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The Howler

Volume

1911

Nine



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by the
Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies
of
Wake Forest College

Laban Lineberger Jenkins



LABAN LINEBERGER JENKINS is the youngest son of Hon. David A. Jenkins, who held the office of State Treasurer of North Carolina from 1868 to 1877. Born December 3, 1864, upon a farm in Gaston County, young Jenkins was given the best education and general training the institutions of his native State could provide. In 1873 the family removed to Charlotte. During the school year, 1876-7, young Mr. Jenkins was a student in the Carolina Military Institute in Charlotte. In 1877, the family left Charlotte and settled in Gastonia; the young man's studies were continued in institutions near his new home and within a couple of years he was prepared for entrance to Wake Forest College. In this institution he pursued a full course and graduated in 1883. During his career at College, Mr. Jenkins gained much reputation as a speaker; at the age of seventeen years, his associates recognized him as a leader in debate by electing him to represent them as their first debater at the joint anniversary celebration held by the two college associations, which maintained a friendly rivalry.

After completing his general studies, Mr. Jenkins accepted a position as Assistant Postmaster at Charlotte; in this office he remained from 1883 to 1885; he then taught school for about a year. In 1886 his father died and left a very substantial inheritance to the son.

In 1887 he began his career as a banker in Gastonia, where he entered into a partnership which was known as Craig & Jenkins; three years later this firm was succeeded by the First National Bank of Gastonia, in which Mr. Jenkins was elected to the cashiership. In 1894 he removed to Wilmington, and there assisted to form the National Bank of Wilmington; in this institution he was chosen to fill the cashier's office, but after serving in that capacity for a few months, he resigned the place in order to return to Gastonia and again enter the First National Bank as its President. His election occurred on January 1, 1895, and since that time he has remained at the head of the institution. The bank's capital is \$100,000; its surplus and undivided profits are about \$50,000; and its deposits average nearly a half million. Mr. Jenkins has invested largely in the cotton manufacturing industries; he is President of the Flint Manufacturing Company of Gastonia, and is extensively interested as a stockholder in a number of other similar establishments there and elsewhere, being Vice-President of the Arlington Cotton Mills, the Trenton Cotton Mills, the Gray Manufacturing Company, and the Holland Manufacturing Company, of Gastonia.

Mr. Jenkins has always been an ardent Republican; he is one of the recognized leaders of the party in his section. In 1892 he was elected Delegate from the Eighth District of North Carolina to the National Republican Convention in Minneapolis.

Under President Harrison, Mr. Jenkins was made Postmaster at Gastonia, and he occupied the office from 1889 to 1893; President McKinley reappointed him in 1898.

Mr. Jenkins is a member of the Baptist Church. He is zealous in the work of his denomination and strong in his convictions. Though differing in his political doctrines from a great number of his most intimate friends, his courage, honesty and fairness compel their confidence and respect. As a banker, he is regarded as one of the best informed officers in the Carolinas.

Mr. Jenkins is President of the American National Bank, Asheville, N. C.; the First National Bank, Gastonia, N. C.; the Bank of Dallas, Dallas, N. C.; and the Bank of Belmont, Belmont, N. C. He is a director of the First National Bank, Kings Mountain, N. C., and of the Gaston Loan and Trust Co., Gastonia, N. C. On February 28, 1911, he was elected President of the North Carolina Interurban Railway, the proposed electric railway from Gastonia to Asheville.

To Laban Lineberger Jenkins, distinguished representative of his Alma Mater in the world's work, this edition of THE HOWLER is affectionately dedicated.



LABAN LINEBERGER JENKINS

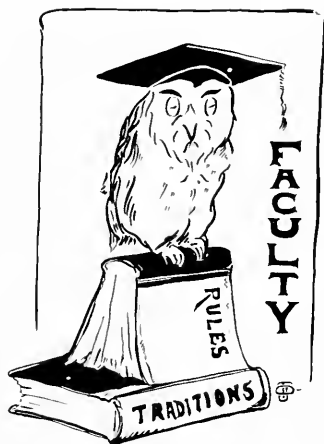
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OUR PRESIDENT



WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D.,

President, Professor of Biology.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M.A., 1889; Graduate Student, University of Berlin, 1888; Graduate Student, Woods Holl Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1883; LL.D., Baylor University, 1905; LL.D., University of North Carolina, 1906; President Wake Forest College, 1905.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.LIT., D.D., LL.D.,

Professor of Philosophy.

B.Lit., University of Virginia, 1870; D.D., Richmond College, 1885; LL.D., Mercer University, 1904; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1870-1883; President, *ibid.*, 1883-1905; Professor Moral Philosophy, *ibid.*, 1884.

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Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judson College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866, 1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A.,

Professor Emeritus of Pure Mathematics.

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1867-1869; Professor of Mathematics and Bursar, *ibid.*, 1870.

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M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt.D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1994; Professor of English, *ibid.*, 1894.

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

Professor of Chemistry.

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1886; Graduate Student of Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-1888; Ph.D., Cornell University, 1900; Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1889.

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Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy.

Graduate South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1869; Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1866-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1899.

JOHN B. CARLYLE, M.A.,

Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1887; Supt. of Public Schools, Robeson County, 1887; Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1887-1890; Professor of Latin, *ibid.*, 1890.

NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A.,

Professor of Law.

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894.

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

Professor of Modern Languages.

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1890, and Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

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

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M.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Assistant Professor Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1893-1896; Th.D., *ibid.*, 1903; Professor of the Bible, Wake Forest College, 1896.

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

Professor of Political Science.

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Director of Gymnasium, 1891-1893; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1898

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Professor of Physics.

M.A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.

J. HENRY HIGGINSMITH, M.A.,

Professor of Education.

A.B., Trinity College, Durham, N. C., 1900; A.M., 1902; Principal Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Scholar, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1906-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907.

EDGAR E. STEWART, M.D.,

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

Student of the College of the City of New York, 1896-1900; M.D., Columbia University, 1906; Assistant Physician and Surgeon, New York House of Relief Hospital, 1907-1908; Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1908.

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, B.A., LL.B.

Professor of Law.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL.B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909.

JOHN BREWER POWERS, M.A., M.D.,

Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; M.A., *ibid.*, 1903; M.D., Columbia University, 1907;

Practicing Physician, Wake Forest, N. C., 1907; Resident Physician, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., 1908-1909; Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology, Wake Forest College, 1909.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON, Ph.D.,

Associate Professor of English.

A.B., Illinois College, 1890; Harvard University, 1892; A.M., Harvard University, 1893; Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1910; Professor of English, Blackburn University, 1894-1895; Instructor in English, Indiana University, 1895-1900; Assistant Professor of English, 1900-1910; Associate Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1910.

WILLIAM TURNER CARSTADTEN, A.B., M.D.,

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A.B., Wake Forest College, 1897; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1904; Graduate Student Jefferson Medical College, 1910; Professor of Physiology and Physiological Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1910.

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Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1904; Professor of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1909.

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Associate Professor of Latin and Greek.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1893-1896; Fellow in Greek, *ibid.*, 1899-1900; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1900; Associate Professor of Greek and Latin, Wake Forest College, 1906.

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, M.A.,

Bursar and Secretary.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1906-1907; Bursar, *ibid.*, 1906.

ELI PURYEAR ELLINGTON, B.L.,

Librarian.

B.L., Wake Forest College, 1886; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rockingham County, N. C.; Librarian, Wake Forest College, 1908.

JUDSON D. IVES, M.A.,

Instructor in Biology.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1905; M.A., *ibid.*, 1906; Assistant in Biology, *ibid.*, 1904; Instructor in Biology, *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1908; Graduate Student, Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, 1909.

JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A.,

Instructor in Chemistry.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M.A., *ibid.*, 1907; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1908–1909; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1909.

HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B.,

Instructor in Mathematics.

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; LL.B., *ibid.*, 1909; Instructor in Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1908.



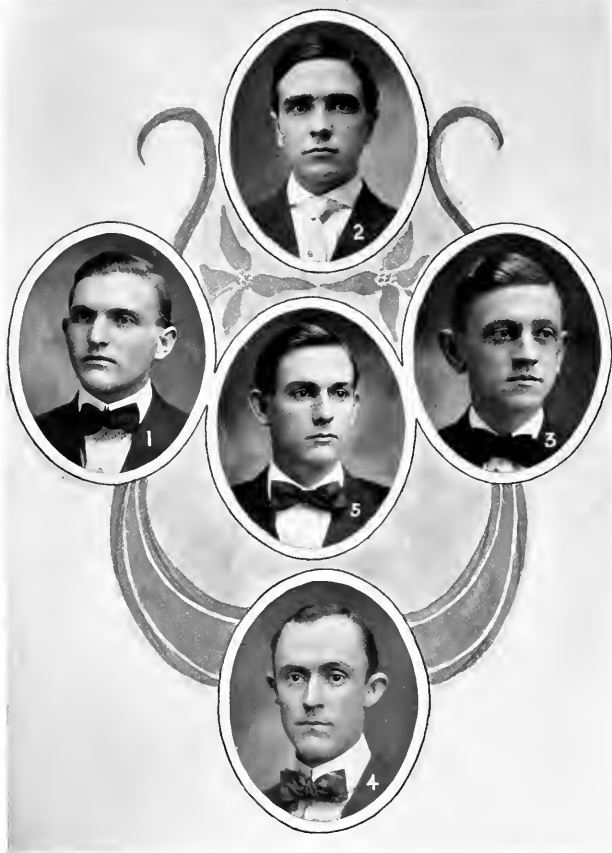


PROF. J. HENRY HIGHSMITH, FACULTY EDITOR

Greetings

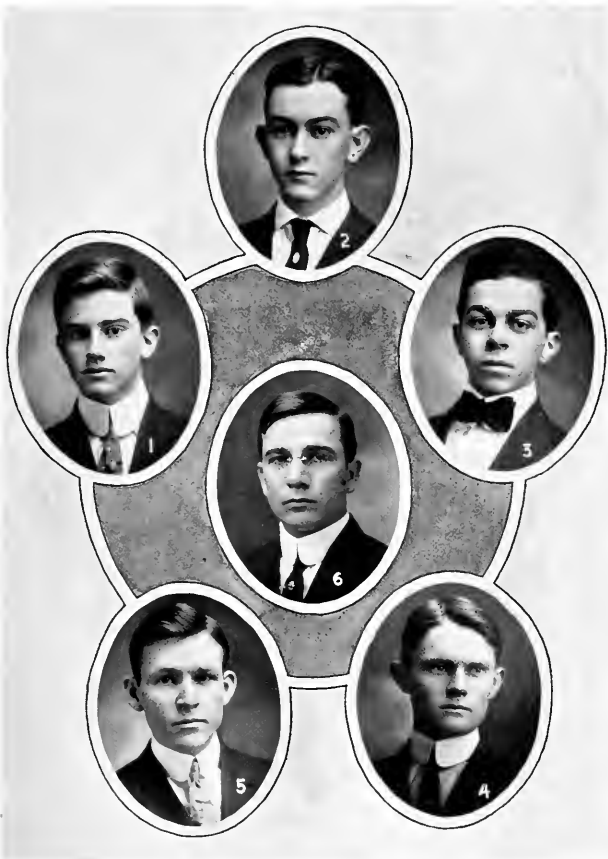
Here we picture all our heroes, great and small,
Our prizes, struggles, conquests, failures, all;
But if at any point your interest lags,
Just turn the leaves and read our richest "drags."
Please to remember that when Howlers howl
'Tis impolite for you to wear a scowl;
We've done our best, perhaps you don't believe it.
If you don't like it, you are free to leave it.





HOWLER STAFF

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4—EDWARD B. JENKINS, *Senior Editor* 5—T. A. HAYWOOD, *Editor-in-Chief*



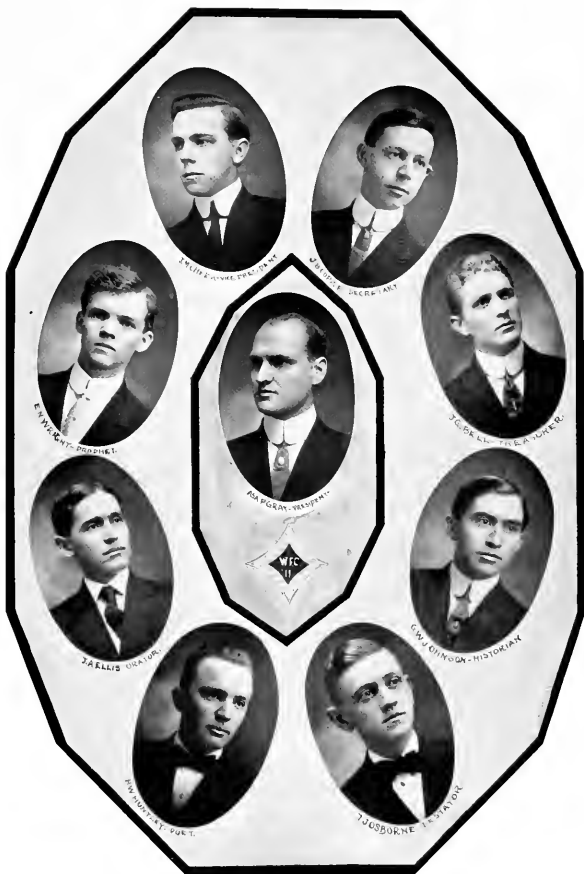
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4—COLA CASTELLO, *Associate Editor* 5—L. G. BULLARD, *Associate Editor*
6—F. F. COX, *Business Manager*

Classes



H. Robinson



SENIOR OFFICERS



MISS LOUIE POTEAT
SENIOR SPONSOR

CHARLES I. ALLEN, B.S., Ev.

WADESBOBO, N. C.

*"He is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all."*

Associate Editor THE HOWLER, '10; Prophet Medical Class, '09-'10; President Medical Class, '10-'11; College Senate, '10-'11; Assistant in Anatomy, '10-'11; Senior Speaker, '11.

"C. I." is at the head of his Class alphabetically and well does he stand at the head of it in fact. A gentleman, a scholar, and a politician.

His Class claims no brainier son than he. In College duties he has been faithful, loyal and earnest in making the most of all his opportunities. If words of valor spoken in silver-tongued phrases count anything, then his society will always be proud of him. In every phase of College life he is known. This unassuming son of nature has sought no fame but it has crowned him nevertheless.

"C. I." expects to be a "pill slinger" and his highest ambition is to serve Uncle Sam in this capacity.



GEORGE LEWIS BAILES, A.B., Ev.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*"With grave aspect he arose, and in his rising
seemed a pillar of State."*

Glee Club, '08-'09; Debate Council, '10-'11; Senior Speaker, '10.

Bailes come to us from the historic county of Mecklenburg. He bears the distinction of being the only man in the Class taking a degree in two years. Since coming to College, he has made rapid strides. Grave, handsome and kind, with a charming personality, he possesses that magnetism which makes all who know him, his friends. He is a favorite among the ladies, and this goes far in the making of the man.

As a speaker he has great abilities, being endowed with a rich, mellow voice. He is an orator unequalled by any man in his Class. Here lies his chief power which, aided by untiring energy, will serve to make him a tower of strength in the State and nation. Law is his chosen realm.



JOHN G. BELL, A.B., PH.D.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

*"He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle
them back."*

Secretary Junior Class, '10; Treasurer Senior Class, '11; Chapel Organist; Dixie Quartette; Manager of Senior Basketball Team; Senior Football Team.

Music, poetry and finery delight him. To be inelegantly attired would be painful to him. Yet he is not extravagant, lazy or fastidious as usually are men characterized as lovers of pleasing personal appearance. He makes it a virtue rather than a vice.

Fonder of outdoor sports than of ethics or logic, he has no doubt made greater successes in the former. Having a poetic mind, appreciative rather than creative, he quotes freely from the lyrical poets, not only in conversation, but perhaps flavors his correspondence to the fair ones with lofty couplets.

Rather than be shiftless and dependent, and in contemplation of a career that would warrant an income not at all disappointing, he has decided to be a dentist, and with his strain of sympathy and deft fingers to relieve the suffering and ornament the ugly.



WILLIAM DARE BOONE, A.B., ESQ.

WINTON, N. C.

"Men of few words are best men."

This is the silent man of the graduating Class. He is seldom heard, but goes his way doing his duty faithfully. During his College course he has not sought honors, preferring rather to perform his tasks and let others chase them.

"Daniel," as he is often called, is quiet and unobtrusive, but he always satisfies his requirements and satisfies them well.

Athletics have not claimed his attention, but in the gymnasium he is a wonder, being able to perform the "stunts" to perfection.

As to his life work, he is not decided, but we think he will sail into business later.



JAMES CLANTON BRETT, A.B., Ev.

UNION, N. C.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

Captain Class Baseball, '08-'09; Secretary Sophomore Class, '08-'09; Varsity Baseball, '10.

Brett is the only member of the Class who entered it in short trousers. Although one of the youngest men, he is one of the brightest. He not only asks for his A.B. degree for four years' work, but also an A.M.

Always happy, seldom complaining, "Dearie" has made things lively on the campus and the ball diamond. In athletics he has taken a leading part, and his place on the Varsity Baseball Team could have been filled by none other than he.

In society he has seldom been heard, and says: "What's the good of society, anyway?"

At graduation Brett will join the United States Geological Survey, but we believe later he will enter business.



NEEDHAM BRYANT BROUGHTON, JR.,
A B., Ev.

RALEIGH, N. C.

"Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one."

Class Football, '08 and '10; Vice-President Athletic Association, '10; Secretary Law Class, '10; All Class Football, '10; Varsity Football Squad, '10.

Here is a product of the Capital City. "Buck" entered the Class of 1911 in the Fall of '08, and now asks the Faculty to grant him permission to graduate with it.

In College, "Buck" has identified himself with athletics and is an ardent supporter of them. He had dreams of wearing a monogram, but had to be content with the position of full-back on the Senior Team.

He comes from a family which has long been devoted to his Alma Mater, and he keeps up this devotion.

Business claims "Buck's" attention, and we do not doubt that future years will find him a leading business man of the State's capital.



LUTHER T. BUCHANAN, B.S., PH.D.

OXFORD, N. C.

"If there is a fruit that can be eaten raw, it is beauty."

Glee Club, '08-'09; Dixie Quartette, '08-'09; Organist; Poet Medical Class, '10; Track Team, '10; Senior Basketball Team, '11.

"Little Buck" looks too timid to be a "pill roller," but his timidity is not that kind characterized by effeminacy or profligacy. His is a sympathetic countenance, a mirror of a harmonious nature; sunshine lurks underneath and beams from his soul through his two brown eyes. Nature has blessed him with more than an external expressive appearance, she has taught him "that the proper study of mankind is man," and in consequence thereof he is studying medicine, the next thing to man, and believes in old Izaak Walton's, "Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience." "Buck" is all right. Every student in school will sanction it.

G. C. BUCK, A.B., PH.D.

GRIMESLAND, N. C.

*"Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallows song 'n the south,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth."*

Second Marshal Anniversary, '10.

His countenance was never known to fool you. He and melancholy have never met. His smiles are spontaneous as waves are on the sea; his laughter, a bubble and tinkle of sincerity; his quick responses never unnatural or pedantic. His full chest and ruddy cheeks proclaim his admirable physique, and his not too prominent eyes bespeak his love of action. These, together with an unblemished record in College give you a picture of what belongs to a noble man, unhampered by eccentricities and deformities. If truth, honesty and good behaviour have anything to do with a man's success, then here is word to his friends that Buck is on the right road.



JOHN HENRY BURNETT, LL.B., Esq.

BURGAW, N. C.

"His weighty sense flows in fit words of legal eloquence."

Judge Moot Court, '10-'11; Senior Speaker, '11; Licensed Attorney, '10.

In our Sophomore year there came among us the subject of this sketch. For a long time we hardly knew he was here, he was so quiet. However, we were made to sit up and take notice when he began to speak in society.

He is one of the youngest men, and yet as an authority on law he has no equal among us. Last August he obtained his license to practice law in the Old North State.

A fellow who is devoted to his society, his College and his friends; a genuinely good hearted lad who seeks no praise, but who is a plodder and will leave his mark wherever he goes.

John Henry will hang out his shingle soon after graduation. We wish him a "howling success."



JOE TURNER CABINISS, A.B., Esq.

SHELBY, N. C.

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Joe hails from the mountains and partakes of their characteristics. Being quiet and reserved, he has spent his College days in study. Others have made noise, but he has always attended to his own affairs. Even in society he has been quiet and never engaged in any heated discussions.

During his first two years he enjoyed College life very much and often took a share in its lighter vein. But now he has taken on the sterner air, and takes College life gravely.

Joe has a consuming desire to roll pills, and he will enter the medical class here next year.



J. A. CAMPBELL, A.B., PH.D.

BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

*"Heaven is not gained at a single bound.
We build the ladder on which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round."*

It is absolutely unique in the history of higher education in North Carolina for a father to take a College degree at the same commencement that a degree is conferred upon his son. But Mr. Campbell has two sons upon whom Wake Forest will confer degrees when it bestows upon him the honor of a Bachelor of Arts degree, making the occasion all the more remarkable and unparalleled.

Mr. Campbell is a Christian gentleman. He has realized that greatness comes through ministering, and chieftaincy through service. He has lost his life in service to his fellowmen, and has thereby saved it abundantly.

He has lived the high life, characterized by a lofty aim, a willingness to spend and be spent, and a keen consciousness of God. He has counted life "just the stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man."

As to the present time, Mr. Campbell is Principal of Buie's Creek Academy, founded by him more than twenty years ago. The school has an enrollment of more than five hundred students, and is recognized as being one of the very best secondary schools in the State.

Mr. Campbell is pastor of five churches. He combines the shepherd's heart with the shepherd's prophetic vision, determination and persistence.

*"Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift is the race,
But to the true and the faithful
Victory cometh through grace."*



LESLIE H. CAMPBELL, A.B., PH.D.

BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

*"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee."*

One of the many promising youths who has chosen teaching as a vocation. Having had the advantage requisite to such a career, his thoroughness in College will reward him with an unusual success. Continence and strong moral qualities make his deportment unblemished. His modesty, reliability and blandness make him at ease in any company. That he never shirked duty or failed when fully determined are two compliments his friends know he merits.

Whether he will be a bachelor is uncertain, for his mind seems yet much employed with other phases than those of matrimony. Yet you can never foresee the indeterminate ways of a college boy's heart.

Give him a baseball and bat and he will make your hair lift up your hat. Give him time to make a written speech and all his words are words that teach.





JOHN R. CARROLL, A. B., PH.D.

WINTERVILLE, N. C.

"This world is given as a prize for the men in earnest; and that which is true of this world is truer still of the world to come."

Senior Speaker, '11; Member Debate Council, '11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

Dickens said, "There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness"; and this young man whom you are now beholding seems to be the truth of that statement personified. He can do more things than a busy housewife, and do them far less noisily. What other student could be manager of a boarding house, assistant to the College Bursar, prepare excellent sermons for at least two Sundays each month, and at the same time keep up his grade average creditably? You will find but few like him in this respect.

"A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best" Emerson once remarked. This accounts for John's smiles which are "gold plated and guaranteed to wear a quarter of a century."

Be assured that where he is known, the word "gentleman" accompanies him.

A. C. CAMPBELL, A. B., PH.D.

BUE'S CREEK, N. C.

*"Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lips
resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could clog,
And the glad heart from which all grief
reboundeth."*

Member Glee Club.

You need no introduction to him—his youthful countenance speaks volumes no pen can write! Find me a shadow of vice! It is not there! Not even do his lips display enough disproportion to suggest weakness, but they proclaim generosity and childlike faith. Let us call him the baby of the family of nought-eleven—for he is—; but yet not so in any way except in age and experience.

You might think him selfish to see him lavish his attentions upon his favorites alone, but it is your own fault if you never are similarly respected by him. In that proportion to which he has commanded the good will and esteem of his friends there is ample evidence he will attain to the same in the future in wider circles. Granting these as good grounds, the conclusion that a bright golden chain of years of success is his is true, with a true friend in every acquaintance and a fair degree of happiness ever present. So,

Here's to the baby of class eleven,
And to his kitchen a wife and seven!!



COLA CASTELLO, A.B., Etc.

AULANDER, N. C.

"Let the world slide."

Varsity Baseball Team, '10; Class Football, '10; Associate Editor of *THE HOWLER*, '10-'11.

This long, lank youth is a Sand Lapper, pure and simple. "Quelah" comes up from the sandy plains of Eastern Carolina. He joined the Class in '08, and stands in line for his degree.

Of himself he says: "I'm long, lean, lazy and loving—fond of baseball and magazines," and we will not contest the matter.

Though interested in athletics, he has not let this interfere with his studies, in which he has made an excellent showing. As a member of the Varsity Baseball Team, "Quelah" made himself essential.

He still has a thirst for the waters of the Pierian Spring and will return to College next year to take his A.M.



JOHN M. CHEEK, A.B., PH.D.

DURHAM, N. C.

*"I hate to see things done by halves,
If it be right, do it boldly: if it be wrong,
leave it undone."*

Member Glee Club, '07-'09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '10; Manager Baseball Team, '10; General Secretary Alumni Athletic Association, '10-'11; Senior Speaker, '11; Vice-President Senior Class, '11; Poet Law Class, '11; Member Honor Committee, '11; President Baraca Class, '10.

Though his home is where the famous smoking tobacco is manufactured, he does not patronize the business. If he did, then that clear countenance and firm look would not be there! If he were a slave to any passion you would not hear of him actively engaging in the various phases of College life—excellent singer, worthy of trust and fidelity, left-handed ball-player, a good orator, and maker of rhyme. What a combination! And besides all this, his artful diplomacy and blandness he has decided to use in the practice of law. If what four hundred boys consider a gentleman may be accepted—and the ladies seem to have long known it—then John is one, not one by halves, but wholly, a real gentleman!





JAMES BOYD COPPLE, A.B., Ev.

MONROE, N. C.

*"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broudelah without and warm heart within."*

Assistant Librarian, '10-'11; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '11; Secretary Senior Class, '11; Member Honor Committee, '10-'11.

From the grand old county of Union comes the subject of this sketch. He entered College before the present Class came, but was out two years, returning to College in the Fall of 1909.

Copple stands in the forefront of his Class as to scholarship, and few rival him in diligence. Always busy, never idle, yet he will take a few minutes to laugh with the boys. He has identified himself with every worthy cause in College.

He is an admirer of the fair sex and has answered "the call of Meredith" many a time.

After graduation he will enter the business world, and we are confident that honor, success and fortune will be his.

ALLIE BRYAN COMBS, A.M., Ev.

EDMONTON, KY.

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

Class Basketball, '08, '09, '10; Chairman Honor Committee, '10-'11; Instructor in Latin, '10-'11.

This modest, unassuming youth is well known in College circles. We call him "Master" because he comes to claim that degree. His weighty knowledge of classic lore he displays in finest modern terms.

Thoroughly practical and sensible is this gallant son from the bluegrass fields of Kentucky. There is a charm about him rivals that of the belles of his native State, making him the center of attraction in all circles. Besides all these faculties and charms, he is a well rounded man because he possesses a magnanimous heart warmed with kindness and friendship towards his fellow men.

His ability will make him his fortune, for his talent carries with it an indefatigable courage. Therefore, he will surely attain to that which is high and noble.



FOUNTAIN F. COX, B.S., PH.D.

WINTERVILLE, N. C.

*Just call for Dr. Cox
For he will knock the socks
From off your feet with pills,
And sell your coffin-box
And both the granite rocks
To pay his awful bills.*

Manager Class Baseball Team, '07-'08-'09-'10; Class Basketball Team, '09-'10; Manager Medical Class Baseball Team, '09-'10; President Junior Class, '10; President Athletic Association, '10; Manager Medical Class Basketball Team, '10-'11; Senior Basketball Team, '10-'11; Class Football Team, '10; All-class Football Team, '10; Senate Committee, '10-'11; Business Manager, THE HOWLER, '10-'11.

