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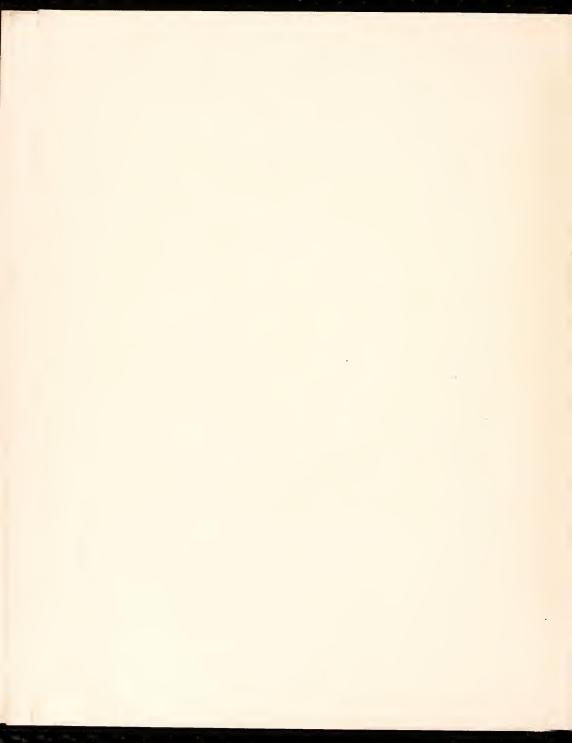
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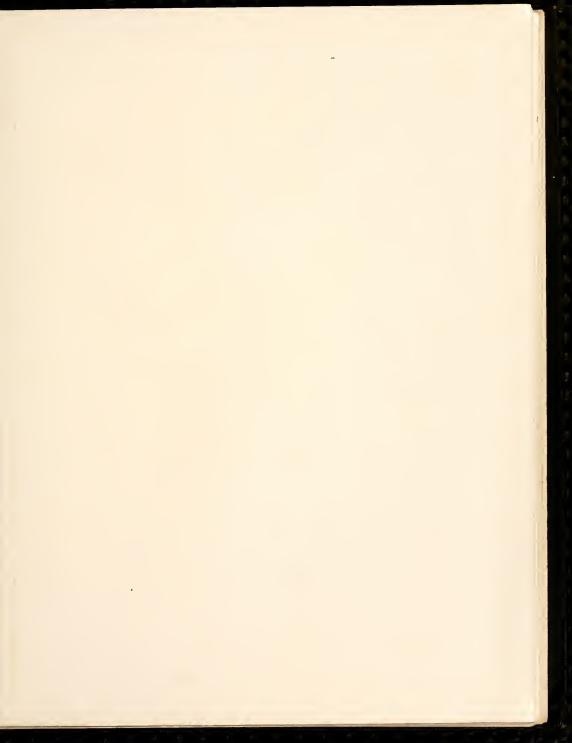
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Prentes to W. I.C. Lilmany
By-Arthur R. Gallimore,
W. F. C.,
Class-1909.











THE HOWLER

FIRST VOLUME---MCMIII

Published Annually by the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies of Wake Forest College



5721 W557 H6 1902

Dedication.

To "The Gowler,"

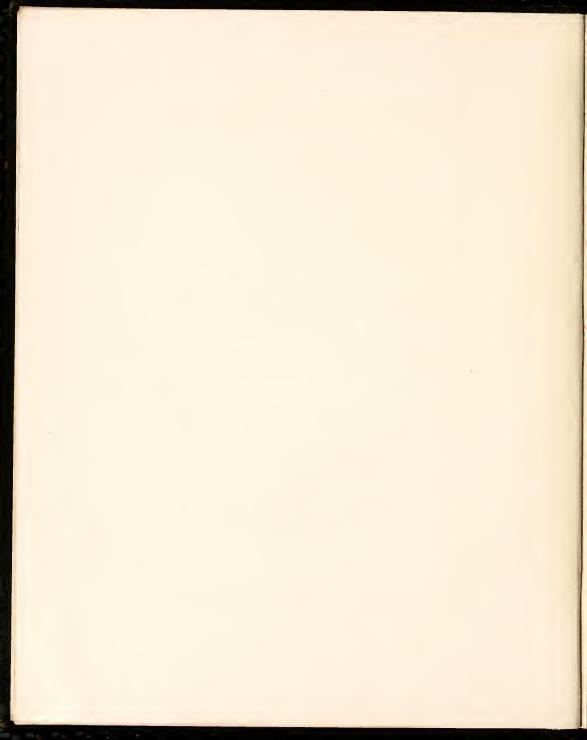
the time-honored publication of the student-body, edited and printed by the students for the students, to this passing and unsubstautial record of college life we dedicate this, the first bolume of "The Hower,"

hoping that we have made a substantial record of the collegiate year of 1902-03.

1115/40 Donated My a. K. gallemore

OR years the only record of college life, outside of the Student, has been the old Howler of the tree bulletin-board. About once a month throughout the collegiate year, the students gather around the tree and read The Howler. And though everything is represented in a jocular way, yet a fairly good record of the happenings in and about College is pictured here. It is true that sometimes the jokes became a little shady, but, as a rule, the paper was clean, and if any one was offended, it was because the truth, represented in verse or picture, went home to him. We admit that some things about the old Howler were not commendable; but college life had to be pictured in some way, and here it found an outlet. To supply the need which the old Howler was supposed to fill, we have gotten out the new Howler. To the jocular sayings and verses we have tried to add more dignity and strength, and have made it more worthy of support.

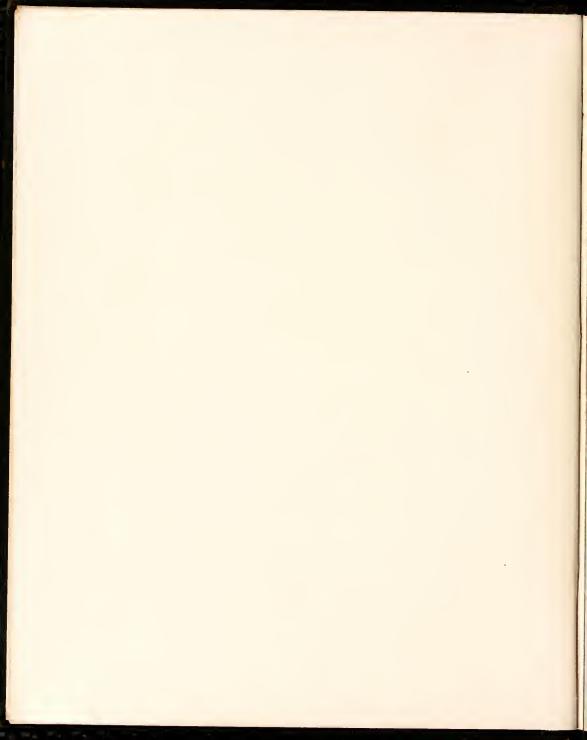
Yet the new Howler is really an offspring of its older namesake, the old Howler. Bound and printed, it has its origin in the paper which used to be placed on the tree, "published on the dark of the moon by the Sophomore Class, and devoted to the interests of the Fresh, Faculty, and Fools."



In Memoriam

PROFESSOR C. C. CRITTENDEN

D I E D April 23D I 9 O 3



GREETING.

ITH a howl of timidity, we first appear before the public. As we make our first howl, we are blinded by the glare of public criticism, as the new-born infant is blinded by the light of the sun. With fear and trembling do we present to the public this volume. Even before we go to press do we hear the ominous roars of popular opinion. But was there anything, no matter how perfect, that was not criticised? So, although we do not claim perfection, yet we ask our friends to skip lightly over our failings, and dwell on whatever seems good in their eyes.

Many things have been omitted. We should like to start back in August, with the greetings and yells and society leggings; to come on through the fall, noting every detail; then on to Thanksgiving, when Richmond wrested the cup from us on the oratorical arena, and so on to Christmas and the merry holidays, noting the trials and tribulations of examination time. In the spring, gladly would we make like records. With the quiet month of January lead up to the merrymaking of anniversary; and then speak of baseball, which overtops everything else in the minds of the students during the spring months; with a closing account of commencement and the sad leave-takings. But space does not allow all these things. Many things we could tell, many things could be unfolded to the world, for the year of 1902-03 has been full of eventful happenings, and to record them would take volumes as massive as those required to hold the formulas for compounds of carbon (for number, see either Dr. Brewer or Dr. Lynch). Even a brief account of the elections of the session, with the hosts of "leggers," would fill volumes, for every office has been hotly contested, and there is hardly a man in College who has not been "legged" time and time again. And no doubt a few stolen leaves from the record book of the faculty would be interesting to many. All this we can not record; but by taking a note here and a view there, we have endeavored to represent this past session; and though we have fallen far below our aim, yet we have heard that by aiming at the heights, it is possible to fall far below the mark and yet hit high. We have aimed at the heights, but how high we have hit we leave to the decision of our friends.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

1903-1904.

Beginning of Session. August 26 . . Applications for Degrees Submitted. September 16 October 5... Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses Submitted. Thanksgiving Day Holiday. December 4.... Senior Speaking. . Fall Term Examinations. December 14-19 December 20-31 Christmas Holidays. Beginning of Spring Term. January 1 Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies. February 12... March 11 Senior Speaking. Easter Monday . -Holiday. . Field-day. May 2. Senior and Junior Theses Submitted. May 13-20 Spring Term Examinations, May 22-25.... . Commencement. Sunday, 8:30 P. M.-Baccalaureate Sermon. Monday, 10 A. M.—Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees. 8:30 P. M.-Address before the School of Law. Tuesday, 11 A. M.-Address before the Literary Societies.

8:30 P. M.-Address before the Alumni,

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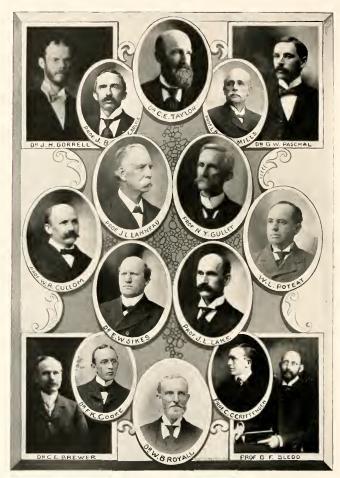
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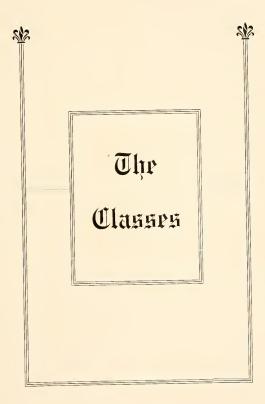
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*Died April 23, 1903.



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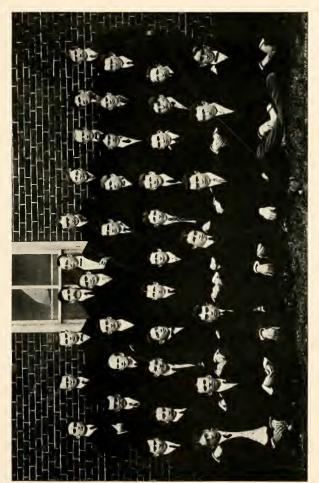
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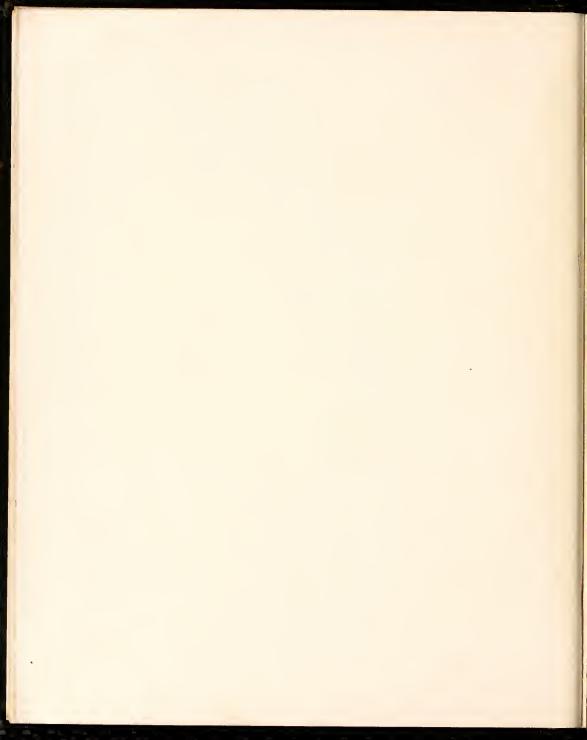
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HISTORIAN.



SENIOR CLASS.



