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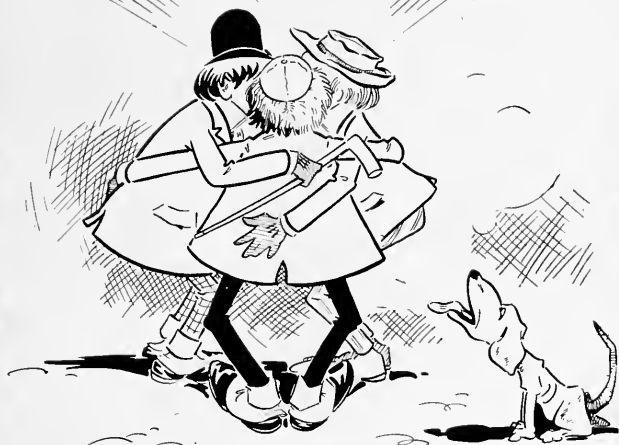






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YACKETY YACK



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Dedicated to
Kemp Hummer Battle, U.S.A.





Very Truly,
Wm. P. Battle



Kemp Plummer Battle, LL.D.

WE are glad to dedicate this number of our annual to Kemp Plummer Battle, LL.D., Alumni Professor of History, and former President of the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Battle was born in Franklin County, North Carolina, December 19, 1831. His father, William Horn Battle, of the class of 1820, a great-grandson of Elisha Battle of the Constitutional Convention of 1776, was for years a Supreme Court Judge of the State. His mother, Lucy Martin Plummer, a grand-daughter of Colonel Nicholas Long of Revolutionary fame, was a daughter of Kemp Plummer, State Senator from Warren County, who was known as "The honest lawyer."

He entered the University in 1845 and graduated four years later at the age of seventeen. The prize oration, the Valedictory address, was drawn for by the three first honor men of the class, and Dr. Battle was the successful one of those who drew for this coveted prize.

In his senior year, as President of the Dialectic Society, he, in company with Hon. James Mebane, first President of the Society and ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, presided at the dedicatory services of the then new Dialectic Hall, which is now known as the History Room in the Old West Building.

After graduation, he was elected tutor of mathematics, in which capacity he served for four years, during which time he studied law under his father, receiving his license in 1854, and at once began a remunerative practice in co-partnership with Quentin Busbee of the Raleigh Bar.

In 1855 he married Miss Martha Battle, a distant relative, who is still living, the joy of his life. They have been blessed with seven children, five of whom reached maturity. His daughter Nellie, wife of Dr. Richard H. Lewis of Raleigh, N. C., died in 1889. His four living children are Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Jr., of Raleigh, N. C., Thomas H. Battle of Rocky Mount, N. C., Herbert B. Battle of Montgomery, Ala., and W. J. Battle, Ph.D., of the University of Texas.

In 1860, he was one of the Whig candidates for the House of Commons in Wake County, and, although himself defeated, he aided in changing a Democratic majority of over five hundred to a Whig majority of two hundred. In this campaign he prepared a pamphlet on "Ad Valorem Taxation Explained by Questions and Answers," which was so highly valued by his party that one hundred thousand copies were printed and distributed among the people of the State. During the presidential campaign of 1860, he was President of

the Wake County Union Club and actively opposed both Lincoln and Breckenridge, but when the great Civil War broke out, he embraced the cause of the South with equal zeal and enthusiasm, and was elected a member of the Secession Convention, in which he, foreseeing that the Confederacy would need fuel for its navy and for its factories, successfully advocated the building of a railroad to the coal fields of Chatham, which later became a part of the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line of the present Seaboard Air Line system. At request of Governor Worth, he was a successful candidate before the Legislature for State Treasurer in 1865, and in 1867 was re-elected practically unanimously, to be turned out of office by the operation of the Reconstruction Acts in 1868.

In 1862 he was made a trustee of the University, and soon thereafter he was placed on the Executive Committee, in which position his love for his Alma Mater at once began to assert itself constructively.

In 1867, the University entered the darkest period of its history; its funds were running low; and its professors were fast resigning. Dr. Battle, as chairman of a committee of the trustees, of which Solicitor-General Samuel F. Phillips and ex-Governor William A. Graham were members, wrote an elaborate report recommending a re-organization along the lines of the present system. This report was adopted almost unanimously, but our dear old University in a short time passed into hands that failed to keep its doors open to the youth of the State.

In 1874, the University, which had for eight years been but a pathetic reminder of better days in North Carolina, was reached after by the strong arm of the State and, by constitutional amendment, was given back into the glad hands of its old-time friends. Dr. Battle, one of the new trustees, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and, on his recommendation, successful application was made to the General Assembly for \$7,500 a year, interest on the Land Grant. With this amount as a beginning and, relying on the University sentiment in North Carolina, he began a movement to reopen the doors of our ancient seat of learning. But, its buildings were decaying, its beautiful campus was growing up in weeds, wreck and ruin were on every hand, and money must be had to put glass in the windows, stop the many leaks in the various roofs, and cut down the weeds in the campus. Confident that the great heart of North Carolina still beat with love for the University, Dr. Battle appealed to its friends, who gladly answered his call for help, and gave to him \$18,000 with which to make the needed repairs.

In September, 1875, the doors of the institution were once more thrown open; sixty-nine students were enrolled; and the University, with face uplifted toward the coming of better days, began its present career of service to the State.

After the first year, it was seen that a president was needed and Dr. Battle, upon urgent solicitation, abandoned a lucrative practice and reluctantly

but loyally accepted the responsible post of labor and honor. His presidency was most successful. Under his wise direction the number of students steadily increased, the instruction in all the departments was widened and deepened, the departments of law, medicine, natural history, and electrical engineering were added, the number of laboratories was increased from three to five, a gymnasium and memorial hall were built, several literary and scientific societies were organized, the University Railroad was completed, and many other needed improvements were made from time to time.

In 1891, he resigned as President and was at once unanimously elected Alumni Professor of History, which position he has ever since most acceptably filled. His efficiency as President and Professor has been due not merely to his scholarly instincts and vast fund of knowledge, but also to his large and varied experience in the business world, where, in addition to the offices already referred to, he held the following: Director of the Insane Asylum, President of a successful life insurance company, President of the State Agricultural Society, one of the three founders of the Oakwood Cemetery in Raleigh, N. C., director and one of the founders of the Citizens National Bank, Raleigh, N. C., Alderman of the City of Raleigh and Chairman of the Committee of Aldermen which put the city finances in order after the confusion of 1868-'9, and President of the Chatham Railroad during the Civil War, which, as has been mentioned, was built for the purpose of getting coal for the Confederacy.

As an author he has written many valuable historical papers, pamphlets, and addresses, among which may be mentioned the following: *History of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; History of Raleigh, N. C.; History of the University of North Carolina; Trials and Judicial Proceedings of the New Testament; Life of Gen. Jethro Sumner; Old Schools and Teachers of North Carolina; Otway Burns—Privateer and Legislator*, etc.

Every friend of the University, and especially those students who have matriculated since the reorganization in 1875, will read with interest this short sketch of Dr. Battle's long and successful service for North Carolina. As a trustee he has been ever faithful to the University; as President he successfully rescued it from ruin and decay, and brought it back to a life of wider usefulness and deeper scholarship than it had ever known before; and now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, buoyant as a youth, both mentally and physically, with a heart beating proudly with love for his native State, and an indomitable energy ever bent towards finding out the truth of history and exploiting the glorious achievements of the fathers in State and Nation, studious, painstaking, and indefatigable, year after year, he enthusiastically leads the flower of our youth to the most authentic sources of historic lore where opinions may be formed without the bias of sentiment or the blindness of prejudice. May he long be found at his present post of honorable, useful and sympathetic service to his Alma Mater.

M. C. S. NOBLE.

Editors' Preface.

A preface to a publication, especially one of such young and unlearned persons as the editors of this annual, usually consists of an apology for its existence, and a warning as to its contents.

We omit the commonplace apology, as we have tried this year, in so far as possible, to depart from the ways of preceding Yacks. Yet we hope that any who may chance to glance through this book, may try to overlook our sins, both of omission and of commission, and let them consider that the publication, such as it is, was necessarily edited in two month's time. In the way of a word to the wise, the present board of editors expresses its wish and advises from experience, that the editors of future Yackety Yacks be chosen at the beginning of the fall term, in order that they may have the time to get out a book truly worthy of the University.

If this publication had been dependent upon its editors alone, it would have fallen even far short of what it is, and we are fortunate to hereby thank our contributors, both at home and abroad, for their kindly interest and invaluable assistance.

As to the contents of this book, we have attempted to present to our fellow students and alumni friends, a true synthesis of the University life, with its various phases and its complex nature.

If there be any who cannot learn the truth without pain, and who are displeased with the characteristics or knocks attributed to them, let such be not offended, but let them rather profit in thus seeing themselves as others see them.

We hope that the YACKETY YACK of 1906 is truly representative of the University life.



CALENDAR 1906



University Calendar for 1905-1906.

1905.

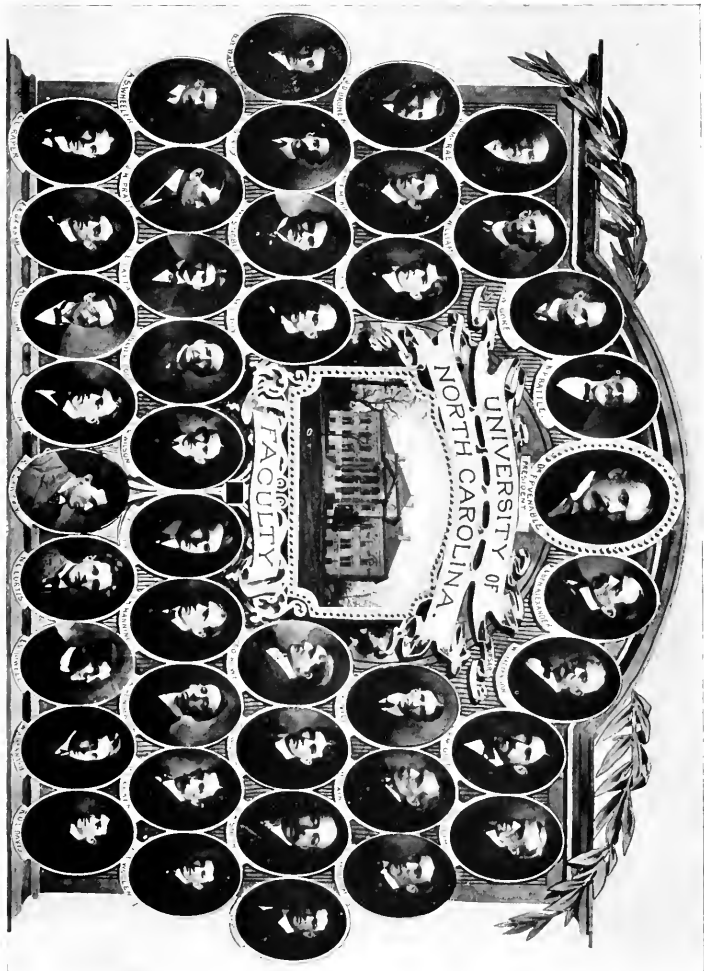
- SEPTEMBER 11—16. *Monday to Saturday.*—Examinations for the Removal of Conditions.
- SEPTEMBER 11—13. *Monday to Wednesday.*—Examinations for Admission. Registration.
- SEPTEMBER 14. *Thursday.*—Academic year begins. 8:30 Morning Prayers.
- SEPTEMBER 17. *Sunday.*—3.00 p.m.—Meeting of Y. M. C. A.
- SEPTEMBER 24. *Sunday.*—Bible Study Rally.
- OCTOBER 12. University Day.
- NOVEMBER 30. Thanksgiving Day. Virginia *vs.* North Carolina Game.

1906.

- JANUARY 2—3. *Tuesday, Wednesday.*—Registration.
- JANUARY 4. *Thursday.*—Beginning of Lectures.
- FEBRUARY 22. *Wednesday.*—Washington's Birthday.
- JUNE 6. Commencement Exercises.



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Faculty.

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FRANK PARKER DRANE, *Assistant in Chemistry.*

Old Resurrections.

Some evenings, spread in oriental skies,
Call back these visions, and in olden guise,
With autumn gilding of the sunken sun,
Old dreams of the East of childhood tales arise.

Where palaces and glittering minarets,
Fountains in moonlight maze of silver jets,
And all the magic light of old Bagdad
Gleam wondrous, walled in wondrous parapets.

And I in the shadow of Aladdin's lamp,
With grim, swart soldiers in a tented camp,
Guarding the Cavern of the Forty Thieves;
Dancing with houri bands in airy tramp:

Bearing the light of a remembering mind,
Guiding the way thereby, whereby I find
The Palace wall, the Vineyard, and the Khan,
The tents of Omar and the flowing Wine.

Where soft rose-fragrance floats forever free
In undulations down, and endlessly
Gray shadows lengthen from a quivering plane
O'er vales of Hafiz and of Ferdousi:

Where western gloamings of a setting sun,
Paling to twilight when the day is done,
Fall on the gilded mosques of Teheran,
And faint in the darkness and the scene is on

To green Damascus lost in the wasted sand,
Drifted around her ancient walls that stand
Ruinous above the banks of Abana
And Parphar in the Holy Prophet's land:

To myriad peoples in an endless plain,
And, glittering keen with armies in the train
Of despots, past the Delphi palaces—
Now lost in vapors on the Indian main.

* * * * *

But waiting resurrection; for our years
Are born again in dreaming, and in cheers,
When thoughts lie heavy, that a Vision come
Of tales that hearten and of song that stir,

T. B. H.



ALSTON, HOWARD, Littleton, N. C.
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WALTON, WILLIAM McINTYRE, Morganton, N. C.

In Memoriam.

One year ago on earth you walked
The common path and deemed it best
To do the work God gave you here,
Leaving to his just hand the rest.

The alma mater you had loved—
Who loved you still, her larger boys,
Could not foresee her loss of you
Could not foresee your larger joys.

But now she knows you are not lost,
You are but in the graduate school;
A great degree you still shall win
From Him of Universal Rule.

For life, for death, she sent you forth,
Oh, sons of earthly mother dear!
Oh, stricken hearts, God knoweth best,
He comfort gives, why should ye fear?

L. C.





Yackety Yack Board.

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YACKETY YACK BOARD.



A Toast.

Oh, here's to Carolina in the pleasant day of fall,
When the crimson leaves are glowing on the trees;
When we only talk and dream and root and play foot-ball,
And teach a little lesson to the F. F. V.'s
Thanksgiving Day with joyous hearts we pledge our faith anew
And drink a brimming bumper to the White and Blue.

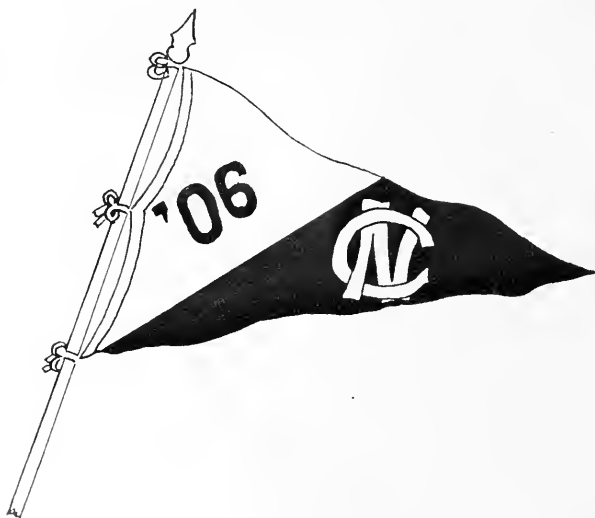
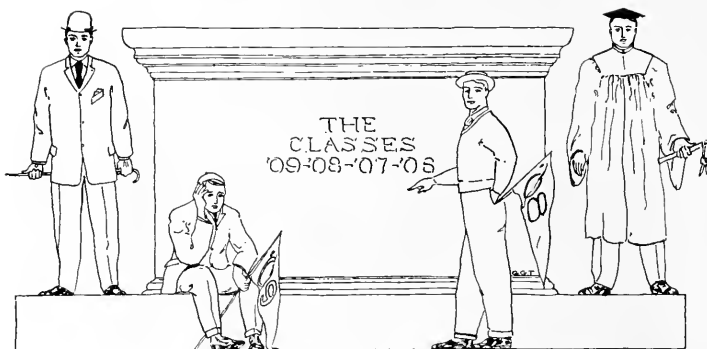
Oh, here's to Carolina in the frosty winter time,
When there's precious little doing but grind, grind, grind;
When Battle Park's deserted and our very bottom dime
Pays for harmless little oyster-feasts, or 'possum—go it blind!
Oh then we cheer our spirits with a rousing yell or two,
And drink a brimming bumper to the White and Blue.

Oh, here's to Carolina when the verdant spring has come,
And the verdant Freshman's fancies turn to Love's young dream;
When our good old base-ball nine begins to make things hum,
And exams. are not exactly what they seem:
Why then, when sky and woodland put on so gay a hue,
We needs must drink a bumper to the White and Blue.

Oh, here's to Carolina in the mystic nights of June,
When the campus is a bit of fairyland,
When every man's an orator beneath the silver moon,
And the medals and diplomas and the "rags" just beat the band,
Then, with saddened hearts at parting from our alma mater true,
We drink a brimming bumper to the White and Blue.

Oh, here's to Carolina throughout the rolling year,
Whatever seasons come and go this loyal toast we raise;
And when at last far sundered from the halls we held so dear
We'll bless the memory of our happy college days;
And then our hearts will kindle at the thought of N. C. U.
And we'll drink a brimming bumper to the White and Blue.

M. H.





Class of 1906.

Colors: Purple and White.

Motto: Finis opus coronat.

Flower: Lily of the Valley.

President.....	W. B. LOVE.
First Vice-President.....	R. M. BROWN.
Second Vice-President.....	F. M. CRAWFORD.
Secretary.....	R. H. McLAIN.
Treasurer.....	W. R. JONES.
Historian.....	H. W. LITTLETON.
Prophet.....	B. F. ROYAL.
Class Representative.....	H. W. McCAIN.
Orator.....	J. A. PARKER.
Poet.....	J. B. GOSLEX.
Statistician.....	A. C. DALTON.
Last Will and Testament.....	P. E. SEAGLE.

Class Poem

(1906.)

We know of a place in our Southland
Where waves the Purple and White,
O'er hearts that are as true and as sturdy
As the heroes who gained victory thro' night.
We have sung in the hours of our leisure,
We have worked in the hours we should work,
And have found all the sweeter our pleasure
For the duties we never would shirk.

So here's to our old Alma Mater,
And here's to the Purple and White:
May the praise of thy worth and thy goodness
Ever urge those who follow for right.
Thou art worthy to grace song and story,
Thou art worthy a place in each heart,
We will share in thy strength and thy glory—
In thy trials we'll each bear a part.

Long may our White be a beacon
To light up the pathway of life:
May our Purple e'er be the true royal
Which shall keep us too noble for strife,
As they furl and unfurl in the sunshine,
May the God who looks down from above
Fill our hearts in the future with gladness,
Guide our steps with his infinite love.

J. B. G., *Class Poet.*

Senior Class.



Eric A. Abernethy.

ABERNETHY, ERIC A. Chapel Hill, N. C.

"I speak in understanding."

Age, 30; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 150 pounds.

Ex. '99; Manager University Press Company '96-1900; Member Press Association '97-1900; Intersociety Debater '97; Associate Editor Magazine '98; Phi Society; Modern Woodmen of America; National Union; Senior Warden, University Lodge, No. 408, A. F. & A. M.; M.D., University College of Medicine, Richmond, 1901; M.D., Columbia University 1903; actively engaged in practice of medicine.

"Doc."

His beard gives the appearance of mature age, but everybody knows it was done o' purpose. He is one of the boys yet and can climb down ropes or play Ka Klux with the best of them. Human nature is to him a book opened by his years of practicing of medicine. Short of speech he is, but generous, open-hearted and self-sacrificing to a fault.

ABERNETHY, LEROY FRANKLIN.

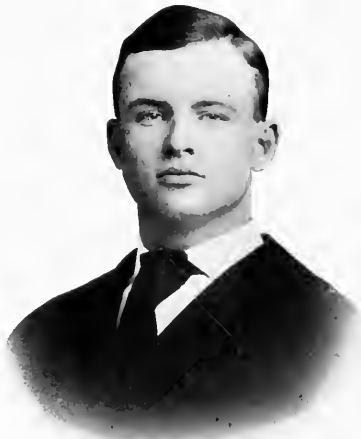
Hickory, N. C.

"He was a man, take him all in all."

Age, 20; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 195 pounds.

Σ X: The Gorgon's Head; Golden Fleece; German Club; Varsity Full-back '05; "All Southern;" B. A. from A. M. C. '05.

He is extremely modest, even not considering that he is the only Class All Southern or All-American Foot-ball player. He doesn't like newspaper puffs or mass meeting speeches. He came from A. and M. last fall and still retains Max Gardner as his spiritual adviser. Good humored, bashful, yes—but you ought to see him hit the line.



L. F. Abernethy.



ALLEN, RIXDEN TYLER.

Wadesboro, N. C.

"I am all the daughters of my father's house and all the brothers too."

Age, 19; height, 6 feet; weight, 158; Chemical Journal Club; Geological Journal Club; Assistant in Chemistry.

The call of Science is to him an imperative one, and Chemistry and Geology monopolize his time. At intervals on Sundays and holidays he has been known to appear upon the campus for short spaces of time. He has been with us but two years, but always answers to the call of his class.

R. T. Allen

BLACKWELDER, BARRIE BASCOM.

Hickory, N. C.

"Thou art as long and lank and lean as are the rock-ribbed sands."

Age, 21; height, 6 feet 3 inches; weight, 190; A. B. Lenoir College, '05; Σ N; Di Society; Class Football Team; '05; All Class Football Team; Economics Club; German Club.

He is one of the "Tall timber," to whom the rest of us have to look up. He graduated somewhere else before coming here but has almost recovered from the effects. Like his side partner, Rudsill, he can expectorate with marked skill and unexcelled accuracy. A realization of his great height causes him to stoop slightly and he walks as though he were treading on Easter eggs.



B. B. Blackwelder!



Roy M. Brown

BROWN, ROY MELTON. Boone, N. C.

*"Whence is thy learning? Hast
thy toil o'er books consumed
the midnight oil?"*

Age, 26; weight, 138; height, 5 feet 9 inches; Class Historian (1, 5); 1st Vice-President Class (4); Assistant Librarian (2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A.; Dialectic Society; N. C. Historical Society; Economics Club; Shakespeare Club; Odd Number Club; Modern Literature Club; Editor of Magazine (4); University Press Association; President Phi Beta Kappa.

"Metamorphosis"—"Phi Beta Kappa."

He began his political career by presiding over a freshman caucus with a gun in each hand and a knife in his belt. He struck the Hill with but one ambition and achieved it. His motto is: "Let me learn the books and I care not who plays the games." He was the hardest student in the class up till his Senior year when he unfortunately took a relapse.



C. S. Burwell

BURWELL, EDMUND STRUDWICK.
Charlotte, N. C.

*"If nobody care for me
I'll care for nobody."*

Δ K E; Θ X Σ; Gimghoul; German Club; Scrub Base-ball Team (2); Shakespeare Club; Manager Class Foot-ball Team (3); Glee Club (3, 4).

"Shorty."

If you are looking for indifference personified, you have it here. He cares least of all men which way the wind blows. His powers as a mimic, his ability as an actor, his boldness as a wit mark him (physique not considered) as no ordinary individual. He is a basso profundo par excellence, and a charter member of the "Bohe Tonic Club," and a sloper-down in all pictures. His college course is strictly heterogeneous.



CALDER, ROBERT EDWARD.
Wilmington, N. C.

*"He keeps the noiseless tenor of
his way."*

Age, 22; weight, 147; height, 5 feet 5 inches; Gingham, Golden Fleece; Academic Member University Council; Sphinx; Σ A E; II Σ; German Club; Varsity Track Team (1); Class Baseball Team (1); Scrub Baseball Team (2); Capt. Class Track Team (2); Class Football Team (3); Varsity Baseball Team (3); Sub Ball Manager (3); Captain Class Football Team (4).

"Ducky."

"A bashful and blushing youth" of athletic tendencies and an indescribable laugh. Heartless age is beginning to make inroads upon his by no means limited stock of hair. His limbs are not notably long, but what there is of them needs no padding.

R. E. Calder.

CHESHIRE, THEOPHILUS PARKER.
Tarboro, N. C.

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

Age, 20; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 147; Z Ψ; Gingham; Θ N Σ; II Σ; Class Football Team (1, 3, 4); Assistant Ball Manager (2); Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Assistant in Biology; Journal Club; German Club.

"Rube," "Theophilus," "Cherub."

He has just "matched" his hat and shoes, and lost. Hence the look of philosophical resignation to his fate. He is especially proud of the stylish hair tins he gets at Dunston's shop, and loves to talk about Hinton's clothes. He habitually sports an expression of cherub innocence and speaks as if he had a cold.



Theophilus Cheshire



Frederic M. Crawford.

CRAWFORD, FREDERIC MULL.

Greensboro, N. C.

"Hale fellow, well met."

Age, 22; weight, 149; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; Dialectic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Class Base-ball Team (1, 2, 4); Class Treasurer (2); Class Secretary (3); Editor Yackety Yack (3, 4); Varsity Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Foot-ball Team (4); Odd Number Club; Shakespeare Club; Golden Fleece; Second Vice-President Class (4); Captain Class Base-ball Team (4).

He's quite a singist and admits it himself. If your ears are greeted by an unearthly noise on the campus some dark night, be not alarmed, it's only "Fred," amusing himself with his wild-cat yell. Happy-go-lucky, care-free, always on the search for fun—that's him. He is especially interested in drawing and will probably specialize in this. His stunts in this annual speak for themselves.

DALTON, ARCHIE CARTER.

Greensboro, N. C.

*"In arguing too, the teacher
owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he
could argue still."*

Age, 21; height, 5 ft., 5 in.; weight, 130; B O H; German Club; Dialectic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Class Statistician (4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer Press Association (2, 3); Yackety Yack Editor (2); Speaker Intersociety Banquet (3); Economics Society; Historical Society; Senior Banquet Speaker; President Guilford County Club (4); Modern Literature Club; Editor-in-Chief of Yackety Yack (4); Law.

The most remarkable thing about his career is the boot he has managed to get on "Horace." He heard he got it by calling him "Mister" and persisted in it religiously ever after. He is small in stature, but you always know he is around. He is alert, energetic, chatty, and albeit so argumentative, that his recitations are joint debates with the instructors.



Archie Dalton



DRANE, FRANK PARKER. Edenton, N. C.

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

Age, 20; weight, 160; height, 5 feet 9 inches; Philanthropic Society; Δ K Σ; Class Foot-ball Team (1, 4); Chemical Journal Club; Assistant in Chemistry (4); Magazine Editor (3); Geological Journal Club; Chemist.

"Explosion Drane."

The private address of this young man is the "Chemical Laboratory, U. N. C." He stays at home faithfully too; has earnestly earned his name. Be not deceived by that vacant stare. He is merely considering the subject and will speak later with proper deliberation. He sticks to his books, as befits a member of the faculty.

Frank P. Drane

GOSLEN, JUNIUS B.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*"If you have any music that may
not be heard—out with it."*

Age, 20; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 143; Dialectic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary and Treasurer Musical Association (2, 3); Shakespeare Club; Historical Society; Class Poet (4); Tennis Association; 1st Vice-President Forsyth County Club (4); Journalism.

"June."

As you see, he's from Winston, so there's no need to say that he is a musical genius. His neighbors swear that he makes merry on his cornet 14 hours a day and teaches a class to boot. To his musical ability, he adds the genius of a poet, and the equitable temperament of a constant smoker.



J. B. Goslen



GRIMES, WILLIAM LAWRENCE.
Lexington, N. C.

*"Here's a gift beyond the reach
of art,
Of being eloquently silent."*

Age, 21; weight, 120; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; K Σ ; German Club; Biological Journal Club; Manager Class Base-ball Team (4); Medicine.

"Doc."

The sort that takes with the girls. There is really no harm in him, so far as any one has ever found out. But mild and tame as he apparently is, he is ready for anything that comes along in the way of fun. His greatest affection is lavished upon his Meerscham which is ever with him. He is seriously inclined toward pill-making as a profession, and hence is specializing in frogology.

W. Lawrence Grimes.



HENRY, RAY. Lilesville, N. C.

*"He hath a stern look, but a
gentle heart."*

Age, 23; height, 6 feet, 1 inch; weight, 178; Class Foot-ball Team (4); Chemical Journal Club; Geological Journal Club; Assistant in Chemistry.

There is nothing much to say about him for nothing in his career stands out with startling distinction. He entered the class last year and continued until Christmas of this year, when he dropped out of the fold. He is one of the quiet, "even tenor" sort, yet full of fun.

Ray Henry.



A. H. Hoyle.

HOYLE, AMBROSE HILL.

Cleveland Mills, N. C.

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for cure and a fig for woe."*

Dialectic Society; Class Football Team (3); Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society; Chemical Journal Club; Chemist.

"Cub."

This is an adopted son, since '07 claims the credit for his discovery. He walks with an ambling gait, which the most graceful of bovine quadrupeds might imitate with profit. His special delight is in making contrasts in his personal appearance, which puzzles his friends as to his identity. His motto is: "Collars were made for horses." As a wit he is exceeded, if at all, only by Royal. When reinforced by his confederate, Houck, he can make more noise than any other ten people. He can be found anywhere except in his room.



JOHNSON, ANNIE SUSAN.

Lumber Bridge, N. C.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."

Modern Literature Club.

Quiet and shy and timid. She always keeps the even tenor of her way, believing that co-eds should be seen and not heard. The rate at which she works, if it lacks anything of speed, is atoned for by its certainty.

Annie Susan Johnson.



JONES, HAMILTON C. Charlotte, N. C.

"I pray thee have me excused."

Age, 21; weight, 143; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; Σ A E; Gimghoul; Dialectic Society; Θ X E; H Σ; Yi; German Club; Captain Class Base-ball Team (2); Assistant Ball Manager (4).

"Ham."

A self-confessed alumnus, for he says he graduated at Christmas. He's a likely looking lad, rather on the "bashful and blushful" order. He speaks so fast the words tumble over each other. His besetting sin is disinclination to violent action. He is an embryo lawyer and naturally shines in evading fines in the Society. When Gabriel blows his trumpet, Jones will be ten minutes late.

H. C. Jones

JONES, WALTER RALEIGH.

Mount Airy, N. C.

"I look upon the world with approval."

Age, 23; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; weight, 110; Dialectic Society; Class Foot-ball Team (3, 4); All Class Team (3); Class Base-ball Team; Class Treasurer (4).

His ruddy cheeks speak eloquently of life on the rustic farm. He was born with a passion for debate, and gratifies it by arguing with everybody on any conceivable question, even to discussing Logic. He spent two whole years at Nashville before he discovered the error of his way and came hitherwards. He is noted for his powers as a vocalist in senior singing.



WR Jones



J. S. Kerr

KERR, JAMES STEVENS. Clinton, N. C.

*"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no
dog bark."*

Age, 23; weight, 140; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; Philanthropic Society; Historical Society; Shakespeare Club; Press Association; Class Statistician (1, 4); Yackety Yack Editor (3, 4); Tar Heel Editor (4); Class Foot-ball Team (3); President Soph-Junior Debate (4); President Sampson County Club (4); U. N. C. Debating Union (4); Assistant Librarian (3); Commencement Marshall (3); Commencement Debater (3); Winner of Bingham Medal.

"Jeems."

E'en while under the influence of these "classic shades," commercialism beckoned him and he left us, vowing that three years and a half of college life was enough. Severe addiction to study is not one of his bad habits. It is in the domain of selling something that his energy comes into play. He has an austere look but he really isn't austere. He is, however decidedly talkative.

KIBLER, WILLIAM HERBERT.
Morganton, N. C.

*"Fashioned so slenderly,
So young and so fair."*

Age, 21; weight, 160; height, 6 feet, 2 inches; Dialectic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Economics Club; North Carolina Historical Society; Biological Journal Club; Assistant in Zoology; Medicine.

This is another one of the "tall timber" of the class. He went off after false gods for one year, during which time he studied Medicine, but was convicted of his sin and returned to join '06. Quiet he is, unostentatious, a hard student, with a walk like that of a military officer.



W. H. Kibler



Brownie A. Lambertson

LAMBERTSON, BROWNIE AUGUSTA,
Rich Square, N. C.

"A brow bright with intelligence."

Modern Literature Club.

She has her nerve with her always, and accepts no philosophy unless it is satisfactory to her way of thinking. She delights to argue with Horace on any subject ranging between Heaven and Hell. "When she laughs she laughs all over." She takes great interest also in the literary study of the Bible.

LITTLETON, HENRY WARD,
Albemarle, N. C.

"Life is a waste of wearisome hours."

Age, 19; weight, 174; height, 6 feet; Dialectic Society; North Carolina Historical Society; Class Base-ball Team (3); Class Foot-ball Team (3, 4); Association Foot-ball (4); Medicine.

"Nig."

He allowed himself to be seen one day without a pipe in his mouth, and has felt humiliated ever since. He is a charter member of the "Sons of Rest," and what more need he care? His expression when his pipe is drawing well is one of calm, unruffled peace, undisturbed by the trivialities of this tiny world. His motto is: "What's the use?"



Henry W. Littleton



Walter B Love

LOVE, WALTER BENNETT. Monroe, N. C.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Age, 26; weight, 189; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; Dialectic Society; Historical Society; Economics Club; Class Foot-ball Team (3, 4); Soph-Junior Debater (2); Tar Heel Editor (3); Business Manager Magazine (4); President University Council (4); Debating Union (4); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); President Y. M. C. A. (4); President of Class (4); Georgia Debater (4); Law.

"Lovely."

This youth's most glaring fault is his unrestrained love for the "flossies." It was bad enough before, but since his return from last Christmas, his friends have become positively alarmed at him. "In other words," "it's just simply chronic." And "by dog!" he's a dreamer too. Says he is slated for the Republican nomination for Congress, from Union County.

MANN, WILLIAM HENRY LEE. Saxapahaw, N. C.

"Man is man, and master of his fate."

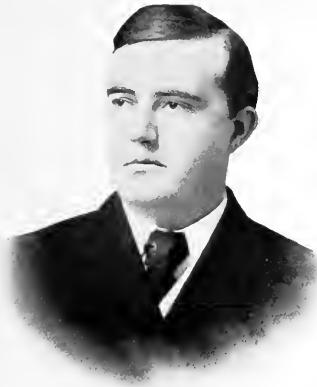
Age, 27; weight, 150; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; Dialectic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Shakespeare Club; Modern Literature Club; Historical Society; Alamance County Club; Class Foot-ball Team (3); Manager Class Foot-ball Team (4); Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (4); Magazine Editor (4); Class Vice-President (3); Junior Debater (3); Commencement Debater (3); Press Association.

"Professor."

He has a most lamb-like expression on his face, and began to cultivate a soft languid voice after making a 2 on the fall term of Psychology. He woke one morning to find himself teaching Latin to a bunch of freshmen. He is perfectly "safe and sane," thinks three times before he speaks, and then agrees with you.



W. L. Mann



MCCAIN, HUGH WHITE.

Waxhaw, N. C.

"He was a man of unbounded stomach."

Age, 22; weight, 210; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; Y. M. C. A.; Dialectic Society; Geological Journal Club; Biological Journal Club; Assistant in Botany (4); Commencement Marshall; North Carolina Historical Society; Class Representative (4); Class Foot-ball Team (3); medicine.

"Fatty."

Avoidupois is one of his strong points. So is also honing. He and his room mate have the reputation of belonging to that small select class of seniors who haven't lost the habit of study. He never gets excited and is hard to move, perhaps, because of his extreme weight. He speaks in a gentle drawl.

H. W. McCain

MCCULLOCH, RUFUS WILLIAM.

Burlington, N. C.

*"His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his chief delight, a country fair."*

Age, 32; weight, 135; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; A. B., Guilford College, 1903; Class Football Team (4); Dialectic Society.

Coming here after four years of the placid placidity of Guilford College, he brought with him the staid Quaker ways of his Alma Mater. His years of experience as a pedagogue have served to give him that firmness of conviction more or less usual at his time of life. When he has made up his mind, there's nothing further doing. Has been known to crack jokes on Psych.



R. W. McCulloch.



McLAIN, ROBERT HENRY. Concord, N. C.

"Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

Age, 19; weight, 155; height, 6 feet; Yackety Yack Editor (3); Commencement Marshall (3); Licentiate in Mathematics (3); Holt Mathematical Medal (3); Phi Beta Kappa; Dialectic Society; Class Secretary (4); Assistant in Mathematics (4); Electrical Engineering.

"Perfesser."

He proved his class loyalty by winning the title of typical member soon after he struck the Hill. But time wrought a transformation. The second stage was that of a tutor and a politician on the side. Lastly, behold the dignified faculty member. He works out even his love affairs by Math, and swears by Billy.

R. H. McLain

MILLER, THOMAS GRIER.

Statesville, N. C.

"A war 'twixt will and will not."

Age, 19; weight, 170 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9½ inches; Gimghoul; Golden Fleece; German Club; Dialectic Society; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2); President Y. M. C. A. (3); Magazine Editor (3); Yackety Yack Editor; Tar Heel Editor (3); Class Foot-ball Team (2, 3, 4); Captain Class Foot-ball Team (3); Manager Varsity Base-ball Team (4).

The social craze has possessed him for quite a while. His face reveals plenty of obstinacy, mingled with a sprinkling of level headed common sense. He has loaded up on Philosophy, and has an everlasting boot on Horace, but is slated for a business career.



T. Grier Miller



NICHOLSON, SAMUEL TIMOTHY.

Bath, N. C.

*"Thou hast the sweetest face I
ever looked on."*

Age, 18; weight, 145; height, 5 feet, 5 inches; Δ K E; Gorgon's Head; Bio-German Club; Mu; Philanthropic Society; Commencement Sub Ball Manager (4); Medicine.

"Nick."

Here's another of whom it can be said, "There's no harm in him." He joined the class Christmas from the one next lower, studies all the time, and is rather one of the bashful order. But he's full of fun and of class spirit. Smallness of stature is a characteristic, as well as the fact that he's from the town of Bath.

J. T. Nicholson

PARKER, JOHN ARCHIBALD.

Duke, N. C.

*"Nourer so bisy a man as he
ther n'us,
And yet he scmed bizier than
he was."*

Age, 21; weight, 195; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; Philanthropic Society; Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; Economics Club; Shakespeare Club; Modern Literature Club; Press Association; Tar Heel Editor (2); Magazine Editor (4); Business Manager Yackety Yack (4); Secretary Press Association (2); President Same (4); Class Orator (1, 4); Class Representative (2); Fresh-Soph Debater (1); Commencement Debater (3); President Debating Union (4); Scrub Football Team (1); Varsity Football Substitute (2, 3); Varsity Football Team (4).

"John A."

There's no mistaking that look. He means business, without any foolishness. He will sell you a Yackety Yack, a subscription to the News and Observer, or a suit of clothes, while you wait. No use to try to down him. He won't down. Turn him loose on one of the South Sea Islands, and in a week he'll be selling the natives ready-made suits of fig leaves.



John A. Parker



Joseph E. Pogue Jr.

POGUE, JOSEPH ELIJAH, JR.

Raleigh, N. C.

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

Age, 19; weight, 146; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; A T Θ; German Club; Diabetic Society; Shakespeare Club; Geological Journal Club; Chemical Journal Club; Yackety Yack Editor (2); Commencement Ball Manager; Vice-President German Club (4); Secretary Wake County Club (4); Phi Beta Kappa; Chemist.

"Josephus."

A youth of promise, but blissfully ignorant of the naughty world and its naughty ways. He is one of the flashy sort who, nevertheless, don't mind studying. He is already booked for a career as a Chemist, and, in addition to this, is a candidate for the Glee Club. He, also, has the unusual accomplishment of playing the piano with a staccato movement.

REYNOLDS, ROBERT RICE.

Asheville, N. C.

Age, 21; weight, 170; height, 6 feet; B Θ II; H Σ; German Club; Secretary and Treasurer Geological Club; President Buncombe County Club ('04-'05); Athletic Editor Tar Heel; Class Foot-ball Team (1); Class Base-ball Team; Scrub Foot-ball Team (2); Capt. Scrub Foot-ball Team (3); Varsity Foot-ball Team (4); Elected Captain Track Team (4), resigned; Y. M. C. A.

"Cattle Boat Bob." "Fighting Bob."

Gaze upon the manly features of a globe trotter, a foot-ballist and a newspaper man in one. For four long years he pursued his ambition—an X. C. sweater, and when he got it he hugged it to his bosom and departed from our midst. He was born with a prosperity for yarn spinning, and this proclivity he carefully cultivated until it is second to none. Apparently, his experience as a cattle puncher stood him in good stead when it came to booting the coach—and others.



Robert R. Reynolds.



ROYAL, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Morehead City, N. C.

