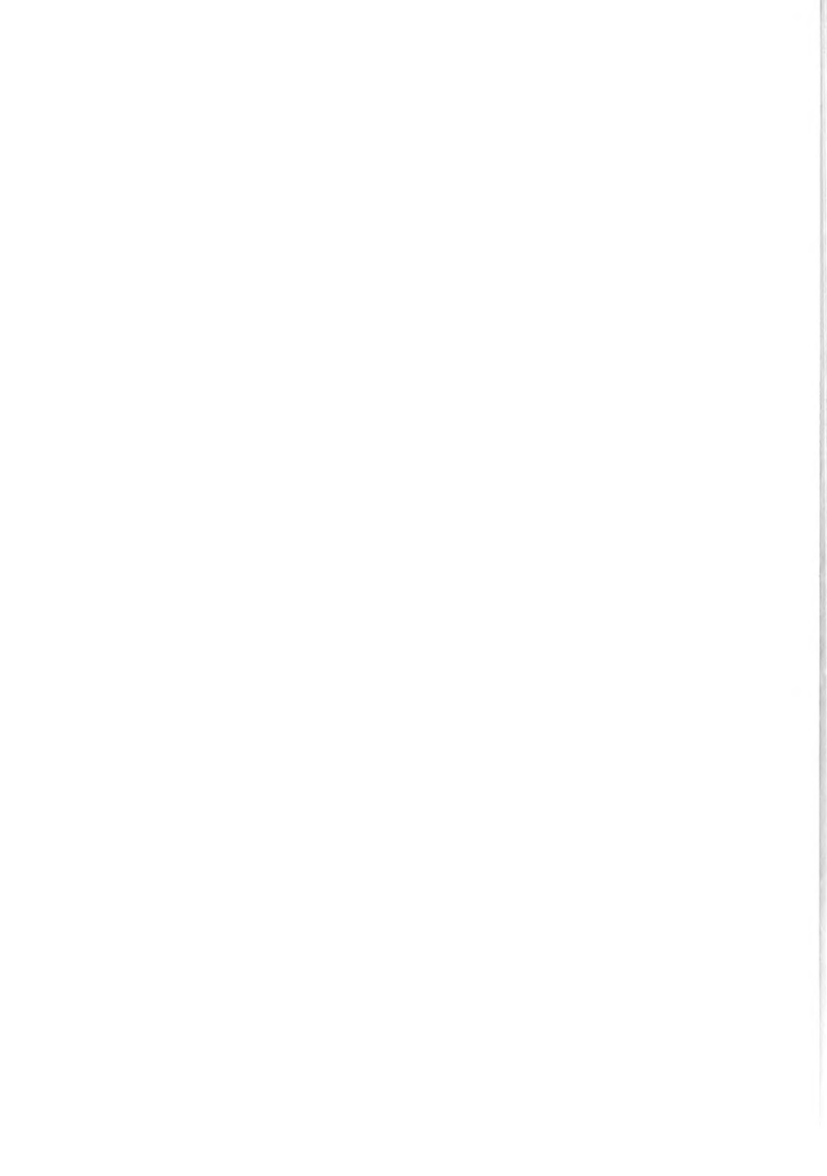


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# THE HOWLER

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VOLUME VI

MDCCCXVIII

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

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## Dedication

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TO

**WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN**

Eminent in the Noble Brotherhood of Wake Forest Men,

Worthily Illustrating in the National Legislature

His Alma Mater's Ideal of

**RIGHTEOUSNESS AND EFFICIENCY**

in the Public Service,

This Sixth Issue of **THE HOWLER**

is Dedicated.



WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN.

# College Calendar

For Session 1907-08



- September 3. Beginning of the Session.
- October 18. Senior Speaking and Reception by the Senior Class.
- September 14. Applications for degrees submitted.
- October 1. Last day for settlement of College fees for Fall Term.
- October 2. Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
- December 12-20. Fall Term Examinations.
- December 21-31. Christmas Holidays.
- January 1. Beginning of Spring Term.
- February 1. Last day for settlement of College fees for Spring Term.
- February 14. Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies.
- March 13. Senior Speaking.
- April 10. Last day for removal of conditions by applicants for degrees.
- Easter Monday. Holiday.
- May 1. Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
- May 13-25. Spring Term Examinations.
- May 17. Baccalaureate Sermon.
- May 20-22. Commencement:
- Wednesday, 10 a. m. Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.  
8:30 p. m. Concert by Glee Club and Orchestra.
- Thursday, 11 a. m. Address before the Literary Societies.  
8:30 p. m. Address before the Alumni.
- Friday, 11 a. m. Commencement Day. Addresses by representatives of the Graduating Class and Closing Exercises of the Session.

# Table of Contents



	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece	2	Athletic Association	95
Dedication	3	Baseball Team 1908	96
Hon. W. W. Ketchum	5	Picture 1907	97
College Calendar	6	Basket-ball	98
Our Faculty Editor	8	Basket-ball Team	99
Greeting	9	Sophomore Team	100
Howler Editors	10	Basket-ball Games	101
Faculty	12	Tennis Team	102
To the Muses	Homer 13	Staff W. F. Weekly	103
Our President	14	To the Mountains of Carolina	Jo Patton 104
Senior Class—Officers	17	Football in Infancy	105
Class Roll	17	Football	106
Class History	Historian 44	Junior Football Team	107
Alma Mater	H. F. Page 46	A Gymnasium Class	108
Junior Class—Officers	48	The Awakening of a Soul	Mangum 109
Class Picture	49	Campus scenes	114
Class History	Historian 50	Clubs	115
Class Poem	Poet 52	Sophomors' Annual Advice	116
Sophomore Class—Officers	51	Hodnett Club	117
Class Picture	55	Rounders of the Roost	118
Class History	Historian 56	College Smoke Stacks	119
Class Poem	Poet 58	Box-car Boys	120
Freshman Class—Officers	59	Cox Club	121
Class Picture	60	Our "Mucky" Married Men	123
Class History	Historian 61	Examination	124
Class Poem	Poet 63	Thompson Club	125
Class Prophecy	Prophet 64	The Fresh Four	127
Law Class—Officers	66	Knights of the Stein	128
Class Picture	67	Ellington Club	129
Class History	Historian 68	Faculty Meeting	130
Supreme Court Class	70	Black Diamond Quartette	132
Class Poem	Poet 71	The Tourist Klan	134
Medical Class—Officers	72	B. C. Fraternity	135
Class Picture	73	The Sons of Palmetto	136
Senior Meds' Picture	74	Quotation Hits	138
Class History	Historian 74	More or Less Pungent	139
The Four Winds	Rates 76	Caught on the Wing	140
Ministerial Class—Officers	77	Desired to Know	141
Class Poem	77	Student Editors	142
Class Picture	78	A Medal For a Maid	Westlake 143
Organizations	79	Anniversary officers	148
Euzelia	Page 80	Who? What? How? When? Why?	150
Euzelian Society	81	His Hobby	152
Philomathesian	Page 82	Anniversary Marshals	153
Philomathesian Society	83	Come A-Maying	Page 154
Philomathesian Hall	84	Doctor Tom	155
Mercer Debaters	85	Who Can Tell Us	156
Euzelian Hall	86	Faculty quartette	157
Poem	H. F. P. 87	John Chas. McNeill	158
Glee Club and Orchestra	88	L'Envoi	McNeill 159
Picture	89	Senior Speakers	160
Program	90	Barren quartette	162
O. Hersch's Wake Forest	91	Editor's Uneasy Chair	163
Y. M. C. A.	92	Advertisements	165
Witch Hazel	Page 94		



OUR FACULTY EDITOR,  
J. HENRY HIGHSMITH.

## Greeting



Our work is before you. Our labor of love has not been without its vexations and annoyances, but the task has yielded a large dividend of joy if you peruse these pages with pleasure. Laugh when you feel so inclined, praise when you can do so with sincerity, and temper your justice with mercy.

## Howler Editors



H. H. McMILLAN,  
Editor-in Chief



N. A. MELTON,  
Business Manager.



A. H. FLOWERS,  
Art Editor.



## Senior Editors



O. L. MOORE, Ed.



J. G. CARROLL, Phil.



Associate Editors



H. C. DOCKERY, JR., PH.D.



T. HENDRIX, E.C.



J. S. MARTIN, E.C.



T. M. DANIEL, PH.D.

## The Faculty



- WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., *President, Professor of Biology.*  
CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D., LL.D., *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.*  
BENJAMIN F. SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., *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. GUILLEY, M.A., B.L., *Professor of Law.*  
J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Modern Languages.*  
E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Political Science.*  
JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., *Professor of Physics.*  
WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., *Professor of the Bible.*  
DR. WATSON S. RANKIN, *Professor of Medicine.*  
DR. LEWIS M. GAINES, *Professor of Medicine.*  
J. HENRY HIGSMITH, M.A., *Professor of Education.*  
GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., *Associate Professor of Latin and Greek.*  
EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., B.A., B.L., *Associate Professor of Law.*  
H. F. PAGE, M.A., *Assistant Professor of English.*  
J. RICHARD CROZIER, *Director of Physical Culture.*  
J. DUNBAR IVES, M.A., *Instructor in Biology.*  
HUBERT M. POTEAT, B.A., *Instructor in Latin.*  
ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., *Bursar.*  
JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A., *Instructor in Chemistry.*  
W. HARVEY VANN, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*  
HUBERT A. JONES, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

## To the Muses



1  
Ho, all ye bards of ancient time,  
Come, listen to my tale,  
As I disclose some facts sublime,  
In jingles rather stale.

2  
I'll tell you of a Taylor who  
In Psychic grandeur sits  
To take the Seniors' measure true,  
And give them perfect fits.

3  
I'll tell you of a Royal(I) way,  
Where roots of Greek abide,  
To trouble Preps by night and day  
Who try to steal a ride.

4  
I'll tell you of a wondrous Sled(d),  
The students' motor kind,  
Forever moving smooth aHead,  
And Freshmen spilled behind.

5  
I'll show you a Brewer with magic art,  
Whose products Juniors drink,  
More sober always when they part,  
And better trained to think.

6  
I'll show a Lake both broad and deep,  
But sometimes rather dry,  
Where Physic laws their vigils keep,  
And rules unnumbered lie.

7  
I'll show a Timberlake, also,  
With useful timber stored,  
Where legal oaks symmetric grow,  
And none is ever bored.

8  
And then a Gull(e)y deep appears,  
But not so very wide,  
Where laws of earth and other spheres  
Commingled well reside.

9  
And then, out-Rankin(g) all the rest  
In worth and solid Gain(e)s,  
I'll show the men by nature blest  
In healing aches and pains.

10  
Teachers are trained like smith to mold  
Young ideas how to shoot;  
A Highsmith follows stern and cold,  
Who makes them sing to boot.

11  
And last I'll show a Paschal feast,  
Where Sophs. are gladly(?) fed  
On Grecian broth, with Latin yeast,  
And—no more need be said.

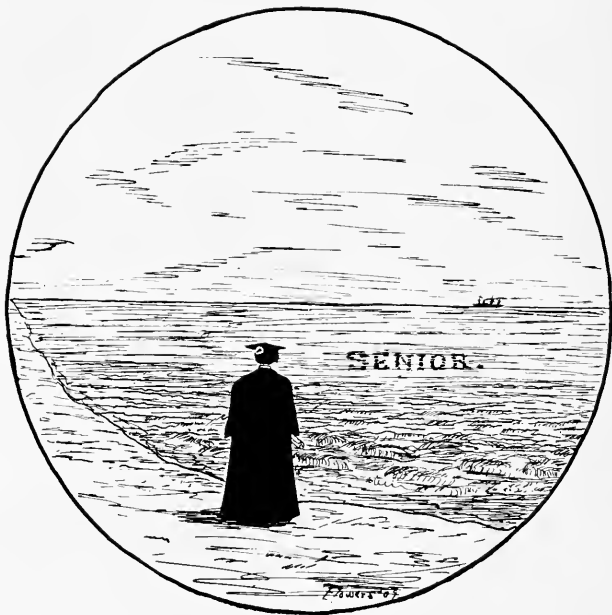
HOMER.



OUR PRESIDENT.

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## The Classes



## Senior Class Officers



H. H. McMILLAN.....	President.
J. E. RAY, JR.....	Vice-President.
P. C. STRINGFIELD.....	Secretary.
W. J. JONES.....	Treasurer.
V. F. COUCH.....	Historian.
P. Q. BRYAN.....	Poet.
W. H. FURMAN.....	Prophet.



JOHN E. ALLEN, M.A.,  
WARRENTON, N. C.

*"An open countenance, but close thoughts."*

"Teddy" is indebted to Mr. Roosevelt for his name. When a newish in college he fell a prey to the night-hawks one night, and after that was heartily in favor of the total extermination of that species. He took his B.A. degree with the class of '07, and has been teaching in Warrenton High School this year.



ROBERT GIBSON ANDERS, B.A.,  
HENDERSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic,  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."*

Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., '07-'08; Assistant in Physics, '07-'08.

This mountain giant was reared on the banks of the French Broad. His melodious voice fits him for music, but he frowns while singing, and this beholds him from the stage. His peculiar walk, as he goes bouncing along, suggests that he is an instructor here. It is reported that "Bob and Professor Lake stand in."

Next year he will solve the problem in electric lights. By some principle in Physics he is going to transfer the "Northern Lights" to illumine Wake Forest College. The remainder of his life he will extract sunbeams from cucumbers, to be put in phials and sold to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.

CHARLES STONEWALL BARNETTE, B.A.,  
PERSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"Silence more musical than any song."*

Anniversary Marshal, '06; Associate Editor of THE HOWLER, '06-'07; Associate Editor of the Student, '07-'08.

"Chas." possessed the necessary characteristics of a Quaker. He tried to say the things that were in his heart; but that which fell from his lips were only words to which his brain gave painful birth. He never aspired to be an orator, yet he cultivated his "literary bent" while in college.

He believes that "every one should look after his own affairs." He is one of these solid men, who are grown at an early age. He adores nothing feminine. He is destined to fill some important position at a "Deaf and Dumb Institution."







WILLIAM S. BRITT, LL.B.,

LUMBERTON, N. C.

*"A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats."*

Historian Freshman Class, '07; Licensed Lawyer, '08.

His *cocoon* is full of the milk of human kindness, and he is a young man of rare ability, for he is taking a degree in two years.

When a Newish he dared do all that might become a man, but the Sophs. dared do more. His standing collar, white vest and walking-cane present him an important personage among the students.

Bill is the proud possessor of a license from the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and, after leaving here, he will become a member of the Lumberton Bar, where he will exchange his oratory for country produce.

FRED F. BROWN, B.A.,

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*"If you have great talents, industry will improve them."*

Won Freshman Medal, '05; Wake Forest-Mercer Debater, '07 and '08; President Y. M. C. A., '07 and '08; Poet Junior Class, '07; President Athletic Association, '08; Anniversary Orator, '08.

Fred is popular with all the students, and is a boy of strong intellect, integrity, sterling qualities, and exemplary habits.

When a Newish he wanted to take "Psy.," but Dr. Taylor persuaded him to wait about three years.

Since his Sophomore year he has given up "Experimental Chemistry" and is now trying to decide whether he will practice law or preach.





RICHARD LANE BROWN, LL.B.,

ALBEMARLE, N. C.

*"He has an eye that could speak, though his tongue were silent."*

Licensed Lawyer.

"Buster" is generous and good-natured, has a piercing eye and a strong intellect. He has succeeded in winning a host of friends in college, and is competent to achieve whatever he undertakes in the future. He was one of the members of the Supreme Court class which "batted" Judge Hoke for a home run in February last. After graduating he will go back to Albemarle and enter upon the duties of his profession, and we predict that in the near future his reputation as a leading lawyer will be known from the St. Lawrence to California,—yea from Dan to Beersheba.

PAUL QUINCY BRYAN, B.A.,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

*"Verily his height measures his conceit,  
And for slang, well—he can't be beat."*

Corresponding Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Associate Editor of THE HOWLER, '06-'07; Business Manager of the Glee Club, '07-'08.

With an appetite that even rivals his wit, Paul has caused a steady advance in board bills for the past four years. He is a good, amiable fellow, with a sufficient reserve of "gas" to spiel his opinions on any current subject of local magnitude. His unexampled economy (?) in managing the financial affairs of the Glee Club warrants for him a place of high standing in the world of finance.





JOHN T. BYRUM, B.A.,

RYLAND, N. C.

*"Deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat and public care."*

When John first joined the class of '08 he was at once classed in Professor Sledd's favorite "category." No smile has ever played upon his pious face. He will in due time become an able man of the ministry, and live a long life of single wretchedness.

JAMES GROVER CARROLL, B.A.,

SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"Who'er excels in what we prize,  
Appears a hero in our eyes."*

Vice-President of his Class; Senior Editor of THE HOWLER, '07-'08.

In spite of his unconcerned manner of locomotion, and his quivering chin, he is somewhat handsome. His countenance carries an ever ready smile, and his tongue a cheerful word for his fellows.

"Grover" is a good student, and is master of whatever he undertakes. Though he entered a full "Freshman," with honor, he finishes in three years, and goes, level-headed, big-hearted, into the field of tutoring, where the little ones look up to be fed. Many more of this type are needed in our schools. May his success be as grand as his prospects prophesy.





OVERTON WILSON CLAYTON, LL.B.,  
PENNSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C.

*"A civil habit oft covers a good (?) man."*

Associate Judge of "Moot Court," '08.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers." "Gig" comes from the Occident, and after two years demands his degree, and also "License" to practice his necessary attorney talent in the Commonwealth. His argument (?), coupled with one of his long-drawn, bewitching smiles, will win any jury to his feigned opinion. He has been an important character in the "Moot Court." You can hear him farther than you can see him. His appetite is unruly at all times.

When he came he possessed the one usual characteristic of a Freshman. It is surmised that he will become a great "Lawyer."

V. F. COUCH, B.S.,  
JENNINGS, N. C.

*"A surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart  
and a lady's hand."*

Baseball Team, '05-'08; Captain Basketball Team, '06-'08; Honor Committee, '06-'07; Manager Baseball Team, '08; Assistant in Chemistry, '08; Historian Senior Class; Vice-President Medical Class, '08.

Vander is one of the popular men of his class. He has always taken an active interest in athletics; and in the history of the college his name will ever be associated with basketball. His portentious countenance bespeaks a man of sound mind and body. He thinks he was made for a doctor, and with that end in view he will continue the study of medicine. Some day he expects to roll up a great fortune with pills and quinine.



OSCAR CREECH, B.A.

JOHNSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"Hanging and wiring goes by destiny."  
"She is mine own."*

Assistant Director in Gymnasium, '06-'07; Married Life, '07-'08; "Star" Member of Senior Basket-ball Team, '08.

"Creech," strong in character, modest in behavior, reserved in manners, faithful to his friends, shows himself to be a good, hard-working student. In his third year he holds out his hand for his degree. Only good things can be said of him. In the moral world he occupies the place of a true layman. During his last year, some unknown (?) force seems to have drawn him from the companionship of the boys. He offers his energy to fight the illiteracy of the State. He is destined to become one of those old-time, seedy school teachers.



A. W. DUNN, B.A.,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

*"Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion."*

Corresponding Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., '06-'07; Associate Editor HOWLER, '06-'07; Class Orator.

Ashby bears the distinction of being the youngest man of his class. He is also one of the handsome men of the class, and enjoys a wide reputation in social circles. As class orator he will even rival the eloquence of Cicero, or Webster, or some one else at commencement, and do honor not only to himself but to the class which he represents. He will at no distant day become an able member of the Scotland Neck Bar.





ELLIOT B. EARNSHAW, M.A.,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*"No two on earth can agree; all have some darling singularity."*

This man is notorious for his original ideas in "Bursarology." He took the B.A. degree with the class '06. Since that time he has remained in the college as Bursar. He has completely revolutionized the whole system and had his office provided with a new set of furniture—rocking-chairs, etc. At present we entertain no hope of his ever resigning his present position.

OVID CLEMMONS FOOTE, B.A.,  
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

*"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."*

Second Marshal Anniversary, '06; Senior Speaker; Vice-President of Junior Class; Librarian, '05-'07.