Wherever he goes he soon is christened as "Old Big Cox" by the boys. The words Old and Big, however, in this case have a different meaning; the one signifies precocity, the other magnanimity as well as enormity. He is authoritative in an acceptable way, has executive ability, is confiding almost to extravagance, not stingy except with his time, and has enough College spirit to last him until he is as old as Methuselah. He can hit the line in a close game of ball like a Gallie battering ram against a wall. He is too sensible and gentlemanly to stir up anger—he colludes with Cupid though—but when it comes to fisticuff, he is champion! His presence, his voice, his looks, they are persuasive! He stands for the right in everything, is honest, truthful, and that is why we are all his friends.

JAMES M. DAVIS, B.S., ET.

HIDDENITE, N. C.

"Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Track Team, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Manager Track Team, '11; Assistant in Physiology and Physiological Chemistry, '10-'11.

"Jimmie" bears the distinction of being the handsomest man in his Class. His cheeks, soft and fair and delicately blushing, would betoken the innocence of a baby.

In the Fall of 1907 he blew into Wake Forest and entered the Class of 1911.

"Jimmie" has been a hard worker and his class standing is an evidence of it.

In athletics he has played his part on the Track Team. As Manager, he infused new spirit into the organization and brought it to the front in College athletics.

Naturally, "Jimmie" is a ladies' man. As a breaker of hearts he has no equal, and he and Cupid have frequent battles.

Deep down in his soul he has heard the call of the suffering sick, and he will go on to prepare himself to be a full-fledged M.D. We predict for him a "good country field."





J. A. ELLIS, A. B., PH.D.

SANFORD, N. C.

"We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who if manners had not existed, would have invented them."

Member Senate Committee, '11; Junior Orator's Medal, '10; Senior Speaker, '11; Class Orator, '11.

The great Kepler, upon discovering the harmonic laws of the celestial bodies, said it was of little consequence to him whether his discovery was read by his contemporaries or posterity, and that he could wait a century for a word of praise from a reader of his works, if God Himself had seen pleasure in waiting so many centuries for an observer like himself. This expresses Jack's—that is his pet name among the boys—sensible deliberation—exactly! Every student in College admires him for that peculiar, indescribable affability he possesses, and were each one given the delightful opportunity of appending his true regard for him, to what is here already written, the writer ventures to say each would be a complimentary statement and yet not one whit flattering or exaggerating; nor would such make him vain.

J. BEN ELLER, A. B., EC.

ALEXANDER, N. C.

"Long may we seek his likeness, long in vain."

Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '09-'10; Poet Ministerial Class, '10-'11; Class Football, '10; Inter-Collegiate Debater Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '10-'11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

"J. B." was caught, roped and tied after running wild over the hills of Old Buncombe and brought to Wake Forest that he might receive an education. He failed to enter with the Class on time on account of a lassie who detained him with her siren song.

As a society worker he has no peer in the Eu. hall. To Mother Eu. he has ever been faithful. As a debater he stands equal to any man in College, having represented Wake Forest against Davidson. "J. B." has a host of friends, and he is a friend, tried and true. His pranks of mischief have no end and a jollier fellow never laughed on the campus.

His profession is the ministry, and we prophesy that he will become a leader in the Baptist denomination of the South.



W. E. FUTRELL, A.B., PH.D.

CONWAY, N. C.

*"And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound."*

Secretary Anniversary Debate, '11.

He keeps silent, looks sedate, acts discreetly. Psychology was as easy to him as anything else in his College course. He did not aspire to win for himself a list of trifling, petty honors, but what took his eye most was a grade above ninety-five on every subject possible, and he has not missed far that record.

If you admire the gentleness and dignity of learning and quiet reserve which thrills you more than forced eloquence, then form an acquaintance with this man. Did you ask him to dramatize a play, he would treat it philosophically; did he decide to till the soil, he would do it scientifically; and should he preach, his theology, inspired by a consciousness of a true calling, would be wholesome and profound. But he is equipped as a teacher: the man and the profession both noble! for it is a safe assertion that he has no vices, consequently a highly moral nature, and an exceptionally strong constitution for a man of his size. His physical inactivity in the athletic phase of College life is supplied by steadiness of purpose and clear-sightedness disguised under utter abhorrence of bigotry.



S. C. GARRISON, B.A., PH.D.

GASTONIA, N. C.

*"Without the ideal, the inexhaustible source of
all progress, what would man be?"*

Member of Honor Committee, '11.

He it is who delights in enlarging his knowledge and varying his ideas. Under his golden crown of hair, there is a modest, light play and sunny sparkling which is calculated to deny the real depth of sense which he actually does possess. He is stingy with his goodness in that you are always finding out good things about him which you had no idea were there. Yet he is not grumpy or grouchy like some pious-looking men are. No, not so is he. For he will play a harmless, unoffending prank on you as quickly as anybody, and you could never feel incensed at it.

He glories in grades over ninety-five, and of course whatever he determined to do, yes, of course whatever those two little, sharp blue eyes glanced longingly and wistfully upon, he reached. He is talented as a teacher and well equipped for it, should that be his choice. But the spirit of the law is in his bones and that is equal to saying he is an attorney already, and who dares say he will not be a good and successful one!





ARTHUR D. GORE, A.B., PHI.

CLARENDON, N. C.

*"I have an engagement with God
To answer for all I have done,
So may I not sleep i' the sod
With aught of my battles not won."*

Track Team, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief, *Wake Forest Student*, '10; Winner Essay Medal, '10; Senior Editor of *THE HOWLER*, '11.

Music, poetry and sculpture appeal to this man. He would rather wield the pen, know how to carve men in marble, and thrum a thrilling ballad than stand foremost among the world's greatest orators. As evidence of his literary turn, he has contributed fifteen stories to *The Student*, forty poems to it and the secular press, thus sweetening his routine of work by fondly flirting with life from the windows of his soul. As sensitive and responsive to the unseen as the needle to the magnet, unassuming in everything, hating all pretense and scorning all notice but that which merit brings. Not a prayer-book nor the substance dreams are made of, yet Gore is a rare character, as genuine and noble as he is modest. He has chosen law, but we predict that his sensitive soul will recoil from the tobacco smoke and fumes of the court room, preferring rather to ride the clouds and sing in verse than bark around a jury box. Few can equal him at work and make as little racket.

ASA PARKER GRAY, A.B., EU.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

"The wise, the revered head must be as low as ours."

Glee Club, '08-'09; President Senior Class, '11.

Asa, as he is best known, comes from the "Land of Flowers." Since arriving, he has distinguished himself because of his capacity for annihilating ignorance. His College career is marked by no storms, but it is one continued trend upwards. He has a great capacity for friendship—"We meet him like a pleasant thought, when such are wanted."

He is a jolly good fellow, is never sad, but smiles like the sunshine in the land whence he came.

Judging from his talk, we predict that he will go back to his native State since there is a lone flower there which invites him. It makes no difference where he goes, he will succeed, for that is his nature, and nature will have its way.





JAMES YATES HAMRICK, B.S., Esq.

SHELBY, N. C.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Yates was here awaiting the present Class when we came. We were such a fine set of good looking fellows that he decided to graduate with us.

When not visible, his presence can be known by his hearty laugh. If fun or mischief is in the air, Yates is always on the spot to do his part. His favorite pastime is smoking and telling jokes.

He sought not to attain the frivolous honors of College life, or to swim the muddy waters of politics. But in the field of politics he might have attained honors, for he is an expert originator of schemes.

His practical thinking brain will serve to place him among the brightest gems that help to make the weak happy and strong.

ECTOR AUGUSTUS HARRILL, A.B., Esq.

SHELBY, N. C.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed his substance and birthright are."

Honor Committee, '10-'11; Debate Council, '10-'11.

The Class of 1911 has men of various temperaments, but as for a hard working fellow, it has none that surpasses Harrill. It may be truly said that College life has been strenuous for him.

Not a fellow who never smiles, but one who takes part in most of the activities of College, and yet does not allow anything to swerve him from his aims. A man with an iron will, who has kept up the fight in face of difficulties.

In society, he has always played his part with credit, ever ready to do and dare for the good of the order.

The law has beckoned to him and he will continue his studies further before he jumps off the commencement platform into the sea of life.





LOWELL QUINTON HAYNES, A.B., Esq.

"Deep versed in books and pleasant in himself."

Winner Freshman Medal, '09; Member College Senate, '10-'11; Senior Speaker, '11; Treasurer Ministerial Class, '11.

A typical mountaineer from the hills of Haywood. Tho' he has been with us only three years, he feels that he is entitled to his "sheepskin."

A silent man in ways and manner but a student of first rank. Like a star, he has dwelt apart and led a life of chosen seclusion. He has been a fine student and will work as hard as the next fellow.

The dazzle of honors has not enchanted him, although he has received his share of them.

Lowell is an all round good natured fellow, being noted for his promptness in fulfilling his obligations.

His vocation will be preaching the gospel.

THOMAS ASHLEY HAYWOOD, A.B., Esq.

Mt. Gilead, N. C.

"He does what he thinks is right—and that's a lot."

Chief Marshal Commencement, '10; Class Basketball, '11; Class Football, '10; Manager Law Basketball Team, '11; Editor-in-Chief of THE HOWLER, '11; Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '11.

Here is Montgomery County's only representative in the Graduating Class, and a worthy representative he is. Haywood, known to his friends as "Tom," attends to his own affairs, and has a smile for all. He courts not favor, nor does he ask for honors, but always has his convictions and stands by them. The honors that he has received have come unasked, but have been upheld with dignity.

As a friend he is true and changeless, and to those who seek his friendship "sweet as summer." By his quiet, unassuming character he has won the esteem and respect of all his classmates. He will long be remembered, and the qualities that he has displayed in College will carry him to success in any walk of life.



F. M. HUGGINS, A.B., PH.D.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

*"Behold the rival of the haze-crowned peaks!
The stalwart child of the Ridge of Blue,
Whose rals are gay when his bosom speaks
In prayerful throbs from a heart that's true."*

Senior Speaker, '11.

There is more virtue in the struggle than in crown or laurels. They are mere symbols and only say "Here we are," never saying how they came. He has been faithful, diligent, aspiring only to be commendably dutiful and worthy of every word of praise. Like Henry Clay, he would rather be right than president. Like Bulwer-Lytton, he is most earnest in believing that "we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever." This quotation fits him; he is a minister; his language is similar to this passage, and his steady flow of hard facts make you think of Goethe when he said: "He who's firm in will moulds the world to himself," and you go away declaring there is one man not lost in the maze of inconsistency.

HOWARD WHITE HUNTLEY, A.B., Etc.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"He is not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block himself."

Class Baseball, '09; Class Football, '09; Varsity Football, '10 and '11; Secretary Athletic Association, '09-'10; Poet Senior Class; Assistant in Chemistry, '10-'11; Honor Committee, '10-'11.

"Big Boy" hails from the city of Charlotte and landed on the campus with tar on his heels. He loves to preside over the Mecklenburg delegation, rouse a good cheer and have a good time. Regards the world with mild approval and takes life easy.

He has the football air. He walks like he is determined to go where he started, and in football and elsewhere he usually gets there. On the Varsity football team he was a valuable asset. He's an athlete and a mustache grower, in the former a success, in the latter a failure.

He has an insane idea that in a few years he will make the Chemical Trust look like "thirty cents" by the discovery of a new compound.

Chemistry is his pet, and he will continue his studies at some Northern university.





EDWARD B. JENKINS, A.B., EU.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Brave man, overcoming the storms of fate."

Treasurer Freshman Class, '07-'08; Poet Junior Class, '09-'10; Assistant Supt. Wake Forest Baptist Sunday School, '10-'11; Senior Editor of THE HOWLER, '11; President Asheville Club, '10; Historian Law Class, '10-'11; Assistant in Gymnasium, '10-'11.

"Jinks," as he is generally known, is one of the liveliest men in his Class. He is happy in that he possesses a magnetic personality. When you see him, you want to know him, and it is this quality which has stamped him as one of the foremost members of his Class. His genial disposition and charming manners sustained by the principles of solid manhood will crown him with many an olive wreath of honor.

But the latter part of his College career is marked by his crossing swords with Cupid and the playing of a losing hand, as his heart is in keeping of a Virginia girl. In this, like all other games, he seems to play well. His calm judgment and untiring perseverance we predict will go far in making the future man he promises to be.

GERALD W. JOHNSON, A.B., PH.D.

THOMASVILLE, N. C.

*"Here is a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whate'er sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."*

Fiction Medal, '09; Prophet Junior Class, '10; President Davidson County Club, '10; Vice-President Athletic Association, '10; Editor-in-Chief *Student*, '10-'11; Senate Committee, '11; Debate Council, '11; Historian Senior Class, '11.

From the volume of his voice, you would think him a tubercular patient, but he is sound, and supplies his other deficiency with his pen. He has a genial nature, hospitable, polite and very unobtrusive. The honors he has won during his three years at school speak for him better than any elaborate eulogy can, for his friends did not reflect discredit upon either him or themselves in placing these merited honors upon him, nor has he accepted them with ingratitude. He is socially endowed with a love for literature; not only is he an admirer of the classics, but he has excelled among his classmates as a producer of fiction. His symmetrical nose and admirable pose will lay heavy stress and a mighty impress that he is every inch Scotch within and without, to the notch.



RUFUS L. LENNON, A.B., PH.D.

NEW BERLIN, N. C.

*"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste."*

Take all he possesses in outward display, which he never strove to exaggerate, and leave him exposed, a friendless picture, to the fury of vicious multitudes, and despite it all he will be the same as when you first saw him.

He knows what it is to work, for the hot sun of many glorious days has tanned his cheeks. He has loitered over the wiregrass ridges and flowery meadows of Columbus County and listened at the tinkling, distant bells of grazing cattle, and gathered many a barn of golden corn! Can you not hear his voice echo along the meadow slopes and join the rhythmic music of the sea? Do not his gray eyes say he is looking upon the Atlantic and catching a glimpse of his noblest labors, and out of which magnificent expanse he heard the call of the Great Taskmaster?

The quotation under his name is a true index to the innate qualities of this young minister, and nobody ever wanted to speak disrespectfully of him.



RICHARD H. LEWIS, LL.B., PH.D.

KINSTON, N. C.

*"His predecessors are the Louises of France,
Stuarts of England, and the theorists of
the Holy Roman Empire."*

Scrub Football Team, '09-'10; Captain Senior Football Team, '10; All Class Quarterback, '10.

He is not a monument of learning whose body shadows forth in pallid countenance and attenuated, hunch-back figure, but is a fair athlete who proclaims, "I am no brooding scholar in the schools, I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times, but learn my lessons as I please." And if you wish, he adds, "I would rather have a fool to make me happy than experience to make me sad." The boys call him "Skillette," but the reason for it is less easy to state, yet no mark of discredit is conveyed by the un-dignified title.

He has a legal mind, is an astute observer of trifles as well as things of importance, and with his energy and interest in realities multiplied tenfold, there will be a new star in the galaxy of statesmen before another quarter century reveals its mysteries.





REUBEN ADOLPHUS McBRAYER,
A.B., E.C.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Nature made the mold—then broke it."

Varsity Football Team, '10.

"Mac" was shuffled into Wake Forest in the fall of '08 and was immediately known as "Brassic." He registers, from Asheville, Buncombe County, North Carolina, N. C., this State.

Scarcely twenty-four hours after his arrival, he was better known than the oldest inhabitant.

He came to Wake Forest in order to wear a monogram. His physical propensities have accomplished his purpose. He has done good work on the football team.

He is a jovial fellow and all like him. His wit leaves no sting in anyone. Luck has not won all that he deserves.

Since "Mac" is going to be a real doctor, he will return to Wake Forest next year and take medicine.

ROYAL HOWARD McCUTCHEON,
A.B., E.C.

FRANKLIN, VA.

"You look wise—peep correct the error."

Class Basketball, '10-'11; Associate Editor of the *Student*, '10-'11; Varsity Basketball, '11.

"Little Mac" hails from that part of the Old Dominion where peanut raising is the sole industry. Only three years has he been with us, yet he holds out his hands for his degree.

A genial fellow who is ever on the lookout for a "bully time," and he usually has it. He is a marvel in English—but that's all. As Associate Editor of the *Student* he has written volumes in the Exchange columns. He has a reputation for brilliancy and is especially good in English and—suiles.

He would imitate his great namesake, George Barr McCutcheon and be a writer. He will pursue his English work in a university up North.



WHEELER MARTIN, JR., LL.B., PH.D.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

*"I have no parting sigh to give,
So take my parting smile."*

Manager Football Team, '11.

If there is any one pre-eminent characteristic of him it is his geniality. Next in order would be loquacity, and on first acquaintance you would quote secretly, "I will be more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a mooney," but later you would modify it to, "A very gentle heart, and of a good conscience"; and upon serious reflection and long deliberation, you would restate your sketch to read, "A man of moderate physical strength, of applicable mental furnishings, and with all the instincts of real life at heart."

He may not have loved or been loved since coming to College, but who is brave enough to assert the contrary? All the argument is on the affirmative, in fact, the ladies seemed to be; and where a man is respected by *them* a compliment to him is inferred which will bear him up wherever he goes, and that being granted to Martin, and since he is a student of law,

"A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair;
Honesty shines with great advantage there."



CHARLES H. MERCER, A.B., PH.D.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

*"Be as just and gracious to me,
As I am confident and kind to thee."*

Secretary to the President, '09-'10 and '10-'11.

An attractive personage, and what is commendable, he will not encourage his vanity enough ever to believe it. An effective speaker, not boisterous, not too flowery, but convincing and winning through calmness and persuasive simplicity; though capable of being either a strong debater or a second Israel Zangwill in the field of literature, yet he prefers to make himself efficient in the business world as a means to a greater end.

He has proven himself one among the best writers in his Class, contributing frequently to the *Student*. After graduation he will pursue the study of law. He has extraordinary ability and endurance, having been Secretary to the College President and taken his diploma in three years, a thing which the average student could not do. His gentlemanly characteristics and marks of good breeding make him well known and a special friend among the boys.





CLAUDE T. MURCHISON, A.B., PH.D.

SPARTA, GA.

*"To delight in the chase
And to win in the race—
Tow the mark and away."*

Second Marshal Anniversary, '09; Historian Sophomore Class, '09; Member Senate Committee, '10; Alternate Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '10; Manager Track Team, '09-'11; Debate Council, '11; Secretary Student Athletic Association; First Debater Anniversary, '11; Chief Rooter, '10-'11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

When he peeps through his spectacles at you in a hot debate and balls up his big football fist and stalks up giantlike towards you, his voice sounds thrice as deep and his logic cuts keener than the ancient weapons of war. There is magic in it! You are mystified by his eloquence and imagine you hear Demosthenes by the seashore or Burke in Parliament.

When he sheds off his Senior dignity and scans the athletic field, you may look out, for he won the quarter-mile State championship run last year, and is determined to push somebody hard for the Southern championship in the same this year. That he is an athlete, an excellent debater, and from Gordon, Grady and Watson's grand old State, is saying all that is necessary.

W. G. MOORE, A.B., PH.D.

GROVE, N. C.

"Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed."

Poet Ministerial Class, '10; Anniversary Orator, '11; President Ministerial Class, '11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

As erect as a post, firm when delivering an oration as though a revolution of nations, their creeds and possessions all depended upon what he said. Not one of your gelatine-spined swell-heads; not one of that class who knows a few things well and lacks confidence to apply what he knows; not of that profound, systematic, aemic, phlegmatic set; and not among the athletic and literary nebulae nor a member of the profligate Bohemian Club, but he is one among that noble crowd of self-respectful, moderately gifted, energetic, thrifty and sufficiently physically developed and spiritually characterized gentlemen.



JAMES L. OLIVE, A B., PH.D.

APEX, N. C.

"Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown."

Whatever this man seems to be to you, in all probability, provided you are a good judge of human nature, that is exactly what he is, for he does not try to plaster up the rents in the thin-spun texture the fates have woven; if you do not like how he looks, then help yourself to the dish of silence, for that's all will be offered you. If you ever accused him of downright laziness, then reconsider it and change your decision, for no man is indolent who makes creditable grades in all his work and does it as honestly as "Jim" has done his.

If he has an enemy, you will never know it, for he is careful in remarking complimentarily even about his best friends. Is he a preacher? No. A lawyer? No. A doctor? No. In fact it's hard to say what he is. But *he* knows. One thing, he has a clear, clean College record.

THOMAS J. OSBORNE, A.B., ETC.

CLYDE, N. C.

*"I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
There's the devil a man can say ought agin me."*

Art Editor of THE HOWLER, '10-'11; Class Football, '08-'09, '10-'11; Testator Senior Class, '11; President of Anniversary Debate, '11; College Senate, '10-'11; All Class Football, '10.

Where he came from we do not know, but we soon found out that he was here by his mischievous pranks. He is one man who has not been too serious about his College course, but has had his fun, at the same time standing well in his studies.

"Palm Leaf" loves to serenade his neighbors with all kinds of sounds, much to their disgust. He won fame by committing suicide (?) one night in the Dormitory.

"Tommy" is our artist. On all classes he may be seen sketching a professor or some other ridiculous object.

He bubbles over with laughter and mirth and creates an atmosphere of sunshine wherever he goes.

We predict that upon graduation Harrison Fisher will retire in "Tommy's" favor.



GORDON POTEAT, M.A., Ec.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

"He has a face like a benediction."

A.B., Furman University.

The Class of 1911 feels honored to have join its ranks this handsome gentleman whose picture appears opposite this writeup. Gordon comes to us from Furman, having received his A.B. there last year. He comes into our midst to take an M.A. degree.

Well does he hold up the family name of Poteat. A clean cut Christian gentleman, whose pleasant manners have won for him an indisputable place as a man of high character.

He is interested in all kinds of College activities, but most interested in Y. M. C. A. work. Into this field of work he has thrown his energies and was elected Corresponding Secretary.

Gordon will return to College next year to finish his medical course here. His life work will be on the foreign field as a medical missionary.



ARTHUR BEVERLY RAY, M.A., Ec.

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

*"Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return."*

Glee Club, '07-'09; Assistant in Latin, '09-'10; Chairman College Senate, '10-'11; Instructor in Applied Mathematics, '10-'11.

Ray, known to many as "Fessor," having received one "A.B." in infancy, and secured another with the Class of '10, comes back to claim an M.A. this year.

He has been successful both as a student and as an instructor. He is reserved in nature and dignified, and he attends to his own affairs. He is a thorough student and has gained the respect of all his classmates. Many times he has been seen making his way across the campus at the head of a band of "would-be" surveyors.

Besides getting off the work for the A.M. degree this year, he has yielded to the darts of Cupid, and has developed into somewhat of a ladies' man.

He has displayed such qualities while in school that we do not hesitate to predict for him a successful career.



E. JETER ROGERS, A.B., PH.D.

"If hero means sincere man, why may not every one of us be a hero?"

Commencement Marshal, '09; Historian Ministerial Class, '10; Junior Editor THE HOWLER, '10; Secretary and Treasurer, Ministerial Class, '11.

If a prudent man sees only the difficulties, and the daring spirit only beholds brilliant opportunities when a great issue presents itself, then you might call this man the conqueror, for he is prudent and bold. It takes both of these requisites to be a pulpit orator. These characteristics have been gleaned from observation as innate in him. If height adds to a man's prophetic powers and farsightedness, then he must be an unassuming seer. If modesty and charity have to do with the reputation and success of a man, then that is why the boys guard their tongues around him, and picture his future as quiet and happily beautiful. He eats and laughs heartily anywhere and any time there is proper occasion for either, and the interested damsels would do no injury to their wonted possibilities by noting the last description.



W. D. RODGERS, JR., B.S., PH.D.

WARRENTON, N. C.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Laboratory Assistant in Histology and Bacteriology, '09-'11; Vice-President Medical Class, '11.

Much sense and great size is a compliment Nature uses sparingly. He won her sympathy and got the extra sense, but afterwards lost favor in her sight and she denies him the great stature and sinewy arm. However, a distinguishing feature of his mind is his common sense—a very good substitute for genius, and indeed quite more indispensable. He possesses a measure of self-respect which arises out of a conscious rectitude of purpose, is modest enough and quite unpretending, prompt and decisive; not one of those little great men who aspire to everything themselves under the conviction that nothing can be done as well by others.

You will notice that he was Laboratory Assistant two years, an honor which only the most worthy holds beyond one year, as a general rule. Many a poor old dog and house cat has met its fate at his hands. Bacteria know to scatter whenever he begins to search, and he wields the dissecting instruments with remarkable ease and aptitude.



GRAHAM M. RODWELL, A.B., PH.D.

WARRENTON, N. C.

"Without the ideal, the inexhaustible source of progress, what would man be?"

Instructor in Latin, '10-'11.

Rodwell is one of the brightest, and incidentally one of the youngest members of the Class of 1911. He entered College as a Sophomore in the Fall of 1908, and though taking the A.B. degree this year, he has also completed most of the requirements for the A.M. degree.

As a proof of their confidence in him and their recognition of his scholarship, the Faculty appointed Mr. Rodwell Instructor in Latin in his Senior year.

"Fossor," as he is commonly known among the boys, is not a recluse or "book-worm." He is modest and reserved, never intruding without reason and then he does so with excusing affability, making you the gladder he came.

His weaknesses are opposites—girls and Latin; yet he manages to keep off the conflict between the two.

He will continue his studies at some Northern institution, majoring in the ancient languages.



DILLON FARRIS SMITH, A.B., E.C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Patience—and shuffle the cards."

Vice-President of Junior Class, '09-'10; Class Football, '10; Art Editor of THE HOWLER, '11; Assistant in Chemistry, '10-'11, Manager Senior Baseball Team, '11.

This handsome lad comes from the city that everybody is watching grow. We have watched him grow during the last four years. His ways have been ways of quietness and no no stormy periods have marked his College career.

Pleasant in manner, kind in disposition, Dillon has made many friends while in College.

As a staunch member of the Class of '11, he has displayed his class spirit at all times, be it either on the gridiron or in the classroom.

Mother Eu. claims him, but he is more devoted to Chemistry than he is to her.

He has an abnormal propensity for mixing compounds and will enter the department of chemistry at some large university where he will continue his research work and then accept a position as head chemist with a mining company.



JULIUS CLARENCE SMITH, A.B., Eu.

HIGH POINT, N. C.

"I am not on the roll of common men."

Winner Sophomore Debater's Medal, '09; Commencement Marshal, '09; Second Debater Anniversary, '10; Editor-in-Chief of *The Student*, '10-'11; Assistant in English, '10-'11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

His very name entitles him to first rank among his fellows. Upon entering College in 1907 he took his place in line and during his four years stay he has forged to the front in College life.

That he is ambitious doth appear in his list of honors. He came to Wake Forest with the intention of making a name for himself, and he has succeeded.

A speaker of no mean ability, and as a debater no question has ever arisen that he has not thoroughly answered to the complete satisfaction of all, himself included.

Oh, no, he is not conceited (?). "Caesar" is an all round College man, and he has those sterling qualities which will enable him to make a name for himself in the world.



RALPH ALEXANDER SULLIVAN,
A.B., Eu.

PINNACLE, N. C.

"Who deserves well needs not another's praise."

Class Football Team, '07-'10; Y. M. C. A. Quartette, '11; Senior Speaker, '10; Assistant Department of Political Science, '10-'11.

Under the shadow of Pilot Mountain was brought up this long, strapping youth. He came to Wake Forest to pursue the "root of all evil"—knowledge.