*"There is no royal path to
geometry."*

Age, 21; weight, 138; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; Y. M. C. A.; Philanthropic Society; Geological Journal Club; Assistant in Geology (3); Biological Journal Club; Assistant in Histology (4); Commencement Marshall (3); North Carolina Historical Society; Class Prophet (4); Medicine.

"Ben."

Who said wit? Here's the court jester of the Phi Society. 'Tis said that it is only his animated repartee spurted out with lightning like speed, that preserves the members from death by ennui. To say that it is unconscious, however, would be a travesty on the strict truth. It explains a lot of things to know that he is specializing in Geology. His glasses add a touch of meekness to his distinctly classic outlines.

RUDISILL, JACOB ANDREW,
Cherryville, N. C.

*"He hath the joints of every-
thing, but everything is so out
of joint."*

Age, 22; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; weight, 176; A. B., Lenoir College, 1905; Dialectic Society; Economics Club; Class Football Team.

An easy going chap, quiet but firm, and with opinions of his own. When his mind is made up as to the right or wrong on any question, you'd just as well let him alone. His powers of expectorating deserve special mention and praise.





P. Seagle

SEAGLE, PERRY EDGAR.

Hende. n. . . . C.

"Why man, he doth bstride this narrow world like a Colossus."

Age, 24; weight, 205; height, 6 feet, 4½ inches; Dialectic Society; Historical Society; Shakespeare Club; Class Vice-President (1); Second Vice-President Class (3); Declaimer's Medal (2); Chief Commencement Marshall (3); Business Manager Yackety Yack (4); Undergraduate Member of Athletic Advisory Committee (4); Varsity Foot-ball Team (2, 3, 4).

"Perry." "Big Seagle."

A very giant in stature as in intellect, with a beaming face from which radiates his never failing good nature. His biggest reputation is as one of the "financets" of this annual. "Well, fellows, that's what John A. said. You'll have to see him about it." He descends ropes with the utmost grace, and looks well with a dough face on.

STEPHENSON, VICTOR LEE.

Statesville, N. C.

*"You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men
are dangerous."*

Age, 21; weight, 136; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; Dialectic Society; Modern Literature Club; Odd Number Club; Press Association; Phi Beta Kappa; Class Treasurer (1); Class Vice-President (2); Intersociety Debater (2); Greek Prize (2); Commencement Debater (3); Senior Banquet Speaker (4); Editor-in-Chief Tar Heel (4); Secretary & Treasurer Modern Literature Club (4); Vice-President Press Association (4); Economics Society.

"Klenthe."

A denizen of the printing office. Long, lanky—a monument to Commons Hall. One of those fortunates who don't have to study—even to make the Phi Beta Kappa. May be recognized by his intellectual look as he strides along. Has a hankering for sesquipedalian words in writing and speaking. Is reticent, yet waxes oratorical on provocation. Will be long remembered for the brilliant manner in which he has edited the Tar Heel. Too modest to write his own characteristics.



Victor L. Stephenson



UPCHURCH, WILLIE MERRIMAN.
Morrisville, N. C.

*"But in the way of bargain, mark
ye me,
I'll curil at the ninth part of a
hair."*

Age, 23; weight, 187; Y. M. C. A.;
Philanthropic Society; Shakespeare
Club; Economics Society; Class Foot-
ball Team (2, 3, 4); Class Base-ball
Team (3, 4); President Wake County
Club.

"Bill."

A lady killer. His handsome face and
manly form have proved disastrous to
numberless ones of the fair sex, to all
of whom he writes faithfully every Sun-
day. He's one of the easy going, smooth
tempered kind, who never gets excited, or
in a hurry. It's as a farmer that he
especially shines. Favorite expression:
"raise cain."

Wm. Upchurch



WASHBURN, BENJAMIN EARLE.
Rutherfordton, N. C.

*"He's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike."*

Age, 19; weight, 167; height, 6 feet, 1
inch; Dialectic Society; North Carolina
Historical Society; Shakespeare Club;
Odd Number Club; Assistant in Library
(4); Class Treasurer (4).

"Ben," "Oonts."

In his freshman year, Ben poles off in
an indifferent kind of a way with the
medal of chimpanzee, the appropriate-
ness of which could never be exactly
seen. Since then he has distinguished
himself in other ways, notably by pass-
ing off a large number of hours with-
out opening a text-book, and by reading
every book in the library. It is said
that ten men are necessary to turn the
leaves when he reads.

Ben E. Washburn.



WELLER, FRANCIS MARSHALL,
Norfolk, Va.

*"Far from gay cities and the
rays of men."*

Age, 18; height, 5 feet, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches;
weight, 151 pounds.

$\Phi \Delta \Theta$; $\Phi \beta \kappa$; German Club; Yackety
Yack Editor (4); Tennis Association,

Electrical Engineering.

Young, very young and innocent, in a
quiet, girlish way. His most intimate
friends are his books, and these he has
cultivated to some advantage. Witness
his Phi Beta Kappa Pin. But he is not
so shy of the fair sex as one might sup-
pose. He actually has a liking for them.

F. M. Weller

WINBORNE, JOHN WALLACE,
Tyner, N. C.

*"He is a paralyzer of the female
heart."*

Age, 21; weight, 170; height, 5 feet, 7
inches.

$\Delta \kappa \epsilon$; Gimghoul; $\Theta \chi \epsilon$; $\Upsilon \iota$;
V T; Golden Fleece; Philanthropic
Society; Historical Society; Secretary
Georgia-Carolina Debate (2); Yackety
Yack Editor (3); Class Foot-ball team
(1, 2); All Class Football team (2);
Varsity Football Team (3, 4); Class
Baseball team (1); Scrub Baseball team
(2); Varsity Baseball team (3); Var-
sity Track team (2); Asst. Mgr. Var-
sity Baseball team (3); Class Representa-
tive on University Council (4); Law.

"Fats."

Behold, ladies and gentlemen, a ladies-
man and an athlete of repute. He was
satisfied in his first year to make the
Freshman team, but later grew more
ambitious, and now wears Varsity sweat-
ers. He takes life seriously.



John Wallace Winborne



John G. Wood Jr

WOOD, JOHN GILLIAM, JR.

Edenton, N. C.

*"Shall I not take mine ease in
mine own time?"*

Age, 21; weight, 130; height, 5 feet,
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Δ K Ε; Θ X Ε; Π Σ; Υι; German Club; Gorgon's Head; Manager Class Baseball team; (1); Yackety Yack Editor (2); Floor Manager October German (3); Sub Ball Manager Commencement (3); Historical Society; Shakespeare Club.

"David Harum."

He has a particular fondness for geometry, having taken it three times from the hedonic standpoint. He, too, is a charter member of that noble body, the "Bohe Tote Club." You might not think it, just to look at him, but he is really serious minded. His admiration for 'Judge' Brockwell and "Po Dave" knows no bounds.

BAINSON, AGNEW HUNTER.

Winson-Salem, N. C.

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

Age, 19; height, 6 feet, 1 inch; weight,
185 pounds.

Σ A Ε; Π Σ; Dialectic Society; Gingham; Golden Fleece; Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Band (1, 2, 3); Y. M. C. A.; Economics Club; Manager Football team (4).

"Bull."

He is young in years but a "bull" in physique, and mentally, fairly well equipped. He started in for football in his freshman year, but some player was inconsiderate enough to kick him on the shin, and he never donned his togs again. As a football manager, however, he was a distinct success. Considerate in all things, frank and business like—a good type of University man. An unfortunate illness has prevented him from graduating with us, but we know he's a true '06 man.



HISTORY

THE report of the President of the University for the year 1902-1903 shows that the class of 1906 numbered, in its Freshman year, one hundred and fifty-six. A few of this number—eight or ten, perhaps—were bequeathed to it by the class of 1905; all the others were the Simon pure article. The history of this first year of our existence as a part of the college community, is about as wanting in events of interest as that of the ordinary Freshman class. Two incidents, however, are distinguishable in the mass of the hum-drums of university life. The first of these is the “Freshman election”; the second, the taking of the “Freshman picture.” On each of these occasions the class of 1906, as Freshmen, beat the Sophomores in a straight battle. The faces of Pryor, McGeachy and Macaulay still rise as nightmares to disturb the sleep of certain members of the class of 1905.

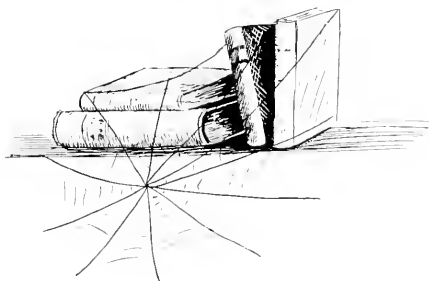
At the beginning of our Sophomore year we found our members reduced to ninety-one. A few had fainted by the way, and were beginning the race anew with the class of 1907; a large number had changed to the professional departments; a still larger number had not returned to college. During this year we were as thoughtless, perhaps, as any other Sophomore class. We loafed; we hazed Freshmen—sometimes; we did various other things characteristic of Sophomores. One thing is far enough removed from the ordinary to be worthy of mention. Before this time the Freshman election had been an occasion for wholesale hazing and wanton destruction of University property. This state of things has passed. Beginning with the year 1903 the Freshmen have held their elections unmolested. The credit of this change must be given without reserve to the class of 1906.

Another vacation passed and again we assembled on the campus. Only sixty-six answered to the roll-call of the class of 1906. The class, however, was still a strong one—the strongest class on the Hill, *we* thought. (and we think so still). We looked about us, therefore, to see what we could do to distinguish ourselves from the ordinary Junior class. A banquet was hit upon. Up to this time no Junior class—so far as anybody knows—had ever held a class banquet. Ours was a success. It proved a precedent. The Sophomore class followed our lead. This year (1905-1906), the classes have con-

tinued the custom thus established. In the Junior year, too, we are able, for the first time, to find a well recognized standard by which we can estimate the work of the class in those departments of college life where intellect counts. Six of its members were admitted to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This is but one of the several phases of the more distinctly intellectual side of college life in which the class was interested. The success of its members in this may be taken as representative of its standing in all phases.

Another summer passed, and September came again. The class of 1906 returned to the University now endeared to its members by the associations of three years. The class of 1906 returned—some of us. On October 11, according to the report of the President the Senior class numbered fifty-two. Not all of even this number will be graduated. Of those who will receive their degree only twenty-six entered with the class in 1902. But numbers do not count for anything. The development of the class has continued during this year. Its members, for instance, are showing wonderful musical talent—as may be observed by a visit to the chapel on almost any evening. They have, moreover, become acrobats of no mean order—as those who were present at a performance on the night of the second of March can testify. But let us turn from these things. From this point near the close of our college life as we look back over the last four years, many things appear to cause the heart to thrill with pride. The record of our class is not all that we could wish for it; yet we believe that in athletics, in scholarship, in college journalism, in all phases of college life, the class of 1906 may challenge comparison with any class that has preceded it.

ROY M. BROWN.



The Well.



Out of cool depths thy waters rise
The grind's or athlete's thirst to drown:
So thy fair form requites our eyes
For the red buildings that about thee frown.
Thy dome and pillars, full of grace,
Relieve the harshness of the place
And form the campus' crown.

There gathered in our leisure hours
The flight of time we little heed:
Thy fun and fellowship are ours,
Our spirits rise, the moments speed.
The laugh rings loud, the jests pass round,
The campus echoes with the sound,
All hearts from care are freed.

When to the larger life we pass
Where other cares and joys abound,
Though we are lost within the mass
Our happiest thoughts in thee'll be found.
The mighty oaks, the deep-toned bell,
The sun-flecked campus we loved so well,
Our memories cluster round.

Should we drink deep misfortune's cup,
Our forms lie racked with sickness' pain,
Old well, thy picture will come up
To soothe again a tortured brain;
Faintly we'll hear the laughter ring,
Snatches of songs we used to sing,
Thy waters flow again.

Then when the years have passed away
One last draught we will drink, old well,
A class, though thinned, some of us gray,
As we bid thee a fond farewell;
About thy font we'll stand once more,
Recall the jests of the days of yore
And give the old class yell.

Q. S. MILLS.

SENIOR'S PIPE DREAM



“O Reverie, thou queen of dreams,
Enchain me with thy magic spell,
Fly not while yet my fire-light gleams,
Bide near me till my hearth is chill.”

I sit in comfort before my fire, enjoying one of these thoughtful moments that must at times come to all of us—quiet moments of solitude and reflection—apart from the world—far from the maddening crowd. Happily and contentedly I puff away at my pipe, and gaze into the blaze of a big log fire, and as the smoke comes up in fancy rings, and the glowing logs burn in two and fall apart, the thought comes to me that our college lives will soon end.

I dream my dreams amidst clouds of smoke from my old pipe—thoughts of the past and hopes for the future come crowding in upon me, and I am glad to dwell sometimes in fantasy. The big fire is our life, and our college career is like four of the logs—they kindle, burn awhile, and then go out, and just so do our college lives seem to kindle, burn awhile, and then go out.

I throw another log upon the fire, puff away at old Sir Walter, and fall to dreaming of the old associations—of our college life, its ambitions and its rivalries, and of the many little incidents that happen, as we pass to and fro under the shadow of the college walls. We are not aware that into the desk, and picture, and study-chair, of our college room, we are reading the hopes and pangs of our college lives; we see these things day by day, and enjoy them thoughtlessly, without love or sentiment.

As our memory takes us back into the past, so must our fancy carry us into that great world, the future; and as I look at the fantastic shapes of the old fire's smoke, I seem to see into its opening scroll, and I wander awhile in that land of ambition's castles, those realms of imagination and fancy. Many

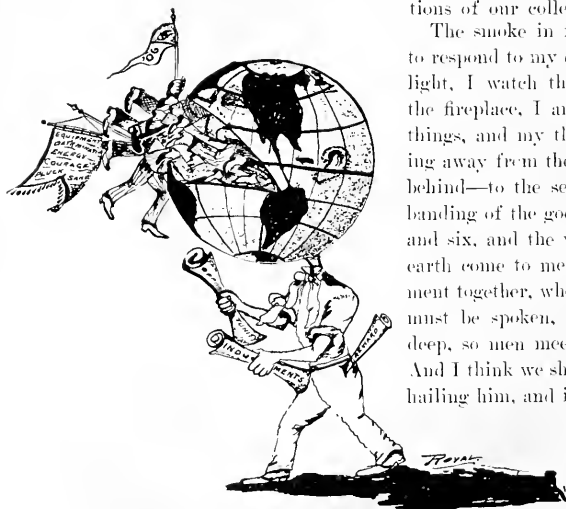
great surprises, both joyful and disappointing, appear to my vision, as I look along life's future pathway, where lie our dreams of reputation and determination to win a name. Although our past and present may not be happy and prosperous, we can picture our future what we wish.

As the fire gleams, I think of my fellow class-mates, and gazing into the dying light of the embers, I realize, with a pang of regret, that the old days are about gone, and that soon we must all stand at the parting of the ways, and my heart grows tender, and I determine that, although I may make new friends, I will keep the old. Yes, we must say good-bye to the old associations—to our friends—to the great University; must bid farewell to our youthful fancies—to our vague dreams of happiness and greatness—must live in the world of fact. We have been feeding on fanciful castles—have been dreaming our day dreams—have truly been college men—and now we must face the stern realities of life. Other surroundings will close in upon our class—there will be other duties and other friendships. The past will for awhile be forgotten, but some day memory will receive a jog and recall the scenes of other days, almost forgotten, and then what a flood of emotions. We will regret with a sigh the lost opportunities of helping a fellow class-mate on to success, and will realize that we can only truly estimate our experiences, after we have lived them over again in memory. Yet mostly the pleasant things will be recalled, for the mission of memory is to soothe and comfort, and to furnish the key in its own good time, to the dark chambers of our lives, and to let into them the signs of hope and joy.

Just as we left our homes for the University, so must we leave our senior days for the great future. Although we must go out into a hard, grasping world, where the visions of the past must fade, and where the dreams of youth tend to break up and wither away, let us not forget the happy associations of our college days.

The smoke in my faithful old pipe has ceased to respond to my call, and as, in the now dim fire-light, I watch the coals slowly turn to ashes in the fireplace, I am again reminded of the end of things, and my thoughts turn again to the breaking away from those things that are not easily left behind—to the separation of friends—to the disbanding of the good old class of nineteen hundred and six, and the words of one of the great of the earth come to me: "As ships meet at sea a moment together, when words of greeting and parting must be spoken, and then sway again upon the deep, so men meet and pass again in this world. And I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if need be, giving him supplies."

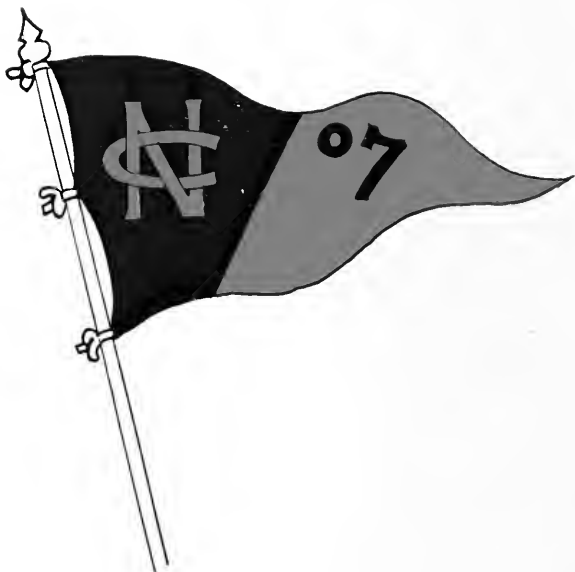
A. C. D.



The Ideal of the University Man.

IT is a dull boy that can stand upon the campus to-day and not feel the thrill of the South's call to him. The Great Mother speaks to us out of the necessities of her fullest and highest life. She demands the trained man—the University scholar and seer. Until to-day the South has not found herself in so many of the deep places of her life. She feels the impulse of the largest things. She has heard the cry of her true imperial self and is leaping into life. For this hour and its need the University was established and maintained. When great things are being done great leaders come forth. The movement creates the leader; yet the leader gives form to the movement. Hence as is the man, so is the age. As we face the situation now what is the ideal that should pervade our life? The *leader* of a people during a constructive period must be a man of power. A man of power must be independent and free. Freedom is mental, not physical. The divine privilege to think inheres in true freedom. "The truth shall make you free." There must be no shackles upon the mind. But the worst of all chains is ignorance. An untrained mind is a mere child before large superstitions and ancient prejudices. While the mind that feels no compulsions save those of the right, no restraints save the laws of his own normal life, is Heaven's best messenger to man. Only the thoughtful man has freedom. Therefore the leader to-day must be a man of the highest training. It will be a hundred years before the South will need leaders who are untrained. But freedom and power are not all. Perfect freedom is not good. It leads to individualism; and so defeats itself. There is no power in individualism. It is always narrow, bigoted and impotent. The man of books has never been the man of power. Knowledge takes a man away from life. The impulse to know sends a man into the closet, into the desert, into loneliness. Individualism and freedom are the conditions of leadership; but never the secret of its life. Religion is the opposite of education. The religious impulse sends a man out of the closet, out of the desert, into the streets of the city, into the dangers and perils of life. Religion begins as the child sleeps in the arms of the mother, as the mother loses her life in love of the child. Religion ends as universalism—the love of everybody. "I and the father are one, and ye are my brethren" is the complete expression of religion. Religion broadens a man—issues into the brotherhood of man—the Fatherhood of God. A leader of the permanent kind like Moses, like Socrates, is a broad man—a man of human sympathies—universal in his feelings. Religion broadens a man by identifying him with the highest, the noblest, the absolute. Knowledge breaks this identification and frees man. Then these highest and best things become the instruments of man's salvation. Such is the law of man's growth. Religion universalizes a man; knowledge differentiates and localizes the process. Thus the degree of universality becomes a *moment*—an instrument in the man's progress. Then the only timely ideal for a student to-day is the universal individual.

H. H. WILLIAMS.





Junior Class.

COLORS: Orange and Blue.

MOTTO: "Esse quam Videri."

Officers.

E. C. HERRING,
President.

G. F. LEONARD,
First Vice-President.

T. W. DICKSON,
Second Vice-President.

Q. S. MILLS,
Secretary.

C. V. CANNON,
Treasurer.

S. H. FARABEE,
Historian.

L. W. PARKER,
Poet.

J. W. HAYNES,
Orator.

A. C. HUTCHINSON,
Statistician.

O. L. HARDIN,
Prophet.



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class History.

AND it came to pass in the third year of the reign of Francis, son of Venable, that we came into a high Hill, which to this day is called Chapel Hill, and there took up our abode. And at first we were sore perplexed in body and spirit, for the land was unknown to us; and a tribe of the inhabitants thereof, which is called Sophomore, did deal sorely with us. And when darkness was upon the face of the land there rose up a mighty shout, and there was a great gathering together of the people, so that we were sore afraid and ran and hid our faces. And out of the darkness of the night there came voices saying, "Arise from thy beds, leave off thy cloaks and follow after us." And we did as we were bidden, and they led us out unto a great well where many of our tribe were assembled together, and there they did pour the water upon our heads until we were well nigh overcome with fear. And from there they took us on a long journey until at last we came into a great field surrounded with high walls, with gates entering therein, and there did we speak unto the people and lifted up our voices in song. But as yet we had no leader. So when the time drew nigh for a leader to be chosen, messengers were sent into all parts of the land to warn the people to choose a leader. And we came together in the stillness of the night and placed in our midst one Parker, and he became king and reigned over us for one year.

Now it came to pass on the first year and the second month and the twenty-second day of our sojourn in the land that the inhabitants thereof rose up and said: "Behold this new tribe here in our midst; they have grown wonderfully in bearing and in wisdom, but as yet none of them have received any reward; wherefore let us award a mark of honor unto each one who has borne himself well while in the land." So they gathered us together in a house which to this day is called the Carr House, and there did they award us the marks of honor; yea, every man according to his works so was he awarded. And the reign of Parker was a goodly one, and under him we grew and waxed great.

And in the fourth reign of Venable we came again into the land, but in the meantime we had waxed strong in knowledge and in wisdom. And on our return, behold, we found in the land a new tribe, the likeness of which we had never seen before. And when we found that they had come in to take possession of the land our wrath was kindled, and we rose up in a body and subdued them. Now when we had conquered this strange tribe within our midst and had established ourselves once more in the land, there came a cry from the people for a new leader. So again messengers went into all parts of the land,

and as they were commanded the people were brought together, and this time we selected John, the son of Palmer, to be king, and he was a mere youth just from his father's fields.

Now the day of the feast (which is being interpreted in English, banquet) was nigh at hand, and all the people of the tribe of Palmer went up to the feast, and there we did eat and drink until our hearts were merry. And the observance of this feast is kept up to this day. So the reign of the second king drew to a close, and his was also a goodly one.

Now when we were come into the land for the third time the people were once more gathered together for the purpose of selecting a leader. And they brought into our midst one who was well stricken with years, whose head was bald, whose eyes were dim and whose face was covered with red beard, and they did set him in our midst to rule over us. And the name of our leader was "Bill," the son of Herring.

Now there chanced to be in the land this year a certain wise man whose name was Horace, who was one of the magicians and who told us many things that we were not prone to believe. And it came to pass in the middle of the year that we went up unto him to give evidence of the mighty work of his magic within us, and when we were come unto him, behold, he was so powerful that many of us were not able to stand; yea, one of every two men that went up fell with his face on the ground before him. And those who were permitted to stand before him went on their way rejoicing and shouting, "Behold we are possessed of the power of the magician;" but those who had fallen with their faces on the ground before him went their way with sadness.

W. D. McL.



Junior Class.

- ABERNETHY, BENJAMIN SCOTChapel Hill, N. C.
Phi: Y. M. C. A.; Class football team (2) and (3).
- CLAYTOR, NUMA REIDUniversity, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Shakespeare Club; Tennis Association; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Shakespeare Club.
- ALLEN RISDEN TYLERWadesboro, N. C.
- ATTMORE, GEORGE SITTGREAVESStonewall, N. C.
Phi: Economics Society.
- AYCOCK, JESSE BORDENFremont, N. C.
Phi: Y. M. C. A.
- BARKER, WILLIAM JEFFERSONWooten, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; Economics Club (3).
- BENNETT, JUNIUS WHITEBoonsville, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.
- BRINKLEY, LOXX LELANDElm City, N. C.
Phi: Chemical Journal Club; Junior football team.
- BURNS, RAY P.
Wake Forest Club; Anson County Club.
- CANNON, CLARENCE VICTORAyden, N. C.
Phi: Y. M. C. A.; Class Statistician (2); Class Treasurer (3); Economics Club.
- COLE, ERNEST LEACHCarbonton, N. C.
Di.
- CONNOR, EDWIN ERWINMars Hill, N. C.
Di; Vice-President Buncombe County Club; Historical Society; Wake Forest Club.
- CUMMINGS, MICHAEL PENNReidsville, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.
- D'ALEMBERTE, JAMES HERRONPensacola, Fla.
B Ø II; II Σ; Gorgon's Head; German Club; Di; Scrub football team; Captain Scrubs (3); Sub Varsity football team (3); Mgr. Track team (3); Sub Marshall (3); Vice President Florida Club; Tar Heel Editor.
- DAY, ROBY COXCILChapel Hill, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Soph-Junior Debater (3)
- DICKSON, THOMAS WYATTRaeford, N. C.
Y. M. C. A.; Modern Literature Club; Phi; Scrub Football Team (3).
- DICKSON, WILLIAM SAMUELChapel Hill, N. C.
Di; Chemical Journal Club; Historical Society; Economics Club.
- DOUTHIT, JACOB BENTONClemmons, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.
- DULS, WILLIAM HENRYWilmington, N. C.
Di.
- FARABEE, SAMUEL HOWARDWinston-Salem, N. C.
Di; Class Historian (2) and (3); Ass't Ed. in Chief of Tar Heel, Class football team (3); Forsyth County Club; Odd Number Club; Treasurer Press Association.

- GILLIAM, FRANCIS Windsor, N. C.
K. A.; Treasurer German Club; Phi; Yackety Yack Editor (2).
- HALL, BOLLING Waynesville, N. C.
Di.
- HARDIN, OSCAR LAWRENCE Blowing Rock, N. C.
Di.
- HARDISON, ROBINSON BATTLE Morven, N. C.
Di.
- HAYNES, J. W. Asheville, N. C.
Di; Historical Society; Economics Club; Buncombe County Club.
- HAYWOOD, THOMAS HOLT Haw River, N. C.
Z \clubsuit ; The Gorgon's Head; Θ N E; H Σ ; Mu; German Club; Di; Secretary and
Treasurer of Athletic Association; Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis Association; Sub-Ball Manager (3); Alamance County Club; Ass't Manager Football team (2).
- HERRING, ERNEST CLYDE Garland, N. C.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Class Representative (1); Scrub Debater; Ass't Business
Manager Magazine (3); Class Secretary (2); Class President (3); Vice-
President Y. M. C. A. (3).
- HESTER, FRANCIS EUGENE Raleigh, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Economics Club.
- HICKS, OSCAR VERNON Goldsboro, N. C.
Phi.
- HIGBSMITH, EDWIN McKOY Kerr, N. C.
Phi; Vice-President Class (1); Fresh-Soph Debater (2); Y. M. C. A.; Sub
Yackety Yack Editor; Sub Marshal (3); Commencement Debater (3).
- HILL, HAMPDEN Goldsboro, N. C.
D. K. E.; Phi; German Club; Varsity track team (2); Floor Manager Easter German
(2); Geological Journal Club; Chemical Journal Club; Secretary and
Treasurer Buncombe County Club (3); Secretary German Club (3); Manager
Class Football team (3); Yackety Yack Editor; Assistant in Chemistry.
- HILL, HUBERT Raleigh, N. C.
Di; A. T. O.; German Club; Vice-President Wake County Club; Yackety Yack
Editor (2); Sub Ball Manager (3).
- HOCK, WILLIAM ARTHUR Statesville, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; American Chemical Society; Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society;
Class Base-ball Team (2).
- HUGHES, HARVEY HATCHER Yorkville, S. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Yackety Yack Editor; Odd Number Club; Modern Literature
Club.
- HUGHES, NORMAN Jackson, N. C.
Phi.
- HUNTER, WILLIAM SHEARER Lexington, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.
- HUTCHISON, ANDREW CLEVELAND Charlotte, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Class Poet (1); Class Statistician (3); Yackety Yack Editor
(3).
- HUTCHISON, FRANCIS Charlotte, N. C.
 Σ A E; Gingham; German Club.
- JAMES, JAMES BURTON Greenville, N. C.
 Σ A E; Θ N E; Mu; Phi; Treasurer German Club (2); Scrub Base-ball
Team (1); Varsity Base-ball Team (2); Leader of February German (3).

- JEFFRESS, EDWIN BEDFORD, JR.Canton, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Ass't in Geology (3); Buncombe County Club; Economics Society; Geological Journal Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Geological Journal Club.
- JENKINS, WILLIAM ADRIENColerain, N. C.
Phi; Orchestra (2); Soph-Junior Debator (3).
- KATZENSTEIN, CHARLESWarren Plains, N. C.
Phi.
- KEEL, CHARLES HERBERTMount Olive, N. C.
Phi.
- LEONARD, GEORGE FERREELexington, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President of Class; Chemical Journal Club; President Y. M. C. A. (3).
- LINN, STAHLSalisbury, N. C.
Σ A E; Di; German Club; Y. M. C. A.; Inter-Society Debater; Editor Yackety Yack (2); Captain Class Football Team (2); Commencement Debater (3).
- MCADEN, JAMES THOMASRaleigh, N. C.
A. T. O.; German Club; Di; Ass't Leader of February German (2); Yackety Yack Editor (3).
- MCGOWAN, WILLIAM TILLMANSwan Quarter, N. C.
Phi.
- McLEAN, WILLIAM DEROYSedalia, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Class Poet (2); Historical Society; Associate Editor Tar Heel; Economics Club; Vice-President Guilford County Club; Sub Class Football Team; Press Association.
- MILLS, QUINCY SHARPEStatesville, N. C.
Di; Secretary Class (3); Modern Literature Club; Odd Number Club; Magazine Editor (2) and (3); Winner of Fiction Medal (2); Magazine Prize (2); Yackety Yack Editor; Buncombe County Club; Vice-President Class (1); Press Association.
- MORRISON, ALEX TURNERAsheville, N. C.
Σ A E; Θ X E; Η Σ; Mu; German Club; Di; Class Foot-ball Team (1), (2) and (3); Captain Class Football Team (3); Yackety Yack Editor (3); Floor Manager April German (2); Sub Ball Manager (3); Orchestra (3).
- O'BERRY, THOMASGoldsboro, N. C.
D. K. E.; Phi; German Club; Ass't Leader February German (2); Geological Journal Club; Sub Commencement Marshall (3).
- PALMER, JOHN BRAMEMacon, N. C.
Phi; President of Class (2); Soph Debater; Member University Council (2); Commencement Debator (3); Marshall (3).
- PARKER, JOHN JOHNSTONMonroe, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Class President (1); Freshman Debater; Scrub Debater; Editor of Tar Heel; Georgia Debater (3); Modern Literature Club; Greek Prize (2); Associate Editor of Tar Heel.
- PARKER, LUTHER WOODHertford, N. C.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Commencement Debate (2); Magazine Editor (3); Class Poet (3); Commencement Marshal (3); Licentiate in French (3); Ass't Librarian (3); Economics Club; Modern Literature Club; Odd Number Club; Press Association.
- PEMBERTON, JOHN DE JARNETTERaleigh, N. C.
A T O; Θ X E; Gorgon's Head; Mu; Phi; German Club; Class Football Team; Class Base-ball Team.

- PITTMAN, WILEY HASSELL MARION Macesfield, N. C.
Phi; Class Vice-President (2); Varsity Track Team (1), (2) and (3); Captain Varsity Track Team (3); Scrub Foot-ball Team (2); Varsity Substitute (3); Yackety Yack Editor; Edgecombe County Club.
- RANKIN, SAMUEL WHARTON Concord, N. C.
Phi; Captain Class Track Team; Class Foot-ball Team (1, 2).
- ROBINSON, JOHN MOSELEY Goldsboro, N. C.
Z Psi; Mu; Theta Xi E; Eta Sigma; Gorgon's Head; German Club; Phi; Editor Tar Heel; Ass't Manager Foot-ball Team; Sub-Ball Manager; Yackety Yack Editor (3).
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, JR. Goldsboro, N. C.
Z Psi; Gingham; Mu; German Club; Phi; Commencement Ball Manager (2); Inter-Society Debater (2); Manager Yackety Yack (2); Ass't Manager Base-ball Team (2); Manager Class Team; Toast Master Class Banquet (2).
- SHARPE, CHARLES CLEVELAND Greensboro, N. C.
Di.
- SIDBURY, KIRBY CLEVELAND Holly Ridge, N. C.
Phi.
- SLOAN, HENRY LEE Ingold, N. C.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Class Base-ball Team (1, 2); Manager Class Base-ball Team (2); Captain Class Base-ball Team (3); Business Manager Tar Heel (3); Modern Literature Club; Editor-in-Chief Magazine (3).
- SPRULL, JAMES FRANKLIN Oriental, N. C.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Sub Class Foot-ball Team (3); Economics Club; Sub Editor Tar Heel.
- STEM, FRED B. Darlington, S. C.
Phi Delta Theta; Di; German Club; President S. C. Club (3); Chemical Journal Club; Class Foot-ball Team (3); All Class Foot-ball Team (3); Varsity Base-ball Team (1, 2, 3); Captain Varsity Base-ball Team (3); Glee Club.
- STORY, ROMY Blowing Rock, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Class Foot-ball Team (1); Class Base-ball Team (1, 2); Track Team (2, 3); Varsity Foot-ball Team (2, 3).
- SUTTON, THOMAS HOWDY, Jr. Fayetteville, N. C.
Kappa Sigma; Phi; German Club; Captain Class Base-ball Team (1); Class Base-ball Team (2); Yackety Yack Editor (3).
- TILLET, DUNCAN PATTERSON Charlotte, N. C.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; Gingham; Assistant Manager Foot-ball Team (3); Press Association (2); President Tennis Association (3); Class Base-ball Team (1, 2); Captain Class Base-ball Team (2); Class Foot-ball Team (2, 3); Manager Class Foot-ball Team (2); Captain All Class Foot-ball Team (3); Chemical Journal Club.
- WEILL, CHARLES LOUIS Rockingham, N. C.
Di; Class Representative (2); Chief Commencement Marshal (3).
- WILLIAMS, VICTOR Weaverville, N. C.
Di; Historical Society; Chemical Journal Club; President Buncombe County Club.
- WINBORNE, STANLEY Murfreesboro, N. C.
Pi Kappa Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Yackety Yack Editor (3).

To My Pipe.

An easy chair; a roaring fire in grate;
No light save flames that shoot from out the pine;
A faithful Meerschaum filled with weed most fine;
Conducive these to dreams—though bald my pate.
A dreamy face (now I have met my fate),
And dreamy eyes, hair of a gold divine,
And lips just fashioned to be pressed by mine:
All this within a smoke-ring frame, sedate.

But thou, old friend, art false! Though thou has brought
What anxious sisters hoped for long in vain—
A face to love, and eyes that I have sought
For months and years, in happy hours, in pain;
Yet lo! 'tis vanished, and life is fraught
With all its old-time emptiness again.

W. C. R.





COLORS: Garnet and Old Gold.

MOTTO: Snaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

Officers:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| B. F. REYNOLDS..... | President. |
| E. C. RUFFIN..... | Vice-President. |
| O. R. RAND..... | Secretary. |
| Y. E. YELVERTON..... | Treasurer. |
| E. C. JUDD..... | Class Representative. |
| H. B. GUNTER..... | Historian. |
| J. B. COGHILL..... | Orator. |
| J. W. HESTER..... | Statistician. |



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History.

ALMOST before we had opened our eyes in this college world the following mandate was sent forth: "The members of the class of 1908 will meet in secret conclave in Battle's Park, at four of the clock on the evening of October the first, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and four." Blindly we obeyed it, and promptly at four o'clock the meeting was called to order. We were told that we were assembled for the purpose of choosing a leader. "Mr. Chairman," began Peter Powers, "I nominate for this place Mr. . . ." but suddenly from the direction of the college came the terrible war-whoop of the Sophomores. Our meeting ended abruptly.

Not to be outdone, however, our indomitable leaders (just who they were has not yet appeared) ordered us to meet on the third floor of the Mary Ann Smith building, at ten o'clock that night. This time, under the direction of various and sundry upper class-men, we were successful and chose our chief, a long pedagogue from the West. Soon afterward, however, he departed, and his duties devolved on Citizen Fixit Shull. Nobly did he perform the functions thus intrusted to him.

As a class we have had our trials. Last year a party of Sophomores mistook a First Year Med for a member of '08 and applied a little color to his person. It cut us to the heart to discover that a party of thinking men (as we fearfully imagined the Sophs to be) could so mistake us. But the hurt was healed when in the light of later events it was found that there was only one man in that class who made even a pretense of thinking; and as this man was not present, the members of the aforesaid party could not be expected to have been responsible.

Though the most important part of our University life is before us we have something of a history even now. We have been twice saddened by the death of a class-mate: John W. Lisk, of Norwood, on October 28, 1904; and Francis M. Williams, of Newton, on November 26, 1905. In the different organizations members of our class have taken leading stands. Some have shown that they will develop into debaters of whom the University will be proud. We have more "one" men than perhaps any preceding class. Our athletic record is good. We have men on all the Varsity teams, while our class teams are such as to be proud of. In foot-ball especially we have shone. In 1904 we were victorious in every game, and this year no team crossed our goal line. By giving sweaters to the members of our foot-ball team we have imparted new life to class athletics and have introduced a custom that we believe will become permanent. Last, but not least, we have followed the precedent set by '07 (enforced though it may have been) and hazing is no more. We feel that we have done well in all phases of University life, and hope to make, ere we don the cap and gown in 1908, a lasting record.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class.

ANDREWS, THOMAS WINGATE Di; Y. M. C. A.; Second Vice-President Class (2).	Chapel Hill.
BAILES, JOHN J	Fort Mill, S. C.
BALANCE, HARRY BRVANT Phi.	Fremont.
BANKS, BENJAMIN LEONIDAS, JR. Phi; University Band '05, '06.	Elizabeth City.
BOYCE, WOOD LOWRY B. S. Valpariso College, 1904.	Selwin.
BOYLAN, WILLIAM MONTFORT Σ X; German Club; Geological Journal Club.	Raleigh.
BRAY, EMMET PERLEYMAN Di.	Vena.
BRIDGERS, ROBERT RUFUS Z Ψ; II Σ.	Wilmington.
BRITT, WADE HAMPTON Phi.	Newton Grove.
BROWN, CECIL BAYARD Di.	Philadelphia, Tem.
BURNS, ROY PRITCHARD	Wadesboro.
BYERLY, EDWARD CLEVELAND Di; Y. M. C. A.	Advance.
CARSON, ROBERT ROINSETT Σ X; German Club.	Spartanburg, S. C.
CHATHAM, RAYMOND HUNT Kappa Sigma; Band and Orchestra; German Club.	Elkin.
COBB, EDGAR WHITSON SCHEARER Di; Guilford County Club.	Sedalia.
COBB, JOHN DANIEL FRANKLIN Di; Guilford County Club.	Sedalia.
COGHILL, JULIAN BAXTER Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Class Treasurer (1); Class Orator (2).	Henderson.
CONNOR, HUBERT BASCOMB Di.	Mars Hill.
COUGHENOUR, WILLIAM CHAMBERS, JR. II K A; Di; Y. M. C. A.	Salisbury.
COWARD, JOHN HOLADAY Phi; Y. M. C. A.	Ayden.
DANIELS, FRANK BORDEN K A; German Club.	Goldsboro.
DAVIS, JAMES BLAINE Di; Varsity Foot-ball Substitute.	Clemmons.