"Feet" claims that he is studying medicine for the sake of humanity (for he is a human). As a "Freshman" he was timid. As a "Sophomore" he was at his post of duty. Since that time he has served the college in the capacity of "Hot Air Plant." He is a good student and is devoted to his life work.

Being college property, he takes a good many privileges. As a typical physician he will gain a reputation by exchanging his "Cathartic Mixtures" for the grunts and groans of the rustics. Throughout the land his name will be lisped by the little children.





WILLIAM HAYWOOD FURMAN, B.S.,  
FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. C.

*"Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
On the wings of borrowed wit."*

Vice-President Medical Class, '06-'07; President Medical Class, '07-'08; Prophet Senior Class, '07-'08; Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy, '07-'08.

"Bill" has a corner on the wit of his class. His clownish ideas, together with his ability as a medical student, have insured him popularity among the boys. With only three years to his credit he emerges from the medical class with his surgical talent in his hand. He doesn't look delicate, yet he rooms in the "Infirmary." His motto is, "Give all the statistics you can in society." He will become eminent for his skillful operations on dogs and cats.

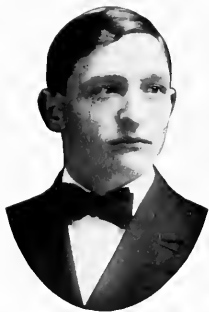
Wit, nerve, beauty (?), and an accurate knowledge of medicine are his possessions. May the fates deal gently with him.

WILLIAM RAY GRIFFIN, B.S.,  
MARSHVILLE, N. C.

*'He many creatures did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air and land;  
Could tell if a mite were lean or fat,  
Could read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.'*

Ray thinks he is a natural born doctor, but that dear school, experience, will teach him a different lesson; but, alas—"fools will learn in no other." He will, after graduating in medicine, conduct a private sanitarium and hospital; also a cemetery for the final disposition of those who fall victims to his malignant practice.





V. FITZHUGH HAMRICK, B.A.,  
SHELBY, S. C.

*"True courage scorn  
To vent her prowess in a storm of words,  
And to the valiant actions speak alone."*

Assistant in Gymnasium, '07-'08.

Here we find a man of cool bearing and a dignified air, who consumes all his time in attending to his own business and never worries about that of other people. His career as a student has been quiet, never condescending to indulge in politics. Always a friend in time of trouble. He says he does not know what he is made for, but we believe he is destined to become a power in the finance of the world.

WAITE CARLISLE HAMRICK, JR., LL.B.,  
CHEROKEE COUNTY, S. C.

*"Contentment,"  
"He moves in the direction of least resistance."*

President Sophomore Class, '06; Member of Baseball Team, '05-'08; Captain Baseball Team, '07-'08.

"Sug" is on the lips of every boy in school, and especially during ball season after he has "peeled out" a home-run or passed a season without an error, as he did this last one. He is quiet but always pleasant; a boy of out-door sports and muscle. He succeeded in making the lazy club for two successive years, and we hope for him a restful future.







THOMAS NORMAN HAYES, M.A., LL.B.,  
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

*"His civil bearing and keen intellect  
Showed him the lawyer in every respect."*

Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '06; Associate Editor of *Student*, '06-'07; Honor Committee, '06-'07; First Debater Anniversary, '07; Librarian, '05-'08; Commencement Speaker, '07; Independent Latin Instructor, '07-'08; Vice-President Law Class, '07-'08

"Tom" is back this year trying to escape with two degrees. The teaching force of the State reluctantly hands him over to the legal circles.

Last year he ended his eventful race for a B.A. degree. He returned with a surplus of dignity. He brought his speaking ability back. This he turned loose to the detriment of the "Moor Court." He served well at Wake Forest. You will hear of him in politics.

TILLETTE HENDRIX, B.A.,

ADVANCE, N. C.

*"Tell me a man is dishonest, and I will answer he is  
no lawyer."*

Associate Editor *HOWLER*, '08; Licensed Lawyer, '05. Here's a scholar and a gentleman, a lawyer and a politician.

Tillette is good-natured and unostentatious, and, as a student, is diligent and persistent. When in his room he is busy, and when seen on the campus he is in a hurry.

Besides his B.A. degree he is also getting off work for the LL.B. this year, and after leaving the sacred walls of his Alma Mater, we predict that he will reflect honor upon the legal profession and credit upon himself.





AURENUS TILDEN HOWARD, B.A.,

SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"How delicate, how serious, how wise, how august,  
How peculiar, how wonderful is man."*

Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. two years; Anniversary Orator, '08.

"Howard" hails from the huckleberry-ponds. Having been raised on "hucks" he can not boast of his physical strength, yet his unbounded devotion to tennis has a tendency to develop this.

He is a good speaker and really suited to his profession. He is "A chosen vessel to stir up the kingdom of darkness." His words will have reality and depth, because they will harmonize with his life. He will occupy some city church, come timidly out, deliver his "spiel" and scurry quickly back into his retiring room.

He also has a "Mania" for fountain pens. Hear ye him: "Verily, verily, I say unto yon, the pen is mightier than the sword."

T. LESTER JOHNSON, LL.B.,

MARSHALL, N. C.

*"His bark is worse than his bite."*

Licensed Lawyer.

This man has the peculiar distinction of being the only "Newish-Senior" in the class. He is ostentatious, and apparently assuming, but, nevertheless, he possesses a strong intellect, and has the respect of the boys. At first he seemed a sort of "Bluff," for he carried two guns in his pockets, and averred that "elephants would be seen roosting in trees" before his face should assume a nocturnal appearance; but one night when the Fates were against him, and the gods had forsaken him, he, with his "wheels ungreased," fell victim to the "Night-Hawk Club No. 6," from which time he has been a wiser and a better man.

After leaving here he aims to practice law, and we feel assured that he will be successful.





HUBERT A. JONES, B.A.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*"We measure genius by quality, not by quantity."*

Member Honor Committee, '06, and '07; President Junior Class, '07; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '07; Associate Editor *W. F. Weekly*, '07; Won Junior Medal, '07; Licensed Lawyer, '08; Instructor in Math., '08; First Debater Anniversary, '08.

Hubert is quite popular with all the boys, and especially with the Newish Math. Class this year; they all tip their hats to him and call him 'fessor. As for personal pulchritude he doesn't show up much, but the way he sports is a caution. He is also getting off work for the LL.B. degree, and we predict that some day he will have a good law practice, and a large family.

WILLIE JACKSON JONES, B.A.,

GATES COUNTY, N. C.

*"He comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honor, or for worldly state."*

Teacher of Bible Band, '06; Treasurer Senior Class, '08.

Bill is a jolly, good-natured fellow, and is liked by all the boys.

Besides the work in the regular college routine, he has also done a great deal of church work.

May he continue his good work and become a shining light in his calling.





JAMES FOY JUSTICE, B.A.,

BUNCOMBE COUNTY, N. C.

*"Man is unjust, but God is just;  
And finally Justice triumphs."*

Historian of Junior Class; Chief Marshal Commencement, '07; Chairman Bible Study Committee Y. M. C. A., '07; Assistant Political Science, '07-'08; Senior Speaker.

Justice, a well-rounded man of the western hills, has played well the role of a student. Although he claims a good part of the dignity of his class, yet at close inspection we discover that he borrowed it from Dr. Sikes. "Firmness" is the keynote of his future success. "Centralization" the embodiment of his ideal. His first office will be "Justice of Peace," his second and last "Chief Justice." He will aspire to be President of the United States.

FAIRLEY D. KING, B.A.,

MATTHEWS, N. C.

*"And genius has elective power  
Which earth can never tame."*

Winner Sophomore Medal, '06; Senior Speaker, '08. King is one of the hardest workers in college. Besides doing his regular class work, he has also done a great amount of outside work, and has won quite a distinction as a minister. He is one of our best speakers, and we predict for him a fine record in his chosen profession.





WILLIAM D. LITTLE, B.A.,

MARSHVILLE, N. C.

*"He has I know not what  
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate,  
That almost aces me."*

Freshman Medal, '06; Basket-ball Team, '06-'08;  
Senior Speaker.

This little boy is another link in the long chain of Union County graduates. By honest industry and noble effort he has in the three years completed the work for the B.A. degree, won a medal, and made for himself a host of friends who will never forget him. He, not knowing what his talent was, prayed the fates to lift the curtain, and he "Looked into the future as far as human eye could see" and caught a vision of a young lawyer in that eternal struggle which ends with the survival of the fittest.

BURGESS P. MARSHBANKS, B.A.,

MARS HILL, N. C.

*"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading."*

He is a typical mountaineer, long, lean, and lank; a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and to know him you must study him. He is somewhat of a genius, stands at the head of his class and is executive officer of the Hodnett Club. He is unassuming, and, till you get acquainted with him, seems inaffable, and unaffectionate; but to hear him relate his portrait experiences is a romance,—yea, even a prodigy. After taking his B.A. he aims to study law, and we predict that he will some day be a long sprout in the legal profession.





GEORGE OCTAVIUS MARSHALL, B.A.,  
PENDER COUNTY, N. C.

*"It sings, I wish it did, not sing."*

*"His song was tedious and outvoted the night."*

Treasurer of Sophomore Class; Anniversary Marshal, '06; First Debater Anniversary, '08.

Genial, fun-making, and noisy "George" aspired to membership of the "take life easy club." Surely he got what there was for him out of college life. Popular with the boys, neutral as to the faculty, courteous to the ladies, he decides to study law.

But realizing that Law and Logic have the same origin, and after having filled the position of "Train Inspector" for four years, he, from habit, heeds the call of the locomotive, and necessarily poses as a railroad lawyer.

"His joys in college life were three.

Post-office, drug store, and old oak tree."

HILLIARD JOSHUA MASSEY, B.A.,  
PILOT, FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. C.

*"By silence, I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own."*

Associate Editor of *Student*, '08; Assistant in English, '08.

For five long years has he dwelt beneath these classic shades, heard the roar of the Sophomore artillery, and hearkened to the tintinnabulation of the old college bell. These years have not been spent in idleness, but in hard work for the preparation of his chosen profession. His highest ambition is to become Principal of some High School, and we predict for him a successful career.





JOHN R. McLENDON, LL.B.

MATTHEWS, N. C.

*"Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him."*

Senior Speaker, '07.

Four years ago "Mac." entered college with the present Senior class, but, being endowed with a preponderance of gray matter in his cranium, he took the B.A. degree with the class of '07. After leaving college, and laboring under the delusion and blind phantasm that he was destined to enter the Category of the Pedagogues, he taught the young idea how to shoot during the past year. But he has decided to re-enlist in the class of '08 and take the LL.B. degree, after which he will enter the legal profession, and we predict he will reflect honor upon the same.

HENRY HUDSON McMILLAN, B.A.,

MAXTON, N. C.

*"In every rank, or great or small, 'tis industry supports us all,"*

Editor-in-Chief of THE HOWLER, '08; President of the Senior Class, '08; Senior Speaker; Winner Sophomore Medal, '06; Prophet Junior Class, '07.

Here we have a man who is afraid to sleep by himself; and in the dead hours of the night the faint echoes of his voice may still be heard calling, "Buck, Euck." As president of his class he has presided over the meetings of that famous body with unusual wisdom and ability. "Had" goes forth to teach men the error of their work. He will come back to the college to "Root" for the ball team.





ODUS LEE MOORE, B.A.,  
CLEVELAND COUNTY, N. C.

*"Men of few words are much the best;  
For a volley of words is no sure test."*

Treasurer of Sophomore Class; Senior Editor of  
THE HOWLER, '07-'08.

"Moore" is a man one would desire for a friend. He possesses a character, founded on the living rock of principle, and it is against his rule to pry into other folks' affairs. He is a typical student of that strong middle class, which has in keeping the destiny of the college. He seems to walk about wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. If a joke is being told, he should be present to put on, as a finishing touch, a low, musical laugh, peculiar to himself. As an editor of this volume, his conduct is creditable. His air castles are in the "Law Department."

JOHN H. NANNEY, B.A.,  
UNION MILLS, N. C.

*"Men seldom improve when they have no other models  
than themselves to copy after."*

His aspirations mark him as a man of promise. He has never failed to be a candidate when there was an election in the Eu Society, and has always met defeat bravely. We are sometimes made to think that he will forsake the sacred cause for the more inviting field of politics—but let us hope that this may never be.







J. CLIFFORD NEWELL, B.A.,  
CONCORD, N. C.

*"A politician; one that could circumvent the devil,"  
"The blind men thronged to see him and the deaf to  
hear him speak."*

Second Debater Anniversary, '07; Senior Speaker.

When mischief was in the game he always played a winning hand. His silver tongue and stentorian voice have won for him the name of orator. He is also a ladies' man, and a pugilist of local reputation. His bent is politics, and we dare not say what he will do. His first work, however, will be in the cause of "prohibition" in North Carolina.

HUBBARD FULTON PAGE, M.A.,  
CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

*"No voice degrades this purest soul serene."*

Class poet, '05; Commencement Speaker, '05; Instructor in English, '07-'08.

Reserved, mystical, alone,—not to be found in the rush and noise of public life, but wandering lowly as in a dream among the flowers and beauties of nature in the wildest part of the natural forest. Our poet is more familiar with the welcome approach of the *Muses* than the unheeded step of man. For many years he has been a loyal son of the college and a faithful contributor to its different publications. His past has been successful, his present is bright, but we long to see him abandon the school-room and bring to us "the call of the wild" by his poetic genius. Our South is in need of such men.





JOHN A. PATTERSON, B.S.,  
SHELBY, N. C.

*"Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."*

Historian Freshman Class, '06; Secretary Medical Class, '07; Poet Medical Class, '07; Assistant in Medicine, '06-'08; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '08.

Not content to drift in the ordinary channels of human activity, "Pat" came to Wake Forest to make a doctor. By the force of his own merit and the brilliance of his intellect he gets his degree in three years. Though he is a ladies' man, he says he will be a bachelor—through choice, we suppose. He will pursue his medical course in a Northern University, and will achieve much prominence as a practitioner. May success be his bedfellow and fortune his handmaid.

HERBERT EVANS PEELE, B.A.,  
FLORENCE COUNTY, S. C.

*"For editorial fame he once did soar,  
Not like Poe's Raven, 'never more.'"*

Editor of *Student*, '08; Senior Speaker.

The bars are down, and the "schoolmaster" stalks abroad armed with his primer. This "Sandlapper" is a gift of last century; as there is a break of about five years in his college career. As a language student he is surpassed by none in his class. And although he may sometimes appear nervous, when a professor calls on him, yet he manages to give a creditable answer. He firmly believes that every student should own a racket whether he plays tennis or not.

He will be a village teacher with a stern, cold look. The pupils will soon learn to trace the day's disaster in his morning face.





HUBERT M. POTEAT, M.A.,  
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

*"We grant, although he had much wit  
He was very shy of using it."*

Assistant Professor of Latin, '06, '07, '08.

Hubert has been connected with the college from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Two years ago he took the B.A. degree. Since that time he has been assistant in Latin, and he thinks he is a professor par excellence and heir apparent. He goes to Columbia University next year. We hear already that his fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love.

GEORGE ARTHUR RANES, B.A.,  
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

*"Great men should think of opportunity and not of  
time."*

His home is a short distance from the college, and, for that reason, he has not been thrown among the boys very much except in the class-room. However, he is thought well of, and highly respected, by all the boys. His thoroughness in his text-books has been seen on class, and his ability as a writer in the *Student*.

He aims to locate in one of the Western States to accumulate wealth, but we need young men like him to help hold up and carry forward the banner of the Old North State.





JOHN E. RAY, JR., B.A.,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see  
rams' horns."*

Vice-President Senior Class; Treasurer Medical Class, '05-'06; Glee Club, '06-'07-'08.

Laboring under the delusion that he was destined to be a pill roller, John came to Wake Forest to study medicine. But after a deliberate consideration and upon the advice of some members of the faculty, and a frightful experience in Anatomy and Histology, he decided to take something "more moderate." And now hopes to take the B.A. degree at commencement. As he lacks the necessary animation ever to do anything superhuman, we will not waste ink and energy in mapping out a course for him.

BENJAMIN SORGEE, B.A.,  
NEW BRÖOKLYN, S. C.

*"The Lord never leaves shingles on an empty barn  
long."*

"Ben" hails from South Carolina, and is a typical "Sand-Lapper." But he has been in our midst so long that he has apparently become acclimated. He is studious, pleasant, reserved in his manners, and never fails to greet you with a smile. He has the profound respect of the entire student body, and when he leaves he will carry with him the best wishes of us all.

We predict that in the near future he will rank among the noblest and most honored divines of the time.



HERMAN THOMAS STEVENS, LL.B.,

JOHNSTON COUNTY, N. C.

*"And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."*

Historian Freshman Class; Poet Sophomore Class; Second Debater Anniversary, '07; Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '97; Alternate Mercer Debate, '08; Senior Speaker.

Behold the parson of a new-breed, and hear him expound his creed: \* \* \* "I have a patent on my style of speaking, and there is more pull in my voice than in the arms of a half-dozen men. I dearly love Buie's Creek and Professor Campbell. I am going to Atlanta with the debaters. I am fond of visiting Henderson." Selah.

"Stevens" displays the required qualities of a "Preacher," a "Lawyer," and "Brass Dealer." He bears the distinction of being one of the best speakers of his class. His vocation will be "feeding the sheep." His avocation will be "settling all ministerial disputes."



JOHN RANSOM STEWART, B.A.,

MOCKSVILLE, N. C.

*"A modest man never talks of himself."*

John is our newspaper reporter, and informs the public what's doing in and about college. He is quite a ladiesman, though but few have suspected it. He thinks it is better to give than to receive, when it comes to a joke. After his exit from these sacred haunts he will return to the sunny hills of Davie in the Forks of the Yadkin, and dwell under his own "vine and fig tree." During his stay at college he has won a host of friends, and we all predict for him a successful career.





PRESTON CALVIN STRINGFIELD, B.A.,  
CATAWBA COUNTY, N. C.

*"I loved and lost a maiden fair,  
But still I primp my curly hair."*

Glee Club and Orchestra. '05-'06, '06-'07; Director of Baraca Quartette; Secretary Senior Class; Senior Speaker.

"Stringy" in his third year demands his "Sheepskin." He is a product of Mars Hill and in the capacity of a student, musician, and minister, you may think the best of him. He will put forth his energetic talent to spread the Gospel.

But in regard to his college life: His occupation the first year was "making post cards"; the second was full to overflowing with "Glee Club"; but Cupid's affairs claimed the beginning of the third, and advised him to trade with a certain Wake Forest merchant. Lately his countenance has changed and Cupid, in company with a Freshman, has fled from the scene.

EDGAR N. THORN, B.A.,  
FOREST CITY, N. C.

*"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."*

When a verdant Freshman, "Ed" was full of hope and noble aspirations. But soon he was pierced with one of Cupid's darts, which almost blighted his college career, though not irretrievably so; for, during the past year, by means of his astute mind and the alienated affection of a certain captivating damsel, whom he declares to be "the sweetest, the purest and the noblest girl he ever met," he has regained his equilibrium, and is now speeding on toward graduation *pari passu* with the class of '08. He is numbered in the category of the divines, but unless he carefully guards himself, he will abandon the sacred cause and find himself in the financial world trying to accumulate some of the "filthy lucre."





JOSEPH B. THORN, B.A.,

FOREST CITY, N. C.

*"Short is my date, but deathless my renown."*

Look out classics, here he comes, for Latin, Greek, and "Deutsch" he spouts daily. A look at his visage will show that he is a jolly, good-natured fellow. He is wise, too, for he is taking a B.A. degree in two years. By the use of interrogations, and being the first to answer questions on class, he has introduced a new scheme in the art of "legging." He spends his pastime in doing "stupts" in the gymnasium, playing checkers, and chewing the "weed."

We predict for Joe a successful career.

BUNYAN YATES TYNER, B.A.,

ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

*"He was one of Nature's tall, sporty men;  
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen."*

Secretary of his class, '04-'05; Recording Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '06; Business Manager of THE HOWLER, '06-'07; President, Anniversary Debate, '08.

Tyner is a student of exceptional qualities. With his altitudinal advantage he is able to hold "Robeson's Banner" head and shoulders above his fellow students. No criticisms on his college life are available.