He has burned the midnight oil, and his grades testify to it; yet he left his tasks long enough to uphold his Class banner in football in both his Freshman and Senior years.

"Big" Sullivan is a stieker, a plodder with a bull dog tenacity that never gives up until he has accomplished his task. A more faithful man on classes is not to be found in College.

In the distance he sees a Professorship, and so he will drink more at the fountain of knowledge and then instruct the youth of the Old North State.



TALMAGE S. TEAGUE, A.B., PH.D.

SILER CITY, N. C.

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '10; Senior Speaker, '11.

His mind is mathematical and logical. His appearance would never suggest either, however; nor would you draw such inference from his conversation, so sparingly does he use his knowledge and so interspersed are his statements with sallies of wit. But put him to the blackboard with crayon and he will astonish you with either Latin phrases or samples of any branch of mathematics. He aims to teach—not preach!—and is happy in being that man whose tastes and talents coincide. There is success ahead; in fact he is already the successful one, for the virtue is his of having decided on his vocation and being sensible enough to go straight for it with all his vim and constancy. Nobody would be untrue enough either to him or themselves to cast reflections upon his character.



JOHN POWELL TUCKER, A.B., Ec.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*"Not too serious, not too gay,
But altogether a jolly good fellow."*

Class Football, '08; Class Baseball, '09; Class Basketball, '10; Winner Orator's Medal Junior Class, '10; Debate Council, '10-'11; Anniversary Orator, '11; Manager Baseball Team, '11; Chief Roster, '10-'11; Commencement Speaker, '11.

This youthful lad hails from the "Land of the Sky," and is glad of it. He joined us in our Sophomore year and was a valuable addition. He is enthusiastic over every phase of college life. As an athlete, as an orator, he has shone among us. He is one of the best we have.

"Tuck" has made himself felt in everything that he has undertaken, be it society or as manager of the baseball team. Everywhere he is there with the "goods."

He is recognized as being one of the most popular men in the graduating class—everyman's friend, confidant and playfellow.

In his society he has played an important part. To Mother Eu. he pays homage most of all.

"Tuck" will continue his education at Harvard next year in pursuit of a Ph.D.

Here's to you, "Tuck." Success!



J. BOYCE VERNON, A.B., PH.D.

BUSHY FORK, N. C.

*"Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches
the innermost recesses of my spirit."*

Third Marshal Anniversary, '08; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '10; President Law Class, '11; Member Honor Committee, '11; Senior Speaker, '11; Associate Editor *Student*, '11; Track Team, '11.

When he lifts his voice it sounds as if to praise, and yet it bears the tenor of firm decision and command. In debate, his sonorous diction, grace of gesture, hold the attention, and even should the logic of argument be not there, yet the suavity of his persuasion is so aptly interwoven that he wins the plaudits of his hearers.

Some men are blessed with great size, little sense; some with much wit and dwarfed bodies, others with a fair degree of both wit and size. Of the last class, Boyce well deserves honorable mention, for fluency is not his only forte; he has done admirably on *The Student Staff* and is the best pole-vaulter in College, thus placing him in front in athletics as well as literature.

He aims to win fame before the bar—but flowers and smiles first before the marriage altar!!



HUGH PETE VINSON, LL.B., ETC.

MENOLA, N. C.

"Sober as a Judge."

"Judge" has been with the Class since we first landed here. When he came, he was a stripling but now he has taken on a different appearance. He is a man reserved in every sense, and tends to his own business faithfully. If firmness for the right be worth anything, then he is fortunate, for he stands four square to all winds that blow.

During his College career he has so conducted himself as to make friends of all. His talent for friendship has made him a favorite among the fairer ones. When once you meet him you never forget him. It is this faculty, coupled with untiring energy on which we base our hopes for the future man.





HENRY ABRAM WALLIN, A.B., Esq.

Big Laurel, N. C.

"A man condemned to wear the public burden of a nation's care."

Historian Freshman Class, '08-'09; Senior Speaker, '10.

Henry is the only man in the class entitled to an A.B. and A.M. degree for three years' work.

In society he is a pillar of strength, always having its welfare at heart. He has been instrumental in creating the high standard of affairs in his society.

His record is simply one steady rise—not marked by sensational flights or falls. He is a friend indeed, with all a friend's virtues shining bright.

Since his coming, he has displayed those qualities which have endeared him to every man in the Class, and he goes forth as a man that none can say aught against.

The law is his chosen realm. He will attend Columbia University, and there lay the foundation for the making of a statesman. We predict a brilliant future for him.

ISIDORE CHESHIRE WOODWARD,
A.B., Esq.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear."

College Senate, '09-'10; Anniversary Marshal, '10; Class Baseball, '10; Secretary, Y. M. C. A., '10; Debate Council, '10-'11; Vice-President Ministerial Class, '11; President, Baraca Class, '11.

Woodward is a gentleman of the finest type. He is a man who always has convictions and dares to make them known. Earnest, sincere and true as well as faithful in all his work. In scholarship he stands at the top notch, though not a book worm or a student-lamp worshipper.

This modest man has made no great strides for College honors, but he has worked his way up to the top. In his society he will long be remembered because of his calm, deliberate thought and action for its welfare. He always thinks well before speaking.

During his College course Greek has been his favorite study.

*"Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak."*



JOHN C. McBEE, LL.B., Ev.

BAKERSVILLE, N. C.

"Every man is a son of his own works."

Licensed Attorney.

"Mack" hails from that part of the Old North State where corn grows to an astonishing height and bumble bees are of an enormous size. When he came, he brought with him the mountain walk and wit.

He had seen much of the world before he came to Wake Forest, having spent eight years in the Philippines. His experience in life has been wide and rich.

Though a married man, he has entered into the many phases of College life with the boys and commands the respect of all.

He soon showed that he was a society worker, and labored for the upbuilding of it.

"Mack" would be a lawyer. He has received his license from the Supreme Court and has already formed a partnership.



EDWARD NELSON WRIGHT, A.B., Ev.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*"His duties well performed,
His days well spent."*

Historian Junior Class, '10; Marshal Greensboro Debate, '10; Prophet Senior Class, '11; Class Football, '10; Class Baseball, '10.

This modest youth came from Asheville into our midst three years ago. If he is the last Senior on the list—he is a Mohican. The fact that he has gained no signal honors while here is no indication that he has not the ability, for he has done well in his sphere and has not sought to push himself upon the students. He is one of the most deserving of our Class.

From his voice, you would conclude that he is a lad, but from his work on the gridiron for the Senior Class, you must give him his rightful place among the husky boys.

His life work is yet uncertain. Since he is the Prophet of the Class, we look to him for a prediction.





Senior Class Prophecy

After being firmly convinced that the Seniors of 1911 would have to go forth in life without having their future foretold, Professor Carlyle happily saved the day. He came to me confidentially and guaranteed that I would be admitted to the presence of the Cumean Sybil if I would give him ten dollars on the Endowment Fund. The ten dollars were immediately forthcoming. Accordingly, I was directed to stand in the midst of Wolf's Den and call on the Cumean Sybil, who had been concealed in that locality since the fall of Rome.

The next day I went to the Den and called three times for the Sybil. Suddenly she appeared before me and I presented my receipt obtained from Professor Carlyle.

"All my dominions are open to thee. What wilt thou have?" she asked.

"Reveal to me the future of the Class of 1911," I answered.

Thrice did she wave her hand. I immediately fell into a trance and the following is what was revealed:

What, A. C. Campbell a Senator? Yes, he moved to South Carolina soon after finishing College, and after taking a short course in law, hung out his shingle as attorney at law. When portly Ben Tillman laid aside his pitchfork the Governor appointed Hon. A. C. Campbell to fill his unexpired term. South Carolina continues to hold the prize for having sent to Washington the smallest baby Senator.

A bright star, in the person of A. B. Combs, has appeared in the Latin world. As professor of Latin at Columbia University he made a splendid record. However, he has lately resigned from this position and is now devoting his entire time to putting on the market his peculiar kind of Latin jaek, which has enabled all Freshmen in this country to pass Latin I. The gratitude of the Wake Forest Freshmen Class of 1928 was so great that they erected to Professor Combs a marble monument.

Not less brilliant shines the name of Dr. W. E. Futrell, now of Harvard. He has gained universal recognition through his book, entitled, "Short and Easy Methods in Psychology."

Cabiness and Boone are yet bachelors, and all indications are that their happiness will never be interrupted. They live together on a large western farm. Cabiness does most of the farm work, while Boone, by 1923, had made a fair start reading some of the books required in English III.

A poet? Yes, a poet—Arthur Derwood Brisbane Tambourine Gore is still provoking the Muse at odd hours. Every time there is a warm spell, he writes a lyric entitled "Springtime."

F. M. Huggins has secured a most enviable position—one that will cause his name to be sounded down the ages. He is the right hand man of Lucius Horatius Campbell, the famous American sculptor. Whenever Campbell finishes a clay model Huggins looks upon the piece of art and at the sight of his visage it invariably turns to stone.

The Brett and Ray Manufacturing Company has made a fortune on Brett's original invention of a machine guaranteed to make men stick to their jobs.

Hon. Asa P. Gray is practicing law in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee. The nearest railroad passes through a village seven miles distant. Thither goes Asa P. every Sunday to lecture on how to watch the trains pass and on how to make hair grow on bald heads.

Rev. Lowell Haynes is pastor of Baltimore's largest church. His success in life is mainly due to the imitation of his former language professor's personal appearance.

Because of the close relation existing between J. B. Copple and Congressman Carlyle, the former is now in the Congressional Library brushing cobwebs from the volumes of Uncle Sam's ancient lore.

The Pastoral Visitor continues to be issued monthly, free of charge, to the Wake Forest Ministerial Class. It has now a circulation of a million and a half—next to that of the Ladies' Home Journal. After this increased circulation, a new man was needed as foreman, and the Editor-in-Chief was exceedingly fortunate in securing the person of N. B. Broughton, Jr.

Ector Harrill is at the head of the Saturday Evening Post's story department. Occasionally when good stories become scarce, he himself contributes to the Post's columns. Harrill's hobby is stories in which there are strange, odd characters. For the April Fool Number he wanted an especially rare character and he was somewhat at a loss to know what character to use. Finally he remembered that Professor Judson Dunbar Ives was at the head of the department of Biology of the University of Pennsylvania, so he went over to study the Professor's character. Harrill was well pleased with the rare notes he had been

able to take and he foresaw that he would have a tiptop story. It so happened, that the Professor was hunting for a rare specimen for laboratory experiments and I am told that he too was well pleased with observations made by his guest.

Coca Cola Castello is a telegrapher of mediocrity on the Raleigh and Southport Railroad. Recently all the transmitters on that line failed to work and it was later discovered that it was all caused by Castello having a bad case of the gouches. Even the President of the Company is compelled to converse with him through iron bars.

A newspaper in a certain North Carolina town offered a prize of twenty-five dollars in a voting contest to that man who thought himself the purest and most upright in North Carolina. As soon as the contest was made public, Jack Ellis and R. L. Lennon packed their suit cases and started at once for that town. After the contest had ended, the official vote showed that Ellis and Lennon tied for first place. Neither was willing for the other to have the prize, nor were they willing to divide it. Finally it was agreed to give the prize to the one who had made the lowest grade on the first Psychology quiz given at Wake Forest. Under this agreement, each one felt sure of winning. An examination of the Bursar's old records showed Lennon's grade to be 23 and Ellis's 13. The prize was awarded to Ellis.

Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, for eleven years the beloved editor of the "Yellow Jacket" has recently brought out all the rival dailies in the city of Thomasville. He has combined the publications and the amalgamated dailies will henceforth be called "The Hornet's Nest."

The famous "Alcohol Scandal" has created quite a stir in medical circles. The Elixir Company is composed of Dr. Allen, Dr. Hamrick and Dr. Rodgers. It seems that these doctors were trying a get-rich-quick scheme, but in their haste for the yellow metal, they were checked by the United States' Chief Chemist, Huntley, who had analyzed their patent medicine and found it contained 99 and 99 hundredths per cent alcohol. The officers of the company were indicted on a charge of misrepresentation. The case was fought through the lower courts, and was carried to the Supreme Court, where His Honor, Chief Justice Vinson, presided in a most dignified manner. Attorney-General Burnett made a fine hair-splitting argument for the government, but his speech was almost totally eclipsed by the speech of the attorney for the defense—the Right Honorable Wheeler Martin, formerly candidate for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket.

Dr. Davis and Dr. Buchanan continue to run successfully, in Western North Carolina, their world-famous Sanitarium. A visitor in those parts recently counted two thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine ladies on the lawn.

After the requirements of the English course in Wake Forest College were raised, Mr. Julius Caesar Smith lost his position as Assistant in this Department. He was, however, able to secure a position in the Wake Forest High School, and after eleven years of faithful service in this capacity, he was made its principal.

Another member of the Class of 1911 has distinguished himself. J. Bois Vernon has done his best to lead the simple life. It was chiefly because he had never done any one any harm that he was elected for two terms to the lower House in the State Legislature.

Henry A. Wallin was lately defeated for the position of Constable in Shorting Laurel Township. After this unfortunate check in his bright career he allowed his hair to grow long and curly and then announced himself on the Suffragette ticket for President of the United States. He is expected to poll a large vote in Utah.

Mr. Thomas J. Osborne is President of the International Jokers Club. The object of this club is to humiliate young doctors. Wherever Mr. Osborne finds a young doctor, he pretends to commit suicide. While no accurate accounts of his numerous deaths have been kept, it is certain that no less than 999 times has he been pronounced dead by young doctors.

The baseball diamond of Chicken Roost continues to be ornamented by the famous southpaw, G. C. Buck. By special request, unless the game is close, Buck will be allowed to pitch one inning in the Fourth of July Game, when Chicken Roost meets its old rival, Possum Hollow.

It was recently noticed in a Philadelphia paper that S. C. Garrison had won the first prize for silence in the last Convention for Quaker Clergymen.

Recently Mr. J. Powell Tucker has had the most distressing experience. He falls in love with every girl he meets but never yet has he prevailed upon any to enter seriously into the matter. The reason for this failure on his part, I am told by one of his former acquaintances, is that he insists, as his first step in love making, she must listen to him repeat his famous oration—"America as a World Power."

It grieves us to learn that Mr. G. L. Bailes' health has been failing and that he has been compelled to make frequent visits to the "Seashore."

In the North Carolina Baptist State Convention of 1923, Rev. J. Ben Eller made an excellent plea for the abandonment of the compulsory chapel services at Wake Forest College. The Wake Forest Students have ordered ten thousand copies of the speech for the benefit of the Faculty.

The F. F. Cox Drug Company has secured the valuable services of W. G. Moore, who is now acting as traveling salesman. By the exercise of his special oratorical powers Moore was the first year enabled to sell nineteen dollars worth of the company's medicine.

The fiery Georgia Congressman, Claudius Temple Murchison, has cut quite a figure in Washington's social circles. His great affection for the President's daughter has been noticed by many of his friends and it may be that more than a mere friendship exists between them.

T. A. Haywood is the proud owner and sole proprietor of a restaurant in Rolesville. J. L. Olive has a position with him as night clerk.

John Cheek is Secretary of the American National Baseball League.

R. H. Lewis is the foremost cotton dealer in the city of Forestville.

Graham Rodwell has accepted a permanent position to teach Caesar to the Wake Forest Freshmen.

The last heard of Woodward was in 1920 when he was still working on English II outlines.

John Carol is President of the Inter-State Honor Committee. Its purpose is to promote cheating in Southern Colleges.

By special action of the Wake Forest Faculty, Architect D. F. Smith is now

drawing plans for an elaborate depot. The special feature of the new structure will be a platform so constructed that it is guaranteed to prevent all depot loafing.

After wooing for years the fair damsel who captured his heart at Anniversary of his Senior year at Wake Forest, Wright was conqueror, and now lives in a modest shack among the sand-dunes of eastern Carolina, his business being the care of his thirteen children, and laying in supplies for the prospective additions to the thirteen.

On a small tent at the San Francisco Exposition, there appears the following: "Bell Troupe of Performing Monkeys—John Bell, Chief Performer."

E. J. Rogers is pastor of Sandy Creek Baptist Church.

Dr. T. S. Teague is Assistant Math. Professor in the University of Virginia.

R. A. Sullivan is prospering in Central Africa. His occupation is surveying, but he does a little preaching as a side issue.

McCutcheon had many experiences in love making, but none so affected him as did the last one. It happened that he and another gentleman familiarly known as H. B. loved the same young lady. Neither McCutcheon nor his rival would allow himself to show any display of his affection for the "Queen," as each considered her; nor would either of them show any signs of hatred for each other until several months had passed. Their jealousy increased until it was decided that the best man should win. Accordingly, H. B. and McCutcheon agreed to fight to a finish in a cave in western North Carolina. No weapons except nature's gifts were to be used,—their implements of destruction were finger nails, feet, fists and teeth. In all probability the fight was pulled off at the appointed time. It must have been a fierce battle, for neither H. B. nor McCutcheon was ever heard of again. It is presumed that in his madness, each rival consumed the other.

McBrayer—poor fellow—died eleven years after leaving College. He had exceedingly bright prospects for a glorious future, but he was unexpectedly called to another world. He was on a camping party in the Rocky Mountains and death was caused by over eating. With very simple services his friends buried his body in the woods. Several years later a prospector traveled through those regions. It so happened that he made an excavation into McBrayer's grave and this resulted in an astonishing discovery. If brass were an element the prospector would have thought that he had discovered a brass mine.

In conversation with a dashing Northern girl, Mr. Charles H. Mercer was heard to say: "The last issue of the Saturday Evening Post is execratingly, abominably, digestively interesting to one's cognomen. Have you read it, Madame?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Very tritely and concisely put," responded Mr. Mercer.

I decline to state publicly anything further concerning Mr. Mercer, but if anyone wishes to learn any further facts concerning him, I will be glad to inform them confidentially.

I awoke from my trance and found that I was shivering with cold on a Wake Forest hillside. The chapel bell was calling me to prayer.

PROPHET.

The New Anabasis

Ten thousand Greeks went humming once
O'er Asia's sandy plain,
And Xenophon, he writ it up,
As we know to our pain,
But though he told some 'whoppin' fibs
About the Greek Armee,
His story is not half as wild
As mine will prove to be.

To start with we are fewer far
Than were those Dagoes bold,
And of the peril we have faced
The half hath ne'er been told,
In many bloody battles we
Have won eternal fame;
We helped to smoke the hazers out
And chaaters hiss our name.

But most of all we leave our path
Bestrown with bones and blood,
When the ferocious Facultie
Our progress on withstood,
The first clash was in Latin Our
And 'twas a woful fray,
And many of the bright and brave
Fell there beside the way.

But in the end we heaved a road
Straight through the encmie
Only to find our way beset
With pitfalls none could see,
In English and in Chem. and Math,
They perished by the score
And ere we passed there stood but one
Where twenty stood before.

For two long years the combat raged
Ere Math. and Latin fled,
And then we'd only reached the Chief
Who all their forces led,
My mind the mem'ry of that field
A frightful phantom hugs,
For there stood William, King of Kings,
And Dunbar, Lord of Bugs.

These two loomed hugely in our path
Full many a weary day,
And many a man we lost before
We thrust them from our way,
E'en then we had not won the prize,
We still must try to fall
With Charlie, wise and wary, bold,
And distrust of them all.

This was indeed the crucial test,
Our haps almost expired
When Charles brought up his heavy guns
Unlimbered Psy and fired!
He fought us long, he fought us well,
Right to Commencement day,
But when he fell, they, one and all
Ceased to obstruct our way.

This day, the sheepskin, signed and sealed,
They honor us in Massa
From Major-General William L.
To Sub-Lieutenant Pass.
L'ENVOY
This is the New Anabasis;
If on the other side
Of Styx, he'er shall hear of it,
Won't Xenophon go hide!





MISS LULIE DICKSON
JUNIOR SPONSOR



JUNIOR CLASS

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S. F. OLIVER	<i>Historian</i>
G. L. BULLARD	<i>Poet</i>
G. C. KIRKEY	<i>Prophet</i>

Junior Class Poem

<i>For three long years,</i>	<i>And yet the night</i>
<i>Midst doubts and fears,</i>	<i>Is often bright,</i>
<i>Our fragile bark has sped</i>	<i>For shining stars appear</i>
<i>O'er billows high,</i>	<i>To guide the way</i>
<i>'Neath gloomy sky</i>	<i>'Till break of day</i>
<i>To promised land ahead.</i>	<i>Shall banish gloomy fear.</i>

*Our being thrills
To walk the hills
Endeared by sacred ties;
Ancestral forms
Who braved the storms
Now backward cast their eyes.*

<i>Beneath their gaze</i>	<i>But Junior Class,</i>
<i>Our fickle ways</i>	<i>We soon must pass</i>
<i>Must change to faultless aim,</i>	<i>Beneath these sacred doors;</i>
<i>'Till fortune's hands</i>	<i>The place we hold</i>
<i>On each descends</i>	<i>Must soon unfold</i>
<i>And heap upon him fame.</i>	<i>The wanton Sophomores.</i>

*And then at last,
Receding fast
We'll cross the great expanse,
The Senior year
Is but a fear
That flees as we advance.*

Poet

History of the Junior Class

The Class of 1912 entered College with one hundred and twenty-five Freshmen. We came marching up the campus with a lordly air, but the first night gave us different dreams and visions. We heard the shrill cries of the Sophs on a raid for Newish, and a few minutes later were invited to join in the war-dance. We succeeded in outwitting the Sophs and had our first Class meeting, and by out-fighting them, we had our Class picture made. We got out a very good basket and baseball team. Having passed through the joys of our Newish year and a pleasant vacation, we again arrived on the Hill as Sophomores, eighty strong. This was the Renaissance for us. Soon we got ourselves in fine shape for work, and had an excellent basketball team. The first game was played with the Juniors, which resulted in a tie. This was played off later, the Juniors winning the Championship. However, Olive, Beam, H. Cox, Buie and McCutcheon did much to make the Class proud of them. Then came baseball. The first game was between the Juniors and Sophs; we won the victory easily. Then came the game with the Seniors for the inter-class Championship in which the Seniors won. Our men showed up finely, and no doubt would have won easily but for the condition of our pitcher's arm.

Aside from the ordinary duties of College life, we contributed a full share to the 'Varsity—some of the stars were mainly Beam, H., Castello, Bagwell, Highsmith, Coughenour, Savage. Also in the Literary life of the College, we did not fall short, for there are Wheeler, Hilliard, Sharp, Ferguson, Beam, G., Edgerton, and many others. We might mention that the Class took a stand against hazing. This evil usually fails because of lack of support from the Sophomore Class. But our Class took pride in trying to place the College spirit above this barbarous habit now carried on in too many of our American Colleges.

When the Fall of 1910 came around sixty members answered to the roll call. Some becoming dissatisfied had joined the Senior Class, and others failed to show up, but the noble sixty had the stuff and started things off lively. Football was the first test of our strength. The team did fine work under Coach Betts. Now the great game with the Seniors—the Seniors being the strongest team in College. The game started off with little gain on either side, the ball played near the center, but in the last of the second half, the Seniors by putting up a plucky fight got the ball in our territory and in the meantime Wright kicked a goal. When the game was called it stood three to nothing in favor of the Seniors. Our not winning the Championship is no reproach when one considers the fact we have furnished far more than our quota of stars to the 'Varsity.

Our basketball team developed nicely and soon showed that we had the fastest team in College. The first game was played with the Sophs, which was an easy victory for us. The Newish has developed an unusually good team and had succeeded in winning over the Seniors. In the contest for inter-class Championship

our team was too much for the Newish and we took the cup by the score of 18 to 16. The representatives were mainly Beam brothers, Olive, Sherrill, Buie and Conrad.

In baseball and track we expect to repeat the success which we had in basketball.

The history of the Class for 1912 has been one of continuous good feeling and fellowship, and another step towards making the spirit premanent, not only in our own Class but in classes to follow us, was instituting the custom of having a Junior Banquet.

When we think of this Class history we do not claim to be the best, but we do claim to measure up fully to any Class that had goue before us. We have furnished as large a quota of writers, athletes, scholars and debaters as any preceding Class. As to the Future, we expect to muster at least seventy-five veterans to face the final charge. Beyond that—???

HISTORIAN.



Junior Class Prophecy

Realizing the importance of and my incompetency to a true prophecy of the Junior Class of '10-'11, I began to seek reliable sources for aid. First, I applied to the students of the College for information, thinking perhaps that they had seen more of, and could tell me more about, their fellow students than anyone else. Not a prophet was to be found among them. Next, I went to the Faculty of the College, feeling sure that our Professors had foreseen all our abilities and possibilities, and that they would assist me greatly in the prophecy. But, like Columbus in his early struggles, I was turned away from the throne of grace; and, persisting like Columbus, not being daunted by disappointments, I went to the Gypsy Fortune Teller who, although she attempted the prophecy, seemed only to be guessing.

Finally, I decided that the only place from which I might procure a true prophecy was in the mountains among the witches and people like Circe, endowed with magical powers. Having decided upon this course, I set out on foot to see what virtues of prophecy there were in the mountains. I traveled for ten days through mountains and valleys, some of which reminded me of the stories of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle.

On the evening of the tenth day, I came to an immense cliff, on the lower side of which was a large aperture which seemed to be used as a doorway to the interior. Having decided to spend the night in this cavern, I proceeded to make a few investigations as to its occupants, and as to the possibility of spending a peaceful night perhaps in the home of some wild animal.

But! To my surprise and horror, a weird looking old woman approached the doorway from within. At her request, I explained my business and also implored her assistance. She informed me that telling fortunes and rendering prophecies had been her vocation for many years, and that she would gladly inform me. I gave her a list of the names of the Class, and told her that I should like to know what each fellow would be doing ten years hence. The old woman retired to one of her apartments in the cavern. Presently she returned with her "mysterious glass." This glass resembled a field glass, only it was cased up like a large kodak. She gave the glass to me and said:

"Behold, the interesting prophecy of one of your classes!"

Eagerly, I took the glass and applied my prophetic eyes to the most interesting moving picture I had ever seen. The first thing I saw was the introduction to the picture. It read as follows.

"Three cheers for Wake Forest College. See the actual life of one of her classes illustrated."

Now the wheels began to hum and the picture to move. The first man I saw was Jim Byrum walking along a shady lane with a cane in his hand. I thought to myself that the old lady had arranged us in chronological order and had begun with

the oldest man in the class. Now Mr. Bryum happened upon some little girls playing on the lawn. Byrum dropped his cane and began to play. As the scene moved on, another appeared; I saw street cars, elevated railroads, and a machine with this inscription on the side. "The New York Lightning Express." The sky scrapers now attracted my attention, but suddenly I looked down at the crowded streets and recognized one of my old classmates, Bruce Jones, hustling along the street with a doctor's satchel in his hand. He darted into a music store, and after striking a few chords on a piano, hastened out again. He soon came to a large building on which was the sign: "Jones' Private Sanitary Pressing Club."

The picture continued to move along the busy streets where I saw several of our boys. I noticed that Edgerton and Crane were in the wholesale magazine business; Edwards and Conrad were professors of Chemistry and English at Columbia University; Ferguson was engaged in a classical boot-blacking business, and Watkins was captain of a football team there.