DAVIS, WILLIAM BARHAMWarrenton.
 Phi.
 DAY, JERRYBlowing Rock.
 Di; Y. M. C. A.
 DUNLAP, FRANK LEMUELWadesboro.
 Di; Captain Class Base-ball Team (1).
 DUNLAP, FLEETWOOD WARDAnsonville.
 K Σ; German Club; Di; Tennis Association.
 EAGLES, THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH, JR.Fountain.
 Phi; Class Foot-ball Team; Manager Class Base-ball (2).
 ELLIOTT, FREDCharlotte.
 Di.
 EMERSON, WILLIAM PARSLEYWilmington.
 Σ N; H Σ; German Club; Class Foot-ball Team (2), Captain (1); All Class
 Foot-ball Team (2).
 FORE, JAMES ALBERT, JR.Charlotte.
 Di; Y. M. C. A.; Mecklenburg Club.
 FOUNTAIN, GEORGE MARIONTarboro.
 Phi; Class Base-ball Team; Edgecombe Club; Tennis Association; Winner of
 Tennis Tournament.
 FRAZIER, ARTHUR MARSHSalisbury.
 Σ N; German Club.
 GARDNER, WILLIAM SERIEREBurnsville.
 Di; Class Foot-ball Team.
 GIDDINGS, JOSEPH EMMETMount Olive.
 Phi.
 GOODMAN, JESSE PARTLANDBarber.
 Di.
 GRAY, JAMES ALEXANDER, JR.Winston-Salem.
 H Σ; Di; Y. M. C. A.; Press Association; Manager Class Football Team (2);
 Tennis Association; Secretary Forsyth County Club; Manager All Class Foot-
 ball Team (2).
 GREENWOOD, ADOLPHUS BARTEBarnardsville.
 Di; Buncombe County Club.
 GUNTER, HERBERT BROWNSanford.
 Di; Class Historian (2); Manager University Press.
 HALEY, PAUL JAMES STEPHENNew York, N. Y.
 HARPER, GEORGE VERNONCharlotte.
 Di.
 HARLEE, EDGAR COOLEYGreensboro.
 Di; Y. M. C. A.
 HARRIS, BENJAMIN FRANKLINHenderson.
 Δ K E; Tennis Association; German Club; Phi; Economics Club; Leader October
 German.
 HASSELL, CALVIN WOODARDWilliamston.
 Phi; All Class Foot-ball Team.
 HESTER, JOHN WILLIAMHester.
 Phi; Y. M. C. A.
 HINES, THOMAS McENTYRERocky Mount.
 Δ K E; German Club; Phi; Edgecombe County Club.

HOCUTT, JOHN BUNYAN Phi.	Chapel Hill.
HUFFMAN, FREDERIC LAFAYETTE Di.	Morganton.
HURT, CHARLES ELMER Di.	Rusk.
JACKSON, JOHN QUINCEY Phi.	Wilson.
JUDD, EUGENE CLARENCE Phi; Y. M. C. A.	New Hill.
LAUGHINGHOUSE, EDWARD Phi.	Greenville.
LEE, HARRY PIPKIN Phi.	Reynoldson.
LITTLETON, THOMAS JEROME Di.	Albemarle.
LOGAN, SIMON RAE Di; Odd Number Club; Modern Literature Club.	Stevensville, Mont.
LYLE, SAMUEL HARLEY Di.	Franklin.
McLAIN, JAMES HOWARD	Concord.
MALONE, EDMUND LUCIEN Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Class Foot-ball Team (1).	Washington.
MAXN, JOSEPH SPENCER K A; Scrub Foot-ball Team (1), (2).	Fairfield.
MOORE, JAMES LOGAN Di.	Ellijay.
MOORE, WALTER McDOWELL Di.	Granite Falls.
MOSER, WILLIAM DEXTER Di; Class Foot-ball Team.	Rock Creek.
MOSS, ZEBULON VANCE Di.	Pennington.
MUSE, BASIL GANTT K A; German Club; Phi; Edgecombe Club.	Rocky Mount.
NEWELL, EUGENE JOSEPH Phi.	Mapleville.
NEWTON, DAVID ZERO Di.	Lincolnton.
NICHOLS, JAMES BENTON K A.	Windsor.
NOBLE, STUART GRAYSON II K A; Phi; Florida Club.	Bushnell, Fla.
OATES, WILLIAM MERCER Phi; Tennis Association.	Tarboro.
ORR, MANLIUS Δ K Σ; II Σ; German Club; Class Baseball Team; Tar Heel Editor; Press Association; Varsity Tennis Team (1, 2); Glee Club; Manager February German.	Charlotte.
PALMER, NORVILLE FINLEY Phi.	Hookerton.

PATERSON, JOHN DURANDNewbern.
Δ K E; Varsity Base-ball Team.	
PHILLIPS, DRURY McNEILLAustin, Tex.
Di.	
PORTER, JAMES MELVILLEGreensboro.
Di; Secretary Guilford County Club.	
RAMSEUR, JOHN HUNTERBessemer City.
Di; Y. M. C. A.	
RAND, OSCAR RIPLEYSmithfield.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Class Secretary (2); Soph-Junior Debater.	
RANEY, GEORGE HALLChapel Hill.
Di; Captain Class Foot-ball Team; Class Base-ball Team.	
RAPER, WESLEY CARLTONHigh Point.
Di; Guilford Club; Scrub Foot-ball Team.	
RAY, WILLIAM ANGUSSantord.
Di; Chemical Journal Club.	
REYNOLDS, BENJAMIN FURMANMalee.
Di; Y. M. C. A.; President Class (2); Soph-Junior Debater.	
ROBINS, MARMADUKEAsheboro.
Di; Y. M. C. A.	
ROGERS, GEORGE OROONGraham.
Class Foot-ball Team; Class Base-ball Team; Alamance County Club.	
ROSS, LLOYD McGREIGHTCharlotte.
Di; Y. M. C. A.	
ROYSTER, PERCY HOKERaleigh.
Band; Orchestra.	
ROYSTER, WILBUR HIGHRaleigh.
Band; Orchestra.	
RUFFIN, COLIN BRADLEYTarboro.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer Class (2); Class Foot-ball (2).	
RUFFIN, ERNEST COFIELDWhitakers.
Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Class; Class Foot-ball Team; Class Base-ball Team.	
SELLERS, JOB BOGERAsheville.
Di; Buncombe County Club.	
SHULL, JOSEPH RUSHConcord.
Y. M. C. A.; Di; President of Class (1).	
SIMMONS, THOMAS LEVYShelby.
Di; Y. M. C. A.	
SINGLETARY, SNOWDEX, JR.Clarkton.
Phi.	
SNOW, EDGAR NORRISHillsboro.
Z Φ; German Club; Assistant Manager Foot-ball Team.	
SPEAS, JEANNIE WHEWELLDonnha.
Di; Forsyth County Club.	
STEWART, EDWARD LATHAMWashington.
Inter-Society Debater (1), (2); Class Team; Manager Class Team.	
SUTTON, FREDERICK ISLERKinston.
Α T O; Π Σ; Phi; Sub-Varsity Foot-ball Team; German Club; Scrub Base-ball Team.	
THOMAS, CHARLES RANDOLPH, JR.Newbern.

UMSTEAD, WALTER WILLIAM Phi.	Durham.
VINSON BARNARD BEE K A; German Club; Yackety Yack Editor; Class Base-ball Team.	Littleton.
WARDLAW, CHARLES DIGBY N Y; German Club.	Chapel Hill.
WATSON, WALTER	Newbern.
WEBB, CHARLES JORDAN K Z; German Club.	Roxboro.
WEBB, LEWIS HARWARD Di.	Chapel Hill.
WHITLEY, GEORGE THADDEUS Phi.	Smithfield.
WIGGINS, JAMES MIDDLETON, JR. H K A.	Suffolk, Va.
WILLIAMS, FRANCIS MARION, JR. Di. (Deceased.)	Newton.
WILLIAMS, HERBERT BLACKSTOCK Di.	Democrat.
WILLIAMS, MARION MURPHY Phi.	Base Hill.
WILLIAMS, PATRICK MURPHY Di.	Wallace.
WILLIS, NORMAN LEE Phi.	Beaufort.
WITHERS, DOUGLAS DELL Di; Y. M. C. A.; Mecklenburg Club.	Charlotte.
WOODARD, WILLIAM COLEMAN Phi; Edgecombe Club.	Rocky Mount.
WRIGHT, MARTIN LEROY Di; Guilford Club.	Greensboro.
WYATT, WORTHAM	Wadesboro.
YELVERTON, WILLIAM ELMER Phi; Class Treasurer.	Fremont.
YOUNG, OSCAR ARNOLD Di; Buncombe County Club.	Penrose.

Over the Way.

I sit here and she sits there,
Every day—
She is young and wond'rous fair!
Over the way.

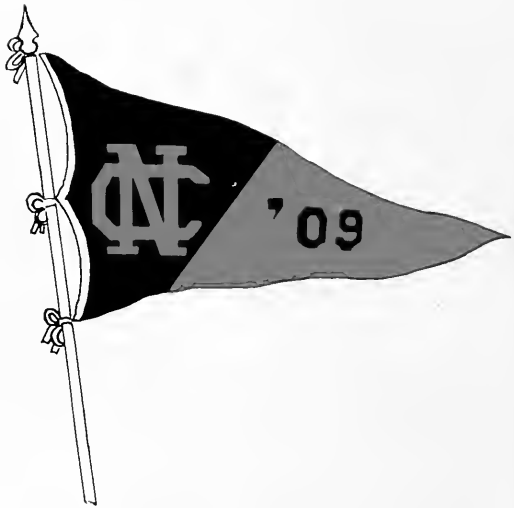
Is she gentle and fair and wise,
Grave or gay?
Looks are only vague replies,
Over the way.

A long while she at the window sits,
Every day—
Rain or shine the same smile flits,
Over the way.

She has a pair of fair blue eyes:
See them play!
At times I think that their gaze lies
Over the way.

Is she offended at my looks
When they stray,
From my work, from my books,
Over the way?

—'06.





Class of 1909.

COLORS: Orange and Black.

FLOWER: Violet.

MOTTO: Esto quod esse videres.

Officers:

President.....	R. M. BRYANT.
First Vice-President.....	T. S. DALTON.
Second Vice-President.....	S. N. CLARKE.
Treasurer	DONALD RAY.
Secretary.....	M. S. HUSKE.
Historian.....	H. P. OSBORNE.
Class Representative.....	W. G. THOMAS.
Orator.....	C. W. TILLET, JR.
Poet.....	DONNELL GILLIAM.
Prophet.....	J. E. COOPER.
Statistician.....	DUNCAN McRAE.
Captain Foot-Ball Team.....	H. L. PERRY.
Manager Foot-Ball Team.....	J. G. HANES.
Captain Base-Ball Team.....	W. F. GAYLORD.
Manager Base-Ball Team.....	R. D. EAMES.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

The Good and Bad of the Class of 1909.

ACT I.

AFTER three days travail the new-born class of 1909 opened its glimmering eyes upon a new world—The University—a world which it very foolishly hoped to conquer at ease. But that was a “castle in the air.” This class was composed of a heterogeneous and dissimilar collection of individuals, about one and one-half gross in number. Now the name and genus of these individuals was a “stunt” entirely beyond the comprehension of the Zoology Professor, but all conservative men were unanimous in declaring that they were not yet fully domesticated. Some of them hailed from Carolina’s eastern extremities, where they had proudly waded in the Pasquotank searching for bull-frogs. Others had come from the fastness of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where they had led the “strenuous life” chasing coons, wild boars, and riding in their “oxen-mobles.” These individuals, however, were soon rounded up, roped, named *Freshmen*, and marked with the indelible brand of the University.

Notwithstanding all these dissimilarities, these Freshmen agreed on a few points. They all had perfect vacuum beneath their hats, ambitions of infinite height, and chronic cases of “inflated cranium.” Moreover, it was found upon inquiry that there were in the class 30 Daniel Websters, 12 Napoleons, 27 Washingtons, and many other men of world-wide fame. Therefore they were a peculiarly interesting set of Freshmen—all with proud careers before them just “around the bend.” And great was the surprise when the Napoleons, as well as the men of civil station, repaired to places of refuge so soon as the boisterous yell of the burly Sophomore disturbed the midnight ether. But they soon became accustomed to this yell, and then it served only to augment their home-sickness, and to make them wish more strongly to see that dear piece of femininity that they called sweetheart.

ACT II.

In the organization of a class foot-ball team did these mighty men make their first bid to history. This was accomplished with no little amount of tact and skill. The scores, however, do not look very complimentary, yet they do show a class unity, and reflect quite a little credit on the captain, Perry, who, the Freshmen say, is the only silk, puncture-proof, ball-bearing, left-handed foot-ball player in college. As aforesaid these Freshmen had clung together through both foul and fair, but a time—examination days—was to come, when still greater unity was required. Examinations were their most formidable foe. Would they conquer? “That’s the question.”

When examination days came their first game was with “Math 1,” a courteous but formidable antagonist. The Freshmen were represented by their

best eleven, whereas "Math" had her old and experienced team. Her line-up was:

Variables and Limits.....C.	Surds.....R. E.	Variations.....L. E.
G. ProgressionR. G.	A. Progression.....L. G.	Proportion.....Q. B.
Quadratic Equations.....R. T.	Binomial TheoremL. T.	Permutation.....R. H.
Undetermined Coefficients.....L. H.	Infinite Series.....F. B.	

A. Henderson, Umpire; Hickerson, Referee; and R. H. McLain, Time Keeper.

The Freshmen won the kick-off. At the exact minute the celebrated wooden-legged full-back gave the oval pig-skin such a hard kick that it landed in the arms of Quadratic Equations on the fifty-yard line. After a series of "line bucks," end skirts, fakes and punts "Math" succeeded in placing the ball on the Freshmen team's five-yard line. The Freshmen then rallied, held them for downs, secured the ball, but failed to "matriculate." Time was up and no scoring had been done.

In the second half the Freshmen received the kick on their twelve-yard line. A few unsuccessful attempts to make gains forced them to punt. But the kick was indeed a fake, for Binomial Theorem tore through the line, blocked the kick, and went over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, but lack of time prevented further scoring. The score stood "Math" 6, Freshmen 0.

ACT III.

The Freshmen did not realize their deplorable condition before Christmas, for after examinations were over their thoughts were too much occupied with home, mother, and the bit of femininity previously alluded to. But when they allowed themselves a moment's cold thought, they were immediately convinced that the college world was not altogether easy to conquer. Even those who once sighed for more worlds to invade were now well content with their lot, or delayed further immediate conquest. And so they began the spring term with crestfallen spirits and breasts full of anathemas for Dr. Henderson, Dr. Howe, and others.

However, in the month of February, when their spirits were at the lowest ebb, occurred an event that aroused them somewhat. On the eve of Washington's birthday, close upon the hour of midnight, the burly Sophomores issued forth, according to a long established custom. With them they bore the hereditary calf-ropes and some among them were bearers of water. Then, in the small dark hours, to the tolling of the bell, did they lead to the appointed place those mighty men of '09 who had shown themselves worthy of note. There, in their—er—well—evening clothes, the Freshmen received the medals and titles of honor which the Sophomores bore to bestow upon them. The surpassing fitness of these titles is proved by the few here given.

Gold Dust Twins—Battle and Graham.	The Ladies—
Mellin's Food Baby—Meyer.	Miss Dunn, Miss Huske,
Tailor's Model—Shannonhouse.	Miss Boatwright, Mischaux.
Wandering Jew—Harrison.	????? !!!!—Bryant

A. H. H.

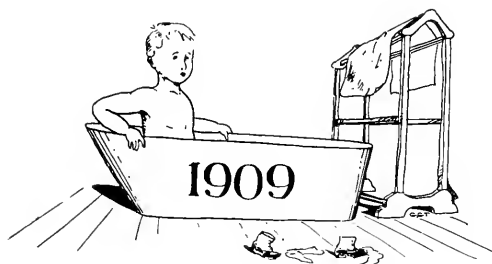
Freshman Class.

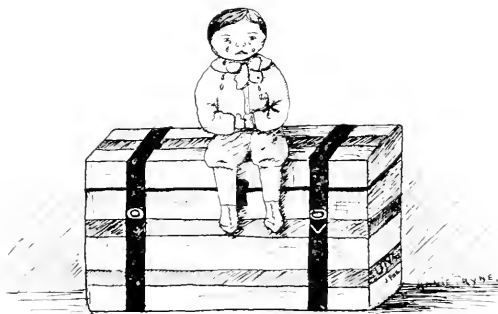
ALLEN, JERRY HARRISON	Arts	Rock Creek.
ARLEDGE, ISAAC CURTIS	Arts	Columbus.
ARMSTRONG, THOMAS JAMES, JR.	Arts	Rocky Point.
BAGWELL, GARLAND IVAN	Arts	Raleigh.
BARBEE, HARVEY CLYDE	Arts	Morrisville.
BARBOUR, JULIAN DWIGHT	Arts	Clayton.
BATTLE, KEMP DAVIS	Arts	Rocky Mount.
BAUCOM, GEORGE URIAS, JR.	Arts	Clayton.
BAYLEY, ELDEN	Sci.	Springfield, O.
BEAM, MICHAEL SETH	Arts	Henry.
BELLAMY, CHESLEY CALHOUN	Arts	Wilmington.
BERRY, ALEXANDER BENNEIS	Art	Swan Quarter.
BLALOCK, BURMAN KARL	Arts	Norwood.
BLYTHE, FRANKLIN JACKSON	Arts	Huntersville.
BOATWRIGHT, HAL FULLERTON	Arts	Wilmington.
BOWEN, STUART VAN	Arts	Burgaw.
BRINSON, FRANK CLIFFORD	Arts	Reelsboro.
BRYAN, ROBERT MILLER	Arts	Charlotte.
CAMPBELL, ALTON COOK	Elect. Med.	Jonesboro.
CANNADY, NICHOLAS BODDIE	Chem.	Oxford.
CARTER, KENNETH WILLIAM	Arts	Barnardsville.
CLARK, HENRY TOOLE	Arts	Scotland Neck.
CLARK, SAMUEL NASH	Elect. Law	Tarboro.
CLEMENT, DONALD	Phil.	Salisbury.
CLEMENT, FOSTER ALBERT	Arts	Mocksville.
CLODFELTER, JAPHIA ARNILL	Arts	Lexington.
CLONTS, HENRY KOOPMAN	Elect. Law	Lakeland, Fla.
COFFIN, OSCAR JACKSON	Arts	Asheboro.
COOPER, JAMES EDWIN	Arts	Asheville.
CORPENING, CLIFFORD	Arts	Morganton.
COWLES, DAVID HAMILTON	Arts	Washington, D. C.
COX, WILLIAM DAVID	Arts	Moyock.
CRAWFORD, FRANK DUNLAP	Arts	Reidsville.
CREDLE, CLEMENT GIBBON	Arts	Swan Quarter.
CUNNINGHAM, MODY	Arts	Kershaw, S. C.
CURRIE, WALTER LEE	Arts	Candor.
DALTON, THOMAS SPARROW	Arts	Greensboro.
DARDEX, SIMEON ISLER	Arts	Kinston.
DOVER, JAMES TOMS	Arts	Shelby.
DUNN, PAUL RODERICK	Arts	Raleigh.
EAMES, RICHARD DAVIS	Arts	Salisbury.
EDWARDS, FRANK HENRY	Arts	Democrat.
EDWARDS, VICTOR CLAYDE	Arts	Ore Hill.
EDWARDS, WILLIAM HOWELL	Arts	Bradford, Fla.
ELLINGTON, KENNETH RAYNOR	Arts	Clayton.
ELLIOTT, JAMES BENJAMIN	Arts	Marion.
FITZSIMONS, JOSEPH GRALAM	Arts	Charlotte.

FOLGER, THOMAS JACKSON	Arts	Dobson.
FREEMAN, ROBERT ALEXANDER	Arts	Dobson.
FREEMAN, SAMUEL RHEINHARDT	Arts	Windsor.
FRY, WILLIAM HENRY	Arts	Fayetteville.
GARRETT, ALBERT EARL	Arts	Intelligence.
GAYLORD, WILLIAM FENNER	Arts	Gaylord.
GILLIAM, DONALD, JR.	Arts	Tarboro.
GOSS, DAVID ALEXANDER	Elect. Law	Creston.
GRAHAM, FRANK PORTER	Arts	Charlotte.
GREENE, ROBY GAITHER	Arts	Blowing Rock.
GRIER, WILLIAM PRESSLEY	Arts	Charlotte.
GRIFFIN, CLYDE ODEX	Arts	Rocky Mount.
HALES, CECIL STANTON	Elect.	Wilson.
HAND, ERWIN ROBINSON	Spec.	Lowell.
HANES, JAMES GORDON	Arts	Winston-Salem.
HARDING, SAMUEL ASBERRY	Elect. Med.	Farmington.
HARRISON, HARRY	Arts	Statesville.
HAWES, STEPHEN JAMES	Mts	Atkinson.
HINES, JAMES WILLIAMS, JR.	Arts	Rocky Mount.
HOLT, JOHN HARVEY	Elect.	Oak Ridge.
HOWARD, CURTIS WILLIAM, JR.	Arts	Kinston.
HUFFMAN, MAX ELLIS	Arts	Henry.
HURDLE, SAMUEL WALKER	Arts	Reidsville.
HUSKE, MARION STRANGE	Arts	Fayetteville.
JACKSON, JAMES CLARKE	Arts	Fayetteville.
JOHNSTON, JOHN THOMAS	Arts	Chapel Hill.
JONES, BENJAMIN WALTON	Arts	Greensboro.
JONES, MILO J.	Arts	Saginaw.
JONES, WILLIAM HENRY	Arts	Yanceyville.
KEIGER, JAMES ARTHUR	Arts	Tobaccoville.
KIRKPATRICK, CLEVELAND FAIR	Elect. Med.	Clyde.
KIRKPATRICK, HIRAM SILAS	Arts	Clyde.
KITCHIN, WILLIAM HUGH	Arts	Scotland Neck.
LAMB, TAZEWELL HARGRAVE	Elect.	Elizabeth City.
LASSITER, WILLIAM THORNTON	Elect. Law	Oxford.
LEWIS, BRUCE HUFHAM	Arts	Scotland Neck.
LEWIS, LAFAYETTE	Elect. Law	Solitude.
LILES, NELSON PICKET, JR.	Elect. Law	Wadesboro.
LINDSAY, JOHN ALEXANDER, JR.	Arts	High Point.
LITTLE, JOHN HENRY	Arts	Pinetops.
LONG, WILLIAM LUNSFORD	Arts	Garysburg.
LOWE, CHARLES SPURGEON	Arts	Asheville.
LUNSFORD, PRESTON	Arts	Asheville.
MCADEN, SIDNEY YANCEY	Arts	Charlotte.
McGUFFIN, ROBERT PAUL	Arts	Dobson.
McINTOSH, CHARLES EDGAR	Arts	Denver.
McIVER, CHARLES DUNCAN, JR.	Arts	Greensboro.
McLAIN, CAMPBELL	Arts	Statesville.
McMILLAN, WILLIAM FARRIOR	Arts	Chapel Hill.
McNEELY, ROBERT NEY	Arts	Waxhaw.
McNEILL, ROBERT STRANGE	Arts	Fayetteville.
McRAE, DUNCAN	Arts	Chapel Hill.
McRAE, DONALD CONROY	Arts	Chapel Hill.
McRAE, ROBERT STRANGE, JR.	Arts	Chapel Hill.

MANNING, JOHN HALL	Arts	Durham.
MASTEN, HENRY P.	Arts	Winston-Salem.
MEHAFFEY, HAROLD WADE	Arts	Newton.
MEADOWS, EDWARD HUGHES	Arts	New Bern.
MEANS, AFTON	Arts	Concord.
MERCER, JOHN ROUTH	Arts	Elm City.
MICHAUX, WILLIAM WILSON	Arts	Greensboro.
MILES, JOHN VAUGHN	Arts	Torry.
MILLER, MORTON FERDINAND	Arts	Hartsville, S. C.
MONTGOMERY, WADE ANDERSON	Arts	Charlotte.
MONTSINGER, VINCENT MELANCHTHON	C. E.	High Point.
MOORE, JOHN ALEXANDER	Arts	Ponta Flora.
NEVILLE, DEWITT TALMAGE	Arts	Chapel Hill.
OETTINGER, ELMER ROSENTHAL	Arts	Wilson.
OLIVER, DAVID DICKSON	Arts	Mount Olive.
O'NEILL, BERNARD	Arts	Wilmington.
OSBORNE, HENRY PLANT	Arts	Jacksonville, Fla.
PARISH, WILLIAM JOEL	Arts	Maxton.
PARKER, JOSEPH ALLEN	Arts	Mount Olive.
PARKER, SAMUEL GREEN	Arts	Kinston.
PATTERSON, JAMES SOUTHERLAND	Arts	Chapel Hill.
PERRY, HENRY LESLIE	Arts	Henderson.
PICKARD, ALFRED CLARENCE	Arts	Chapel Hill.
RAND, ROBERT OTIS, JR.	Arts	Burlington.
PLUMMER, NIXON SANDY	Arts	Pomona.
PRESTON, BEN SMITH	Arts	Charlotte.
QUEEN, JOHN MONTREVILLE	Arts	Waynesville.
RAY, DONALD	Arts	Fayetteville.
REEVES, JEREMIAH BASCOM	Arts	Mount Airy.
RICE, EVIN MACK	Arts	Bayboro.
RICHMOND, ROLAND RUSSELL	Arts	Winston-Salem.
RIDENHOUR, JOHN DAVID	Arts	Salisbury.
RIGGS, HENRY EUGENE	Arts	Dobson.
RITTER, WILLIAM WILLIS	Arts	Mayock.
ROBERTS, PEARCE	Arts	Weaverville.
ROBINSON, RUSSELL MARABLE	Arts	Goldsboro.
ROSEBRO, WILLIAM WALTER	Arts	Cleveland.
ROSS, FRANK HOWARD	Arts	Charlotte.
ROYSTER, WILLIAM MARCUS	Arts	Virgilina.
SADLER, THOMAS WILSON	Elect.	Charlotte.
SCOTT, CALVIN JACKSON	Arts	Concord.
SCOTT, RANSOM SMITH	Arts	Concord.
SHANNONHOUSE, GEORGE GORDON, JR.	Arts	Richmond, Va.
SIMMONS, JAMES LAWRENCE	Arts	Shelly.
SIMMONS, WILLIAM JORDAN	Arts	Woodard.
SKINNER, FREDERICK SNOWDEN	Arts	Clinton.
SMITH, LEWIS J.	Teach.	Painter.
SMITH, NEWTON HOWARD, JR.	Arts	Fayetteville.
SNIPES, HARVEY GRANT	Arts	Menola.
SORRELL, HORACE JACOB	Arts	Raleigh.
SPENCER, CARROLL BAXTER	Arts	Fairfield.
SPICER, CHARLES BOOKER	Arts	Nathan's Creek.
STAPP, HESTLEY AIKEN	Arts	Hendersonville.
STEVENSON, JAMES RANKIN	Arts	Shawboro.

STOCKTON, NORMAN VAUGHN	Arts	Winston-Salem.
STROWD, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, JR.	Arts	Chapel Hill.
STROWD, WALLACE HEADEN	Arts	Chapel Hill.
SUDDERTH, GEORGE MURRY	Arts	Kelsey.
SULTAN, WILLIAM HARRY	Arts	New Bern.
SUMNER, ROBERT ERNEST	Elect.	Fletcher.
TAYLOR, RICHARD ADOLPHUS	Arts	Palmyville.
TEMPLE, FREDERICK WINFIELD	Arts	Sanford.
THOMAS, AFESTUS SPERLING	El. Eng.	New Bern.
THOMAS, WILLIAM GEORGE	Arts	Charlotte.
THOMSON, JULIUS FAISON	Arts	Faison.
THOMPSON, ALBERT GILBERT	Arts	Lumberton.
TILLET, CHARLES WALTER, JR.	Arts	Charlotte.
TRAYLOR, HORACE CLEVELAND	Arts	White Oaks.
TURNER, GERALD THOMAS	Arts	Norwood.
UMSTEAD, JOHN WESLEY, JR.	Arts	Stem.
VOGLER, CHARLES ALEXANDER	Arts	Winston-Salem.
WADSWORTH, HARVEY BRYAN	Arts	Cove.
WALKER, DUNCAN DEVAE	Arts	Warsaw.
WELBORN, EDGAR STRICKLAND	Arts	Thomasville.
WHITAKER, WILLIAM REID	Arts	LaGrange.
WILEY, SAMUEL HAMILTON	Min.	Salisbury.
WILKINS, RALPH ALBERT	Arts	Rutherfordton.
WILLIAMS, TIMOTHY GRAHAM	Arts	Rose Hill.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS PARTELOW	Arts	New Bern.
WILLIS, IVEY	Arts	Lawndale.
WILSON, FRANK WILEY	Arts	Greenville.
WILSON, ROBERT McARTHUR	Arts	Goldsboro.
WINSLOW, FRANCIS EDWARD	Arts	Hertford.
WRIGHT, GASTON AMICK	Teach.	Liberty.
YATES, WILLIAM HENRY	Arts	Concord.
YOKLEY, OSCAR HOYLE	Arts	Mount Airy.





The Tragic Career of a Freshman.

A Freshman came to college (a mighty common thing)
Two vacuums in his system did he bring—
His head and another mammoth cavern of a similar kind—
And he filled 'em both with all that he could find,
For he found his way to Commons where he always stood in line
Till the dinnerbell aringin' turned him to the kine,
To the kine, kine, kine, which was very fine,
For nearly all the time it was — hash.

He was awful homesick for a right smart while,
Till he met the Lady Commons and begun to live in style;
Then he wrote his dotin' mother when he had the time,
"He didn't like his Alma Mater, but her cook was prime,"
For he was always well rewarded when he stood in line
For the Lady Commons' steaming, stewin' kine,
While the kine he was eatin' he 'nd never give a sigh,
That he had always been distrustful of — hash.

Oft was he threatened by indigestion's frown,
But the still-baked biscuits kept the symptoms down,
His old friend the butter, a true friend from the first,
Greased the choking tater, thus wardin' off the worst;
And he always felt at home astandin' in the line,
Awaitin' of Mother Commons' inevitable kine—
A kind of kine, kine, which he could not define,
Because it was always — hash.

Now comes the Freshie's woe: He took a little bite of
A substituted dish—it contained no beef, but it might 'ave—
Then to his dotin' mother they did send a wire,
That her ootsy-wootsy baby was about to expire,
No more has he stood in the hungry human line;
No more has he chewed the bully, bloomin' kine;
For the kine, kine, kine gave way to swine,
And he died for want of — hash!

His mother came, his dotin' mother then,
With salts and sighs and mustard plasters on his abdomen.
On his back he lay and look'd up to the sky,
And as long as pain was there he kicked up very high,
Some thought he caught a cold astandin' in the line,
Awaitin' to be turned to Mother Commons' kine—
The kine, kine, kine, that gave way to swine,
But others think it was consumption of — hash.



Graduates.

BERNARD, WILLIAM STANLYFifth.....	Greenville.
A.M., 1904.	Greek, Latin, English.	Candidate for Ph.D.
BROWN, DAVID ROBERTFirst.....	Springfield, S. D.
E.M., Lafayette College, 1903.	Mathematics.	
CARMICHAEL, WILLIAM DONALD, Jr.Second.....	Durham.
Ph.B., 1897.		
COBB, JOHN TURRENTINEFirst.....	Elon College.
A.B., Elon College, 1899.	English, Economics, Philosophy.	Candidate for A.M.
CONNOR, ROBERT DIGGS WIMBERLYThird.....	Wilmington.
Ph.B., 1899.	History, Latin, English.	Candidate for A.M.
CROWELL, GEORGE HENRYFourth.....	High Point.
Ph.B., 1892.	History, English, Latin.	Candidate for A.M.
DANIELS, VIRGIL CLAYTONSecond.....	Oriental.
Ph.B., 1904; A.M., 1905.		
GRAINGER, JAMES MOSESFirst.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
A.B., University of Cincinnati, 1905.	English, German, Zoology.	
HICKERSON, THOMAS FELIXFirst.....	Ronda.
Ph.B., 1904.	Mathematics.	
HINES, JULIAN COLEGATE, JR.First.....	Morven.
B.S., 1905.	Mathematics, Physics.	
JOHNSTON, GEORGE ANDERSONFirst.....	Chapel Hill.
B.S., 1904.	Chemistry, Physics.	
MCCANLESS, WALTER FREDERICKSecond.....	Trinity College.
Ph.B., 1904.	English, Pedagogy, German, History.	Candidate for A.M.
McKIE, GEORGE McFARLANDFifth.....	Chapel Hill.
Graduate Emerson School of Oratory.	German, English, Mathematics, Latin.	
McLEAN, FRANKFirst.....	Maxton.
A.B., 1905.	German.	
MILLER, CLAUDE LEESecond.....	Shelby.
Ph.B., 1900.	Chemistry, Geology.	
MORROW, RUFUS CLEGGFirst.....	Oaks.
A.B., 1903.	Mathematics, German, English.	Candidate for A.M.
PLYLER, MARION TIMOTHYSecond.....	Chapel Hill.
A.B., Trinity College, 1892; A.M., 1905.	English, Philosophy, History.	
RANDOLPH, EDGAR EUGENESecond.....	Charlotte.
A.B., 1904.	Chemistry, English, Geology.	Candidate for Ph.D.
RANKIN, WILLIE CALVINFirst.....	Whitsett.
A.B., 1904.		
ROBERTS, JOHN WESLEYFirst.....	Hertford.
Ph.B., Elon College, 1903; Ph.D., Univ. of N. C., 1901.	History, English, Pedagogy.	
ROSS, OTHO BESENTFirst.....	Charlotte.
A.B., 1905.	Philosophy, English, History.	Candidate for A.M.
STROWD, THOMAS WILSONSecond.....	Chapel Hill.
TEAM, BENJAMIN GOSSFirst.....	Camden, S. C.
A.B., Davidson College, 1904.		
UNDERHILL, WINGATESecond.....	Kinston.
A.B., 1897.		
WALKER, NATHAN WILSONFirst.....	Chapel Hill.
A.B., 1903.	English, History.	Candidate for A.M.
WRIGHT, ROBERT HERRINGSecond.....	Baltimore, Md.
B.S., 1897.		



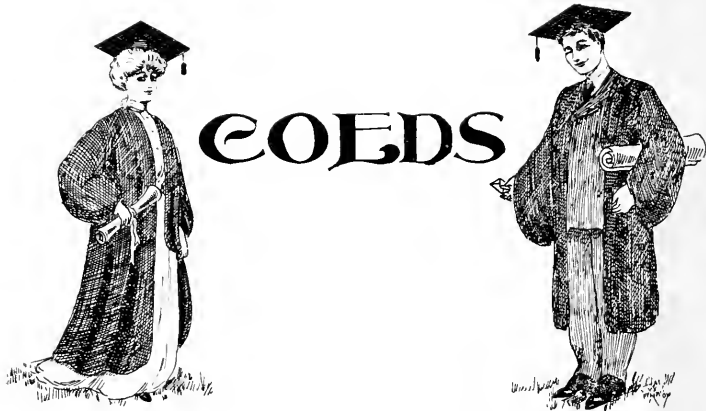
The Co-Ed.

She trips in sight with air serene
As *Jove's* divine and stately queen;
The hum of conversation dies,
And all the campus turns to eyes:
The Freshman gapes, the Soph looks wise,
The Junior grins, the Senior sighs;
She proudly tilts her pretty nose
And through the crowd serenely goes.

She only condescends to smile,
Or to employ her subtlest wile,
When in view there happens to be
A bachelor of the faculty:
She studies hard to use her "psych,"
And say the thing she knows he'll like.
To Mr. Graham she breaks the ice
With, "Sixteenth English is *so* nice!"
If it chance to be "Doc" Bernard:
"That lovely Greek is oh, *so* hard!"
"Billy" Cain she attempts to boot
With, "comic sections are *so* cute!"
At Doctor Wilson she coyly looks,
And asks about the latest books,
And says, "Oh pray now *do* tell me!
Have you read the whole library?"

Each is struck dumb with sheer surprise
That she should be so wondrous wise.
On everything they ask her view—
Her notions are so very new!
Meanwhile the boys all look askance
And wonder when they'll have a chance,
And wish the faculty only knew—
Well—just—a thing or two.

H. H. HUGHES.



MISS ALLEN, DAISY BURROWS.....	Chem.....	Louisburg.
MRS. HAND, ERWIN ROBINSON.....	Spe.....	Lowell.
MISS HUME, MARY GREGORY.....	Spec.....	Chapel Hill.
MISS LAMBERTSON, BROWNIE AUGUSTA.....	Arts.....	Rich Square.
MISS LAMBERTSON, WILLIE VIRGINIA.....	Arts.....	Rich Square.
MISS JOHNSON, ANNIE SUSAN.....	Arts.....	Lumber Bridge.
MISS GRAVES, MARY DE BERNIERE.....	Spec.....	Chapel Hill.



WHEN I was at a boarding school a man took dinner with a teacher one evening. As he walked through the long dining room between rows of staring girls not a sound could be heard but the creaking of the unhappy man's shoes. Just as he arrived at the teacher's table somebody in the far end of the room inquired in a stage whisper, "What's its name?" This may sound funny to one who has never been the "it;" but a few weeks of lonely co-edism among six or seven hundred of the opposite sex will soon cure anybody of such an exaggerated sense of humor. You then learn what it is to feel like the sword-swallower or the ossified man in a dime museum.

It has been said that if an owl is sitting on the limb of a tree at night and some one walks around and around the tree carrying a lamp, that the owl will watch the light until he twists his head off. I have never seen this experiment tried, nor have I seen a newly arrived co-ed walk around and around a group of students. It may be that in either process heads would fall. However, a co-ed will not be likely to try this; we are always glad enough to slip into the nearest open door.

The first time I went on class was the worst ordeal I had to undergo in running the gauntlet of critical eyes. There seemed to be about a hundred and fifty people in the room, and they all faced the door. There was just one empty row of seats in front of me, and I made for that, looking neither to the right nor to the left. But just as I got to this haven of rest the professor remarked in a rather irritated voice:

"I have asked the class several times not to sit on the side benches. Will the class please move over to the center."

So "the class" got up and jumped over about twelve pairs of outstretched feet and found an empty seat.

One of the most remarkable things about being a co-ed is the amount of room you take up. You start towards an empty seat on the end of a bench



*"A Parasol is lots of
Company at first"*

and by the time you get there the whole row is vacant. There is never a sound of the departing occupants except, perhaps, the click of a pencil dropped in the stealthy retreat. They melt away miraculously. Though the room may seem crowded, the pursued ones evidently find shelter in the arms of sympathetic friends, "for the place thereof knows them no more." I advise any maiden who wants to be co-ed to buy a parasol—it's lots of company at first.

Walking through long halls is pretty scary, but marching up walks toward steps filled with loungers is the most nerve-racking of all our experiences. You always have a creepy feeling that your hat is on crooked, or that your hair is coming down. However, all this sensitiveness wears off by degrees. If it did not—well, we would all be in reality nothing but "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

So far the co-ed has had no part in college life. She has been an outsider. But as the saying goes "it may all be different in a hundred years from now." Perhaps when the question of woman's rights has been settled and Miss Somebody is President of the United States there will be a change in things. Then maybe the campus will be filled with petticoats, and these will be "the students." Then the "co-ed" will be the lonely individual who occasionally wends his way towards the Alumni Building. Then the girls will hang over the radiators and watch him go by. And some one will say:

"Will you please look at that tie! It would stop a train." And the "co-ed" will grab his tie nervously and slip into some friendly door. Then the professor(ess) will say, "now young ladies," when she speaks to the class, and she will skip the co-ed's name in the roll because it will be so apparent that he is there, for he will be sitting on the front bench with his eyes glued to the professor. But toward the end of the year he may grow more bold and will look around occasionally; then old time people will say:

"I never did approve of co-education. It has such a tendency to make our sons forward."

M. DEB. G.



*"Co-education tends to
make our sons forward"*



AN ORANGE COUNTY LANDSCAPE



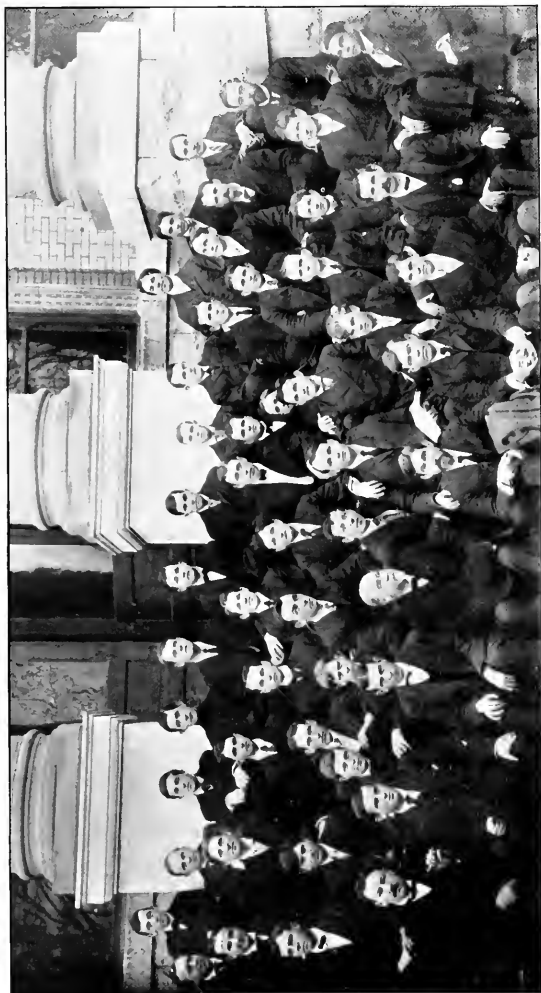
Law Class.

Officers.

W. T. WILSON.....	President.
J. R. MOORE.....	Vice-President.
J. H. McMULLAN.....	Secretary and Treasurer.

Moot Court.

Judge.....	W. B. SMOOT.
Solicitor.....	R. H. SYKES.
Clerk.....	J. S. McNIDER.
Sheriff.....	W. V. PRIOR.
Coroner.....	T. B. HIGDON.