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		Raleigh, North Carolina
		Lumberton, North Carolina
Senior Speaker; Treasu		
· ·		Littleton, North Carolina
		Monroe, North Carolina
· ·	Senior Speaker; Commenceme	·
		Concord, North Carolina
	Speaker; Commencement Spe	
		Asheville, North Carolina
	r	Bellwood, North Carolina
Senior Speaker.		Beleeville Neath Canaline
	lass; Anniversary Orator; Com	Rolesville, North Carolina nmencement Speaker.
		Pleasant Valley, South Carolina
Senior Speaker.		
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First Debater, Anniversa	ary; Commencement Speaker.	
HENRY RUSSELL HARRIS	Υ	Seaboard, North Carolina
Baseball Team.		
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Joseph Bascomb Huff.	Υ	Mars Hill, North Carolina
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Hugh Johnson.	Υ	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
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WILLIAM HECK PACE	γ.Υ	Raleigh, North Carolina
President G. A. A.; Associa	ate Editor THE HOV	WLER; Senior Speaker; Secretary
Senior Class; Baseball	Team.	
CHARLES CLAY PIERCE	Ф	Finch, North Carolina
Senior Speaker.		
RAYMOND LEE PITTMAN	ф	Ashpole, North Carolina
WILLIAM SCOTT PRIVOTT	Υ	Rocky Hock, North Carolina
Anniversary Orator; Commer	ncement Speaker	
James Royall	r	Wake Forest, North Carolina
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	•	Bladenboro, North Carolina
Senior Speaker.		
*	, Ф	Pendleton, North Carolina
President, Anniversary.		

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

HE history of the Senior Class is very difficult to write, for several reasons. In the first place, neither men nor events admit of any sort of orderly classification, because both are heterogeneous. In the second place, the record of the class being *sui generis*, the historian has no other history by which to be guided in his writing. The third difficulty is the fact that the present history must be only a cross section. Not so much as the dim twilight of the history of the individual men bers of the class can be known, and therefore we are obliged to write in a less particular way than we desire.

Four years ago, more or les, the present Senior Class came to this renowned institution for the purpose, or rather in the hope, of filling our empty heads with some of that intangible stuff called knowledge, which floats around the College and which, in the course of four long years, occasionally lodges in the upper story. We were uncouth, gawky, simple, and ignorant lads then; now behold! we are a noble array of "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors." From the humble position of "polished" Freshmen, whose ignorance was selfassertive, we have risen to a place of honor in this community the like of which few beside ourselves can ever hope to attain. Our progress may be indicated by mentioning the names that we have successively borne as we marched along. At one time we were known as the "rankest Newish"; the second year we were called the "bully Sophomores"; the third year you gave us the name "dandy Juniors," and now we hear on every side the dignified title, "lordly Seniors." We used to be airaid of everything and everybody at Wake Forest, but at the present time we do not even deign to look at lower classmen, all of whom show a remarkable evidence of homage and fear whenever passing us. And we are on most intimate terms cum facultate. My comrades, the eye of a historian can scarcely survey the long distance over which we have traveled in reaching our present place of vantage, and the pen of a Thucydides is necessary to record adequately the "many battles, sieges, fortunes, we have passed."

We started out about eighty strong, but our ranks have dwindled down to half that number. Many were the foes that decimated our noble company. Some there were who died in a head-end collision with "Miss Any"; quite a number were mortally wounded in an encounter with a host of malignant little Lilliputians called sines, cosines, and tangents; others, fatigued with much traveling and worn out by the long and difficult marching, fell exhausted and died by the wayside; one or two rebellious spirits were court-martialed by the faculty for depredations made on the anatomy of a Freshman; some were lost in an inextricable jungle inhabited by such fierce carnivorous animals as Homer, Livy, Lycias, and Terence; and still others came near losing their lives, along toward the "shank of the evening," by falling into a "lake" filled with amcebas, unlauts, retorts, and concepts.

Donbtless, many more would have died of overwork and fatigue had it not been for the little ponies which accompanied us on our journey and on which a few members of our class rode over the roughest and steepest part of the road. We are sorry to say, too, that some of our most stalwart men at one time, thinking that a pony was a luxury which every one who was able should enjoy, instead of an animal for emergencies only, rode so continuously on their patient little beasts that they came near wearing them all to a worthless, unintelligible frazzle. It took many months of painstaking attention to restore our herd to its pristine vigor and beauty. As a historian, therefore, and a philosopher, we would like to leave this bit of advice with the coming classes: Do not in any case allow too much riding by any one. Use your animals for emergencies only, and never suffer them to be overburdened by heavy weights. A man who always rides forgets how to walk when compelled to dismount and enter a country where his beast is under the ban.

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

With the prophetic eye of a historian, it seems to me I can see one member of our class clothed in the humble attire of a backwoodsman and walking down the dusty furrow of life behind a faithful bull; I catch a glimpse of several others who began political careers while in College, completing those careers by occupying the high positions of notary public, constable, and coroner in the remote burgs of their native State; many more do I see serving the god Somnus as faithfully in life as in their college days; and a few choice spirits I know will attain the humble positions of Governor, Congressman, Senator, Professor, and Editor, leaving behind no "monument more lasting than bronze," unless that be the potent influence of a life well spent.

Perhaps the most interesting and exciting single event that has happened in the history of the present Senior Class was the annual fight on the Euzelian diamond over the adoption of caps and gowns to be worn at commencement. The line-up was as follows:

NO-GOWNERS.	GOWNERS.		
CREASMAN	. Pace		
Davis Right Guard	. Keener		
BOYCE Left Guard	. Mull		
GREENE, L Right Tackle	. Sherwood, E.		
IVES Left Tackle	. Seagraves		
HARRIS, M Right End	. Huff		
SHERWOOD, A Left End	. Privott		
CRAVEN	. Scarborough		
SINGLETARY Right Half-back	. Larkins		
ALLEN Left Half-back	. Britt		
AYSCUE Full-back	. Fowler		
Referee, Covington Timeke	eper, Falls		
Substitutes, Johnson, H., and Lanneau			

The game was spirited throughout. Snappy ball was played on both sides. There was some kicking by the two guards for the No-Gowners, Davis and Boyce, on the decision of the referee. The kickers protested against the playing of right and left guards and half-back for the Gowners, Keener, Mull, and Larkins, claiming that these men had been known to play professional ball. The point was decided against them, however. The rushes of Ayscue and Davis were terrific; but the superior head-work of Pace, backed up as he was by such heavyweights as Mull, Sherwood, E., and Keener, won the game for the Gowners by a score of 22 to 10.

JUNIOR CLASS.

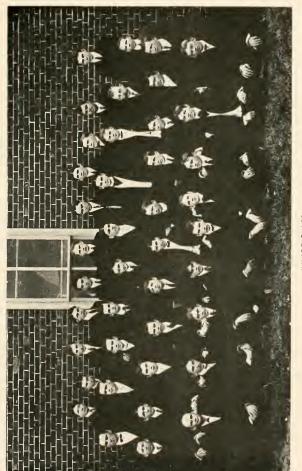
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JOHN STEGER HARDAWAY, JR. HISTORIAN.



JUNIOR CLASS.

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BURROWS ALLEN CRITCHER	Ф	Williamston, North Carolina
PAUL CRUMPLER	ф . ,	Clinton, North Carolina
Joseph Robert Cullom	Υ	. Weldon, North Carolina
Otto Frederic Dingelhoef	Ф 34	Grammercy Park, New York
Robert Marsh Dowd	Ф	Lodo, North Carolina
Vice-President Junior Class; Base	ball Team.	
ROBERT R. FLEMING	Ф	. Pactolus, North Carolina
GASTON SIMMONS FOOTE	Υ	Warrenton, North Carolina
President Junior Class.		
JOHN STEGER HARDAWAY, JR	ф	Oxford, North Carolina
Historian, Junior Class.		
MARTIN LUTHER HARRIS	ф	Dial, North Carolina
James Edward Hobgood	ф	Oxford, North Carolina
Baseball Team.		

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ROGER GREGORY LEWIS	Υ	Littleton, North Carolina
Isaac Newton Loftin	Ф	· · · · . Jacksonville, Florida
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ROBERT EDWARD LITTLE	Ф	
CLAUDE D. MEADOWS	Υ	· · · · . Dunn, North Carolina
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Alfred Henderson Olive	ф	Randleman, North Carolina
BENJAMIN WINGATE PARHAM	Ф	· · · · · Oxford, North Carolina
Chief Marshal, Anniversary.		and the second
Leland Jerome Powell	Ф	Clinton, North Carolina
PRYOR WATSON PUREFOY	, Υ	Asheville, North Carolina
Chief Marshal, Commencement.		caronia.
BURTON JUSTICE RAY	Υ	Raleigh, North Carolina
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Charles Alexander Sigmon	Υ	Lengir North Carolina
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Associate Editor "THE HOWLER	": Secretary and T	reasurer Innior Class
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WILLIAM HENRY WHITEHEAD, JR	Υ	Timmonsville South Carolina
Second Debater, Anniversary.		amonsvine, Bouth Carolina
JUDSON WILLIS	Ф	Lumberton North Carolina
JOSEPH BYRON WYCHE	Ф	Red Bug North Carolina
SAMUEL HILL YOKELEY	r	Pinnix North Carolina
		I minx, North Carolina

THE PRESENT JUNIOR CLASS.

HAT was a homesick crowd of "Newish" who entered the little chapel to attend prayers on the opening day of the session of 1900-01. Everything was so strange and new; so many students, so many teachers, so many different walks in the campus—so much that tended to confuse and mystify. The Sophs were everywhere, and their presence struck terror to our hearts. We had heard how they tortured the poor insignificant new man until life was hardly worth living. After prayers came the most trying ordeal of all, that of arranging our schedule for the year's work. Those of us who happened to have an older brother or father with us were lucky indeed. Every member of the Faculty approached on the subject had a different idea as to just what one should take the first year. Junior Math. was the only study on which they all agreed. Our word counted for little. What mattered it if we had been reading Virgil for the last five years? That was no sign that we were proficient on it.

For the first few weeks we simply existed; then when we began to become more and more acquainted with one another, that characteristic of every "Newish"—fireshness—took possession of us. The Freshman year has always been an imitative period, and our class was no exception. When the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes met and elected officers, we at once felt it our duty to do likewise. From time immemorial there has been an unwritten law at Wake Forest that the Freshmen shall not meet. Although we used the greatest possible secrecy in notifying our men, in some way the old men got wind of it, and when we assembled before the entrance to the Eu Hall, just after dinner on the appointed day, a host of Juniors and Sophs, with a stray Senior or so here and there, met our little band.

The struggle that took place has become a bit of College history. By a sudden rush, seventeen terrified "Newish" managed to get within the hall. Then came the tug of war. Again and again those on the outside attempted to gain the stairs leading up to the meeting-place, encouraged by the cheers and prayers of those who had been so lucky as to break through the barricade of old men. Prominent among these unlucky ones were Bob Dowd and Jack

Sprinkle. They fought like demons, but to no avail.

Seeing that they were not likely to increase their number by waiting, the seventeen successful Freshmen chose a president pro tem. and called the meeting to order. The object of the meeting was stated, and nominations for president were declared in order. There was where the "rub" came. Each individual present had a candidate for the place. All order was done away with. The man with the loudest voice was the most effective. A perfect hubbub ensued; things began to look squally, fists were clenched and cutting remarks indulged in. For the time being, confusion reigned supreme. Finally, the trouble blew

over, and a ballot was taken, Jack Sprinkle receiving the highest vote. This ballot was then made unanimous. The election of the other officers was less difficult. Sam Williams was chosen vice-president, and Bob Dowd secretary and treasurer, after which the class adjourned, and the first Freshman meeting ever held at Wake Forest was over.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they grind exceeding small."

How slow time does pass! Just two years have clapsed since that historic meeting took place, and verily it has seemed an age. We have risen by patience and perseverance from the depths of semi-civilized Newishdom, passing with safety the contagious stage of Sophomoric wisdom, to that high and lofty sphere occupied only by the dignified Junior. This enviable position has not been gained by a single bound, but has been reached through never-ceasing toil, and by burning night after night the "midnight oil"; one foe dispatched, another has ever been ready to take its place. For a while our labors seemed to have gained us nothing. It has looked as if ours was an endless task, as futile as the search for the fountain of youth. We have held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, hoping always for the best, and trusting to kind providence to provide that which has not been accomplished by work. The goal, however, at last has appeared to be nearer than in the beginning.

"United, we stand; divided, we fall!" has everywhere been our motto, whether in the classroom, on examinations, or on the athletic field. We have furnished leaders in every branch of college life. The matchless words of our orators and debaters have echoed again and again within the recesses of the society halls. It would be a waste of space to begin to enumerate the many honors that have fallen to us. It was one of our class who won the fiction medal last year. Three have been chosen to edit The Howler.

"Well, well! the world must turn upon its axis, And all men turn with it, heads or tails."

Only one more year remains before us—a year abounding in difficulties far more complex than any we have encountered before. So far, we have met the Faculty and they are ours; but judging from the record of the present Senior Class, we have much to fear. The very mention of Logic strikes terror to our hearts.

The gift of prophecy has not been bestowed upon me, and even if it were, it would take volume after volume to plot the futures of our sixty men. Our aims and aspirations in life are many and various. Some have decided to become propounders of the law and thus win fame; some have laid their all upon the altar of literature; others have felt called to preach the gospel, and some have made up their minds to teach. Time can be the only sure test. Great men are born, not made. If the present be a safe guide for the future, much may be expected of our sturdy band.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

OFFICERS.

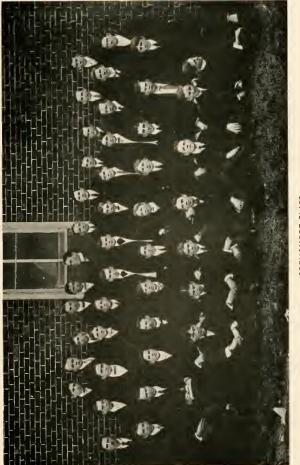
RICHARD DEPEW COVINGTON, PRESIDENT.