The most interesting of the scenes at New York was the Wake Forest Fair. All the classes that have gone from Wake Forest,—I mean those classes that have any living representatives,—had come together for the purpose of displaying what each class had accomplished. Each class had excelled in something. The oldest class representative excelled in accomplishing the ripest old age. But what I was concerned most about was the Class to which I belonged. It was a class of inventions and all the members were collected around the flying machine which Huggins and Seruggs had invented. Here I used my imagination a little by considering myself one of the group. I walked up to examine that beautiful, I might say wonderful, traveling apparatus. J. C. Jones, Wall, A. J. Harris and Olive were running here and there trying to get the Seruggs-Huggins machine to move, but in vain. Some of us remembered how Trueblood accidentally had made the old Society clock "wake up," and he was asked to try his luck in getting the machine to move. As the machine seemed to be sleeping right soundly, I began to talk with some of the boys. My friend, T. Sloan, was near by, and I asked him if he remembered anything about Math. II. He assured me that he remembered a few things very distinctly about it, one of which was getting it off. At this juncture, the machine began to quiver, and Bagwell exclaimed, "All aboard, boys, or you will be fined one dollar for being absent." The Beam brothers were requested to guide the machine while making the flight. Buie, Allen, R. E. Powell and Mr. Henry gave the machine a slight push, and off it went. Now, I realized that I was only looking at a moving picture, as I saw the flying machine make its successful flight.

From New York, the scene kept changing through country, village, town and city. I saw beautiful mountains and valleys along broad rivers. The scenery was beautiful. Now and then I could see a Wake Forest man at his country home, at his law office, and behind the plow.

At Forestville I saw Eddinger making a swing for some little girls. He tested its strength by applying his weight. As it did not break with him, I saw him nod his head as if to say that he thought it would hold them up all right.

The scene finally brought me back to Wake Forest. This was the most interesting scene of all. I saw the stately arch at the entrance of the campus; I saw the

campus with its magnolias and flowers in full bloom, with its verdant grass and beautiful walks—all this was a perfect picture. The old buildings now attracted my attention, but more especially the new dormitory with its towering grandeur. In front of this building, I saw Robertson writing on the bulletin board, "I will master this Trig, and consequently get my dip." I saw "Professor" Green loitering around the little chapel. O'Brian had succeeded himself as manager of the Glee Club. He marched his classes through all the walks on the campus in order that they might keep good time. I did not see any of the other boys of Wake Forest, and when I had seen "Faculty Avenue," the picture became a blank. I looked up from the mysterious glass and saw that I was still in front of the cliff. I thanked the old lady very kindly for assistance, and bade her a pleasant goodbye.





SOPHOMORE



F6.



MISS MARY B. CADDELL
SOPHOMORE SPONSOR

SSA'S PHOTOGRAPHERS



Sophomore Class Officers

A. J. HUTCHINS	..President
H. O. HERRING	Vice-President
H. F. FAUCETTE	..Secretary
R. W. OLIVE	Treasurer
J. C. BROWN	Historian
F. A. SMETHURST	..Poet
E. F. AYDLETT	Prophet

Sophomore Class Poem

*Praise to the Newish who shakes in his boots
And stays in his hole at night.*

*Praise to the Junior who thinks he owns
'Most everything in sight.*

*Praise to the Senior who haughtily struts,
And talks of wrong and right,*

*Praise to the "Prof.," who never bores
But makes our burdens light.*

Here's to the Class of '13, Rah!

The Class of all the others;

Here's to the pride of W. F. C.,

That band of jolly brothers.

Here's to each of the Sophomores bold,

Here's to the pranks they play,

Here's to the noble rank they'll hold,

Out in the world far away.

Poet.

Sophomore Class History

Without the historian's gift, I can not mention all the epoch making events which deserve mention here. Our record is full, yea, crowded with achievements, and to record them all would require the pen of a Thucydides. The historian would like to say, however, that in reaching our present place of vantage, we have had a two-fold aim; first, we have tried to get into our system some of that impalpable stuff called "knowledge," which fills the walls of this renowned institution; second, with loyalty to our Alma Mater, we have thought diligently to promote her interests and welfare at all times.

Our journey through the gloomy valley of Newishdom began on September 7th, 1909. And as we put away our personal pulehritude to wear to Meredith College, our rivals, the sagacious Sophomores, thought that we were a gawky looking set of Freshmen. But notwithstanding this, we leaped into these unknown regions, as men who possessed a militant college spirit, to battle bravely with Newish calamities. Although college spirit ran high in our ranks, and in spite of the fact that our Class is composed of stalwart men, we met with problems here that we were unable to solve. Most of our number came here from the farm, and we thought that we had pony riding down pat, but, lo, when we attempted to ride ponies through those dark regions occupied by such sarcophagus animals as Virgil, Homer, Livy and Caesar, we find it a difficult class. Here a few of our number flunked, while others with the consent of Dr. Paschal were able to make a second trial.

Many other difficulties, too numerous to be mentioned, presented themselves for solution; however, we bore them all courageously and passed out of Newishood a set of sporty, handsome, daring youths.

Hence we soared to lofty heights to occupy the sunny fields of Sophomoreland. On entering these happy fields, we found that another world had dawned in which things went our way. Though once a variegated assortment of boneheads, our personnel now makes us the cynosure of the College.

After we had justly celebrated our entrance into these pleasant lands, we turned our attention to ameliorative measures. For the sake of upholding society, and for some other philanthropic reasons, we believe that the verdant embryonic Freshmen should be trained and shown the way of manhood. We believe, however, that this training does not require that bombastic, brutalizing form of hazing in which the former Sophomore class have indulged and carried to the extreme. And with this view in mind, there is no effort so fruitful and worth recording here as the effort of our men to suppress hazing, and to build up and attain a pure college spirit at Wake Forest. In this respect, we are, indeed, what we sought to be, a criterion for the Sophs-elect, and an honor to the College.

In athletics, we are invincible. Even during the darkest hours of Newishdom, we responded to the call of athletics, and by our untiring efforts we have won fame

and renown in every department of college athletics. At the head in basketball stands Bruce Holding as center. At the forefront in baseball stands Phil Utley, as pitcher, whose record proves his ability; we are also represented on the baseball Varsity by Faucette, King, Riddick, and Broughton. On the football Varsity, we are represented by Utley, Harwood, Riddick, Faucette, Holding, Betts, and Savage, while we are none the less felt on the Track Team where Hutchins, Langston and Kennedy occupy important positions. Not only have we furnished the men on the gridiron, but we have loyally and enthusiastically furnished the support on the side line.

Our Class is renowned for its moral vigor, and its influence in this respect, because in our College is found a moral element unsurpassed even by the higher classes. From start to finish our Class has stood for right. We stood firmly for the Honor System, and were glad to see it established.

And now standing on the acropolis of its eventful career, thrilled with the brilliancy of its past history, inspired with the hopes of the future, the Class of 1913 will go forth bearing a crown of trophies to win yet greater victories for its Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class Prophecy

It was a beautiful day in May, 1930. I had just completed my day's work and was quietly looking through my scant library. Very soon I came to a volume that attracted my attention at once, for it was a copy of my College Annual for 1911. I picked it up with eagerness, for I had not seen it in several years. As I did so, my thoughts ran back to the happy days I spent in College. Many incidents and boyish pranks that happened during College days came to my mind as fresh as if they were only yesterday. As I was slowly turning the pages of the valued volume and looking at the pictures of my classmates, I began to wonder what had become of the members of the Sophomore Class of 1911. Where they all living and happy? While I was thus again living over the past, I heard a loud and distinct knocking on my door. At my response a messenger boy hurried into my room and handed me a telegram. I hastily noted its contents. It was a request for me to be present at a called meeting of the National Bar Association in Washington. I glanced at my watch and saw that I had only forty-five minutes to catch the next train to Washington. I hustled about and arrived at the depot just in time to catch my train. As I took a seat, I noticed some one a few seats in front of me reading a paper. Something about him seemed familiar, and I began to try to recall where I had seen him. Just as the train pulled out of the car shed, he turned his head to look out of the window. I recognized at once my friend and classmate, Charlie Bridger. Of course, I hastened to speak to him, and soon learned that he also was going to Washington. Since leaving College he traveled a year or two but finally settled in Eastern North Carolina and was now running a successful cotton mill.

When we reached Richmond, Virginia, we were delayed several hours. We decided to take in the city, and soon learned that there was a very important murder case to be brought before the court that day. Not having anything to do, we entered the court room. The judge arose and in his clear and solemn voice charged the jury. As he did so, Bridger and I looked at each other with astonishment, for we recognized him to be no other than Jack Riddick. After graduation he had gone to the University of Virginia to study law. He was very successful in his profession and was now Judge of the Superior Court. As soon as the court adjourned, we hastened to speak to him. He had just visited Wake Forest the week before, and he told us many things interesting about our classmates.

Harwood had gone to Florida and had become a devout preacher. Bruce Holding had a large clothing establishment and was now furnishing the students with up-to-date goods. Curriu was teaching school and was doing a great work educating the mountain people. Ashecraft, after making himself famous by building the railroad from Kansas City, Missouri, to Topeka, Kansas, was then President of the Kansas City Railroad and Mining Company.

We were compelled to leave our friends and catch the next train. After the meeting of the Association adjourned, we spent a day in the city. In the afternoon

we visited the patent office. Our attention was called to a machine that had just been invented and was attracting a great deal of attention. It was a device for crushing and separating mica. The inventors of this machine were Faucette and Marley, who were now located in Chicago and doing an extensive business.

We returned on a steamer by the way of Savannah, and when we reached that city, we met up with Hubert Wyatt, who was there attending a bankers' convention. We also met Tom Arrington, who was a traveling salesman for a Barber Supply Company. We stopped at the same hotel, and Mr. Arrington gave us a great deal of information regarding the members of the Sophomore Class. Utley was in the hardware business, and also manager of a baseball team, composed of his employees. King was still at Sewanee taking an engineering course. "Bible" Smith was still pursuing his course at Wake Forest, and was hoping to get his B.A. degree at last in June. Savage went on the stage, but soon gave that up and was now writing a love story. Josey, C. C., had a good position at the experiment station. H. H. Groves was running a large and successful farm in Colorado. Darden, after receiving his degree in law, learned that he had no talent along that line at all, and was engaged in the mercantile business.

I reached home the next day feeling greatly encouraged and rejoiced at the success of my classmates. May they continue to succeed and work for the upbuilding of all that is good.

PROPHET.





Freshman Class Officers

H. H. BROWN	President
G. W. HOLLIDAY	Vice-President
G. P. HARRILL	Secretary
R. E. UNDERWOOD	Treasurer
W. B. OLIVER	Historian
B. F. McCLOUD	Poet
C. C. HOLMES	Prophet

Freshman Poem

Around the first dull campfires
Which glimmer on the battlefield
The country's pride, the sons and sires,
Become comrades true by pledge and seal.

In unity and love they enter the strife
With honor, sack canteen and gun,
For without comradeship true, in life
And in the battle-line, no victory is won.

So as soldiers we left our homes,
Though not to face the cannon's glare,
And for a cause no one should postpone,
A more useful life to prepare.

To learn each other and his interest care
There must be some organization,
But the first to consider is when and where—
For to be present, is each Soph's anticipation.

His attitude and interest in the outcome
Surely we greatly admire—
But on this occasion we prefer no fun,
So his presence we do not desire.

So just out of town on a lovely hill
When the stars are fading away,
We gather while all is quiet and still
Just at the dawn of a September day.

While in a broad circle sat we
With Chairman in the middle standing,
We selected one from our number to be
Leader when duty is commanding.

To enter the strife and do his best
Each a resolve he firmly made,
For in this battle much does rest—
The foundation for failure or success is laid.

The one ambition of all who hold
Is to fill well the place which we are in trust,
And hold to the standard more pure than gold
Which was set by those before us.

With this standard first in mind,
With the efforts of each supreme,
We hope together in the diplomatic line
To stand in nineteen-fourteen.

Pact.



MISS MATTIE IRWIN MAGEE
FRESHMAN CLASS SPONSOR



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

When the "Shoofly" rolled into Wake Forest on the evening of September 9th, the majority of the glorious Class of 1914 were on it.

Of course, at first sight we appeared to be rather a forlorn looking set of "New-ish," but the next day, as we went marching up to the Administration Building, to the tune of the "Newish Whistle," even the haughty and overbearing Sophomores had to admit that we were the finest looking set of boys that had been here in a long time. No, don't think for an instant that all of us are handsome, for we have some tough looking "mugs" among us.

For the first week or two, we lived in fear and trembling. We thought that the "Sophs" were going to black about half of us, judging from the amount of noise that they made each night. I am glad to say, however, that beyond being danced and whistled, we were unmolested.

For the first two weeks, we did not try to have a meeting, as we were too badly scared of being "shined." The third week, however, a number of us met on the edge of town, one morning at four o'clock. We elected officers, and then got back to our "holes" as quickly as we could.

The Class is noted not only for being so good looking, but also for the interest we take in athletics and society work. The first evening that we had a football practice, the majority of the men out were Freshmen. They did not come out one evening and quit, but they stuck to it, and as a result, we had ten men on the 'Varsity Squad. Among them were "Big Joe" Pointer, Dowd, "Strawberry" Ramseur, Stringfield, Carter, and others. We also had a large number on the Scrub Squad. In the Class games we tied the Sophomores the first game, and in the second they beat us five to nothing.

We did better in the Class games of basketball than we did in football, for we beat the Seniors, and were beaten by the Juniors by a very close score. We have two men, Dowd and Turner, on the 'Varsity Squad, and they are both excellent players.

A number of the boys have gone out for track work, and we will perhaps have two men on the team.

Most all of the boys are taking an interest in baseball, and the prospects are now that we will have some men on that team.

We are taking wonderful interest in society, and already we have some fine speakers. Brown, the President of the Class, bids fair to be one of the coming orators of the day.

If the Freshmen next year take as much interest in athletics and society as we have done, we need have no fear that these things will die down in the future.

So, taking the Freshman Class as a whole, I think I can say without fear of successful contradiction, that in every department of College activity, athletics, society or regular class work—we have the finest Class that has been on the hill during this century.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Prophecy

When the notable Freshman Class of 1910-'11 elected me as its prophet, I was asked to stand up so that they might see the blushing features of him who should foretell the career of so bold a Class. Thinking perhaps the mantle of some former prophet might fall upon my shoulders, I hesitatingly arose, but there was no miracle.

Several weeks passed before I could realize what a great responsibility lay upon my unprophetic mind. Finally I decided that I was not a born prophet, and, if I were to succeed I must seek help. This the prophets of the other classes refused to give, and through rivalry turned me away with the Sophomorical command, "Go your route, Newish, I care nothing about your future." Feeling somewhat humiliated by this, I consulted a warmer friend, Dr. Tom. He politely doffed his hat, ran his fingers through his black curls and said:

"I jes tell ye, boss, not bein' permiliar with so dilabidated a subject, and not havin' time to considerate it, consequently I couldn't conform you."

One night I decided to seek the desired information from the old oak which has stood in front of the Administration Building for more than a century, and has watched class after class come and go. As I came within a few steps of it, a solemn voice commanded:

"Climb up yonder oak to that broken limb and seat yourself."

Without a moment's hesitation I climbed the tree and seated myself on the limb. Suddenly a gloomy apparition in the form of a misshapen bird, arose from the hollow trunk and sat upon the broken top. Then it mumbled in a lonesome tone:

"W-h-o, W-h-o, W-h-o are you?"

Looking straight into its eyes, I answered:

"Prophet of the Freshman Class."

Thereupon, its eyes grew larger and larger until by the soft moonlight I could see in them a birdseye view of the future.

The first scene is in Eastern Carolina. The swamps have been transformed into froggeries. Roy Marsh, by his effective knowledge of Economics, has solved the food problem. He has reduced the high cost of living to a minimum by buying these swamps and developing the frog growing industry. The market demand for frog legs as food is rapidly increasing. His partner is Beasley, the jeweler. He has laid aside his pipe and is now accumulating a fortune by making shoe buttons from frog eyes.

The apparition snapped its eyes and, lo, the scene is changed. It is now Wilkesboro. The streets are crowded with anxious looking people, all hurrying towards the station. In the onrushing crowd, I recognize my old classmates, Mayberry and Pointer. They are wearing the police insignia, and watching for any disturbances which are likely to occur on unusual occasions. There is also Martin pushing his way through the crowd, displaying a notice bearing this inscription:

"This is healing day. Dr. Shugart from the University of Berlin will distribute samples of his wonderful auto-anti-ignoeranium, which is believed to be a cure for all ignorance."

The next change takes me into a picturesque valley in the Land of the Sky. Both slopes are covered with fruit trees, all bending with their loads of delicious fruits. Under the shade of a large apple tree, I see an old man sitting, quietly perusing the Asheville Citizen.

"I'll be blest! If it isn't my old friend, Hipps!" He is now the largest fruit-grower of the South.

The scenes now pass so rapidly that I, in my semi-conscious state, am unable to grasp them all. With wonderful speed scenes in South, North and West, whiz before me in which I see my classmates busily engaged in their different professions and occupations, all at the front to be sure.

The scene that especially attracts my eye is in Utah. Here I see the rather wan countenance of Kester. Around him are seated a number of aged ladies, seemingly of different temperaments. Mr. Kester, after finishing his theological course, was sent as State evangelist to Utah. He became so entangled in Mormon matrimonial doctrine that he—*Mirabile dictu*—departed from the Baptist church and is now showing his wonderful executive ability by controlling thirteen mothers-in-law.

In Ireland I catch a glimpse of Neal, who is there as reporter for Everybody's Magazine, gathering Irish jokes. He is now out from under the wing of his god-mother, and instead of running, he is walking under the wing of a Bishop.

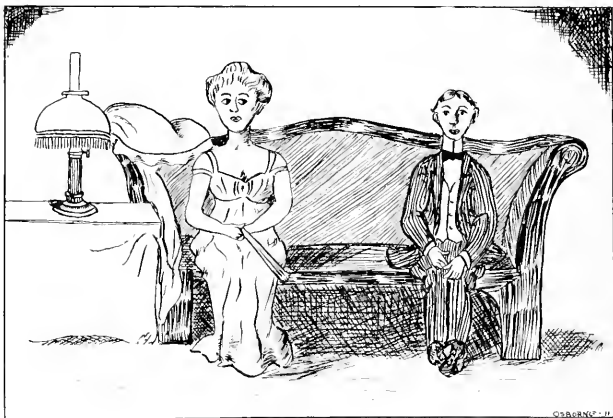
In Germany I see Freeman and Witherspoon finishing their courses in Painting and Astronomy. Freeman's "The Moon" has caused much excitement in the world of painting, while Witherspoon's power of posing is unsurpassed.

There is Polly at the North Pole selling rush hats and fine linen. He is our most noted salesman.

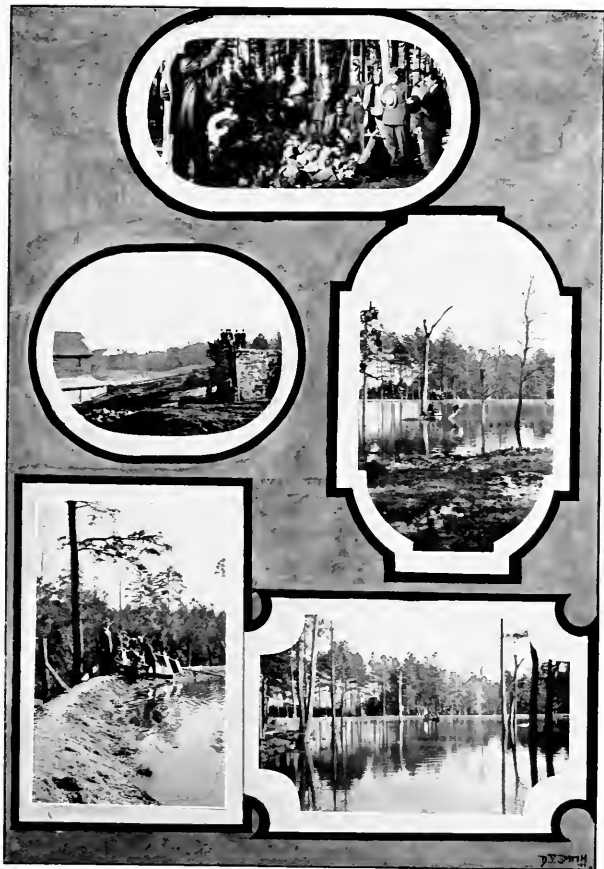
Our athletes have and are making glorious records. There is Tyner coming out on the field to make a hundred yard dash for ——

Plague take it! I might have known that this rotten old limb would break.

PROPHET.



THE FIRST TRIP TO MEREDITH



SCENES ABOUT THE COLLEGE



"THE LIMB OF THE LAW"

Law Class Officers

J. B. VERNON	President
J. C. McBEE	Vice-President
N. B. BROUGHTON, JR.	Secretary
W. L. KNIGHT	Treasurer
E. B. JENKINS	Historian
J. M. CHEEK	Poet

To the 1911 Law Class

*A long old time before the flood
When Noah was a little tot,
Ere Ham was born to change his blood
Or Abram bade farewell to Lot;*

*Before his name was Abraham
And long before he grew a beard,
Long years before he saw the ram
And tossed dear Ike without a word;*

*Ere scheming Esau with his pup
Would roam the woods and pathless plains,
When little Benjy found a cup
That Joe had put into his bag of grain;*

*Before the psalmist wore a crown
Or loved his friend with fire divine,—
Or Cyrus cut the cedars down
To build the wisest man a shrine;*

*O many thousand years ago
When Pharaoh's daughter found the ark
Where Nilus' muddy waters flow
Through miles of shadows wild and dark—*

*Oh, yes, 'twas long ago, my friend,
The baby lawyer thus was found,
A dimpling babe whom God did send
To lead His tribe and law expound!*

*And then it was Lyeurgus came
To hold aloft the light of Law,
To leave to earth his noble name
And maxims, too, on which to draw;*

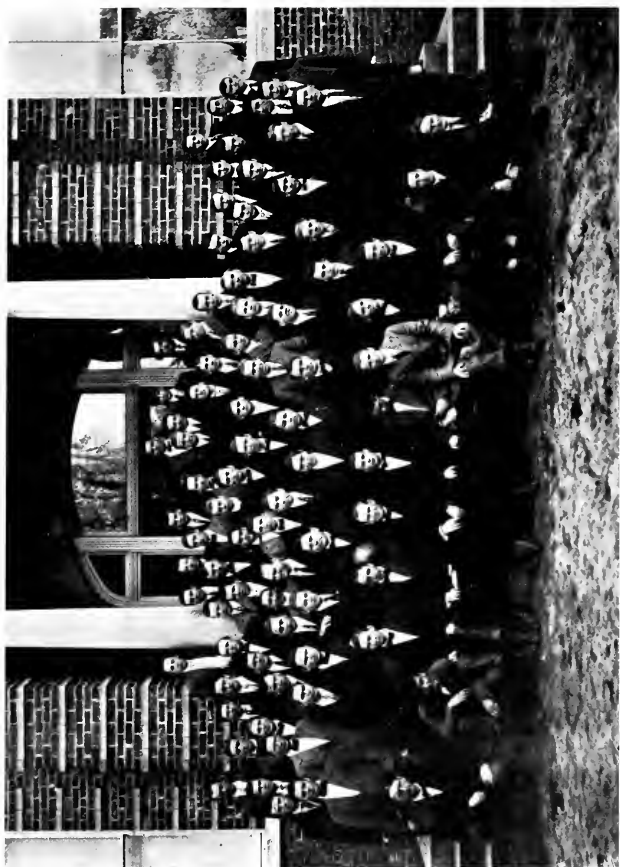
*The Solon seized the beaming light
And raised it high as he could reach,—
So high 'twas nearly lost from sight,
But ah, it lumined every beach;*

*But Alfred, brave old fellow he,
Then took the beacon light and oar
And bellowed, "All aboard; To Sea!"
And fiercely paddled out from shore,*

*And so across the sea of time
Such captains—though they're mighty few,
Have rode the waves of "mine and thine"
As thus its billows now do you!*

*Then here's to each of you, Law Class,
A good old tingling, jingling toast,
May each of you have luck to pass
And charge like h——!— w—e—e—e almost,*

Poet.

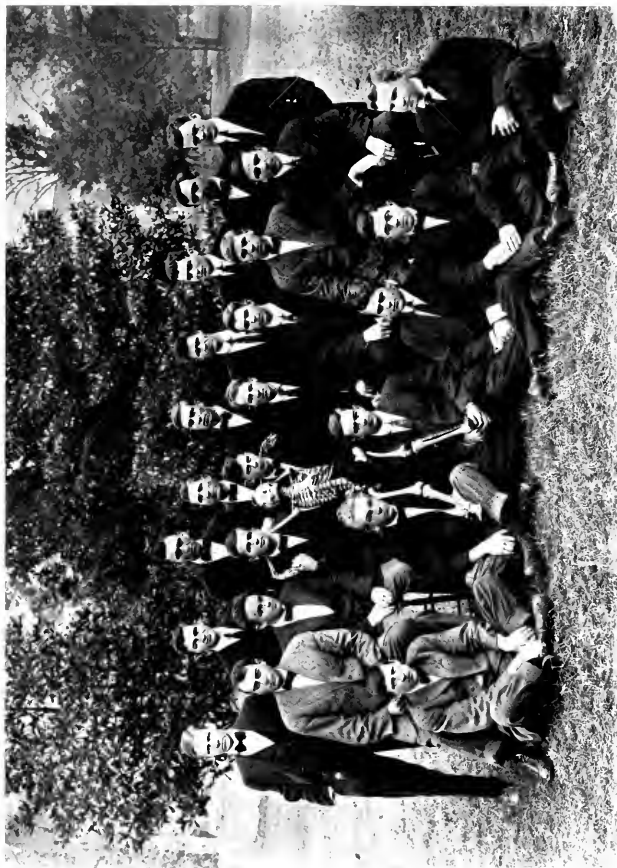


LAW CLASS

THE



MEDICS



MEDICAL CLASS

History of Medical Class

Many and varied have been the activities that have characterized our movements since the historian chronicled the glorious achievements of the Medical Class of '09-'10. That was a fruitful year in the history of the Class, but this one far surpasses it in the making of history, eclipses it in accomplishments, and vies with it in its personnel. It has been significant by virtue of the fact that the Faculty and the Students have, by their concerted and harmonious efforts, lifted the Wake Forest Medical School from its already exalted pinnacle to one a little higher on the mountain of fame.

More students are enrolled as prospective M.D.'s than in any previous year; so many, in fact, as to necessitate another Professor to aid and supplement our already admirable Medical Faculty. So, Dr. Carstarphen, a former Wake Forest man, whose ability in his chosen profession has been recognized and substantiated by years of successful practice, elected by the Trustees to take the Chair of Physiology and Physiological Chemistry, came to us as a very agreeable Xmas present. Yet with all our large number, the historian is made sad when the roll call reveals the absence of Ross and Wyatt, the former answering the irresistible call back to "Country Life in America"; the latter having developed a neurasthenic disposition could not dispel the magnetic attractiveness of a nearby metropolis.

But of those remaining. We have found time, not only to cultivate a crop of bacteria, drag cover-glass Shugart around the Laboratory, or wait patiently for someone to die to get a stiff, but to engage extensively in the varied activities of College life.

In athletics the Class has upheld its envious record of the past—our only disagreement being with the Lawyers, but it is by disagreements that they procure sustenance—and led on by such heroes as Cox, Sherrill, McLendon, and Henry bids fair to win the Championship in baseball. Then there is Davis, the track man, who serves you running in any style; and Jones, who has made an enviable record as an all round athlete.

The Class has not only made progress in its sphere of Medicine and Athletics, but it has shown rare and marked ability in the Literary world. Listen at Master Allen speak, and his matchless eloquence prevails against the most stubborn will; and when Buchanan sings the mocking-birds hide themselves for shame. See our Anniversary Marshals and you would think that they were disciples of a Chesterfield. But the climax will only be reached when the future historian shall chronicle the activities of Newish Poteat and Anderson, the Medico-Clergymen, and of Hamrick, the Seer, who seated upon his pinnacle in the dissecting room gazing steadfastly down at the passing Newish, is only disturbed by the occasional grunts of Green or Pud Thaxton awaking from their slumbers, or by the untimely appearance of Dr. Stewart.