LAW CLASS.

Senior Law Class



MOORE, JEROME REA. Columbia, S. C.

A T Ω ; Sub. Ball Mgr. (2); O N E; Gingham; Vice-Pres. Athletic Association; President German Club.

PHILLIPS, HENRY HYMAN.

Tarboro, N. C.

Z Ψ ; 13, 999; Gorgon's Head; Phi; Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Ball Mgr. (2); Class Football team (4); Varsity Tennis Team (5); Pres. Edgecombe County Club.



SIMMONS, THOMAS WILLIAM.

Mints, N. C.

Philanthropic Society; Y. M. C. A





SNIPES, EDGAR THOMAS. Menoah, N. C.

(1) B.S., Guilford College, 1903; (2) A.B.; (3) A.M., Haverford College, 1904; Varsity Football team.

WILSON, JOHN KENYON.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

Phi Society; Phi Beta Kappa; Modern Literature Club; Tar Heel Editor (2, 3); Yackety Yack Editor (4); Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1905-'06; Intersociety Debater (2); Bryan Prize (3); Commencement Debater (3).



Students in Law.

ABBOTT, LUNSFORD	Kinston.
ALLEN, MATTHEW HICKS	Kinston.
ASKEW, EDWARD STEPHENSON, A.B., 1899	Windsor.
BAGGETT, HURAM	Dum.
BEAN, EUGENE HOLMES	Salisbury.
B.S., <i>Davidson College</i> , 1897.		
BONHAM, PROCTOR ALDRICH	Anderson, S. C.
BOONE, ROBERT BAXTER, Jr.	Durham.
BRAMHAM, WILLIAM GIBBONS	Durham.
BRIDGERS, BURKE HAYWOOD, Ph.B., 1903	Wilmington.
BROTHERS, HENRY LINWOOD	Fayetteville.
BRYAN, RODERIC ADAMS	Carthage.
BURNUM, FREDERICK WILLIAMSON	Pittsboro.
A.B., <i>Trinity College</i> , 1905.		
CAPPS, BISMARCK	Salisbury.
CARTER, HENRY CLAY, Jr.	Fairfield.
CAUDLE, LEONIDAS LaFAYETTE	Charlotte.
CHESHIRE, JOHN	Tarboro.
COTHMAN, JAMES FLETCHER	Redgemont.
COX, ELIJAH	Cathrine Lake.
DAVIS, LORENZO BENTON	East Bend.
DIXON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Jr.	Raleigh.
A.B., <i>Trinity College</i> , 1903; A.M., <i>Columbia University</i> , 1905.		
ELLIOTT, HORACE COPLEY	Gilkey.
FAISON, EDWARD L.	Elliott.
C.E., <i>Lehigh University</i> , 1895.		
FARRISS, EDWIN HOLDEN	High Point.
FORD, JOSEPH FANNING	Asheville.
FOUNTAIN, RICHARD TILLMAN	Leggett.
FOWLE, DANIEL GOULD	Raleigh.
FURR, THOMAS	Mooreville.
GARDNER, OLIVER MAX	Shelby.
B.S., <i>N. C. I. and M. College</i> , 1903.		
GASH, ROBERT LENOIR	Brevard.
GODDARD, ERWIN FULFORD	Washington.
GUDGER, VARNO LAMAR	Asheville.
B.S., <i>University of Tennessee</i> , 1904.		
HAMPTON, LAWRENCE HERBERT	Webster.
HANNAH, JOHN GEORGE, Jr.	Siler City.
HARRIS, HAL HAMLIN	Franklinton.
HASSELL, FRANCIS SYLVESTER, A.B., 1903	Williamston.
HAYNES, JOSEPH WALTER	Asheville.
HAYWOOD, ALFRED WILLIAMS, Jr., A.B., 1904	Haw River.
HENDERSON, DANIEL EZEKIEL	Deppe.
HIGDON, THOMAS BRAGG, A.B., 1905	Higdonville.
HOFFMAN, JOHN ROBERT	Whitsett.
HOYLE, JAMES MONROE	Liberty, S. C.
A.B., <i>Rutherford College</i> , 1898.		
HUMPHREY, DONALD CLINGMAN	Goldsboro.
HURSEY, SIDNEY DOUGLAS	Dillon, S. C.
HUTCHINSON, ROBERT STUART, Ph.B., 1902	Charlotte.
JONES, CHARLES ANDREWS, Ph.B., 1902	Barkley.

JONES, GEORGE LYLE, A.B., 1903	Raleigh.
JONES, HAMILTON CHAMBERLAIN	Charlotte.
KENAN, GRAHAM, A.B., 1904	Kenansville.
LAMB, JOSEPH PALMER	Live Oaks, Fla.
LANE, HENRY PRITCHETT	Leaksville.
LOUGHLIN, CHARLES CLARKE	Wilmington.
LOVE, WALTER BENNETT	Monroe.
LYON, OTHO DeVANNE	Creedmore.
McDIARMID, THOMAS NORMENT	Lumberton.
McGEACHY, ARTHUR	ChIPLEY, Fla.
McLEOD, ALEXANDER HAMILTON	Lumberton.
McMULLAN, JOHN HENRY	Edenton.
McNEILL, THOMAS ALEXANDER, Jr.	Lumberton.
McNIDER, JAMES SMALL	Chapanoke.
MOON, OTIS JOHN	Danville, Ind.
MOORE, JEROME REA	Columbia, S. C.
MOORE, LOUIS TOOMER	Wilmington.
NEWTON, JAMES SPRUNT, Ph.B., 1904	Magnolia.
OSBORNE, JAMES WALKER	Charlotte.
PARKER, JOHN ARCHIBALD	Duke.
PERRETT, WALTER KENNETH, Ph.B., 1905	Whitsett.
PERRY, BENNETT HESTER	Henderson.
PHILLIPS, HENRY HYMAN, B.S., 1905	Tarboro.
PHILLIPS, ROBERT LEE	Robbinsville.
PORTRUM, HENRY EDGERTON	Rogersville, Tenn.
PRATHER, CHARLES DeVAULT	Monnt Airy.
PROCTOR, JAMES DICK A.B., Wake Forest, 1905.	Lumberton.
PRYOR, WILLIAM VICTOR	Fruitland.
RAGLAND, JOHN WILLIAM	New's Ferry, Va.
REDD, FOREST MARION	Charlotte.
REILLY, EDWARD BUST	Atlantic City, N. J.
RUARK, JOSEPH WALTERS	Southport.
RUDISILL, LAWRENCE ERASTUS, A.B., 1901 A.B., Lenoir College, 1903	Cherryville.
SAWYER, ERNEST LINWOOD	Elizabeth City.
SILAW, JAMES ALEXANDER	Maxton.
SHERRILL, OSCAR	Catawba.
SHERROD, WILLIAM JEREMIAH	Hamilton.
SHORE, WILLIAM THOMAS, B.S., 1905	Charlotte.
SIMMONS, NORWOOD LANE	Washington.
SIMMONS, THOMAS WILLIAM	Mints.
SMOOT, WILLIAM BRITTINGTON	Salisbury.
SORRELL, DELOS WENFORD	Durham.
SYKES, ROBERT HYDEN	Chapel Hill.
SWAIN, JOHN EDWARD, Ph.B., 1902	Democrat.
TAVIS, BERNIE CORNELIUS	Winston-Salem.
THOMAS, JAMES J., Jr.	Raleigh.
TOWNSEND, NEWMAN ALEXANDER, A.B., 1905	Raynham.
WARREN, JULIUS KNOX	Edenton.
WEAVER, CHARLES GUY	Weaverville.
WHEATLY, CLAUD ROBERSON	Beaufort.
WILLIAMS, JOHN ROBERT	Apex.
WILSON, JOHN KENYON, A.B., 1905	Elizabeth City.
WILSON, WILLIAM THOMAS	Winston-Salem.
WINBORNE, JOHN WALLACE	Tyner.
WINSTON, PATRICK HENRY	Raleigh.
WOOTEN, STEPHEN CHAPMAN	Fountain.
WRIGHT, ISAAC CLARKE	Coharie.



MEDICAL FACULTY AT RALEIGH.



Fourth Year Medical Class.

Officers:

President.....	J. H. MERRITT.
Vice-President.....	A. B. ENGLISH.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	B. A. HOCUTT.
Surgeon.....	L. E. FARTHING.

Senior Medical Class.



ABERNETHY, CLAUDE OLIVER.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

*"He sings for all who can endure
his voice."*

Age, 25; height, 5 feet, 9 inches;
weight, 160 pounds.

B. S.; U. N. C. 1902; Class President
(1); Class Baseball and Football Teams
(1) and (2); Manager Yackety Yack
(1); Phi Literary Society.

ANDERSON, JAMES GARRETT.

Asheville, N. C.

*"What ill wind hath blown him
hither."*

Age, 24; height, 5 feet, 10 inches;
weight, 155 pounds.

A. M.; Holman & Christian Univer-
sity, Ky., 1905; Tennessee Medical Col-
lege (1) and (2); Central University of
Kentucky (3).





ENGLISH, ARTHUR BROWN.

Faust, N. C.

"Modesty is a virtue, occasionally."

Age, 22; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; weight, 165 pounds.

Tennessee Medical College (1) and (2); U. N. C. (3).

FARTHING, LOGAN ELMORE.

Boone, N. C.

"Go wash thy bloody hands."

Age, 26; height, 6 feet; weight, 160 pounds.

Class Football and Baseball Teams (1) and (2).





HOCUTT, BATTLE APPLEWHITE.
Wakefield, N. C.

*"His head aglow, his heart I
know, has long been wrapped
in calico."*

Age, 26; height, 6 feet, 2 inches;
weight, 185 pounds.
Class Football Team (1) and (2).

JONES, HARRY MURRAY.
Franklin, N. C.

*"Can love befo' so bright a mind
as thine?"*

Age, 24; height, 6 feet; weight, 185
pounds.

A. B. U. N. C. 1903: Varsity Football
Team (1); Graduate Member Athletic
Advisory Committee (3); Assistant in
Anatomy and Pathology (3); Assistant
Demonstrator in Clinical Pathology (4);
"Di" Society.





JORDAN, WILLIAM STONE.

Raleigh, N. C.

*"Bridle thy tongue and cover thy
blushing head."*

Age, 21; height, 5 feet, 9 inches;
weight, 130 pounds.

"Phi" Society.

McLEMORE, GEORGE AMMIE.

Parkersburg, N. C.

"His jokes are like bad news."

Age, 27; height, 5 feet, 10 inches;
weight, 140 pounds.

Wake Forest Medical College (1) and
(2); University College of Medicine,
Richmond, Va., (3); "Phi" Literary So-
ciety W. F. C.





MERRITT, JOHN HAMLETT.

Roxboro, N. C.

*"Come to my rescue, oh gray
matter!"*

Age, 23; height, 5 feet, 10 inches;
weight, 160 pounds.

Class Football and Baseball Teams (1)
and (2); "Varsity Sub" Football (2).

WILKERSON, CHARLES BOYNES.

Durham, N. C.

*"Fools rush in where angels dare
to tread."*

Age, 26; height, 5 feet, 11 inches;
weight, 170 pounds.

Class Football Teams (1) and (2).





WILLCOX, JESSE WOMBLE.

Putnam, N. C.

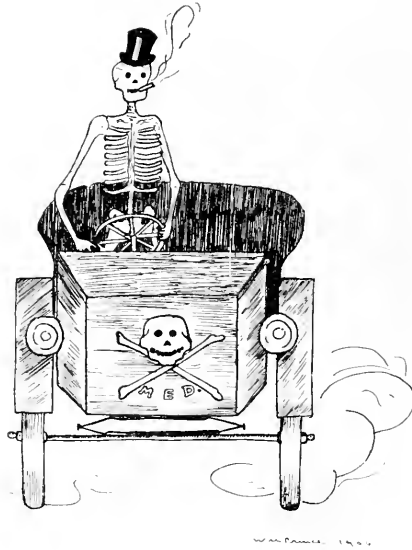
*"Great trees from little acorns
grow."*

Age, 26; height, 5 feet, 6 inches;
weight, 140 pounds.

Ph.B. U. N. C. 1903; Capt. Class
Football Team (1); Capt. Class Base-
ball Team (2).

"Di" Society.





Third Year Medical Class. Officers.

President	R. P. NOBLE.
Vice-President	A. G. WOODARD.
Secretary and Treasurer	M. R. GLENN.
Historian	J. A. FERRELL.
Surgeon	H. B. BEST.
Coroner	W. A. GREEN.

Third Year Medical Students.

BAREFOOT, JULIUS JACKSON	Wilson.
BEST, HENRY BLOUNT	Wilson.
DICK, JULIUS VANCE	Whitsett.
FERRELL, JOHN ATKINSON, B.S., 1902	Clinton.
GIBBS, E. W.	Asheville.
GLENN, MARSHALL REXFRO, B.S., 1903	Asheville.
GREEN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER	Selma.
MANESS, JOHN MOSES	Hemp.
NOBLE, ROBERT PRIMROSE, B.S., 1905	Selma.
RICE, WILBUR CALHOUN	Sydney, Fla.
WARD, IVIE ALPHONSO	Ryland.
WOODARD, ALBERT GIDEON	Brinceton.



THIRD YEAR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

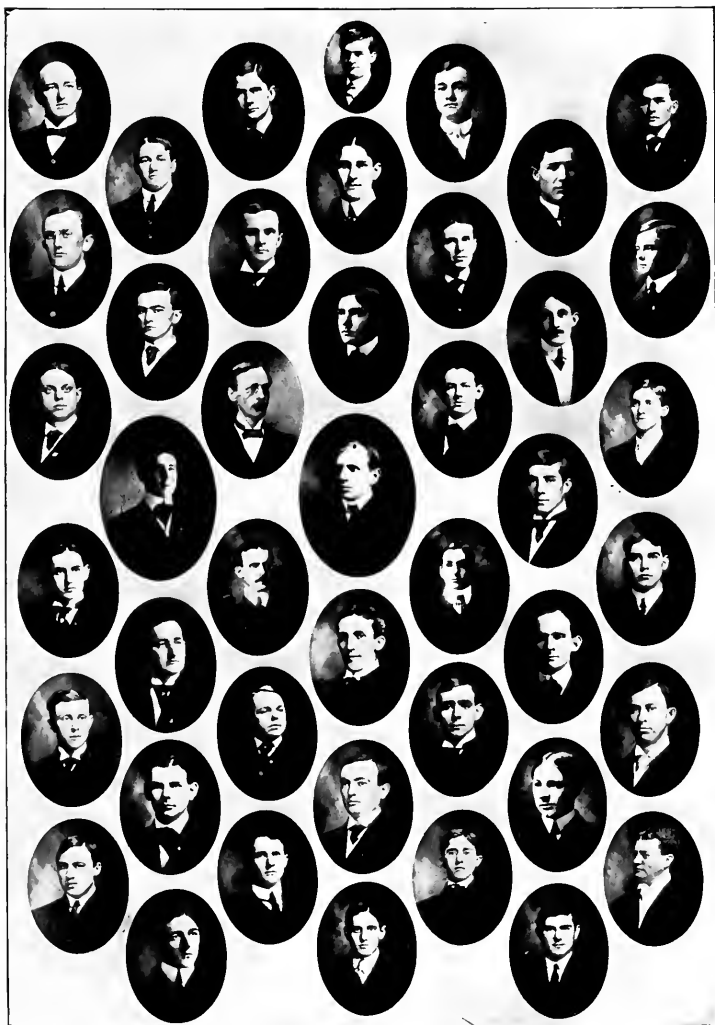
Second Year Medical Class.

Officers.

President	A. J. TERRELL.
First Vice-President	A. F. NICHOLS.
Second Vice-President	JOHN BERRY.
Secretary.....	T. H. SMITH.
Treasurer	W. H. BRADDY.
Historian	C. M. WALTERS.
Prophet.....	O. B. ROSS.
Poet.....	PERCY JOHNSON.
Surgeon.....	D. V. HARRIS.
Coroner.....	R. APGAR.

Second Year Medical Students.

APGAR, RAYMOND	Allentown, Pa.
BERRY, JOHN, Jr.	Chapel Hill.
BRADDY, WADE HAMPTON	Jessama.
BUCKNER, JAMES MARION	Democrat.
COVINGTON, PLATT WALKER	Wadesboro.
DAVIDSON, EDWIN NORVELL	Nuckles, Va.
EAGLES, CHARLES SIDNEY	Saratoga.
GIBSON, HARRY PRESTON	Waterford, Va.
GREEN, WILLIAM WILLS, Jr.	Franklinton.
HARRIS, DAVID WATSON	Fayetteville.
JAMES, WILLIAM DANIEL	Laurinburg.
JOHNSON, PERCY	Palmyra.
KITCHEN, THURMAN DELNA	Scotland Neck.
A.B., <i>Wake Forest College</i> , 1905.	
LANE, PAUL PEYTON	Wilson.
LEDBETTER, PENLIE BRISCOE, Ph.B., 1905	Davidson River.
McBRAYER, CHARLES EVANS	Shelby.
A.B., <i>Wake Forest College</i> , 1903.	
McLEAN, ALLAN	Laurinburg.
McPIPERSON, ROBERT GRAY	Holman's Mills.
MAYNARD, JULIAN DECATUR	Bradshaw.
MONK, GEORGE MONROE	Newton Grove.
NICHOLS, AUSTIN FLINT, A.B., 1905	Roxboro.
ROBERSON, FOY	Chapel Hill.
SCOFIELD, EVERETT J. S.	Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.
SMITH, JOHN McNEILL	Laurinburg.
SMITH, THOMAS BARLEY	Liberty.
SPOON, ARTHUR OGBURN	Haw River.
TERRELL, ALBERT JOHNSON	Old Fort.
UPCHURCH, ROBERT THEODORE	Apex.
WARD, VERNON ALBERT	Wilson.
WATSON, JOHN BLISS	Raleigh.
WEBB, SAMPLET EDGAR	Brown Summit.
WINSLOW, CATO FRANKLIN	Hobbsville.



SECOND YEAR MEDICAL CLASS.

First Year Medical Class.

Officers.

President.....	C. V. SITTON.
Vice-President.....	B. F. ROYAL.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	C. P. ADAMS.

First Year Medical Students.

ADAMS, CHARLES PERONNEAU	Waynesville.
ANDREWS, NATHAN HARDY	Ashpole.
BARBEE, GEORGE SPEIGHT	Morrisville.
BARKER, CHRISTOPHER SYLA'ANNU S	Trenton.
CHAPIN, WILLIAM BURDETTE	Pittsboro.
DUNLAP, LEONIDAS VICTOR	Cedar Hill.
FARMER, CLARENCE RAVENEL	Elm City.
FELLERS, WILLIAM BARBER	Roanoke, Va.
FERRELL, NOMAN LELAND	Durham.
HOWARD, JASPER VICTOR, A.B., 1905	Kinston.
JACKSON, ARTHUR FLOURNOY	West Point, Ga.
JOHNSON, BAYARD CLEVELAND	Ingold.
JONES, JOHN CRAIG	Forestville.
LLOYD, BRAXTON BYNUM	Chapel Hill.
LONG, EDGAR MILLER	Hamilton.
MCCAIN, HUGH WHITE	Waxhaw.
MASON, JOHN SANFORD	Raleigh.
MORGAN, ERNEST LUTHER	Clyde.
MOOREFIELD, JONES LEFTWITCH	Guilford College.
MORRIS, GEORGE BLYTHE	Goldsboro.
NORMAN, JOHN STANDING	Lumberton.
REID, JAMES WILLIAM	Lowell.
RIGGSBEE, EDGAR JACKSON	Riggsbee.
ROSS, OTHO BESCENT	Charlotte.
ROYAL, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	Morehead City.
SCHONWALD, JOHN DEWITT	Wilmington.
SHIPP, GEORGE WILLIAM	Newton.
SHULL, JOHN VIRGIL	Perth Amboy, N. Y.
SITTON, CHARLES VEDDER	Pendleton, S. C.
SPENCER, FREDERICK BRUNELL	Swan Quarter.
STROWD, WILLIAM AMICK	Lambsville.
SURLES, JUNIUS BOYETTE	Dunn.
TALLEY, JOHN SAMUEL	Statesville.
THOMPSON, JOHN MELVIN	Graham.
WEATHERLY, JOHN BRUCE	Jamestown.
WHICHLARD, MURRAY PANNER	Hobgood.
WILLIAMS, LESLIE SHAW	Drake's Branch, Va.
WILLIAMS, ROBERT CLEVELAND	Rose Hill.
WOOLLEN, GLEN LACY	Winston-Salem.



FIRST YEAR MEDICAL CLASS.

The Student's Tribute.

Examination spectres loom
As my eyelids heavy grow;
Trembling, I gaze upon my doom,
But my thinker will not go.

In vain I stretch and bathe my brow
While to keep awake I strive;
My sluggish eyes see naught just now
Save a giant figure five.

I beat my arms upon my breast
Yet my notes remain a scrawl;
Still I hear, if I pause to rest,
"Old man, you're going to fall!"

A sudden thought! I grasp my hat,
Leap wildly for the door,
Eureka! I indeed have that
Which will clear my brain once more.

Before the fountain down I sit
While heavenward soars my hope;
My taster burns, my teeth I grit
As I yell, "Give me a 'dope'!"

Then as the nectar gurgles down
Through my longing goozle quill
I throb with bliss from toe to crown
And my lips with rapture thrill.

I rise; my bosom heaves with joy
As my nerves exult in glee;
No more can Morpheus' bonds annoy,
Nor his tortures harry me.

Ah, luscious, foaming, bracing "dope,"
All my tribute just be thine!
With thee no other drinks can cope,
They must all the palm resign.

Q. S. MILLS.



Pharmacy Class.

First Year.

C. M. FOX	President.
C. T. COUNCELL	Vice-President.
L. BIRDSONG	Secretary.
D. S. EDWARDS	Treasurer.

C. M. ANDREWS.	G. W. HILL.	H. H. OAKS.
C. B. AVENT.	C. M. HILTON.	R. G. PATTERSON.
C. R. BRIGHT.	W. A. HALL.	R. S. PARSON.
F. L. COSTER.	S. P. HUNT.	C. R. RUSH.
JEFF BRUCE.	W. H. HERRING.	E. W. SMITH.
CLAUDE CANNON.	J. W. HAND.	A. M. SECREST.
J. P. CRAWFORD.	R. E. KIBLER.	J. R. TROTTER.
F. McC. CURTIS.	J. N. LOFTON.	E. R. WALLACE.
T. S. CHANDLER.	G. H. MACON.	J. M. WALTERS.
R. T. FULGHUM.	W. P. McCRAW.	F. C. WHITAKER.

Second Year.

J. A. HART.	N. F. MARSH.
I. W. ROSE.	

Senior Pharmacy Class.



HART, JOHN ALBERT.

Hendersonville, N. C.

B O H; German Club; Dialectic Society; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Scrub Baseball Team '06.



ROSE, IRA WINFIELD. Bensor, N. C.

K Σ; Philanthropic Society; President Class 1904-'05; Glee Club (1, 2).
Assistant in Pharmacy (2).



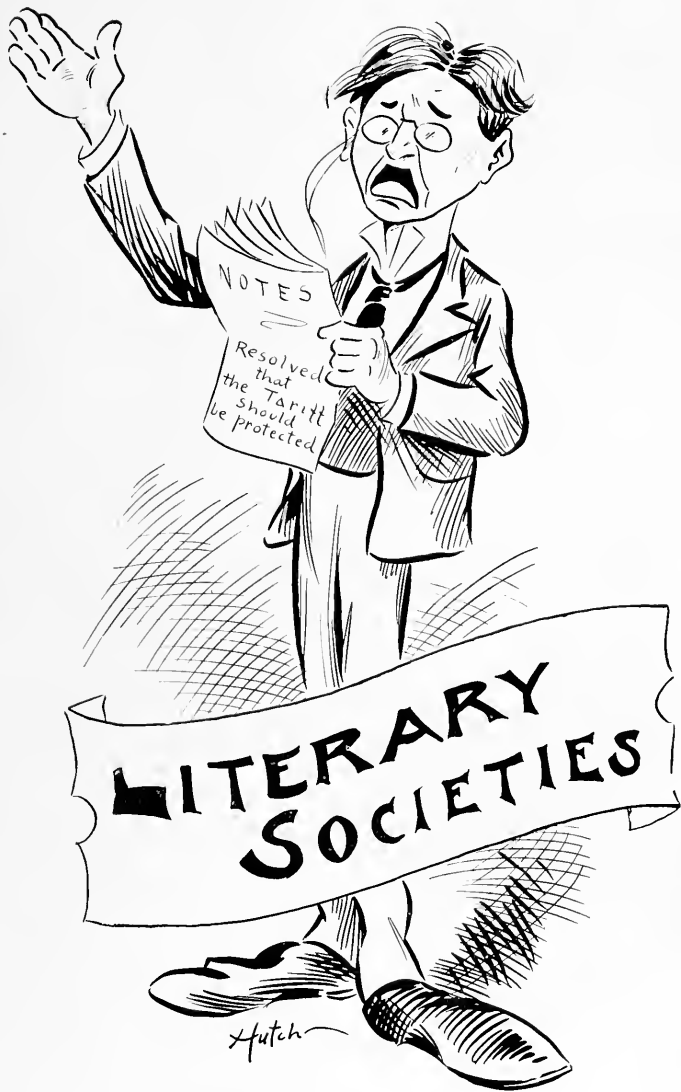
PHARMACY CLASS.



To L-----

Sweetheart, I mourn that with a face so fair
A heart so cold, so pitiless, should mate,
That doth delight to scorn a lover's prayer,
And comfort then with mocking at his fate,
When you encourage with your laughing eyes
And truant locks lure on o'er rosy cheeks,
My hope leaps high—alas, how soon it dies
When confirmation in your heart it seeks.
Your sweet-arched lips that promise to caress
If only I take courage to go on,
Lose, in a trice, their tempting tenderness,
And with your frown my day-dreams all are gone.
Ah, Tantalus' tortures were indeed but slight
When they're compared with my most cruel plight.

Q. S. MILLS.



NOTES
Resolved
that
the Tariff
should
be protected

LITERARY
SOCIETIES

Hutch

The Dialectic Society.

TO the casual observer—and many a student passes his four years at the University without arriving at any more intimate point of view than that of the casual observer—the relation of the debating societies (erroneously called “literary”) to the University is one of exaggerated insignificance. This is the view of the young man who is wary of allowing his books to interfere with his college course. Since 1891 students of this type have narrowed their acquaintance with the societies to the great profit of the societies. In that year compulsory membership was abolished. It is, we think, not a bad sign for the University and for the *personnel* of its student body that, since this emancipation of the *ennuyés*, the societies have proceeded along their ways with increasing prosperity in membership as well as in inter-collegiate renown.

On closer observation the relation of the societies to the University is that of an essential factor. They are representatives to the outer world of the collective under-graduate constituency of the institution. By winning one inter-collegiate debate they attract more notice to the Alma Mater than the midnight lucubrations of all the faculty combined. Being a rather unassuming side of college life, however, they are apt to be underrated. Though they furnish the under-graduate the only opportunity the University affords for developing the oratorical and debating side of his life, or training him in the rules of order and the government of bodies of men, still there are many that leave the University with their development in this direction arrested and dwarfed.

But the societies are coming into their own. Not even when they owned the library and policed the campus and built dormitories did they stand for more usefulness than they do now. The percentage of students realizing this is growing. In consequence the hall of the two societies can scarcely seat their members any longer. The Dialectic has been compelled to follow the lead of the Philanthropic in creating an inactive membership list in order to “handle the rush.” In short, if there is any side of University life that is not living up to its requirements and opportunities, we feel sure that it is not the societies.

Certainly not the Dialectic. From the second day of June, 1795, (they had all-the-year-round performances 110 years ago), excepting the one interruption of the Civil War, the Dialectic Society has met each Saturday night for more than a century. And one after another, during these years, the portraits of great alumni of the University have been added to the galaxy of



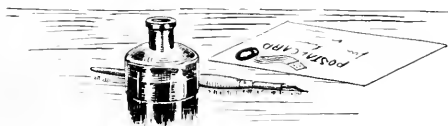


noble faces that look down from the walls upon its seances. Among those members are a President, Senators, Governors, Judges and Generals. Surely there can be no more inspiring surroundings to the maiden efforts of the young orator than these mute listeners.

Upon the shoulders of the Dialectic Society and of the Philanthropic has fallen the equal burden of establishing and upholding the standard of the University in inter-collegiate debate. And right well have they quitted themselves. So well in fact that we are at present in search of a commodity of good opponents, most of the others having been successfully disposed of. To while away the time between other debates the societies are accustomed to sail into each other at stated intervals. These set-tos serve to train young material. The Dialectic Society has never failed to furnish the wherewithal to divide the honors, even with so worthy an adversary.

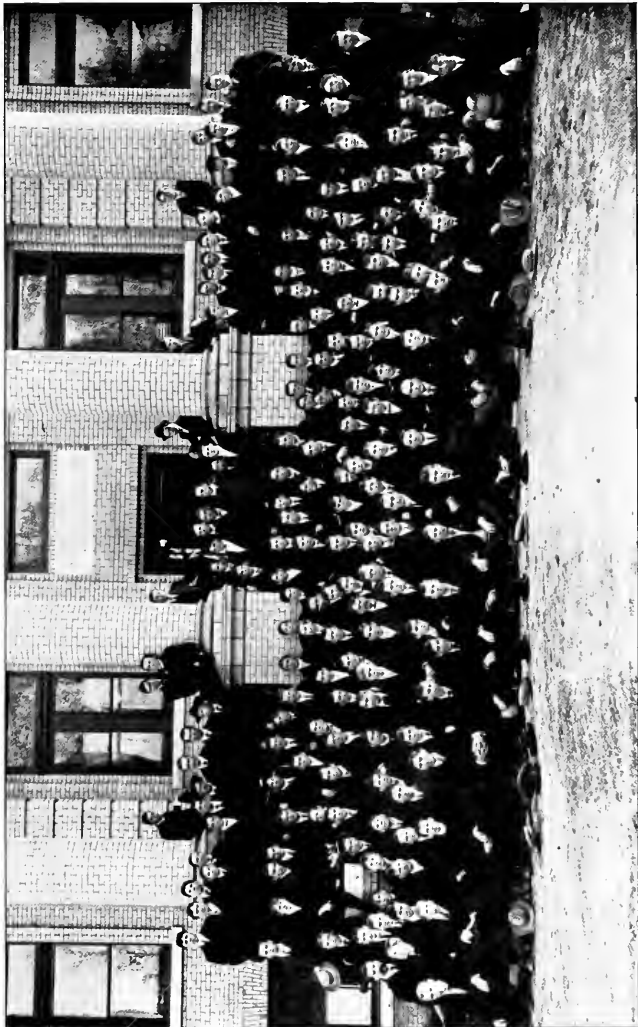
But, after all, debating is not the whole consideration of Society life. In them one is apt to be more correctly sized up than anywhere else in college. There are laid the foundations of intimacy and friendship that characterize college men. There one may learn the difficult art of "thinking on his leather," more dignifiedly known as *reputée*. The Society renown of the Freshman eclipses all other reports concerning him. And the crowning disgrace to a self-respecting student is expulsion from Society. In short, it may be said, that if there is anywhere a typical University assemblage, it is in the Society hall, to which at Commencement the returning Alumnus pays his annual pilgrimage, there to bore and be bored with maudlin reminiscences.

II.



Dialectic Society.

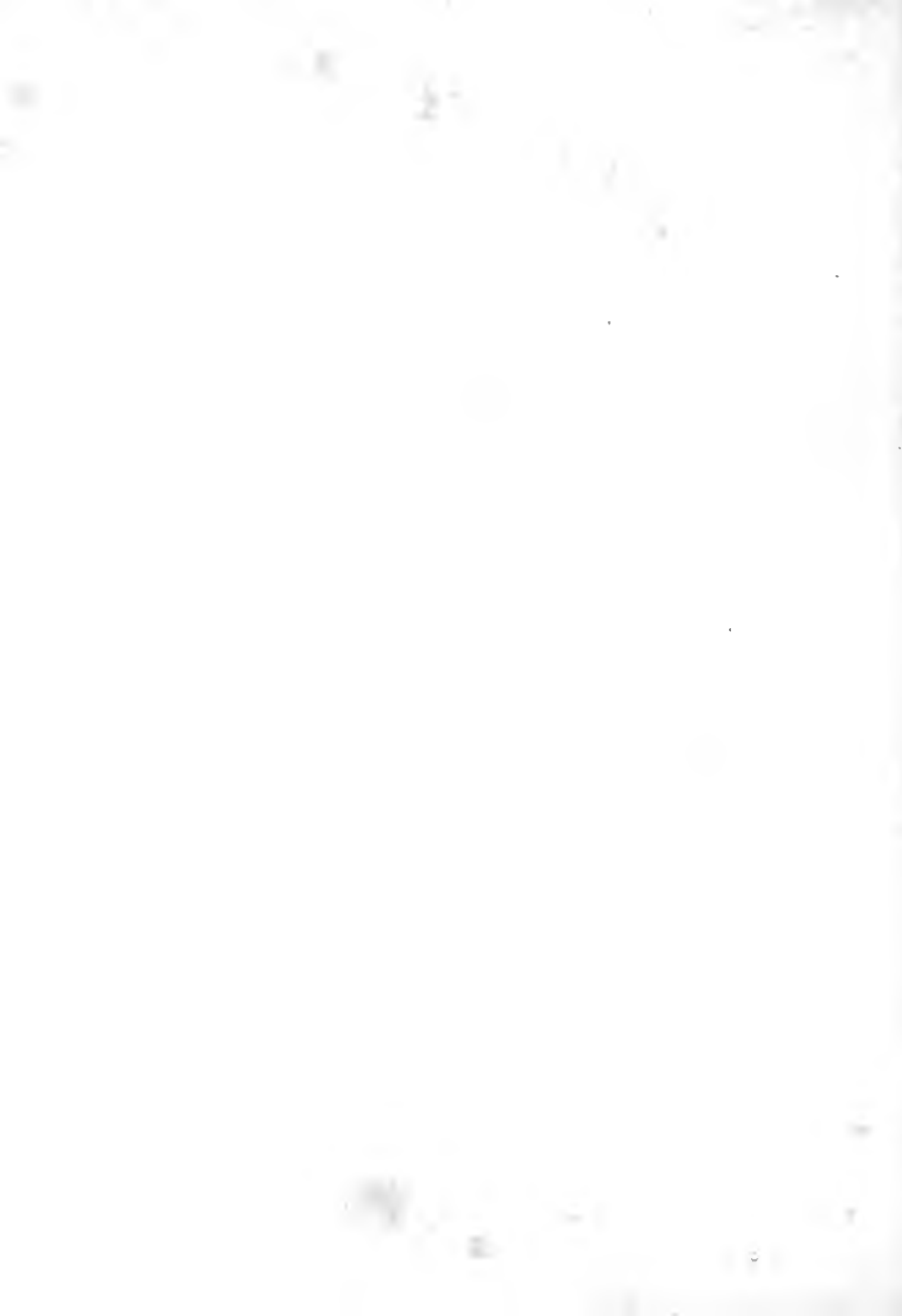
ARLEDGE.	GUNTER.	LOVE.	SIMMONS.
ALLEN.	GARRETT.	McINTOSH.	SHULL.
ANDREWS.	GARDNER.	McLEAN, W. D.	STEM.
BRADY.	GOSS.	McLAIN, R. H.	SCHONWALD.
BAGWELL.	GRAY.	McCULLOCH.	SUDDERTH.
BAHNSON.	GOSLEN.	MILLER, G.	STORY.
BRAY.	GREENE.	MILLS.	SHANNONHOUSE.
BATTLE.	GRIER.	MOORE, L. T.	STOCKTON.
BLYTHE.	GASH.	MOORE, W. M.	SPICER.
BLACKWELDER.	GREENWOOD	MOORE, J. A.	STEPP.
BERRY.	GOODMAN.	MILLER, M. F.	SIMMONS, J. L.
BARKER.	HAYWOOD.	MICHAUX.	SMITH, T.
BYERLY.	HILL.	McGUFFIN.	SPEAS.
BROWN, C.	HUNTER, W.	McCAIN.	SHORE.
BROWN, R.	HOYLE.	MANN.	SHARPE.
CLODFELTER.	HALL.	McADEN.	SMITH, L. J.
CLOSTS.	HANNAH.	McNEELY.	STEPHENSON.
COLE, E. L.	HIGDON.	MEANS.	SELLERS.
CUMMINGS, M.	HAYNES.	MORRISON.	TILLET, C. W.
CLEMENT, D.	HART.	MASTEN.	TILLET, D.
CLAYTOR.	HARRISON.	MONTGOMERY.	TAYLOR.
COFFIN.	DOCK.	MOSS.	TRAYLOR.
COOPER.	HARLLEE.	MILES.	WEBB, L. H.
CONNOR, E.	HARDISON.	NEWTON.	WEBB, S. E.
CONNOR, H.	HURT.	OSBORNE.	WILLIAMS, V.
CRAWFORD.	HESTER.	ORR.	WILLIAMS, P. M.
COBB, E. W.	HARDIN.	PHILLIPS.	WILLIAMS, H. B.
COBB, J. D.	HARPER.	PARKER.	WILLIS.
COBB, J. T.	HUGHES.	PORTER.	WASHBURN.
CURRIE.	HUFFMAN, F.	PICKARD.	WILKINS.
COUGHENHOUR.	HUFFMAN, M.	POGUE.	WITHERS.
DAVIS, L. B.	JONES, W. R.	PORTRUM.	WRIGHT.
DAY, R.	JONES, W. H.	PERRETTE.	WEILL.
DAY, J.	JONES, H. C.	QUEEN.	WEAVER.
DAVIS, H. W.	JONES, M. G.	PRIOR.	WRIGHT, G. A.
DAVIS, J. B.	JONES, B. W.	RAMSEUR.	VATES.
DALTON, A.	JEFFRIES.	RIGGS.	FITZSIMONS.
DALTON, S.	JOHNSTON.	ROBINS.	FITZGERALD.
DOUTHIT.	KIBLER, W. H.	ROSS, O.	MONTSINGER.
DICKSON, S.	KIBLER, R. E.	ROSS, L. M.	CLEMENT, F.
DUNLAP, F. L.	KEIGER.	REEVES.	BEAM.
DUNLAP, F. W.	KIRKPATRICK.	RIDENHOUR.	TAVIS.
DOVER.	LINN.	RAY.	PLUMMER.
DULS.	LITTLETON, H.	REYNOLDS.	RANDOLPH.
ELLIOTT, H. C.	LOGAN.	RAPER.	HUTCHINSON.
ELLIOTT, F.	LYLE.	RANKIN.	D'ALEMBERTE.
EDWARDS.	LILES.	RANEY.	BRYANT.
FREEMAN.	LUNSFORD.	ROSEBRO.	RUDISILL.
FORE.	LEWIS.	RICHMOND.	CARTER.
FARRABEE.	LEONARD.	RUDISILL.	EDWARDS, H.
FRAZIER.	LINDSAY.	SEAGLE.	ARMSTRONG.
GRAHAM.			



DIALECTIC LITERARY SOCIETY.







The Philanthropic Society.

Virtue, Liberty and Science.

The Philanthropic Society dates its origin shortly after the University was established. The strength of the University has been and will be measured to a large extent by the strength of the two societies.

When Vance said, "The thing that has been of most benefit to me all my life is the fact that I was a student at the State University," he was referring chiefly to the excellent training he received in the Dialectic Society.

The motto of the Philanthropic Society expresses well what it has stood for in the University life of the past, and what it now stands for. Virtue crowns the motto as first. The Society's first aim is to inculcate lessons of honor and truth. When this is established, it next strives to invest its members with a love of liberty and freedom. Not liberty in the sense of license, but liberty in a broader and higher sense—that liberty that breaks down petty factions, and places all its members on equal footing. Its love of right and of freedom prepares the way for science or knowledge, for without virtue and liberty all knowledge is futile.

The Philanthropic Society, then, with its sister the Dialectic, is that phase of University life that equips a man morally and mentally, and well prepares him to go forth to meet the battles of life.

J. B. P.

Philanthropic Society.

Active Academic Roll.