He has served a sentence of four years and now poses as a well prepared pedagogue. He is general director of the etiquette of the class. In the presence of ladies he appears as a relic of Mediaeval chivalry. It is said that "flirting," (?) "sporting," (?) and "politeness" are important words in his vocabulary. As "shoe-agent," he has displayed considerable commercial ability. Cupid seems to be partial to the longing desires of his manly heart. Time can only give his future career to his friends.





JOHN A. WATSON, LL.B.,  
GLENVILLE, N. C.

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

Secretary Sophomore Class, '07; Licensed Lawyer, '08.

Three years ago John came into our midst from the hills of Jackson County beyond the "Ridge."

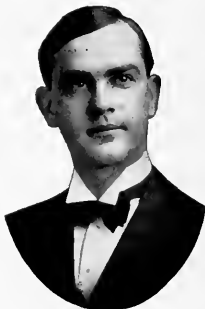
He is quiet, genial, unassuming, generous, and learned in the legal lore. He is one of the "invincible twenty" that went up before the Supreme Court in February and procured license. After graduating he will go back to Western North Carolina and enter upon the duties of the legal profession, and we predict that some day he will represent his district in Congress.

LEE B. WEATHERS, B.A.,  
SHELBY, N. C.

*"Superiority to circumstances is exactly what distinguishes and marks the great man."*

President of the Freshman Class, '04; Secretary to Faculty, '04-'07; Associate Editor *Wake Forest Student*, '06-'07; Business Manager *Wake Forest Student*, '07-'08; Vice-President Athletic Association, '08; Business Staff *Wake Forest Weekly*, '08; Senior Speaker.

Lee possesses those rare qualities which make him a desirable companion. Born diplomat and leader of men, he was unanimously chosen President of the Freshman Class when they met in the fall of 1904. Since that day he has been a recognized leader of his class. He is one of the most popular as well as one of the handsomest men of his class, and goes forth into the world with the best wishes of his classmates. He will take to Law with a wonderful aptness, and with journalism and politics (as a side line) will become one of the foremost men of the State.





LEE M. WHITE, B.A.,  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

*"The man worth the while is the man who can smile  
when everything goes wrong."*

Member of the Glee Club, '05-'06-'07; Tennis Champion, '06; Secretary Anniversary Debate, '08; Euze-  
lian Editor-in-Chief of *The Student*, '08.

Here we come to a living example of the comeliness of the class of "naught eight." Lee has aspired to nearly every office of dignity about the college from janitor to editor-in-chief of *The Student*. And though the complexion of his political career is wonderfully successful, we hope that he may score even greater triumphs in the future. None of us is able to tell what will be the nature of his operations in after life, but we leave the task to him and to fate.



JOHN BOSTWICK HILL, B.S.,  
OCONEE COUNTY, S. C.

*"After death the doctor takes the fee."*

Champion Wrestler; "Star Member" of Senior Foot-  
ball Team.

"Hill" hails from the "Palmetto State." He is one of our best athletes, when agility and head work are the criterion. He is steady in every task, and shows that he is endeavoring to fulfill his true vocation. Never meddling, he always attends to his own affairs.

While in college, he has succeeded in developing his requisite physician qualities. He will spend much of his life writing a text-book on "How to Roll Pills." He will then settle down to serve the rich and the poor alike.



## Senior Class History



THE HISTORY of the Senior Class must be written in a less particular way than we desire. Not so much as the dim twilight of the history of the individual members of the class can be known. In the first place, it is difficult because neither the men nor events will admit of any sort of orderly classification. In the second place the record of the class being *sui generis*, the historian has no other history by which to be guided in his writing. And the third difficulty is that the present history can not be more than a cross-section.

We were drawn to this renowned institution four years ago, more or less, for the purpose, or rather in the hope of, filling our empty heads with that intangible stuff called knowledge, which was so apparently displayed by the old students at that time. We knew not whether it could be attained at any cost or whether it would be impossible for us to leave college without our craniums having been pierced and our encephalons completely saturated. We were uncouth, simple, ignorant lads then; now a noble array of "most potent, grave and reverend seigniors." From the humble position of "polished" Freshmen we have climbed the steps of honor in this community which few besides ourselves can ever hope to attain. But there were steps made as we marched along which entitled us to different names. Our progress may be indicated by the mention of these names we successively bore. At one time we were known as the "freshest Newish." The second year we were called "Soph.," having avoided the title "bully" by the use of an antidote which we successfully obtained from the preceding class. Then having passed the contagious stage of Sophomorical wisdom, we reached that higher and loftier stage when you called us "dandy Juniors." And now we hear on every side the dignified title "lordly Seniors." We used to be afraid of everything and everybody at Wake Forest; but at the present time we do not even deign to look at lower classmen, all of whom show a remarkable evidence of homage and fear whenever passing us. And we are on most intimate terms *cum facultate*.

My comrades, the eye of a historian can scarcely survey the long distance over which we have traveled in reaching our present place of vantage, and the pen of a Thucydides is necessary to record adequately the "many battles, sieges and fortunes we have passed."

Not all have been able to withstand the storm while passing through the changes of events. There are some who have been slain in battle, while others have fallen by the wayside. We started out about one hundred strong, but our ranks have dwindled down to half that number. Doubtless many more would have died with overwork and fatigue had it not been for the little ponies which

accompanied us on our journey, and on which a few members of our class rode over the roughest and steepest part of the road. Those of us who survived must have done the little things set before us, for progress was not made by a single bound, but reached only by never-ceasing toil. The very mention of logic at one time struck terror to our hearts, but the bulldog tenacity and the increased stick-toity of our class rendered the logic more adhesive, so that it finally stuck, its principles were dissolved, its suggested thoughts digested, absorbed, taken up by the blood and through its chematoxic influence found lodgment in the gray matter. Dr. Taylor, in some mysterious way, became aware of the unusual amount of logic in the heads of the class, and he will not likely require a final examination.

There is no one word that may be used to characterize our Senior Class as a whole. We have to a large extent been run through the same mould, and yet are very different in features and caliber still, and I doubt if the word "lordly," which all of us now bear, will accompany us through the rest of our lives. The shock of difference will gradually become so painful in going from one member of the class to another that we may expect our titles to change; and stooping to Cupid's yoke will probably also change our occupation just as it changes the environments.

HISTORIAN.

## Alma Mater



Before we quit these classic ways—  
These scenes grown dear through toil-filled days—  
Our eyes once more to thee we raise,  
Alma Mater.

The years have passed full-pleasant wise  
Since first the thrill of high emprise  
We caught from thy truth-constant eyes,  
Alma Mater.

So hard it is to part from thee,  
Yet fate hath spoken—" It must be"—  
We can but yield resignedly,  
Alma Mater.

Fain would we linger here awhile—  
Canst thou not with thy old-time smile  
This strange, sad sense of need beguile,  
Alma Mater?

Would thou couldst soothe these boding fears  
With visions of triumphant years  
Beyond vain, past-regretting tears,  
Alma Mater!

Within thy deep, calm eyes we read  
A soul in touch with all our need—  
A heart that fain with ours would bleed,  
Alma Mater!

Thus we will part and truly know  
Unchanged by need of bliss or woe  
This heart-bond aye shall stronger grow,  
Alma Mater!



## Junior Class Officers



H. C. DOCKERY, JR.	President.
ARCHIE M. BYNUM	Vice-President.
J. B. WILLIS	Secretary.
PAUL GAY	Treasurer.
J. S. MARTIN	Historian.
ROY L. McMILLAN	Poet.
W. H. HIPPS	Prophet.

### TOAST:

Here's to the CHAMPIONS in Class Football.

SSWEE HOI.N.AH



## Junior Class History



IN WRITING such sketches as this it is generally the custom for the class historian to take a running start at the beginning of the Newish year and come on through the various stages to the present time. To follow this time-honored custom at present would require a book of a thousand pages and the genius of a Bancroft. To record the events in the career of the Junior Class of 1908, if adequate justice be done, is a task which can not be accomplished in a few months. So much the more true is this if we attempt to record its history beginning with its Newish troubles.

In our journey through the bogs of Newishland, into the wisdom-soaked fields of Sophomoreedom, and up to the heights which we now inhabit, our path has by no means been strewn with roses. Nor, on the other hand, has it been beset with difficulties which we could not surmount.

We were all Newish once, but no one seeing us now would ever suspect it. But we were. And it is said to this day that ours was the greatest Freshman class in the history of the College. We sojourned for the space of a year in the land of Sophomoreedom. We were none the less great even there. Few classes have made themselves felt as did the Sophomore Class of 1907. We were impressive personages in those days. For a whole year we gave our time and talent to molding and shaping the ideals, character, and complexion of countless worthy Newish. But in all our toils and struggles as Newish and Sophs, we were only preparing for the responsibilities and duties which have come to us as members of the Junior Class of 1908.

There are some of our number who jumped over the wall into the class. They came not by the straight and narrow way. These have succeeded as well as could be expected. Of course they have found it up-hill work competing with those who have had the training of the journey behind them. Then, too, there are some among us who were left us as a legacy from the Junior Class of 1907. They were to have been Seniors, but decided not to. We have a tender regard for these and treat them kindly always. We know from experience how sad it is to part with one's companions. We remember vividly with what grief we told our fellows good-bye a year ago—those who were not able to climb out of the fields of Sophomoreedom.

But last fall we began making history in earnest. We achieved our chief glory on the gridiron. The Junior football team is now a synonym for success in the College. A photograph of the team will appear in the HOWLER this spring. Invincible to the last, they never met defeat. With the yell from Collins, "Ribs or victory!" they sprang upon Newish and Sophs., who alike



fell before them as grass before the mower. With the dauntless Collins to the front, now hugging and kissing mother earth and now diving headlong into human mass, they swept like a cyclone across the field, leaving Sophomores in their wake. It was a sight for the gods. Old men looked on and yelled themselves hoarse. It reminded them of the palmy days of old, the glories of long ago, when Wake Forest stood at the front in athletics among the Southern colleges. The Trustees heard of us right off and decided to let us play for the College next year. Our fellows are already preparing for a Southern trip next fall.

The basketball craze ran high in the spring. We put out a strong team, but basketball is a feminine game and our men did not become interested. We win our victories on the gridiron and the diamond in the games for men.

Not only in athletics do the Juniors stand in the forefront. They are doing the work in the Society halls. In the preliminary for the inter-collegiate debate four of the seven speakers were Juniors. One of them was sent to Atlanta. We had the greatest Anniversary this year in the history of the College. The Junior debaters were the heroes of the occasion. The indomitable Collins captured the audience with his inimitable wit and eloquence, while White won the judges with his logical reasoning and impressive style.

We are represented on the staff of the HOWLER. Indeed, in every phase of college life the Juniors are leading. Standing as the great middle class between Sophomoric egoism and Senior dignity, it is fitting that they be leaders in college spirit and college life in all departments. But the days are flying fast and our work will soon have been accomplished. A few more weeks and we will enter into the bliss of Senior relaxation, satisfied with the past and hopeful of the future.

## Junior Class Poem



I lift a trumpet to my mouth.  
Oh list! ye earthly friends,  
Now stop your work in North and South,  
And catch the news it sends

There is a school in U. S. A.  
Composed of brain and mass.  
The mightiest of this crowd, I say,  
Is called the Junior Class.

We hire a faculty to teach  
All things that are worth knowing.  
We send out doctors, men to preach,  
And men to do the lawing.

In athletics we lead them all.  
We know not what's defeat.  
We are the victors in football.  
No team will dare us meet.

We often let our men debate  
Some school of speaking men.  
The other speakers find their mate—  
Our fellows always win.

If I should all the laurels name  
The Junior Class has won,  
I would discredit Shakespeare's fame  
And not be half begun.

So I shall touch the muses' lyre  
Not for a flaunting boast,  
But shall the Junior's worth attire  
In a deserving toast.

Hail to thee! thou Junior brave.  
Thy banner shall float high.  
As a symbol let it wave  
Before the nation's eye.

I drink thy health in Rhenish wine:  
"Before thy glories fade,  
We Juniors all will fall in line  
And seas of blood shall wade."

POET.

Soph.



## Sophomore Class Officers



W. C. DUFFY.....	President.
B. A. WILLIAMS.....	Vice-President.
E. W. HOWARD.....	Secretary.
G. W. WILLIAMSON.....	Treasurer.
CARL RAGLAND.....	Poet.
C. M. OLIVER.....	Historian.

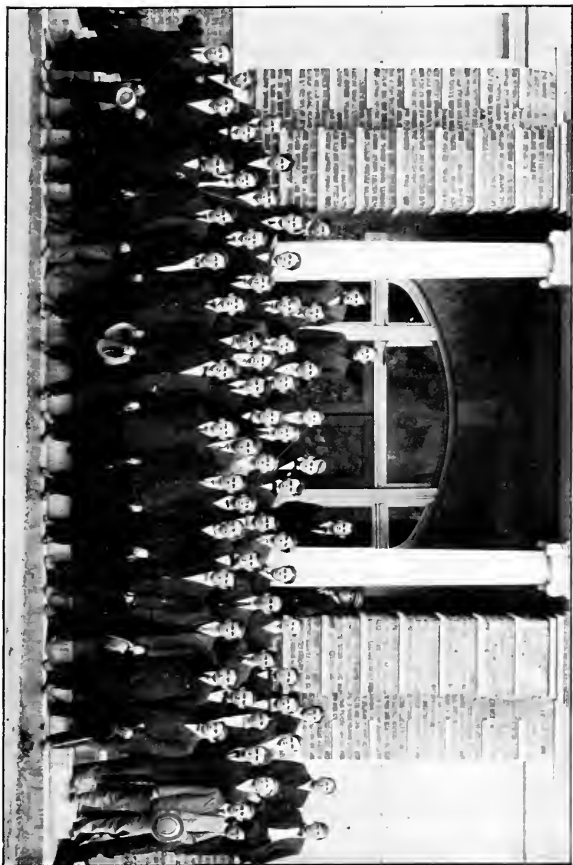
COLORS:—Lilac and White.

FLOWER:—Sunflower.

SONG:—The Bear Went Over the Mountain.

YELL:

Hickety Rac, Rac! Hickety Hac, Hac!  
Yangs-ti-ki-ang-yen;  
Rickety Hac, Hac! Rickety Rac, Rac!  
Nine-teen-ten.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

## Sophomore Class History



SOME great scientist was heard to say, "History never repeats itself." Never have truer words escaped from the lips of any man, for the history of the Class of Nineteen-ten is as different from the history of previous Sophomore classes as the rising sun is from the setting sun. Never in the history of the institution has there ever been a class as sophomoreic and as full of individuality as the present one.

On September the third the life of the present class began, when from the incoming trains crowds of fellows with big baggy trousers, sharp-pointed shoes, socks of red, green and yellow, and hats with the brims turned back, marched up to the Oaks, smilingly telling their experiences of the summer and planning for the days that were to come. Every one seemed glad to see the Sophomores, and the old college bell, unable to stand it any longer, pealed out a glad welcome.

In a week or so the organization of the class took place, and for days before the meeting one might have seen certain fellows paying friendly calls, stopping their friends on the campus and pulling out cigars or heading for the drug store. No one knows the art of "legging" like the wily Soph. The first meeting of the class came, and with shouts of enthusiasm the boys met in the little chapel. After a great deal of mature deliberation the officers were elected and plans for the year were laid.

Now, there are some privileges which, by right of custom, belong to the Sophomores alone—for instance, dancing, whistling, and blacking Freshmen, and, for several weeks following, the valuable time of the Sophs was taken up in enjoying these rights, much to the sorrow and discomfort of the Newish.

Later on a little incident happened which broke the monotony of studying and furnished some amusement for the Night-Hawks. For the benefit of those unacquainted with Sophomores and their ways, I'll explain the word Night-Hawk. Since time immemorial it has been the duty of Sophomores, for the sake of uplifting society and for other humanitarian reasons, to take out of Freshmen some of the greenness and freshness that all of them seem to possess on entering college. So, believing that after the system absorbed a bit of lamp-black, varnish, kerosene, furniture glue, shoe-polish, and other ingredients well mixed and properly applied, the freshness would leave with the black color that the mixture always causes, the Sophomores instituted a society and called the members Black Hawks. So the object of the organization is to benefit the Newish by teaching them how to be meek in their state of infancy. The evening to which I referred was the dark night on which the Freshmen had their meeting. It was well planned, and they deserve some credit for the courage they displayed in their

infantile attempt. They met at the negro church about a mile from the campus, armed to the teeth and overflowing with bravery. They had begun the election of officers, when some uncanny noises were heard, and realizing that Night-Hawks were hovering near, they scattered and began their long sprint back to College. Ditches, fences, trees and barns were easily jumped, uprooted and knocked down, for when a Newish feels that a blacking pot is not a great distance away, all things are possible with him. It is enough to say that the meeting resulted in a number of blackings and a pretty good scare for the bunch.

Football came on in the fall, and the Class of Nineteen-ten, as every one knows, put out by far the best team. The first game with the Seniors was easy, and the game with the Juniors would have been still easier if the team hadn't lost several players.

The Sophs. were defeated in one game of football, but let the word basketball be mentioned, and Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen turn pale. Every class went down in ignominious defeat, and on top of that, just to prove that there was a team which knew how to handle the ball, the wearers of lilac and white walloped Littleton High School to the tune of 40 to 3, and then went up there and beat them. Out of six games played, only one was lost, and if the Faculty's permission could have been secured the team would have gone on a Northern trip.

In conclusion, the Historian would like to say, and he believes that the Faculty and student body will agree with him, that the present Sophomore Class is a model one in every respect.

They can't be outdone in anything—in mixing blacking, making H<sub>2</sub>S, painting signs, whistling Freshmen, playing basketball, or in any undertaking where brains and enthusiasm are needed.

HISTORIAN.

## Sophomore Class Poem



### I.

O noble Class of Nineteen-ten,  
In brains and sinews thou art men.  
Of past and pres'nt and yet to be,  
Fair Muses, come and talk to me.  
O let a spark of poet's fire  
Awake Apollo with his lyre,  
Who'll make the joyous notes resound,  
For this our class is laurel-crowned.

### II.

So brave a band of spirits rare  
A class we are without compare.  
Undaunted by oppressing foe,  
The word "defeat" we do not know.  
In outdoor sport or indoor game,  
No matter which, 'tis all the same;  
For victors' notes will fill the air,  
Because we do, because we dare.

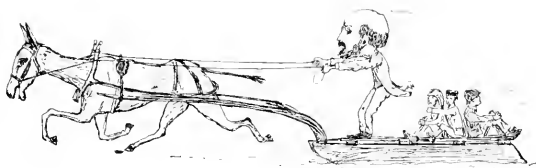
### III.

Our voice is heard in strong debate  
From early dawn till hours late.  
Some other class may soar and soar,  
But none can beat a Sophomore.  
Our mind is full of points so keen  
There's nothing else on which to lean.  
This good old song we oft can sing—  
O watch us cut that pigeon wing.

### IV.

Of airships made or lightning chained,  
Perchance from Mars a message gained,  
Or else a fight in foreign seas,  
The news is wafted on the breeze.  
We always know without a doubt  
What everything is all about.  
From wisdom's fount we daily drink,  
For are we not the men who think?





## Class of '11



COLORS:—Blue and Red.

WATCHWORD:—Dreadnaught.