Mention must be made, however, of the fact that Henry has discovered a drug to promote the Serration of Parotid Juice, and that Lane and Prof. Monk Rodgers still terrify the good people of this immediate vicinity in their search for unloved canines. But I fear I will verge on the territory of the Prophet.

Concluding, the historian wishes to mention the fact that the Carnegie Foundation Report has commended and approved the standard of work done here. But the school justly deserves it, for nowhere in this section will you find a school so completely equipped, nowhere do students receive the same personal contact with the Professors, and nowhere do you find such hard-working students; and they all stand out as gentlemen of the highest culture, manner, and address.

And with the impetus the men of the Class have received here they bid fair to lead their classes during their third and fourth year, to cast honor upon the school, and their achievements after they have received their M.D. will bring forth the sweetest aroma in the Urn of Man's accomplishments.

THE HISTORIAN.



THE ORIGIN OF THE HOOKWORM

Medical Class Officers

C. I. ALLEN President
W. D. RODGERS.	Vice-President
D. H. GOWER Secretary
A. B. THAXTON	Treasurer
W. M. SCRUGGS	Historian
T. B. HENRY Poet
C. L. SHERRILL.	Coroner
J. Y. HAMRICK	Surgeon

Lines to a Skeleton

*We are far apart, my soul and I,
As I hang along, under God's blue sky.
Can it be true, is it just as it seems?
Shall I build no more castles, nor dream no more dreams?*

*Some day we will be united, my soul and I
Never to be dissected, never to say good bye,
In the forever in unknown space,
And suffer for the sin, which time can not efface.*

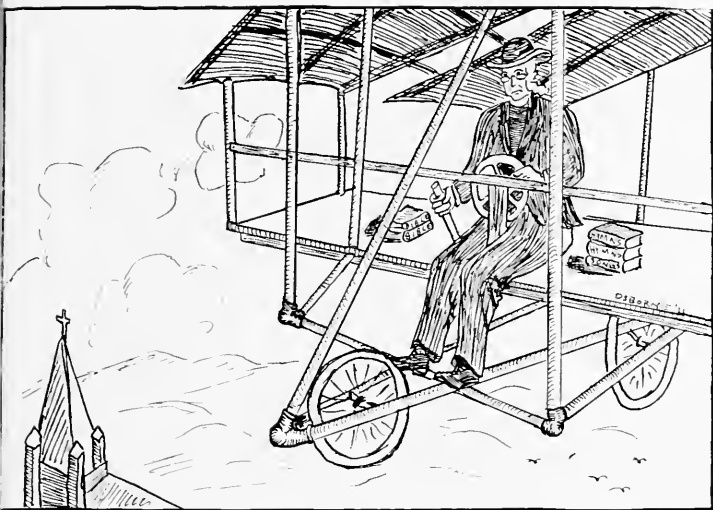
*Now I'm a gruesome object; if ought from me you gain,
It sometime or other caused sacrifice and pain.
My skeleton is all I have—last opportunity
To do some little good, and bless humanity.*

*Remember this O student, as you shall pass me by,
As you are strong and active now, so once was I,
As I am now O student, you are sure to be,
You pass this way but once, then comes eternity.*

Poet.



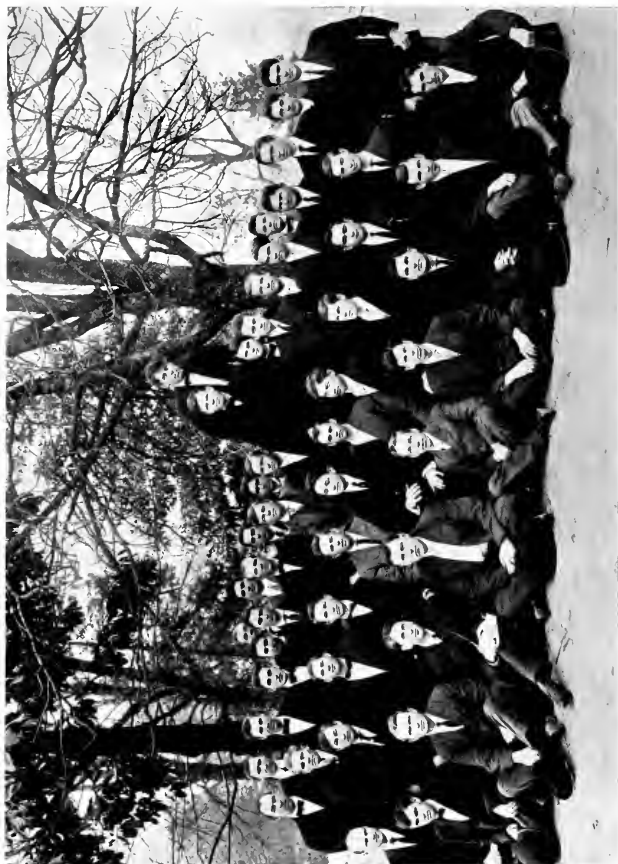
MEDICAL CLASS AT WORK



"THE SKY PILOT"

Ministerial Class Officers

W. G. MOORE.	President
I. C. WOODWARD	Vice-President
E. J. ROGERS.	Secretary
L. Q. HAYNES.	Treasurer
C. H. TRUEBLOOD.	Historian
SIDNEY A. EDGERTON	Prophet
J. B. ELLER	Poet



MINISTERIAL CLASS

Ministerial Class Poem

*Out across the troubled waters
Angry wars began to rise,
All the pent up wrath of heaven
Broke upon the evening skies,
There a band of fearful sailors
With their ship about to fill
Heard a mandate to the billows:
"Cease thy raging; peace, be still."*

*Down the shifting scenes of ages,
In the world's great battle field,
Hostile foes in strife contending
Heard the voice and had to yield,
Stillness reigned, and mute submission
Held the ranks by sovereign will
When they heard the great Commander
Saying to them, "Peace, be still."*

*Still another tempest raging
Bursts upon the human heart;
Shadowed by a cloud of sorrows
All the rays of hope depart,
Once again the message echoes
From the Galilean hill
Bearing comfort to the sinking:
"Fearful sailor, peace, be still."*

*On the sea of life are tossing
Sinking souls; in every land
There is need of message bearers
Who will lend a helping hand,
And the Master of the helpless
Has a place for each to fill,
He will calm the life of troubles
With the answer, "Peace, be still."*

Poet.

History of the Ministerial Class

The primary object of the founding of Wake Forest College was to meet the growing needs and demands of an educated Baptist Ministry, in our own dear State and other lands as well.

Stupendous, indeed, was the task laid upon the hearts of our noble benefactors, who, with indefatigable industry and with indomitable will came up triumphant through many trials and tribulations, and succeeded in gaining and maintaining a foothold for our College in the State. Little did they dream that so little a fire would be fanned into so big a blaze. Behold! Great streams of influence have radiated from this dynamo of knowledge and touched the four quarters of the globe.

Since the beginning of its career, the College has undergone various changes; many improvements have been effected, other branches of study introduced, and new schools created,—for instance, the schools of Law and Medicine.

We are glad that these changes and improvements have come; they make our College a bigger, broader and more useful school, but we are also glad to be able to say that the College is still the stronghold of our Baptist faith.

Now in approaching the present Ministerial Class, we do so with unspeakable awe, for we realize that the half has never yet been told, nor do we think or expect even so much as the dim twilight of the history of the individual members to ever be accurately recorded. Surely, only divinely inspired Muses could ever fittingly depict the history of such a Class! Your humble servant feels somewhat like the poet felt when he exclaimed—

“And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

Even if he could utter the thoughts that arise in him, who could count the volume necessary to contain the records, deeds, and unparalleled literary productions of the Class, which have gushed forth from the fertile brains like crystal streams of water from inexhaustible fountains, quenching the fiery thirst of languishing humanity?

Our Class has always been the largest class in College, but it was not until recent years that we saw fit to organize.

Just here let us state plainly our position. To us organization does not mean isolation, as some seem to think. The members of our Class are just as liberal-minded as any men in College and we mingle freely with the members of the other Classes; in other words, we believe in “becoming all things (legitimately) to all men, that we may by all means save some.” *Nihil humanum me alienum puto.*

As a proof of the above, all a person need do is to look around and he will see members of our Class actively engaged in nearly all of the activities of College life.

In athletics, we "tote our end of the load." Our men maintain first places on the track team; on the diamond they hit the ball some; they are at home with the basketball; tennis is easy for them; while on the gridiron they are "Johnny on the spot with the goods." Our men are mostly hard working men, too. 'Tis true that there is a prevailing idea that Wake Forest College is a huge preacher-manufacturing plant—a machine like unto a gigantic sausage grinder, into which the Freshman from some remote backwoods is thrown and the crank of daily study is turned for four years, and out comes an educated, full-orbed, profound preacher, ready to grace the pulpit of some city church. Such an idea is erroneous. While it may be true that a few of the ministerial students become tainted with a bit of artificiality, the Class as a whole is composed of practical and self-reliant men:—

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close."

In the church, Sunday School and Y. M. C. A. our fellows do not try to monopolize things, yet they take an active part in the work. Why shouldn't they? Who will if they don't? Ministerial students rank with the best in debating and society work at large.

Some of our men are accomplishing a great deal in the way of leading mission classes in the College, teaching Sunday School classes in the village and nearby country schools.

Not a few of our young preachers are actively engaged in pastoral work, serving churches in near and distant fields, going off regularly to fill appointments, or as some one has wittily suggested, "disappointments."

Will you pardon the historian for having assumed an eulogistic mood and allow him (with due respect to our worthy Prophet) to predict, unless cataclysms, or schisms unforeseen occur, that the old world will inevitably hear from this Class; for, as Emerson has well warned us: "Beware when the Great God turns loose a thinker on this planet."

In conclusion, we want to express our deep gratitude to our beloved Dr. Culom for the many words of advice and encouragement which he has kindly given to us, also for his generous services in teaching our Special Class. When our spirits are drooping, he comes to us in the words of the poet and says:

"Look to the light; all will be right,
Morning is over the daughter of night,
All that was black will be all that is bright."

HISTORIAN.

Ministerial Class Prophecy

In the recitation room, where the Ministerial Class were organizing, I sat dozing, for I had been sitting later than my accustomed bedtime for several evenings and for that reason had lost considerable sleep. In just a few minutes, however, the nomination was made for Prophet and the name "Sidney A." was put in. I was so sleepy that I did not notice it, but you may be assured that I was fully awakened when C. C. Wheeler pulled my coat sleeve and pronounced the words of his famous dictum, "Thou hast a name."

For some time after my election I tried to see some vision of our future but prophetic visions will not come by labor, as I soon found out. But a time finally came and I saw the future of each man, part of which vision I must relate. The occasion of this vision was when I was in Wake County's metropolis, the proud city of Apex. It was on a Sunday evening that I was in that "burg" between trains and while there I had opportunity and time to go out to church services. It was a "soothing" sermon and any poor mortal could have found the anesthetic of boredom there. The preacher put me to sleep in his introduction, and it was in this sleep that I saw my vision.

In justice to Apex, to Wake County, and to North Carolina, I should say that the sleep-inducing orator was not a native product. No, indeed, Exum Jeter Rogers has lived in Columbia and, with his contemporary, has shared the pleasures of travel, having visited the great State of Kentucky, where he scoured the territory in the interest of the "homo, jonah, ragical, tragical, double-compound, incomprehensible, local extraction of"—something—ask him; he probably knows.

But I must relate what I saw during my vision under the spell of this magnetic experience. Reflecting, in my dream, I thought of a 1910 "Newish." Soon he appeared in the true light of 1920. It was in the "Gooseberry Swamp" church that he was pastor. In this church A. I. Caudle was beating the air, smiling broadly and preaching from the text "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." I could not refrain from laughing as Caudle spoke, for I saw that he was using the same argument for his position that he had used in his College talks, at the dinner table.

My next scene was in a little country dwelling in Virginia. It was the home of a Baptist preacher, I was told, so walked in. I found an old Wake Forest friend sitting at work over a Greek lexicon. I noticed the extremely worried look, and I knew that he was working over a Greek sentence. "R. E. Powell, old boy, can you read Greek after so many years of working on it?" I inquired. "Once in a while I can get a sentence to my satisfaction, but what is this?"

"—the easiest thing in Xenophon."

John Carroll was the next of our Class whom I saw. It was in New York City. He is pastor of a large, newly formed church which stands on 46th Street just two

blocks from the Grand Union Hotel. John is still a bachelor—not thinking of anything else after twenty years, and still working to become a famous scholar, and equally as determined that he will never be classed with the average man in “those silly sentiments” as he calls them.

In Brooklyn, Doctor George Washington Pascal Smith is making an enviable reputation as a man of letters. He long since quit the Baptists because he likes “Latin” in his services, prayerbooks and hymns. I visited his church one Sunday in 1930. His text had been announced in Saturday’s paper in English: “I keep my body under subjection” but when Smith announced his text in his pulpit he was so sure that it was easy Latin that he said, with firmness “*Mens sana in sano corpore.*”

From Brooklyn I went to Albany. To my pleasure I found many old friends there. “Billy” Crain still follows Y. M. C. A. work, and, by the way, he now has his “little cigar” helping him. S. Long (better known as “long S”). Allen, Sorrell and E. F. Sullivan were there also. They are now touring the State lecturing on “Palestine, and how we saw it.” I heard Pool on the same subject, but noticed he did not describe the cattle boat nor state the method in which they brought this party of “Dr. Sledd’s tribe” back.

“Father” Robertson, from whom all will be glad to hear, is still an oratorical pugilist. I saw him in 1928, at which time he was preparing a debate speech for the instruction of Congress, on the query “Shall Panama be fortified against airships?” He is preaching, too, but for exercise and pastime he still rehearses his speech on “The Ladies’ Home Journal.”

Joe Currin, like many other North Carolinians, found the State too small for such a master mind—left it and is now Chaplain of Sing Sing. But, seriously, Joe is as hard working as ever; is everybody’s favorite and still a good hearted fellow.

Jack Ellis and Vaughn Ferguson are both in Kentucky—both doing good pastoral service; staying dressed up and helping “Asa P.” make friends with the ladies. Jack says he succeeds at everything else and can’t understand why he fails at this. He is nearly forty; nearly bald and no nearer the goal than in 1911.

Ed. Jenkins has made quite a success in his work. But he has his weakness as of old. It is Dallas that he now calls his home. A lawyer there told me “Jenks” was preaching some Sundays ago; was making a double gesture—but just as he had his hands high in the air his notes were blown out by a gust of wind. He was lost—lost his nerve and fell, from force of habit, into the College experiences, so started “Wind mill, swinging in—One, Two, Three, Four.”

Asa P. Gray went over all the world seeking his fortune. He made friends everywhere. He lived in Utah a while, but for his last days he moved to Florida. There he chose for his home, and for a place to rest, the town of Kiss-i-mee. He says he is spending his old age “in rest.”

J. Ben Eller has been seeking the place where Asa lives, but “Asa P.” says he has a monopoly in one town.

In Atlanta the citizens called on R. P. Blevins for a 4th of July speech, in 1920. He gave the declamation known to all men of the Phi. Society: “America is the land of sunshine and flowers.” That was fine. But afterward, on another occasion, he

was called in to preach the funeral of a convict who was shot while trying to escape. He scratched his head for an idea. Snow and ice were over the ground. But finally an idea came and he started to speak promptly "America is the land of sunshine and flowers"—his speech for every time of need.

On my way back to Raleigh from Atlanta I stopped at a little town in the southern part of our State. I was walking along in front of some stores, when suddenly I met my old friend, T. Sloan Guy. He was still selling Bibles, or to use Dr. Cullom's more polished phrase, he was doing colportage work. I tried to talk of our College days but we had only talked about two minutes when he spoke, very confidentially, and said, "I made \$900 in ten weeks last summer." I again turned conversation to Wake Forest boys but soon Guy butted in: "I had an offer the other day of the first Baptist Church at London." I congratulated him. We talked on a little and were saying words of farewell when I was informed that my esteemed friend had recently preached at "Crabtree" where, as he said, he had "made a hit" with the people.

But just as I learned of the "hit" Bro. Rogers said "*homo sapiens*" at the top of his voice, and I waked up to realize that it was all a dream.

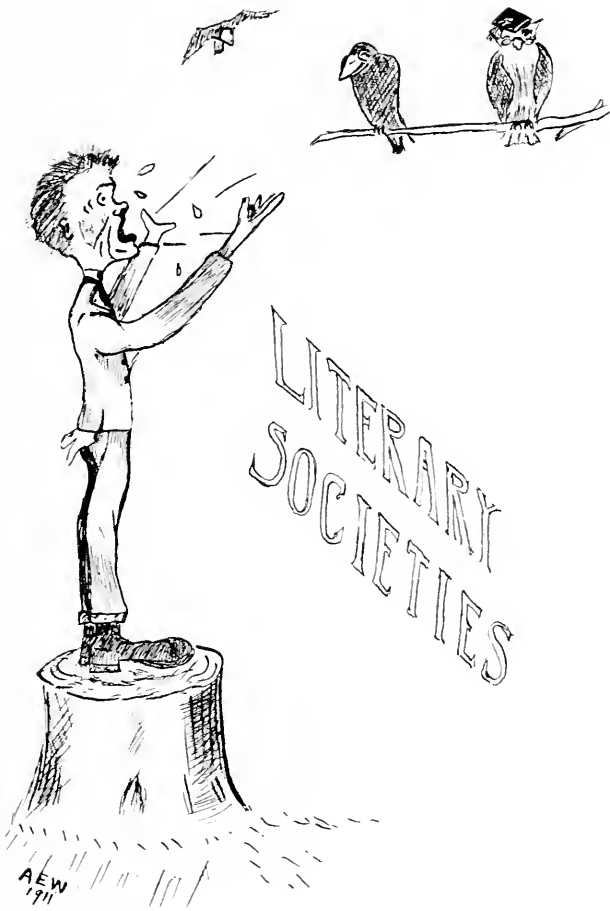




CAMPUS SCENES



Organizations

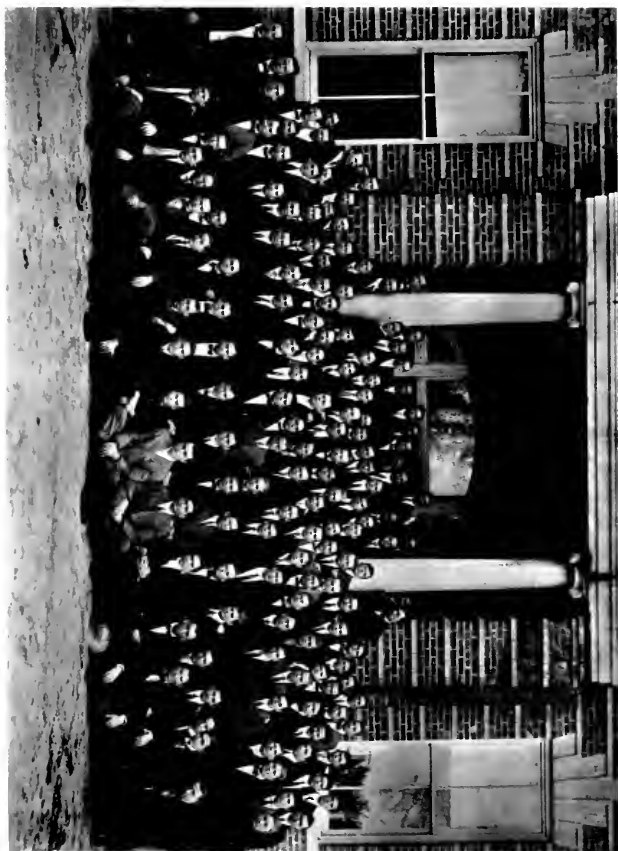


To Philomathesia

*Fair Philomathesia, friend of Truth,
'Tis thine to guide the feet of youth
Away from low and mean desire,
To heights sublime where burns the fire
That moves the good of every age;
To write their names upon the page
Of those who strive to scatter Light,
O'er-master Wrong and strengthen Right.
Such mission thine, and nobly too
Thy hand hath wrought its tasks to do,
And coming years will rise to bless
Thy zeal and love and faithfulness.*



PHI GAMMA THETA SOCIETY



To Euzelia

*Hail, proud Euzelia, fair of Soul;
'Tis thine to point men to the goal
Where noble effort meets success,
Where Wisdom stands her sons to bless,
Where Truth and Courage, joined with Right,
Move on to storm yet grander height,
While Knowledge spreads her welcome rays
On all who tread her rugged ways.
This mission well through four score years,
Through times of stress and storm and tears,
Thy soul hath met;—and still we see
Thee young in hope and energy.*





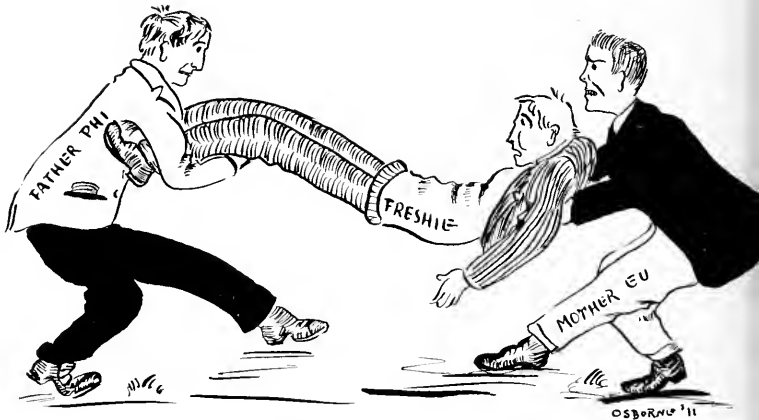
MEMBERS NATURAL

The Literary Societies

While we would not depreciate the value of any phase of our College, we believe that our Literary Societies—the Philomathesian and Euzelian, are the greatest factors in the life of Wake Forest College. These Societies have furnished our State and our nation some of her brainiest men, and much of their success can be attributed to the early training they received while members of the Societies. In them men learn to think while on their feet and to feel at ease before an audience.

There is no contention between the two Societies, save that noble contention, or rather emulation, as to who can best work and best serve. May this ever exist so long as we are true to ourselves, and we trust it may be the means of lifting our members to a higher plane of civilization and Christian living.

The coming events in the yearly life of our Societies are our inter-collegiate debates, one on Thanksgiving and one Easter Monday. The many victories won by our debating teams have achieved for us an enviable reputation among the leading colleges and universities of the South.



THE FIRST DAYS OF SCHOOL - LEGGING NEWISH



WINNERS OF THE WAKE FOREST-DAVIDSON DEBATE '11



J. P. TUCKER - EU
ORATOR



W. G. MOORE - PHI.
ORATOR

ANNIVERSARY OFFICERS
AND
ORATORS



T. S. OSBORNE
PRESIDENT



W. E. FUTRELL.
SECRETARY



J. BELLER
EU.



G. T. MURCHISON
PHI.

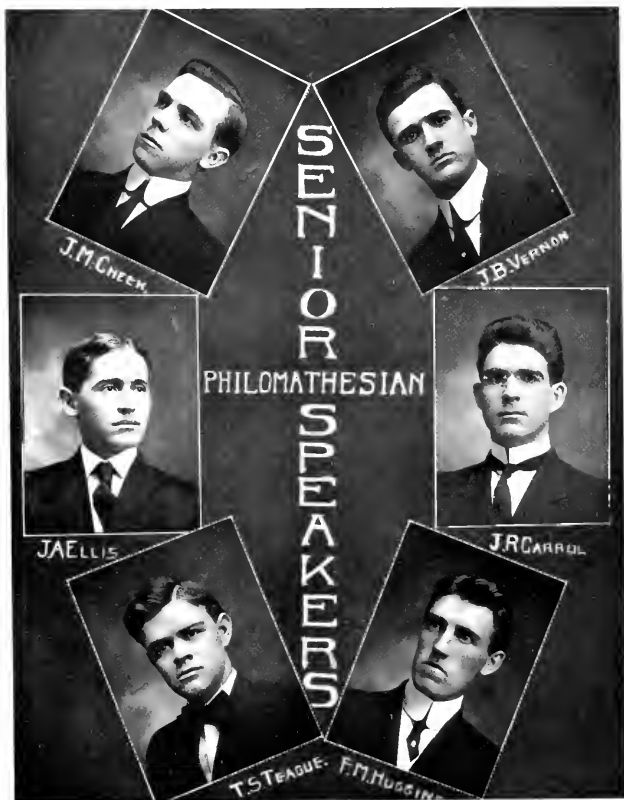
ANNIVERSARY-DEBATERS
1911



C. R. SHARPE.
PHI-



B. V. FERGUSON
EU.



J.M. Green

J.B. Vernon

J.A. Ellis

J.R. Carroll

SENIOR
PHILOMATHESIAN
SPEAKERS

T. Steague F.M. Higgins



R.A. SULLIVAN



M.A. WALLEN

EVZELIAN



J.H. BURNETT



L.Q. HAYNES

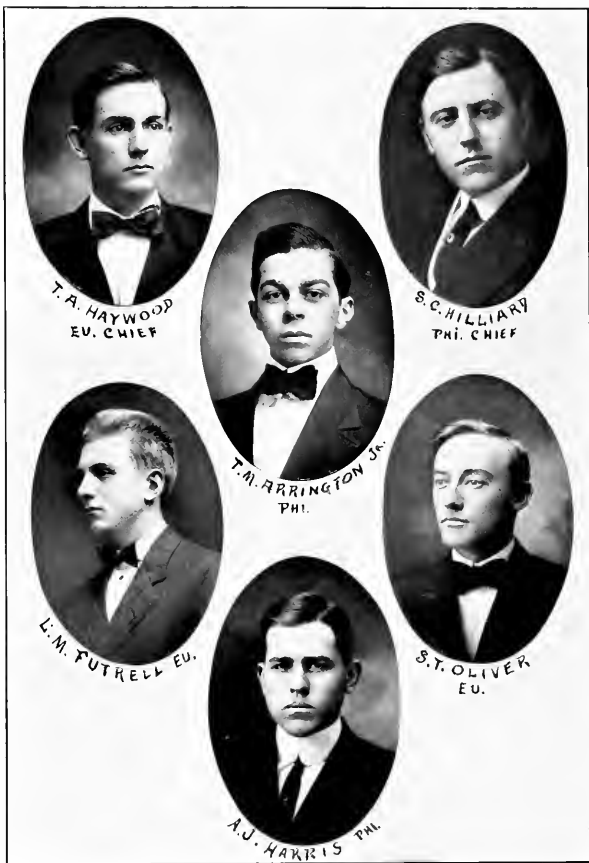
SPEAKERS



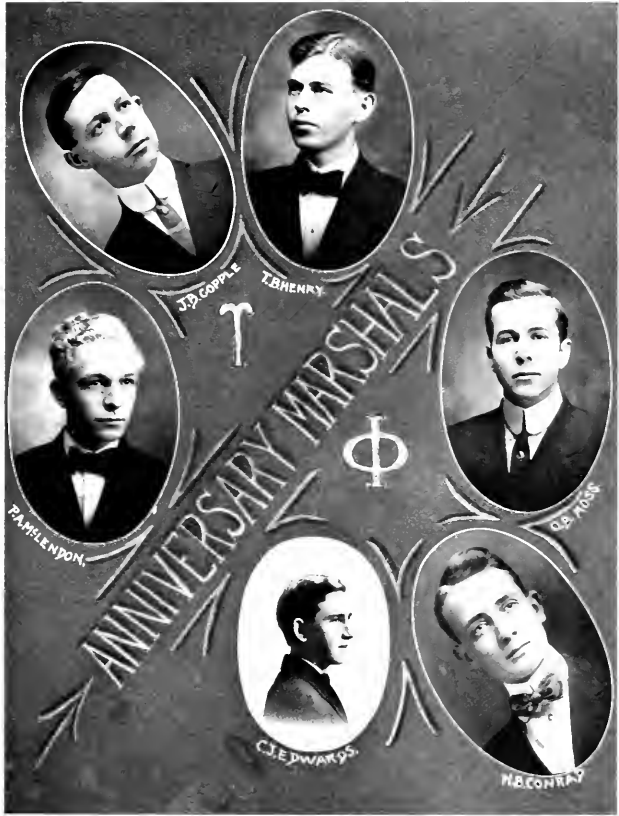
C.I. ALLEN



G.L. BAILES



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS



J.P. COPPLE



T. HENRY



P.A. LENDON



G.S. MOSS



C.E. EDWARDS



H.B. CONRAY

ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS

Φ





A. HUTCHINS - PRESIDENT.



G. EDGERTON - VICE PRES.

Y.M.C.A.