ATTMORE.	GILLIAM.	MUSE.	SPRULL.
BAGGETT.	HERRING, E. C.	MERCER.	STEWART, E. L.
BANKS.	HESTER.	MANNING.	STEVENSON, J. B.
BARBEE.	HICKS.	MACRAE, D. C.	SIDBURY, K. C.
BRITT, W. L.	HINES, T. M.	MACRAE, DUNCAN.	SPENCER, C. B.
BARBOUR, J. D.	HIGHSMITH.	NOBLE, S. G.	SKINNER.
BERRY, A. B.	HINES, J. W.	NEWELL, E. J.	SORRELL, H. N.
BRINSON, F. E.	LOWARD.	O'BERRY.	SHAW.
BOWEN, S. N.	HAWES, S. J.	OLIVER.	SIMMONS.
BAUCOM, G. U.	HOCUTT, J. B.	PALMER.	THOMAS.
COGHILL, J. B.	HUSKE, M. S.	PARKER, J. A.	THOMPSON, J. F.
COWARD.	JAMES, J. B.	PARKER, L. W.	UMSTEAD, W. W.
COX, W. D.	JENKINS.	PITTMAN.	UMSTEAD, J. W.
CLARK, S. N.	JACKSON.	PARISH.	WHEATLEY, C. R.
CLARK, H. T.	JUDD, E. C.	PARKER, S. G.	WHITLEY.
CREDLER, C. G.	KERR, J. S.	PERRY, H. L.	WINBORNE, S.
DICKSON.	KATZENSTEIN.	ROBINSON, W. S.	WALKER, D. D.
DARDEN, S. N.	KITCHEN.	ROBINSON, R. M.	WOODARD, W. C.
EAGLES, T. R., Jr.	LEE, H. P.	RAND.	WILLIAMS, M. M.
ELLINGTON, N. R.	LEWIS.	RITTER.	WINSLOW, F. C.
FOUNTAIN, G. M.	LITTLE.	RUFFIN, C. B.	WILLIS.
FREEMAN, S. R.	LONG.	RUFFIN, E. C.	WARDSWORTH.
GAYLORD.	LAMB.	RICE.	WILSON.
GIDDINGS.	MALONE.	SIMMONS, T. W.	YEAVERTON.
GRIFFIN.	MacMILLAN.	SUTTON, T.	

Senior Roll.

DRANE, F. P.	NICHOLSON, S. T.	KERR, J. S.	WINBORNE, J. W.
McNIDER, J. S.	PARKER, J. A.	ROYALL, B. F.	UPCHURCH.

Active Professional Roll.

HOWARD.	PERRY, B.	WILSON.	TOWNSEND.
McDAIRMID.			

Inactive Academic Roll.

ALLEN.	DAVIS, W. B.	LAUGHINHOUSE.	GILLAM, F.
ABERNETHY.	FARMER.	McNEIL, T. S.	ROBINSON, J.
ABBOTT.	HASSELL, C. W.	McGOWAN.	PHILLIPS.
BRINKLEY.	JOHNSON, B. C.	OATES, W. M.	PEMBERTON.
BALLANCE, H. B.	KEEL.	SUTTON, F. I.	LAUGHLIN, C. C.
CANNON.	LONG, E. M.		

Inactive Professional Roll.

BARKER, C. S.	GREENE, W. W.	EAGLES, C. S.	WALLACE, E. D.
BRITTON, A. G.	HASSELL, F.	WILLIAMS, B. C.	REED.
DAVIDSON, E. M.	HUMPHREY.	BRIGHT, C. R.	JONES.
FANSON.	JONES, W. B.	SPENCER, F. B.	HERRING, W. H.
JOHNSON, B. S.	MARION, G. B.	EDWARDS, J. S.	SIMMONS, N.
LYON.	WINSLOW, C. F.	ANDREWS, N. H.	WARREN, J. K.
WILLIAMS, L. S.	WARD, V. A.	NICHOLS.	COX, E.



PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETY.



DEBATERS

Hutch



W. B. LOVE.

Carolina-Georgia Debate.

QUERY:

Res. Ires., That we should revise our Tariff system on the basis of a tariff for revenue only

AFFIRMATIVE:

Georgia

NEGATIVE:

Carolina

DEBATERS:

WALTER B. LOVE,
(Carolina).

J. J. PARKER,
(Carolina).



J. J. PARKER.



Commencement Debate.

QUERY:

Resolved, That the interests of industrial development would be subserved by the extension of the trusts, as at present operated, into all branches of our industrial life where consolidation is practicable.

AFFIRMATIVE: Phi Society.

NEGATIVE: Di. Society.

DEBATERS.

JOHN B. PALMER, '07.

E. MCK. HIGHSMITH, '07.

ROBY C. DAY, '07.

STAHL LIXX, '07.





Soph-Junior Debate.

Gerrard Hall—February 9, 1906.

QUERY:

Resolved, That the railroads of the United States should be owned and operated by the federal government.

AFFIRMATIVE: Di. Society.

NEGATIVE: Phi. Society.

DEBATERS.

B. F. REYNOLDS, '08.

OSCAR R. RAND, '08.

ROBY C. DAY, '07.

W. A. JENKINS, '07.

Won by the Affirmative.





Fresh-Soph Debate.

QUERY:

Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people.

AFFIRMATIVE: Di. Society.

NEGATIVE: Phi. Society.

DEBATERS.

C. E. MCINTOSH, '09.
M. ROBINS, '08.

M. S. HUSKE, '09.
E. L. STEWART, '08.





J. B. ROBERTSON.
Winner of the Willie P. Mangum Medal.
1905.



HOW IT LOOKED TO Hi



Psychologic, of alle my worke,
It's tuffe as helle, the worste of foes:
But stille I knowe I muste not shirke,
When Horace says: "And see it goes."

—T. Chaucer.

"So Lem Beasley is a-going tew college this fall," remarked Ili Plunkett thoughtfully.

It was a warm day in harvest time and Ili, with his assistants, was taking a short rest after dinner in the cool shade of the wagon shed. He removed the straw from between his teeth, shifted his quid, and spat, with the accuracy of an expert, through a knothole in a nearby plank. Then he settled into a more comfortable position and continued:

"I thought ez how Ol' Man Jack wuz tew sensible tew let Lem git out fr'm under his thumb thet way; but then, in this day an' time, you can't never tell what's a-goin' tew happen. This is a for'rard an' a perverse generation, an' you never know what these fast young lads is a-comin' tew. Why 'twus only this past fall thet my boy Sam here wuz tuk with the same fool notion.

"I kinder thought ez how thet little feller ez wuz a-teachin' over on the ridge wuz a puttin' crazy ijeas intew his head, but I never said nuthin'. This little teacher feller h'd jest graddy-ated, ez they calls it, fr'm the University over thar tew Chapel Hill, an' his head wuz ez full uv notions ez a hen's thet's just hatched her first brood, an' they wuz jest about ez sensible. He wuz a-flyin' 'roun' like all possessed, a-organizin' uv debatin' clubs an' li'rary s'cieties an' a-fussin' a lot 'bout higher eddycation.

"Sam wuz one uv his right han' men, an' I wuz a-lookin' fer trouble. It come, fer 'twusn't long before Sam wuz a-wearin' uv a rubber collar an' a red tie ev'ry day an' partin' his hair in the middle. I took note uv his symptoms, an' wusn't overly surprised one evenin' when he come tew me where I wuz mendin' uv a plow-frame down in the shed an' sez tew me, seze:

"' Paw, Pefferer Tyson hez been a-talkin' tew me, an' I'm a-goin' tew collidge."

"I never sez nothin', but just takes him by the arm an' leads him 'roun' tew the woodshed purty peart.

"' Son,' sez I, when I gits thar, 'you shuck off thet collar an' tie an' git the wedge an' mall an' split them chunks till sun-down, an' then you'll feel better,' sez I.

"But while I wuz a-finishin' uv that plow-frame I got tew thinkin', an' so next mornin', in order to be fair, I saddled up ol' Moll an' put out tew examine for myself. It's a purty fun

piece fr'm here tew Chapel Hill, an' when I'd got thar an' got ol' Moll put up an' lef' my snack with June Webb, it wuz well up intew the mornin'."

"Ez soon ez I'd passed the time uv day with ol' Sefh Barbee, who wuz a-standin' at his gate, I went up tew the campus, ez they calls it, which is a tarnal big grove all split up with paths, an' with big buidlins scattered 'bout all over it. It must 've been purty nigh nine o'clock, but ev'rything wuz plum quiet, an' I wandered 'roun' fer most half an hour without seein' nobody but a few stragglin' fellers thet looked half asleep an' a couple uv fool collie dogs thet kep' a-tearin' up an' down, a-yelpin' like all nation, a-chasin' uv buzzard's shadows. At last I come tew the conclusion ez how I'd run in on a holiday by mistake, an' thet ev'rybody wuz away.

"Howsunnever I lowed ez how I'd drap intew a buidlin' 'r two so'z not tew be completely outdone, an' I begun with a big buidlin' ez h'd stone steps an' four big pillers a-runnin' up in front uv it. I hadn't more'n got inside when a big bell rung summers, an' a crowd uv fellers come a-bustin' out an' most carried me along with 'em. 'Maybe it's a fire,' thinks I, an' goes along with 'em tew see the fun. But bless ye, it warn't five minits before ev'ry man Jack uv 'em 'd disappeared, an' ev'rything wuz ez quiet ez ever.

"I went back tew the buidlin', an' this time I got in, all right. Thar wuz a short hall a-runnin' intew a long one inside, an' thar wuz doors on both sides, but they wuz closed, an' ev'rything wuz ez quiet ez it wuz out-side, only you could hear voices soundin' kinder muffled-like ev'ry little while. Thar bein' nothin' tew see I went upstairs an' foun' ev'rything jest the same up thar; all the doors wuz shut, an' thar warn't nobody in sight. Just ez I got tew the head uv the steps, howsunnever, thar come a great lalnin' an' hollerin' fr'm a room tew the right uv the stairs.

"Bein' sorter tired fr'm wanderin' 'roun', an' desirous anyway tew see what wuz a-goin' on inside uv them rooms, I went intew the one whar I heard the lalnin', kinder expectin' ez how I'd git amused a little. Hit wuz all full uv boys a-settin' 'roun' on benches lookin' tired like when I went in, but quick ez they seed me they kinder chirked up an' looked 'roun'. Up in front a mournful lookin' man wuz a-leanin' 'gainst a table a-talkin' to 'em in a doleful voice, like ez if their relations wuz all dead, an' I couldn't see no reason fer the lalnin' I'd jest heard.

"The mournful man never paused when I come in, an' in about two minits ev'rybody 'd forgotten I wuz thar. He wuz a-lookin' out uv the winder, an' didn't seem tew be a-talkin' 'bout anything in p'ticlar or tew anybody in speshul, an' nobody seemed tew be a-carin' what he said. Thet kep' up fer 'bout fifteen minits an' then I nudged a little feller ez wuz a-settin' side uv me dressed in a suit uv clothes covered all over with squares like a checker-board an' 'bout three sizes tew big fer him, an' I sez tew him, sez I, in a whisper:

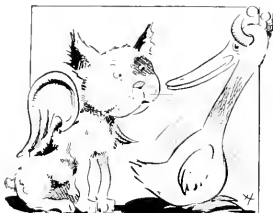
"'What is he a-grievin' 'bout, young man?'

"The little feller looked up fr'm the paper he wuz a-readin' like he wuz mad at bein' disturbed an' snapped out somethin' 'bout 'Si Kollergy.' Then he looked at his watch an' fell back like he wuz plum weary, an' went tew readin' agin.

"Now ez the little feller didn't offer no further information, an' ez I'd never heard tell uv Si Kollergy before, I wuz purty much at a loss tew understan' things. Howsunnever, fr'm the 'pearance uv the mournful man an' the sadness uv his voice I jedged ez how the party wuz deceased an' h'd been some close kin uv his. I leaned over tew the little feller agin an' sez, sez I:

"'Is he dead?'

"'Dead! Who?' seze, a-jerkin' hisself up an' lookin' at me blank. Then his face kinder lit up, an' he sez, seze, 'Oh, Si Kollergy? Uv course so. I don't know how long he *hez* been dead!' An' he'd hid hisself behin' his paper before I h'd the chance tew say another word.



" 'It's a pity,' thinks I, 'ez how he should be a-pinin' so fer his friend! He must-ve been powerful close attached tew him, an' I wuz a-learnin over tew the little feller tew ask him if thar wuz no means uv divertin' him fr'm his sorrer when the mournful man kinder perked up like he wuz feelin' better an' sez, seze:

" 'Mister Day, why don't a cat hev wings?'

" 'Fur the love uv Heck,' thinks I tew myself, 'he's gone plum loony fr'm grief! He might ez well ask, 'Why don't a duck hev horns?''

"But ev'rybody kinder craned their necks an'

looked at a little feller ez wuz a settin' on the front seat a-starin' up at the mournful mau with his mouth open.

" 'Becase uv a category,' seze.

" 'An' his trouble must be ketchin', thinks I.

"The mournful man looked out uv the winder agin an' sez something I didn't ketch an' ev'rybody luffed.

" 'An' so it goes,' seze.

"An' then his face fell agin an' he went back tew talkin' 'bout Si Kollergy. I'll tell you, boys, my sympathies shore went out tew him. Tew think uv anybody's bein' so carried off by grievin' thet-a-way! I wuz 'bout tew tell the little feller next me ter say somethin' tew take the mournful man's mind off uv Si when he broke out agin.

" 'Mister Parker,' seze, 'which come first, the hen 'r the egg?'

"Et thet I thought ez how somebody'd shorely go up an' pacify him, but instead a long feller ez he'd been a-loungin' on a front seat straightened hisself up an' commenced a-jawin' at him same ez if he'd chawed up a dictionary an' wuz a-spittin' it out agin. The mournful man kinder ketched hold uv the table an' hel' on, an' when the feller got through he took a long breath an' looked out uv the winder.

" 'Thet's right,' seze.

"Then he went back to talkin' dolefu agin.

" 'More Si!' thinks I. 'Look out, boys, you don't know what's a-comin' in a minnit.'

"An' it weren't long before he turned roum' and sez again, seze:

" 'Mister Logan, why can't you wear your right glove on your lef' han'?'

" 'Wuss an' wuss!' thinks I: 'he'll be ravin' fore long.'

"An' still the fellers didn't pay no 'tention to him. Another feller up on the front row sorter settled hisself in his seat an' said a lot in a mighty convincin' way thet I couldn't make nothin' uv. Ez soon ez he'd finished the mournful man glanced kinder quick like over the crowd an' sez, seze:

" 'Mister Tillet, do you agree with Mister Logan?'

"An' some fellers on the back row commenced a-midgin' uv a feller ez wuz asleep. All uv a sudden he woke up an' hollered out:

" 'Yes—sir, Perfesser!'

"An' ev'rybody luffed, an' the mournful man looked out uv the winder an' sez, seze:

" 'An' so it goes.'

"Then he settled hisself down tew Si Kollergy shore nuff, an' I begun tew git kinder skeered.

"Thinks I tew myself: 'If they'd only keep his mind off'n Si, he'd be all right. Though his questions is wild I b'lieve he'd git rational if only somebody 'd give him a sensible answer tew keep him fr'm thinkin' uv Si agin.'

"Jest then I heard him say somethin' 'bout an eight hundred pound hog.

"Thinks I tew myself, 'Si wuz a hog-raiser."

"But before you could wink he'd got fr'im hogs tew ducks.

"'Mister Hannah,' seze, 'why do a duck hev web feet?"

"At that the feller on the other side uv the feller thet wuz a-sittin' next tew me commenced a-mudgin' him. The little feller dropped his paper an' begun a-lookin' 'roun' like he wuz los'. I seed my chance tew save the mournful man.

"'Cause he hez tew swim, ye tarnal idjit!' I whispered in the little feller's year.

"'But jest as he wuz about tew speak the bell rung agin, an' ev'rybody grabbed their hats an' run fer the door so quick I nearly got all smashed up in the jam. When I got picked up I wuz all alone; even the mournful man wuz gone.

Hi paused and squinted through a crack overhead at the sun.

"Wa—a, boys," he concluded risin', "thet hain't all thet I saw thet day, but I reckon ez how I'll hev tew tell the rest uv it tew you agin: it's time we're gettin' back tew work. Howsumever, ez I rode home on ol' Moll I couldn't held a-feelin' fer thet pore mournful man, an' at the same time I made up my mind ez how I'd never let a son uv mine run the resk uv gittin' intew any sech mess ez I'd got intew while a-seekin' uv 'higher eddy-cation.'

"The next mornin' I tuk Sam over tew the big clearin' an' set him tew plowin' a furrer. An' he's plowin' yit, fer my mind, it's done made up!"

Q. S. MILLS.



Fraternitas.

"God said, "Let there be light," and there was light,
And light awoke the brotherhood of flowers;
The trees entwined their arms in sheltering bowers,
And seas embraced in staunch and fearsome might.
Then Earth, alive, sang out into the night
To other stars, and all the tranquil powers
Serene responded through the measured hours
With love, no discord marred their winged flight.
"Love one another," thus the Master said,
And man went forth, face shining, to obey—
But doubt and fear and anger made him dread
His friend a foe. Now dawns a brighter day,
As hand clasps hand in loyal brotherhood,
And God, He sees the light—that it is good."









Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Founded, 1844, at Yale.

COLORS: Crimson, Blue, and Gold.

FRATERNITY JOURNAL: "The Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly."

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Beta Chapter.

Established, 1851.

Frater in Facultate.

FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE, Ph.D.

Fratres in Universitate.

Past-Graduate.

DAVID ROBERT BROWN, Bho., '03.

Class of 1906.

EDMUND STRUDWICK BURWELL

SAMUEL TIMOTHY NICHOLSON.

FRANK PARKER DRANE.

JOHN WALLACE WINBORNE.

JOHN GILLIAM WOOD, JR.

Class of 1907.

HAMPDEN HILL.

THOMAS O'BERRY.

Class of 1908.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HARRIS.

MANLIUS ORR.

THOMAS MCINTYRE HINES.

JOHN DURAND PATTERSON.

Law.

JOHN HENRY McMULLAN, JR.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON McLEOD.

BENNETT HESTER PERRY.

JAMES DICKSON PROCTOR.

Medicine.

Class of 1907.

GEORGE BLYTHE MORRIS.

Class of 1906.

WILLIAM DANIEL JAMES.

JOHN McNEILL SMITH.

THURMAN DELNA KITCHEN.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON FRATERNITY.







Beta Theta Pi.

Founded at Miami College, in 1839.

COLORS: Blue and Pink.

FRATERNITY JOURNAL: "Beta Theta Pi."

Beta Theta Pi.

Eta Beta Chapter.

Founded in 1852, as Star of the South, Mystic Seven.

Fraternity: Consolidated with Beta Theta Pi, in 1889.

Frater in Urbe.

WILLIAM H. MEADE, D.D.

Frater in Facultate.

ALVIN SAWYER WHEELER, Ph.D.

Fratres in Universitate.

Class of 1906.

ROBERT RICE REYNOLDS.

ARCHIE CARTER DALTON.

Class of 1907.

JAMES HERRON D'ALEMBERTE.

Class of 1908.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT BRIGHT.

ERLE GULICK STILLWELL.

Law.

WILLIAM THOMAS SHORE.

EDWARD BUYST REILLEY.

CHARLES DEVAULT PRATHER.

Medicine.

WILLIAM WILLS GREEN.

Pharmacy.

JOHN ALBERT HART.



BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.





Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded at the University of Alabama, in 1856.

COLORS: Old Gold and Purple.

PUBLICATION: The Record and Phi Alpha (secret).

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
North Carolina XI Chapter.

Established, 1857; Su-pended, 1862; Re-established, 1886.

Fratres in Facultate.

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM, Ph.D. EDWARD VERNON HOWELL, A.B., Ph.G.

Fratres in Universitate.

Law.

ROBERT STUART HUTCHISON.

Class of 1906.

AGNEW HUNTER BAINSON. ROBERT EDWARD CALDER.
HAMILTON CHAMBERLAIN JONES.

Class of 1907.

FRANCIS HUTCHISON.
JAMES BURTON JAMES.

STAHLÉ LINN.
ALLEN TURNER MORRISON.



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY.



Zeta Psi.

Founded in 1846, at the University of the City of New York.

Color: White.

Zeta Psi.

Upsilon Chapter.

Established, 1858; Suspended, 1868; Reorganized, 1885.

CHAPTER COLOR: Garnet.

Fratres in Facultate.

CHARLES STAPLES MANGUM, Ph.B., M.D.

GEORGE HOWE, Ph. D.

Fratres in Universitate.

Class of 1906.

THEOPHILUS PARKER CHESHIRE.

Class of 1907.

THOMAS HOLT HAYWOOD.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN ROBINSON, JR.

JOHN MOSELEY ROBINSON.

Class of 1908.

ROBERT RUFUS BRIDGERS.

EDGAR NORRIS SNOW.

Law.

HENRY HYMAN PHILLIPS.

DONALD CLINGMAN HUMPHREY.

JAMES J. THOMAS, JR.



ZETA PSI FRATERNITY.





Alpha Tau Omega.

Founded at V. M. L., in 1865.

COLORS: Old Gold and Sky Blue.

FLOWER: White Tea Rose.

PUBLICATION: The Palau.

Alpha Tau Omega.

Alpha Delta Chapter.

Established, 1879.

Fratres in Facultate.

X. CORTLANDT CURTIS, B.S.

JOSEPH HYDE PRATT, Ph.D.

Frater in Urbe.

ROBERT S. McRAE.

Fratres in Universitate.

JEROME REA MOORE.

JOHN DE JARNETTE PEMBERTON.

HUBERT HILL.

JOHN S. NORMAN.

FRED L. SUTTON.

JOSEPH E. POGUE.

JAMES THOMAS McADEN.

WALTER A. HALL.

HARRY H. OAKES.

THOMAS A. McNEILL.



ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY.



1865 - 1906

— 100 —



Kappa Alpha (Southern).

Founded at Washington and Lee, in 1865.

Colors: Old Gold and Crimson.

PUBLICATIONS: "K. A. Journal," "Messenger," and "Special" (secret).

Kappa Alpha.

Upsilon Chapter.

Established, 1881.

Fratres in Facultate.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH, Ph.D.	ROBERT SHERWOOD McGEACHY, A.B., M.D.
HUBERT ASHLEY ROYSTER, A.B., M.D.	CHARLES HOLMES HERTY, Ph.D.
LUCIUS P. MCGHEE, A.B., LL.B.	JOSHUA WALKER GORE, C.E.
LEONE BURNS NEWELL, A.B., M.D.	

Fratres in Urbe.

JAMES W. HORNER.	ALEXANDER W. PEACE.
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Fratres in Universitate.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER HASSELL.	JOSEPH MANN.
FRANK GILLIAM.	BASIL GAUNT MUSE.
HARRY PRESTON GIBSON.	JAMES BURTON NICHOLS.
LOUIS TOOMER MOORE.	FRANCIS BORDEN DANIELS.
FOY ROBERSON.	BARNARD BEE VINSON.



KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

Phi Delta Theta.

Founded at Miami University, 1848.

COLORS: Argent and Azure.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

PUBLICATIONS: "Scroll" and "Palladium" (secret).

Phi Delta Theta.

North Carolina Beta Chapter.

Established, 1884.

Frater in Urbe.

FREDERICK GREER PATTERSON.

Fratres in Facultate.

JAMES BOWDEN BRUNER, Ph.D.

WILLIAM STANLEY BERNARD, A.B., A.M.

THOMAS FELIX HICKERSON, Ph.B.

Fratres in Universitate.

Class of 1906.

FRANCIS MARSHALL WELER.

Class of 1907.

FREDERICK BOOTHE STEM.

Medicine.

Class of 1907.

HENRY BLOUNT BEST.

Class of 1908.

PAUL PEYTON LANE.



Sigma Nu.

Founded at the Virginia Military Institute, in 1869.

COLORES: Black, White, Old Gold.

FLOWER: White Rose.

JOURNAL: "Delta."

Sigma Nu.

Psi Chapter.

Established 1888.

MEMBERS.

In Faculty.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph. D. WILLIAM DEB. MCNDER, M. D.

In University.

Class of 1906.

ERACE M. EMERSON.

BASCOMBE B. BLACKWELDER.

LEROY F. ABERNETHY.

Class of 1908.

WILLIAM P. EMERSON.

SAMUEL H. WILEY.

ARTHUR M. FRAZIER.

FRANK W. WILSON.

WILLIAM M. BOYLAN.

THOMAS SADLER.

Law.

O. MAX GARDNER.

Medicine.

J. SANFORD MASON.

DR. JOEL D. WHITAKER.

CHARLES E. McBRAYER.

CHARLES V. SITTON.



SIGMA NU FRATERNITY.



Kappa Sigma.

Founded, in 1867, at the University of Virginia.

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

COLORS: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green.

PUBLICATIONS: "Caduceus" and "Crescent and Star" (secret).

Kappa Sigma.

Alpha Mu Chapter.

Fratres in Facultate.

MARCUS CICEIRO STEPHENS NOBLE.
JAMES EDWARD MILLS, Ph.D.

Fratres in Universitate.

CHARLES THOMAS WOOLLEN.
MATTHEW HICKS ALLEN.
HENRY CLAY CARTER.
WILLIAM LAWRENCE GRIMES.
THOMAS HOWEY SUTTON, JR.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER GREEN.

PLATT WALKER COVINGTON.
RAYMOND HUNT CHATHAM.
FLEETWOOD WARD DUNLAP.
CHARLES JORDAN WEBB.
IRA WINFIELD ROSE.
FERDIE CARY WHITAKER.

GLENN LACY WOOLLEN.



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.





Pi Kappa Alpha.

Founded at the University of Virginia.

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

COLORS: Old Gold and Garnet.

PUBLICATIONS: Shield and Diamond, Dagger and Key (secret).

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Tau Chapter.

Established 1895.

Frater in Facultate.

AUGUSTUS WASHINGTON KNOX, M.D.

Fratres in Universitate.

ARTHUR F. JACKSON, Med.
NORWOOD L. SIMMONS, Law.
CLAUDE L. MILLER, Grad.
J. CARROLL WIGGINS, '06.

STANLEY WINBORNE, '07.
STUART G. NOBLE, '08.
WM. C. COUGHENOUR, '08.
JAMES M. WIGGINS, '08.



PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society.

On the 23d of March, 1894, the Alpha Theta Phi Society was founded here. Its object was to "stimulate and increase a desire for sound scholarship." The letters Alpha Theta Phi are the initial letters of *Altheia Thmou Phos*, "Truth, the Light of the Mind." For ten years it had a most useful and honorable life. A chapter (the only one) was soon granted to Vanderbilt University, and its career has been like that of the parent chapter. The daughter was precocious, and got married before her mother.

The object of both were, from the first, identical with those of the national Society, Phi Beta Kappa, and its high standards of scholarship have constantly been maintained. In 1902, the National Council of Phi Beta Kappa granted a chapter to Vanderbilt, and on September 7, 1904, to this University.

So Alpha Theta Phi passed on into the larger life of Phi Beta Kappa.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society was founded, at the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, on the 5th of December, 1776. The founders were John Heath, Thomas Smith, Armistead Smith, John Jones, and Richard Barker, who associated with themselves a number of other students, making the "original fifty," as they have been called. They must have been thorough-going men. Almost all of them served in the Continental army; eight of them were in the Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution; five became members of Congress. Many of them bore names familiar in the history of Virginia and of the country: Archibald Stuart, Bushrod Washington, Cabel, Fitzhugh, Mason, Lee, Madison, and John Marshall. At first, the organization seems to have differed little from the many social and literary societies of later times, though it was probably more serious than most of them. Edward Everett Hale says: "For nearly half a century it was the only society in America which could pretend to be devoted to literature and philosophy." One of its objects was to encourage "friendly intercourse among scholars." When, therefore, Elisha Parmale, of Harvard, 1779, came to Williamsburg, he was empowered to establish chapters at Yale, in 1780, and at Harvard, in 1781. Chapters were granted to Dartmouth, in 1787, to Union, in 1817. There are now sixty-three chapters. Not many of them are in the South: the mother chapter at William and Mary, and the chapters at Johns Hopkins, the University of Missouri, Vanderbilt, the University of Texas, and the University of North Carolina.

The letters Phi Beta Kappa stand for "Love of Wisdom, the Guide of Life." The objects of the society are, and have always been, "To encourage the love of letters and sound learning, and to keep active the pure flame of truth."

EBEN ALEXANDER.

Phi Beta Kappa.

Founded at William and Mary College, December 5, 1776.

Alpha of North Carolina Established 1904.

Officers.

ROY MELTON BROWN President.
ROBERT HENRY McLAIN Secretary.
THOMAS JAMES WILSON, Ph.D. Permanent Treasurer.

Members.

FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE, Ph.D., LL.D. WILLIAM CHAMBERS COKER, Ph.D.,
EBEN ALEXANDER, LL.D., Yale. Johns Hopkins.
CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH, Ph.D., GEORGE HOWE, Ph.D., Princeton.
Johns Hopkins.

Class of 1892.

THOMAS JAMES WILSON, Ph.D.

Class of 1898.

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM, A.M. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

Class of 1899.

LOUIS ROUND WILSON, Ph.D.

Class of 1902.

MRS. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, A.B.

Class of 1903.

NATHAN WILSON WALKER, A.B.

Class of 1905.

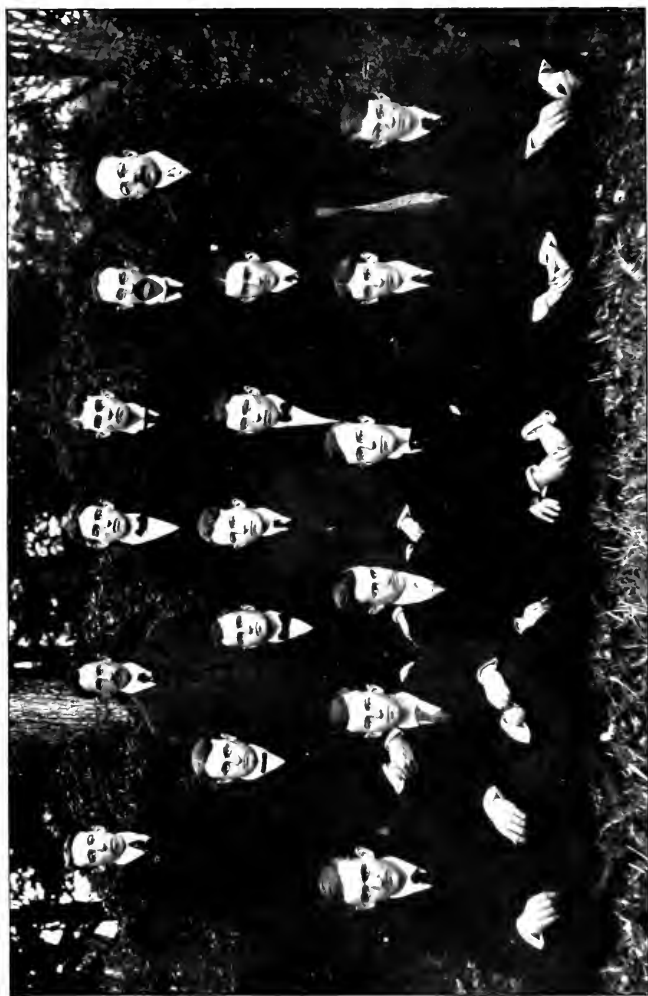
FRANK McLEAN, A.B.
JOHN KENYON WILSON, A.B.

ISAAC CLARKE WRIGHT, A.B.
THOMAS BRAGG HIGDON, A.B.

Class of 1906.

VICTOR LEE STEPHENSON,
PERRY EDGAR SEAGLE.
ROBERT HENRY McLAIN.

JOSEPH EZEKIEL POGUE, JR.
FRANCIS MARSHALL WELLER.
ROY MELTON BROWN.



PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.



JPS

Phi Chi Fraternity.

Chapter Roll.

Alpha:	Med. Dept. University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Alpha Alpha:	Louisville Medical College, Louisville, Ky.
Beta:	Kentucky School of Medicine, Louisville, Ky.
Beta Beta:	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Gamma:	Med. Dept. University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.
Gamma Gamma:	Medical College of Maine, Bowdoin College, Brunswick.
Delta:	Hospital College of Medicine, Louisville, Ky.
Delta Delta:	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon:	Medical Dept. Kentucky University, Louisville, Ky.
Theta:	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Theta Theta:	Maryland Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Eta:	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Omicron:	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Mu:	Medical College of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nu:	Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.
Zeta:	Med. Dept. University of Texas, Galveston, Tex.
Chi:	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Phi:	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Iota:	Med. Dept. University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Lambda:	Western Pennsylvania Medical College, Pittsburg, Pa.
Sigma:	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Pi:	Med. Dept. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Sigma Theta:	Med. Department University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Rho:	Chicago University, Chicago, Ill.
Tau:	University of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.
Psi:	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Louisville Alumni Chapter	Louisville, Kentucky.
Richmond Alumni Chapter	Richmond, Virginia.

Sigma Theta Chapter.

Class of 1907.

J. J. BAREFOOT. H. B. BEST.
ALEX. GREEN.

Class of 1908.

P. W. COVINGTON. C. E. McBRAYER.
E. N. DAVIDSON. A. McLEAN.
H. P. GIBSON. E. J. S. SCOFIELD.
W. W. GREEN, JR. J. MacN. SMITH.
W. D. JAMES. T. H. SMITH.
T. D. KITCHIN. R. T. UPCHURCH
PAUL P. LANE. V. A. WARD.
J. B. WATSON.

Class of 1909.

W. B. CHAPIN.
E. M. LONG.
J. S. MASON.
G. B. MORRIS.
GEO. W. SHIPP.
J. MEL. THOMPSON.



PHI CHI FRATERNITY.

Gim-Gim-Gim-Gimghoul.

GQBGBNCFM
GHVKYCJNMG
UCZOEVFBV
VVLASVXLB

Valmar XVII

RULERS:

- 226 AGNEW HUNTER BAHNSON, 1906 R.
232 THOMAS GRIER MILLER, 1906 K. D. S.
234 JOHN WALLACE WINBORNE, 1906 W. S. S.
228 ROBERT EDWARD CALDER, 1906 K. M. K.

SUBJECTS:

- 170 CHARLES STAPLES MANGUM, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.
174 ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Mathematics.
180 EDWARD VERNON HOWELL, Ph.G., Professor of Pharmacy.
193 WILLIAM STANLY BERNARD, A.B., Instructor in Greek.
200 ROBERT S. HUTCHINSON, A.B. (Law).
227 EDMUND STRUDWICK BURWELL, 1906.
229 THEOPHILUS PARKER CHESHIRE, 1906.
231 HAMILTON CHAMBERLAIN JONES, 1906.
233 JEROME REA MOORE (Law).
235 NATHANIEL CORTLANDT CURTIS, Ph.B., B.S., Architectural Instructor in Drawing.
236 FRANK HUTCHINSON, 1907.
237 JAMES BURTON JAMES, 1907.
238 DUNCAN PATTERSON TILLET, 1907.
239 WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN ROBINSON, 1907.
240 MATTHEW HICKS ALLEN (Law).

THE ORDER OF THE GORGON'S HEAD







1887

LEROY FRANKLIN ABERNATHY

JAMES HERON D'ALEMBERTE

HORACE MANN EMERSON, JR.

OLIVER MAX GARDNER

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM

THOMAS HOLT HEYWOOD

CHARLES HOLMES HERTY

WILLIAM DANIEL JAMES

WILLIAM DE BERNIERE MACNIDER

SAMUEL TIMOTHY NICHOLSON

JOHN DE JARNETTE PEMBERTON

BENNETT HESTER PERRY

HENRY HYMAN PHILIPS

JOHN MOSELY ROBINSON

JOEL WHITAKER

JOHN GILLIAM WOOD, JR.

CHARLES THOMAS WOOLLEN





GOLDEN FLEECE.

The Non-Frats.

The function of this article is, in a sense, peculiar. It has for its purpose the answering of a question which, in all probability, has never been asked: "Who are the non-frats?" The rational question is that which rises to the lips of the newcomer to the University as he looks around him and asks, "Who are the frats?" He is quick to realize the fact that it is the organization and not the non-organization that is the artificial thing; that it is the organization and not the non-organization of which society demands an explanation for its existence. As for the man who knows University life as University life is lived, rest assured the question will never be asked by him. He knows the striking individuality of the non-fraternity man, he is familiar with and admires the lofty ideals of manhood which form the basis of his platform, he realizes and bows before the irresistible potency of the power he daily wields, as with earnestness, energy, and high seriousness of purpose he plays his daily part in the life of the institution. "Why, then, write at all?" you ask, "since all are well informed." But our classification is incomplete. Some there are, readers, mayhap, of this annual, who know of the fraternities and know of naught else. Upon such the effect of the annual with the omission of this article would be but to plunge them yet deeper into their delusion that the University is a combination of ten Greek letter fraternities and, by misrepresenting, to defeat the purpose for which the publication is issued; primarily to represent. It is, then, for the enlightenment of such as these, to introduce to them the non-fraternity man, to epitomize his creed, to make clear his position toward the institution and toward fellow students, as well as to give representation in a publication purporting to be a University affair, an element which comprises six sevenths of the University students that the non-frat write-up claims and is given its space.

Since the dominant principle in either party is but the positive or negative side of one idea, an understanding of both is a prime essential for an understanding of either. The world for ages has been divided on this question: individualism or absolutism? It is this question which the University student must meet. It is this question which is the dividing line. Some have leaned toward the idea of absolutism, and, trusting to the strength of organization, have banded themselves together in groups, on a basis of mutual friendship and congeniality and for social and political advancement. Of these the dozens of pages preceding have told.

But what of the others? Rejecting the idea of absolutism as incompatible with the freest exercise of individuality, declining to submerge themselves into or submit themselves to the dictates of any institution, relying with sturdy self-dependence upon themselves for what they get, refusing to limit their circle of friends by any artificial line, but standing for the freest possible fellowship with their fellow students, maintaining in the political arena the rights of the individual to recognition, rights springing not out of the stamp of approval placed on him by a quasi-political, quasi-social organization or by virtue of his

membership in it, but out of individual worth, individual effort, individual merit, behold your non-fraternity man! This, in a word, is his platform: "A square deal for every man." If that man wear a fraternity pin, well; if not, well. He who allows either its presence or its absence to influence in the slightest degree favorably or unfavorably his opinion of any fellow student cannot be a true non-frat. As a matter of fact, ten to one he doesn't see it. Twenty to one he doesn't think of it if he does.

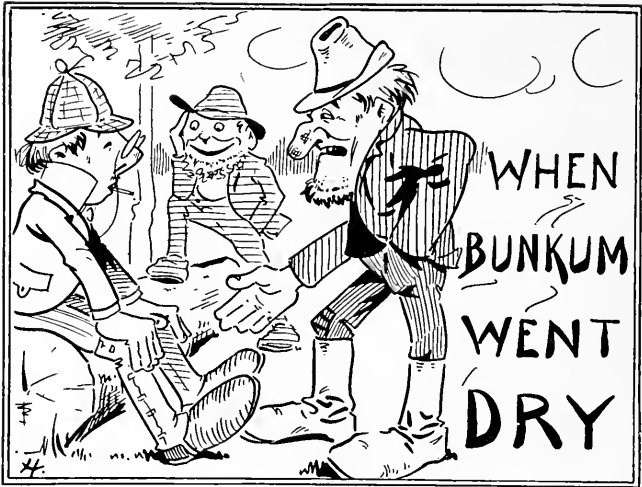
This is in every-day life. In politics he both sees the pin and notices it. This is because he believes that the rightful and equitable distribution of college honors demands the political supremacy of the non-frat, and because he has learned through long experience that "Eternal vigilance is the price of victory." He believes and intends that the fraternity man shall have his share. But he also believes that since politics and therefore self-interest enters into the very nature of the fraternity as a college organization, he of the two is the more unprejudiced judge of what that share should be.

Inspired with a conviction so honest that it could not but be firm, and with a purpose so high that it could not but be in the main unselfish, the non-frats have entered the field of politics, and for the past half-dozen years have controlled the situation. To-day practically all of the class officers and a majority of the editors of the college publications are of them. Even in the literary societies, where, least of all, political considerations weigh, four-fifths of the presidents are non-fraternity men.

But leave the field of elective honors, and what do you find? The non-frats will point you to the fact that every winner of the Mangum Medal, that four-fifths of our inter-collegiate debaters, that two-thirds of the Phi Beta Kappa men of every class, are of their ranks; they will point you to the fact that while their representation on the athletic teams is not so large per unit of membership as that of the frats, that their representation there is highly creditable, five of the men on last fall's football team being non-fraternity men. When you reach the realm of social life, our fraternity class-mate is undeniably most prominent. It could not be otherwise from the nature of things. Most of the social functions are engineered by the fraternities, which form the organized expression of social life. You could, therefore, expect to find a non-frat present at one of these with but little more reason than you could look for a Republican Senator at a Democratic caucus.

But look (rings the non-fraternity challenge) wherever you will, throughout the length and breadth of the University world, wherever the requirements are individual ability, individual effort, individual merit; there rising into prominence by his own efforts, putting forth activities which are his own, cherishing ever as his ideal that cardinal principle of pure democracy: "A man's a man for a' that"—excluding from the pale of his acquaintanceship one class only, and that the snob,—there you will find the non-fraternity men. Forget him, ignore him, discount him, and you have left out of the reckoning more than two-thirds of the brain, the brawn, and the character that mould University life.

V. L. S.



I had walked to the postoffice at the little cross-roads store in the valley and was returning to camp by a near cut through the forest, when I met the two moonshiners going home from their work.

"Light an' look at yer saddle," said Sandy by way of greeting.