MOTTO:

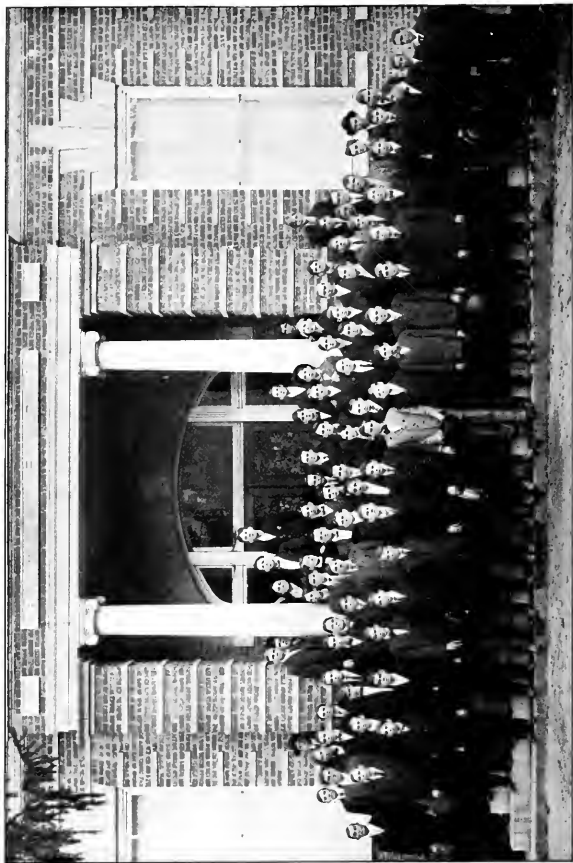
"Don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

### Officers

L. WATTS NORTON.....	President.
ALFRED J. FLETCHER.....	Vice-President.
JAMES W. BLACKWELL.....	Secretary.
EDWARD B. JENKINS.....	Treasurer.
HENRY P. WHITEHURST.....	Historian.
ROY O. RODWELL.....	Prophet.
JULIUS C. SMITH.....	Poet.

Come, come, give us a cheer;  
 Yak! Yak! we never fear.  
 Rah! Rah! great glee;  
 Boom! Bah! W. F. C.

Chick-a-lick, chick-a-chick,  
 We were taught just lick by lick,  
 Boom-a-rah, Boom-a-rell,  
 '11—'11—Yell!—Yell!



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class History



"We came; we saw; we conquered."

ON the second day of the ninth month, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, about one hundred and twenty handsome young men arrived at the city of Wake Forest and marched up the walks to the President's office and enrolled themselves as students of Wake Forest College.

They were all handsome fellows, I said; and especially Newton. But when he walked up Faculty Avenue a cow which was grazing by the wayside began to follow him. Why the old cow did this I don't know, but cows are said to be very fond of *green* things.

The first night in College was accompanied by a very queer sensation peculiar to "new" men.

That night we all found a place to sleep, or lie down at least, for I don't think Seniors could have slept, much less a Freshman, with all the fuss which the Sophomores kept up. But about twelve o'clock all those noisy fellows came around and paid us a visit of welcome. Some of us were called on for speeches, others for songs, and others for dances, to which most of us readily responded. But to those who were too bashful to do the stunts for the Sophs, was promised another visit of a little different nature.

Edwards was the first one called on after this, and his complexion was changed so that his best girl would not have recognized him.

In about two weeks after our arrival we had all learned to keep to the Freshman March, all except "Big" Doolin, the un-reconstructed, who will never learn.

Dr. Poteat announced one morning that there would be a meeting of the Sophomore Class after dinner. This was our time; so we passed the word around that we, too, would meet after dinner, but in a place as far from the Sophs, as possible. But,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these,—it might have been."

We were discovered before we could get together, and the cry "Newish meeting" went up on all hands. Of course the Sophs, dropped everything and rushed in on us. This broke us up, and the dance was called for. It was lucky for us that Wheeler was there, for he peeled off his coat and danced enough for all of us. He put up a good job even if he was a preacher.

That very night we got it on them in the proper style. Fletcher and "Julius Caesar" Smith arranged a meeting at 8:00 o'clock that night down at the old negro church. We had to slip out on the quiet, as it was against the rules of

the Sophs. for "Newish" to be out at night. But we had a pretty good crowd, anyhow—for a few minutes, at least. But again there was a leak, and before we could get right the Sophs. on the hill sent up a war-whoop, and the ground seemed to open up and swallow the Freshmen and it was a good while before you could find one. By-the-way, Smith, J. C., who was going to run for Vice-President, made the run of his life that night, but it happened to be in the wrong way, for the Sophomores got him, and his complexion was also changed. Nelson took his second dose that night, too.

We had our meeting anyhow, and it will never be forgotten by any of us. The officers were duly elected, and we adjourned after giving the enemy a salute with our "American Bull-Dogs." We were about two weeks ahead of the Sophomores, after all.

Wall went down one night to try for the Orchestra, but one time was enough for him. For when he started back some one got in his way and Wall thought the jig was up. But he managed to level his gun, and the person dropped on the ground. Then Wall hit it for home. On being asked what was the matter, Wall said, "I liked to killed a man, but I 'helt' my nerve."

We have never learned exactly how Sophomore Kitchin came to be blacked this year.

There came a time when every Freshman was "Johnny on the Spot." It was when we had our beauty struck. It was a job, for those pesky Sophs. had us going. We cussed the oaks that bore the acorns, and wished that the water was dry. But finally they let up, and although we were a little wet it was a good picture.

Who said we didn't play football? But for a little hard luck we would have had the pleasure of trimming the Sophomores instead of the Juniors. Murchison, Highsmith, Hardy and Doolin all put up a fine game.

In basketball we also made a fine show. Willis, White, R., White, H., Sawyer and Highsmith played star ball. While Bell, Wheeler and Reddy Sawyer held down the "sub" bench in great style. Had it not been for a hitch somewhere on the part of the time-keeper, there is no doubt that our team would have been partakers of Mrs. Dixon's oyster supper instead of the Sophomores.

Anniversary—oh, joy! But didn't we have a time? B. U. W. was here in full force, from Dr. Vann up.

On the whole, the Class of Naughty-'leven is something the College should be proud of. We are represented on the Glee Club by O'Brien, Jake Hardy, Cheek, Buchanan and Carlyle. Johnson, Turner, Gardner, Whitener and "Bill" Bailey, of our class, received their law license in February. Temple, Hammond and Dawson will be found on the baseball team, and going a little farther, you will find us represented in the North Carolina Senate by Tillett.

As we find we have no particular use for Murchison, Gardner, Blanchard and Moore, we throw them out for the Sophomores and Juniors to squabble over.

For further information regarding the Class of 1911, we refer you to the Newish of 1912.

HISTORIAN.

## Freshman Class Poem



Old Father time from long repose  
Had ope'd his eyes, and scrate'ed his nose,  
Had slept for ninety days or more,  
As some old codger did of yore.

He saw by chance when looking down,  
That things were dull about this town:  
No lively son to lead the dance,  
No agile youth with upturned pants.

The old Man thinks on this awhile;  
(His aged face displays no smile.)  
There seemed to be some pressing need,  
But could he, would he do the deed?

Now he was getting old and grey,  
Had more than once at break of day  
Been gayed by stealthy Sophomores  
Intent on doing needless chores.

And this is why it came about  
That he a fine old scheme hatched out:  
To put upon Wake Forest's green  
The finest class she's ever seen.

They're gleaned from Georgia to Kentuck,  
All solid fellows, not a shuck;  
Bright, handsome, ladies' choice,  
Can make the Faculty rejoice.

We were received in wonderment  
As if we from the skies were sent.  
Our moves and acts were watched full well;  
That one escaped I can not tell

It seemed that they were jealous too,  
Would envy Freshmen oyster stew,  
When we a simple banquet laid  
It stirred them up like Sherman's rail.

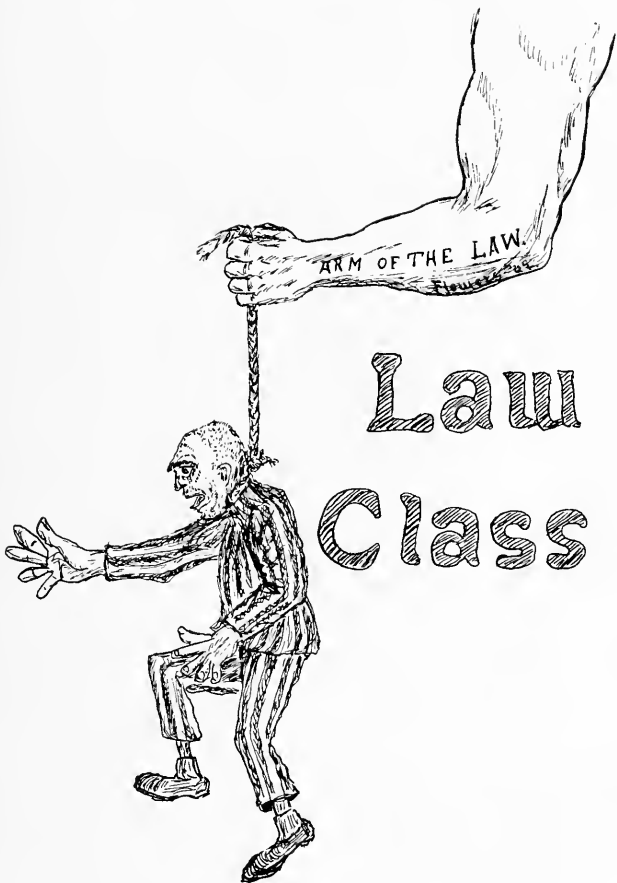
We do not mind them very much  
'Tis plain they are not used to such  
We simply go our ways in peace  
And have at times a Newish feast.

## Freshman Class Prophecy



SUCH Newishes have never before been gazed upon by eager "Sophomores" as this Newish Class of '11. Sporty, handsome, intelligent, bold, courageous in all things, at all times, doesn't half express it—that is, "paregorically speaking" from a Newish standpoint. The truth of the matter is, we have made a hit from start to finish. Nor is this our last hit, either; but come and take a peep with me while I stand here with mine eyes shielded with automobile goggles, looking into the dark and "uncertain" future. I tell you I can see great things and marvelous things. There stands Edgar Wrenn before a jury, pouring forth argument and oratory—calm, convincing, and yet as melodious as the notes of a mocking-bird, and at the same time hurling darts of sarcasm at his opponent. Royal White, Blanton, and Brown are also hanging around the railing, patiently waiting their turns to display some of their silver-tongued power. "Big Dooling" interrupts now and then to inform the gentlemen what is and what isn't law. Up at our capital sits Tillet, with his hand firmly grasping the helm as he directs our old Ship of State on to safe and unruffled waters of peace and prosperity. Now the scene changes and I see Foreman as he gracefully seizes the baseball and drives it home, and "Reddy" Edwards standing behind the plate as fearless as Hercules himself, while Huntley is one of the fastest fielders of the season. Old Bill Moore—you all remember the night that dirty blacking crew tried to smut his smiling countenance?—well, on that very night he broke all previous records for a hundred-yard dash. Perhaps he never has, and very probably never will, make it in so short a time again. There stands Julius C. Smith in all his majesty, officiating in the capacity of gymnasium instructor, and doing such stunts as "nobody ever hearn tell of." Another curtain gradually ascends, and there sits Green, Winston, Whitehurst and Wall, completely absorbed in the realms of science. Green working all night trying to preserve some moon-beams that he may establish their composition; Winston bent on determining the composition of the sun; and Whitehurst endeavoring to show that a man's stomach is composed of one-third of one per cent of gastric juice; while Wall endeavors to preserve hydrofluoric acid in ivory bottles. Again our panorama changes, and over in some secluded spot sits D. F. Smith, sketching the snappiest cartoons of his time. As I gaze out across the barren waste I see Norton pulling the bell-cord over an old gray flop-eared "mewl,"—"them kind what don't never die." Here moves Jones in his sphere of journalism, carrying his party by the mighty power of his pen. As the next scene presents itself, everything seems serene and beautiful. "Old Sol" has hidden his face behind a stray cloud, and nature seems to have bathed her face in pure nectar. Why? Little Buchanan is beginning to fondle the ivory keys. His audience, with nerves screwed down as tight as banjo strings and ears tuned to their highest pitch, gradually slip from their seats. Then Bowman, excelled only by Orpheus when it comes down to grooming a cornet, begins to blow some of his hot air. Even the Muses bow at his will, and lions come and crouch beside him.

Oh, what a bright future awaits this Newish class.



# Law Class

## Law Class Officers

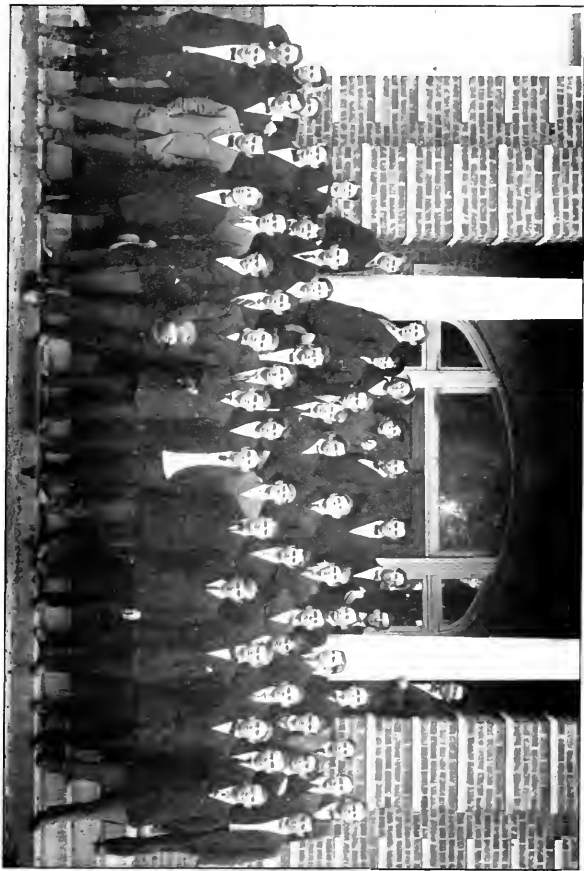


O. J. SIKES.....	President.
T. N. HAYES.....	Vice-President.
L. W. LEGGETT.....	Secretary.
D. G. BLAND.....	Treasurer.
F. T. COLLINS.....	Historian.
THOS. M. DANIEL.....	Poet.

### MOTTO:

"Be ye learned in the *Law*."





## Law Class History



HERE is nothing difficult in writing the history of the Law Class of '07 and '08; for the material is galore. Its just a matter of selecting which of the many epoch-making events shall be written here. History is one thing we have made. Not a day has passed without a tragedy, not a night without its woes, nor an exam. that was not big with the fate of our race. In fact, history is about all we have made; more history than progress. And why not? That's our business here. We will make progress when we hit the world.

First, the personnel of the class. We all look good. Nobody questions that, of course. Therefore I will not dwell. There are more than a hundred of us, representing every kindred, tribe and tongue, coming up from every quarter of the habitable globe. No wonder that the world hangs breathless on our fate.

We are cosmopolitan in thought, and have embraced all the late philosophies of life. Among which are: "Make haste slowly," "Follow the lines of least resistance" in *all things*, "Take life easy," and postpone till to-morrow all that you can, with all the evils thereof, for should to-morrow fail to turn up, you are that much in. "Sleep much," for that covers a multitude of—time. "Do your fellow ere he does you," and "Put up a bold front" and keep it up—and if, by any manner of means, it be knocked down, put it up again.

And we adopted early, under the leadership of our peerless President, Sikes, certain rules of conduct and socialistic codes of procedure. Among which were: "Sit close together on exams." And, remembering that "He that would have equity must do equity," "give to him that asketh" and grudge not, for the time cometh when you too may want what he hath, that you have not. "Do not for yourself that which Professor Gulley can do for you." "Make law a profession" regardless of the possession of it. "Make it a means to an end," and not the end of your means.

Realizing that the world about us is organized and controlled by combines and trusts, we went into the business, too. And formed a monopoly on forensic oratory, and the law itself. So successful were we in the former, that for some time we have controlled the supply absolutely, and now fix the prices of same. Both Societies are so completely at the mercy of our oratorical monopoly that they are offering rebates of even 100 per cent to our largest shippers. For

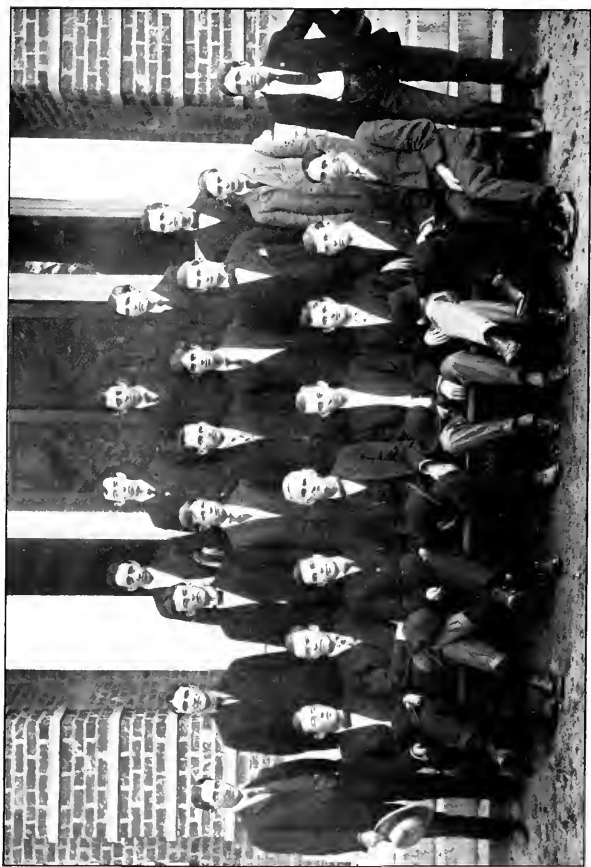
without such, the "moot court" would put them out of business. The law market, however, fluctuates at times on account of the old laws of supply and demand. For instance, at exams, Professor Gulley bulls the market and in spite of our bears the supply at once becomes inadequate to the demand, and stocks run up as high as 200 and even 300. Then in less than an hour our bears get control, the market slumps and those same stocks sell as low as 22 1-2.

However, we have kept control of the Supreme Court market. And we only furnished it with just the number it absolutely needed. We gave it twenty men in February, and they all went through in a walk. We could all have gone up, but we did not want to glut the market lest the August crop sell at a low price. But all hail, to that great twenty who passed the court! Great honors await you! The world is yours. Take it. All honor to Professor Gulley, the Moses of our class, the sacred pillar of fire leading the whole profession, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, our refuge and shelter in time of storm. So hopeful are we that we would turn our face to the future, not to speculate, but to prophesy.

Standing on the acropolis of our enviable career and looking down the "streaked tail of time," we are filled with those immortal lines of Tennyson:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye can see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;"  
Saw with joy our whole class working, bringing mighty things to pass  
In the court-house, in the forum, from "Pan-handle" to Alask';  
"Till vice and crime were rife no longer, and the laws were strict upheld  
By our lawyers and our judges and our presidents as well.  
"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
"And the kindly earth shall slumber, wrapt in universal law."

HISTORIAN.



SUPREME COURT CLASS.

## Law Class Poem



(1)

In the dark and dreary Law-room  
Where we first began to gather  
From the Law-inspiring genius  
Of Professor Gully's "fountain"  
Ever brimming full of Law,  
Still we meet there every morning  
For the purpose of absorbing  
Yet another spark of "contracts,"  
"Corporations," "Bills" and "Notes."  
So that surer we may grow  
Upon the ever-comfort-giving  
Knowledge that reforms its  
Tracherous "path of life,"  
We may meet with no obstruction  
To the smooth and rapid progress  
In "crime" and civil Law.

(2)

Now we quit the place of learning  
After our instruction's through, and  
Start our journey Supreme-courtward,  
Where a test whose  
Purpose in fulfilling is to  
Check the flow of those not fitted,  
We, the ones, who full of Law, on  
Every subject known to men  
Are allowed to go and practice  
In the several different towns  
That compose the State, *Carolina*.

(3)

Beginning each our life-long journey  
Through the fields of Legal Battles  
That we wage against each other,  
Ever thinking our opponents  
To defeat by tricks accomplished  
In our ever-searching  
Statutes, Law books, and reports.

(4)

There we start, and fight the Battle  
That was started when beginning  
On the long and serious problem  
Of the subject named the "Law,"  
And the end when arrived at,  
We are trusting won't discover  
Any mean unworthy practice  
Which the hosts of moral members  
Of the "Bar" may be ashamed

POET.



## Medical Class Officers



W. H. FURMAN.....	President.
V. F. COUCH.....	Vice-President.
A. L. HERRING.....	Secretary.
J. A. PATTERSON.....	Poet.
B. S. BAZEMORE.....	Historian.
B. F. BUTLER.....	Surgeon.





SENIOR MEDS.