W. CELLIS - SECRETARY.



W. E. DPINGER - TREAS.

The Moot Court

The Moot Court is a student organization. Practically all the students in the school of law take an active part in the workings of the court.

They meet every Saturday evening in the law room and hold sessions in which the prospective lawyers get practical training.

The officers are all students, but Prof. Timberlake assists the boys in getting up the cases.

Much interest should be taken in this court and the boys should be encouraged.

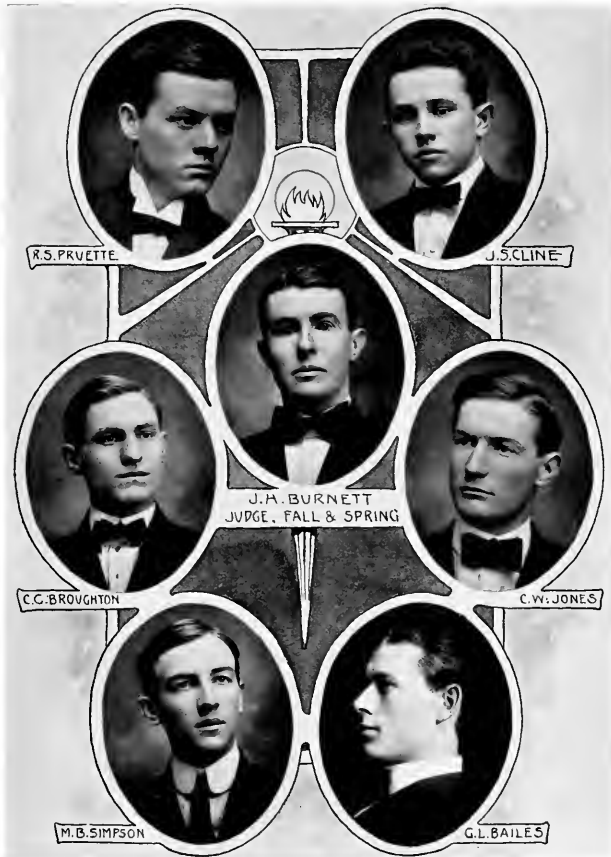
Moot Court Officers

Fall Term

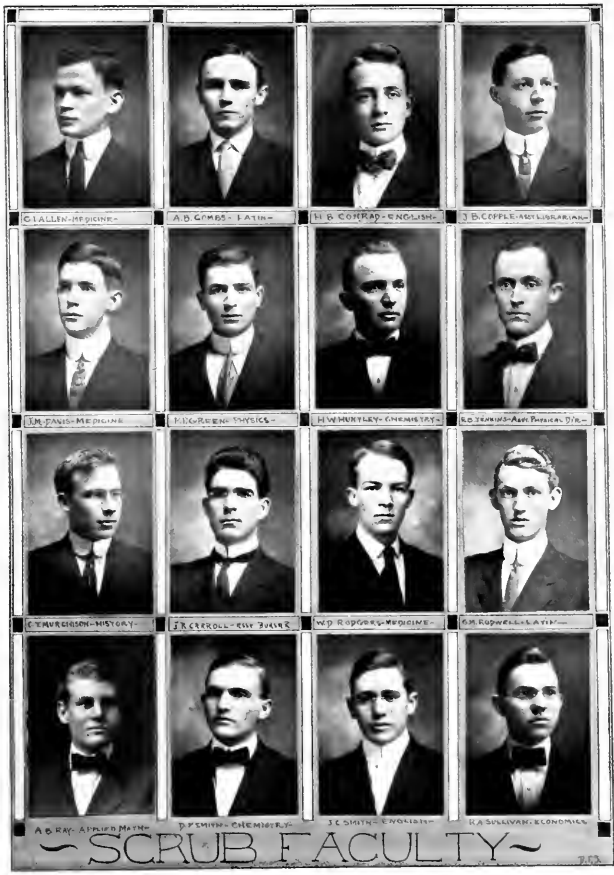
J. H. BURNETT	<i>Associate Judge</i>
G. L. BAILES	<i>Solicitor</i>
C. C. BROUGHTON	<i>Clerk</i>
R. S. PRUETTE	<i>Sheriff</i>

Spring Term

J. H. BURNETT	<i>Associate Judge</i>
C. W. JONES	<i>Solicitor</i>
M. B. SIMPSON	<i>Clerk</i>
J. S. CLINE	<i>Sheriff</i>



MOOT COURT OFFICERS



C. ALLEN - MEDICINE -

A. D. COMBS - LATIN -

H. B. CONRAD - ENGLISH -

J. D. COFFEE - MATHEMATICS -

E. M. DAVIS - MEDICINE -

J. G. GREEN - PHYSICS -

H. W. HURLEY - CHEMISTRY -

R. O. JOHNSON - APPLIED PHYSICS -

C. M. JOHNSON - HISTORY -

J. R. CROSSLAND - CIVIL ENGINEERING -

W. D. ROGERS - MEDICINE -

R. R. ROYCE - LATIN -

A. B. RAY - APPLIED MATHEMATICS -

D. P. SMITH - CHEMISTRY -

J. C. SMITH - ENGLISH -

H. A. SULLIVAN - ECONOMICS -

— SCRUB FACULTY —

Scrub Faculty

Officers

DR. C. T. MURCHISON	President
DR. A. B. RAY	Vice-President
DR. H. W. HUNTLEY	Secretary

Minutes of the First Monthly Meeting

The President appointed the following committees for the ensuing year:

Appropriation Committee: Drs. P. P. Green, R. A. Sullivan and D. F. Smith;
Publication Committee: Drs. Graham Rodwell, W. C. Peterson, D. F. Smith, J. C. Smith;
Committee on Discipline: Drs. Ray, Combs and Rogers.

The Appropriation Committee was instructed to appropriate any and everything that they consider useful. They are especially warned to exert themselves in an effort to hook Psychology Examination.

A banquet was ordered prepared for Monday night and if the above Committeemen are unsuccessful in their search for aforesaid examination—

- (1) They are to have no voice in the Faculty meetings;
- (2) They are to have no drinks at the banquet; and,
- (3) They are to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

The Committee was also instructed to devise a method whereby cigars can be extracted from the "Newish."

The Committee on Publication was notified to secure space in THE HOWLER for occupancy by the great organization known as the Scrub Faculty. Power was also invested in this Committee to issue blanks whereby miscreants may be summoned to the President's office.

The Committee on Discipline was ordered to secure evidence against the culprit who exploded the "pop-cracker" in the rear of Chapel and jack him up for not going nearer the front.

It was decided that the President should notify our assistants that they stand excused when off the hill five months or more.

The subject of Dunbar Ives whistling "Casey Jones" on last Sunday morning was brought up and Dr. Peterson was instructed to notify him to appear in person at the next regular meeting of the Scrubs.

Charlie Taylor is to be censured for despoiling the beautiful campus by expectorating "baecus" juice thereon. This was referred to the Committee on Discipline.

Parson Johnson was to be jacked up for exposing his ignorance of the Bible for more than thirty minutes last Sabbath hour.

Assistant Paschal was to be censured for calling a man a coward for throwing a snowball in that particular point in space where his anatomy happened to be.

The Secretary was instructed to notify Willie Poteat to appear before the Faculty to explain why he refuses to call us by our official title.

A Committee composed of Drs. Davis, Rodwell and J. C. Smith was appointed to appropriate all the fancy, loud or fast neck strings of Brassy McBrayer, to be used for the construction of a flag.

Our assistants are to be informed that Moses has returned to look up his ancestors in those magazines that have absented themselves from the library. That's why they have wented.

Assistant Cullom was to be severely censured by the Chairman of the Discipline Committee for butting in on the Scrub Faculty.

No further business on hand, the Faculty adjourned.

DR. MURCHISON, *President.*

DR. HUNTLEY, *Secretary.*





P. E. COX - PRES.



N. B. BROUGHTON, JR. - V. PRES.



C. F. MURCHISON - SEC.



J. M. CHEEK, GENERAL SEC.

ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS





COACH ROWE

Football

The close of the season of 1910 marked the close of the third year of football at Wake Forest after its re-establishment in the athletics of the College. Considering the fact that the Coach arrived a few days late, and with only two or three of last year's men to begin with, the team made a creditable showing.

The line-up of the team was as follows: Utley, r. h. b., Captain; Riddick, f. b.; Huntley, f. b.; Savage, l. h. b.; Stringfield, l. h. and end; Dowd, l. h. and q.; Aydlett, q. b.; Faucette, r. end; Robinson, r. end; Betts, l. end; Highsmith, l. end; Holding, r. t.; Pointer, l. t.; Carter, r. g.; Harwood, l. g.; Green, l. g.; Ramseur, center; Bagwell, center.

Some interesting facts about each player follow:

Utley, Raleigh, age 22, wt. 162 lbs., height 6 ft. 1 in., Class '13; Riddick, Scotland Neck, age 20, wt. 155 lbs., height 5 ft. 9 in., Class '12; Huntley, Charlotte, age 21,

wt. 160 lbs., height 5 ft. 11 in., Class '11; Savage, Norfolk, Va., age 19, wt. 150 lbs., height 5 ft. 9 in., Class '13; Stringfield, Pender County, age 17, wt. 135 lbs., height 5 ft. 8 in., Class '14; Dowd, Charlotte, age 19, wt. 158 lbs., Class '14; Aydlott, Elizabeth City, age 20, wt. 160 lbs., Class '13; Robinson, Charlotte, age 18, wt. 160 lbs., Class '14; Faucette, Raleigh, age 20, wt. 149 lbs., Class '13; Betts, Rome, Ga., age 19, wt. 155 lbs., Class '13; Highsmith, Fayetteville, age 18, wt. 147 lbs., Class '13; Holding, Wake Forest, age 18, wt. 165 lbs., Class '13; Pointer, Elon College, age 20, wt. 198 lbs., Class '14; Carter, Sanford, age 20, wt. 172 lbs., Class '11; Harwood, Apex, age 22, wt. 164 lbs., Class '13; Green, Winston-Salem, age 23, wt. 185 lbs., Class '14; Ramseur, Blacksburg, S. C., age 17, wt. 161 lbs., Class '14; Bagwell, Raleigh, age 18, wt. 155 lbs., Class '12.

The average weight of the team is 160 lbs.; average height 5 ft. 10 in.

The interest in football at Wake Forest is on the increase. The eyes of athletic men are turned this way; and with the increase of interest and with a few years time, there is no doubt but that Wake Forest will again have a winning football team. The last season has been a remarkably successful one at least in one respect. The season closed with the team out of debt. Under the skillful management of the Alumni Athletic Association, directed by Messrs. Powell and Mills, the team has done excellently well and is now in fine shape financially.





MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE
SPONSOR FOOTBALL TEAM



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Basketball

The opening of the basketball season this year brought with it the most discouraging prospect of a winning team we have ever had. Eight men of the nine in last year's squad failed to return. The one who returned, W. R. Holding, was a substitute. In spite of this dismal opening, we have put out a winning team, thanks to Professor Crozier and the system which he has devised to train players. The system of class games which he has instituted gives everyone a chance to develop whatever basketball ability he possesses, and thus guards us from the danger of ever being without a number of trained players.

The lack of experience which hampered our team this year was more than equaled by its speed. It is said that we had the fastest passing team ever developed here. Our record shows that we led the College teams in the State in the number of games won. Our percentage of games won was eighty-seven and a half. We demonstrated our superiority in the State by defeating the teams of Guilford, Charlotte, Davidson, Carolina and A. & M., in addition to several teams from Virginia.

Every man in the squad is expected to return next year with the exception of two, and we may well hope to put in a strong bid for the championship of the South among the Colleges.

Basketball Team, 1910-'11

Officers

W. R. HOLDING	<i>Captain</i>
H. M. BEAM	<i>Manager</i>
J. R. CROZIER	<i>Coach</i>

Members of the Team

H. M. BEAM	<i>Right Forward</i>
W. R. HOLDING	<i>Left Forward</i>
BRUCE HOLDING	<i>Center</i>
W. C. DOWD	<i>Left Guard</i>
PHIL UTLEY	<i>Right Guard</i>

Substitutes

TURNER	MCCUTCHEON
BUIE	BEAM, G. M.



VAUSITY BASKETBALL TEAM. '10





MISS RUBY REID
SPONSOR BASEBALL TEAM

BASEBALL TEAM, 1910



Baseball

Heretofore, in some instances, Wake Forest College has been embarrassed financially. When the Alumni Athletic Association was organized last year with Mr. R. B. Powell as Manager, this difficulty was put through the final analysis; and thus a good preventive was discovered. Through the influence of this association, a new spirit has been made to prevail throughout the students, and athletics in general have taken on a new life. Nowhere has this been more pronounced than in baseball.

At first the team was handicapped by not beginning practice till a short while before the first games were scheduled. H. C. Benton, a former captain and star player of the Wake Forest nine, acted as Assistant Coach until Coach Crozier would leave the basketball team. However, under the guidance of experienced men the team, after having dropped a few of the unimportant games, was developed into as good as any college could boast, regardless of the fact that the team, with the exception of three men, was composed of raw material. In every sense of the word it was a team representative of the College body.

Among our opponents of importance who had to drop their bats in defeat before this team were Trinity and Carolina. What was not done for Trinity was not worth doing. They lost the first game to us on our grounds, the second they took on their ground, and the third in Raleigh was won by Wake Forest to the tune of five to one. The enthusiasm of the students should be maintained because it aided so much in the success of the team. A team with loyal support ought to win. The Trinity boys could not find Utley's curves.

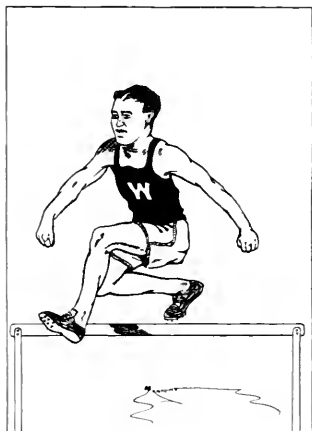
The next game was with Carolina in Raleigh. Here again Wake Forest had the support that counts—that makes every man do his best. Again Wake Forest was victorious. Utley led Carolina, in thirteen innings, to one measly hit and did not give a single free pass.

Here's to the team that won second place in the State, that won first place in pure athletics.

The team for this Spring at this writing is a thing of the future, but if we were allowed to draw conclusions, by the comparison of this Spring's material with that of last, we would say that Wake Forest will have a team that will go some.

Baseball Team, 1910

J. R. CROZIER	Coach
J. M. CHEEK	Manager
W. C. ALLEN	Assistant Manager
"RED" EDWARDS	Captain
UTLEY, DANIELS	Pitchers
RIDDICK, WATKINS	Catchers
EDWARDS	First Base
BRETT	Second Base
LEE	Short Stop
WHITE	Third Base
CASTELLO	Left Field
KING	Center Field
BEAM	Right Field
FAUCETTE	Utility



Track

The history of the Wake Forest Track Team of 1910 is a good illustration of the truism that no chain is stronger than its weakest link. With runners for each event, well trained and second to none in the State, we lost every meet by a small margin, usually because of neglect as to the field events. Taken as a whole, the records of the team made here and elsewhere, represent the efforts of a few individual stars rather than team work, and therein lay our weakness. Only a nucleus of the team of the preceding year having returned, it was found difficult to develop a strong average team within the space of one year. Consequently the greater part of the glory of upholding Old Gold and Black fell upon the shoulders of a comparatively small number of men. It must be said to their credit that worthily did they acquit themselves of the duty laid upon them.

The highwater mark of the season's records was reached at Charlottesville, Virginia, when with the championship of the South at stake, Wake Forest entered six representatives and captured third place. Conghenour, Murchison, and Hutchins did especially well, while Jones, Davis and Highsmith also won places.

Other scores of the season were:

University of North Carolina	65 points
Wake Forest College	53 points
Washington and Lee	58 points
Wake Forest College	50 points
A. & M. College	67 points
Wake Forest College	59 points
Wake Forest College at Charlottesville	21 points

The individual stars of the season were: Coughenour, 55 points; Hutchins, 29 points; Murchison, 27 points; other strong members of the team were Jones, H. B.; Davis, J. M.; Highsmith, J. D.; Olive, E. I.; Olive, L. B.; Smith, Joe; Settle, O'Brian, and Horton.

Members

100 yards	COUGHENOUR, HIGHSMITH
220 yards	COUGHENOUR, HIGHSMITH, MURCHISON
440 yards	MURCHISON, DAVIS, SMITH
One-half mile	MURCHISON, DAVIS, LANGSTON
1 mile	JONES, OLIVE, L. B.
2 miles	OLIVE, L. B., SMITH
100 yards Hurdle	HUTCHINS, OLIVE, A. J., KENNEDY
220 yards	HUTCHINS, OLIVE, E. I., KENNEDY
High Jump	HUTCHINS, OLIVE, E. I.
Broad Jump	COUGHENOUR, HUTCHINS, OLIVE, E. I.
Pole Vault	SETTLE, CARRICK, GORE
Hammer Throw	O'BRIAN, COUGHENOUR
Shot Put	HORTON, HUTCHINS, COUGHENOUR
One Mile Relay Team	MURCHISON, DAVIS, HIGHSMITH, SMITH, LANGSTON AND KENNEDY.





TRACK TEAM, 1910



Tennis, 1910-'11

Enthusiasm in this popular game has ever been characteristic of Wake Forest, as is shown by the number of boys who are good players.

Wake Forest stands second to none in this sport. We have always had a crack tennis team, and this year is no exception. We have enjoyed a long series of triumphs during the past years, and many worthy opponents, Carolina, Trinity and Guilford among them, have tasted defeat at the hands of the invincible Wake Forest Team.



TENNIS CLUB



CHIEF ROOTERS



Managers

J. M. DAVIS

H. M. BEAM

J. P. TUCKER.

WHEELER MARTIN

Manager Track Team

Manager Basketball Team

Manager Baseball Team

Manager Football Team

Class Athletics

The Kick Off -



ALL CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM





SENIOR CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM

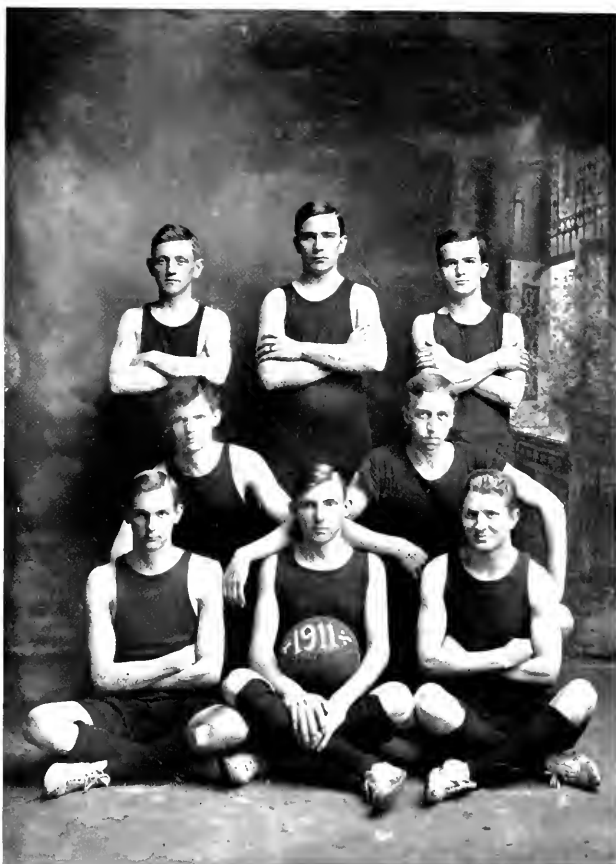




SOPHOMORE CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM

КВАНТОВАЯ ТЕОРИЯ ПОЛЯ





SENIOR CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM

WAVE TABLETS OF SVALE, BORGES, JR.





SOPHOMORE CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM



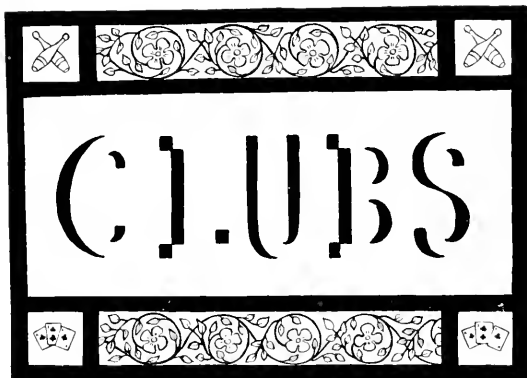
FRESHMAN CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM



LAW CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM



MEDICAL CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM





The Art Club

D. F. SMITH

T. J. OSBORNE

F. A. SMETHURST



South Carolina Club

MOTTO: *Animis opibusque parati.*

Officers

M. A. HUGGINS
 A. G. STANLEY
 A. T. ALLEN
 E. T. McMILLAN
 L. O. ROGERS
 P. M. FARRIS . . .
 J. S. BLANKENSHIP
 J. T. ANDERSON
 W. B. OLIVER, JR.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian
Poet
Prophet
Dispenser
Ladiesman

Members

A. T. ALLEN
 J. T. ANDERSON
 J. S. BLANKENSHIP
 S. A. DAVIS
 P. M. FARRIS
 M. A. HUGGINS
 A. E. HUTCHISON
 C. M. MARTIN

E. T. McMILLAN
 W. B. OLIVER, JR.
 GORDON POTEAT
 R. F. RAMSEUR
 L. O. ROGERS
 G. F. STANLEY
 J. S. THOMAS
 C. A. WITHERSPOON



Chathamites

T. S. TEAGUE.	<i>President</i>
W. J. CRAIN.	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. M. BUE.	<i>Secretary</i>
G. N. HARWOOD.	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. G. SMITH.	<i>Historian</i>
E. P. YATES.	<i>Prophet</i>
J. E. SMITH.	<i>Poet</i>

Members

"TRAVELING" CRAIN	"FATTY" LINEBERRY
"GRACEFUL" SMITH	"TACK" TEAGUE
"GROUCHY" YATES	"DOC" BUE
"PASS" PASCHAL	"GAWKY" DARK
"PIGSKIN" HARWOOD	"FESSOR" SMITH
"PARSON" CANDLE	"SKINNY" YATES
"GIFTIE" CLARK	"CUTIE" DIXON



Davidson County Band

Officers

P. L. FEZOR .
 G. G. WALL.
 J. L. CARRICK
 M. V. B. WILLIAMS
 P. P. GREEN. .

First Tooter
Second Tooter
Recorder of Tunes
Keeper of Tunes
Composer of Tunes

Listeners

M. L. BARNES
 W. L. EDDINGER
 E. O. WALL
 G. W. JOHNSON

W. A. YOUNG
 B. O. MYERS
 C. R. SHARP
 A. E. STEVENSON

MEETING PLACE—*Anywhere to be heard.*

MOTTO—*"To do others before they do us."*

AIM—*"To live until we die."*

FLOWER—*Dogwood blossom.*

FAVORITE DRINK—*Nothing stronger than Ige.*

FAVORITE PASTIME—*Meeting the "Shoo Fly."*

FAVORITE SONG—*"I like-a you, if you like-a me."*

ADMISSION REQUIREMENTS—*Candidates must possess the "Five senses," enter as a Freshman, not smoke more than one pack of cigarettes a day, nor chew more than six plugs of tobacco a week and must have a "BULL FROG VOICE" and be a lady's man, but not a sport.*



Halifax County Club

PLACE OF MEETING: *Anywhere*

COLORS: *Orange and Blue*

FLOWER: *Goldenrod*

MOTTO: *To get the most out of life.*

TOAST: Here's to the boys from Halifax,
 Making lawyers famous and great;
 May they always keep old Halifax
 The pride of the Old North State.

YELL: Ge, hah, hah! Ge, hah, hah!
 Halifax! Halifax! rah! rah! rah!

Fratre in Urbe

JACK MEDLIN

Members	Office	Nickname	Long Suit	Failing	Chief Occupation	Highest Ambition
RIDDICK	Pres.	"Jack"	Are-ing	Cutting chapel	Sporting	To find something amusing
DARDEN	V.-Pres.	"Big Al"	Law	Singing tenor	Advertising loud socks	To be a lawyer
BOBBITT	Sect'y	"Chaf"	Got none	Getting funny	Meeting trains	To graduate
JOSEY, C.	Treas.	"Cholly"	Chemistry	Gassing	Giving advice	To be a chemist
DANIEL	Historian	"Gene"	Dancing	Lying	Prumping	To make a social hit
SHEPHERD	Poet	"Sheep"	Singing (?)	Boasting	Going to Dr. Potcat's	To be a "dude"
JOSEY, D.	Prophet	"Poose"	Math	Being bashful	Legging faculty	To weigh 100 lbs.
BRYAN	Master of Feasts	"Beas"	Writing letters	Cuteness	Loafing	To make track team



Robeson County Club

MOTTO: "Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

SONG: Dixie.

FLOWER: Yellow Jasmine.

Officers

OWEN ODUM.
I. W. AYERS.
W. E. MARLEY
W. A. BRIDGES

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Members

AYERS, I. W.
CORRELL, J. H.
JOHNSON, E. D.
JOHNSON, D. M.
MCGOUGAN, E. D.
PHILLIPS, J. B.

BRIDGES, W. A.
JONES, J. H.
JOHNSON, H. P.
MARLEY, W. E.
ODUM, OWEN
POWELL, STINCEON T.

TYNER, C. V.



Union County Club

MOTTO: *Root hog or die* COLORS: *Punkin red* DRINK: *Persimmon beer and (?)*

PLACES OF MEETING: { *Meredith (business)*
 { *Depot (social)*

TIME OF MEETING: *Every opportunity*

YELL: *I scream, ice cream, beef and sow,
 Veal and sausage, bow, wow, wow.*

Officers

J. B. COPPLE
 J. C. JONES
 W. T. BAUCOM
 S. LONG
 R. A. MARSH . .
 J. A. STRAWN
 W. O. LEMMOND

Prime Minister
Lord Chancellor
Chancellor of the Exchequer
First Lord of the Treasury
First Lord of the Admiralty
 *Lord Privy Seal*
 *Lord Lieutenant*

Members
 JAMES BOYD .
 JOHN CLYDE .
 WILLIAM TROY
 SAM
 ROY AUGUSTUS.
 JAMES ARTHUR
 WILLIAM OSCAR.

Post Office
 Broom Town .
 Ames Turnout
 Crawfish Crossing
 Loves Level
 Nigger Head . . .
 Beaver Dam . . .
 Goose Creek.