JOHN RANDOLPH TEAGUE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

SAMUEL WAIT BAGLEY, SECRETARY.

JOHN ASKEW SHAW, TREASURER.

ARTHUR LLOYD FLETCHER, HISTORIAN.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.

NAME.	SOCIETY.		ADDRESS.
EDGAR CLIFTON ANDREWS	Ф	Durham,	North Carolina
MATTHEW DARDEN AUSTIN		Rockingham,	North Carolina
SAMUEL WAIT BAGLEY	ф	. Scotland Neck,	North Carolina
Secretary Sophomore Class.			
STANLEY WALTER BENNETT	Υ	Wake Forest,	North Carolina
Benjamin Franklin Bray	Υ	Woodville,	North Carolina
Treasurer Y. M. C. A.			
JOHN WILLIAM COLE	Υ	Bringles,	North Carolina
Edwin Erwin Connor	Υ	Mars Hill,	North Carolina
EDWIN WALTER COOKE	Υ	Louisburg,	North Carolina
JAMES WILLIAM COPPEDGE	Υ	Cedar Rock,	North Carolina
RICHARD DEPEW COVINGTON	Υ	Florence,	South Carolina
President Sophomore Class.			
EGBERT LAWRENCE DAVIS	Υ	Conrads,	North Carolina
Second Marshal, Commencement.			
BENJAMIN EVERETT DUNN	Υ	Littleton,	North Carolina
ARTHUR LLOYD FLETCHER	Υ	Jefferson,	North Carolina
Historian Sophomore Class.			
MORTIMER ELLIOTT FORREST		Raleigh,	North Carolina
WILLIAM JOSIAH FRANCIS	Υ	Waynesville,	North Carolina
EARLE GORE		Wilmington,	North Carolina
DAVID BROOKS HARWELL		Wake Forest,	North Carolina
Andrew Cleveland Hamby	Ф	Stony Fork,	North Carolina
JULIUS ADOLPHUS HEILIG	Y	Yost,	North Carolina
RAY HENRY	Υ	Lilesville,	North Carolina
BENJAMIN THOMAS HOLDING	ф	Youngsville,	North Carolina
CLAUDIUS COOPER HOWARD	Ф	Salemburg,	North Carolina
JAMES DALLAS HOWELL	Υ	Tillery,	North Carolina
Judson Dunbar Ives	Ф	Pine Bluff,	North Carolina
Wingate Memory Johnson	, ф	Cary,	North Carolina
THURMAN DELMAR KITCHIN	Ÿ	Scotland Neck,	North Carolina
Third Marshal, Commencement.			

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HOME ADDRESS.
VAN ARMSTRONG LINGLE	Υ	Dwight, North Carolina
Edward Long	Υ	Love's Level, North Carolina
WINGFIELD HANCOCK LYON, JR.	Υ	Raleigh, North Carolina
PEARL DAMON MANGUM		
GRAHAM DICKSON MOORE Third Marshal, Anniversary.		
Joe Norfleet	Υ	Franklin, Virginia
REUBEN DWIGHT MARSH 1	Υ	Marshville, North Carolina
HERBERT ERNEST PEELE		
Jesse Parker		
JOHN OWEN POPE		
HUBERT MCNEIL POTEAT		
WILLIAM HOWARD PRICE Second Marshal, Anniversary.		
JAMES DICK PROCTOR First Marshal, Commencement.		
CHARLES WILKY PAYSEUR		
James Robinson Saunders		
John Askew Shaw	Υ	Winton, North Carolina
WILLIAM PAUL SPEAS		
WILLIAM WALTER STAFFORD		
JOHN RANDOLPH TEAGUE Second Marshal, Commencement	; Vice-President S	Sophomore Class.
LEONIDAS LAKE TRIPLETT		
EUGENE A. TURNER	Ф	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Jacob Allen Underwood		
JOHN HENRY VERNON, JR		
THOMAS LEWELLYN VERNON	Υ	Madison, North Carolina
WILLIAM MARION WHITESIDES		
George Griffton Wood		
WILLIAM LUTHER WYATT	Υ	Raleigh, North Carolina

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

"All flesh is grass and all our glory fades Like the fair flower disheveled by the wind."

RIGHT bitterly was this fact brought home to us—the Class of 1905. In August of 1901 we left our homes with sadness in our hearts and with mother's and sister's kisses warm on our lips. How lonely they would be without us! How our good old neighbors would miss us! But with visions of greatness in the near future, and with unbounded faith in our intellectual abilities, we resolutely turned away. We reached Wake Forest. Then—a long farewell to our greatness! We found ourselves the most insignificant of all the throng. Indignity after indignity was heaped upon us. After ages of toil, Comnencement came, and with it a rising of spirits. Once free from the dampening domination of Sophomoredom, and with the "divine afflatus" that only an "old-Ish" can feel filling our bosoms, we began to expand to our former dimensions. As the home-bound train sped on, visions of friends and neighbors waiting for us flashed through our self-satisfied minds. In the lowest depths of Newishdom we had dreamed of that day when we, as college men, should bestride our narrow world like a Colossus.

"Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed, Should be so sadly, cruelly destroyed!"

Only the hired man and the old bay mule and the old rickety wagon were awaiting us at the station. Our home-coming created no sensation. We had not been missed.

August 28th, 1902, found us again at Wake Forest—chastened, but strengthened. Our nine months of serfdom were over and our eyes were no longer blinded by Freshman delusions. We found upon our hands the most variegated assortment of Newish ever exhibited under one roof. They ranged all the way from rural celebrities, wearing their "not-to-know-me-argues-your-self-tunknown" expression, down to the "Christmas-tree angel" variety. As Sophs, it was our duty to teach these verdant youths from the high grass, broom-sedge fields, and backwoods of Carolina, their places. And didn't we do it! The campus rang at nightfall with the war-whoop of the "Sporting Club" exhibiting their "trotting-stock." "The Night-hawks" were busy with polish and brush working on Newish complexions. We lavished upon them a thousand other little attentions—all to teach them

"Humility, that low sweet root From which all heavenly virtues shoot,"

To all this the Faculty strenuously objected. We have been having a hard time with the Faculty this year. It has been unusually unruly, and we'll not be

sorry when the time comes to turn it over to the Class of 'o6. We'll all feel relieved when we get rid of it. Without doubt, the Faculty has been the hardest proposition we have had to "buck up against" in the legitimate discharge of our Sophomorical duties. It declared all Newish free and independent. The fiat went forth that there should be not even the mildest form of hazing; that the Newish should not even be whistled; that the voice of the megaphone should be stilled in the land.

Nevertheless, we have tried to do our duty towards the Newish, in spite of the Faculty. For the Soph Class of next year we have already some good material in sight. This, together with those of us who either have too much love for the Sophomore Class to leave it, or who know a good thing when they see it well enough to stay with it, will make a first-class guardian for the Faculty and will afford the Newish ample protection. We bequeath to them the task of holding the ruthless Faculty in check and the sacred duty of bringing up next year's crop of Newish in the way they should go.

Of our class celebrities our "Christmas-gift" Newish, "Siggie," is the most conspicuous. Mangum, of Excelsior fame, stands a close second. "Eternal smiles his emptiness betray." Dunn, "whose little body lodges a mighty mind," must not be overlooked. "Peck," the Virginian whose eloquent lips spout Shakespeare by the hour on the slightest provocation, is our pride. When it comes to speaking, our class yields to none. We point with just pride to Vernon and Turner.

"When they speak, the air, a chartered libertine, is still, And a mute wonder lurketh in men's ears To steal their sweet and honeyed sentences."

As for preachers, we proudly point you to Brethren Haymore and Brinson, whose magnificent sermons, fraught with "words of learned length and thunderous sound," amaze the gazing rustics of the "Harricane." These are only a few of the stars in our oratorical firmament. But we pass on to our "Sports." Calm and serene above us all stands "Big Joe," "the glass of fashion, the mold of form." Little Edwin, a gentle, dainty little fellow and a tremendous favorite with the ladies, stands second. It is like breaking home ties for him to say goodbye to his mirror. "Proc.," the auburn-haired, is "not to hunt." There are

others, all sports of the first water.

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be." Unlimited possibilities open up before us. To vastly excel the present upper classes will be no herculean task. We have passed with honors through the intricate mazes of Junior Latin and Junior Greek. We have passed unscathed through the fiery furnace of Trig. and Analytics. What we can't do remains to be seen. As Juniors we propose to be more dignified and decorous than the present class. When, after due process of evolution, we attain Seniorial dignity, we do not propose to be "learned, without sense, venerably dull." On the other hand, we shall be what the Senior Class ought to be, but seldom is—a model for the lower classes and a crown of glory to the College.

A Freshman may try to disguise
His youth with a hat twice his suize;
Wear his grandfather's clothes,
With his "specs" on his nothes—
Quite useless, as you will surmuise.

But with the old Senior, not so—
To the other extreme he will go.
He will pose as a wonder,
A genius! "By thunder!"
"Just fifteen last month, don't you know!"



THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

OFFICERS.

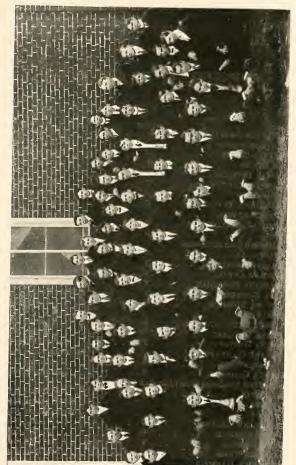
HEBER JONES VANN, PRESIDENT.

GEORGE TURNER GOODWYN, VICE-PRESIDENT.

CARY RAY SMITH, SECRETARY.

BRUCE LEONIDAS POWERS, TREASURER.

GEORGE JONES SPENCE, HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL.

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HOME ADDRESS.	
THEODORE MERTON ALEXANDER	Υ	. Charlotte, North Carolina	
Walter Scott Anderson		Denton, North Carolina	
WILLIS WALTERS BAKER		. Wakefield, North Carolina	
Joe Pittman Bivens			
HARDY FANNELL BRINSON			
James Thomas Broughton	Υ	Raleigh, North Carolina	
David Thomas Bunn			
Adolphus McKinnie Burleson	Υ	Barnardsville, North Carolina	
MIKE FRANCIS CALDWELL		. Lumberton, North Carolina	
FREEMAN FLOYD CASTELLOW	Υ	. Windsor, North Carolina	
ELIJAH COX		. Catha Lake, North Carolina	
Third Marshal Commencement.			
WILLIAM WALTER COX	Ф	. Goldsboro, North Carolina	
BAYARD SCALES CUMMINGS	Υ	. Monroeton, North Carolina	
KADER RANDOLPH CURTIS		Ohoskey, North Carolina	
ELLIOTT BRANTLEY EARNSHAW	Y	Raleigh, North Carolina	
GORDON RABY EDWARDS	. , Υ	Wake Forest, North Carolina	
SLOCOME RUPERT EDWARDS	Ф	Staley, North Carolina	
Baseball Team.			
George Ransom Faircloth	Φ	Thomas, North Carolina	
HOWARD FRANK FREEMAN	r	Taylor, North Carolina	
BYRD PLEASANT GENTRY	Υ	. Bethel Hill, North Carolina	
CHARLES GENTRY GILREATH			
NATHAN N. GREENE	Ф	. Henderson, North Carolina	
George Turner Goodwyn	Ф	. Laurinburg, North Carolina	
Vice-President Freshman Class; Baseball Team.			
James Ira Griffin	Y	Woodland, North Carolina	
DONALD GULLEY			
THOMAS GULLEY		Wake Forest, North Carolina	
GROVER CLEVELAND HAMRICK	Υ	Shelby, North Carolina	
Spurgeon Ord Hamrick	r	Shelby, North Carolina	
LUTHER DUKE HARPER	Υ	Elm City, North Carolina	
DANIEL GARFIELD HART		Fruitland, North Carolina	
Dodson Frederick Harwell		Wake Forest, North Carolina	
John Henry Harwood		. Robbinsville, North Carolina	

WILL ISHAM HOLDING
LLOYD MARTIN HOLLOWAY Sparta, North Carolina
JOHN WILLIAM HOPE Pocomoke City, Maryland
Fred Lafayette Huffman Morganton, North Carolina
JOSEPH CAREY JONES
EDWIN BRUCE JOSEY
VALLIE JOYNER
GEORGE WASHINGTON JUSTICE Hendersonville, North Carolina
MICHAEL HOKE JUSTICE, JR Rutherfordton, North Carolina
RICHARD LEON KENDRICK
OSCAR WENTWORTH KING
Baseball Team.
CHARLES ALEXANDER LEONARD Statesville, North Carolina
ARTHUR FORRESTER LIDE Darlington, South Carolina
CARL RABY LIVERMON Roxobel, North Carolina
FLETCHER HARRIS LYON Austin, North Carolina
JOHN ERNEST MARION
WILL SLATER MARKHAM Durham, North Carolina
VAN BUREN MARTIN
MARTIN LUTHER MATTHEWS
JESSE McCarter
BEATTIE DEKALB McDaniel
ROY HERBERT MITCHELL
STEVEN JONES MORGAN
ELPENA COUNCIL PARKER
LESLIE CLEVELAND PARKER Salemsburg, North Carolina
LLOYD ARCHIE PARKER
JOSEPH COLLIS PATTON
ERNEST MONROE PERRY
CHARLES WILSON PICKERING Copen, South Carolina
WILLIE DOWD POE Pittsboro, North Carolina
CHARLES TAYLOR POSTON
Bruce Leonidas Powers
Treasurer Freshman Class.
JOHN JENKINS PRICE
VALLIE CONWAY RAY
Daniel Parker Robbins
Frank Sumner Ross
EDWIN FEREBEE SHAW
OSCAR JENNINGS SIKES
CLAUDIUS ARTHUR SMITH Concord, North Carolina
CARY RAY SMITH
Secretary Freshman Class,
JAMES ABNER SNOW
BENJAMIN SORGEE New Brooklyn South Carolina
JAMES HENRY SPALDING Eure North Carolina
George Jones Spence Elizabeth City, North Carolina
Historian Freshman Class.