## Medical Class History



OUR CLASS, though small in number, still has a brilliant history. At a meeting of this far-famed and illustrious class, the duty to portray to our generous readers some of the daring exploits of the knife was enjoined upon me; though I feel my great inability to perform that pleasant task, still I shall endeavor with all my power to paint some of the scenes of our daring.

On the 3d of September, 1907, twelve of us began to wander into unknown land, carelessly playing with the framework of the dead. In about two days one of our number fell into the Foramen Magnum in the first thoracic vertebra, and has not been seen since. In about a month more we had the misfortune to lose another faithful follower in the Hypophyseal Fossa of the Sphenoid bone; we wept long and wore much crape, but like the first he was lost forever. The remaining ones so skillfully handled the bones that on the 26th of October every one of us could tell Dr. Gaines anything he wanted to know about the framework of this great house in which we live. Some of us even made him wise (?) by telling him the seventh rib was atypical.

On the 23d of October, when some of us for the first time entered the dissecting-room, we found our forces greatly increased by the veterans who had successfully fought the battles of the past year; our recruits numbered about six, so with this little band we marched steadily forward, prepared to fight any foe. But about the middle of November another of our faithful followers stumbled in the Axillary Fossa, and Dr. Gaines took him by the hand and led him from the ranks, gently bidding him to wait till next year.



At the same time Dr. Rankin had a small regiment across the hall chasing a *Spirillum Cholerae Asiatica* across a cover slide; but the greatest height in the medical science was reached when Messrs. Phifer and Bazemore discovered that *Streptococcus Pyogenes* would liquefy in gelatin (?).

From now till Christmas nothing of importance happened, and each day we had the same task before us, nothing breaking the monotony save at times "Follow your Barker" would come from Dr. Gaines, and an occasional "Don't you see?" would be heard from Dr. Rankin.

Just before Christmas Mr. Geiger informed Dr. Gaines that he could not find where the *Oesophagus* entered the stomach; and also Mr. Butler wanted to know where the common carotid artery bifurcated (bifurcated); while Mr. Phifer wished to see the larynx (larynx). So Dr. Gaines, being well posted on these facts, proceeded to lead us safely over the paths of danger. At Christmas every one of us save two—one in Histology and one in Bacteriology—easily sailed with flying colors over the sea of examinations and landed safely on the other side.

After Christmas all of us who landed safely on the banks of the New Year, came back with greater ideals and renewed energy; but Santa Claus had not been kind to us and did not bring a single present. Yet we did not feel -lighted, for it was the quality that we had and we were sure he could not find that equal to ours anywhere. To prove that quality is the leading factor of our class, Dr. Gaines had to take Mr. Furman, one of our own men, to help him answer in sequepedalian terms some of our erudite questions. And Dr. Rankin also had to select Mr. Patterson, another one of our men, to keep him straight with the microscopes.

Now some of us encountered for the first time that dreaded Pathology; yet like men we leaped into the tide and battled bravely with the waves, each one swimming with a steady but sure stroke. Finally Dr. Rankin informed us that he would give a quiz; how we longed for the time to see the questions go up on the board, yet to our great amazement he had overleaped the bounds of both notes and text-book and asked a question from his own imagination; then all of us saw our sudden doom. After the race we looked around and only three had survived the storm; the others were piteously calling for mercy at the hands of the grader.

We are all acquainted with the struggle and untiring efforts that were manifested by Hercules to drag the three-headed watch-dog of Hades—Cerberus—to earth; yet that is only a trifle as compared with the skill and toil that it takes to drag the nervous system to the welcome grade of 75. While when this great class was put to studying the complex telegraphic system of our bodies it seemed like walking into already conquered territory.

But when we crossed the hall into the Physiology room, and in there found that if cure be applied to the zygomatic ramus of the facial nerve, to our great amazement, the *caput inpaorbitale* muscularis *quadratus labii superioris* would cease to contract; and ever afterwards we were afraid to even look at that terrible drug, fearing that it would also have the property of being air-borne and likewise paralyze the oculomotor trochlear and abducens of our own selves.

If we do not all die of tetanus, produced by trying to pronounce some small medical term, and not caused by toxin set free by the bacilli themselves, we shall all in the near future be scattered throughout the universe, each one in a different place. And the sound of the hammer in the undertaker's shop, in the immediate surroundings of each, will be more marked than ever before. Let that be as it may, and notwithstanding the fact that our skulls are unusually thick and it is almost impossible to make us understand anything, still with the masterful teaching of our beloved Professors—Dr. Gaines and Rankin—we shall soon be the cyno-ure of the medical profession.

HISTORIAN.

## The Four Winds



### Freshman

When Freshman year presents him "fresh,"  
    'Tis then he's "all in all."  
At times the sport and then the prey,  
    The Sophs. soon work his fall.

### Sophomore

The Sophomore days dispel dull care,  
    He feels much complimented;  
In joyous smiles he "drags" at will,  
    While Freshes are all tormented.

### Junior

All hail to thee, fair Junior year!  
    Thou bulwark of the College!  
He gathers in and loosens out,  
    His head is swelled with "knowledge."

### Senior

At last comes one with stately air,  
    With chivalric tread and free,  
Who looks as tho' he owned the world,  
    A lordly Senior he.

## Ministerial Class Officers



BENJAMIN SORCEE .....	President.
J. E. LANIER .....	Vice-President.
N. A. MELTON .....	Secretary.
E. I. OLIVE .....	Poet.
C. M. OLIVER .....	Historian.



## Class Poem



" To a mountain where Jesus had appointed them."

Here have we come at His command,  
To hear Him counsels speak,  
Then hence to fare to every land,  
His jewels lost to seek.

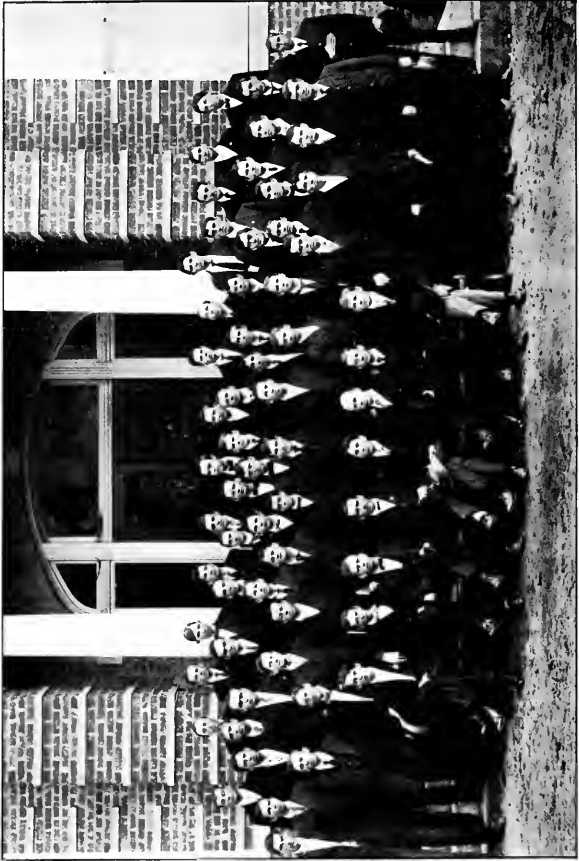
A blessed fellowship divine  
Awhile we here have known—  
Hallowed these bonds that close entwine  
Our hearts about His own.

From these calm heights we've looked afar  
Into the forward years,  
And glimpsed His kingdom's glorious Star  
Where dawning Peace appears.

And we have seen the harvest field  
In whiteness vast unfold,  
And heard Him say, "My Word revealed  
To all men must be told."

Afar we've caught the dying wail  
Of millions lost in woe,  
Pleading for light that can not fail—  
Yearning The Christ to know.

Then we will take our separate ways  
As His own hand shall lead—  
And may His presence "all the days"  
Sustain in sorest need!



MINISTERIAL CLASS.

A decorative rectangular border with intricate, symmetrical patterns on the left and right sides and a wavy, scalloped top and bottom edge. The word "Organizations" is centered within this border in a bold, serif font.

# Organizations

## Euzelia

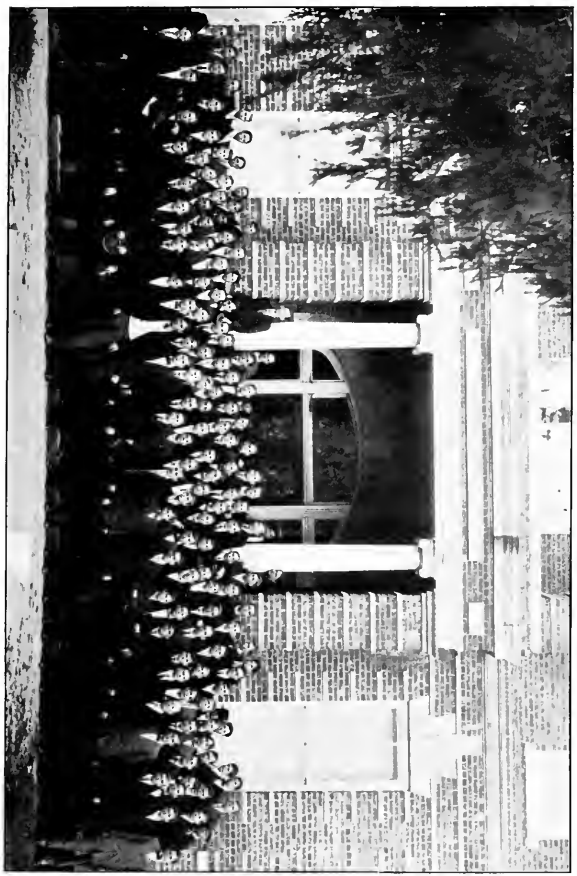


Hither once more, ye sons of mine,  
Gather about this hallowed shrine,  
Whose altar fires, heaven-lit, divine,  
And vestal-kept forever gleam.

Touch, reverent now, this sacred urn,  
And ere far hence your footsteps turn,  
Let holy purpose inly burn  
Toward some noble, far-glimpsed theme.

What years may bring, fret not to ask;  
Hope-nerved, pass to each arduous task,  
The true defend, the false unmask,  
And thus, my sons, make real your dream!

BUZZELLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



## Philomathesia

1

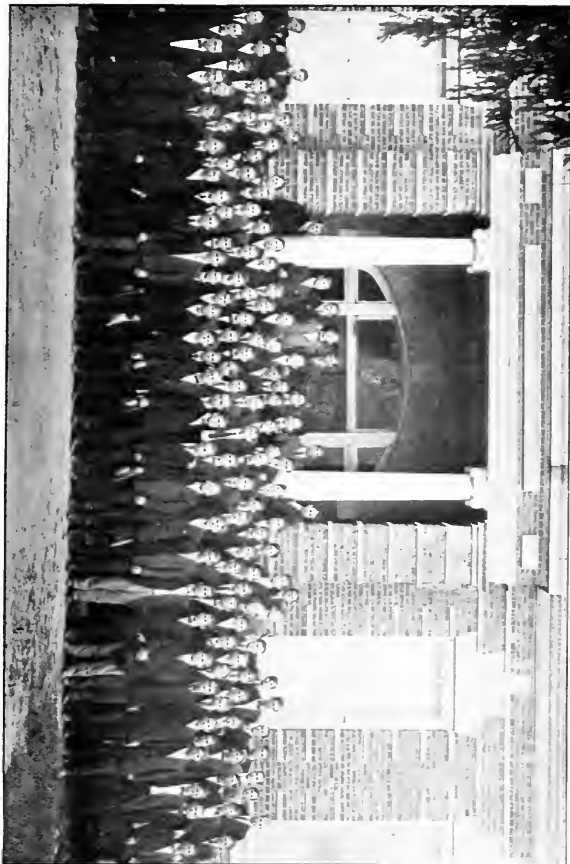
Ere from this presence long revered  
Departing footfalls, sadly heard,  
Shall die away, some time-proof word  
    With you, my sons, I fain would leave.

Bear hence this blessing I bestow,  
Stop by my counsels as you go,  
Be strong for right, scorn measures low, .  
    In God put trust, in man believe.

Strive all brave deeds to emulate.  
Serve well in mart, in church, in state,  
Bear ye my name inviolate,  
    And then, my sons, the crown receive!



PHIOMAPROPSAN LITERARY SOCIETY





PHILOMATHESIAN HALL.

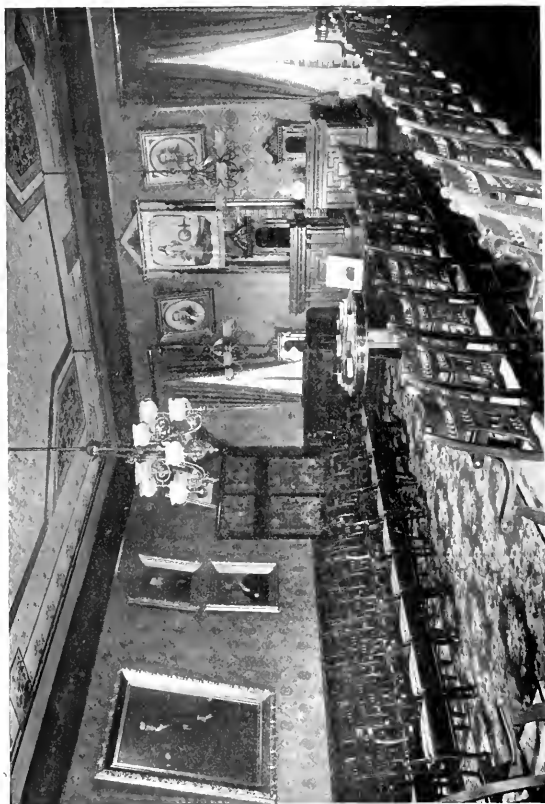
## Mercer Debaters



F. F. BROWN.



F. T. COLLINS.



EUZELIAN HALL.

## The First Dove



With vague suggestions of a dream  
On haze-draped forest, field and stream  
Fell three faint notes, piped sweet and low:—  
From where I vainly seek to know,  
Till all my being strongly stirred,  
I question if it were a bird,  
Or some far voice that inly rose—  
A softened echo of old woes,  
Time-soothed to match this lonely day  
With plaint-touched promisings of May.

# W. F. C. Glee Club and Orchestra



## Organization

PAUL Q. BRYAN.....	Business Manager.
J. HENRY HIGHSMITH.....	Director.
HUBERT M. POTEAT.....	Leader.

## Glee Club

### *First Tenor—*

T. D. Collins,  
E. B. Earnshaw,  
E. I. Olive,  
J. E. Ray, Jr.  
E. E. White.

### *Second Tenor—*

J. M. Adams.  
A. J. Fletcher.  
J. H. Highsmith.  
C. M. Oliver.  
T. C. White.

### *First Bass—*

C. L. Hardy.  
L. C. Hardy.  
R. H. Pope.  
H. M. Poteat.  
A. B. Ray.

### *Second Bass—*

J. M. Cheek.  
L. L. Highsmith.  
J. L. Jenkins.  
L. H. Kitchin.  
L. M. White.

## Orchestra

First Violin.....	{ H. M. POTEAT.
	{ C. M. OLIVER.
Clarinet.....	R. H. POPE.
First Cornet.....	R. E. WALKER.
Second Cornet.....	D. A. BOWMAN.
French Horn.....	C. L. HARDY.
Trombone.....	L. C. HARDY.
BASS.....	J. E. RAY, JR.
Snare Drum.....	L. L. HIGHSMITH.
Bass Drum.....	A. J. FLETCHER.
Piano.....	L. T. BUCHANAN, JR.

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA.



## Glee Club Program



### Part One

1. O Here's to Wake Forest, . . . . . *Words by C. P. Weaver, '04.*  
GLEE CLUB.
2. Golden Rod, . . . . . *McKinley.*  
ORCHESTRA.
3. Vocal Solo—My Dreams, . . . . . *Tosti.*  
MR. POTEAT.
4. Missis Winslow, . . . . . *Harrington.*  
GLEE CLUB.
5. Quartet—The Dixie Kid, . . . . . *Geibel.*  
MESSRS. EARNSHAW, J. H. HIGHSMITH, POTEAT, L. L. HIGHSMITH.
6. Cornet Solo—Bid Me to Love, . . . . . *Barnard.*  
MR. WALKER.
7. Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, . . . . . *Foster.*  
GLEE CLUB.
8. College Life, . . . . . *Frantzen.*  
ORCHESTRA.

### Part Two

1. The Midshipmite, . . . . . *Stephen Adams.*  
MR. J. H. HIGHSMITH AND GLEE CLUB.
2. Violin Solo—Fantasie Faust, . . . . . *Alard.*  
MR. POTEAT.
3. De Backslidin' Brudder, . . . . . *Parks.*  
QUARTET.
4. The Goblins, . . . . . *Parks.*  
GLEE CLUB.
5. Old Gold and Black, . . . . . *H. M. Poteat.*  
(Dedicated to the Wake Forest College Orchestra.)  
ORCHESTRA.
6. O Alma Mater, . . . . . *Words by G. W. Paschal, '91.*  
GLEE CLUB.



## O, Here's to Wake Forest



O, here's to Wake Forest,  
A glass of the finest  
Red ruddy Rhenish filled up to the brim,  
Her sons they are many,  
Unrivaled by any,  
With hearts o'erflowing we will sing our hymn.

### CHORUS:

Rah, rah, Wake Forest, rah!  
Old Alma Mater's sons we are;  
We'll herald her story,  
And die for her glory,  
Old Gold and Black is ever waving high.  
  
As Fresh, we adore her,  
As Sophs, we explore her,  
And carve our names upon her ancient walls;  
As Juniors patrol her,  
As Seniors extol her,  
And weep to leave fore'er her sacred halls.  
  
Tho' fortune forsake us,  
And fate o'ertake us,  
We'll ne'er forget our dear old College days;  
And o'er memory's treasure,  
We'll drink without measure,  
And sing fore'er our Alma Mater's praise.

Y. M. C. A.



C. J. JACKSON,  
President.



N. A. MELTON,  
Vice-President.



J. M. ADAMS,  
Treasurer.



R. L. McMILLAN,  
Secretary.



J. D. CARROLL,  
Corresponding Secretary.



## Witch-Hazel



Rare charm of those bleak Autumn woods  
Which once I knew,  
O'er years of change this care-vexed heart  
Years back to you—

Remembers how, when winds ran sharp  
Along the crest,  
I looked upon thy budding wand  
And felt the zest

Of life's first raptures thrill my blood,  
Nor guessed the train  
Of toil that sterner years would bring  
With little gain.

And I in simple wonderment  
Would fain divine  
The secret of thy golden bloom  
At such a time.

Long years have flown. In graver mood  
I question thee,  
But still beyond all asking lies  
Thy mystery.

Ah, could I know, at Autumn-tide  
This life of mine,  
Through Time's hoar-frost, in golden bloom  
Would burst—like thine!

## Athletic Association



J. R. CROZIER.

### Officers

F. F. BROWN.....	President.
L. B. WEATHERS.....	Vice-President.
R. L. McMILLAN.....	Secretary.

### Executive Committee

J. RICHARDS CROZIER, *Chairman.*  
PROF. E. W. TIMBERLAKE.  
F. F. BROWN.

The Athletic Association is one of the important organizations of the College. Its aim is to foster athletics; that is, to build up and maintain college spirit, to put out a winning team in football, baseball, basketball and tennis, and to stand by and support these teams loyally and enthusiastically, whether in victory or defeat.

The Association has taken its place as a permanent organization, and offers the privilege of membership to all students. Every member has a vital interest in all phases of athletics, and what is more, he has a share in every victory won by the teams. This is of no little importance to the individual student and to the College, since only in this way can there be maintained satisfactorily that indefinable, yet all-important something, called college spirit.

## Baseball Team, 1908



J. R. CROZIER	Coach.
V. F. COUCH	Manager.
J. D. CARROLL	Assistant Manager.
W. C. HAMRICK	Captain.
W. T. TEMPLE, V. F. COUCH,	Pitchers.
HAMRICK	Catch.
JOSEY	First Base.
COUCH	Second Base.
HAMMOND	Third Base.
BENTON	Short-stop.
FREEMAN	Left Field.
DAWSON	Center Field.
BLANTON	Right Field.
WHITE, H., NELSON, DUFFY,	Substitutes.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1907.