"An' let yer hoss rest a spell," added Dave with a friendly grin as he noticed my muddy boots and tired expression.

We seated ourselves on a log and talked of the weather and hunting and fishing and revenue raids and various other topics near to the mountaineer's heart. Then Sandy noticed the newspaper sticking out of my pocket, and said:

"I see you've bin to th' postoffus. Did you hear enny news wuth mentionin'?"

"Nothing of special interest," I replied. "My newspaper reports about the usual number of murders and lynchings, and says that the legislature is going to pass the new prohibition bill that has been under discussion for the past week."

"Taint likely they'll do it," said Sandy after a moment's thought.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Cause it's against natur an' reason an' religum," he sagely observed.

"Ef that's all that's to keep 'em frum passin' it," said Dave, "it'll go through slied as sin. 'Cause you caint count on a legis-lacher fer a reasonin' eritter. It's like a mule, you got to prod it frum behin' or tol it frum before to make it go."

"Go off an' ketch some sense, Davy, 'fote you try to lectur yer granddaddy," said Sandy, contemptuously. "That legis-lacher wont pass a prohybi-shun bill fur two reasons. In the first place, barrin' a few doz-n preachers an' dekuns o' churches an' moonshiners, no man wud enny seeds in his gourd ever votes prohybi-shun 'cept when he's drunk; an' secon'y, owin' to a misforchin in lectin' members, it 'ld be highly onpractikul to make th'

biggest half o' that same legisla-cher middlin' drunk. Take the two members from Bunkum County, fur instance. Each o' 'em can put hisself on th' outside o' his two pints 'thout winkin' an' walk stiff as a saint at a funeral. Now think o' th' bar'ls o' lieker it 'ld take to soak a whole legisla-cher full o' sich cattle. An' then c'nsider th' oshuns it 'ld take to keep 'em soaked through all th' howlin' days o' jawin' an' jowerin' an' discussin' that allus comes afore th' votin'. C'nsider all o' this an' you'll begin to see th' onpraetyca-bility o' th' thing stiekin' out plain as Elk Mountain.

"No, sir-ee, it can't be done with a legisla-cher, 'cause, you see, it's a critter made up o' pollytishuns what's bin raised on bottles an' jugs sence they wus knee high, an' pourin' good lieker inter th' euss holes in ther faces is like pourin' water inter a tater bed in August. It's all sucked up 'thout leavin' emy signs to show where it's bin. Now when it comes to makin' a whole county o' common cattle drunk an' votin' 'em prohybishun, like I done for Little Pigott onet, that's another game, an' I'm yer man fur a thing o' that sort."

"Who was Little Pigott and when did you vote a whole county prohibition for him?" I asked innocently.

"Is it poss-ybul," said Sandy with unfeigned surprise, "that I've never told you 'bout th' time when Bunkum County went dry?"

"It's not," said Dave with mock gravity, "you've told him all you ever knowed an' several things you didn't."

"Mebby I has, an' mebbly I has not," said Sandy reproachfully. "Emy ways, Davy, they still r'mains a c'nsidable batch o' yer own bloody performances that I aint uncorked myself of yit. I reckon I might begin with th' time when you was mortally wounded in th' back?"

This allusion was to an incident in Dave's career seriously reflecting on his courage and honor. It had the desired effect of silencing him completely, and Sandy continued his story.

"It'll be eighteen years comin' brandy-makin' time. I wus in pollyticks then—I've r'formed sence, but I wus onet in pollyticks,—an' one day 'bout a week 'fore they wus goin' to be a lekshun to settle a row that th' prohybishunists had kicked up, I c'ncluded to leg it over to th' county-seat an' git some ammynishun fur my shootin' irnns an' see how th' lan' lay in pollyticks. I knowed Bunkum an' I knowed prohybishun 'ld be th' life o' my bizness. So I sez to myself as I wus goin' along, 'Sandy,' sez I, 'ef they's a chance big as a chigger's heel fur carryin' th' ol' county dry, dry she's got to go, 'cause it's bizness.' An' all day in town I hung aroun' with my eyes skint, an' my years cocked, tryin' to find out some scheme to help th' cause o' prohybishun. But they didn't seem to be no chance. Ev'rybody wus rank agin it, an' they wus talk o' tarrin' an' featherin' emybody that wus catch votin' dry. But 'long towards sundown I started home, feelin' tuckered out an' down in th' mouth, an' wus passin' th' court-house when somebody inside sung out to me to wait a minnit as he wanted a word with me. An' th' next minnit Little Pigott, who was headin' th' prohybishun crowd, come out an' took me 'round to his ofus.

"'Sandy,' sez he, 'I wants to talk to you 'bout th' comin' lekshun. How does yer deestrick stan' on th' lieker question?'

"'Wet,' I sez, 'every bloomin' sinner o' 'em, 'cept me an' Dave—we're fur you.'

"'Yes,' sez he, 'I herd that you wus on our side. Have you got much infloence over in yer corner o' th' woods?' he sez, leavin' forrard an' talkin' seryous.

"'Only 'bout two bar'ls now,' I sez, 'but we're runnin' th' still night an' day an' 'ill have more by lekshun time.'

"'I don't quite onderstan',' sez he, lookin' at me kind o' sprised an' curious like.

"'They's 'bout fifty gallons to th' barl,' I sez by way 'o explynashun.

"' 'Bout fifty gallons o' what?' sez he.

“ ‘O’ white-lightnin’, popskull, sow’s paw, soothin’ syrup, er whatsomever other names you wants to call it by: I calls it lickier simple an’ straight,’ I sez, ‘an’ don’t mince with no pet names.’

“ ‘But I wasn’t wantin’ no lickier,’ sez he, ‘I was axin’ ’bout yer infloence.’

“ ‘It’s all th’ same thing in Bunkum at leekshun time,’ I sez.

“ ‘You means to say, then,’ sez he, drawin’ up his little self an’ puffin’ out agin, like a toad when he’s sulkin’, ‘that you wants me to use two barls o’ lickier to infloence votes with on leekshun day?’

“ ‘Not ef you thinks you can git along with enny less,’ I sez. ‘I’m not th’ man to counsul extravagance. A barl an’ a half if judishully distribbtyed ’ld go a long ways, an’ no doubt ’ld make some votes, but it’s not a drop in a millpon’ to what Floyd an’ his gang ’ll have.’

“ I knowed by th’ look on his face that I had rubbed him th’ wrong way, fur he was new to pollyticks an’ inncerent as a nuborn babe when it come to eatin’ dirt.

“ ‘Sandy,’ sez he, ‘ef I didn’t know you was makin’ a honess’ mistake, I’d be tempted to be mad with you. But jist rickollect in th’ fucher that I allus deals on th’ square, an’ ef I caint git votes straight I does ’thout ’em.’

“ ‘You don’t know this country like me,’ I sez: ‘I was raised here, an’ I’ve seen dozens of leekshuns, an’ infloence—er lickier—is what counts in Bunkum on leekshun day.’

“ ‘Count what will,’ sez he, ‘I buys no votes with lickier, ’cause its agin my consuns.’

“ ‘A man in pollyticks aint got no bizness havin’ a consuns,’ I sez. ‘Sich things is all right in ther proper places, but enny man with mole’s eyes in his head can see they’s got no place in pollyticks. They’s a millstone roun’ a man’s neck what drags him down in th’ mud an’ lets tother crowd walk thar dirty boots over him. An’ unless you cuts loose from yer consuns you’ll be beat easy as lyin in th’ comin’ leekshun.’

“ ‘Sandy,’ sez he, ‘it’s no use agyin’ wid me. I’ve said I wouldn’t git votes underhan’, an’ I wont. I knows tother side ’ll stoop to all manner o’ dog’s tricks, an’ I knows I’ll be beat: but I’ve done all I could, an’ anjuls caint do no more. I’ve worked night an’ day fur th’ last month ’thout stoppin’ to eat or sleep, an’ we won’t poll two hundred votes in th’ whole county. An’, Sandy,’ sez he, speakin’ confydensbus, ‘jist twixt us, I’m sick o’ th’ whole infernal bizness an’ I’m goin’ to sign an’ throw th’ fight up to-morrer mornin’.’

“ ‘Yer liver’s out o’ whack,’ I sez. ‘What you needs is to go down th’ river on a fishin’ jag an’ stay till it goes on th’ right tack agin. You could let Mull (Mull was one o’ his deppyties) hang aroun’ here an’ look out fur yer intrust at th’ leekshun in case you didn’t git back in time fur it.’

“ ‘By George, Sandy,’ sez he, ‘I’ll do it, fur I needs th’ rest, an’ as fur my intrust at th’ leekshun, I reckon it won’t be hard to keep up with.’

“ ‘When’ll you be ready to start?’ I sez.

“ ‘To-morrer mornin’,’ sez he.

“ ‘An’ with that I went an’ looked up Mull an’ had a talk with him. Then I come home an’ Dave an’ me held a counsul of war.

“ ‘What we needs,’ sez Dave, ‘is to git some o’ Floyd’s leaders on our side.’

“ ‘What we needs on our side,’ sez I, ‘is lickier—th’ more lickier th’ better—an’ th’ leaders’ll come fast enough.’

“ ‘But we’ll have to reason wid ’em,’ sez Dave.

“ ‘We’ll have to do nothin’ o’ th’ sort,’ sez I. ‘We’ll make ’em drunk, blin’ drunk, an’ they’ll vote prohybishun easy enough wid proper hanlin. You caint reason wid ’em. ’Cause most folks heads is not made so much fur reasonin’ wid as to have a sootabul place to stick ther eyes, nose, an’ mouth in.’

“ ‘But how’re you goin’ about it?’ sez Dave.

“‘Slow an’ easy,’ sez I. ‘They’s only one votin’ presink of enny consyquence in th’ county. We plants ourselves at it on leckshun day. Th’ lieker does th’ rest wid propper an’ judishus manippylatin.’

“‘But Floyd an’ his deppyties ‘ll be fur interfearin’ wid our program,’ sez Dave.

“‘They’ll be fur nothin’ o’ th’ sort,’ sez I, ‘fur they’s notched first on th’ program. We’ll make ‘em swine drunk afore we begin wid th’ common cattle. It’ll take a better grade o’ lieker, an’ more of it, man to man; but they’s worth more. An’ b’sides, who’s goin’ to count cost? Our bizness is to carry Bunkum dry an’ lect Little Pigott in th’ teeth o’ cost an’ consyquences, an’ lect him we will er know th’ reason why.’

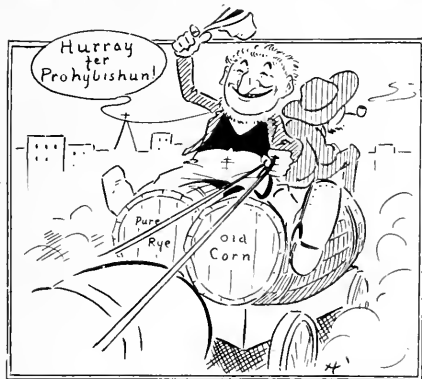
“Dave took to th’ scheme when I had explained it, an we went to work to clear our way o’ stumps. First, I done some pollytiekin wid Mull. I kep him in th’ dark concernin’ my plans; but since things had come to th’ pass they was at, he ‘greed to help me wid enny scheme that I could hatch up that ‘ld give Pigott a fightin’ chance in th’ leckshun. Next I went out an’ loaded my one-hoss waggin wid two fifty-gallon barls o’ as mean lieker as th’ devil ever grinned on an’ a four-gallon jug o’ five-year-old fine enough to melt th’ tongue of a king.

“On leckshun mornin’ I hitched an’ rolled away to th’ votin’ place at th’ county-seat. Th’ fust thing I clapped eyes on when I got inter th’ town was a perliceman an’ a revenue oll’eer walkin’ down th’ street afore me. I knowed Floyd ‘ld have ‘em gagged good an’ tight, so I crawled up astraddle o’ one o’ th’ barls, stung my ol’ mule wid th’ whip, an’ went chargin’ down th’ street yellin’, ‘Hooray fur prohybi-hun!’ at th’ top o’ my throat. They only wunk ther off-side eyes at me an’ kep walkin’ straight ahead, thinkin’, o’ course, it was Floyd’s treat I was haulin’.

“I hadn’t more’n come to a stan’ in th’ square back o’ th’ court-house, where all o’ th’ teams an’ saddle horses was hitched, when up comes Floyd hisself, smilin’ all over his big round greasy face.

“‘Which one o’ my deppyties had you to bring this?’ sez he, indicatin’ th’ two barls with a wave o’ his han’.

“‘I didn’t say it was enny o’ ‘em, did I?’ I sez, as I rolled one



o’ th’ barls roun’ in shape to rap it.

“‘Was it Duncan?’ sez he.

“‘I’m not namin’ names terday,’ I sez.

“‘It’s all right, Sandy,’ sez he, ‘an’ you’ll be paid out o’ th’ campaign fun’s. But it’s jist a little extravvygant in Duncan to go to th’ extry expense o’ pervidin’ this lieker. O’ course, we can use it, but, you see, they’s no sort o’ need fur it. I’ll bet my chance o’ heaven I can count ev’ry vote over a hundred an’ fifty that sees th’ inside o’ th’ dry box terday on th’ toes of a wooden leg.’

“‘Have you wet yer whistle yit this mornin’?’ I sez, changin’ th’ subject.

“‘That’s a foolish question for a sensybul man to ask,’ sez he. ‘I wets my whistle ev’ry mornin’. But the peenoyer thing about my whistle is it wont stay wet more’n fifteen minnits at a time.’

“That’s on ‘count o’ th’ grade o’ flood that you wets it wid,’ I sez. ‘Try a slug o’ this an’ see ef it don’t stick better.’

“I poured out a glass from th’ jug an’ handed it to him. He drunk it off an’ smacked his mouth.

“‘Moses!’ sez he, ‘but that’s what I calls lieker!’

“‘They’s only four more gallons as good in th’ county,’ I sez, ‘an’ they’s in that jug.’

“‘How old is that lieker, Sandy?’ sez he, lookin’ lovin’ly at th’ jug.

“‘Guess,’ I sez.

“‘I wouldn’t stake a opinyun on it wid sich slight ‘quaintunce,’ sez he.

“I poured him out another stiff slug an’ he drunk it down an’ held th’ glass up an’ looked at it.

“‘Are you beginnin’ to git ‘quainted?’ I sez.

“‘Five years,’ sez he, ‘more or less.’

“‘Off,’ I sez: ‘you’ve bin swillin’ hog slop till you don’t know good lieker when you sees it.’

“‘It’s cause I’ve not tasted it fully,’ sez he. ‘My palit is so infernal thick it takes two glasses to wet through to my tastin’ apparvatus. Jist let me git my mouth on another glass an’ I’ll do better.’

“I filled him another, an’ he emptied it inter his head ‘thout winkin’.

“‘Eight,’ sez he.

“‘Off agin,’ I sez. ‘I’m sprised at yer ignorance in a line that you has a call to know as well as emy man livin’.

“‘It’s not that,’ sez he; ‘Its th’ infernal thickness o’ my palit. Only give th’ lieker time to soak through to my dellikit orgins o’ tastin’, an’ I’ll tell you to th’ minit how old it is.’

“He walked round to th’ court-house, an’ come back in fifteen minits with Duncan.

“‘Is it beginnin’ to soak through to yer dellikit orgins o’ tastin’ yit?’ I sez, offerin’ him another glass.

“‘How’s twelve?’ sez he, when he had drunk it off an’ licked his lips.

“‘You’re on th’ right track,’ I sez. ‘But you’re dog cold yit.’

“‘I’ll know th’ age o’ that lieker,’ sez he, ‘ef I has to read it in th’ bottom o’ th’ empty jug.’

“‘That’s th’ place to look fur it,’ I sez, handin’ him th’ glass so he could pour fur hisself.

“He swilled two more, an’ sez thick an’ sleepy.

“‘How’s fifteen?’

“I shook my head.

“‘Hones’ly, Sandy, sez he holdin’ to th’ waggin fur a prop, ‘how old is that lieker?’

“‘Twenty years,’ I sez, ‘thout battin’ a eyelid at th’ lie.’

“‘I b’lieve you,’ sez he, ‘but to clinch my conviekshuns on th’ subjeck, I’ll jist wet th’ root o’ my tongue wid one more slug.’

“‘Ef you misdoubt my word,’ I sez, ‘make yerself doubly certain, fur th’ lieker’s free as branch water as long as it lasts.’

“He got hisself on th’ outside of another stiff glass, an’ lookin’ down at his wobbly knees, sez:

“‘Th’ lower part o’ my cyarkiss is c’vinced, but my head is still skeptykul.’

“I give him one more fur his head. An’ he tacked it to his mouth, an’ worried it down, one swaller at a time, like a man wid measles drinkin’ sheep tea.

“‘Now,’ sez he, handin’ me th’ glass, ‘I’m c’vinced all over—head an’ all—an’ I wants to make a speech to th’ sons o’ Bunkum. Help me to git my cyarkiss in this waggin,

an' Duncan can go out an' round up my constitehents an' bring 'em here. But before he goes let him try a slug o' Bunkum's best.'

"I rolled him inter th' waggin, an' then handed th' jug to Duncan. He started to pick up th' glass what Floyd had emptied but I stopped him.



"Don't waste no time mincin' wid manners,' I sez, 'take it straight frum th' jug, Bunkum style.'

"He swung th' jug to his mouth an' held it thar fur five solid minits.

"You must be short o' breath er else turned prohybishunist,' I sez, as he started to set it down.

"I wusn't informed that I wus either,' sez he.

"I was judgin' by yer acts,' I sez. 'No man wid enny sense o' justis an' ekwality would leave four gallons o' twenty-year-old lickier in a jug an' only two teaspoonfuls inside o' him.'

"It wus my manners made me stop,' sez he, 'not my conshuns.'

"Devil take yer manners!' I sez. 'Drink like th' true son o' Bunkum that you are.'

"He stuck th' jug in his head agin an' it froze thar tell he wuz red in th' face an' blinky 'bout th' eyes.

"Does that ekalize matters enny?' sez he, withdrawin' th' jug.

"Some,' I sez; 'you kin finish when you gits dono roundin' up Floyd's constiehyents.'

"He went off an' purty soon th' sons o' Bunkum begun comin' in. They formed a ring round th' waggin an' looked at th' two barls o' lickier an' lickied ther chopps. I waited tell they had all got in, then I roused up Floyd an' tol' him his constiehyents had come. He pulled hisself together, got up on his hin' legs, propped hisself agin one o' th' barls, an' cut loose wid his speech.

"Suvrin sons o' Bunkum,' sez he, gesturin' wid th' han' what he wusn't holdin' on to th' barl wid, 'prohybishun is no go. Licker is th' greatest instyushun that has bin invented sence Adam's day. It has made Bunkum th' biggest county in th' State; it has made me, an' I'm th' biggest man in Bunkum; it has made Sandy here an' he's th' secon' biggest. Now what would Bunkum be 'thout lickier?'

"It 'ld be hell,' sez somebody in th' crowd. An' th' sons o' Bunkum let off a yell that wus like a wild injins warhoop.

"At that minit Floyd's hold slipped an' he tumbled down like a log 'twixt th' two barls o' lickier. I helped him to git on his trotters agin, but he had changed his no-hum o' makin' a speech.

"Sons o' Bunkum,' sez he, talkin' thick an' dreamy, 'I'm too sleepy to make a speech. But you all knows how to vote, an' ef you don't, you can tell by watchin' th' prohybishunists. Allus vote agin th' prohybishunists, an' you'll allus be right, fur they's allus wrong. Now, Sandy,' sez he, 'give my sheep a drink frum th' well o' th' livin' waters o' Bunkum.'

"Wid that he keeled over in th' waggin an' went to sleep. I got two o' his men to carry him off an' put him to bed. Then I tappled one o' th' barls an' stood treat to th' crowd.

"It wus a inspirin' sight to see th' suvrin sons o' Bunkum linin' up an' sheepin' by, one by one, while I give each o' 'em a bumpin' slug o' lickier mean as sin. At first I wus afraid one wouldn't do th' work, sevin' how much it had took to throw Floyd an' Duncan,

but they was reg'lar ordained pollytishuns, an' these was only common cattle, an' th' one slug worked slick as snakes. It made ther heads spin around in a devil's dance an' kep ther legs stiff as sticks. An' this was pureisely what I wanted, fur you caint make no sort o' use of a man what gits drunk in his legs 'fore he does in his head, like Floyd. He limbers up an' goes down by seekshuns, an' when his head tumbles he's dead fur all praektikal purposes tell he sleeps hisself sober.

"As I was sayin', I kep handin' out th' lieker tell I had got th' biggest half of 'em comfably drunk, an' th' last barl was beginnin' to answer holler to th' tap o' my knuckles on th' head. Then I went out an' hunted up Mull.

"Git yer crowd together," I sez, "an' go an' vote ev'ry moth's son of 'em wet."

"I'll do nothin' o' th' sort," sez he.

"Beggin' yer pard'n," I sez, "but you will, 'cause you promised to help me carry Bunkum dry an' 'leet Little Pigott, didn't you?"

"I did," sez he, "but votin' wet aint helpin'."

"Ord'narily 'tain't," I sez, "but in this pertickler instance it is. You see it's a part o' my scheme. I've got Floyd's gang so drunk they won't know a prohybishun ticket frum a peggin-awl. All they knows is that they wants to vote agin th' prohybishunists. In fifteen minits I'll have two men distrybitin' dry tickets among 'em. Ninety-nine out o' ev'ry hundred o' 'em will vote these tickets in th' wet box 'thout lookin' at 'em, an' they'll be throwed out in th' count 'cause they's in th' wrong box. Now here's where my schem comes in. They knows yer crowd, an' they knows they wants to vote agin 'em. An' ef they sees you votin' in th' wet box, they'll vote in th' dry, an' contrarywise."

"Sandy," sez he, jumpin' up an' poppin' his heels, "I b'leeve th' scheme 'll work, an' ef it does we'll carry th' county a whoopin'."

"Wid that he went to work gittin' his men together, an' I hunted up a couple o' men that I knowed I could trust to keep dark, an' set 'em to distrybitin' votes. When all was ready I tipped th' wink to Mull an' he marched a part o' his little half a handfull o' voters round to th' polls an' b'gun votin' 'em wet by way of experyment. Then comes th' part o' th' performance that was meat an' drink to me. Th' sons o' Bunkum marched down to th' polls meek as Moses an' b'gun droppin' ther votes in th' dry box. I was afraid some skunk would git wise an' give my scheme away, so I yells out, 'wavin' my han' toward th' prohybishun gang.

"That's right boys, step up lively, an' snow 'em under so deep they won't know when th' cows comes home!"

"Wid that they come tumblin' up like sheep, an' th' thing was done in less'n a hour. When it was all over I sent my waggin home an' went up town wid Mull to wait fur th' count-out which would begin at sundown. We waited till bout eight o'clock an' went down to th' court-house. Th' judges had 'bout finished, an' th' vote stood, fur prohybishun, twenty-

three hundred an' sixty; fur lieker, six hundred an' seventy-two. Floyd had sobered up some an' was on han' to hear th' rezult. When th' judges sung it out he sez to me.

"Sandy, sez he, 'this beats hell! an' I don't onderstan' it. They's somethin' rotten in Bunkum. I've knowed th' county frum its infuney an' it has never showed enny symptoms o' piety afore."

"Jist then Duncan come up an' took him off to one side an' talked him wise. When he had finished with him Floyd looked at me a minit, doubled up his fist an' gritted his teeth. Then he started his cuss-mill to grindin', an' when he stopped fur want o' wind you could a combed his system, frum skelp to toe-nail, wid a fine tooth comb 'thout findin' enough cuss words left to last a preacher through a prayer meetin'."

"No sir-ee," said Sandy in conclusion, "that legislacler won't pass no prohybishun bill, 'cause it 'ld take too much lieker."

And it didn't.



H. H. HUGHES.



GERMAN



CLUB

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 J. E. POGUE, . . . Vice-President.
 HAMPDEN HILL, . . . Secretary.
 FRANK GILLIAM, . . . Treasurer.

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 J. W. WINBORNE,
 F. C. WHITAKER.

Dances.

October German—

B. F. HARRIS, Leader.

February German—

J. B. JAMES, Leader.



GERMAN CLUB.



Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association, which is the only religious organization in the University, has for its main purpose the development of the spiritual life of its members and of the University men in general. It makes a special effort to interest new men and to help them continue the development of the religious side of their lives. So far as possible, it bridges the great gap between the home and the new experiences of University life. Knowing that the spiritual life can be developed only by doing something, and by mingling with other men, the Association tries to give every man some work in which he is interested. In this way it develops each year a number of men interested in the different phases of college work. It is to the religious life of the University what the Fraternities are to the social, or the Societies to the literary life. The real purpose of the Association may be seen best by a brief statement of the work for the year.

The Bible study work has been very effective. More than one hundred and seventy-five men have been enrolled in the work this year. These men are divided into nineteen different groups, which are led by students who took the course last year. Dr. C. A. Smith has added greatly to the efficiency of the leaders by spending one hour each Sunday morning in the discussion of the previous week's work.

The Mission study classes are growing. More than forty men have been doing effective work along that line. These men are divided into five different groups, which meet at various times during the week.

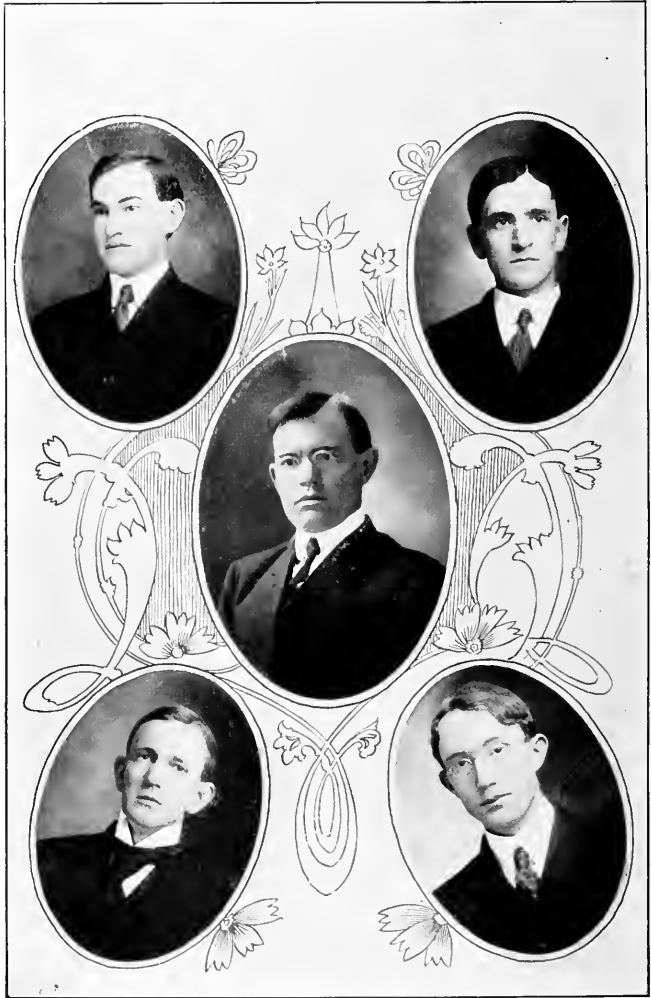
The work this year has been greatly aided by Mr. A. F. Jackson, the General Secretary. This is the first year the Association has had the advantages of a Secretary, and his work has been so effective that this will no doubt be a permanent office in our work.

The work on the building is progressing slowly, but we hope to have it ready for use at the opening of next year's work.

The two weekly meetings have been well attended during the year. The Life-Work Lectures have attracted the attention of the University men in general, and have told for good.

That the Association work is becoming more general, and that more of the strong men are being interested, is evident. With a General Secretary and the building complete, we are confident of the success of the work for next year.

W. B. L.



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS, 1905-'06.

N. R. Claytor, V. Pres.

W. B. Love, Pres.

W. S. Hunter, Rec. Sec.

A. F. Jackson, Gen. Sec.

W. H. L. Mann, Treas.



Commencement Programme

Saturday, June 2.

Morning—Gymnasium Exercises.
Afternoon—Faculty-Senior Ball Game.

Sunday, June 3.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

Monday, June 4.

Morning—Moot Court.
Afternoon—Junior-Soph-Fresh Reception.
Night Intersociety Banquet.

Tuesday, June 5.

Morning—Class Day.
Afternoon—Alumni Lunch.

Tuesday, June 5.—(Cont.)

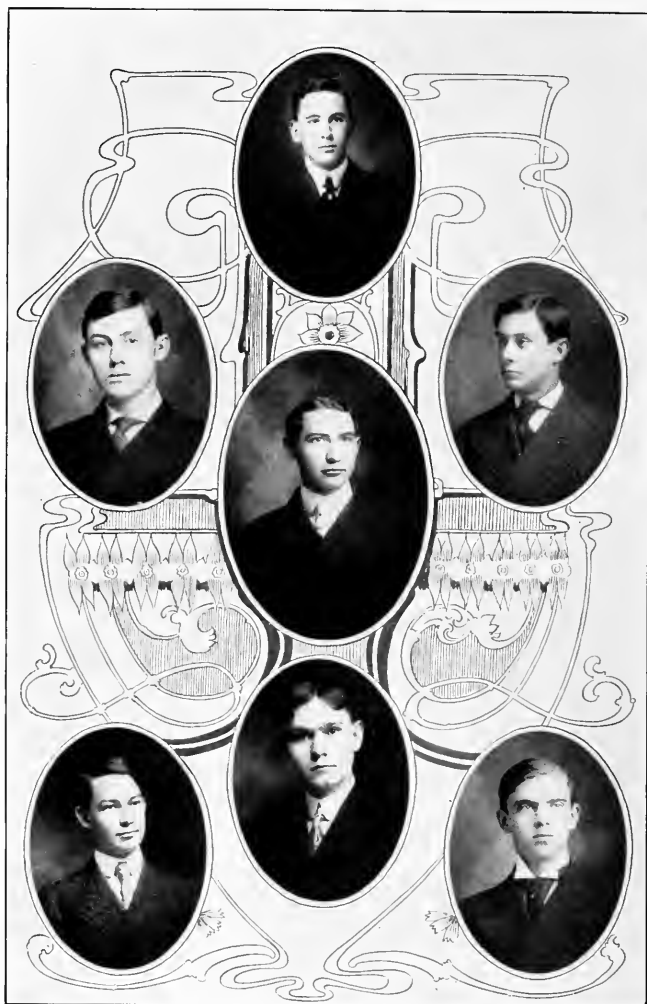
Afternoon—Pan Hellenic Reception.
Night—Intersociety Debate.
 President's Reception.

Wednesday, June 6.

Morning—Graduating Exercises.
Afternoon—Opening Ball.
Night—Senior Ball.

Thursday, June 7.

Morning—Junior Ball.
Afternoon—Afternoon German.
Night—Final German.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS.

Palmer, J. B.,

Parker, L. W.,

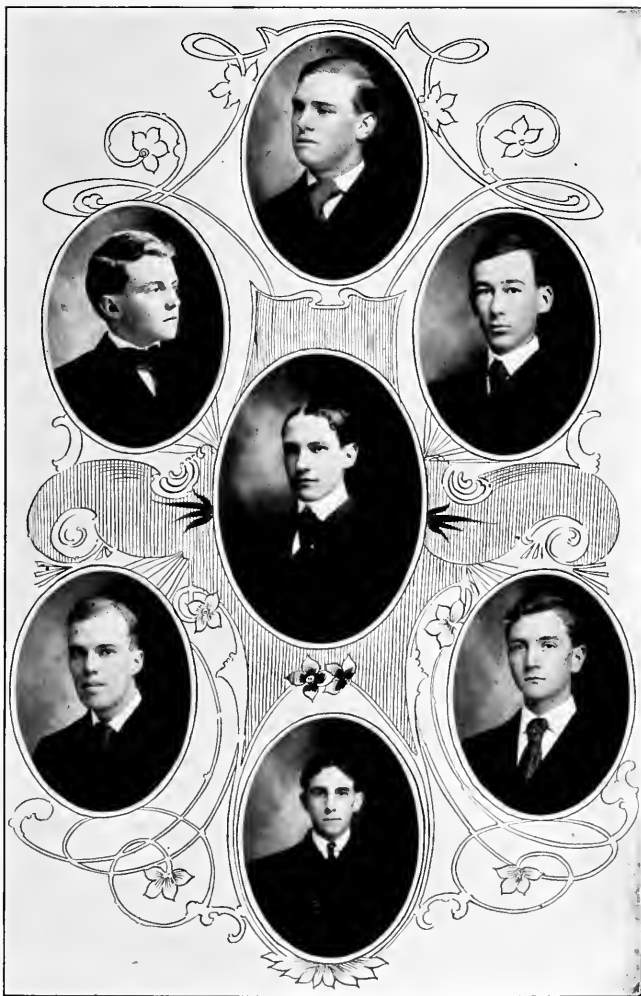
O'Berry, T.,

Weill, C. L., Chief.

Higsmith, E. M.,

D'Alemberte, J. II.,

Houck, W. A.,



COMMENCEMENT BALL MANAGERS, 1906.

Nicholson, S. T.,

Hill, Hubert.

Jones, H. C.

Perry, B. H., Chief.

Robinson, J. M.

Haywood, T. H.,

Morrison, A. T.,



IN MEMORY
OF THE
CONFEDERATE DEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"And when for you the last tattoo has sounded,
And on death's silent field you've pitched your tent,
When bowed through tears, the arc of life has rounded
 To full content—
We that are left will count it guerdon royal
Our heritage no years can take away,
That we were born of those unflinching loyal
Who loved the flag, who wore the gray."

Franklin said: "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing."

The Senior Class of nineteen hundred and six consider that they can write nothing as worth reading, as a modest memorial for their annual of the Confederate Dead, and also to pay a tribute of love and reverence to the South's most precious legacy, the survivors of the "Lost Cause."

We, the younger generation of Southern men, pledge those gallant men who fought with Jackson and Lee, alumni of our beloved U. N. C., in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, that we shall never forget those noble teachers in gray, our monitors in every high and holy lesson for all ages that are yet to be.

They were the knightliest of the knightly train
That since the days of old,
Kept the lamps of chivalry
Alive in hearts of gold.

It is often said that the young men of to-day are growing up with wrong views on the subject of the Confederacy, that they are being tempted into being disloyal to their fathers and grandfathers.

As to the Senior Class of 1906, we wish to say what we think upon this

subject: We think that the honor we show to the life and service of a brave soldier of the Confederacy, is a duty, a privilege, and an opportunity.

First of all, it is a *duty*. It is a duty because the men who fought and died for the Confederacy, fought and died for their Country. No selfish motive prompted them; no base or sordid end appealed to them. They gave their ambition, their service, their all, for their native land. And to commemorate that sacrifice, to honor that heroism, to hold in deathless reverence that supreme unselfishness, is a duty which only the base-minded will refuse to recognize because he is too dull to understand.

It is a *privilege* for us younger men to honor the Confederate Soldier. We live in a greedy, money-making age, where our finest deeds of heroism, on bloody fields and sloping decks, are sullied with vulgar scheming for pecuniary reward, and when patriotism has almost become a marketable commodity. Whatever may be said of the Confederate Soldier, they were not mercenaries and adventurers, but true patriots, and to honor them and recount their deeds of unselfish heroism is to honor ourselves, and to create year by year a fresh inspiration of patriotism.

Finally, it is an *opportunity* to tell again the history of our country, and to tell the truth about the men whose cause has added a real share of glory and honor to the story of the Republic. Over their graves we may challenge the record and demand the facts.

As we stand with our faces to the new day, with our backs to the glowing shadows where all the bitterness and controversy of the past is buried, proud of the present and confident of the future of our country, let us remember gladly the glorious chivalry, the unselfish devotion, the honest patriotism of the Soldiers of the Confederacy, whose love and courage crowned the American name with great renown, and handed down to their children a heritage of immeasurable and imperishable glory.

All honor to their memory! If their names could be called, we would answer: "Dead on the field of honor."

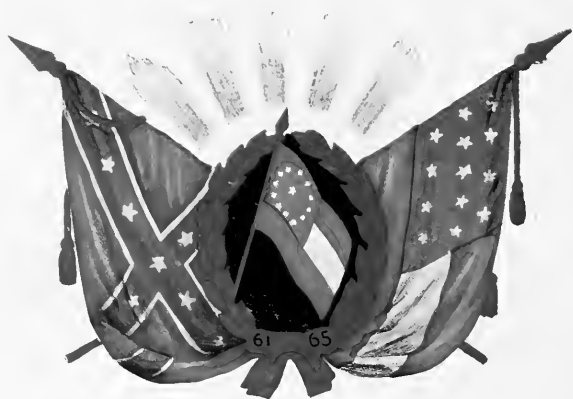


O! Dixie Land, fair Dixie Land,
Thy memories linger with us yet ;
We sing the glory of thy past—
We would not, if we could, forget.

We glory in our native land—
North, East, and West we love—and yet
The South is still our heritage—
We would not, if we could, forget.

Ah! dear old South, so staunch, so great!
We do not grieve, repine, regret,
But cherish thee within our hearts—
We would not, if we could, forget.

O, sunny land, our Dixie Land,
Thy memories linger with us yet ;
We love thee, honor—yea, adore—
We would not, if we could, forget.



IN MEMORIAM.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Under the astral dome
Of the azure Southern sky,
On the gory-sacred loam,
Where former comrades lie,
One more that wore the gray
Answers the call to die.

Gently smooth the grizzled locks,
And smooth the withered hand—
Once strong in battle shocks
To answer the command,
That called him to defend
The cause of Dixieland.

On a sunny Southern hill,
Where rain and tears may lave,
Where hate and strife are still—
On the soil he fought to save
From pillage and from shame,—
There make his humble grave.

No monument of fame
Rear o'er the lowly bed,
But carve beneath his name
On a stone above his head:
"A man who wore the gray
Here slumbers with the dead."

No marble shaft he needs,
Cold-wrought by human art,
The glory of his deeds
To Dixie's sons impart;
For his fame is graved in love
On the South's great silent heart.

H. H. HUGHES.



The Summer Girl.

We met beneath the white hawthorn
One moonlit night in May,
And gently on the breeze was borne
The notes of the mock-bird's lay.

Her eyes, the stars of southern skies,
Shone with a tender light ;
Her hair, rich treasure of argosies,
Was wet with the dews of night.

Her snowy robes were like the foam
That girdles tropic seas ;
Her lips the dripping honey-comb,
Two melting red cherries.

“ O maddening maiden, pity me ! ! ”
I said, half in affright ;
“ And give to me one red cherry
From your ruby lips to-night ! ”

She lifted her eyes in mild surprise ;
I knew not what she list ;
But as honey-bee to lily flies,
The tips of her lips I kist.

“ O God,” I cried, “ what joy to live !
What heavenly rapture this !
With throbbing heart to chastely give
A maid her maiden kiss ! ”

“ Not quite so fast,” she proudly said,
And coolly fixed a curl ;
“ That little smack has turned your head,
Sir, *I'm* a summer girl.”

H. H. HUGHES.



University Publications.

- YACKETY YACK (Annual).
- UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE (Monthly).
- THE TAR HEEL (Weekly).
- ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL (Quarterly).
- THE LAW JOURNAL (Monthly).
- UNIVERSITY RECORD (Quarterly).
- COLLEGE DIRECTORY (Annually by Y. M. C. A.).



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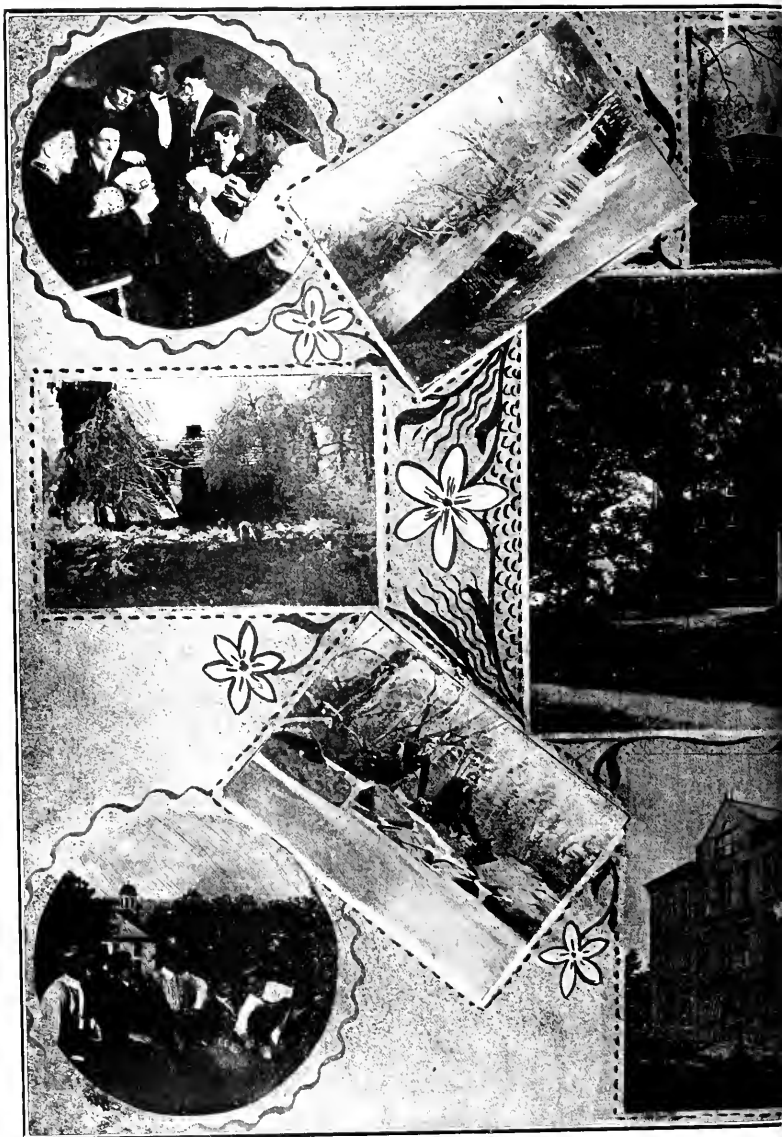
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W. D. McLAIN.	V. L. STEPHENSON.