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HOME ADDRESS.
THOMAS EATON SWANN	, .Υ	Cool Springs, North Carolina
URENS EDGAR SWANN	Υ···	Cool Springs, North Carolina
John Boyce Talbirt		Concord, North Carolina
WILLIS PERKINS TAYLOR	Y Au	relian Springs, North Carolina
Cornelius Tate Tew		Clinton, North Carolina
Shadrach Franklin Thompson		Ladonia, North Carolina
BIRDER TOWNSEND		. Lumberton, North Carolina
JAMES LASSITER TUNSTALL	Υ	Cokes, North Carolina
Robert Lendon Upchurch	. , Ф	Clinton, North Carolina
HEBER JONES VANN	Υ	Como, North Carolina
President Freshman Class; Baseba	ll Team.	
Joseph Newsome Vann	. Y	Union, North Carolina
James Macon Vaughan	Y	Flint, North Carolina
JESSE BENTON WEATHERSPOON	Ф	Durham, North Carolina

new histre

bi spense wheeler

DONT no whether eny boddy nose it or knot but we are hear and their aint eny more hear like us nor their aint eny more home like us either we got hear sum time in august i think i aint quite shure i no it becaws i dont no nothin i thought i knowed somethin befour i left home but i found that was a mistake we have got sum middlin good prefessers up hear and they have treated us newishes tolably fare if they dont get eny worst we mite deside later to keep them enother year their are sum things done up hear which we dont think is rite one thing certain we dont like this here way the faculty has got of holding their neetings in secret they aught to hold there meetings in the big chapel and let every boddy come up that wants to we have got the well fair of this college at heart and we think we aught to be allowed to no how things are going on

sum of these senvors and junyors up hear are just horred and they certainly aint got much respect for a newish one of them senyors actually cussed at ickabob the other day and ickabob he cussed back at him and then-well i feal reel sorry for icky now—the pore boy aint got but one i we have desided that the man what invented latin aught to be hung for life but the man what discovered ponys is a hero and aught to be elected president of england hinds and noble are doing a great and glorious work for the uplifting of the human race if they ever bust our class has agreed to grant them a pension all the ballance of there lives our class is very multitudinous being composed of sum boddy or other from every country in the state except africa there is a feller hear named josey dont env of us no where he from but we think he hails from sibera dont let it get out but this years harvest of newishes is absolutely the best crop ever raised around hear i just want to tell you confidentially that we are the guardian angels of this institution heber van persides over our meetings and forrest is our sporting man little smith keeps a record of our doings in our meetings and brutus powers is our treasurer and keeps our funds we have 44 cents in the treasury now which we will invest in peanuts at commencement santa claws brings us sum viry purty toys christmas he brung us one little jack-in-the-box and on the outside was painted in bright red letters-sigmon he brung us several other little toys which we aint learned the name of yet hufman one of them playthings what santa claws put in our sock is trying to get the faculty to dismiss that blacking committee what blacked him as they used indelible ink instead of shoe polish patton is our poet hear is a finished product of his fertile brain—

"senyors have their time to fall junyors to wither at examinations—bluish; the sophs to pony up—but all thou hast all seasons to be blacked—oh newish"

mike justiss has bought a 4oc. sweater and is trying to make pigtail on the scrub base ball team his chances for this position of trust and responsibility are very favorable as he has the support of the whole class ransom farecloth and willie cox have formed a monopoly on boreing but i suppose ransom is excusable as he is a caudidate for 3rd marshall dr tom is the most knowingest man in the faculty he is our friend in a time of need and a shelter in the time of storm we have been treated recl cruel by them sofmoores which blacked us with shoe pollish sut and axle greece but there is a bright day a coming by and by and then when we had our picture took they heaved mud at us and cussed at us and called us newishes but we will forgive them because they dont no any better the most popular feller in the senyor class is si cology one senyor though said that si weren't much on examinations

p. s. big broughton has combed his hair and is running for 3rd marshall i hope he will get it—if eny boddy else in the newish class wants eny thing else they can get it becaws we are running things this year—i should also wish to state that this histre is not very authentical being writ by a feller who handles the truth rather careless sum times—yours truly

historian

CONTENTMENT.

De 'possums what was in de swampy marsh Has all bin cotched an' eat, An' de Christmas times dey 's er drawin' nigh, Wid not er single scrap uv meat.

But what's de use er rilin',

Ef yer lot ain't zackly fine,

While de earf keep on er smilin',

An' oe sun don't fail ter shine?

Dar ain't no cracklings in de co'n cake,
Dar ain't no flour in de sack,
An' de milk cow 's down wid de holler horn,
An' de gray mule 's broke his back.

Dar ain't no 'simmons on de 'simmon tree,
An' de taters am scase in de patch,
An' de bulldog sleeps by de chicken roost,
An' de blue hen's aigs won't hatch.

Blackberry time am done an' gone,
An' de frost done kill all de fruit,
An' de pensions, dey 's all fer de white folks,
So de nigger gotter starve er root.

But what 's de use er rilin',
Ef yer lot ain't zackly fine,
While de earf keep on er smilin',
An' de sun don't fail ter shine?

J. O. PATTON.

THE LAW CLASS.

OFFICERS.

WILLIAM ALBION DUNN, JR., PRESIDENT.

ODES MCCOY MULL, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JAMES LESLIE COLLIER, SECRETARY.

RAYMOND CROMWELL DUNN, HISTORIAN.



LAW CLASS.

LAW CLASS ROLL.

NAME. HOME ADDRESS.
RICHARD CLYDE ALLEN
THOMAS ALLEN Dillon, South Carolina
LEMILLE HENDREN ALLRED Youngsville, North Carolina
HUGH LAWSON BECKERDITE Winston-Salem, North Carolina
CLAUDIUS WILLIE BELL Dunn, North Carolina
EVERETT JOHNSON BRITT
J. G. CARTER Forsyth County, North Carolina
D. J. CASHWELL
James Leslie Collier Little River Academy, North Carolina
Secretary Law Class.
PRITCHARD SYLVESTER CARLTON Warsaw, North Carolina
Otto Frederic Dinglehoef 34 Grammercy Park, New York City
WILLIAM ALBION DUNN, JR Scotland Neck, North Carolina
President Law Class.
RAYMOND CROMWELL DUNY Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Historian Law Class; Editor Student; Baseball Team.
ROBERT HARDY DYE Fayetteville, North Carolina
CHARLES GENTRY GILREATH Moravian Falls, North Carolina
CHARLES UPCHURCH HARRIS Raleigh, North Carolina
Fitzhugh Burgardus Hamrick Metal, North Carolina
Walter Jones
WALTER NEY KEENER Lincolnton, North Carolina
CHARLES DUFFY KOONCE Jacksonville, North Carolina
E. Loftin Larkins
JOSEPH ABNER LEIGH Columbia, North Carolina
FLETCHER HARRIS LYON
Winfield Hancock Lyon, Jr Raleigh, North Carolina
DAVID LEONARD McDuffie Fayetteville, North Carolina
ERNEST VANCE MOORE Liledown, North Carolina
LEONIDAS JOHN MOORE, JR New Berne, North Carolina
CHARLES M. MORSE
TOLA DAVID MANESS

Van Buren Martin
ODES McCoy Mull
Vice-President Law Class; Baseball Team.
WAYLAND LEROY NEWTON
HENRY REYNOLDS Pilot Mountain, North Carolina
George Dana Boardman Reynolds Eagle Springs, North Carolina
WILLIE WENDOL ROGERS
Grayson Columbus Robertson Barnardsville, North Carolina
JOHN CUTHBERTSON SIKES, JR
Manager Baseball Team.
WILLIAM ROBERT SHERRILL
ERNEST FREDERIC UPCHURCH
LEON T. VAUGHAN
LEONIDAS BLACKMAN WILLIAMS Rockingham, North Carolina
JOHN MARTIN WAGONER

HISTORY OF THE LAW CLASS.

N the morning of the 28th of Angust, twenty-five of the best-looking (?) young men in Wake Forest College assembled in Williams Hall to begin the study of law. Begin? Ye gods, no! for some of them had been learned in the law "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," which, being interpreted, means three years. However, on this morning the papa Solons and the little Johnnie Solons began their work together, each of us determined to "learn the law, the whole law, and nothing but the law, so help us Gulley."

It was not a particularly handsome class, but long ago "Reddy" Allen had declared that "you can't learn law and be pretty at the same time," and who knew better than "Reddy"? So in the beginning, each one carefully laid away his personal pulchritude for future use, realizing that law was a most jealous mistress and would brook no rivals.

But what of the personnel of the class? First there was Allen, the only black-haired member of his father's family, who knew more law than any man in the class, and whose faith in his learning was well shown by his "I 'll bet you't en cents I 'm right " on every occasion. Who could better be mentioned here than "Pritch" Carlton, Allen's rival and legal enemy? "Pritch" had already spent a summer here, pretending to take Junior Law One, but in reality taking "Junior Girls too," and he, with Keener and W. Dunn, most vigorously opposed the personal pulchritude proposition mentioned above. We do not mean to say that these three were conceited; not at all, nor do we try to prove it, for quod constat clare non debet verificari is a well-known legal maxim. "Sport" Dunn, the womanhater, comes next. He was a great lover of Equity, and had for himself a revised maxim, "Equity considers her Dunn who ought to be Dunn," which he never failed to quote whenever the opportunity offered.

Then Keener, the lover; Sikes, the joker; Collier, the advocate; Mull, the quizzer; Maness, the orator; Rogers, the standby—each comes in for his share of glory in this legal dispensation; not to mention Pierce, who never asked a question, nor Martin, who never answered one. After Christmas our number was increased to such an extent as to preclude further mention of our members.

Yet we would not have you think that there were no serious moments for us, that all our time was spent in "the vain pleasures of the world." I call upon the immortal Blackstone to say thee nay! I refute it in the name of Greenleaf, that

mighty "Evidence" of a mighty man! I deny it in the name of Stephen, whose "Pleadings" should not be in vain! I call upon "The Administrators and Executors" of Croswell to refute this odious calumny! I impeach the truth of such an assertion in the name of Clark, Bispham, and Adams, and that long line of illustrious legal lights whose acquaintance we have made! It is the vilest "slander" of innocent men, done with a "malicious intent" to injure us in our reputation and profession. Yes, our class has been studious, carefully observant of law and lawyers, and each member possessing in a remarkable degree

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign powers,"

Yet we have not been wholly free from strife among ourselves. The Moot Court had to be organized, and every father's son of us wanted a position on the bench. "Legging" became the order of the day and peanuts and pop-corn candy proved mighty factors in the campaign. At length, the all-important day came, and William W. Rogers, Esq., walked off with the palm. The other officers were elected without opposition, and "this honorable court" was now ready for business. "Richard Roe" and "John Doe" proved the most frequent wrongdoers, and accordingly found themselves arraigned at every term. However, at one time "Romulus Richards" and his twin brother "Remus" were before His Honor for burglary, and at another "Jane Doc" had to answer for the crime of making a "three-bagger" on the head of "John Fen." These courts were a great factor in developing the powers of the young attorneys in the art of crossexamination, in the putting of their cases to the jury, and in "practise and pleading." Already Daniel Webster has been eclipsed and Thomas B. Reed forced to take a back seat in the profession. Marshall and Taney sink into insignificance by the side of Rogers.

"A Daniel come to jndgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young jndge, how I do honor thee!"

As to the popularity of these courts of justice, the fact that oftentimes the sheriff was officer and juror at the same time, bespeaks a large attendance upon them.

O fortunate Six! We sing of you who stemmed the tide of questions in February and with unbroken phalanx reached that shore to which so many of your struggling brethren look with longing eyes. Would that we had been with you! We see our error now.

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me,"

is the fear of us all. However, August will prove all things.

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We were pleasantly surprised one morning on entering the law room to see in the bold handwriting of our class poet that

"Professor Gulley last night over the other lawyers rode, And was elected Chairman of the Commission on the Code."

The poet was right. True worth had met its reward and our Professor, "the best expounder of the law," had been chosen to fill a most honorable and responsible position. The embryonic lawyers will not in future dread the Code, for under his direction it will be so arranged that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." We congratulate the State on having such a man to help revise its Code and, you, Professor, on being accorded so deserved an honor.

"It doth appear you are a worthy judge, You know the law, your exposition Hath been most sound,"

Now my task is almost done. I realize the truth of the common law maxim, that "Idem est nihil dicere et insufficienter dicere." But what can I do? It is impossible to tell all you 've said and done, to relate all the victories you have achieved, to recount all of your trials, to mention all of your troubles. This is impossible, and "A l'impossible une n'est ténu." In August you will obtain that coveted license; you will then be in reality, what you have been so long in your dreams—lawyers—" men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionate to the fee which they receive from him."