## Basketball



**B**ASKETBALL, a comparatively new game among our Southern colleges, has for the last few years grown and spread like wildfire across the Western prairies, until now it is recognized as a national game played during the cold and snowy months of winter.

Daily exercise is essential to a man's growth, especially to a college student, who is liable to sacrifice his body for the development of his mind. Taking this as true, every college should have a series of games that extends throughout the year; football in the autumn, basketball in winter, and baseball in the spring, leaving the summer in which each student should occupy his time with some outdoor work, filling his lungs with fresh air and tanning his skin with the rays of the health-preserving sun.

When we come to speak of basketball at W. F. C., we have only to refer you to the record of the last two seasons, which tells its own story. We have not been defeated by any State school or college this or last season, which gives us the inter-collegiate State championship. On a Southern trip of this season our boys were defeated in only three games, and two of them were by Y. M. C. A. professional players. Sickness among some of our best men made us weaker than we otherwise would have been.

Our efficiency in this game was shown in the class contests, which were so exciting and interesting and aroused more class spirit than was ever before expressed by the student body. Our Sophomore Class team, that was victorious over the other classes, went abroad "seeking whom they might devour," and, Littleton having crossed their path, they returned with the laurels of an unbroken record.

Our outlook for the coming year is even brighter than that of the present, and we expect to go beyond the bounds of our own State and receive "by right of conquest" the championship of the South.





BASKETBALL TEAM.



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.  
INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS.



## Basketball Games



### 1906-1907

Littleton	Here	52-6	Guilford	Here	29-10
Trinity	Durham	8-6	Trinity	Here	27-10

### 1907-1908

Littleton	Here	63-0
Trinity	Durham	29-11
Guilford	Guilford	18-15
Trinity	Here	20-11
Trinity Park	Here	58-7
Guilford	Here	29-10
Asheville School	Asheville	18-16
Asheville Y. M. C. A.	Asheville (Asheville's favor)	26-12
Atlanta Y. M. C. A.	Atlanta	28-23
Columbus Y. M. C. A.	Columbus (Columbus's favor)	62-18
Alabama Polytechnic Institute	Auburn (A. P. I's. favor)	38-12

15 games played, three lost.



**HERBERT McNEIL POTENT,**  
Southern Intercollegiate Champion  
in Singles and Doubles, and  
President of the S. I. T. A.

**ELLIOTT BRANTLY EARNSHAW,**  
Southern Intercollegiate Champion  
in Doubles, and  
First Vice-President of the S. I. T. A.



## Staff of Wake Forest Weekly



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J. D. CARROLL.		
L. B. WEATHERS.		
SANTFORD MARTIN.....		Editor-in-Chief.
P. Q. BRYAN.....		Athletic Editor.
A. T. HOWARD.....		Y. M. C. A. Editor.
J. H. HIGHSMITH.....		Faculty Editor.
R. L. McMILLAN.	}	.....Associate Editors.
J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.,		

## To the Mountains of Carolina



### I.

Give me the land where the wild roses ramble,  
Where the trailing arbutus marks the spring with its bloom,  
Where the laurel and ivy and cliff-scaling bramble  
Bathe the air 'neath a halo of softest perfume.

### II.

The land where still echoes the black mammy's crooning,  
Where lingers the spirit of knighthood; and clear,  
Like the murmurs of angels communing,  
Sighs the sweet-voiced maid to her brave cavalier.

### III.

Then give me this land, 'tis enough quite forever,  
A boon far more precious than honor's venge:  
And far tho' I roam, may my thoughts linger ever  
'Round the flower-twined haunt of the staunch mountaineer!



FOOTBALL IN INFANCY.

## Football



THE TRUSTEES of Wake Forest College have voted that Wake Forest shall again train a team for the gridiron. We offer those gentlemen our sincerest thanks—those men whose only aim is to do what is right for Wake Forest and her student body.

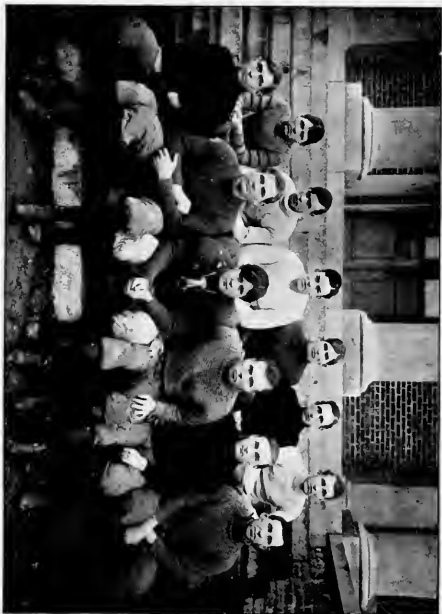
The fellows are glorifying in that fact. A new vigor has awakened in them; college spirit, that indescribable quality, has flashed forth anew. They are proud of their institution, for now her athletes may enter any contest whatsoever, whether it be basketball, tennis, track, baseball, or *football*. With these, Wake Forest men can make her name the synonym of victory in the athletic world as her men make her name the watchword, Victory, in the oratorical and debating world. She has the men—the opportunity has presented itself—men who will make as good athletes in football as can be found in any other institution. Fellows, the night has passed and the day has dawned! Old Wake Forest shall again resume her place in the sphere of athletics among the colleges of the South, among those colleges whose watchword is Progress!

No college can hope to turn out men who will be able to meet the requirements of the world's need—and the need is *men*—unless it educates them physically as well as mentally. And to educate a man physically, he must be given the opportunity. Wake Forest has stepped to the front as a champion of this fact—all that was desired was football.

Football, the greatest of all sports; football, a game in which men count; football, a battle of the gridiron, where, as on a field of battle or in life's struggle, man meets man, and where again the old truth is written upon the records, "the survival of the fittest."

This year, nineteen hundred and eight, the time looked for and hoped for has opened a new era for Wake Forest College, for her loyal alumni, and for her student body!





JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.  
Inter-class Champions.



A GYMNASIUM CLASS.

## The Awakening of a Soul



### I.

THE snow had been falling for two hours that January day when Alma and Hector started back to the little college town some six miles away, where Hector was then in his Senior year. They had been to visit Alma's grandmother "out home," as she always said. The old grandmother would not let them leave until she was satisfied with the preparations for the trip. She had the storm-curtains put up, hot bricks put to their feet, and then they were securely tucked in by a heavy robe.

There was no wind that afternoon, and the large flakes seemed to fall in sheets. The whole heavens appeared to be dissolving into snow. So thick it was that the way ahead was darkened. The horizon seemed to be closing in around them, and soon darkness fell.

Their conversation began now to drift on and on in an aimless way, and was broken ever and anon by long periods of silence. But all the while Hector was thinking, thinking! thinking!! Alma had asked him where he was going when he left college. He didn't know. She had asked him what he intended to do. He didn't know. He seemed to be sure of but one thing, and that was that he was madly in love with Alma. Very bluntly he began to tell her so, as he had so often been on the point of doing before. But he felt so little in her presence that the whole thing became a tangle to him, and he stuttered and stumbled and finally stopped, feeling how utterly ridiculous he had made himself. No woman had ever made him feel so little and none had ever seemed so far above him as Alma had that day. As he left her that evening he was conscious of but one thing. That one thing was very plain, that she had no confidence whatever in his fidelity. If he loved her he must prove it.

### II.

Anniversary Day was bright and sunshiny. At the appointed time the auditorium was full of eloquence and girls. Hector was charmed. The speakers thrilled the audience, by making matchless appeals to their sympathy, and bushels of logie were poured down on them whether or no. But by and by he forgot the

speakers, the eloquence, the logic, everything—except that by his side sat a queen, verily, a Southern queen in all those words mean. He felt cramped in that big hall. How he wished to be "far from the maddening crowd." Finally they began that all but ceaseless wandering from hall to hall, until tired and weary they stood at Alma's door. She simply held out her hand, saying, "Hector, I have enjoyed every minute of the day. I believe now I can trust you, and I will"—and she was gone. But that was enough. The howl in the cloud had come and he was happy.

The next morning they went for a walk. Every one seemed happy, for the sun was shining like springtime, birds were singing, and love was in the air. For some time they had not spoken, but walked on in silence. Finally Alma said, "Hector, why don't you try to win the honor of being the speaker from your Society in the Intercollegiate Debate. I would be so proud of you, if you would."

"I had thought of doing so, but that seems now almost impossible. I would have to defeat Milton Jones, a man with a record back of him, having been both orator and debater, and here that is half the battle."

"You can defeat him if you will," firmly declared Alma. "And if you love me you will. That shall be the test."

"Then let that be the test, and I will prove my love to you," Hector answered, and a light sparkled in his eyes that she had never seen there before.

### III.

The days came and went, and their flight was hardly noticed by Hector and Milton. They had entered into the contest with their whole souls. Milton was the only one Hector dreaded in the preliminary. He felt confident that he could defeat the others, but to down Milton Jones he would have to fight the battle of his life. This he intended to do. Alma's words were to him what the shout is to the racer. The early morning hours would always find his lamp burning, and him studying and writing, writing and studying over on his speech. But one night it was done, and on this night there happened something that was destined to change the whole current of his life.

He was tired, dreadfully tired, and walking out on the campus his attention was attracted by a noise in his Society hall. He drew near and listened. It was Milton speaking. He was filled with a wild desire to hear that speech that meant his victory or defeat. His conception of right and fair play was blurred. He lost control of himself and something in him stronger than himself impelled him on, and now he was listening. One point after another he jotted down, until finally it was over, and he noiselessly slipped away.

That night he began to write anew. \* Milton's speech had opened his eyes. He saw a side of the question that had never dawned on him before. He recast his whole speech, answering every point Milton made. Never did he have a clearer mind, never did his pen fly so swiftly. His power of conciseness was amazing even to himself. In just two days it was done. That speech was a solid block of argument. Not a sentence could be left out. It was unanswerable.

The next evening he went to see Alma and read it to her. When he had finished she said, "Hector, you've won. Let me congratulate you beforehand."

He took the outstretched hand and feelingly answered, "Alma, my love for you helped me do it. You being the prize would make me undertake *any* task. Foul or fair, I must win."

"Foul or fair! What do you mean? Hector, you have not received help on that speech, have you? It is your's, isn't it?"

"Yes, it *is* mine. I have received no aid, except I heard part of Milton's speech in passing. He was blabbing it out in the Society hall, and what I did is no more than any one would have done."

"Have you changed your speech since you heard his?"

"Yes."

"Hector, if you deliver that speech you are not honest. I would be ashamed of you if you did. You would brand yourself a thief."

"Well, if that is all you have to say to me I will leave. Good-night."

Alma sat long in her room thinking that night. "I know," she argued to herself, "that I was rather hard on him, but it is a question of honor, and I was probing for his conscience. I can not believe that he will deliver that speech. I do hope my words will stir the manhood in him to an awakening. But if not, then I would be afraid to trust him with my love," and she fell across her bed weeping.

#### IV.

The much-looked-for night of the preliminary came at last. The student body was wild with interest. On each side there were admirers who were confident that their favorite would be victorious. Several minor ones had spoken, and now Hector had begun. He had perfect control of himself and on and on he swept the audience with him. Now they were leaning forward in their seats, trying to catch every word. This was true of all except one lone figure in the rear of the house, hid from his sight. She was suffering. Hector was delivering that stolen speech. The one she had loved and trusted was dishonest. Impossible! She could not believe her own ears. But there he is speaking. Now he

is through. As he sat down a sigh arose from the audience, telling him that his speech had gone home. Then it broke into wild applause.

The next speaker was Milton. As he arose agony and defeat was written all over his face. This is all he said, "Mr. President, I am fully satisfied for my opponent to represent my Society in the debate after hearing that speech. So I will not enter the contest."

As he sat down a groan was heard in the rear of the building. Alma had fainted.

It was rather late when she recovered, but she asked for Hector. When he entered the room, he walked to the bedside and bent over to kiss her.

"No! no!" she cried. "Your unclean lips shall never touch mine. You are dishonest. You are a moral leper, and if you have a particle of manhood left in you, you will resign."

"But Alma—"

"No, you need not try to explain. I will not listen."

And as she lay there looking at him all the love of her soul turned to ashes in her breast.

In a moment when she had recovered breath she said, "Hector, by your action to-night you have robbed me of happiness and love, and yourself of the truest wife this world holds. I probed for your conscience the other day, and I found it dead; I appealed to your honesty and love for fair play, and I found it gone. I loved you, but I have discovered that you are not worth it. Now you may go." And she turned her face to the wall and began to weep.

That night Hector could not sleep. Her words at first angered him, but now they stung him to the heart. He was miserable. The next day he ate nothing. The following night he was carried to the Infirmary. The doctor said, "A nervous breakdown." During his semi-opiate sleep that night he cried, "I didn't mean to be dishonest, God knows I didn't." Then again, "O God, I wronged Milton."

The next morning he was quieter and asked for Milton Jones. When he came Hector confessed the whole piece of theft and the agony on his face while doing so was pitiful. At last he said, "Milton, I'm going to resign, and I want you to take the place. I'll confess the whole thing. I can't stand this torture any longer."

"No, that will not do," firmly answered Milton. "You will represent the Society better than I can, and I am willing to forgive the wrong you have done me, and say nothing about it upon this condition that, for the sake of the Society, you do not resign. I see, too, you have suffered enough."

"But I must resign. I can't bear it."

"No," said Milton. "I will forgive you if you do *not* resign."

"Well, let it be as you say, then. Thank you, Milton. God knows I love you and didn't mean to do you wrong."

#### V.

The whole college—faculty, students, and even the janitor—were assembled at the depot to meet the train that was bringing home the victors. They had a hard fight, but they won the greatest victory in the history of the college. The speakers were placed in a carriage, covered in the college colors, and drawn by loving hands. Behind the carriage marched the faculty and a half-mile of students, divided in classes and each carrying their banner. It was a glorious scene. Indeed, a triumphal entry. Never was Caesar received into Rome with greater gladness than marked this occasion. They marched to the college auditorium, where were heard songs, yells and welcome speeches galore. By and by there was a wild shout for Hector to speak. As he arose the look on his face caused a deathly silence to fall upon the crowd.

"This scene," he began, "has touched my heart. But I can not trust myself to speak more than to make a confession." Then in a few words he told the whole story of his dishonesty and how he tried to resign and Milton would not let him; and not only that, but Milton had forgiven the wrong. And then he himself for the sake of his Society had gone on with the debate when his soul was suffering all the tortures of hell. Then pointing toward Milton he said, "He is the biggest man in this State. His speech won this debate. Give him the honor. I deserve nothing but your contempt."

Turning to the audience again his eyes fell upon Alma and tears were streaming down her cheeks. All the pathos of his soul was in his words as he cried, "I crave your forgiveness. I sinned only when the star of ambition lured me too far. Forgive me, and I shall be happy."

As he sat down there was not a dry eye in the house. Three hundred boys were around him in an instant shaking his hands, and he knew he was forgiven.

By and by Alma worked her way through the crowd and offered him her hand, saying, "I am so glad, Hector. You are a *man*, after all."







CLUBS.

## Sophomores' Annual Advice



Devoted to the interests of the Freshman Class:

1. Don't butt in!
2. Don't wear high-school pins—or give Freshman yell on the campus — “ children should be seen and not heard.”
3. Do not roll your pants too high—or wear loud sox.
4. Say “ Sir,” when a Sophomore addresses you.
5. Do not smoke on the campus. If you must smoke in your rooms, use Rabbit Tobacco.
6. Do not walk across the grass to save time—get up sooner.
7. Don't leg Professor Sledd. He doesn't know you from eggs.
8. Remember not to raise your hand when you wish to attract a Professor's attention.
9. Do not use all your “ cuts ” the first of the month—there is always a rainy day.
10. Stay off the campus after sunset.

Follow these directions, or you will anger *men*.

(Signed)

SOPHOMORES.

HONNEFF CLARE



## Rounders of the Roost

4

OBJECT:—To find a resting place for all stray chickens.

TIME OF MEETING:—Sunday, 11:59 P. M.

PLACE:—"Paradise."

MOTTO:—While others possess we shall not want.

SONG:

I'm a natural-born reacher  
Like a Methodist preacher—  
No chicken roosts too high for me.

CHORUS:

Who's that say chicken in this crowd?  
Speak the word again and speak it loud.  
Blame the College, let the Faculty boost her,  
I'm a-looking out for a Dominecker rooster.

YELL:—Cock-a-doodle-doo.

COLORS:—Shanghai Brown and Dominecker Gray.

### Officers

Supervisor of Feasts.....	T. P. LOVELACE.
Inspector of Roosts.....	"NEWISH" WRENN.
Game Warden.....	ARCHIE BYNUM.
Chef.....	VADEN McCULLERS.
Forager of Tree Fowls.....	J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.
Purloiner of Pantry Supplies.....	L. MASSEY.

BOARDERS:

SANTFORD MARTIN.  
"NEWISH" JENKINS.  
MAT. McBRAVER.  
"JAKE" NEWELL.



DEDICATED TO THE BOYS WHO SMOKE CIGARETTES.

## College Smoke-Stacks OR "Won't You Come and Draw With Me?"



OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION:—To support Duke and his many followers.

PLACE OF MEETING:—On the rusties.

TIME:—During Chapel service.

### TOAST:

Here's to the boy who draws his "cig."  
And twirls his golden reel;  
Who proudly walks the street so big,  
And smokes his favorite weed.

# The Box Car Boys



OBJECT:—To save 38 cents.

MOTTO:—Only the brave deserve their fare.

SONG:—"Traveling."

BILL JONES.....	Head Scout.
ED. THORN.....	News Butch.
JOHN BYRUM.....	Station Bawler.
BEN. HINES.....	Ballast.
FRED BROWN.....	Ex. Detective.
BEN. SURGER.....	Berth Manager.
BOB BRICKHOUSE.....	Assistant Porter.

## ORDERS AFFILIATED WITH THE B. C. B.'S.

### PULLMAN REAR-END BOYS:

CEO MARSHALL.....	JAKE NEWELL.....
BULL CAY.....	JOHN CARROLL.....
BENNEY MEDFORD.....	JOHN PATTERSON.....

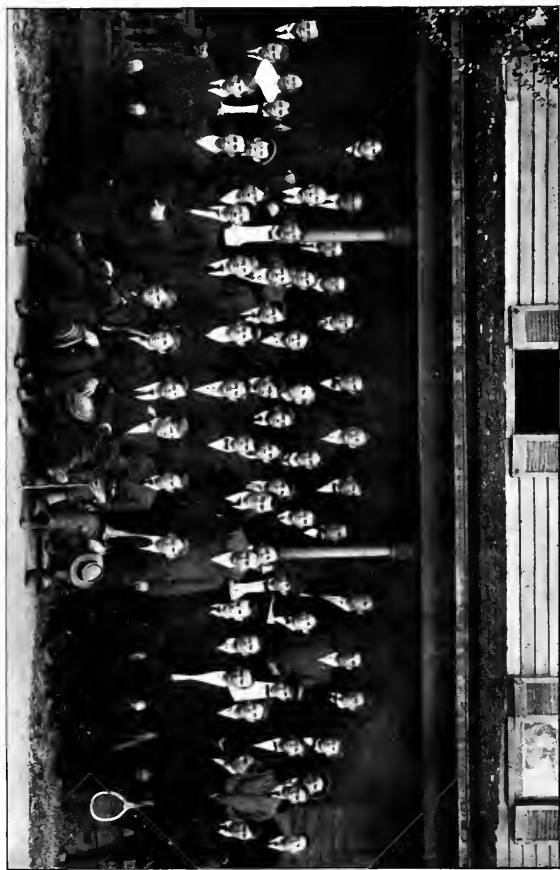
### ORDINARY BUMS:

NEWISH DENNY.....	JOHN NANNEY.....
NEWISH OVERBY.....	FRANK KURFEES.....
NEWISH LYLES.....	BEAR MASSEY.....

Both through and local freight service between  
all stations on S. A. L.

Prospective members will file their applications with

PAT. COGGIN, Free Transportation Agent.







## Our "Muchly" Married Men



OCCUPATION:—I'm wearing my life away for you.

SONG:—Nobody works but father.