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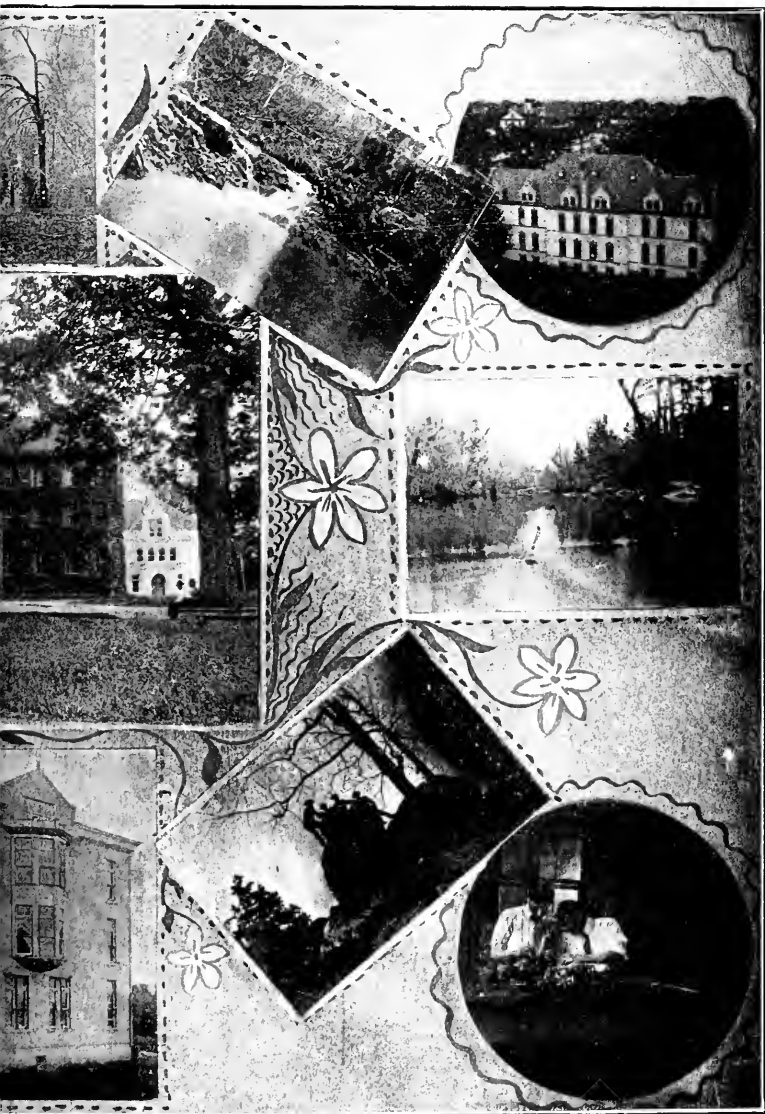
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To Carolina.

(Adopted from Meek's "Land of the South.")

Dear University—the State's pride!—
How proud thy buildings rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every side,
How fair thy campus lies!
But not for these,—Oh, not for such,
Doth my love for thee arise,—
Thou hast, by far, a dearer touch,—
Thou art my Alma Mater!

Thy blessings give a bounteous wealth,
To all—both near and far,—
And all the State doth bloom with health,
For thou art its guiding star!
But not for all thy fair, proud record,
Shall I my love unbar:—
But, I e'er to thee shall it award,—
Thou art my Alma Mater!

Dear University—the State's pride!—
Then here's a health to thee,—
Long as freedom shall abide,
May'st thou be blest and free:
May fortune no blessing to thee deny,
Nor disaster e'er thee befall:—
But if such come, there's one will die,
To save his Alma Mater!

—'06.

Hail to U. N. C.

Hark the sound of lo-yal voi-ces ring-ing clear and true

Sing-ing Ca-ro-li-nas prais-es shout-ing N-C-U

CHORUS

Hail to the bright-est star of all clear in its rad-i-ance shine

Ca-ro-li-na price-less gem re-ceive all praise-es thine.

I.
Hark the sound of loyal voices
Ringing clear and true,
Singing Carolina's praises,
Shouting N. C. U.

CHORUS.

Hail to the brightest star of all,
Clear in its radiance shine,
Carolina, priceless gem,
Receive all praises thine.

II.
'Neath the oaks thy sons true hearted
Homage pay to thee,
Time-worn walls give back the echo,
Hail to U. N. C.

III.

Tho' the storms of life assail us,
Still our hearts beat true;
Naught can break the friendships formed
At dear old N. C. U.



Andreas
06



Athletics and the College.

The attitude of college administrations toward athletics was until a few years ago one of sufrage and condescension. The colleges made a feature of what they called their "attitude toward athletics." Stern supervision was emphasized, the necessity of the evil was hinted, and a *mens sana in corpore sano* was thrown in to cover with some show of dignity what was felt to be an undignified topic. Although a great many wise educators continued under the impression that all forms of exercise existed for the purpose of keeping the brain sound for its work, athletics developed a quite independent life of its own. To suggest to-day that college athletics exist primarily to help men to do brain work would be obvious hypocrisy. Men play games because they like to play games. College sports are highly developed because college communities happen to be singularly unified in athletic desires, in skill, and in times of leisure.

The fact that men play merely for the joy of playing, is fundamental from the athletic point of view. It leads directly to the aggressive claim that college sports exist independently of college life, and should, therefore, live their life independently, and work out their own problems. In this view the benefits of athletics are an irrelevant consideration. So, too, is whether athletics are valuable, valueless, or neutral in effect; whether they act as a tonic, or serve as an ornament or a bit of academic clothing. Athletics represent a great primary desire in men, and, as a function of college life, should have full freedom for the highest development.

Freedom, however, is just the word one would not apply to the present state of athletics. To the concise contrary, the whole question may be summed up in one word, and that word is rules. Not freedom for growth, but restriction and absolute prohibition, is the condition with which the athletic point of view finds itself confronted. To explain the striking lack of adjustment of the two attitudes, however, requires no subtle analysis. It seems clear that the justice of the claim of athletics to freedom exists only on the supposition that it is freedom for sound development of athletics in college, that it wants; and its granted independence, argues freedom only in so far as its freedom does not interfere with the larger life of the college.

In so far as rules are concerned, nobody, let us hope, is really fond of rules, despite

the unamiable weakness that men may have for making them. The ideal state in athletic life is certainly not the period of rules. In the complex period of rules, "life"—to quote the acute phrase of the Guilford County poet—"life is a mixed mess." The ideal condition in athletics would have no arbitrary enactments whatsoever, but only the uncodified control of a high college sentiment.

No sane college man would ask, however, for the immediate abolition of rules. The reason is that he knows that college communities have not been ready, and are not now ready, for freedom. Freedom from restraint would not mean sane freedom, but anarchy and demoralization in athletics. In this state of anarchy the individual truly worthy to represent this college would stand no chance, and true college sentiment would be debauched. The period of rules in any phase of life, is sadly mixed and disheartening, but in the process of establishing right relations, rules point more surely to order and freedom than any other route. Let it be clearly understood and emphasized then, that rules are, after all, nothing but the tangible result of a struggle to make secure for the best representatives of college life the fullest practicable athletic freedom.

Such is their purpose, and such is one source of their right to limit the athletic activity of any individual in the athletic community. Their relation to the college is that they are a means toward the same end of liberation. This end is to secure to the college a condition of right-mindedness toward itself. College athletics in their triumphant development become athletics, merely; and athletic spirit tends to absorb college spirit. True college spirit declares itself always for the unmarred integrity of college ideals. In athletics it declares itself for this integrity through certain rules, for example: an athlete shall be identified with the college by residence long enough to know something of its standards; he shall maintain a minimum class standing; he shall be on the team for a period of not longer than the normal academic life. That rules will never quite effectively realize the ideals of the college is true, but it is irrelevant. Rules will never be fully effective until the community is above all rules. They do call persistent attention, however, to a real need. They are as much an appeal to activity on the part of the right-minded, as they are a defense against zealalousness of the wrong-minded.

The athletic community has suffered greatly from the fact that a uniquely large amount of the thinking has been done by men whose judgments are not of a fine quality. Men of warm, active and thoughtful college spirit need the support of rules to save the ideals that make for permanent freedom and growth from the demoralizing policies of those whose college spirit is warm and active, but not truly thoughtful.

A great deal has already been accomplished. The old rules were directed almost wholly to the problem of keeping out men who could not qualify under college standards that are obviously right. College men of practical experience understand why, up to the present time, the question of amateurship has been the absorbing question. Neither college athletics, nor college standards could hold their rightful ground against the sort of professionals that under every guise broke into college athletics. And because a certain large class of college men, eager above all things to win, worked desperately to keep them in, rules fought desperately to put them out. It has been a fight to save the athletic spirit from its own destructive desires. So it will continue to be, but on constantly advancing ground. The fight that has recently been made against the most popular of college games got its astonishing force from its plea against the needless brutality of the game, the needless unfairness of it, and the false standards of life that it was alleged to teach. Eligibility rules have, to a great extent, been assimilated. The new rules take a higher ground. They lay emphasis on the manner and spirit of play. Under them the man or the college that plays unfairly shall be dishonored wheresoever the victory lies.

For such a principle to be a matter of clear, common practice may hint an ideal

community. Nevertheless, this fact gives confidence that it shall be realized: the fundamental characteristic of college spirit, however perverted, is the feeling that the college should be worthy of the purest love that a man's heart may know. This single fact means that college spirit properly directed and developed will ultimately project college sentiment beyond any arbitrary set of rules. Obviously the quickest feeling to assert itself is the desire for victory. It is an instinct involuntary and strong. Just as obviously, however, in every college man no feeling is so persistently strong as the feeling that his Alma Mater, even in his secret thoughts, should be above reproach. The ultimate victory for her is, that she should play, not only with the zeal and skill that arouses his enthusiasm, but with the fairness and generosity that transforms his love for her into a great and vital passion.

No man has ever seen on a team chosen to represent his college, men who were misrepresentative of her ideals, and not felt the disgrace as a taint in his love for her. Such an experience is no trivial calamity. Enthusiasm for victory is a fine thing; but it is an incomparably lower thing than unalloyed enthusiasm for the college. Athletics, then, is working out its independent life, because it disregards and comes in conflict with the larger life of the whole, and because the life of the whole will not be disregarded, but held as a thing precious, finds itself under the restraint that is necessary to establish relations and bring all of the parts into orderly harmony. This is freedom.

After all, then, the freedom that the true athletic spirit asks is the freedom that rules seek to give. The problem is to adjust the powerful life of athletics to the life of the institution under which athletics exist; to make athletics a practical success, and at the same time to realize through the free expression of athletics the ideals for which the college stands. Such a problem is necessarily complex, irritating and illusive. But the large educational rewards justify the labor involved in its solution. Intercollegiate athletics finds its justification as a part of the educational scheme in the opportunity it offers to individuals under the inspiration of institutional ideals, to exhibit absolute justice, to add to justice, generosity, and even under fierce pressure, display feelings that lack nothing of courtesy. Such are the requirements and privileges of society. Persistently to be conscious of the obligations of community life is a fundamental duty of every college man. The greatest need of college life is that the individuals within it should acutely realize the immense fact of citizenship.

E. K. GRAHAM.



"COACH" LAWSON.
Baseball.



"COACH" WARNER.
Football.

Officers of Athletic Association.

J. V. HOWARD	President.
J. R. MOORE	Vice-President.
T. H. HAYWOOD	Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Advisory Committee.

Dr. VENABLE,	} Faculty Members.
Dr. HERTY,	
Dr. MANGUM,	
Dr. HOWE,	
Mr. GRAHAM.	

- J. K. WILSON—Graduate Member.
- P. E. SEAGLE—Undergraduate Member.
- W. H. M. PITTMAN—Captain 1906 track team.
- J. H. D'ALEMBERTE—Manager 1906 track team.
- FRED. B. STEM—Captain 1906 Baseball team.
- T. G. MILLER—Manager 1906 Baseball team.
- O. MAX GARDNER—Captain 1906 Football team.
- JOHN M. ROBINSON—Manager 1906 Football team.



OFFICERS OF U. N. C. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

J. K. WILSON,
Graduate Member.

J. R. MOORE,
Vice President.

J. V. HOWARD,
President.

P. E. SEAGLE,
Undergraduate Member.
T. H. HAYWOOD,
Secretary and Treasurer.

BASEBALL



Games and Record, 1905.

	N. C.	OPP.
U. N. C. vs. Guilford, - - - -	2	1
U. N. C. vs. Wake Forest, - - - -	5	3
U. N. C. vs. Wake Forest, - - - -	11	5
U. N. C. vs. St. Johns, - - - -	5	1
U. N. C. vs. Georgetown, - - - -	0	3
U. N. C. vs. Navy,* - - - -	2	3
U. N. C. vs. Syracuse, - - - -	5	3
U. N. C. vs. S. C. College, - - - -	5	3
U. N. C. vs. S. C. College, - - - -	18	8
U. N. C. vs. A. & M., - - - -	4	0
U. N. C. vs. A. & M., - - - -	1	3
U. N. C. vs. U. Va., - - - -	6	1
U. N. C. vs. U. Va., - - - -	3	2
U. N. C. vs. Georgetown, - - - -	2	7

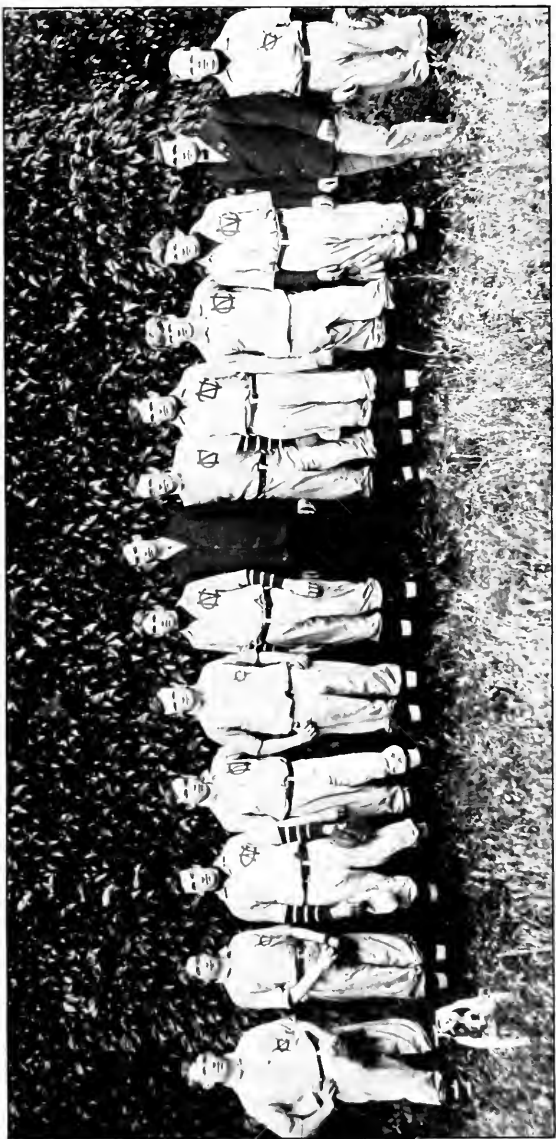
*13 Innings.

Baseball Team, 1905.

JOHN CHESHIRE, CAPTAIN.

H. McR. JONES, MANAGER.

Varsity.	Position.	Scrubs.
R. A. WINSTON.	Catcher	L. T. MOORE.
SITTON. }	Pitcher	PATTERSON.
THOMPSON. }		
F. B. STEM.	First Base	BYNUM.
H. M. EMERSON, JR.	Second Base	CHAPIN.
V. GUDGER.	Third Base	CALDER.
JOHN CHESHIRE.	Short Stop	HARRIS.
J. M. THOMPSON.	Right Field	F. SUTTON.
H. V. WORTH.	Center Field	WHITE.
J. W. WINBORNE.	Left Field	J. B. JAMES.



BASEBALL TEAM OF 1905.

Baseball Team of 1906.

FRED. B. STEM.....Captain.
 T. G. MILLER.....Manager.



Candidates for Team 1906.

Catcher.

JAMES, W.
RODGERS.

Third Base.

JAMES, B.
FOUNTAIN.

Pitcher.

THOMPSON.
CUNNINGHAM.
MONTGOMERY.

Fields.

STORY.
ORR.
SHULL.
HANES.
THOMAS, G.
RAPER.
CALDER.
SUTTON, F. I.
WILLIS.
WHITAKER.
HART.
LOYD.

Short Stop.

HOLT.
WADSWORTH.
JONES.

First Base.

STEM.
CHAPIN.

Second Base.

PATTERSON.
FOX.
ROBINSON.
TILLET.

Schedule for 1906.

Date.	Team.	Place.
March 24.	Bingham (Mebane)	Chapel Hill.
27.	Lafayette	Chapel Hill.
28.	Lafayette	Chapel Hill.
30.	Oak Ridge	Chapel Hill.
31.	Wake Forest	Raleigh.
April 3.	Wake Forest	Chapel Hill.
5.	A. and M.	Chapel Hill.
11.	Bingham (Asheville)	Chapel Hill.
13.	S. C. College	Chapel Hill.
14.	S. C. College	Greensboro.
16.	St. John's College	Winston or Greensboro.
18.	William and Mary	Chapel Hill.
19.	Davidson	Chapel Hill.
21.	A. and M.	Raleigh.
23.	U. of Va.	Richmond.
24.	U. of Va.	Charlottesville.
25.	Navy	Annapolis.
26.	St. John's	Annapolis.
27.	Johns Hopkins	Baltimore.
28.	Georgetown	Washington.
May 3.	U. of Va.	Chapel Hill.
5.	Georgetown	Richmond.



after Bristow Adams.

Football Team, 1905.

FOY ROBERSON	Captain.
A. H. BAINSON	Manager.
D. P. TILLET	Assistant Manager.

Team.

Left End	TOWNSEND.
Left Tackle	THOMPSON.
Left Guard	GARDNER.
Center	PARKER.
Right Guard	SEAGLE.
Right Tackle	STORY.
Right End	BROWN.
Quarter Back	ROBERSON.
Left Half Back	WHITAKER.
Right Half Back	SNIPES.
Full Back	ABERNETHY.

Varsity Substitutes.

Backs.

REYNOLDS.
SITTON.
SUTTON.
WINBORNE.
D'ALEMBERTE.

Linemen.

SNIPES.
MEADOWS.
TRAYLOR.
DUNLAP.

Ends.

SINGLETARY.
PITTMAN.
DAVIS.
WRIGHT.

Record of Team for 1905.

	<i>V. C.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
U. X. C. vs. Davidson	6	0
U. X. C. vs. U. Pennsylvania	0	17
U. X. C. vs. Navy	0	38
U. X. C. vs. V. P. I.	6	35
U. X. C. vs. Georgetown	36	0
U. X. C. vs. A. & M.	0	0
U. X. C. vs. U. Va.	17	0
U. X. C. vs. V. M. I.	17	0



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1965.

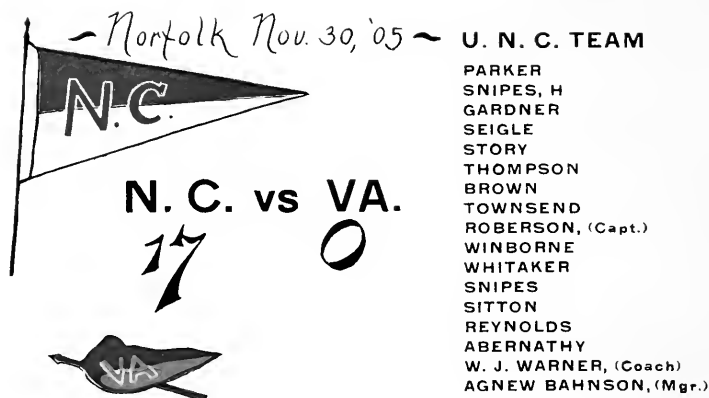


Scrub Football Team, 1905.

Left End	DALTON.
Left Tackle	DICKSON.
Left Guard	WEBB.
Centre	RODGERS.
Right Guard	DOUTHIT.
Right Tackle	MANNING.
Right End	BLALOCK.
Quarter Back	MANN.
Right Half Back	WILLIAMS.
Full Back	RAPER.
Left Half Back	FITZGERALD.



SCRUB FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905.



Carolina vs. Virginia.

On September 12, 1905, there responded to Coach Warner's call, forty silent, determined candidates. On the face of every man there seemed to be written in burning words, "I am here to work, to train, to fight," and for what? To wipe from the record Virginia's nerve-racking victory of 1904. They did work, they did train, they did fight, they did win, and the reward has been the universal and unstinted praise of a patriotic State. This space is for the game with Virginia, hence I shall not dwell upon our contests with the Navy, V. P. I., and Penn. Suffice to say—"forget 'em." The Carolina-Virginia game is to the South what the Yale-Harvard game is to the North, and with this idea in view perhaps can be understood the intense and enthusiastic interest which this game always arouses.

The play was in three acts, first act opening on the night before the game in Norfolk. Scene, Monticello Hotel; bets, two to one on Virginia; hotels in pandemonium, bars crowded, teams in bed.

Second Act. Scene, Norfolk; bets, even money on Carolina, lobbies raving, colors waving, cheers, yells, and songs.

Third Act. Scene, Lafayette field; bets, two to one on Carolina, Virginia team, Carolina team, captains juggle, hearts beat fast, spectators wild, shrill cry of the whistle, they are off, Virginia going strong; and thus begins that drama, which the knockers designate a death-risking combat, between man and man, whose author is his satanic majesty—the devil. Did you ever see the

game? If you did, you know how far short one must fall who tries to make one who was not there understand and feel the impulse of such an occasion. The terrific contest, the overwhelming fascination, and the reckless, unbidden force, reminds one of the descriptions of Rome's gladiatorial arenas in the days of Nero. The long line of bleachers was a mass of swelldom; across the fields the automobiles were lost in a vast surge that lined the ropes ten feet deep.

Carolina kicked off to Virginia at 3 o'clock, and the game was on; to the critical eye it was manifest, after the first five minutes play, that Virginia was up against more than human strength, flesh, and blood could withstand. The irresistible rushes of the mighty Tar Heels literally whirled off their feet the brave and fearless lads of the Old Dominion, who elicited cheer after cheer by the brilliancy of the never-die-spirit of their leader and captain, Johnson. All the studied fakes and mysterious Yost ideas that had been drilled into the Virginians for three months past, vanished into thin air before the direct and mauling strength of Carolina's bully backs, lined up in tandem or shoulder to shoulder, and hip to hip, ripping their way through the Orange and Blue line like some monster of steel and bronze. A stone wall might have stopped Carolina's offense, but there lay no virtue in Virginia's line to do the trick. Poor old Virginia! they looked pitiful, out-played, out-generaled, their showing was a disappointment, but they got no quarter from Carolina; too often have they licked their paws in blissful satisfaction, too often have they hurled into ear face the flag of victory, too often have they dreamed dreams of Southern Championship. Verily the day of vengeance is at hand; yes, we pitied them! Ah! we embraced them, and yea! fondly "ripped 'em" to pieces like wet paper before the idly swinging stick of some boy who delights in destruction and ruin.

'Twas a great sight, shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee, the Virginians, gradually forced back until beneath their own goal, disheartened, but still gritty, took a brace and for a time caused the Tar Heels to stop, to look, to study. Carolina needed four yards for a touchdown, and the game looked good; the side-lines yelled encouragement to the sweaty Virginians, who were doing their best to hold the charging line smashers. Of a sudden the stands were electrified as Story, Carolina's tackle, broke through and was carried on for the coveted touchdown by his team-mates; Whitaker missed the goal, thus the score stood, Carolina five—Virginia nothing. So far Carolina's showing was magnificent, superb in offense, impregnable in defense; but the one question was, "Can she hold it for two thirty-five-minute halves?" "Will Virginia get together?" was on everybody's lips. Alas and alack! Virginia's hopes were to be blasted upon the rocks of fate, and the money and comparative scores were wrecked upon the treacherous island of delusion and folly, for the Carolina team maintained to the very end its machine-like force and systematic hammering. Virginia has always played an aggressive and scoring game in the second half, and it was thought this part of the game would tell a sweet tale to Virginia's ears;

but the second half was a repetition of the first, and simultaneously, with the sun going to rest on that glorious afternoon, there was sent throughout the South the joyful tidings—Carolina 17—Virginia 0.

The Carolina team owes its success to the development of united material into a perfect machine, with team work as its paramount issue, not developing eleven stars, but every man knowing what to do at the right time, and leading the team up to the important Virginia game by emphasizing this systematic plan.

It would be unjust and odious to discriminate and particularize, but I cannot refrain from saying that in this critical contest, Captain Roberson was at all times calm and collected, still he gave his signals in a frantic squeal, which got shriller and shriller, and more squeally as the situation grew more tense: "seven"—"four"—"nineteen"—"thirty-seven"—"fifteen," ending in a shriek of positive anguish as he rammed the ball into the stomach of Carolina's giant full-back, Abernethy, who went plunging into a writhing struggle, for five, seven, and ten yards at a clip. Roberson smiled, and then he cried—he had lived for this day.

In the back-field, Abernethy, Whitaker and Snipes worked like demons. One time on four successive charges "Abby" advanced the ball over a third of the length of the field, partly by his own locomotive strength, and partly by the openings his line-men made, which were wide enough for a bull to have waddled through without fouling his horns. "Abby," Whitaker and Snipes were hitting the line harder every charge, and slowly the Virginia tackles were crumbling under the tremendous impact of their methodical and irresistible plunges, which seemed to have the force of a run-away railroad train, leaving Virginia men doubled up and twisted in all kinds of shapes along their path.

The game was over. The hard training had borne fruit, the spirit of conflict had flown, and the loyal sons of the South's greatest Universities met upon one common platform, the platform of fellowship and good will, where the sting of defeat and the flush of victory were blended into happy congeniality, congratulations and best wishes; thus ending a clean, a noble, and a patriotic contest. May the wisdom of future generations list not to the cries of abolishment, to the cunning sophistries of demagogue quitters, and to the loud howls of sore-head failures, is the wish of one who loves the game and believes in its works.

O. MAX GARDNER.



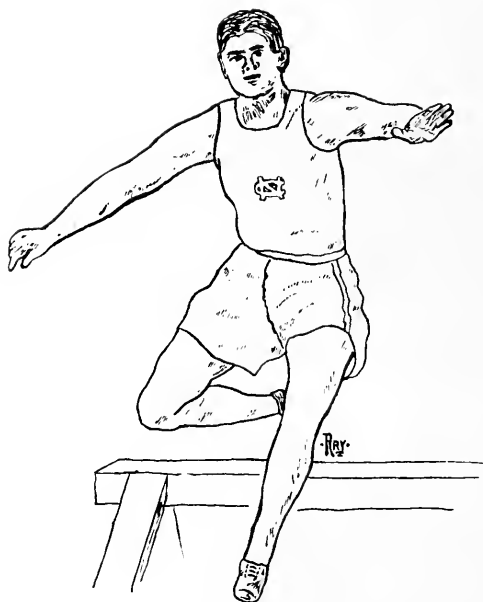
ALL CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905.

L. E., TILLET (Captain), '07.
 L. T., MOSER, '08.
 L. G., HOYLE, '07.
 C., EAGLES, '08.

R. G., BLACKWELDER, '06.
 R. T., GARDNER, '08.
 R. E., HASSEL, '08.

Q., EMERSON, '08.
 L. H., RANEY, '08.
 F., HANES, '09.
 R. H., STEM, '07.

Manager, GRAY, '08.



U. N. C. Track Team, 1905.

SPRUNT NEWTON Captain.
 JACK HOWARD Manager.

Varsity Team.

W. H. PITMAN.
 S. SINGLETARY.
 N. C. CURTIS.
 W. M. WILSON.
 J. S. NEWTON.

J. W. REID.
 R. R. REYNOLDS.
 HAMPDEN HILL.
 W. P. JACOCKS.
 F. M. CRAWFORD.

R. STORY.

1906.

W. H. M. PITMAN Captain.
 J. H. D'ALEMBERTE Manager.

Meets.

Intercollegiate State meet at Raleigh with Davidson, Wake Forest, and A. & M.
 Intercollegiate meet at Charlottesville, Va., with University of Virginia.



VARISITY TRACK TEAM.



FOY ROBERSON,
Football Captain, 1905.



T. G. MILLER,
Manager Baseball Team, 1906.



W. H. M. PITMAN,
Track Captain, 1906.



J. H. D'ALEMBERTE,
Manager Track Team, 1906.



F. B. STEM,
Baseball Captain, 1906.



MANLIUS ORR.

H. H. PHILLIPS.

VARSIITY TENNIS TEAM.

The Tennis Association.

Officers.

DUNCAN PATTERSON TILLETPresident.
 THOMAS HOLT HAYWOODSecretary and Treasurer.

Members.

K. P. BATTLE.	J. B. JAMES.
H. F. BOATWRIGHT.	E. C. JOHNSON.
R. P. BURNS.	E. LAUGHINGHOUSE.
T. P. CHESHIRE.	J. MERCER.
N. R. CLAYTOR.	W. M. OATES.
W. C. COUGHENOUR.	M. ORR.
F. D. CRAWFORD.	H. P. OSBORNE.
N. C. CURTIS.	H. H. PHILLIPS.
S. I. BARDEN.	M. S. ROBINS.
W. H. DULS.	J. M. ROBINSON.
F. W. DUNLAP.	O. B. ROSS.
J. S. EDWARDS.	F. I. SUTTON.
H. M. EMERSON.	C. R. THOMAS.
G. M. FOUNTAIN.	G. THOMAS.
J. B. GOSLEN.	C. W. TILLET.
J. A. GRAY.	D. P. TILLET.
B. HALL.	J. K. WILSON.
B.F. HARRIS.	F. M. WELLER.
T. H. HAYWOOD.	A. T. MORRISON.
M. S. HUSKE.	J. J. THOMAS.
T. M. HINES.	



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL SQUAD.

Yackety Yack Hooray Hooray
Yackety Yack Hooray Hooray
Carolina Varsity
Boom Rah Boom Rah
Car-o-li-na!

Carolina !!!!!
C-A-R-O-L-I-N-A
Boom Rah Ray Boom Rah Ray
Carolina Varsity

S-s-s! Boom!! Tar Heel!!!

RAY! RAY!
Rah! Rah!
Carolina!



Hitchison

YELLS





UNIVERSITY MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

Chas. T. Woodlen, President.

J. B. Goslen, Vice-President.

M. H. Allen, Business Manager.



J. J. THOMAS, Jr., Leader.

J. J. THOMAS, Jr., First Violin.
 N. C. CURTIS, First Violin.
 C. T. WOOLLEN, First Violin.
 J. G. FITZSIMMONS, First Violin.
 J. C. WIGGINS, Second Violin.
 A. T. MORRISON, Second Violin.
 W. H. ROYSTER, Cello.

P. H. ROYSTER, Bass.
 C. A. VOGLER, Flute.
 J. J. NORMAN, Clarinet.
 J. B. GOSLEN, First Cornet.
 A. C. DALTON, Second Cornet.
 R. H. CHATHAM, Trombone.
 E. R. OETTINGER, Piano.

G. L. WOOLLEN, Drums.



J. B. GOSLEN, Leader.

W. A. HALL, Piccolo.
 C. T. WOOLLEN, Eb Clarinet.
 J. J. NORMAN, First Bb Clarinet.
 W. W. ROSEBRO, Second Bb Clarinet.
 J. B. GOSLEN, Solo Bb Cornet.
 A. C. DALTON, First Bb Cornet.
 P. H. ROYSTER, First Alto.

B. L. BANKS, Jr., Second Alto.
 A. C. PICKARD, Third Alto.
 W. H. ROYSTER, First Trombone.
 R. H. CHATHAM, Second Trombone.
 J. J. THOMAS, Jr., Baritone.
 C. A. VOGLER, Bass.
 G. L. WOOLLEN, Snare Drum.

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬

J. C. WIGGINS, Bass Drum.

A Miss Goose Rhyme.

This is the house that Davie built.

This is the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

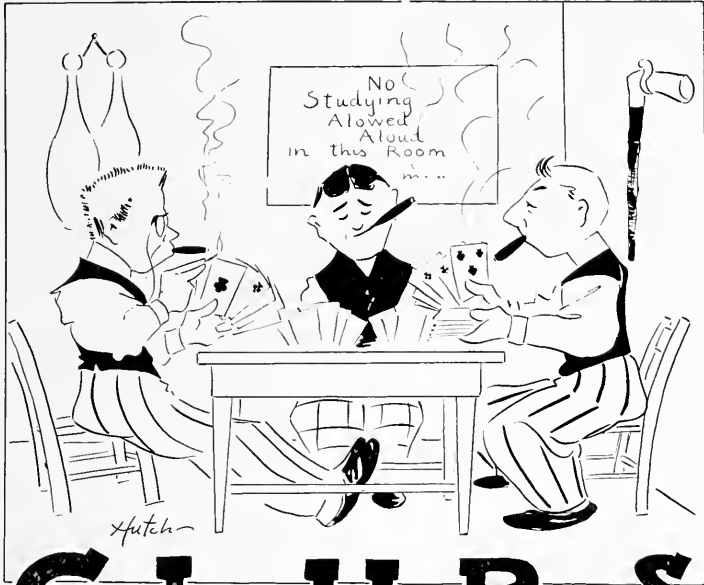
This is the smile of pity and scorn
That spread o'er the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the co-ed all forlorn
That caused the smile of pity and scorn
That spread o'er the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the Prof. all shaven and shorn
That blinded the co-ed all forlorn
That caused the smile of pity and scorn
That spread o'er the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the grade that mournful morn
That shocked the Prof. all shaven and shorn
That blinded the co-ed all forlorn
That caused the smile of pity and scorn
That spread o'er the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.

This is the grave to which she's gone
Killed by the grade that mournful morn
That shocked the Prof. all shaven and shorn
That blinded the co-ed all forlorn
That caused the smile of pity and scorn
That spread o'er the class
That met at the hour
That was rung by the bell
That hung in the house that Davie built.



CLUBS

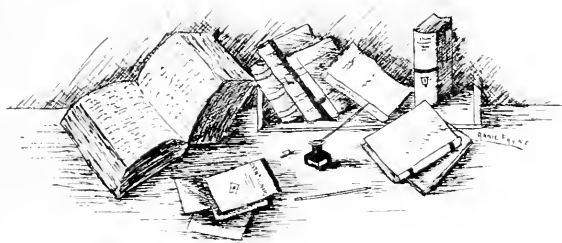


C. ALPHONSO SMITHPresident.
J. KENYON WILSONVice-Presid-nt.
VICTOR L. STEPHENSONSecretary.

The Modern Literature Club was organized in November, 1904, for the purpose of cultivating a broader interest in contemporary American, English, and Continental literature. It is also its purpose to encourage original literary effort in the University and in the State. For this purpose it endeavors to associate with itself persons who are connected with and are interested in current movements in affairs of letters. Meetings are held monthly in the Economics Seminary room and original papers are read by the members. It has already indicated the purpose for which it was established.

Members.

Dr. Hume, Dr. Howe, Dr. Graham, Dr. Henderson, Dr. L. R. Wilson, Professor Collier Cobb, Professor Toy, Professor Walker, Messrs. Bernard, McKie, Grainger, Cobb, J. T. Logan, Hughes, H. H. Higdon, Mann, Sloan, Brown, Mills, Dickson, T. W. Dalton, A. C. Parker, L. W. McLean, F. Plyler, Randolph, and Parker, J. J.



The Odd Number Club.

E. K. GRAHAM.....President.
H. H. HUGHESVice-President.

The Odd Number Club, organized in the fall of 1905, is an association of students actively interested in creative literary work, and has for its object the encouraging of greater productivity in this line among the students. A meeting is held each month in the English Conference room, and original poems, short stories, sketches, etc., are read by the members.

Members.

Messrs. W. S. Bernard, George McKie, Frank McLean, T. B. Higdon, W. T. Shore, R. M. Brown, Q. S. Mills, H. L. Sloan, V. L. Stephenson, S. H. Farabee, L. W. Parker, S. R. Logan, J. K. Wilson, B. E. Washburn, J. M. Grainger.

Philological Club.

Officers.

E. K. GRAHAM, A.M.President.
W. D. TOY, A.M.Vice-President.
L. R. WILSON, Ph.D.Secretary-Treasurer.

PAPERS PRESENTED BEFORE THE CLUB DURING THE YEAR 1905-'06:

- "A Note on Alliterative Phrases in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.'"—*By Prof. W. D. Toy.*
"The Origin of the Auxiliary, *Do*."—*By Dr. C. A. Smith.*
"Jonson and the Character-writers."—*By Prof. E. K. Graham.*
"A Review of a Recent Dissertation."—*By Dr. George Howe.*
"The 'Vice' in the Sacred Plays."—*By Dr. Thomas Hume.*
"The Significance of the Player's Speech in Hamlet II. 2."—*By Prof. E. K. Graham.*
"A Review of the 'Canterbury Pilgrimages.'"—*By Dr. L. R. Wilson.*
"Is the Bible Ungrammatical?"—*By Dr. C. A. Smith.*
"Die Entwicklung des prefixes ver— in Germanischen."—*By Prof. W. D. Toy.*
"The Infatuation of Ruy Blas."—*By Dr. J. D. Bruner.*

Geological Journal Club.

Officers.

COLLIER COBBPresident.
EDWIN B. JEFFRESS, Jr.Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

BOYLAN, WM. M.	JEFFRESS, E. B., JR.
BROWN, C. B.	O'BERRY, THOS.
DRANE, F. P.	MCCAIN, H. W.
DOUTHIT, J. B.	PERRY, B. H.
EAMES, R. D.	POGUE, JOS. E., JR.
HARDISON, R. B.	REYNOLDS, R. R.
HARLLEE, E. C.	ROYAL, B. F.
HENRY, RAY.	WILEY, S. H., JR.
HILL, HAMPDEN.	

MISS D. B. ALLEN.

MISS B. A. LAMBERTSON. MISS W. V. LAMBERTSON

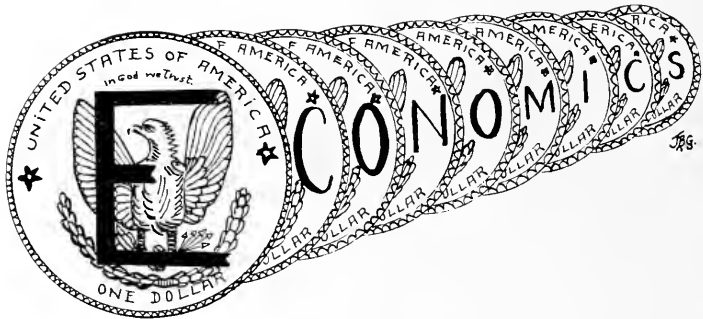


Officers.

HENRY VAN PETERS WILSON, Ph.D. President.
ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D. Vice-President.
FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE, Ph.D. . . Permanent Secretary.
ALVIN SAWYER WHEELER, Ph.D. Recording Secretary.

Editorial Committee.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS COKER, Ch'mn.
ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. JAMES EDWARD LATTA.



The Economics Society.

CHARLES LEE RAPER, Ph.D.President.
 J. W. HANESSecretary.

The Society meets monthly for the discussion of the great Economic problems of the South.

SOME OF THE TOPICS DISCUSSED:

- The Qualities Necessary for Efficient Labor.
- How to Increase the Efficiency of Southern White Labor.
- The Italian as a Laborer in the South.
- The Negro as a Farmer.
- Tariff for Revenue.
- Tariff for Protection.
- Child and Woman Labor in the South.