And now, in parting, a word to each of you, my classmates:

"I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed"

to success,

"Acting the law we live by without fear:
And, because right is right, to follow right"

until you have proven yourself an honor to your profession, and largely through your instrumentality

"The kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

THE MOOT COURT.

N. Y. GULLEY

Judge of the Appellate Court.

W. W. ROGERS

Judge of the Common Court.

W. A. DUNN, JR. Solicitor.

P. S. CARLTON Clerk.

W. N. KEENER
Sheriff.

MEDICAL CLASS.

OFFICERS.

JOHN ARCHIBALD MCMILLAN, PRESIDENT.

JOHN LAMBE PRITCHARD, VICE-PRESIDENT.

ISAAC ARCHER HORNE, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

JOHN BREWER POWERS, JR., HISTORIAN.

MEMBERS.

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HOME ADDRESS.
PAUL CLENTON BRITTLE	Υ	Menola, North Carolina
PAUL CRUMPLER		. Clinton, North Carolina
Thomas Joseph Dean	Υ	Cedar Rock, North Carolina
GEORGE NORFLEET HARRELL		Potecasi, North Carolina
William Alden Hoggard .		Windsor, North Carolina
Isaac Archer Horne		. Pendleton, North Carolina
R. R. Lucas		. Plymouth, North Carolina
George A. McLemore	Φ	Parkersburg, North Carolina
John Archibald McMillan .		Riverton, North Carolina
PAUL HAYNE MITCHELL		Ahoskie, North Carolina
Hodge Albert Newell	Υ	. Mapleville, North Carolina
John Brewer Powers, Jr	Ф	Wake Forest, North Carolina
JOHN LAMBE PRITCHARD	Υ	Burden, North Carolina
HOUSTON WINGATE VERNON .		Wake Forest, North Carolina



MEDICAL CLASS.

MEDICAL CLASS HISTORY.

HE class of embryonic Esculapians of '03 is by no means entirely devoid of history, although the miserly manner in which they conceal it would make it appear so. 'T is true, the historian remembers one night when a portion of the class, gathered together for a quiz, succeeded it by an experience meeting. Had the present writer known, therefore, that he would afterwards be appointed historian, he would have taken notes and thus saved some very interesting facts. However, he has not completely forgotten that night, and will set down what he remembers. This is all good enough on one hand, but, on the other, the very gentlemen whom the historian has reason to believe to have the most history, or rather experience, connected with their names, were not present. Nevertheless, some facts concerning them have leaked out.

Now, to begin with the experience meeting. The first gentleman to give his experience had just returned from a visit. He still had reminiscences of driving to church and of the fatted sheep killed for him, on his brain, though the "cerebral" committee declare that the most prominent feature of this gentleman's brain is the floor of his fourth ventricle. Because of a recent feat of this same gentleman, the historian feels obliged to add that his spinal cord, or rather vertebral column, is pretty good also.

The next gentleman to testify reached down and pulled out his watch. Opening it and showing a girl's picture on the inner side of the case, he remarked: "Boys, if I ever amount to anything in this world it will be because of this girl, for she has "etc.!!! This proved to be a very fortunate remark, for immediately afterwards we were treated to a story worthy to be written up for some magazine, by the poet of the class famous for his lines on "The Lily White Hands." He began his story something like this: "Boys, down yonder in S—— County, where I came from, there is a school-teacher. I fell in love with her and asked her to marry me. She langhed at me because I was only a poor, uneducated farm boy. Instead of being discouraged, I started to school, and while at school concluded that perhaps she might like a doctor. Gentlemen, you know now why I am here, and if working will get her, she is mine." The writer can assert that this gentleman has done faithful work. Who knows but that some day he will be a famous surgeon?

The class has lately learned that there is another Claude Bernard in their midst. The discovery came about in this way: Two members of the "cerebral" committee were discussing the possibility of procuring for one animal a peculiar trait of another by extirpation of the center for this trait and grafting it on the corresponding center in the brain of the other. One of the spinal cord men overheard this conversation and determined to try the experiment of removing the olfactory lobe of a dog and grafting it on to the brain of a cat, so that a cat could be made to hunt birds and chase rabbits as well as a dog. He tried the experiment time and again, but every time failed. Finally, one day he asked a third member of the "cerebral" committee why his experiment wouldn't work. This member explained to him something about a waller-i-an degeneration. He concluded he did, and in the mud at that.

Before closing, I should mention the great consternation created the other day, when it became known that the whole class, including the instructor, was summoned before the faculty. The whole class was first censured for monopolizing the gymnasium. Then each one had a separate charge preferred against him—Crumpler, Dean, and Harrell for taking two years' work in one; Newell for using profane language; McLemore for getting drunk; Mitchell and Hoggard for dragging; Lucas and Ikey for doing more than their share of dissecting; Hoose for paying too much attention to his looks; McMillan for studying too hard and for not visiting enough; Powers for neglecting his studies for baseball; Pritchard for neglecting everything, even unto his personal appearance, for Histology; and lastly, Dr. Cooke for not traveling enough in the interest of his department. On promising not to return again next year, they were all allowed to continue till Commencement.

Then, what may we not expect from such a wonderful class—some being inspired by "Lily White Hands," while others have the idea of experimenting so deeply implanted in them? When they shall have gone forth to the battle-field of life, marbles used in the place of eyes will be a thing of the past, as the lower animals will have to supply them for the higher. Maybe our experimenter will succeed in his transfer of the olfactory lobe, even in man. At least the science of Medicine will receive a great upheaval.

Degrees Conferred in 1902.

MASTER OF ARTS.

C. M. Beach

J. P. McSwain

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

P. R. ALDERMAN

F. Q. BARBEE

A. J. BETHEA

B. H. Browning

W. A. Dunn, Jr.

F. G. Hamrick

J. K. Henderson

W. Keener

I. A. McMillan

O. M. MULL

L. T. ROYALL

H. V. SCARBOROUGH

D. W. SORRELL

G. T. STEPHENSON

L. T. VAUGHAN

R. P. WALKER

J. M. ARNETTE

C. M. BEACH

T. E. BROWNE

J. T. Buff

A. P. GARRETT

E. R. HARRIS

A W. Honeycutt

C. E. McBrayer

J. P. McSwain

H. H. POWELL

M. B. SAWYER

J. C. Sikes, Jr.

B. F. STAFFORD

W. H. TYLER

W. L. VAUGHAN

W. E. WOODRUFF

BACHELOR OF LAW.

E. J. Britt

F. D. Hamrick

O. P. DICKINSON

F. E. THOMAS

THE LUCKY THIRTEEN.

"Mike" is a boy of great popularity, Caused, no doubt, by his catching hilarity. He stays with his friends and not with his books; To loafing he pays more attention than looks. "Biggy" is a man of huge dimensions,
But these can not equal his enormous pretensions.
Of temper he has an unusual share,
But when it comes to fight, well—Biggy's not there.

"Ichabod" causes a cackling noise
Whenever he appears among the boys.
A perpetual grin rests on his face,
And he carries himself with proverbial grace.

"Lord Creacy" has a knowing look; He's never seen without a book. His look is always quite demure— This dignified, this knowing puer. "Barnyard" is a poet of great renown. He writes of the chicken, the pig, and the hound; He even has chickens in love in the yard; He'll outlive his fame, the "Barnyard Bard."

Goo-goo "Alec" writes news each day, And then peruses what he has to say. A silver-tongued Demosthenes, But his listeners appear to be ill at ease.

And now "Excelsior" with his bag of collars, His laundry receipts grow into dollars. He comes thro' the snow, he comes thro' the rain; Long live the Parson of Excelsior fame! "Sir Roger" builds pyramids of grub, And packs them away in his cavernous tub. And knowledge he stores away in his brain, But his supply of wit remains the same.

"Puggy's" face is a question mark:
"Paid your laundry bill or not?"
Politics is Puggy's sphere.
He'll wear the toga some time last year.

"Preach" beats all for telling a lie; This no human dares to deny. He overflows with original (?) wit, And with a case of "bores" his hearers are smit. "Curly" spouts with oratory,
Of heroes bold, of battles gory;
But then he comes from Calhoun's State,
Where everybody expects to be great.

"Knotty" possesses beautiful hair, Which curls over his cranium here and there. A baseball player—a little wild, But he handles himself with professional style.

Pretty "Hobby" twirls the sphere, And gives the batter a clutch of fear. The maidens' hearts are easy prey, But Trinity proceeded to bat him away. Here's to the thirteen men of fame! Some day you will hear their other name. For long ago 't was decreed by Fate That these thirteen should all be great.



CAMPUS SCENE.

Wingate Hemorial Hall.



Organizations



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE BAND.

Samuel W. Bagley
Talcott W. Brewer
Samuel W. Bagley
OSCAR W. KING
George W. Coggin First Cornet
THOMAS M. BIZZELL First Alto
DAVID H. BLAND
George E. Kornegay First Tenor
Judson D. Ives
Hubert M. Poteat
Talcott W. Brewer Tuba
Bruce I. Powers
CARL R. SMITH



THE BAND.

BLAND KING BAGLEY COGGINS BIZZELL

SMITH POTEAT BREWER IVES KORNEGAY POWERS

GLEE CLUB.

SAMUEL W. BAGLEY, Violin and Cornet TALCOTT W. BREWER, Violin GASTON S. FOOTE, Guitar

James E. Hobgood, Guitar

OSCAR W. KING, Guitar and Cornet WILLIAM H. PACE, Banjo

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Violin and Trombone Burton J. Ray, Violin and Guitar

FIRST TENORS.

EUGENE S. GREENE HENRY E. CRAVEN SECOND TENORS.

JAMES E. HOBGOOD GASTON S. FOOTE

FIRST BASSES.

Burton J. Ray Bruce L. Powers SECOND BASSES.

WILLIAM H. PACE JOHN B. POWERS



KING PACE

FOOTE RAY

GLEE CLUB.
POWERS, J. HOBGOOD
BREWER POTEAT

GREENE

POWERS, B. BAGLEY

Y. M. C. A.

WILLIAM W. BARNES	resident
DAVID H. BLAND	resident
Hugh L Story	ecretary
JOSEPH B. WYCHE Corresponding Se	ecretary
BENJAMIN F. BRAY, JR	reasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Religious.

Nominating.

JAMES M. JUSTICE

CHARLES A. SIGMON

Finance.

BENJAMIN F. BRAY, JR.

Bible Study.

JULIUS A. HEILIG

Mission Study.

ROBERT R. FLEMING, JR.

Handbook.

CHARLES P. WEAVER

WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

W	. L.	POTEAT .													. Presiden
J.	F.	LANNEAU												Vi	ice-Presiden
C.	Ĕ.	BREWER .								,					. Secretar

Papers Read in 1902-03.

DR. F. K. COOKE—"The Surface Anatomy of the Brain."

PROF. J. I. LAKE-" The Predecessors of Roentgen and Becquerel."

Dr. F. K. COOKE-" Bacillary Dysentery."

MR. S. A. IVES-" Attempts to Solve the Problem of Heredity."

PROF. W. L. POTEAT—" Fresh Light on the Problem of Heredity."

PRESIDENT C. E. TAYLOR—"The Cult of the Occult."

MR. T. W. BREWER-" Nitrification."

DR. C. E. BREWER-" Processes for Rendering Wood Incombustible."

PROF. W. L. POTEAT-" Additional North Carolina Desmids."

MR. W. W. ASHE-" The Economic Value of Trees."

VIRGINIA CLUB.

L. L. TRIPLETT Secretary and Treasurer FAVORITE DRINK: FAVORITE DISH: Historic James River Water. Lynnhaven Oysters. FAVORITE OCCUPATION: MOTTO: Bragging of the Old Dominion. Once a Virginian, Always a Virginian. MEMBERS. R. G. CAMP T. L. Dunn JOE NORFLEET G. A. Peek L. L. TRIPLETT FRATRES IN FACULTATE. DR. C. E. TAYLOR Dr. J. H. GORRELL PROF. L. R. MILLS PROF. B. F. SLEDD PROF. J. L. LAKE PROF. C. C. CRITTENDEN

RALEIGH CLUB.

MOTTO:

Φάγε, Πίε Καὶ Εὐφραίνου.

FLOWER:

Jimson-Weed.

COLORS: Peacock Blue and Turtle Green.

OFFICERS.

TALCOTT W. Brewer
WILLIAM H. PACE Vice-President
Burton J. Ray Secretary and Treasurer
MORTIMER E. FORREST Keeper of the Cupboard
WILLIAM L. WYATT Inspector of the Capitol Square Loafing Grounds
ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW Custodian of the Senatorial Cuspidors

MEMBERS.

J. T. BROUGHTON

T. W. BREWER

E. B. EARNSHAW

M. E. FORREST

W. H. Lyon

W. H. PACE

B. J. RAY

W. L. WYATT

WAKE COUNTY CLUB.

MOTTO:

When you can't do otherwise-Don't.

LATIN MOTTO: Nota bene omnia.

FLOWER: Castor Oil Bean. COLORS:

Tobacco Juice Yellow and Skimmed Milk Blue.

YELL:

Wake 'em up! Wake 'em up! Wake! Wake! Wake! Shake 'em up! Shake 'em up! Shake! Shake! Shake! Wide Awake! Wide Awake! Wake! Wake! Wake!

OFFICERS.