TIME OF MEETING:—Uncertain. It all depends—

CONSOLING WORD:—The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

FAVORITE DISH:—Kid and hen-pecked rooster.

### Officers

CREECH.....	Agent for Kitchen Utensils.
HOGAN.....	Private Prophet.
SULLIVAN.....	"Scopic" Agent.
PROF. HIGHSMITH.....	Music Teacher and Family Tutor.
KEITH.....	Out "Foraging."
	Treasurer—Unnecessary.

### Members

OVERBY.	KING.
LASSITER.	BOWEN.
HURST.	WHITENER.

On file are the names of Messrs. STRINGFIELD, O'BRIEN, and SAWYER, who have applied for membership, and will be considered at our next meeting.

# Wake Forest College



## EXAMINATION IN GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

(Answer any ten of the following questions.)

- I. Explain the feeling of being "bored."
- II. Explain briefly the derivation of the following words: "grind," "boiling," "drag," "spot," "Newish," "blacking."
- III. Discuss at some length the science of "legging."
- IV. Why is it preferable to use the second form below rather than the first?  
(1) "What have you learned by studying at Wake Forest?"  
(2) "What might you have learned had you studied while at Wake Forest?"
- V. Write a short essay on the art and result of "rooting."
- VI. Why is the weakest boy best at "guy'ng" and the largest man is easiest "hacked?"
- VII. Give at some length the history and use of "jacks."
- VIII. Show from a logical standpoint the relation between "23" and "60."
- IX. Give a few words on the origin of the word *Howler*.
- X. Give in your own words what you think to be the reason why it rains or snows every *Anniversary*.
- XI. Explain how the Trustees and Faculty got hazing from the College.

Neatness and grammar count one-third.

PLEDGE.

THE THOMPSON CLUB





## The Fresh Four



[The rules of this order are simple and have never been broken by any member.]

RULE I.—Be fresh.

RULE II.—If you can't be fresh, be as fresh  
as you can.

MOTTO:—Better heard than seen.

AIM IN LIFE:—To slay men with their own jaw-bone.

YELL:

Chick-a-macca-rack,  
Sis-poom-bon,  
Clemson, A. & M.,  
Da-vid-son.

BLANCHARD—Aspired to high honors at A. and M.

GARDNER—First at Clemson, last at Wake Forest.

MURCHISON—Without hands, but two good fists.

WHITEHURST—If he could catch a ball and had a good arm, he might make the ball team, provided he was an expert batter.

## Knights of the Stein



### TOAST:

" Here's a toast you all have heard:  
A large cold bottle and a small hot bird,  
But here's another that's just as fine:  
A small hot sausage and a large cold stein."

PASS-WORD:—Draw one.

MOTTO:—There's always room for one more.

MEETING PLACE:—Apartments on " Foundry Boulevard."

### Officers

" WINDY " RAY.....	Master of the Keg.
" ROCK " ROCKWELL.....	Keeper of the Sacred Stein.
" WALT " BALDWIN.....	Lord of the Bung-hole.
" ARCH " BYNUM.....	Fancy Mixer.
" HERE " BROWN.....	Head Waiter.
" BIGGS " CLARK.....	Champion Beerer.

### Active Members

MORIE NELSON.	" BULL " LIPSCOMB.
" PAT " McBRAYER.	WAIT HAMRICK.
PHIL SAWYER.	JULIAN LUNSFORD.
DUMP WHITE.	" DARLEEN " COUCH.

### Honorary Members

ED WHITE.	BOB DUNN.
SANFORD MARTIN.	TOM SINGLETON.
MOSE OLIVER.	BEN. SORGEE.

### Fratres in Facultate

H. JONES.

H. VANN.

H. POTEAU.

ELLINGTON CLUB.



## Faculty Meeting



Time—4:00 p. m. Scene—President's office.

Members of Faculty grouped in various positions about the room. Dr. Poteat sitting on table with tack-hammer in his hand. Professors Lake, Sikes, Sledd, Gorrell and Gulley around the stove, chewing tobacco. Professors H. Poteat, Vann, Earnshaw, Ives, Page and Anders behind President's desk, playing crack-a-loo. Mr. Crozier balancing ink-stand on the tongs. Other professors at table.

President calls meeting to order

Voice of Professor Vann heard in corner—"Sh—sh—Let 'em fall on my handkerchief."

Roll-call.

Professor Nowell joins group at the stove.

Chuckling noise heard—Dr. Poteat getting ready to speak—"Secretary will read the minutes of last meeting.—Look out, Dr. Cullom, you're on my foot."

Secretary remains silent.

President—"Well, Mr. Secretary—"

Secretary—"Ex—ex—I forgot my book."

President—"Well, things must be done in order—and this is the time fixed in the by-laws. I hardly see what we can do. What would you advise, gentlemen?"

Professor Gulley—"Mr. President, I suggest that we allow the Secretary to make a verbal report. I think this would hold good in the eyes of the law."

Secretary reports as follows—"Meeting called to order by the President, but as no important business came up, the meeting adjourned to see Dr. Lynch's new hen-house, and Professor Ives's new 'specimens.'"

President reads from by-laws—"Petitions are in order."

Dr. Sikes—"Mr. President, I am the bearer of a petition from the students protesting against the law prohibiting them from meeting 38 and 41. I have read this petition, and am in favor of abolishing that rule."

Mr. Crozier—"I second Dr. Sikes's motion—for running to trains is good exercise."

Dr. Paschal—"Non est dibium quin."

President—"Any more petitions? Then," consulting the by-laws, "we pass to the head of new business."

Mr. Crozier—"They won't come to gymnasium."

Mr. President—"That's old. We are under new business. Give us something new."

Dr. Gorrell—"Mr. President, I can find no way to stop the students from throwing paper on the campus. I should like to have some suggestions."

Dr. Taylor—"Why, Doctor, where is your logic? Put waste baskets on the campus."

President—"Anything else? Then resolutions are in order."

Dr. Paschal—"Mr. President, I have a resolution. 'Whereas, the game of baseball necessarily requires a great deal of skill, hence much practice, thereby causing, first, on the part of those who play much loss of time which might be devoted to Latin; second, the majority of the students to take no interest in the game. Therefore, in order that we may



play under the S. I. A. A. rules and that all students may have an equal chance, be it resolved, first, that the game of baseball be abolished at Wake Forest College; second, that in its place be substituted the mild and interesting catball, or round-town, in which all may take part."

Hands resolution to Secretary.

Professor Highsmith—"Mr. President, I do not favor the gentleman's resolution for several reasons. First, we have already bought new uniforms for the baseball team. They look so nice—we must use them. Second, the students are counting so much on a good team this year—we must not discourage them. Third, last but by no means least, what would become of the Faculty-Senior baseball game? I am just crazy to pitch for the Faculty. Therefore I move that this resolution be tabled until a later date."

Motion is carried.

Dr. Sikes—"Mr. President, I have learned from a reliable source that our authority has been denied again."

Cries from all—"What? Impossible!"

Dr. Sikes—"It is only too true! That disgraceful Night Hawk gang has been out again. They got poor Harris last night. They actually defy our laws! We should investigate this and make an example of the guilty ones."

Voice from the back of room—"They say Harris got the thumb of one of them in his mouth—and marked him good."

Dr. Poteat—"Is that so? Wait—I saw Mr. Daniels with his thumb bandaged up, Mr. Vann, go bring Mr. Daniels before us."

Exit Mr. Vann. President continues—"We will make him show us his finger and—"

Enter Mr. Vann, followed by Daniels.

Dr. Poteat—"Er—Mr. Daniels—you are suspected of being a member of the Night Hawks and of helping to black Harris last night. It is said that Harris bit one of them—let me see your thumb."

Daniels—"Er—Dr. Poteat—it's all right—it isn't sore."

Dr. Poteat—"I must insist that you show us your thumb."

Daniels pulls hand from pocket—thumb heavily bandaged.

Dr. Poteat (triumphantly)—"I knew it."

All draw near to look at Daniels's thumb.

Dr. Poteat takes Daniels's thumb in his hand—Daniels winces, but says, "Aw—'taint nothing the matter with it."

Dr. Poteat—"A clue we must investigate." Begins to remove bandage from thumb. Daniels winces and shows sign of pain.

Dr. Poteat—"Aha! Mr. Daniels. It seems that you are painfully injured. How did this happen?" Continues to untoll yard after yard of oily bandages from Daniels's hand.

Daniels—"Taint hurt."

Dr. Poteat—"But, Mr. Daniels, we must examine it. Ah! here's the end."

Daniels's thumb appear—perfectly sound.

Dr. Poteat—"Er—why, er—Mr. Daniels, your thumb has not been bitten—it isn't even hurt."

Daniels—"Yes, sir. That's what I told you."

Dr. Poteat—"You may go."

Exit Daniels.

Dr. Poteat sinks into a chair, murmuring faintly—"Meeting stands adjourned."

Curtain.



Marshall H. Jones



Daniel J. Jones



Sawyer Moxley



Hilde H. Jones



White  
2nd 26 23

# Black Diamond Quartet



## Official Campus Nightingales

P. G. SAWYER, *Manager.*

### Specialties

- " Was she pushed or did she fall? "
- " Who sprung the lock on the dormitory door? "
- " Why don't you smile? "
- " Tain' no disgrace to run when you git scared. "
- " Tain' no harm to hug and kiss your cousin. "

### Grand Finale

" We're the Black Diamond Quartet,  
Tra-la-a-women! "

### Announcement

*To the ditty-loving public.*

We are happy to announce that we have added to our musical bill-of-fare that catchy little encore which created such a sensation in New York on account of its pathos and sentiment, entitled, " They're peeping through the knot-holes in their uncle's wooden leg. "

Yours in a-chord,

BLACK DIAMOND QUARTET

### Refrain Raisers

" Go " MARSHALL—First Astonisher.

" Tom " DANIEL—Second Paralyzer.

" QUI POO " BRYAN—First Bum Borer.

" DUMP " WHITE—Second Nerve Tear.

### Ditty Dictation

" Go "—" All together, now. "

" Tom "—" Softly now, ' Dump. ' "

" QUI POO "—" Soft pedal, ' Go. ' "

" DUMP "—" Bear down on that minor, boys. "



## The Tourist Klan



### TOAST:

Here's to the pals of the Tourist Klan,  
Who traveled much in Yankee land;  
To the pretty girls of Northern clime,  
We drain our glass, we drink our wine.

PASS-WORD:—"Scopic."

SONG:—"Any old place I can hang my hat is home sweet home to me."

### Members

"ALBANY" BROWN.	"BOSTON" COUCH.
"PITTSBURG" BRYAN.	"NIAGARA" MARSHALL.
"CLEVELAND" BROUGHTON.	"TROY" WEATHERS.
"SYRACUSE" CARROLL.	"DETROIT" WHITE.
MISS "EVANSVILLE" CROZIER.	

# B. C. Fraternity



*"Birds of a feather flock together."*



## Constitution

### ARTICLE I.

The name of this Association shall be *Bird's Creek Fraternity*.

### ARTICLE II.

The object of this Fraternity shall be to create a stronger tie of friendship among its members and to see that no one of them is imposed upon by any one outside of our organization.

### ARTICLE III.

Any student may become a member of this Fraternity by filling the requirements: (a) at least six months at *Bird's Creek*; (b) they must wear *white vests* and *high-waister trousers*.

### ARTICLE IV.

The time and place of meeting shall be evening strolls across the campus.

## By-Laws

*First*.—The colors of this Fraternity shall be *Green and Blue*.

*Second*.—Its motto shall be *Brotherly Love*, and must exist among its members.

*Third*.—During vacation each member is supposed to take up work in one of the following ways: (a) "Scopic" agent; (b) map dealer; (c) literature distributor.

## Present Officers

H. T. STEPHENS  
H. W. BAGCOM  
J. E. LANIER  
J. B. WILKINS  
E. D. POE

President.  
Vice-President.  
Secretary.  
Treasurer.

Reporter for *Little River Record*.

## Members

Rogers,  
Garris,  
Chisholm  
Ellis,  
Carroll,  
Bennett,  
Highsmith,

Tyner,  
Olive,  
Hoyle,  
Butler,  
Shanks,  
Stringfield,

Tunstall,  
Seymour,  
Staton,  
Whoober,  
Britt,  
Clark,

FRATRES IN FACULTATE: Page and Ives,



SONS OF PALMETTO.

# The John C. Calhoun Chapter OF The Sons of Palmetto



OBJECT:—By our presence to elevate North Carolina, since she is our sister State, to South Carolina's standard and level, as far as this may be possible.

PREAMBLE:—Since South Carolina has ever been first and foremost in all things, since her influence is spreading itself abroad in the land, even like unto the proverbial green bay tree, and making glad the desolate places of the earth, it falls to our lot to go forth into the Old North State and, by our influence and example, to make her people see some of the errors of their way. Our opportunities and privileges as citizens of South Carolina have laid this obligation upon us, our position out of warranty forces us; hence our advent to Wake Forest College.

MOTTO:—Push, Perseverance, Persistence.

PASS-WORD:—Kinlin' Wood.

PASTIME:—Writing to the folks "Down Home" about our missionary ventures and adventures.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION:—Applicants must be from South Carolina; must possess ideal and genuine patriotism, must not be more than one hundred or less than one year old; must be married, or if not married, single.

Signed and sealed this day by order of—

HERBERT PEELE,

*Grand Chief Promulgator of the Doctrine of States' Rights.*

D. A. BROWN,

*High Propounder of the Principles of Individual Liberty.*

J. D. CARROLL,

*Special Private Secretary of Every Member of the Club.*

GEORGE WILLIAMSON,

*Proposer of Toasts and Disposer of Funds.*

DONALD MCCALL,

*The Possessor of a Double Portion of the Spirit of Timrod.*

CHAS. M. OLIVER,

*Bearer and Wearer of the Mantle of Calhoun.*

W. R. BLACKMON,

*Chronicler of the Achievements of the Organization.*

## Quotation Hits



*Are they true?*

*We ask you.*

- "The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."—*Tilly*.
- "The woods are full of them."—*Newish*.
- "Though he endeavor all he can, an ape will never be a man."—*Lyles*.
- "At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."—*Newish Sawyer*.
- "Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."—*Brett*.
- "They always talk who never think."—*Newish Bell*.
- "Weep, for night comes on apace."—*Nelson*.
- "You'd doubt his sex and take him for a girl."—*Buchanan*.
- "Methinks he seemed no bigger than my head."—*Gay in Columbus*.
- "God sent His singers upon earth."—*Glee Club*.
- "A still small voice."—*Duffy*.
- "Love! Their affections do that way tend."—*Stringfield and O'Brien*.
- "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."—*D. A. Brocken*.
- "Just enough learning to misquote."—*Taylor*.
- "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."—*Hardy and Sawyer*.
- "Oh! that girls loved me as I love myself."—*Bob Dunn*.
- "We desire a Howling success."—*Editors*.



## More or Less Pungent



DR. SIKES—"Mr. Murchison, for what is the United States Bureau used?"

NEWISH MURCHISON—"To put the President's clothes in."

Phil Sawyer is supremely happy. He's stuck on himself, and hasn't any rival.

"We'll now have a quartette solo by Mr. Walker."—*Jackson*.

"With grave aspect he rose, and in his rising  
Seemed a pillow of state."—*Big Dulin*.

Newish Harris has devised a new scheme to escape the Sophs., to-wit, running under the bed.

"Bosom up my counsel; you'll find it whole-some."—*Phil. Thomas*.

"Deep veiled in books and shallow in himself,"—*Pette*.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."—*Clayton*.

"My favorite two-step is *Meditation*,"—*Xerish Sarony*.

"I wonder where that fellow Bailey went to school. He sure is a bright Newish,"—*John R. Jones*.

"Fellows, the music at the Y. M. C. A. conference was grand. One fellow sang a solo all by himself, which was especially fine,"—*Professor Jones*.

NEWISH HIGHSMITH (in Chemistry)—"Say, Doctor, is that gyp um what you are talking about the same as the jimson weed?"

BATCOM (at the 'phone)—"Hello! is that Raleigh? Give me the Baptist Female University for girls, please."

"Of all the singets I ever heard, give me Newish Trueblood for sonorous melody,"—*'Bear' Massey*.

DR. SIKES—"Mr. Lipscomb, what form of architecture did the Crusaders bring to England?"

LIPSCOMB—"The pyramids."

"I would the gods had made thee poetical,"—*Crusman*.

DR. TAYLOR (on Logic)—"Mr. Newell, form a sentence illustrating the term *sui generis*."

NEWELL—"The College consists of 350 students and John Nanney."

This spring when you say to Kurfees, "Let's hook a chicken, black a Newish, or get some booze," he will answer, "No, pals, I must quit, for I have been elected president of the Baraca Class."

## Caught On the Wing



Newish Nelson is the proud owner of a St. Mary's pennant and a beautiful sofa pillow of the same school. They were somewhat late in arriving, but *her* "Pa" held his cotton (two bales!) for a rise in price.

"Big" Clark has been employed by the Box-Car Boys as guide from their station on the out-skirts of Raleigh to the center of the city.

Charlie Vernon rode three *ponies* to death during the fall term. However, he entered the spring season with an excellent pair of racers.

The following is the annual report of the Knocker's Club as submitted by I. Wilcock, Secretary:

"Nat Meekins' feet were never warm,  
They were always cold as ice;  
He took a red-hot brick to bed  
And thought it oh! so nice;  
The fire department came too late,  
They raised an awful row;  
They couldn't wake poor "Nat" at all—  
His feet are warmer now."

We are sorry to part with "Jake" Newell, President of the Hot-Air Club and champion lady-killer of the College. After graduation he leaves for New York to accept the lucrative position of street railway conductor.

We understand that John Carroll auctioned off his odd pair of trousers just after Anniversary.

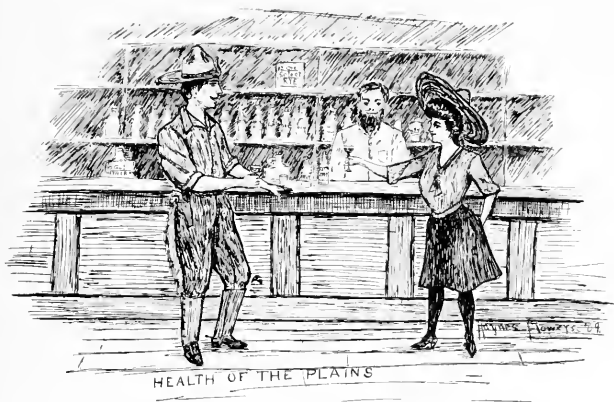
Bob Dunn and his English walking coat were on exhibition Anniversary and created much amusement among the ladies.

At the last meeting of the Knights of the Stein, Mr. J. M. Adams, who is well known and very popular among the ladies, was unanimously elected as an honorary member.

As Commencement draws near the "Night Hawks" are reported to be holding meetings every night. One of their leaders, Mr. Ben Hines, was heard to remark the other day that he thought most of the Newish had been "shined"—including Newish Butler, even.

A few days ago as that most respectable Newish, Mr. Rockwell, was taking an open-air stroll through the campus, as he often does for his health, a Sophomore of considerable disrepute and lack of respect was heard to exclaim, "O, Rockwell, thou jimmy-jawed paragon of loveliness, why did God endow thee with a handle for a chin?"

The Adams, Broughton & Jones Company, which went into the hands of a receiver the fifteenth of last February, is gradually getting on its feet again. The company hopes to be able to withstand the run next Anniversary.



## Desired to Know



If it be true that Dr. Paschal talks nothing but Greek to his baby.—*Newish Barker.*

Why Professor Sledd calls us his jackasses.—*Newish Class.*

The difference between a railroad turntable and a draw-bridge.—*Adams.*

Where Bonney Medford got his lazy walk.—*His Friends.*

How the Newish broke up the Sophomore meeting.—*Senior Class.*

How many men it takes to constitute a track team.—*Newish Vinson.*

Where Newish Page got his intellectual look.—*Gallimore.*

If Newish J. C. Smith made "sub" on the Glee Club.—*Patterson.*

How Carlie Brown was put out of business at Anniversary and had the bill to pay.—*Preckett Brothers.*

Why I so much enjoy "watching the beautiful trains pass."—*Newish Greene.*

## Student Editors



H. E. PEELE,  
Phi. Editor.



I. M. WHITE,  
Eu. Editor.



L. B. WRATHEIS,  
Business Manager.



CHAS. S. BARNETTE,  
Phi. Associate Editor.