Occupation
 Hobo coaching
 Collecting stale sunbeams
 Lizard taming
 Rabbit-box manufacturing
 Fooling doodle bugs
 Canning time
 Witch doctor

Frater in facultate: DR. E. W. SIKES
Our honored ancestor: ANDREW JACKSON



Vance County Club

Members

ANDREW J. HARRIS, JR.

ALWYN P. BARNES

JOSEPH E. BARNES.

GEORGE M. HARRIS

ARTHUR A. BUNN.

JAMES W. DICKIE.

A "near arc light"

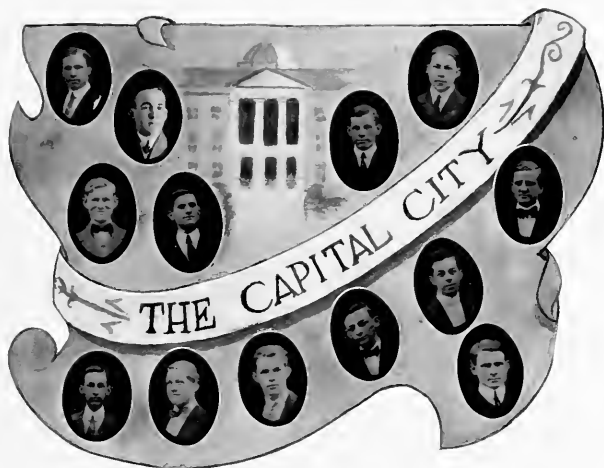
Just a plain "Giftie"

"Blondie"—Nuf Ced

..A thing of beauty and a joy forever

...Much Ado About Nothing

Who knows who he is



MOTTO: "Rally round Raleigh"

OBJECT: *Lacking*

MEETING PLACE: *Tucker Building Pharmacy*

FLOWER: *Cockle-burr*

COLORS: "Amoeba" Grey and "Spirogyra" Green

Officers

N. B. BROUGHTON, JR.	Big Dog
B. L. JONES	Pup
F. A. SMETHURST	Grand Scribbler
H. F. FAUCETTE	Coin Roller
G. W. BAGWELL	Prerivicator of Facts
A. J. ELLINGTON	Pervertor of the Muses
H. L. WYATT	Dealer in Fortunes
W. H. MILLS	Testator
PHIL UTLEY	Taffy Artist
J. M. CHAMBERLAIN	Keeper of the Squirrels in the Capitol Square
T. M. ARRINGTON, JR.	Purchaser of Peanuts for the Squirrels
C. C. BROUGHTON	Athletic Director
C. L. BETTS	Frater in Georgia
PROF. H. A. JONES	Frater in Facultate



The Greater Charlotte Club

Hornets' Nest Chapter

SLOGAN: Watch Charlotte Grow
OBJECT: Help Charlotte Blow
MEETING PLACE: "On the Square"
FAVORITE DISH: Charlotte Russe
FAVORITE DRINK: "Meeklenburg" Lithia Water

HOWARD W. HUNTLEY	<i>Mayor</i>
D. FARRIS SMITH	<i>Recorder</i>
HOMER C. BENTON	<i>City Attorney</i>
ROWLAND S. PRUETTE	<i>Sanitary Policeman</i>
W. CARY DOWD, JR.	<i>A Germ from the Board of Health</i>
EUGENE C. SPRINGER	<i>The Fire Department</i>
ROY S. SMITH	<i>President Woman's Club</i>
D. F. MAYBERRY	<i>Keeper of the Water Wagon</i>
J. HATCHER LONG	<i>(K)not on the Board of County Commissioners</i>
W. M. ROBINSON	<i>A Splinter on the Board of Aldermen</i>
G. LEWIS BAILES	<i>Keeper of the Cemetery</i>



Elizabeth City Club

Officers

E. F. AYDLETTE, JR.	<i>Occupant of the Royal Chair</i>
S. W. WHITE . . .	<i>Aspirant to the Throne</i>
M. B. SIMPSON . . .	<i>Preserver of Records</i>
GEORGE W. BROTHERS, JR.	<i>Holder of the Bag</i>
J. M. SPRULL	<i>Foreteller of the Future</i>
C. H. TRUOLOOD	<i>Chronicler of Achievements</i>

MOTTO: "*Labor omnia vincit*"

COLORS: *Overall blue and yellow*

OBJECT: *To turn the world upside down*

FLOWER: *Morning-glory*

DRINK: *Rain drops*

SONG: "*Dreaming*"

Toast

Here's to dear old "Betsy,"
 In the County of Pasquotank,
 Where sons grow brave and daughters pretty,
 And bull frogs jump from bank to bank.



Fayetteville Club

A mighty stream of yellow hue
 Flows onward through our land,
 Where tyrant foes our fathers slew
 And placed them in the sand.
 This sacred stream received their blood
 That they had shed so free
 Which, borne along the surging flood
 Flowed crimson to the sea.

Beside this stream we have our home,
 In Fayetteville we 'bide;
 We'll cherish her for days to come
 And lift her name with pride.
 Then let the members of this band
 Who hold Wake Forest dear
 Attain success throughout the land
 And highest honors share.

Officers

LESLIE G. BULLARD	President
JUNIUS R. VANN, JR.	Vice-President
ROBERT M. OLIVE	Secretary
J. MEBANE BEASLEY	Treasurer
J. DaCOSTA HIGSMITH	Censor

Members

"SQUIRE" BEASLEY	"Cos" HIGSMITH	"SINGING" OLIVE
"MEREDITH" BULLARD		"DOC" VANN

Honorary Members

JOHN R. CARROLL	LELAND R. O'BRIAN
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Warrenton High School Club

WATCHWORD: *Hank! Hank! Boys*

COLORS: *Garnet and Light Blue.*

WHEELER MARTIN

President

A. H. MARTIN

Vice-President

E. B. LASSITER

Treasurer

SAM TURNER . .

Chaplain

C. E. RODWELL . .

Secretary

SOL TERRELL . . .

Booster

GORDON ROWLAND

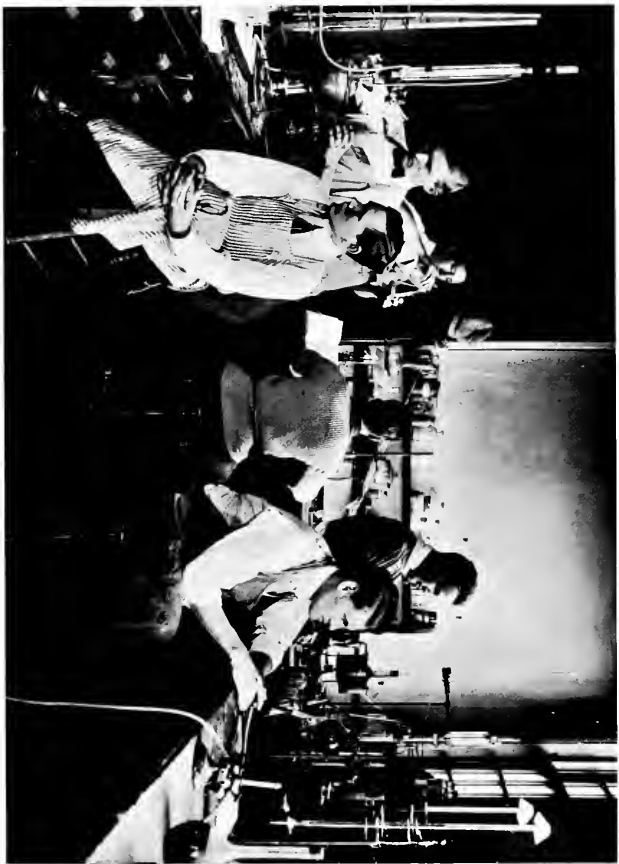
Testator

Frates in Facultate

G. M. RODWELL

W. D. RODGERS





IN THE LABORATORY



THE ARC LIGHTS



HUNTER

HUNTER

RESPIQUETTE

HUNTER

German Club

WHEELER MARTIN
G. M. RODWELL
J. MARK CHAMBERLAIN
T. B. HENRY

President
Floor Manager
Leader
Secretary and Treasurer

Members

A. J. HARRIS
C. H. MERCER
WHEELER MARTIN
A. A. BUNN
N. J. SHEPHERD
J. MARK CHAMBERLAIN
A. P. BARNES
T. E. BOBBITT
T. J. OSBORNE
T. B. HENRY
G. M. RODWELL
J. C. RIDDICK
E. F. AYDLETTE

MISS PHILINA UTLEY
MISS CHARLOTTE SPRINGER
MISS CATHERINE BRIDGER
MISS LUCILE BUCHANAN
MISS CARRIE EDWARDS
MISS HENRIETTA CONRAD
MISS EUGENIA DANIEL
MISS JOSEPHINE BARNES
MISS GEORGIA HARRIS
MISS ROSA BAGWELL
MISS JOAN BELL
MISS FRANCES KING
MISS AMY ELLINGTON

Stags

GEORGE PASCHALL HENDRION GORREL JUDSON D. IVES

Chaperones

MR. AND MRS. E. P. MORTON MR. AND MRS. RICHARD CROZIER

(Music furnished by "The College Orchestra.")



The "U. B. S." Organization

United Brotherhood of Salesmen

ORGANIZED—*When the memory of man run not to the contrary*

BUSINESS: *Introducing Fakes*

ANNUAL MEETING PLACE: *Gym Basement*

"TRAVELING" EDGERTON *President*
"FALSTAFF" EDDINGER *Vice-President*
"CUTEY" BROUGHTON *Secretary and Treasurer*

Chief Representatives

"GLASS-EYE" SULLIVAN—*Scrap-books*
"PURTY" UNDERWOOD—*Ink Spillers*
"NOVEL-READING" ELLIS—*Rug Vender*
"OLD FIRE FACE" BEAM—*Athletic Sundries*
"LITTLE CHAPEL"—*Tropical Fruits*
"ALL MOUTH" CURRIN—*Gas Works*
"OLD GROUCHY" POSTMASTER BREWER—*Stamps*



"B. O. D. S." Club

Bull Order of Darn Spinners

ASSEMBLY HALL: *Gari's room*

TIME: *All the time*

AIM OF CLUB: *To unravel odd socks*

MOTTO: *Nihil est melius quam mendacium*

OPENING SONG: *"Ninety-nine bottles hanging on the wall."*

FAVORITE BEVERAGE: *Fire water*

LITERATURE SELECTED: *Romeo and Juliet*

INITIATIVE JOKE: *Did Greenstaff get his jack to Gym 1?*

CHIEF SUBJECT: *Love scraps*

Officers

President, R-ED M-OUTH BUIE

Vice-President, P-IPE S-MOKING HERRING

Secretary, C-ORN L-IQUOR SHERRILL

Doorkeeper, B-RASSY A-RTICLE THAXTON

Toastmaster, J-OKE G-ENERATING BELL

Bandmaster, W-HISKEY D-RINKER RODGERS

Expert Exaggerator, A-LE D-OPER BRISBANE GORE

Lowest Laugher, L-ONG G-REENUN BULLARD

Biggest Liar, R-ANK P-REVARICATOR BLEVINS

Most Sentimental, J-UG M-ANIPULATOR TYLER

CLOSING ODE: *Darn ye, won't ye go?*

No, the Dickens, no.



Busted Club

"NUTZ" BETTS	President
RAIL-ROAD SAVAGE	Corresponding Secretary
TREASURER	Not needed
FAVORITE SONG	"How broke I am."
CHARACTERISTICS	Plenty pocket books and no money

MOTTO: *Do others before thy do you*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Power's Drug Store*

GERALD JOHNSON	"Charge it"
"DOC" SHERBILL	"I don't give a darn"
"DEARIE" BRETT	"I'll match you"
"SKINNIE" ASHCRAFT	"Hello"
"DOC" McCLENDON	<i>One continuous smile</i>
"LIMBER" McCUTCHEON	"I'll see you later"
"LODY" TOMPKINS	<i>Drunk, dressed up and disgusted</i>
"SHAGGY" BAGWELL	"Lend me a stamp"

Other prospective members:—CORRELL, HUNTLEY, "PUD" THAXTON



Leggers' Club

NEWISH DOWD

President

BIBLICAL RECORDER ROBERSON

Vice-President

FAVORITE SONG: *On the Sunny Sub*

MOTTO: *Make Professors believe they know something*

MEETING PLACE:—*Any recitation room*

NEWISH VANN—*Specialist in Biology and Chemistry*

"INFANT" SMITH—*Can hold Prof. Lanuean spell-bound*

"NEWISH" STRINGFIELD—*Collects German reading for "Finstus"*

"BARTUS" RAY—*Experienced, this being his fifth year*

TUCKER—*Shrewd politician*

"BONEHEAD" SULLIVAN—*Any Prof., at any place and anytime*

"TRAVELING" EDGERTON—*Tries to imitate a wise man*

"NEWISH" MITCHELL—*Greatest desire—leg Dr. Morton*

BAILES PRUETTE AND HARRIS—*Chronic borers of Dr. Silks*





THE YMCA "QUARTETE"

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"COZY CORNER QUINTETE"



"RUNT QUARTETE"





Found Floating Around

CURRLN:—"Is there an optimist in town? My glasses are broken."

WHITAKER (declaiming on educational problem):—"Most rural teachers are boneheads anyhow. I know from experience."

STYERS:—"I want to buy a Harmonica of the Gospel."

PARSON JOHNSON (watching J. E. Smith running):—"I think Smith ought to make the 100-yard buzzard lope in a walk."

E. P. YATES:—"Dr. Morton, I got 40 on my last quiz; one of my brothers got 20, and the other 15. We want to know if you won't pass one of us."

R. L. HERRING:—"Dr. Morton is so weak that he has to hang himself on a hook to hear his classes."

G. N. HERRING: "Is 'St. Elmo' a novel?"

The Senior's Soliloquy

Four years ago my father sent me to College without my consent, now I must leave here against my will. My stay here has been one of ups and downs. My work has been one quiz after another. My entertainment has been loafing at the drug store. My excitement, meeting the trains. My recreation, going to Raleigh.

When I was a Newish I was a green but fresh fool, when a Soph a rowdy fool, when a Junior a conceited fool, and when a Senior a darn fool.

If I studied I was a grind and a bookworm, if I didn't study I was wasting my opportunities. Whenever I was gay and boisterous I was called fresh, when I was solemncholy I was a stick. If I spent my money freely I was a tenderfoot, when I didn't spend much I was a tightwad. When I went to chapel I got bored, if I cut it meant a visit to President Poteat. Before joining Y. M. C. A. I was a sinner, after joining I was a hypocrite. If I joined the Athletic Association it was to make a show, if I didn't join I had no college spirit. Before joining a literary society I was worried to death with invitations to join, when I joined I got stuck, for when I didn't speak in society I was not doing my duty, when I spoke I was groaned at. Before trying for the football team I was feather-legged, when at first I didn't make good, I was cold-footed, since making the team I am called swell head. If I studied law it was because I wanted a snap course, if I studied for the ministry it was to get my tuition free. When I met all trains I was wasting my time, when I didn't I missed the only excitement on the hill. If I played cards, matched for drinks or bet on the ball games I was a grafter and a crook, if I didn't I wasn't game. When I ran an account it was dangerous, when I didn't I was lucky. When a fellow has money he is popular, but when he is broke all his friends are in the same fix. If I don't get up to breakfast I get hungry before dinner, if I eat the breakfast I am not able to eat dinner. If I go to reading room to keep up with the news I find it full of back number magazines. When I am attentive to the ladies of the "hill" I am an arc-light, when I am not I have no sporting blood in me. If I didn't send out invitations to Anniversary I might slight some one, if I did send them the girls might come. When I first came here I was pitied, before I left everybody wanted to kick me. When a fellow got shipped everybody said there was a great future for him, if he stayed here everybody found out what a bonehead he was.

College life is a funny proposition after all, and often is not what it is cracked up to be. Still its peculiarities make it fascinating and thoughts of college days always make us glad.

Wanted to Know

- If Dr. Sikes' head doesn't get cold in winter.—Grind-staff.
Where they get the "Bunsen" that they use in the Bunsen burners.—Whitaker.
When Creeey Wheeler is going to graduate.
When Wheeler Martin ever comes on class.
What makes "Finstus" so tongue-tied.
When Wake Forest is going to win another game of football.
Why the Faculty is so stingy with the coal.
When Professor Crozier will find out about the dances in the gymnasium.
Why Jack Riddick tries to swipe Stringfield's girl.
Why the Sophomores don't black "Newish" Morton and "Christmas Gift" Carstarphen.
Why so many married men come to college.
Who will build a fire to warm Underwood's feet.
When Gore is going to get married.
Where I can get some good "licker."—Massey.
Who will give me a chew of tobacco.—McBane.
Who's got a match.—Watkins.
Where "Pass" put his Latin examinations.—Timberlake.
What makes those electric lights do so "funny."—"Infant" Smith.
What makes Buck Broughton's cheeks look like two balloons.
Why "Wisdom" Bailes thinks he is so pretty.
When Buchanan will be the biggest sport in college.
How big a collection President "Billy" has of excuses for chapel absences.
What kind of hair oil Dr. Sikes and Asa P. Gray use.
Why H. H. Hines was elected Chaplain of the football team.
What makes J. E. Smith like to dance.
Whose stable Grind-staff hired to keep his bunch of "Jacks" in.
Why "Newish" Dickens wants to submit his application for the M. A. degree.
Why Asa P. Gray meets so many folks at the train.
Has J. E. Smith found the "Merchant of Venus" which he wished to buy.
Why "Christmas Gift" Jones wouldn't come back from Youngsville in the dark.
When "Newish" Hartsell will be tutor to Dr. Paschal in Greek.
Why Carriek is assistant in Bible Laboratory.
Why Asa P. Gray wants everybody to know that he is President of the Senior Class.
Why Pruette thought that Switzerland used to be called the "Netherlands."

Boneheads and Brilliances

Prof. Lake: "What is force?"

Blevins: "A breakfast food, of course."

Newish White could not take Spanish because it conflicted with Chapel.

Prof. Cullom: "What's the last book in the Old Testament?"

O'Brian: "Job."

1st Soph.: "What does the new English Professor look like?"

2d Soph.: "He is a cross between 'Feenstance' and 'Slick.'"

Newish Shugart was very much gratified on his arrival to find there was a con-
firmatory here for the sick boys.

Room-stacked Phillips: "Give me a dope with some corroborated water in it."

Prof. Gulley: "What is the only tax that will take in large corporations?"

Xmas Gift Jones: "Pole tax."

Senior Boone (on Newish Chemistry): "Prof. Huntley, where can I find the
red particpate?"

Newish Smiley Oliver wants to know if there are as many halves in basketball
as in football.

Gray: "O'Brian is a dry old bonehead."

Feezor: "Yes, don't you know the folks at home are glad when he is off at
school?"

Newish Cannady: "Doctor, I forgot to sign my pledge to my paper."

Prof. Gorrell: "Quite unnecessary. I have just finished looking over your
paper and feel sure that you did not give or receive any aid."

J. P. Harris has a large opening before him: A. P. Gray.

Crazy Grindstaff wanted to know who this fellow "Co." is who seems to be
connected with so many firms around here.

Dr. Stewart (pointing to a nerve): "This is a sympathetic nerve."

Doc. McLendon: "I wish his sympathetic nerve would work and he would
let us go."

Dr. Sikes: "What's the difference between fixed and circulating capital?"

Mercer: "In a railroad company the capital invested in the track is fixed
capital, and that invested in the trains is circulating capital."

Castello: "Was Alexander a Grecian?"

Cutey Broughton: "No, he was a Macedonian."

Frank Smethurst (eating club hash): "Ignorance is bliss."

Prof. Morton: "What was Wordsworth's attitude toward nature?"

Phil Utley: "Wordsworth had a great attitude toward nature, I think."

Prof. Lake: "What makes a ball fall to the earth?"

Joe Waff: "Pacific gravity."

Newish Secretary: "I smell cabbage burning."

Dillon Smith: "Yes, you have your head near the stove."

Soph. Phillips takes first prize, R. A. Sullivan second, for being late at meals.

Dr. Poteat: "Where is the oil in a plant found?"

Spicket: "In the joints, I reckon."

A dormitory Newish to Prof. Jones: "Say, fellow, help me take up this trunk."

Dr. Sikes: "Mr. Faris, if you die a pauper what do you think will be the cause of it?"

Faris: "Too many children, Doctor."

Cold-feet Underwood (in Newish Chemistry): "Where can I find the consecrated sulphuric acid?"

Newish Mitchell (speaking of basketball subs with bath robes on): "Why do the officials have to wear long cloaks to the basketball games?"

Dr. Corkstopper: The latest equipment to the College.

Bagwell (on entering Physics room): "I wonder if that fool is going to send me to the board today."

Prof. Lake (standing by): "Yes, Mr. Bagwell, I think I shall."

Castello found a fresh water mussel in the anterior ray of the star fish.

Prof. Jones (to Newish looking for Prof. Jones' room): "Come in."

Newish: "Thank you, I haven't time. I am going on Math Class."

Dr. Sikes: "What's that which Shakespeare says about the tide in the affairs of man?"

Winston: "Time and tide wait for no man."

"Who is the prettiest Newish in school?"

"Moss."

"Why?"

"Because he curls his eyebrows."

Preacher Johnson (to a crowd of celebraters): "What are you boys up to?"

Bunny Olive (not recognizing the preacher): "We are raising hell; come go with us."

Lewis: "What is seat number 23?"

Frank Smethurst: "Right straight out the door."

Buck Broughton: "Well, I must take another of those Week's pills at 2:30."

Grouch Castello: "What's a Week's pill, a bath?"

Hubert Wyatt seemed to have a mania for visiting the Faculty.

Dr. Sikes: "What metals do we use in making money?"

Baucum: "Gold, silver and currency."

One of Jack Brett's friends stood outside the door while Brett stood before the mirror, brush in hand, looking at himself, smiling and thus soliloquizing: "Oh, you sweet thing! Oh, you pretty kid! I see you!"

Newish M. D. Phillips: "I am just crazy about Nutz Betts, I do wish he was a girl."

Arelight Raleigh Pruette has too much in his heart to get much in his head.

Tom Osborne says: "The most thievish thieves that ever thieved are the thieves that thieved my gym suit."

Newish Johnson wants to know if Geology is a study of the Heavenly bodies.

Prof. Gulley: "What is larceny?"

Clubby Broughton: "Why, if a man larcens a chicken, then that is larceny."

"Smoke, and the school smokes with you; swear off and you smoke alone."

(Original) D. F. Smith.

Infant Smith: "Why is Bobbitt legging Professor Highsmith's little boy?"

Dag Boone: "He thinks that the little boy will be teaching Psychology when he gets to it."

Dr. Sikes: "Mr. Barnes, don't you sometimes blow about your home town?"

Blondy Barnes: "No, Sir."

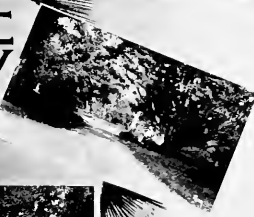
Dr. Sikes: "You must be from Henderson."

Preacher Johnson (watching track team practice): "What is J. E. Smith trying for, the hundred yard wobble?"

"Big Dick" Pointer has won for himself a name.



CAMDEN
UNIVERSITY
HIVES



Bits of Advice

- If you wish to look funny, put on Ayers.
If your Barnes are weak, get the Carpenter to strengthen them with Beams.
When times are too quiet, see Bray and McBrayer.
If hungry, eat a Bunn.
Store your hay in Bailes.
If troubles sit too heavily on your back, Buck.
Don't be a big Guy.
Always attend Chappell.
When you feel bashful, get Moore Cheek.
If you are wronged, ask the King for Justice.
Even when there is no moon, remember that the Knight is Knott always
Dark.
If your daughter is naughty, Tanner.
Do not look Savage, whatever you are.
When in a Brown study, make friends with Young.
Keep a Wall between you and evil.
Let not the Faucette freeze.
Abstain from wrong, for it is not Wright.
If a merchant, lay in a stock of Combs, Olives, dried Herrings, and Betts.
They will prove profitable.
Break not your Hart with despair; it is a Long Lane which has no Turn-er.
If you are a wool gatherer, employ a Sharpe Shepherd.
If a hunter, buy a Pointer.
Serve no one, be a Freeman.
Be ambitious; if you are a Smith strive to be a Highsmith.
Be a good Bridger over the Pool of life.

Annals of the Wise

Good-time Herring: "What kind of theses do Newish have to write?"

Prof. Morton (on Eng. I): "Mr. Herring, have you read Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar?"

R. L. Herring: "No, Sir! I never studied Latin much. I've only read two books of Cæsar."

Scare-Crow Currin: "Hasn't Prof. Carlyle a prodigal memory?"

Bagwell: "How'd you come out on that History quiz, Eller?"

Eller: "I gave him the essentials and let him supply a little imagination."

Bagwell: "I didn't. I gave him the imagination, and let him supply the essentials."

Freshie Yates (looking at Society Hall): "Does anybody room up there?"

Big Poole: "No, but lots of fellows get bored up there."

McGougan: "Do we have to take the same course every year in Gym?"

Tyler: "When I go to Neuse Falls I want a 'pony' or a 'jack' worse than I ever wanted one under Dr. Paschal."

Prof. Crozier (to Gymnasium Class): "Fall in!"

Grindstaff (standing on top of parallel bars): "I'm not going to do it; I'm afraid I'll hurt myself."

J. E. Smith: "Dr. Powers, give me three cents worth of notions, please."

Finstus: "Mr. Henry, will you tell me the declension of *chin*."

T. B. Henry: "Albative."

Blondy Barnes (in an impromptu debate): "The query is—Resolved, that my Newish Giftie should be blacked. First point, should he be blacked? Second point, will he shine? Third point, how will he get it off?"

E. P. Yates: "I have an electric light now."

Marsh (finishing a letter from his girl): "As fresh we adore her."

Giftie Davis (in Dr. Poteat's office): "Hey, doc; heard from the old man lately?"
No response.

Davis: "I wish you had, for I need some money mighty darn bad to pay my laundry bill."

Dr. Sikes: "If you gentlemen ever expect to learn History, you must get the cobwebs out of your heads."

Faris: "Who will furnish the vacuum cleaner?"

Edgerton: "Newish, what are you carrying this year?"

Newish: "Not much; only a thirty-eight, a pair of knucks, a -ling-shot and a claw hammer."

Dr. Sledd: "You ought to send this story to Lippincott's."

McCutcheon: "Why, doctor, I didn't think it was much good."

Dr. Sledd: "It's not; that's the reason it ought to go to Lippincott's."

Wright (on Educational): "The seats ought to be adopted to the needs of the pupils."

Dr. Cullom: "Mr. Edgerton, will you please trace out the line on the map which designates the Israelite Exodus, and name the points of interest."

Edgerton: "How can I know which way the line runs?"

O. F. Herring: "Currin's singing is out of style since tunes have come in fashion."

Cannady: "Murchison, which is hardest to get, an A.B. degree or a B.A.?"

Whitaker (on Chemistry Lab.): "Where can I get a pneumonia trough and some hydraulic acid?"

Senior: "In there is the gymnasium."

Newish Hipps: "A gymnasium! Do they keep him tied?"

G. N. Herring: "The stenographer is coming tomorrow to take the pictures."

Kennedy (on Math): "Is this right, Professor?"

Prof. Lanneau: "Now, Mr. Kennedy, if I were to be very exact, I should say that it is about forty million miles wrong."

Monk Rodgers (at basketball game): "Hurrah for the Meds!"

Cutey Copeland (disgustedly): "Hurrah for the boneheads."

Rodgers: "That's right; every man for his class."

Butler: "Are those evergreen trees?"