James Royall. President John Powers Secretary Seagraves Vice-President Henry Lanneau Grand Snark of the Universe Spencer Wheeler Wool Gatherer and Rag-bagman Extraordinary John Fort Prime Minister of the Harricane Donald Gulley Special Weather Bureau Commissioner to Report Upper
Atmospheric Conditions. Bruce Powers
WILLIAM ROYALL
EUGENE TURNER General Agent from Chicago, Representing the "Big Feet
Combine.''
BIG HOUS. VERNON Sole Laboratory Fossil Specimen Extant, Proving Irre-
sistibly the Evolution Theory.
HUBERT POTEAT Famous Discoverer of the Lost Chord
EARL FOWLER Special Wild Animal Trainer of the Literary Department
E. L. Green
BOOTH Lord High Chaplain of the Peanut Grabbers
THOMAS GULLEY General Telephone Inspector of Wake
Brooks Harwell
FRED HARWELL Ex-President of Kindergartens
WINGATE JOHNSON Supervisor of Reformatory for Hoboes

The following Stanch Democrats were elected Honorary Life Members:

MR. Dooley, the Greatest Man Alive.

RIGHT HONORABLE OLIVER BRACY, L.L. D., Dangerous Rival of the Old Blue Back Speller.

CARRIE NATION, Matron.

HERTFORD COUNTY CLUB.

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION: Fame and Office.

MOTTO:

"Εχαστον μάρ δένδρον έχ Τοδιδίου Καρποδ μινώσχεται—" Take off your dough-face."

FAVORITE DRINK:

COLORS:
Meherrin River Vellow.

Iuniper Water.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:

Goober-grabbling and walking bow-legged.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS:

Eastern Carolina and the Institute Girls.

COAT OF ARMS:

A shad rampant on a corn-pone passant surmounted by a mule brayant.

YELL:

Vackety yack, co-ra, co-ri!
Three times three for C. B. F. I.
Fill her up in Como, in Union,
Drink her down,
Harrellsville! Winton! Murfrees-town!

OFFICERS.

MEMBERS.

P. C. BRITTLE	V. Joyner	E. C. PARKER
K. R. CURTIS	P. H. MITCHELL	L. A. PARKER
C. H. Jenkins	HERBERT JENKINS	W. W. Rogers
J. A. Shaw	H. J. VANN	J. N. Vann

HALIFAX COUNTY CLUB.

COLORS:

Calico-red and Rabbit-box Black.

VOCATION:	MOTTO:
Sporting the Women.	White Supremacy Forever.
	ORITE NOVEL: y Record Book. FAVORITE DISH: Peanuts—Raw or Roasted.
	OFFICERS.
BENJAMIN H. BROWNING	
W. Albion Dunn	Vice-President
RAYMOND C. DUNN	Secretary and Treasurer
Hugh Johnson	Beauty Spot
j	MEMBERS.
S. W. BAGLEY	W. A. Dunn
B. H. Browning	Hugh Johnson
J. R. CULLOM	E. B. Josey
B. E. Dunn	T. D. KITCHIN
R. C. Dunn	R. G. Lewis
J. O. Pope	W. P. TAYLOR

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY CLUB.

MOTTO: SONG: "Just a Little Bit Off the Top." Nunc est tempus bibendi. PASSWORD: LOAFING PLACE: "Gnat-gnoop." The Devil's Pocoson. PATRON SAINT: COLOR: Ichabod. Turkey-red Yellow. YELL: Gumberry, Rah! Pinnadab, Yah! Pinnadab-Gumberry, Northampton, Bah! MASCOT: OLIVER BRACEY. OFFICERS. ISAAC ARCHER HORNE Vice-President WILLIAM HARRY STEPHENSON..... Secretary VAN BUREN MARTIN Lamp-post Holder George Norfleet Harrell Bone Getter MEMBERS. I A HORNE I. I. GRIFFIN G. N. HARRELL V. B. MARTIN H. R. HARRIS W. H. STEPHENSON

ROBESON COUNTY CLUB.

COLORS:

Croatan Red and Yellow.

FAVORITE DRINK:

Ditch Water.

YELL:

Ho! Mon, Ho!

Wake Forest,

Robeson Co----,

Lowrie!

SONG:

"Any old place I can hang my hat is home, sweet home, to me."

MOTTO:

Nil mortalibus ardui est.

TRANSLATION:

"Hold Robeson, and save the State."

OFFICERS.

CONSTABULARY.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

J. Abner Barker Evander Maloy Britt Mike Francis Caldwell Raymond Lee Pittman JAMES DICK PROCTOR BERDER TOWNSEND EDMUND FARRIS WARD JUDSON WILLIS

CLEVELAND COUNTY CLUB.

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION:
To please the profane and to grieve the godly.

MOTTO:

γνῶθε σεαυτου.

MORNING TONIC:

π σεαστον.

μήβεν ἄγειν—nothing doing.

COLORS:

FLOWER: Rosemary.

Mountain Blue and Pale.

YELL:

Night-hawks! On the walks!

From C. C.

Are We

.

SONG:

Every Race Has a Flag 'cept de Coon,

OFFICERS.

BAYARD THURMAN FALLS
Patterson Lorenzo Newton Vice-President
George Grifton Wood
Spurgeon Ord Hamrick
GROVER CLEVELAND HAMRICK Master of Hinds and Noble's Ponies
BEATTIE DEKALB McDaniel,
ODES McCov Mull High Attorney and Plenipotentiary

FRANKLIN COUNTY CLUB.

SONG: " 44."

DRINK: Persimmon Beer.

MASCOT: Calvin Pritchard.

YELL: Boom-a-lacka! Boom-a-lacka! Cotton-gin! Hoopla, jolly boys From F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N.

OFFICERS.

Spearman Atwood Newell
Eugene Spencer Greene, Jr Vice-President
John Edward Ayscue
James William Coppedge
Edwin Walter Cooke Great Mogul of the Mirror
Hodge Albert Newell
THOMAS JOSEPH DEAN Delegate to the Faculty
Benjamin Thomas Holding Genteel Sport

FRATER IN UNIVERSITATE.

Dr. F. K. Cooke.

UNION COUNTY CLUB.

THE "HY-BALL" SAINTS.

MOTTO:

In union there is strength.

FAVORITE SONG: FAVORITE SPELLER: "Medium-Metered Doxology." Blue-Back Speller.

FAVORITE DRINK: Lightning Hot Drops.

FAVORITE SMOKE: FAVORITE DISH:
Red Raven Splits. Mulligan Flaps.

FAVORITE GAME: FAVORITE OCCUPATION:

Cock-fight. Ploughing.

OFFICERS.

	Officials.	
S. G. HASTY J. R. SANDERS O. J. SIKES T. D. MANESS		Vice-President . Secretary and Treasurer Ladies' Man First Grand Manipulator
	MEMBERS.	
SMITH MEDLIN	Ed. Long	J. C. SIKES, JR.

R. D. MARSH

SAMPSON COUNTY CLUB.

FAVORITE SONG: "Bill Bailey."

MOTTO:

Sub hoc signo vinces.

COLOR:

Huckleberry Blue.

FAVORITE DRINK: Hot box lye and tar.

VELL:

Rah! Rah! Kill 'em dead, Sampson County 'way ahead. Razzle dazzle, hozzle gobble, rowdy fun, What's the matter with old Samp-son?

OFFICERS.

MEMBERS.

PAUL CRUMPLER C. T. TEW LESLIE C. PARKER
CLAUDE BELL RANSOM FAIRCLOTH C. C. HOWARD

J. A. MCLEMORE LELAND J. POWERS J. A. UNDERWOOD

BERTIE COUNTY CLUB.

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION:
To untie the bags of Æolus

PATRON SAINT: St. Simeon Stylites. FAVORITE DRINK: Sea Water.

LOAFING PLACE: Harricane Hall.

YELL:
Hel-li-ti-lni
Hel-li-ti-lne
B-E-R-T-I-E-Te
Bertie! Bertie!
Hi! Ho-Hi-He! Bertie!

OFFICERS.

HERBERT HAWTHORNE MITCHELL,
WILLIAM ALDEN HOGGARD
CARL RABY LIVERMON
JOHN LAMBE PRITCHARD
THOMAS GIDEON WOOD
FREEMAN FLOYD CASTELLAW
JESSE PARKER Frog Catcher

ALBEMARLE CLUB.

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION:

MOTTO:

To get our names in print.

Do others, or they'll do you.

HOUR OF MEETING:
Any old time.

PLACE:

Knott's Island among the mosquitoes.

FAVORITE FLOWER:
Cotton boll.

FAVORITE COLOR:

Watermelon Red and Bull-frog Green.

FOOD:

Sand-fiddlers and bullfrogs.

PATRON SAINT: Forepaugh.

OFFICERS.

JOHN WILLIAM NOWELL
WILLIAM SCOTT PRIVOTT Vice-President
Warren Scott Boyce
John Howard Campen Spiritual Adviser
Benjamin Franklin Bray Paralyzer of the Feminine Heart
WILLIAM WALTER STAFFORD Supreme Loafer
Grorge Jones Spencer

CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS.

THE SPIRITUAL ADVISER: "Step aside, and let's have prayer."
THE PARALYZER: "Come to my arms, you long-lost pot of glue."
THE SUPREME LOAFER: "I'll go see if I can't borrow some."
THE BAIT DIGGER: "Oh! let me do it; you don't know how."

GRANVILLE COUNTY CLUB.

MOTTO:

GOLDEN RULE:

Primum in omnibus.

Do others before they do you

COLORS:

Tobacco Vellow and Dirt-Dauber Red.

FLOWER:

FAVORITE SONG:

May Pop.

"Show Me the Way to Go Home, Babe!"

YELL:

Pour her out! Drink her down! Here we are, Granville, Granville. Rah! Rah! Rah! We're hot stuff! We hit 'em hard! We've been living on good meat and lard.

OFFICERS.

HONORARY MEMBER.

C. GLOVER

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Dr. Tom Jeffreys

MEMBERS.

THOMAS ADDISON ALLEN

SAMUEL CLEMENS HOWARD

JOHN STEGER HARDAWAY, JR.

BENJAMIN WINGATE PELHAM

IAMES EDWARD HOBGOOD

JOHN HENRY VERNON, JR.

SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB.

MOTTO:

Carpe Die.

COLORS:

Bald-head White and Pea Green.

FAVORITE BEVERAGE:

"Fuss X."

FLOWER:

Cactus.

SONG:

"There's a hot time in the old town to-night."

Edwin J. Sherwood	President
RICHARD D. COVINGTON	Vice-President
WILLIAM H. WHITEHEAD Secretary	and Treasurer
Greene M. Garrison	Lyncher
HERBERT E. PEELE	Giant
ARTHUR F. LIDE	Dispenser
CHARLES T. POSTON	Tillmanite
WILLIAM H. WHITEHEAD	orpse Inspector

MEMBERS.

RICHARD D. COVINGTON
RICHARD L. KENDRICK
VAN A. LINGLE
HOYT H. McMILLAN
CHARLES W. PICKERING
EDWIN J. SHERWOOD
CARL R. SMITH

Greene M. Garrison
Arthur F. Lide
Martin I. Matthews
Herbert E. Peele
Charles T. Poston
Benjamin Sorgee
William H. Whitehead

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

DR. WILLIAM B. ROYALL

PROF. JOHN F. LANNEAU

GOOSE-QUILL CLUB.

MOTTO:

"Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink, So may he cease to write, and learn to think."

MEMBERS.

ROBERT G. CAMP

HENRY E. CRAVEN

RAYMOND C. DUNN

ABNER C. GENTRY

JOHN A. MCMILLAN

WILLIAM H PACE

BURTON J. RAY

H. PAUL SCARBOROUGH

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD

CHARLES P. WEAVER

'02 CLUB.

THE ONLIEST WHAT IS.

COLORS: Picnic.

MOTTO: Summa cum laude.

SONG:

Look for me till your eyes run water; I 'll be home some day or other.

FAVORITE NOVEL:

FAVORITE DRINK:

Moral Philosophy.

Nervine.

FAVORITE DISH:

Rabbit Box Rare-bits.

YELL:

Raleigh to drink, Durham to sport, Wake to study, Women to court!

FAVORITE RESORT:

FAVORITE GAME:

Faculty Meetings.

Tag.

FAVORITE PASTIME:

Lying.

OFFICERS.

J. A. McMillan
B. H. Browning
J. C. Sikes, Jr
W. A. Dunn Dr. Vann's Jonah
W. N. KEENER Delegate to "Harricane"
O. M. Mull

CALICO CLUB.

MOTTO:

"Hearts Bruised at all Hours."

SONG:

"Sweetest Story Ever Told."

COLORS: Black and White.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:
Making Love.

FAVORITE DISH: Diamond-back Terrapin.

OFFICERS.

"SPORT" DUNN President
WALTER KEENER Vice-President
BEN PARHAM Secretary and Treasurer
"BIGGY" NORFLEET Heart-breaker
HUGH JOHNSON Ladies' Pet

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Dr. Cooke

FRATRES IN URBE.

"BILL" DUNN

JOHN BREWER

ORDINARY CALICOISTS.

"RIP" DUNN

"Bob" Down

"DR." DINGLEHOEF

"Bob" CAMP

" BILL" PACE

"CURLY" SHERWOOD

John Sikes

"TUPS" BROWNING

"Doc" Purefor

ED HOBGOOD

GASTON FOOTE

NIGHT-HAWK CLUB.