H. J. MASSEY,  
Eu. Associate Editor.

## A Medal for a Maid



BY WESTLAKE

ON a dull, cold afternoon in February, Hugh Mortimer sat by the open fire-place gazing absent-mindedly into the coals. He had just finished dinner, and strolled around to the club-house in quest of amusement; but found that all the fellows had gone skating. This particular exercise did not appeal to Hugh, consequently he decided to await further developments.

Presently his gaze met the calendar on the opposite wall, which gave silent testimony to the fact that the next quiz on Biology was only two days off.

"Now, wouldn't that jar you, though," he muttered; "and I haven't seen a note-book in three weeks! Wonder if there's one to be had hereabouts? I'll warrant Skinny Green's is lying around somewhere."

After some search he discovered that object on the window-sill. Mortimer opened it and glanced idly over the pages.

"Spirogyra—I've done him; ameba, nitella, vancheria—who's he? Geuss I'd better investigate that individual further. I've a faint recollection that I didn't find it convenient to go on lab that afternoon."

He perused the notes, making comments sotto voce.

"'Found in streams; moss,' etc. Wonder if the thing's a plant or an animal? Just like Skinny not to say; likely as not he didn't know. 'Is not divided into cells'—Good for it! First thing I've struck yet that wasn't. 'Has long hairs, called rhizoids.'—Now how in the name of Ned should I know what *they* are? Skinny's got a drawing here of something that appears to be a cross between a green snake and an asparagus plant. He says they are hairs, though, so I suppose it must be an animal. 'Has antheridium and oogonium, contains chlorophyll.'—One might suppose he was describing a mermaid, only I never heard of their having any such things as he mentions here. 'There is no *septem* between.'—Confound Skinny for a blooming idiot! Here he's spelled it like *Latin*! Well, this is just so much wasted time."

And he tossed the book over in the corner. After gazing resentfully at it for some minutes, he decided that he didn't care to study, anyway, and walked over to the hearth. Drawing up a big arm-chair, he was soon lulled into reverie by the firelight's fitful fancies.

It can not be said that Hugh Mortimer was in a very amiable frame of mind. This was his last year in college, yet he had accomplished almost nothing. There was in him a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction—a longing for something worth while. A day or two previous he had been called before the Faculty for being

behind in his studies, and it was only the intervention of the kindly old Professor of English which had restrained the Dean from writing to his father.

Professor Harwell liked Mortimer, for he could write the best bit of composition in his class. The day before he had called him up at the close of the recitation.

"Mortimer," he said, looking over the gold rims of his spectacles, "I want you to do me a favor; will you?"

"If I can, Professor," he replied slowly.

"You can if you will. It is this. You know the contest for the Hastings medal begins soon, and I want you to win it. You have the ability if you are only willing to work. What do you say?"

Hugh looked at the old man in astonishment. The Hastings medal was given to the student who should submit the best essay upon some original line of investigation. Hugh would have as soon thought of running for President as of winning the Hastings medal.

"I—I couldn't do it, Professor," he stammered. "It's beyond me."

"Now I think I know more about your ability than you do. It will be the best thing in the world for you. Are you willing to try it?"

Hugh hesitated before replying, "I'll have to think about it, sir," he said. "You know I'm behind in my work."

"Well, think it over and let me know. If you promise to do your best on it, I'll see that the Faculty doesn't bother you."

And now, as he watched the embers burst into flame and then slowly sink beneath the pale gray ash, he pondered over the old man's suggestion. It was well-nigh impossible for him to win, of course; in his present mood he did not feel capable of anything. Something was the matter, he hardly knew what. But if he should win—what would people say? What would Dot say? Ah, Dot—as the vision of the blue-eyed, fair-haired girl crossed his mind, all thoughts of the contest went with the smoke up the chimney.

Dot was his fourth cousin. Ever since they were children together he had fairly worshiped her, and she had always professed to be fond of him. Many a time he had said, half in jest, half in earnest, "Dot, if you weren't my cousin I'd be in love with you"—which she always turned aside with some trivial remark.

Since she had gone off to school, however, Dot had seemed to care less and less for him, until now her letters had almost ceased coming. Hugh thought of the last one, which had closed in a very perfunctory manner—"Yours, Dot." Once she had even signed her name, "Dorothy Eloise Maitland"; and he had waited resolutely two weeks before answering.

Yes, Dot was in love, and with some one else. He knew the fellow; it was Carter, the big, broad-shouldered captain of the football team, whose dark eyes had set her crazy. And Carter wrote stories in the college magazine—

The thought caused him to sit up suddenly.

" Carter—isn't he going to write for the medal? Yes, I heard him tell Green so. I could beat anybody else, and by all that's holy, I'll beat *him*, or die in the attempt, just to show Dot!"

The next morning Mortimer went up to Professor Harwell, selected his subject and entered for the contest.

During the ensuing weeks Hugh Mortimer was seldom seen roaming over the campus or sitting about the club. He studied merely enough to keep up with his classes, spending most of his spare time in the reading-room. Several times he went to consult the library in the neighboring town where Dot was in school, but he saw nothing of her, except once when he met her on the street. Then he spoke only a few words and passed on; but deep down in his heart the resolve to win was stronger than ever.

Long into the night he would sit at his table, sometimes writing only a single paragraph; going over it time and again, changing a word here and adding another there, or perhaps erasing much of what was already written. At last, when the clock marked the wee small hours of the morning, he crept into bed; for if nothing else had been accomplished, his determination had grown deeper and stronger.

Weeks lapsed into months; winter passed, but with the balmy days of spring there was no surcease of effort. Ofttimes he strolled into the woods for recreation. Stretched out under the trees he would gaze through the green canopy at the blue heavens above, striving to express a thought or frame some sentence; but the azure sky only reminded him of her eyes, and the breeze stirring through the leaves was as the murmur of her voice.

The essays were to be submitted on May the tenth. At last the long months of work were ended, his paper copied and handed in. Hugh managed to get through with his final examinations, and now came a week of rest. A few days before commencement he went up to see Professor Harwell.

" I hope you'll win, Mortimer," he said. " Your paper was excellent, most excellent; the only other to touch it was Mr. Carter's. We have sent them to the English Professor at the University to decide upon, but I don't think there's much doubt about your winning."

" When were they sent, Professor?"

" Why, I gave them to Carter; he took them the other day when he went."

Hugh's brow darkened. As he walked to the post-office he wondered if Carter might—but just then he espied a note in his box from Dot, and the incident passed from his mind.

His hand trembled, although he opened the letter with a show of indifference. Dot was coming to commencement! A conflict of emotions swept through his breast—regret, hope, fear, yet with an underlying note of gladness.

Three days later, on the first day of commencement, the Dean arose in chapel to announce the result of the contest. The Hastings medal had been awarded to Mr. J. Guy Carter.

Amid the tumultuous applause which followed, Hugh Mortimer kept silent; and for a long while after the crowd had left he remained in his seat. His first impulse was resentment, then rebellion at the result. It could not be true—there must be some mistake. Could he have failed? Was it possible that all the long months of work had been in vain? Slowly the truth dawned upon him; when finally he realized what had happened, his spirit was broken. Even the thought that Dot was coming that afternoon did not cheer him; her presence could mean nothing to him now.

On the last afternoon he went to say farewell to Professor Harwell, and as he grasped the old man's hand, he was well nigh overcome with emotion.

"I've come to say good-bye, Professor," he stammered, "and to thank you for all your kindness."

"Well, young man," he said, "you failed. I don't understand it; but always do your best, and you will make life worth while. Good-bye, and God's blessing be with you."

As Hugh turned to leave, his eye chanced to fall upon a letter on the desk. It was from the judge of the contest. Involuntarily he stopped; he saw one sentence, but that was enough.

"—Of the four papers submitted, Mr. Carter's was by far the best."

It did not impress him until he was out of the room; then he stopped short. Four papers—there had been five—three besides his and Carter's. Whose had been overlooked? His mind reverted to what Professor Harwell had said: Carter himself had taken the papers. Could he—no, he would not stoop to such a thing; but then—yes, it must be; his rival had won through treachery.

Hugh Mortimer's soul rose up in righteous indignation. Professor Harwell had not detected anything wrong; he would show him, expose the fraud. But on second thought he realized that it was too late; the medal had already been awarded. It would be of no use to tell any one; the matter must be between Carter and himself. That done, there would be only one thing more; he would tell Dot good-bye, and leave on the early morning train.

Going to his room immediately after supper, he hastily packed his belongings, dressed, and went up to the reception. A gay throng moved through the hall, but they had no attractions for him. As he was passing through, some one caught his arm. It was Carter.

"Mortimer," he said hoarsely, "I must speak to you. I have wronged you, cheated you out of your right."

"I know," said Hugh, in a hard, cold voice, "but it is too late now to make reparation."

"It's true, Mortimer; but don't judge me too harshly. I knew your paper would win, and I couldn't lose; I cheated, not for my sake, but for hers. But somehow—it seems—" His voice broke. "She doesn't care for me. And—and—I think she wants to see you. Can you forgive me?"

Hugh looked at him; finally he spoke.



"Yes, I forgive you—for her sake."

As he turned to go, Dot was standing beside him.

"Hugh," she murmured, "will you go with me out on the campus?"

For answer he took her arm, and together they walked slowly until they came to a rustic.

She touched his arm, and he turned to look at her. A flood of happiness swept over him. Above, the stars shone down, with nothing between—nothing between them and Heaven.

"I know," came in soft tones; "he told me, and I'm so sorry, Hugh."

A long pause; at last he spoke.

"Dot, are you really sorry? Do you really care?"

She looked up into his face; and as he gazed into the depths of her blue eyes, all thoughts of the medal vanished, as they had once before when he gazed into the dying embers.

Her answer was almost inaudible.

"I do care, Hugh. And I'm so sorry about the medal."

As he took her in his arms he whispered tenderly:

"It wasn't the medal I cared for, little girl, but for you—always for you."

## Anniversary



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First Debater.



G. O. MARSHALL, PHIL.  
First Debater.



F. T. COLLINS, PHIL.  
Second Debater.



E. E. WILFRE, JR.  
Second Debater.

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F. F. BROWN,  
Euzelian Orator.



A. T. HOWARD,  
Philomathesian Orator.



B. Y. TYNER, PHI,  
President of Debate.



L. M. WHITE, EU,  
Secretary of Debate.

## Who? What? Why? When? How?



When Ben Harris will graduate, for he has been here from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

When Singleton will get off Junior Latin.

How Joyner and Plifer spent New Year's day.

How Newish Beek learned those "stunts" he does in the gymnasium.

When Newish Geiger learned to lap like a cat.

Who blacked Sophomore Kitchin.

Why Williamson turned doctor.

Why the Matron desired an interview with Newish Johnson.

How Higgs lost his derby on his way to see his "best" in Greensboro.

Why Martin is so devoted to *English—B. U. W.*

How Baldwin went to Richmond.

When West will stop legging Newish.

When Foote bought a cigarette.

How Ed. White became a hero on a scenic trip.

Why Newish Highsmith could not be convicted of exceeding the speed limit when returning from a late call on his lady.

How Thorne, J., gets shoes to fit.

When will "Big" Clark visit his sister at B. U. W. again.

Who will receive the reward offered by Bob Dunn and Newish Vinson for the capture of the nightly parades of "Foundry Boulevard."

How Darley made a "hit" with the girls in Greensboro.

Why Herbert Brown becomes homesick when he hears a mule bray.

How Jenkins got a "leg" on the waiter.—*Club.*

How Pluto calls the roosters.—*Neighboring Farmers.*

When Dr. Gorrell failed to meet his class or dismiss it before the bell rang.—*German Class.*

When Professor Lake will get a new book satchel.—*"Back" McMillan.*

When Professor Highsmith will get a *large idea* from his class.

Why A. T. Howard had his girl's fortune told.—*His Brevet.*

Who are Professor Gulley's honorary members of law class.—*Law Class.*

How Couch got a *fortune* at Jamestown for a dollar.



## His Hobby



- WEBB—Consuming the dictionary for daily food.
- STRINGFIELD—Legging, laughing, and loving.
- DAILY—Painting pictures with h's extended imagination.
- THOMAS—Gas flows freely from his lips.
- "PHIL" SAWYER—"Hail! thou dead-game sport."
- FRED BROWN—Going to B. U. W.
- "PLUTO" JOHNSON—Encouraging the roosters at all nightly hours.
- FRED COLLINS—Too much affection for the "nigger."
- MARTIN—"Wisdom is my motto."
- WAITE HAMRICK—Say nothing, but play ball.
- WEST—Transforming a Xenophon into an interlinear translation.
- "NEWISH" O'BRIEN—Compromising with Senior Stringfield.
- "BIG" GAY—With a basketball he is always happy.
- OVERTON—Collecting laundry bills.
- RANES—"I am a Senior, sir."
- TILLEY—A "has-been" bluff instigator.
- COLLINS, T. D.—"I mock him, but Jake Newell rides him.
- MURCHISON—"I am nearly as fresh as my brother."
- "BIG" DULIN—"Cussing" Sophomores.
- ASHBY DUNN—Legging Dr. Taylor.
- HENDERSON—"I am a wonderful man. My equal does not exist."
- HIGGINS—Singing and speaking.
- SLEED—Inspecting his "Societas Assinorum."
- PASCIAL—Opposing and rejecting.

## Anniversary Marshals



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## Come A-Maying



Come a-Maying, come a-Maying,  
O'er the brook-foam's irised spraying  
White the blackthorn bough is swaying—  
List thee, what the dove is saying—  
    Come, go a-Maying,  
    O my love!

No delaying, no delaying,  
Joy upon this moment weighing  
Soon will yield to Time's betraying:  
While we may let's go a-Maying—  
    Make no delaying,  
    O my love!

Come a-Maying, come a-Maying,  
Why, love—why, art still delaying?  
This one day the world's a-Maying,  
All things fair are for us staying—  
    Haste, no delaying,  
    O my love!



## Doctor Tom



Full thirty years with woes and joys  
Their measured span have run  
Since one there came to serve the boys  
And share all kinds of fun  
Doctor Tom.

His face as black as Egypt's night  
When plagues of darkness fell,  
While teeth and mouth and nose unite  
His ugliness to swell,  
Doctor Tom.

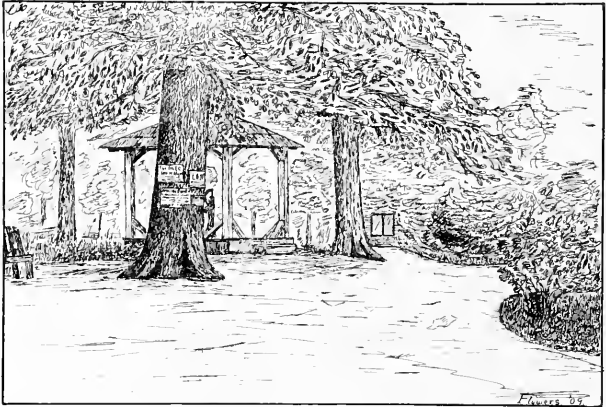
On him the Faculty depend  
When crises great appear,  
Assured that all in good will end  
When he the tried is near,  
Doctor Tom.

His language shatters all the rules  
Which books on grammar grace,  
And puts to shame the learned schools  
Where usage sets the pace,  
Doctor Tom.

The students' secret with him stays,  
Their confidence he keeps,  
And many a prank of other days  
With him securely sleeps,  
Doctor Tom.

Professors' drudge and students' friend,  
The brunt of praise and blame—  
When sessions come, when sessions end  
His task is e'er the same,  
Doctor Tom.

The Class of '08 takes off its hat  
Before this humble man,  
His skin is black, but what of that?  
He does the best he can,  
Doctor Tom.



## Who Can Tell Us?

5

How many times Jones, H., kissed the Bible while taking the attorney's oath.  
When Tom Gulley will learn the difference between a citron and a watermelon.  
How McCullers lost his hat one night.  
How much longer George Cone will resemble a young pigeon.  
When Newish Denny and Overby will distinguish a law book from the Bible.  
Why the Faculty aim to give "Gig" Clayton a sheep-skin.  
How long Newish Foreman celebrates when he gets a check.  
How A. B. Ray made the Glee Club,—*Student Body*.  
Why Gardner wanted number seventeen tennis shoes,—*Peole*.  
Who blacked Sophomore Lennon,—*Sophomore Class*.



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JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

BORN : JULY 26, 1874.

DIED : OCTOBER 17, 1907.

## L'Envoi



God willed, who never needed speech,  
"Let all things be":  
And lo, the starry firmament  
And land and sea  
And His first thought of life that lives  
In you and me.

His circle of eternity  
We see in part:  
Our spirits are His breath, our hearts  
Beat from His heart:  
Hence we have played as little gods  
And called it art.

Lacking the power, we shared His dream  
Of perfect things:  
Between the tents of hope and sweet  
Rememberings  
Have sat in ashes, but our souls  
Went forth on wings.

Where life fell short of some desire  
In you and me,  
Feeling for beauty which our eyes  
Could never see,  
Behold, from out the void we willed  
That it should be.

And sometimes dreamed our lispings songs  
Of humanhood  
Might voice His silent harmony  
Of waste and wood,  
And He, beholding His and ours,  
Might find it good.

J. C. McNEILL.

## Eu. Senior Speakers



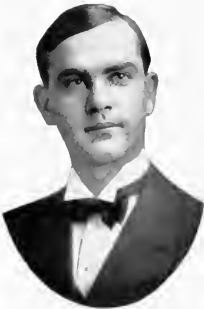
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H. T. STEPHENS.



O. C. FOOTE.



P. C. STRINGFIELD.



H. E. PEELE.



BARACA QUARTETTE.



## Editors' Uneasy Chair



THE door is closed and the editors have departed into the wind and rain, each to his own room, leaving the Editor-in-Chief alone. To-morrow the material goes to the press, and the clock now shows the hour of twelve; yet, who could sleep while on the table beside him lies the result of a hard-fought year which pretends to display college life "from the sublime to the ridiculous." Does it do so? Oh, why trouble himself about useless doubts and the blighted past? He is nervous and can not sleep.

As he sits here in a half-stupor and drowsy feeling, while the falling rain beats hard and heavy on the roof, he weighs the past with the future. Now he is thinking of the day on which he was elected to the place; how his hopes were boundless and his plans extended. He could then see in his imagination a complete annual superior to any of the preceding five. His restless mind moves on through the summer and recalls the wreaths of smiles that crossed his face on being congratulated for this honor. The first meeting of the editors comes in the early autumn and two members are absent. Another man is elected to a vacant place, and all promise work. Week after week passes by and nothing tangible is done. He then realizes that "things are not what they seem."

He has scanned the past and thought of the ideal. On the table is the real, that contains the future. How far short it is of what he once thought it would be, but the ideal is ever higher than the real, so let him no longer think of what it *might have been*, but what it *will be*.



We extend to you this volume, which we have tried to make representative of the entire student body, regardless of class or individual, and if the face of every student does not appear somewhere within, it is his own fault. We have

endeavored to get as many names in it as possible, but if you fail to find your own, be consoled by knowing that—

“Fools’ names are like their faces,  
Always seen in public places.”

Do not be offended by any drag, because we do not intend them to be taken seriously or with any personal grudge whatever. In this work we have labored for your future gratitude rather than present popularity.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking the student body for their loyal support in buying the annual and in other appreciable ways. The different members of the Faculty called on have promptly responded to our many requests. And the editors, especially Professor Highsmith, our Faculty Editor, I thank you for your faithful support in this year’s work that has been so pleasant and helpful to me.

I bid you all good-night.



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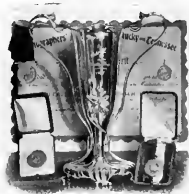
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THROUGH IT YOU KEEP IN TOUCH  
WITH THE EVERY-DAY LIFE  
OF THE COLLEGE

BOYS, PATRONIZE

## *The Howler*

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When you trade, don't forget those  
who patronize us :: Glance through  
and see who they are ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

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