Johnson: "No, they are magnolias."

Prof. Highsmith: "Mr. Campbell, of what profession are the school trustees in your town?"

A. C. Campbell: "Two Democrats and a Republican."

Hogan: "The Sophs have got it in for me, because I'm so popular with the Freshmen."

Copeland: "I've never had the headache in my life."

Bunn: "No wonder! A vacuum can't ache."

Prof. Highsmith (in singing class): "Mr. Harwood, what part do you sing?"

Harwood: "I don't know exactly. Mostly bass and soprano."

Bishop Trueblood (waking from a sleep under eleven quilts): "Sullivan, have I been sick with fever?"

Wanted to know—Why Newish Vann carried the song book out of church when accompanying a young lady.

Dr. Poteat: "Mr. Wright, what is evolution?"

Wright: "The process of evolving."

Harris: "How many hours are you taking this year, O'Brian?"

O'Brian: "Seventy-seven."

Harris: "I didn't mean sleep, I mean work."

Benton: "Who has a jack to History II? I want one bad."

"Head" Bagwell (after consulting Dr. Paschal on entrance work): "When I came here I thought I was a Sophomore, but now I believe I am a Newish."

"Big Dick" Pointer (at the Post Office): "No, Man, I don't want a Student, as I'm not a subscriber."

Thomas (holding up a biscuit in dining room): "Thou Rock of Ages."

Meredith Girl: "John, dear, do you get beefsteak to eat at Wake Forest?"

John: "Why, yes. That is, they give us a piece and we use it until it wears out."

Lady of the town: "Mr. Holding, what position does Bruce play on the football team?"

Mr. Holding: "I think he is one of the drawbacks."

Martin (on Physiology): "Doctor, how long can a person live without brains?"

Dr. Stewart: "I don't know, sir. How old are you, Mr. Martin?"

P. S. Herring: "What are Asa P. Gray's initials?"

Coach Watkins (overhead praying in his room): "Oh, Lord, let me pass off English I."

Cagle (reading in a book): "What kind of an animal is a 'stampede'?"

G. N. Herring: "It's an animal like a bear, and they say you can't stop one when he gets started."

"Congressman" Brown (seeing signs above two halls, Williams Hall and Heck Hall): "Are those two fellows, William Hall and Heck Hall, brothers?"

Prof. Highsmith: "Mr. Smith, name one of the subjects taught in the public schools which has a cultural influence on the students."

Bible J. E. Smith: "Agriculture."

Dr. Paschal (on Greek): "Mr. O'Brain, what kind of conditional sentence is this?"

O'Brain: "I think it is a Result Condition."

Dr. Paschal: "Mr. Hartsell, what gender is king?"

Hartsell: "Feminine."

Green P: "We have steak for supper."

Gray: "It will be a bull supper then."

Boone: "I wish this old world was turned upside down tonight."

"Rail Road" Savage: "I do, too; I would be on top one time, then."



Laughing Gas

Gerald Johnson: "Doctor, I'm suffering from irristability."

Dr. Powers: "You must be taking German or French under 'Feenstance.'"

C. H. Robertson: "Doctor, I have the insomnia. What must I do?"

Dr. Stewart: "Take Astronomy under Professor Lanneau."

Dr. Paschal (to his Latin class): "Thou wilt love thy 'jack' and hate 'Pass,' or else thou wilt cleave unto thy 'jack' and despise 'Pass.' Therefore thou shalt have no 'jack' before thee."

Wall, G. (at ticket office): "Give me a ticket to Meredith, please."

Agent: "Return trip?"

Wall: "No, I don't intend to come back."

J. E. Smith: "Where can I buy a Homer's 'eyelid'?" (Iliad?)

1st Newish: "Prof. Highsmith says that there are ninety million people in the United States who don't wear underclothes."

2nd Newish: "You don't say so!"

1st Newish: "Anyhow, he says there are only ten million who are underfed and underclothed."

Williams (reading letter from his girl): "I can read a Latin lesson easier than this."

Bunn Olive: "What is the Bible lesson for today?"

Freshie Phillips: "I think it is the book of 'Euthusiastes.'"

Newish Herring: "Let me sell you a set of books bound in half Morocco."

Newish Whitaker: "What is the other half bound in?"

Little Wall: "Who is the responder for the Freshman Class?"





The Confidential College Directory

The Doctor: The fostering of human ailments for pecuniary gains.

The Lawyer: The misinterpretation of laws for those able to pay the freight.

The Preacher: One who would have you believe he does not work for money.

Bible Smith: A self-made man. Nature couldn't put up such a job.

Sleepy Mills: An eternal gabber of baseball and railroads.

Pud Thaxton: A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.

Brassus McBrayer: A monumental bonehead with an idea he can sing.

Fessor Bottus Ray: A person infected with the delusion that the whole world with a fence around it was made for him.

Pete Peterson: A narrow conception of Dunbar, the bugologist.

Asa P. Gray: A cross between a lawyer and a preacher, bounded on the north by a bald head.

D. S. Kennedy: A fairly well developed hookworm.

Ed Jenkins: A man just crazy enough to be foolish about calicoes.

Sour Huntley: A bean of a professor but a hot brick among arc-lights.

George Bagwell: The college originator of new songs, laughs and talks.

Frank Smethurst: A bold, bad man found at the head of all mischief.

Fessor Conrad: A would-be arc-light.

Wheeler Martin: A walking vaudeville in himself.

Spicket: One of the College's fanciest specimens.

Jack Riddick: A promising member of the Ananias Club.

Rail Road Savage: A faithful attendant of 41 and 38.

Phil Utley: A good all round athlete, but built like a race horse.



LITERARY

Mother Goose Up-to-date

WORDS BY GERALD JOHNSON MUSIC (?) BY TOM OSBORNE



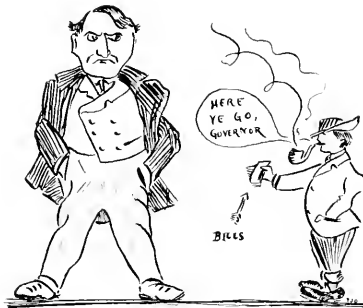
*There was a man in our town
And he was wonderous wise,
He walked into our reading room
And scratched out both his eyes,
"For what," said he, "can be the use
Of these, in here, to me?
Why, eyes are simply extra weight
When there is naught to see."*

*Hey, diddle, diddle, a coon and a fiddle,
The boys danced over the Gym,
The Newish were laughing to see such sport
When Dick came wandering in.*



*'Twasn't Jack Horner stood in a corner
All on a moonlight night
When down came the showers dispatched from
the Powers—
!—*—??—!!—?****!!—??—!!*

*If all the courses were Latin
 What a great course that would be.
 If all the teachers were Paschals
 What a Faculty that would be!
 If all the jacks were one jack
 What a great jack that would be.
 If all the students were one student
 What a great student he would be.
 If the great student took the great jack
 And dicked the Faculty on the great course
 What great marks would Bursar see!*



*Sing a song of six-pence, a pocket full of keys,
 Four-and-twenty bills due, all marked "Settle, please."
 Dad has a grouch now—think about his roar
 Should he get a statement from the twenty-four!*

*Dickery, dickery, dock,
 Oh, high was the dicker's stock
 Till the Committer got one
 Then down it run—
 Dickery, dickery, dock.*



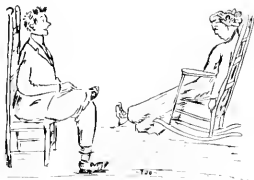
*Tom, Tom, the preacher's son
Stole some wood and the way he run,
But Fenstance fleet
Had Tom 'most beat
So wood lay scattered down the street.*

*Caleb, Caleb, shave a pig
To make poor Asa P. a wig;
Though four-and-twenty hair's enough
The President ain't got the stuff.*



*Doctor Grampus crossed the campus
In a shower of rain,
He stepped in a puddle waist-deep as usual
And cussed out the College again.*

*Sce-Saw, sacradown
Which is the way to Raleigh town?
Catch a freight and ride her down,
That is the way to Raleigh town.*



*Little Miss Meredith, game to the very pith,
Smiled, Anniversary day
Till a Newish deserial her and sat down beside her,
(Oh, horrors!)
No wonder she fainted away!*



Just One More

"Tom, you're next."

We were all seated comfortably about the fire.

"Well, I'm about out, boys, but I've got just one more true story to tell you."

We winked at each other. Tom never told anything but "true" stories, but we were always glad to hear them.

"Do you remember Fred Wilson?" he began.

"Sure," came the answer, "who wouldn't remember that fellow? He was always going around hanging to a pipe."

"Yes, always with the pipe. He never was seen out anywhere, as I know of, without that pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth. And, you remember how he never spoke to anyone when he could help it."

"Yes, and they used to tell all sorts of tales about his having money buried somewhere."

"That's just where my story comes in."

"Well, go on, Tom."

We were all interested now. Fred Wilson had been very reserved, never confiding in anyone, and so stories had sprung up concerning him. His father was wealthy, and Fred was known to receive money often. As he seemed to spend scarcely any, it was rumored that he was somewhat of a miser. Some held that he had money buried, and even jewels, though no one stopped to explain where he got the jewels.

"You remember," continued Tom, "that Fred was called home suddenly last year."

"Yes, yes."

"Well the day after he went home, his room mate, Billy Watson, came to me all excited.

"Tom, I've got it now," he exclaimed excitedly, as he rushed into my room.

"Got what?" I said, not having the least idea of what he was driving at.

"Oh," he said, "I was so excited I forgot myself." He took a chair and drew it close to mine.

"Tom, I've got something to tell you," he began. "I thought you wouldn't let it out. We've always been good friends, you know."

"What do you take me for, Billy? 'Course I won't give anything away."

"Well," he said, "here it is. You know, there have been a good many rumors about Fred having money hid somewhere?"

"Yes, everybody says that," I answered.

"Well," he went on, "I've been rooming with him this year, and have always thought it. Fred was called home yesterday, and asked me to pack his trunk. I looked all through his papers, and I've found out where he's got the money."

"The deuce you have," I said, jumping up.

" 'Yes, here it is,' he replied, and pulled out a little old wornout book which had evidently seen much service. There under the date of October 15 was the following entry:

" 'Buried three feet due North of the tree rock.' That was all.

" 'Why, what good is that? Who knows what or where the tree rock is?' I asked.

" 'I do, that's who,' he answered triumphantly. 'I suppose I'm the only one who knows where it is except Fred. You know I used to follow Fred about, trying to find out something about him. He had a place over here in the woods that he went to nearly every day. A tree has grown up splitting a rock apart, so that it looks as if the tree were actually growing out of the rock. Fred used to go there to be alone. He called it the "tree-rock."'

" 'That sounds more like it then,' I said, 'that is, if you know where this rock is. Three feet north of the tree-rock sounds like the location of the treasure in the Gold Bug, only, I'll admit, these directions are not quite so mixed up.'

" 'You see,' Billy went on to explain, 'the entry was made only a few days ago. I remember that Fred seemed terribly cut up over something. Then, to make it worse, he lost that old pipe of his, and a new one didn't suit him. He wouldn't hardly speak the last three days he was here.'

" 'Well, fellows, I told Billy that I appreciated his letting me in on his scheme, and that I would manage the whole affair for half. You know Billy was never much of a manager.'

Here Tom paused. No one said anything, so he went on.

" 'During that day I got together the necessary things. I swiped a pick and shovel, and got a dark lantern from one of the boys. That night about eleven o'clock we started.

" 'We made our way without interruption, except from a dog at a negro cabin along the road. Finally we came to a bend in the road.

" 'Stop here,' said Billy.

" 'He looked up and down the road, and then pushed his way through the bushes, up the slope at the roadside. Soon we came to a small open space, and there before us was the tree-rock.

" 'The light of the full moon shone through the almost leafless boughs, and I could see pretty well without the lantern. The tree was a squatted oak, and had grown up through a crevice in the rock. As it grew, it had divided the rock in four pieces, so that it was surrounded on all sides, and had the appearance of growing out of the rock itself. Billy called me back to our task.

" 'Come on, Tom,' he said, 'light the lantern quick. I think I've found something.'

" 'I struck a match nervously. Billy was scratching among the leaves. I held the lantern down, and there in the ground was a small stake.

" 'This must be it,' said Billy, 'give me the pick.'

" 'He struck only a blow or two, when he found something solid. He dug in the dirt with his hands, till he brought up a small iron box fastened with a wire.

" 'This is his box, sure,' he cried.

"'Open it up,' I said excitedly, as I took the box from him. 'But, Billy, it's not very heavy.'

"He took it again.

"'No', he said, 'it must be jewels.'

"We both fingered at the wire nervously, and finally got the box open. The contents appeared to have been packed carefully. I began to tear out roll after roll of paper. We were about to give up all hopes, when we came across a small package in the center of the box.

"'Here it is,' I cried in triumph.

"My fingers trembled as I unrolled the package, and what do you think, fellows? There before our eyes lay Fred Wilson's old pipe with a broken stem."

"Aw, pshaw!" was the disappointed exclamation of the listeners.

"Yes," continued Tom, "that's what it was. I threw it down in disgust, when Billy picked up the paper in which the pipe had been wrapped.

"'What's this?' he said, holding the paper up to the lantern, so that he could read. I looked over his shoulder and read:

"'To my pipe: You served me long and well, faithful friend. May you now rest in peace. Cursed be he who disturbs your resting place.'"

Tom had risen, and started for the door, his custom after saying his say.

"Wait a minute, Tom," we cried, "whatever became of the pipe?"

"Aw, that's a minor detail. Goodnight, fellows."

A. B. COMBS.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MORE THAN PETE PETERSON'S CAPACITY CIRCULATED

A Rainy Day at Home

*I allers lore a rainy day,
But pa he jes' kaint rest a minute,
An' ma she won't hure much to say,
But would if I would jes' begin it,
An' law, how time 'ud flit away,*

*For ma, too, lores a rainy day,
An' knits and churns er does some darmin'
While pa looks baffled in a way
An' says the weather's awful harmin'
To newly mowed and scattered hay,
But sich somehow weren't troublin' me!
I jes' made out to pa 'twas awful
An' winked at ma as soon as she
Would look around:—I knowed 'twas awful
Until she shook 'er head at me,*

*Ma didn't like to see him fret
For he would blink like crackin' pinders,
An' chew his beard an' fume an' sweat
Then ma'd jes' gaze outside the winders
Until her eyes looked red an' wet,*

*Then soon she'd hum a little song
That made pa's lips go right to smilin'
An' I'd jes' glance my eyes along
To where the dinner waz a-billin'
So ma could tell my waist wuz wrong,*

*They both were awful proud o' me,
For ma said I would be a lawyer
An' win renown on land an' sea,
But pa jes' changes the word to "sawyer"
An' sighed: "That's all he'll get to be,"*

*But goodness law! I used to plan
All kinds and shapes of mighty castles
I meant to build whene'er a morn,
An' law! I'd lead my future rassals
Like ancients did their valiant clan!*

*Oh yes, I love such rainy days!
They bring with them a childhood story
When I sat by a lightwood blaze
Between two souls that built my glory
And cared for me throughout their days!*

ARTHUR D. GORE.



IN OUR DEN'S

Ben, The Puppet of Circumstance

When Ben Julian betrothed himself to an unknown lady correspondent and showed his mother her photograph, the elderly woman shook her head distrustingly, insisting that it was unwise. "The lady may be used to riches and will want a great mansion set in a wilderness of flowers, with fountains and stone dogs and electric arrangements; and you know, son, you were not reared in luxuries—I hope it won't be, though"—he added consolingly.

"Let it come. It's got to prove so before I change my mind," declared Ben.

So one day Ben actually became infatuated to madness and would all but have died for Jessica Sandrock's sake. The romance of the engagement held her: love held him. How they came to know each other was this way. They were both college students. She wrote a poem which appeared in her college journal with her name and date of graduation. Ben was puzzled to know how best to reach her. He knew all women were susceptible to flattery at times, so he congratulated her on a card bearing words something like these: "Congratulations! poem entitled—is very pleasing. See opening poem in December Number of our exchange with you. Address: Y. M. C. A. President." He knew she could find none but old exchanges. That was to arouse her curiosity and get a response and perhaps a request for a copy of the magazine, and then a note of thanks from her for the kindness. The whole thing worked well. That is how Ben met his fiancee.

When Ben's father heard what he had done he said:

"I could have arranged that part of your career time enough, Ben, without all that nonsense."

But Ben kept on shaving his slick face and blushing, for he knew some things. He knew he liked the drooping lids of Jessica's eyes and felt that her presence would be transporting. He fancied that her full brow, symmetrical features and lovely neck would even be surpassed by her gentleness and learning, especially by the time their engagement was ready to be fulfilled. And besides, nobody but Ben knew how well she could draw dreams with a pen and leave them for him to fill in and give coloring to. So Ben was love-lorn, foolish Ben, regardless of father Julian's advice.

And so Ben kept quiet, graduated, won his law license and accepted a position with an old lawyer in Jessica Sandrock's county.

One evening he sent this message in response to her invitation: "Will be there on day and hour mentioned."

At 7:30 sharp the auto stopped under the porte-cochere. Jessica was among the first to meet him. They chatted a moment on the steps, and then the servant showed him his room.

"Good Lord! was ever a man as fortunate as I? She's a queen!" Ben numbed to himself as he beheld his own semblance and close-fitting evening dress, to

see if he was fit to be in her presence. Then he walked out on the porch upstairs. He heard a male voice say "Goodbye" below.

He peered over involuntarily. Jessica's hand was in an alien's affectionate grip and her lips were fixed to say "Goodbye."

He opened his mouth to rebuke his betrothed. "That won't do," he reflected. He coughed and watched the results.

Jessica's hand, Ben imagined, fell like lead. The stranger withdrew with undue haste.

That settled it with Ben. He tiptoed back into his dungeon-like room, which a moment before seemed to him a palace, and observed his fiery countenance until his fists clutched with shameful jealousy.

Ben's father sent a long letter of advice to him through the senior partner, giving instructions to the judge to protect his wayward son.

When Ben returned, the old judge handed him the bundle of proverbs from his father. Ben read them disinterestedly. The Judge waited until he finished and then wished to hear Ben's account of his trip.

"Guess my folks were right. Don't want ever to speak to one of her tribe again."

"Tututu! What's up, what's up, now?" the judge hurriedly questioned.

"The little coquetish imp wouldn't return my ring."

"You aren't engaged?"

"Engaged—yes, thunder—and she wears my diamond ring."

Then the fat old Judge pretended to blow his nose to hide his laughter and said, "You're just foolish about her. Don't be in such a hurry. Aren't you jealous?"

"Jealous, nothing!" Ben retorted. "I guess I know my business. I asked for my ring, but no-sir-ree!"

"Ah, well, be patient, she's just trying you in the harness."

"Poor way to try a fellow, to me, to kiss a friend goodby like she did."

The Judge lit his cigar again and smiled behind his ears. The Judge *knew* something himself, and *that's* what tickled him.

"All I want's my ring."

"Can get your promise, but not the jewelry, eh?"

"Got neither, yet. Oh, the very devil's in that creature! Wish I had known something before I did. If I had, you'd never catch this boy sending diamonds to strangers again. Why, I'll be blessed if I would be fool enough again to send my best wishes to another woman without registering the letter!"

"Why does she refuse to return it?"

"Says I gave it as a present. Of course, to the deuce I did, but there was a provision. Can't get ring *or* provision now, though, and I'll just declare that I won't have *her* for anything."

"How do you like your father's letter?" Ben didn't hear.

"Say, Ben, how do you like the letter?"

"Salright, I reckon. I'm not, though."

"When you going back to see her, Ben?"

"Never, by George!"

"Going to send for her to come, eh?"

"I'm not," stolidly.

"How you going to get the ring? Summons her?"

"Summons that dolly wild-cat? As well ask the moon the time of day!"

And Ben was leaving.

"Stay! I know something of her family history—they are nice people. I have known them personally and by reputation twenty-five years."

"Darn your family pedigree—your history and reputation! 'Sfull of diamond rings if they are all frauds like she is."

"Tutututu, come, come! I tell you she's worth your time. Better win her if you can."

"Guess she is worth my time, for I shall spend no more with her."

"Did you ask who the stranger was, or did she tell you about him?"

"No; nor did I ask—I asked for my ring, though."

The Judge laughed heartily and Ben looked sheepish and seemed to see his blunder.

"Go once more, anyhow," the Judge insisted. "She loves you yet, Ben," he chuckled.

"Loves the ring all right enough!"

"You too, Ben, or she wouldn't cling to it so."

"Cling nothing! You ought to have seen her cling to that stranger's coat-sleeve!"

But things were at a crisis. Ben must act; the ring had to come. He couldn't afford one like that for every girl he might become engaged to. "Judge, what would you do, in fact? I want your opinion. I reckon I did get jealous a little. I'll do whatever you say."

"Do what I first told you. Go again."

Ben went. He saw. Did he conquer?

How bewitchingly Jessica flashed the diamond! Ben smiled agreeably and graciously all over his face; he cursed under his shirt bosom. She looked beautiful in her crimson silk, her resplendent curls blending with her cheeks and gown. Her finger was not ornamented. The ring was; how could it help but be, on such a hand? The situation demanded courage. But Ben was in living pain and didn't have any such metal in his workshop. But in despair, anything, even a mouse, will stare you in the eye and resist the foe. Ben was in despair. To win or fail, he rose to test it. He pretended to warm his hands by her crimson cheeks, holding them close and shivering.

She smiled uncertainly.

"No fire in your heart, I think it is mostly in your face," he proceeded to explain.

She looked downward, flushed pale, and tears came, involuntarily confessing what words never have.

Ben gazed down upon the little cloud of crimson and gold and wonderful countenance, triumphantly. When she had hastily wiped away the stubborn tears, he said consolingly and apologetically, "Don't cry, little girl, I didn't mean to crush your heart."

"Certainly your inferred apology is acceptable, and I grant you forgiveness; but I was not crying. I am troubled with catarrh and it makes tears come when I start to sneeze."

It was Ben's time to blush and sneeze, and he certainly did do the first part perfectly.

At breakfast Ben looked dismayed. He was disappointment personified.

"Good morning, Ben," bowed the Judge, upon entering the room.

"Good morning," moodily.

"When you going to bring her to live with us?" innocently asked the Judge.

"Never!"

"Not?" very surprised.

"No! thunderation! doubtful if I myself stay here long."

"Going *there* to live, then, are you? Like her town better, eh?"

"No! sir," aggravatedly.

"She won't—?"

"No, she won't even give me a single word of encouragement," Ben broke in.

"Not on to the art, Ben," said the Judge. "I'll give you some points to hang your argument upon if you'll promise to use them."

"Art won't work when there's no heart," Ben groaned hopelessly.

"Tried it, then, have you——?"

"Reckon I have." And Ben then related his experience in warming his hands. The Judge laughed boisterously, and said, when over his equatorial pains, "Right good trick in you, Ben. Awful forfeit of dignity, though, on your part."

"I don't need any advice, Judge; she is entirely incapable of love; I know for I read the Psalms—some of them to her; then told the romance of Evangeline, Courtship of Miles Standish, and quoted some pathetic stanzas from Wordsworth. She just sat there like she was on pins, and every time I'd hesitate she'd say, 'Oh wasn't that cute?' and smile foolishly and say, 'I've never heard tell of them things before, an' I hain't read much, either,' when I'd ask her which one of the American writers she liked most. I wouldn't hire a cook who didn't have more sense than she seemed to have. And, Judge, you might as well omit your advice right now. I don't want it. Besides, the world's full of women just as good as she is, and I am not bound to marry anyhow."

"As good in some respects, but not in every way," the shaggy-haired lawyer answered. "Why, Ben, that girl's as economical as Silas Marner."

"Seems like it!" Ben retorted. "Holds tight to jewelry all right."

"Now to facts, Ben; if you want the ring, do this and its yours."

"I'll do most anything but make love to her," Ben hurriedly agreed.

"Well, it's all up, then. You can't force a woman to love you."

"Seems that you know, Judge, to hear you talk. Go on, I want to know the rest."

"Well, Ben, try again—go with a determination to bring back the woman or the ring!"

"I'll do it," Ben blurted determinedly. "Blamed if any woman shall hen-peck me ever, especially beforehand in any such a way!"

So Ben got ready, wired for a date, and bade the Judge good morning.

In the meantime, however, the Judge worked *his* head, too. He scribbled this message: "Best looks, manners, encouragement and sense. Worth while."

When Ben arrived, Jessica was looking beautiful, and warmly welcomed him. They had the parlor to themselves, and she bombarded Ben with such excellent language that soon she convinced him that it was another hand-warming scrape she was piling off on him, and inwardly he accused himself of being the biggest dupe on the face of the earth. She excused herself, and while she was absent, he whispered to himself, "The little cuss! Got sense? Plenty of it!" And then he checked his enthusiasm and reflected, "but she'll be as coy with the next man. Why should I care?" Yet somehow, Ben did care. Down deep in his heart he yearned for her, let her be as intangible and fickle as the rainbow, still he did want her.

Ben was absorbed until a noise broke the meditation. He glanced in that direction, and out through the window, he saw Jessica and that same strange friend. There stood the little, confiding Jessica conversing with the man whom of all creation he most detested at that moment. She looked sweet; Ben sour. But she returned like a summer wind and flourished her wand-like hand, exclaiming, "I want you to meet my brother. He is the only one, and all the world to me. I always feel sad when he leaves."

Ben bounced like he was aided by automatic springs and stretched out his hand to the once abominable stranger. Even that early Ben saw avenues of love and success in every direction—her brother was the most welcome guest of all the earth to Ben. The two exchanged salutations and Jessica and Ben resumed their seats. Ben's limbs began to tremble as the critical moment drew near. He rose to go and passed one furtive glance at the forever lost diamond, extended his hand to say goodbye. She grasped it with such a responsive feeling that Ben *knew* that she really loved him.

"Don't you want your ring?" she asked unsteadily.

"Not if I can get you," Ben gasped, staring her squarely in the eye.

"No, take the ring. *Here, take it!*" she demanded, blushing scarlet.

She was endowed with dignities, poses and reserves, and Ben thought her cold. He stood speechless; she gazed toward the carpet, her pulses thumping wildly. She didn't mean a word of what she had said. She was frightened half out of her wits that he would take it. That meant perhaps months of sadness to her if he did. He didn't want the trophy now. He would have given a dozen like it for her! She would have thrown twice its worth away only to hear him repeat his last statement. Neither knew what was in the other's heart, so, there they stood, at the dawn of a new life. The silence grew oppressive beyond expression. Jessica screamed through her tears, holding out the ring, "Oh, here, *take it! take it!*"

"So you think you can get along without either the ring or me, do you?" asked Ben, without the least evidence of self-praise.

She stared in shocked silence.

He continued, "I was so hasty at first. You are so dear, so kind to me. I have been cowardly and intended to be a jealous robber—" He halted abruptly. With a wild gesture, he offered himself to be dealt with.

She shook her brown head, and her one dimple deepened, changed to a fairy well of happiness, and still looked at him speechlessly.

"Won't you keep the ring, Jessica?"

Her face lighted up under its shadow of modesty. It was at last meet that she should open her heart.

"Not without the owner is mine too," she answered hesitatingly, and looked away with blurred eyes.

The confession leaped—piercing and alive to his eyes, to his brain, and he stood stricken mute. An unconscious moment passed. He reached for her hand—*not the one with the ring on it*—and hers involuntarily closed about his, and she gave a faint astonished cry. Presently she came closer and gave one evidence of her sincerity and yearning which he craved of her at that moment with his troubled blue eyes.

And that is how Ben became the Judge's nephew, and why she still wears the diamond.

ARTHUR D. GORE.





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