SONG:

"Who sprung the lock?

Well, I don't know;

Who sprung the lock

On the Freshman's door?"

COLOR:

Whittemore's "Élite Black?"

MOTTO:

Now, Newish, You Stay in Your Own Back-yard.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Dr. Young

OFFICERS.

P	L	Newton
В	Т	FALLS
Α.	L.	FLETCHER Secretary and Treasurer
Р	W.	Purefor Keeper of Key-Ring, Screw-Driver, and Powder-Horn
W	Н	. PACE, J. A. SHAW, B. J. RAV Advisory Committee

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To bore as often and as long as possible.

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MOTTO:

As the Knee is Inclined, so the Leg is Bent.

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MOTTO:

"Blow your own horn."

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FAIRMOUNT CLUB.

MOTTO: COLORS: "Go East, Young Man." Yaller Corn and White Lightning. SONG: "Big Ball in Town"-with variations. TIME OF MEETING: PLACE OF MEETING: Saturday Night. On the Campus. OFFICERS. E. J. Sherwood Secretary and Treasurer MEMBERS. NORFLEET TRIPLETT HARDAWAY DEAN Sikes, J. C. FAIRCLOTH McMillan LUCAS, R. Browning PROCTOR FREEMAN SAMS Johnson, H. SHAW HARRELL KEENER

PUREFOY HARRIS, H. R.

THE NEWISH FRAT.

Something's crooked at Wake Forest, Not a bit of doubt of that; Miracles are not quite over, For the Newish's got a Frat.

Once old Greeley went exploring
For to find the hidden pole,
But his search it got quite boring,
And the ice 'most froze his soul,

But ten Newish, bold and dauntless, Pawed the earth and flung it high, And swore they'd have a barbecue, And they'd have it on the sly.

Mr. Spence he went bareheaded
For to make the boys a light,
And when Edwards got to "curving,"
Why the "King" he set 'um right.

Though the path was dark and murky, And crooked as Josey's back, Yet the vision of that turkey Just put brimstone in the pack. The Vanns they swore they 'd raise a riot, And eat that turkey then or die; But this most killed sweet Willie Wyatt, And he just began to cry.

But they took him to the "Forrest,"
Then they spread the dainties out:
And the fragments were twelve baskets full,
And the penalty the gout.

It's peculiar how the Newish
Put to rout their lordly peers;
The last are first and the first are last
Now in these latter years.

And you never hear the Sophomores speak
About their rout that night,
For the way the Newish fooled 'em,
It was a blooming sight.

Why, the Sophs had donned their habits Wore their "evening" suits in full; But the Newish all undaunted, Boldly[rolled the old black bull.

There's no use to keep discussing
This young Frat, so strangely strange,
Though these heroes bold and spotless
Have introduced a startling change.

There's to be another dinner, In the Harricane, we suppose, And the Faculty are invited, But the menu no one knows.

If there's any lonesome brother Wandering friendless in the cold, Let him see Smith, Shaw, or Kitchen, Then come join this feasting fold.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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PACE

McMILLAN

DUNN

SIKES DR. SIKES

CAMP

SHERWOOD

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OR the past five or six years we have been struggling against inspeakable odds, and indeed it seemed at times as if intercollegiate contests in any form would have to be abolished. This falling so far below our usually good record is due no doubt to many causes, but foremost among them may be placed the lack of college spirit and the absolute absence of enthusiasm which, we regret to say, is so conspictious among a large majority of the students. It is needless to say that no college can expect to put forth winning teams under such conditions, for the greatest incentive to players comes from the cheers and support of their fellow-students. Realizing that every institution is subject to similar attacks, after which they possess greater spirit and renewed energy in athletics, we still have hopes of reaching and even passing our old record in the near future.

To this lack of spirit alone, however, can not be laid all the blame, as the loose organization and abolition of football are causes which can not be overlooked. But both of these are causes of the first, and both can not be correctly placed upon the shoulders of the student. Under the old organization the different managers were held responsible as well as backed by no one. Accordingly as they won or lost, it was to their good or injury. Thrown almost entirely upon their own resources, they were slow to advance money for trainers and the incidentals which are necessary for success. On the other hand, the students were slow to render pecuniary aid, as an account or report was never rendered showing the expenses, etc., and they were in partial ignorance as to what became of the athletic funds. Under the association established this year, these difficulties are, we hope, forever abolished and business is carried on in a different manner. The managers are required to render annual accounts and are guarded against loss by the funds of the association. On the other hand, the association derives the benefit of all money gained, which is placed in the treasury to aid in defraying the expenses for the following year.

There is another feature under this new association which is a great addition to the interest in contests and one which, though in the majority of the

colleges, has never before found its way among the customs of our institution. A sweater is presented to the players of the baseball team and the first substitute, making a total of ten. Being of a design the like of which no one is allowed to wear except those winning them on the team, the baseball manager, and the president of the athletic association, they are indeed handsome rewards for one's efforts. A heavy black sweater with a large old gold "W" has been chosen, and we look to its presentation as a further inducement to candidates for the team.

Of the third cause, namely, football, we are not in a position to speak; but in passing let us say that we sincerely hope that intercollegiate football will be again allowed in the near future at Wake Forest College.



BASEBALL TEAM.

JOHN C. SIKES	ager
HOBGOOD Pitch KING Catch PACE First-base DOWD Second-base SAMS Short-stop	
DUNN (Captain) Third-base GOODWIN Left-field MULL Center-field HARRIS Right-field	

SUBSTITUTES.

Edwards

VANN

SCORES OF GAMES.

Wake Forest	15	Bingham	1
Wake Forest	5	Oxford Professionals	
Wake Forest		Oxford Professionals	
Wake Forest	13	Sharp Institute	
Wake Forest	- 0	Oak Ridge	
		Oak Ridge	
		Guilford	
		A. and M. College	
		A. and M. College	
		Wofford	
		Clemson	
		University of Georgia	
Wake Forest .	 , ()	Georgia School of Technology	5
		Mercer University	6
		Mercer University	S
		A. and M. College	
		A. and M. College	



BASEBALL TEAM. PROCTOR SIKES, Manager L HARRIS PACE MAN DOWD KING

HOBGOOD

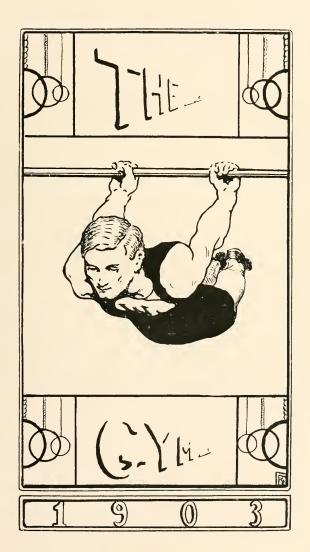
VANN GOODWYN SAMS EDWARDS

MULL FREEMAN

DUNN, Captain



COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.



GYMNASIUM TEAM.

S. W. BAGLEY

W. S. Boyce

R. D. COVINGTON

PAUL CRUMPLER

E. B EARNSHAW

E. B. FOWLER

А. С. Намву

S. C. HOWARD

E. B. Josey

Н. М. Ротеат

I. B. POWERS

P. W. Purefoy

B. J. RAY

W. A. Seagraves

J. B. TALBIRT

E. A. TURNER

J. M. VAUGHAN

E. F. WARD

PRIZE-WINNERS IN DRILL.

H. M. POTEAT, First

J. C. Jones, Second

PRIZE-WINNERS IN FANCY GYMNASTICS.

S. W. BAGLEY, First

R. D. COVINGTON, Second



GYMNASIUM TEAM.

TENNIS CLUB.

 JAMES E. HOBGOOD
 . President

 BENJAMIN W. PARHAM
 . Vice-President

 WILLIAM H. PACE
 . Secretary and Treasurer

TALCOTT W. BREWER ROBERT G. CAMP

RICHARD D. COVINGTON

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW

John S. Hardaway, Jr.

BROOKS HARWELL

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WILLIAM H. PACE

BENJAMIN W. PARHAM

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BRUCE L. POWERS

JOHN B. POWERS

PRYOR W. PUREFOY

BURTON J. RAY

EDWIN F. SHAW

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD

CARL R. SMITH

HEBER J. VANN



TENNIS CLUB.

TRACK TEAM.

T. W. Brewer	Manager
W. A. Seagraves	Contain
Prof. C. C. Crittenden	
S. W. BAGLEY	J. B. Powers
W. S. BOYCE	W. H. PRICE
PAUL CRUMPLER	P. W. Purefoy
E. B. FOWLER	B. J. RAY
A. C. Hamby	W. A. SEAGRAVES
J. E. Новооор	J. B. TALBIRT
S. C. Howard	E. A. Turner
M. H. JUSTICE, JR.	E. F. WARD



TRACK TEAM

BR'ER RABBIT MEDITATIN'.

Br'er Rabbit he sat er holdin' he head, Wond'rin' how long 'fo' he gwinter be dead, W'en he hear Miss Meadows go singin' by 'Bout de pearly gates way up in de sky.

Now, Br'er Rabbit wuz er powerful sinner, Fer he done gone en stole Br'er Fox's dinner: An' he mumble sorter low all ter hese'f— "T'se boun' ter git married or be lef' on de she'f."

So de very nex' day he maker er call, En takes Miss Meadows ter de cowslip ball; Fer he argue, an' argue, tell she say "all right!"— Ef yer want er make love, take er pitch-dark night.

GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.



YOUR FUTURE LIFE REVEALED

ZELINDA

THE RENOWNED HINDOO PALMIST

CROSS HER PALM WITH SILVER AND KNOW YOUR FATE

N THE balmy month of May, when all Seniors are vainly endeavoring to descry fame swooping down upon them from out the mystic future; when the Junior wants to know the temperature of his inamorata's passion; when the Sophomore is wondering if he hasn't learned it all, and might as well shoulder his escutcheon—Minerva's owl rampant upon a State sanitarium; and when the Newish is vainly grasping in his limited horizon for some portent, be it ever so slight, of a happier future life, Zelinda came among us, and many dark and wild prophecies she spun, concerning the "glorious" careers of some of our most prominent students. Their story runneth thus:

WILLIAM BURTON CREASMAN.

While most of the lines of your hand are well-formed, the fact that you are from Asheville, together with an excessive indulgence of self-love from your earliest youth, has transformed your line of self-esteem into an interoceanic ditch. Your career in college has been rather unfortunate, the hard knocks of a student's life being unusually severe on you, perhaps because you were accustomed to spending your hours of repose under a crazy-quilt before you reached the age of responsibility. Although the general outline of your jaw bears a singular resemblance to the weapon of the strong man of Israel, some of your classmates had hopes from the physiological make-up of your "mug," that you might become a pugilist, but your little encounter with Dr. Dean, of faculty fame, has sorely disappointed them. Others, more spiritually inclined, for a time believed that you would content yourself by issuing cut-rate tickets to the celestial sphere, but your recent modest decision to righteously eschew the public eye by decorously substituting the cap and bells for your graduating costume, in place

of the cap and gown, has crushed their fondest hopes. Zelinda acknowledges you a puzzle of the six-ring sort and turns you over to the tender mercies of the world.

WILLIAM SCOTT PRIVOTT.

The most prominent line in your hand reveals an amount of amativeness that in quantity even outrivals the vacuum beneath your raven locks. I venture the assertion that the damsels that have succumbed to your charms are legion, but just here the line is crossed by a veritable canal of trouble, and on microscopic examination I find that "many a time and oft" has the "mitten" been given in broken doses straight from "the cold shoulder." Your line of life, while showing unmistakably that you are already many years beyond the spring chicken stage, gives promise of great length.

In the legal profession you will be a second edition of the Welsbach light,

and your grey hairs will be honored by the mayorship of Terrapin Hill.

You are somewhat of a skeptic, and are wont to hoot at all theories of Darwin and Huxley, but by the time facial paralysis—the inevitable result of your youthful excesses—comes on, accompanied by the growth of a second set of false teeth, a glance in your mirror will convince you of the absurdity of your doubts concerning "natural selection" and establish an unbroken pedigree from direct simian ancestry.

FATTY MITCHELL.

Your hand bears the unique distinction of being free from lines of any sort, with the exception of a well-defined mark extending across the entire palm, which I will call aversion to the strenuous life or, in the language of the profane, inborn laziness. As you are sprung from industrious ancestors, I am at a total loss as to a solution of the puzzle—but hold! I will place you under the Roentgen ray. Ah! the mystery is rapidly unfolding to my astonished gaze! In prehistoric ages you were a Hottentot squaw in the wilds of darkest Africa, and you evidently spent your time in barbarous case "under the bamboo-tree."

You aspire to the Chesterfield in your dress, and it is a laudable ambition in your mind (?), as the rays show that in your former pristine glory as the beloved consort of a Congo chief, your sole wardrobe consisted of a few palm branches, a hectic flush, and a harness ring in your nose. To this last adornment I attribute

the distortion of your olfactory member.

RAYMOND C. DUNN.

I can see from the general form of your hand that you have been a great politician. And though you have retired from the active political arena, you will

again come forth into prominence as a candidate for tax collector of Scotland Neck, or some other equally high and eminent office. Your line of gab shows extraordinary development and your nickname of "Lip" is well deserved. But what do I see here? Alas! poor women! You are destined to break the hearts of many women, and to spend your life as a confirmed bachelor. But you will live to see one of your grand-nephews wear his "W" and be captain of the ball team of 19—.