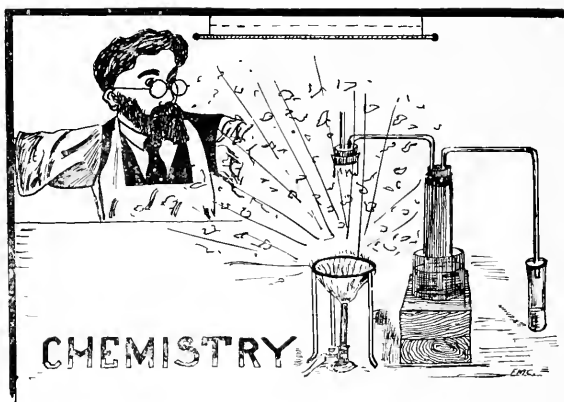


The Shakespeare Club.

DR. THOMAS HUME	President.
NUMA R. CLAYTOR	Vice-President.
ROY M. BROWN	Secretary.

The Club has an interesting history. Organized more than twenty years ago by the elite of our young men, its enthusiasm, its progressive life, its abounding success, were tokens of the new movement in the University. Its spirit and method attracted general attention and led to correspondence with representative scholars and societies. Many came from a distance to attend its exercises, and distinguished men gave a special course of lectures before the Club. Its "open nights" were so popular that the meetings were transferred to the Chapel, which was thronged with hearers of the carefully prepared papers, and debates in which students and professors took part were effectively conducted. The regular programmes were occasionally varied by eloquentary and popular effects, and ministered to social enjoyment as well as literary culture.

On account of the multiplication of intellectual and practical interests, and the diversification of courses, no one "institution" of the University can now claim such exceptional importance. But the Club steadily pursues its plan of scholarly critical study of the great Master and of allied and contrasted subjects, and its monthly meetings for review of papers, for reports and discussions.

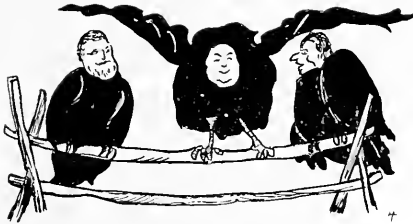


Journal Club.

Department of Chemistry.

Dr. A. S. WHEELERPresident.

The Club holds monthly meetings, at which papers taken from the leading Chemical Journals are read and discussed.



The Round Table.

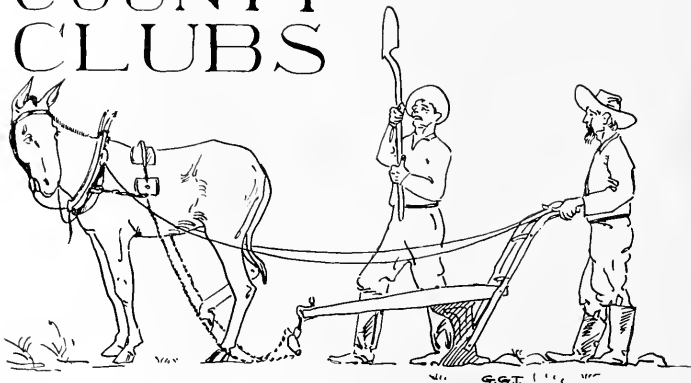
A Club composed of members of the Faculty. Meetings are arranged at intervals, and valuable papers are read and discussed.

North Carolina Historical Society.

Officers.

DR. K. P. BATTLE President.
DR. C. L. RAPER Vice-President.
J. K. WILSON Secretary.

COUNTY CLUBS



The *County Club* is not altogether a new thing in the University; yet this year it has become almost a "fad." The Buncombe County Club has the honor of being the first of these clubs to organize, having made its appearance in 1903. It was followed by the Moore County Club in 1904. This year (1905-'06) they have come trooping in. Alamance, Edgecombe, Forsyth, Guilford, Mecklenburg, Sampson, and Wake have all joined the list.

It might be asked, "Whence came they and for what purpose?" Ask almost any student where he is from and he will give the name of his resident county. The absence of large towns and cities in our State is a part explanation of this. The main explanation is that there is an almost revered county bond, that has existed from the earliest days of our State's history, which is still unbroken. Whenever we speak of Wilmington, we think of New Hanover; or of Raleigh, we think of Wake; or of Greensboro or Charlotte, we think of Guilford or Mecklenburg. And so it goes. But whence they came or whether they go they have a purpose and supply a need. Men who are to be leaders in the same community are brought together and made to know each other as otherwise they could not. Besides, the men thus brought together are enabled to study sympathetically the advantages and problems of the county in which they expect to labor. And furthermore, these clubs may act as a medium through which the men in the University may keep in close touch with the people of their county, thus connecting University life more closely with State life. These are laudable purposes and cannot but result in good.

These clubs have formulated constitutions and taken on such a form of permanency that we may safely say they have come to stay.

W. H. L. M



Forsyth County Club.

Officers.

CHARLES THOMAS WOOLLEN	President.
JUNIUS BLAKE GOSLEN	First Vice-President.
JACOB BENTON DOUTHIT	Second Vice-President.
JAMES ALEXANDER GRAY, JR.	Secretary.
JAMES BLAINE DAVIS	Treasurer.
SAMUEL HOWARD FARABEE	Historian.

Members.

J. B. DAVIS.	N. V. STOCKTON.
J. B. DOUTHIT.	B. C. TAVIS.
S. H. FARABEE.	C. VOLGER.
J. B. GOSLEN.	C. T. WOOLLEN.
J. A. GRAY, JR.	G. L. WOOLLEN.
J. M. HANES.	



The Alamance County Club.

Organized, October 26, 1905.

Officers.

Fall Term, 1905.

W. H. L. MANN	President.
T. HOLT HAYWOOD	Vice-President.
W. D. MOSER	Secretary and Treasurer.
J. T. COBB	Corresponding Secretary.

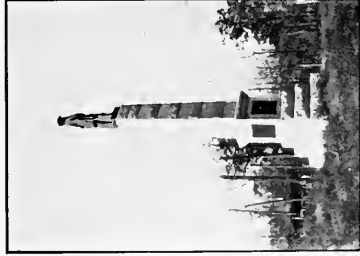
Spring Term, 1906.

J. T. COBB	President.
R. W. McCULLOCH	Vice-President.
G. A. WRIGHT	Secretary and Treasurer.
T. HOLT HAYWOOD	Corresponding Secretary.

Members.

ALLEN, J. H., '09.
 BARKER, W. J., '07.
 COBB, J. T., A. M., '06.
 HAYWOOD, T. H., '07.
 MANN, W. L., '06.
 MOSER, W. D., '08.
 McPHERSON, R. G., Med., '08.

McCULLOCH, R. W., '06.
 ROGERS, G. O., '08.
 SPOON, A. O., Med., '08.
 THOMPSON, J. M., Med., '09.
 WALTERS, C. M., '05, Med., '08.
 WRIGHT, G. A., '09.



Guilford County Club.

Officers.

ARCHIE CARTER DALTON President.
 WILLIAM DEROY McLEAN Vice-President.

JAMES MELVILLE PORTER Secretary.
 CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER, Jr. Treasurer.

Honorary Members.

KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE, LL.D.
 CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH, Ph.D.

CHARLES LEE RAPER, Ph.D.
 EDGAR D. BROADBURST, A.B.

Members.

E. W. S. COBB.
 J. D. F. COBB.
 A. C. DALTON.
 T. S. DALTON.
 E. C. HARLEE.

J. R. HOFFMAN.
 B. W. JONES.
 J. A. LINDSAY, Jr.
 W. W. MICHAUX.
 C. D. McIVER, Jr.

V. M. MONTSINGER.
 W. D. McLEAN.
 W. K. PERRETT.
 V. S. PLUMMER.
 J. M. PORTER.

W. C. RAPER.
 C. C. SHARPE.
 S. E. WEBB.
 J. B. WEATHERLY.
 M. L. WRIGHT.

Mecklenburg County Club.

Officers.

ROBERT HUTCHISON	President.
HAMILTON C. JONES, JR.	Vice-President.
ANDREW C. HUTCHISON, JR.	Secretary.
ROBERT M. BRYANT	Treasurer.

Members.

F. J. BLYTHE.	SIDNEY Y. McADEN.
EDMUND S. BURWELL.	WADE A. MONTGOMERY.
ROBERT M. BRYANT.	MANLIUS ORR.
FRED ELLIOTT.	JAMES W. OSBORNE.
JOSEPH G. FITZSIMONS.	EDGAR E. RANDOLPH.
J. ALBERT FORE, JR.	LLOYD M. ROSS.
FRANK P. GRAHAM.	OTHO B. ROSS.
W. P. GRIER.	W. GEORGE THOMAS.
GEORGE V. HARPER.	GEORGE G. SHANNONHOUSE.
ANDREW C. HUTCHISON, JR.	CHARLES W. TILLET.
FRANK HUTCHISON.	DUNCAN P. TILLET.
ROBERT HUTCHISON.	D. DELL WITHERS.
HAMILTON C. JONES, JR.	



ONE OF MECKLENBURG'S GOOD ROADS.

Buncombe County Club.

Organized 1904.

V. V. WILLIAMSPresident.
E. E. CONNORVice-President.
HAMPDEN HILLSecretary and Treasurer.

Members.

J. M. BUCKNER.	R. R. REYNOLDS.
E. E. CONNOR.	J. B. SELLERS.
J. E. COOPER.	A. J. TERRELL.
K. W. CARTER.	C. G. WEAVER.
A. B. GREENWOOD.	V. V. WILLIAMS.
J. W. HAYNES.	F. H. EDWARDS.
HAMPDEN HILL.	P. LUNSFORD.
E. B. JEFFRESS.	P. ROBERTS.
P. B. LEDBETTER.	Q. S. MILLS.
A. T. MORRISON.	O. J. MOON.



EDGECOMBE COUNTY CLUB

H. H. Phillips, President.

S. N. Clark, G. M. Fountain, R. T. Fountain,

R. T. Fountain,

D. Gilliam, Jr., C. O. Griffin,

J. W. Hines, Jr., T. M. Hines,

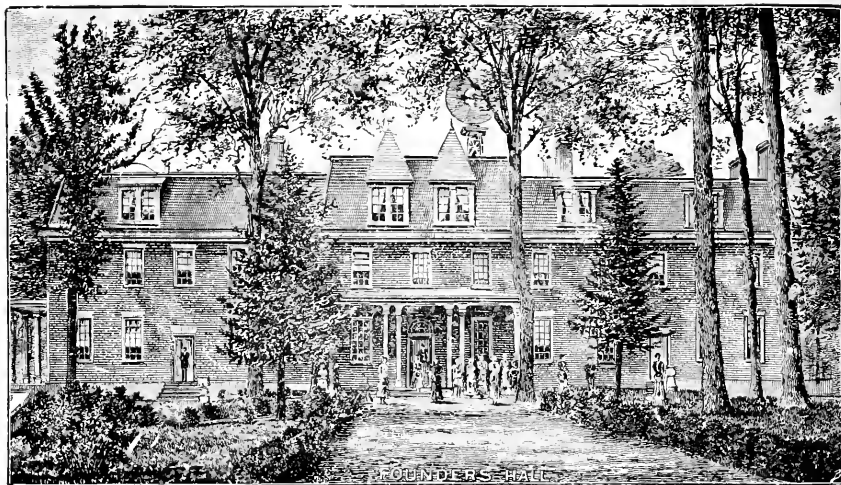
J. H. Little, J. R. Mercer,

B. G. Muse, W. M. Oates, E. C. Ruffin,

W. C. Woodard.

T. P. Cheshire, Vice-President

W. H. M. Pittman, Secretary and Treasurer.



THE SOCIAL CENTRE OF THE COLLEGE.

Guilford College Club.

Membership.

MISS PENELOPE COBB, Resident Member.	CHARLES CLARKE LAUGHLIN, Law.
RUFUS WILLIAM McCULLOCH, Arts.	JOHN A. LINDSAY, JR., Arts.
EDGAR THOMAS SNIPES, Law.	DAVID HAMILTON COWLES, Science.
CHARLES M. FOX, Pharmacy.	HENRY G. SNIPES, Science.
JAMES O. FITZGERALD, JR., Arts.	W. B. CHAPIN, Medicine.

Wake Forest Club.

COLORS: Old Gold and Black.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

Officers.

I. C. ARLEDGE	President.
E. COX	Vice-President.
C. V. CANNON	Secretary.
M. E. HUFFMAN	Treasurer.

Faculty Members.

E. VERNON HOWELL, Ph.G. COLLIER COBB, A.M.

Members.

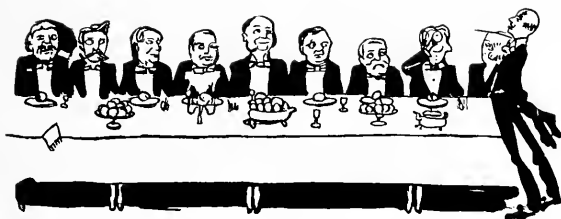
ARLEDGE.	McBRAYER.
BURNS.	PORTRUM.
CHAPIN.	PROCTOR.
CONNOR.	SORRELL.
COX.	TERRELL.
HENRY.	THOMAS.
HUFFMAN.	UPCHURCH.
KITCHIN.	



FLORIDA-CLUB

CHARLES H. HERTY, Ph.D., President.
J. H. D'ALEMBERTE, Vice-Pres.
H. PLANT OSBORNE, Secretary.
DR. W. C. RICE, Treasurer.
W. H. EDWARDS.
H. K. CLONTS.
STUART G. NOBLE.
A. McGEACHY.





Senior Banquet.

1906.

TOAST-MASTER, W. B. LOVE.

Address, by MR. W. S. BERNARD.

Response, by MR. V. L. STEPHENSON.

Address, by DR. G. HOWE.

Response, by MR. A. C. DALTON.

Address, by PROF. H. H. WILLIAMS.

PICKARD'S HOTEL,

October 3, 1905.

Junior Banquet.

TOAST-MASTER, E. C. HERRING.

Address, by DR. C. H. HERTY.

Response, by MR. S. LINN.

Address, by PROF. E. K. GRAHAM.

Response, by MR. K. C. SIDBURY.

Address, by MR. G. M. MCKIE.

Response, by MR. J. B. PALMER.

PICKARD'S HOTEL.

November 3, 1905.

Sophomore Banquet.

TOAST-MASTER, MR. B. F. REYNOLDS.

Address, by DR. F. P. VENABLE.

Response, by MR. O. R. RAND.

Address, by PROF. E. K. GRAHAM.

Response, by MR. M. ORR.

Address, by PROF. W. CAIN.

Response, by MR. M. ROBINS.

Address, by PROF. M. C. S. NOBLE.

Response, by MR. J. R. SHULL.

PICKARD'S HOTEL.

November 17, 1905.



Fire! what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.—“Tommy” Parker.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.—*Jake Douthit.*

I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder.—*University Band.*

We have measured many miles.—*Robie Day and the scope men.*

A mint of phrases in his brain.—*Dr. Hanc.*

Fat paunches have lean pates.—*Eagles, T. and McCain.*

I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.—“*Bill*” Shore looking in his mirror.

There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.—*Miss Graves.*

You cram these words into my ears against the stomach of my sense.—*Prof. Williams.*

As proper a man as ever went on four legs.—*Tom Simmons.*

Cupid’s grandfather.—*Major Cain.*

Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book.—*Haynes.*

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married.—*Dr. Smith.*

Do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.—*Ridenhour.*

A fortified residence against the tooth of time and rasure of oblivion.—*Dr. Battle.*

I think thou art an ass.—*Phillips, D. M.*

Mine were the very cipher of a function.—*R. H. McLain and Newell.*

All his successors gone before him.—*Ham Jones.*

His worst fault is that he is given to prayer, he is somewhat peevish that way.—*Jackson, A. F.*

A man may be too confident.—*J. J. Parker.*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.—*Katzenstein.*

Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority.—*Frank McLean.*

He must needs have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.—*Abbott.*

Time goes on crutches.—*Prof. Toy's First German Class.*

To one thing constant never.—*Grier Miller.*

And yet I judge my own wit good.—*Ben Royal.*

There's two of you, the devil make a third.—*"Bill" Emerson and "Bill"*

Boylan.

Love's firm votary.—*Robie Day.*

Well of his wealth; but of him, so, so.—*Bridgers—either one.*

The very genius of famine.—*Huffman, and Tank Hunter's long coon.*

We play the fools with time.—*"Sons of Rest."*

There is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him.—*Bennet*

Perry.

I have but two shirts.—*"Vic" Williams.*

I am a Jew, an 'Ebrew Jew.—*Charlie Weill.*

If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason.—*Prof. Williams.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew than one of these.—*Frank Ross, Jackson, J. C., McMillan, Rosebro.*

If I have not forgotten what the inside of a church looks like, I am a peppercorn.—*Hoyle.*

If it is a sin to covet honor I am the most offending soul alive.—*J. J. Parker.*

I prithee give me leave to curse awhile.—*Hardin, O. L., Jim Davis.*

Words, words, mere words.—*"Bully" Moore.*

Food for powder, food for powder.—*Jeffries, Shull, J. R.*

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—*Stahle Linn.*

I hope thy holy humor will change.—*C'aylor.*

Two props of virtue.—*Jackson, A. F., Love.*

Lean, rawbon'd rascals.—*Kibler, Haynes, Sam Dickson, Fox.*

They must be dieted like mules.—*Common's Boarders.*

My thoughts are whirl'd like a potter's wheel.—*John Palmer.*

The Lord's anointed.—*Joe Pogue.*

Richard loves Richard.—*Bert James.*

It might be the pate of a politician.—*J. K. Wilson.*

His very hair is of a dissembling color.—*Pemberton.*

His greatness is a-ripening.—*Coughencour.*

His jokes were mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes.—*Prof. Cobb.*

Chaff and bran.—*Cowles, McNeely, Griffin, Balance, Thomas.*

Under the greenwood tree,

Who loves to lie with me.—*"Bob" Reynolds.*

Remember thy swashing blow.—*Pryor.*

O teach me how I should forget to think.—*Psych Class.*

What a head have I.—*Simmons, N. L.*

Famine is in thy cheeks.—*Humphrey.*

I meddle with all.—*Gray.*

Hang up Philosophy.—*The unlucky 23.*

And this man is now become a god.—*Abernethy.*

The evil that men do lives after them.—*Brigman.*

The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.—
Coghül, Frank Gillam.

Amen stuck in my throat.—*Holt.*

Confusion now has made his masterpiece.—*Frank Ross.*

They are assailable.—*Y. M. C. A. Members.*

Can such things be!—*The Royster Twins.*

Where gottest thou that goose look —*Wilkins.*

The time has been when the brains were out the men would die; but now
they rise again.—*Bridgers, R. R., Ben Abernethy.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit.—*Cole, Hutchison, F., Cobb Twins.*

What a piece of work is man!—"Bill" *Herring.*

As innocent as is a sucking lamb.—*Richmond.*

Off with his head!—*Harper.*

A kind of excellent, dumb discourse.—*Randolph.*

And deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.—*Henry
Littleton.*

'Tis true, you are over boots in love.—*Abernethy.*

My old brain is troubled; be not disturbed with my infirmity.—*Miles.*

Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country.—*Prof.
Noble.*

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod.—*C'onics.*

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me.—*R. M. Brown.*

My nose is in great indignation.—*Med. Students.*

O that I were not a fool.—*Wichard.*

A mountain of mummy.—*Bailes.*

Not a word? Not one to throw at a dog!—*Duls.*

Alas, poor ghost!—*Victor Stephenson.*

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain.—*Banks.*

A document in madness.—*Mason.*

We'll have a swashing, and a martial outside, as many other mannish
cowards have.—"Bull" *Thompson.*

O that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.—*Houck.*

Full of strange oaths.—*John Berry.*

I must have liberty with all; as large a charter as the wind to blow on
whom I please.—*Charlie Weill.*

Hast any philosophy in thee?—*Ben Washburn.*

How blessed are we that are not simple men.—*The Phi Beta Kappa.*

Is his head worth a hat?—*Wiley.*

Sing it! 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so as it make noise enough.—
Chapel Choir.

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called
fools.—*Lewis Webb and "Vic" Williams.*

There's small choice in rotten apples.—'09.

Whose words all ears took captive.—*Dr. Smith.*

He must needs go that the devil drives.—*Cummings.*

Methinks, sometimes, I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordi-
nary man.—*Sam Farrabee.*

A dry jest, sir!—*Major Cain*.
 I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy.—*Dr. Alexander*.
 I am angling now, though you perceive me not.—*The Co-Eds*.
 Let the law go whistle!—*Prather*.
 Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.—*Sam Dickson*.
 My Lord! they say five moons were seen to-night.—*Senior Beer Feast*.
 Old father antic the law.—*Judge McRae*.
 I could bring him with his lady's fan.—*Gibson*.
 How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul?—*Rosebro*.
 He doth keep his bed.—*"Pot" McIver*.
 There's but a shirt and a half in the whole company.—*Hoyle & Co*.
 An upright rabbit.—*Teddy Rice*.
 His immortal part needs a physician.—*"Doc" Bernard*.
 Your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose.—*"Red Buck" Bryant*.
 Me, poor man, my library is dukedom large enough.—*L. R. Wilson*.
 There has been much throwing about of brains.—*Di Fresh Debate*.
 I am nothing if not critical.—*Higdon*.
 Oh, I see that nose of yours.—*Brothers and Wilkins*.
 He has to-night caroused potatoes bottle deep.—*Jim Osborne*.
 Fresh and green.—*Bellamy, Boatwright*.
 We'll go to supper in the morning.—*At Mrs. Archer's boarding-house*.
 Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once.—*Tom Simmons*.
 Some time I shall sleep out; the rest I'll eat.—*"Pot" McIver*.
 A living dead man.—*Willis, I*.



"This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine."

—THE SOPHS.

Ye Rime of Ye Jolly Toaster.

Oh, if I could I would surely drink
(But where none of the Profs might see)
A goodly toast with a cherry clink,
 To the health of U. N. C.

But fate is harsh and the town is dry
And never a glass do I see,
Which a man may drink in good old rye
 To the health of U. N. C.

For Raleigh is dry and Durham is dry,
And Hillsboro's dry all three:
Alas that 'tis so, but in H2O
 Must I drink to U. N. C.

Oh, Doctor Adam, I pray thee, give
Of thy fair grape juice to me,
That I may drink the while I live
 To the health of U. N. C.

"My price is just, and my wine is good,
As all who taste may see;
But I may not give of its ruby flood
 To drink to U. N. C."

How now? How now? Thou cruel Doe,
I pray thee tell to me,
Why dost thou withhold thine ancient stock,
 Nor drink to U. N. C.?

A boon, a boon, Doctor Adam, I pray,
And here is thrice thy fee,
"Thy pardon, thy pardon, gallant gay,
 Go, drink to U. N. C."

Fill high, fill high with grape juice,
(Unfermented tho' it be)
And let us drink with a merry clink
 To the health of U. N. C.

M. H.



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Books and Magazines of the Day: Their Authors and Publishers.

- The Divine Fire—*A. R. Clayton*.
The Millionaire Baby—*Bob Bridgers*.
The House of Mirth—*Bill Emerson*.
Double Trouble—*Jim Osborne*.
The Man of the Hour—*J. J. Parker*.
The Social Secretary—*Gibson*.
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Sandy—*Sam Wiley*.
Wanted, A Governess—*Boatwright, '09*.
The Giants—*Gardner and Stagle*.
The Golden Goose—*Pemberton*.
The Red Chief—"Red Buck" *Bryant*.
The Jewish Spectre—*Katzenstein*.
Lavender and Old Lace—*The Co-Eds*.
Loser's Luck—*McIver*.
The Spenders—*Gilliam and James, J. B.*
The Seats of the Mighty—*The Chapel Choir*.
The Log of a Water Wagon—*Doc Bernard*.
The Ancient Landmark—*Dr. Battle*.
Wanted, A Matchmaker—*Roby Day*.
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Captains All—*The Brewery Gang*.
God's Good Man.—*Lorc*.
Humpty Dumpty—*T. R. Eagles*.
A Brief Study of the Calendar—"Skect" *Emerson*.
Everybody's Magazine—"Cephus" *Woolten*.
Everything—*Doc Klattz*.
The Scientific American—*Pogue*.
The Review of Reviews—*Hughes, H. H.*
Collier's Weekly—*Geology I, P. M. Class*.
Rod and Gun—*Holt Haywood*.
Outing—*Prof. Howell*.
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The Literary Digest—*Prof. Graham*.
Puck—*Ben Royall*.
Judge—*Mister Brockwell*.
Life—*Prof. Williams*.



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 Vice-PresidentBIG SNIPES.

CHARTER MEMBERS: The Chapel Hill Freshmen.

HONORABLE MENTION: Jim Patterson.

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P. S.—"Squire" Patton, "Coach" Blackwell, Ikie London, and others who have satisfied the requirements, may become members on payment of their initiation fee to Mr. "Goo" Sibley, treasurer of the alumni department, or Frank Ross, College Treasurer.

P. S. No. 2.—For further information, consult Mr. C. T. Woollen, official score keeper, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Harvey Holt's Freshman, McLain and Freshman Ritter discussing the new English (I) book.

McLain to Ritter:—"Which poet do you like best?"

Ritter:—"I think 'Aunon' is by far the best."

Hoyle to Tom Simmons:—" Say, Tom, did you know you were kin to Bob Reynolds ? "

Tom:—"——\$\$\$""!!!——!\$\$\$'??!"

Hoyle:—" Hold on, Tom, I just meant that you were both descendants of Ananias and Sapphira."

Freshman Manning:—" Who does your pressing ? "

Freshman Graham:—" Mr. Mattress and Mr. Springs."

Freshman Manning:—" Where do they room ? "

Buck Davis to Dr. Alex.:—" Doctor, can a man who has a good mind and who studies hard make a 1 on the spring term of Greek 2 ? "

Dr. Alex., sarcastically:—" It is possible."

Buck Davis:—" Well, Doctor, I shall test your statement."

INFANT CLASS.

KEMP BATTLE.....	President.
RICHMOND	Exalted Ruler.
COWARD.....	Assistant to Richmond.
GRAY	Reporter.
BRIDGERS and GRAHAM.....	Substitutes.

Everybody works but Adam,
And he sits around all the day,
Tearing up rebate checks
He ought to be giving away;
Ernest runs all the business,
Doc chews cigar butts,
Everybody works in this place
But Adam Applejack Klnttz.
The ————— loafer.

W. Shakespeare.

A SWIRL.

A girl, a girl,
A heart awirl.
Why whirl, poor churl ?
A pearl, a curl,
A girl, a girl.

Respectfully dedicated "*Bully*" Bernard.

Professor McGeehee:—" Into what classes are children divided, Mr. Upchurch ? "

Mr. Upchurch:—" Male and female, Professor."

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.—*Bird Gillam.*

Manager Gray to Coughenhour:—"Where is that University *Ibid* from which so many members of the faculty graduated?"

Freshman Wilkins:—"That fellow Hughes and that fellow Mills—they do make me *so* tired. Nobody can ever tell what Hughes is talking about, and nobody ever wants to know what Mills is talking about!"

Professor Noble (at 'phone):—"Hello! give me Kluttz' store, please. Hello! Doe, what are you doin'?"

Doc Kluttz:—"Tending to my business."

Professor:—"Is that so? First time I ever heard of you doing that."

Palmer to Doc Kluttz:—"Doe, I would like to get off in the evening for a little walk; then I can get to my supper and be here at the crucial moment of the trade."

Doc:—"All right. I ain't never seen any of those kind of moments around here, but if they are going to come, I guess you had better be around to see what you can do for them."

Freshman No. 1:—"J. J. Parker? J. J. Parker? Is he that little fellow that always wears his hat on one side of his head and talks all over himself?"

Freshman No. 2:—"No. That's 'Tommy' Parker you're thinking about."

Charlie Weill:—"Professor Noble, I came to see you about my Pedagogy examination."

Professor Noble:—"What about it, Mr. Weill?"

Weill:—"Well, I made a five on it."

Professor Noble:—"Yes, what did you do that for?"

R. H. McLain to Mat. student:—"A to the x power is a variable quantity; it may be anything, depending on what x is."

Student:—"Well, Professor, what would it be if x was a grindstone?"

Freshman P. (to his enemy, the Soph):—"Would you mind telling me how to get into the Library?"

Sophomore:—"Why, surely not, my dear Gaston; that is my professional business here, to help the young student. Will you kindly use your legs as a means of conveyance, and walk into the door."

AN ODE TO "FRESH" SOPH PHILLIPS.

Phillips alone, of all—fools, is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Phillips never deviates into sense;
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Phillips' genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

Professor Noble, discussing Chinese education as compared with the English:—"Mr. Wood, will you tell us, sir, how many letters in the English alphabet?"

Wood (confidently):—"Twenty-eight, sir."

Q.—"What is L. W. Parker doing in college?"

A.—"He is J. J. Parker's *Boswell*."

Professor Williams:—"Senator Ransom's success as a politician lies in the fact that—"

J. J. Parker (gathering up note-book and pencil):—"Professor, will you please repeat that?"

Professor Noble (on Pedagogy, after condemning the deductive method!):—"Now, gentlemen, have any of you ever seen this method used?"

Freshman Miles:—"Yes, sir, Doctor; you've been using that method all fall on first history." And he got a five.

Professor McLean, to his German class:—"Gentlemen, if there's any point in the review not perfectly clear, why, just call around at *my* office; second door to left, north entrance, Old East."

Dr. Henderson, to Miles:—"How many halves in a whole, Mr. Miles?"

Miles:—"It depends on how large the whole is."

Freshman Wilkins:—"Mr. McKie, didn't Shakespeare write the Psalms?"

"Horace" urges a man not to juggle with his brains—

And yet he advises him to take "Psych"!

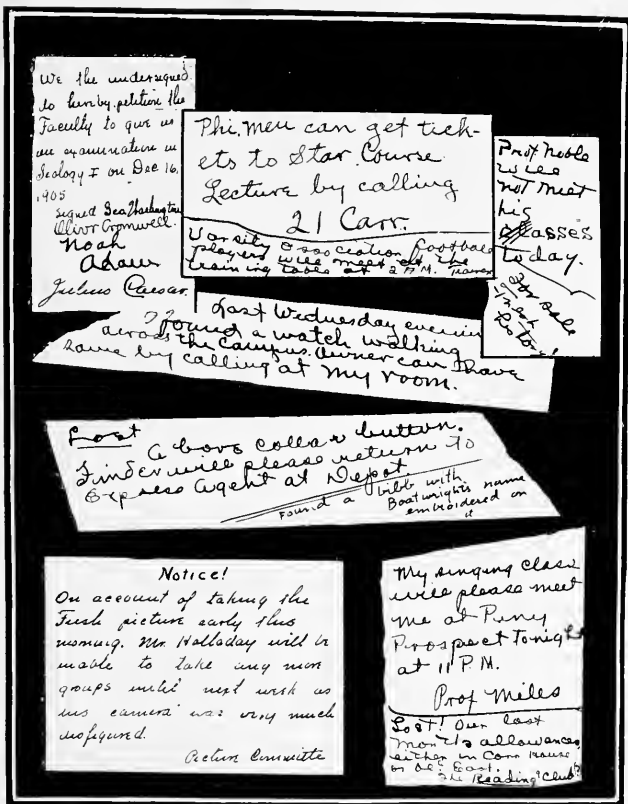
O, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

Sissy Boatwright, talking to Dr. McLean of the German and English Departments, was requested to remove his hat whenever talking to said Doctor, as the said Doctor thinks that his rights as a (would be?) member of the faculty

would be infringed upon unless he required all Freshmen concerned in his departments to take off their hats when in his presence.

Mr. Mann has been very successful this season in killing rabbits. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he has learned a new method in hunting the timid animal. He takes his position behind a tree or bush and makes a noise like a turnip, and the rabbits come one at a time from all directions.

It has been said that all great movements in history have of necessity been gradual. This holds true to-day. We see it in the fact that for three years there has been a movement to erect a Y. M. C. A. building. There is no doubt about the movement being gradual.



Curleyheaded Club.

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WEILLChief Kink.

Curls.

ARLEDGE.	THOMAS.
SLOAN.	SHANNONHOUSE.
CONNOR, E. E.	HOWARD.
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STORY.	BOWEN.
ROBINS.	SIMMONS, T.
BERRY, A. B.	SIMMONS, J.

Kinks.

WEILL.	HARRISON.
BILL McDADE.	"PO DAVE, BOS."

Shockheads.

ROSS, L.	VIC WILLIAMS.
----------	---------------

Topknots.

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PALMER, J. B.	GARDNER.
HOUCK.	

Candidates.

THOMAS, G.	PELLAMY.
CLARK, SAM.	HUSKE.
WINSLOW.	



D R A G S

Ye Difference in Ye Ideals: Ye Freshman aspires to ye boot on Frank McLean, while ye Senior aspires to ye boot on Dr. Smith.

An empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—*Coghill*.

Animated pipestems.—“Lengthy” *Dixon and Huffman*.

“You never had a head worth a soft-boiled egg.”—*McRae, R. S., Jr.*

“This promulgates all ambiguity of the scalp.”—*Professor Dunstan*.

“The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.”—*Louis Webb*.

Wanted:—A hot-air condenser, with mouth-piece attachment for Freshman.—*Don Gilliam*.

Of all things foreign, what is the most foreign to Ed Stewart? Answer—The Truth.

What! Frighted with false fire!—*Proctor*.

An apostle of farce.—*Laughinghouse*.

The cap's all right, but is this thing a gown or a chemise.—*Shorty*.

A veteran of three campaigns.—*Jeffress*.

The man like a duck—sticks his bill into every old thing.—*Gray*.

“ Men's evil manners live in brass,
Their virtues are writ in water.”—*Moore, J. R.*

“ Mislike me not for my complexion:
'Tis but the shadowed livery of the burnished sun.”—*Hursey*.

“ For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.”—*Fresh Class*.

“ O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.”—*B. Gilliam*.

Ubiquitous strenuosity.—*J. K. Wilson*.

Did he ever make a motion, and was there ever one that he did not second!—*Roy Mellon Brown*.

“ The hairs of his head are numbered.”—“ *Bill* ” *Herring*.

Nobody's pretty boy.—*Buck Davis*.

Trained animals: Bull Thompson, Coon Royster, and Pig Sherrod.

It certainly is absurd for the Sophs to bother the Freshmen.—*Boatwright*.

I thank my God I am not as other men are.—*Goodman*.

“ Full well they laughed and counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes for many a joke had he.”—“ *Old Pres.* ”

And still he sat, and 'twas a wonder great,
That one small belly could carry all he ate.—*James S. McNider*.

“ Let another man praise thee, and not thyself; a stranger and not thine own lips.”—*W. B. Davis*.

Just a business proposition.—*John A. Parker*.

Perpetual motion.—*Louis Webb's tongue*.

The Eternal Freshman.—*Phillips*.

Let's get him a nurse.—*Bridgers*.

Gone—but not forgotten.—*Brigman*.

He seems designed for thoughtless majesty.—“ *Professor* ” *McLean*.

This Freshman class beats anything I ever saw.—“ *Red Buck* ” *Bryant*.

What became of the Horner Club?

ODE TO PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER YACKETY YACK.

Yackety Yack. Hurray, Hurray!
Yackety Yack. Hurray, Hurray!
Parker, Parker, John A. ! John A. !
Boom Rah ! Boom Rah ! Parker.

A pestilence that walketh in darkness.—*Med. Students.*

Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung.—*Mason.*

A sight to dream of.—*The Roysters.*

He speaks an infinite deal of nothing.—*Brothers.*

“The green grass grew all around”—while the Y. M. C. A. building
was being erected.

From children expect childish things.—*Freshman Class.*

Of two evils choose the less.—*Psych and Comics.*

I Say.

I SAY:

If I should die to-night,
And in my clothes,
Should be the goodly sum of 30c.,
Left lying there in sweet repose;

I SAY:

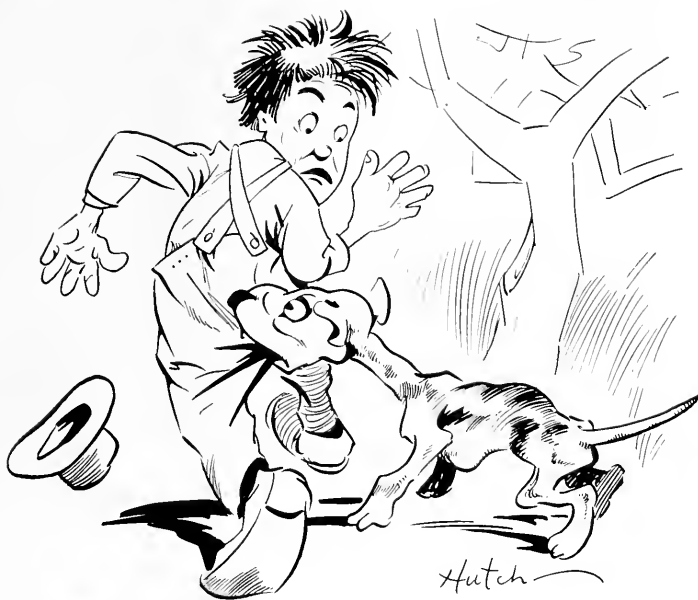
If I should die to-night,
And leave behind in those cold prosaic pants,
The sum of six large beers on tap,
Destined to remain forever on the outside of my frame;

I SAY:

If I should die to-night,
And go from here to there, or where it does not snow,
And looking back, see that 30c. taken
And spent foolishly for bread, or clothes,
Or some such worldly thing:
How sad would I feel!
For I should need it so.—'05.



"AFTER."



THE END



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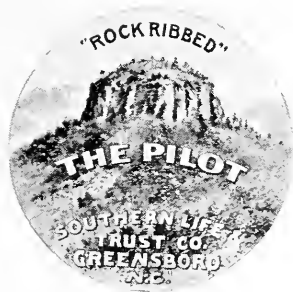


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1905,	\$2,850,000.00
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Carolina, Dec. 31, 1905,	5,284,100.00

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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JANUARY 29, 1906.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Investments	\$1,176,057.90	Capital Stock	\$ 100,000.00
Real Estate	48.00	Surplus	200,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	5,225.00	Undivided Profits	22,512.56
Cash Items	\$13,591.76	Deposits,	1,068,583.80
Cash and Due from Banks	243,773.70	Bills payable	50,000.00
Total Cash	\$259,365.46		
	\$1,441,096.36		\$1,441,096.36

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Special attention is called to the advantages of the methods of teaching adopted in this school. It enables each student to come into more intimate relation with his teachers in laboratory and hospital work, and in connection with the system of recitations adopted makes instruction more directly personal and adapted to the special needs of the individual, and prepares graduates for the rigid examinations for admission into the Medical Corps of the Army, Navy and Marine Hospital Service. Of 29 applicants for the Army, Navy and Marine Hospital Service, since 1898, 28 have passed and only one failed.

The building of this department is conveniently situated on H street, north-west, between Ninth and Tenth streets, near several of the principal railway lines. It contains spacious and well ventilated lecture rooms, chemical, histological, bacteriological, and physiological laboratories, a convenient and well lighted dissecting room, a library and reading-room for the use of students. The laboratories are equipped with the latest and most approved instruments and appliances, including an ample number of microscopes of high power.

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The clinical instruction is carried on in the University Hospital and six of the City and Government Hospitals having a capacity of 4,000 beds.

By the authority of Congress, facilities for research and illustration in the Governmental Museums, Libraries, Scientific Laboratories and several hospitals are made accessible to the students of institutions of higher learning in the District of Columbia. For Circulars or further information, address the Dean.

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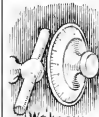
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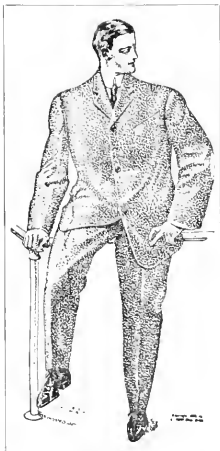
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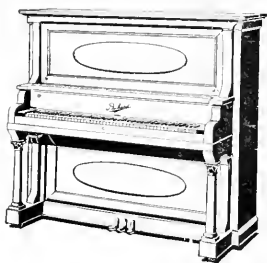
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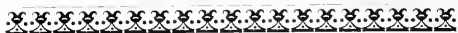
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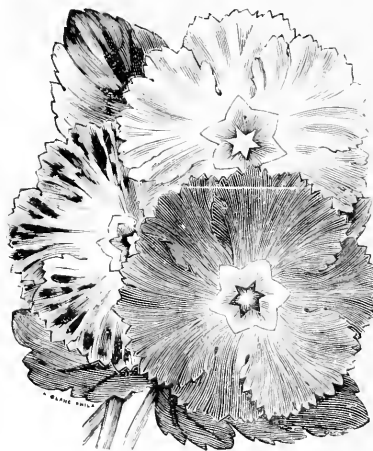
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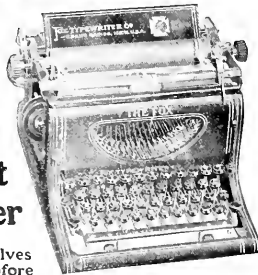
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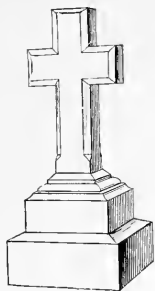
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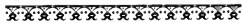
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