JOHNNIE STEGER HARDAWAY.

Young gentleman, I am sorry to say that your line of prevarication is abnormally developed. However, I see many marks of good looks. You will always be a favorite among the ladies. Thank you! A whole five cents! Your future life is to be crowned with success as editor of the Oxford Times. Let me dip deep into the future. Yes, I see you sitting in your cottage, surrounded by your third wife and a host of children. Thank you; thank you. Next.

BENJAMIN W. PARHAM.

My, my! a ladies' man! A heart-breaker; a man whose eyes are things that draw the girls. Young man, I think it my duty to tell you that the ladies can not resist you and you should refrain from the wholesale cabbaging of innocent hearts. But your sporting lines are so prominent that the mark of common sense is hardly seen. I see you as you will be in after years—the dutiful husband of a rich widow.

EDWIN COOKE

My little gentleman, you look so much like a girl! Yes, and if I did not see that rudimentary beard, I would say you were a girl. Oh, but your line of conceit is very plain. Yes, you have a good opinion of yourself, and when you get the public to thinking as you do, you will rise in polities. I even predict Congress for you. You should know how it pains me to make these statements, but I can only read what is plainly written in your palm. So you wish to know about your future wife? That is dipping into the future farther than human eye can reach. Good-byc. Next!

THE FOOTBALL PLAYER.

Fifty pounds of muscle, fifty pounds of strength;
Fifty pounds of sinews, and six long feet of length;
Fifty pounds of fearlessness of anything on earth;
A rubber nose, a naughty eye, and three-feet-six of girth;
Of spiked shoes a couple, of shin-guards, too, a pair;
A big, broad head that 's never combed, and a mow of tangled hair;
Two hundred pounds of manhood in sweater and padded pants—
A Goth in the twentieth century, a knight without a lance.

C. P. W.

BUSTED.

What can make your heart grow sicker,
And your fist go double quicker,
Than to have some awful sticker
Send his dun?
It 's five times what you bought,
And ten times what you thought;
But the fellow's got you caught
Out of "mun."



WHITEHEAD

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EU HALL.



PHI HALL.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

We sat at the foot of an ancient tree, In a rustic seat—my love and me; Not a word we spoke, not a motion made, But her soft hand light on my own hand she laid, And I felt her breath warm on my face, As she leaned against me her agile grace; Then I seized her hand in ecstasy, And the face of my bird-dog looked at me.

He stood 'neath her room at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour:
And his voice trilled the scale, preparing to sail
A serenade up to her bower,
And the maid looked out at the window,
While his heart went pit-a-pat,
But lo! an old shoe on his plug hat flew,
As she gently murmured, "Scat!"

He drew his heavy armor on,
And on his trusty steed he sprang,
And loud against the deadly foe
His goodly steel he rang;
And when the long, hard fight was o'er,
Dead the monster lay in his gore:
But the gallant knight, ah! woe betide,
Lay lifeless his fallen foe beside:
And the knight was a Newish in all his pride,
And his foe was—a club-house steak.

CHAS. P. WEAVER.

EDITORIAL.

HE board of editors place this, the first issue of The Howler, before the students and before the friends of Wake Forest College in general, with no apology whatever. It is true that we have been hampered by inexperience and lack of material. Nevertheless, we have done our best, and surely more than this can be expected of no man. We have endeavored to put before our subscribers the best we are capable of.

For years the need of a College Annual has been felt at Wake Forest. So far the *Student* has been the only means by which to reach the students, and nobly has it done its work. But it can not, and is not supposed, to take the place of an Annual. Briefly stated, our object has been to collect everything of interest in and around College and to place it in a convenient form, both for present use and for future reference. What man is there who twenty years from to-day will not be glad of a record of his collegiate life? Who will not be glad to glance over the pictures of his old schoolmates? If there is any such, he is not worthy of a place among the students or alumni of Wake Forest.

But it is needless to reiterate the needs of an Annual. They are apparent to every one. When the subject was brought up for discussion no one denied the need, but many questioned the feasibility of an Annual. It was determined at last to attempt it for this year as an experiment, and if this experiment was satisfactory, to make The Howler one of the regular College functions, as are the literary societies and the magazine. We hope that in our first attempt we have accomplished this much, and we trust to the loyal students and alumni to make it a financial success, by their coöperation with us in buying the books. We thank each and every one in advance for this support, and hope that you will not consider it money thrown away.

And in addition to the friends who have in this way supported us, we wish to extend our thanks to the firms who have advertised with us in our maiden attempt. And we call upon the students to patronize these firms. They have responded to our call of distress and it is only right in return that they should have the proper support of the students. The lack of this support by the students has been apparent for many years, and we now call upon all students and friends of our College to stand by the firms that have helped us. We are not

making a business matter of this editorial, but we do think that we have the privilege, and furthermore, that it is our duty, to bring before the student-body the necessity of the support of the advertisers in our College magazines, and while it is far from our purpose to blackball any one, yet we insist that the preference should always be given to the firm who advertises with us.

But, to speak of our book again: Perhaps the most glaring of its many faults is its failure to represent the whole student-body. We do not wish to shirk the responsibility of this fault, yet we can truthfully say that the blame does not lie wholly with us. Outside of the board of editors, we have received contributions from only three members of the student-body, and it could hardly be expected that a mere handful of men could represent the whole student-body. To make it a book, devoted to the whole student-body, we must have contributions from the students.

With one other remark, we close. It is needless to say that the jokes contained in this book are not personal thrusts. No one should become angry over any joke gotten off on him, but should calm his riled spirits by laughing at others, when the laugh is on him. We have endeavored to leave out all roughness, and we sincerely hope that no student or any of his family will be offended in any way. We can only say that no offense whatever was intended and hope none will be taken.

We would like to return thanks to the members of the student-body who have aided us by contributions, the historians of the classes, and Mr. Patton, Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Kornegay. Also we wish to return thanks to Mr. F. Graham Cootes, to whom we are indebted for most of our art work, and last of all, to the faculty committee, who have piloted us safely through our journey.

"AB."

BNER lay on the bank, his little tanned face resting in his palms and his bare feet waving gently in the air. The water, rushing over the pebbles, made a pleasant tinkling sound and he loved to watch the bubbles to see how far they would go without bursting. A brown-coated wood-thrush flew down to bathe his dusky plumage. A pheasant stole out of the bushes farther up and began to feed among the green weeds by the brook. Up in the maple tree a dove perched and looked down at him. Everything was quiet in the great woods.

Suddenly, a harsh voice broke the stillness. The thrush and the dove flitted away noiselessly. The pheasant paused a moment in terror, then flew off with a loud whirr into the heart of the forest. Abner looked up.

"I tell ye," the rough voice was saying, "he ain't no more uv a school teacher than I be. He ain't been a-traipsin' 'roun' these here mountains all summer fer nothin', nuther. He is jes a spy fer the Revenoos—jes as I 'se allers said. Me an' Jake Rainer—we 'uz skittish uv him frum the fust."

Abner recognized the voice as his father's. It came from a dugout in the side of the mountain near-by, carefully hidden by a clump of laurel. In this dugout was his father's blockade still.

"Now, that ain't but one chanst to git him. He's a goin' back to C—to-morrow, an' in less'n a week we-uns 'll be in jail. He's a-fishin' up that in the Paddy on the Laurel an' a campin' out. We got ter kill that spyin' rascal this night, or—"

Little Abner had bounded in at the door. He seized his father's rough hands in his own. He looked up into his eyes, his face pale and frightened.

"Pap, ye don't mean ter kill Mister Thomas, does ye? Pap, what ye wanter kill Mister Thomas fer? What our teacher done ter you-uns?"

He hurled these questions at his father breathlessly. Every fiber in the boy's being was stirred. Mr. Thomas had been the teacher in the little log schoolhouse during the long, hot summer months. He had come to the mountains from the dust-laden, murky atmosphere of a large manufacturing town for health and strength. He had found what he sought. His school was out, and he

was now taking his last outing before returning to the city. His summer had been a pleasant one. He had made friends of most of the simple mountainfolk around him. There were some, however, among whom was Abner's father, who regarded the young man with distrust and suspicion. Any stranger might turn out a revenue officer—the most hated and hateful of all beings. The young schoolmaster had tried to win this class and failed; yet he went on about his work, winning the love of their children and the good-will of the women. His kindness to little Abner had been especially marked.

"W'y, Ab, who said anything 'bout hurtin' uv yer teacher?" growled the father, after he had recovered from his surprise at the boy's sudden appearance. "We-uns wuzn't a-talkin' 'bout him. We-uns 'uz talkin' 'bout that thar teacher over to the crossroads—'t wuzn't yore teacher. Now light out uv here an' git

home ter ye' mammy!"

Little Abner was only partly relieved. He walked out into the sunlight. The air was hot and sultry. A black cloud had sprung up in the West. Somehow much of the joy had gone out of the babble of the brook and there was something lacking in the sunshine. He knew that his father and Jake Rainer and those other men back there by the still did not like the teacher. He did not know what they might do. But would his father kill a man? He could not bear the thought. He ran home, saying over and over again to himself:

"Pap, he's bad, but he won't do that! He ain't that bad!"

The first big drops of the threatened thunder-storm were beginning to fall just as he reached the barn. He crept up into the haymow and lay down. The rain pattered sleepily on the roof. The smell of the new hay was sweet and, boylike, he fell asleep. He was awakened by voices below him. It was quite dark,

"Jake, be shore an' get here afore midnight," one was saying. "It's six mighty long miles up thar an' a rough road. I hates this has gotter be done, but we-uns air boun' ter pertect ourselves. These here revenoo orficers like young Thomas—a-traipsin' roun' an' spyin'—air gotter be larnt a lesson."

Abner sat bolt upright. He heard the barn-yard gate slam. He slid down and ran to the house. His brain was in a whirl. Ever uppermost in his mind

was the thought, "I'm a-goin' ter save 'im!"

When supper was over he climbed the rickety ladder to his cot in the garret. When everything was quiet below, he softly raised the window and stepped out on the slippery roof of the shed. In a moment he was on the ground. How dark everything was! The rain was still falling and the sky was hidden by black clouds. Abner began to realize what he had undertaken. From a far-away mountainside came the wailing cry of the wildeat. The lonely hoot of the owl echoed through the dark woods. "Granny" Mullis, the "yarb-doctor," had

told him gruesome tales of the ghosts and "hants" that infested these mountains. He believed them all, yet he resolutely clenched his fists and started on the long, lonesome way. Fortunately, he was a perfect little woodsman and knew every foot of the road—a narrow bridle-path along Laurel Creek. Somewhere on this road was the tent of his teacher and he would find it. The dense woods loomed dark and terrible on every side. He could hardly see the path before him. He kept on, and on. Briers tore his naked legs. His feet were cut and bruised.

The rain ceased and the moonlight came straggling out, revealing new terrors on every side,—spectral shadows behind the tree-trunks. Every horrible, ghastly story that he had ever heard flashed through his excited brain. Would he never get there? The way seemed without end and the path was getting rougher and rougher every moment! How his limbs ached! But with the unyielding mountain grit that had made his father the most formidable foe of the revenue service in all the mountains of Western Carolina, he pushed on through the night—mile after mile. Suddenly turning a sharp bend in the road, he almost ran into the little tent. A fire was smoldering before it.

"Mister Thomas—Mister Thomas!" he gasped. "Wake up quick! Now!"

Thomas started up in aniazement.

"Why, Ab-little Ab-what on earth-" he began.

Abner told his story as best he could. Thomas caught the boy in his arms. Abner pushed him away almost roughly.

"Ye'd better be goin', sir," he said. "If pap catches ye here ye're thess the same ez dead!"

Thomas knew that the boy spoke the truth. Soon he was tramping away for life through the tangled forest. Little tired Abner breathed a sigh of relief and sank down by the dying coals of the camp-fire. He knew that his friend was safe for the night and with a few hours' start could not be caught.

Two hours later three stealthy figures crept out of the shadows. Abner stepped boldly out to meet them. His voice had a ring of triumph in it.

" Pap, I thess sorter 'speck ye air too late," he said.

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER.



"What ill wind hath blown them hither?"—"XMAS GIFTS."

"Where gottest thou that goose look? "—Holloway,

"The emptiest vessel makes the greatest sound."—Proctor.

"Greater men than I may have lived, but I do not believe it."—DUNN, R. C.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."—ALLEN, T.

"Mind him who can; the ladies call him sweet."—Cooke, E.

"I pray ye, little ones, where are thy nurses?

"He hath eaten me out of house and home."-- Hobgood. " Too fresh to keep, too green to eat—throw it away."—Вкосситох.

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."—Ayscue.

- "A shallow brain behind a serious mask."—Dean. "Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part."—Vernon, II.
- " A lazy, lolling sort not seen at church."—Маккнам. "I will leave big footprints on the sands of time."-POWERS, J.

"A child is among you taking notes."—ALEXANDER. "Your skill is to make sound men sick."—PRITCHARD.

"The rival of Tom Thumb."—MITCHELL, R.
"A fat, sleek-headed man."—Professor Cullom.

"There's another star gone out."—Соок, С. С. "Nature made him and then broke the mould."—Скелямах. "A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way."—Dr. Lucas.

"Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven."-" TUBBY. "His brain was like the deep when tempest-tossed."—Britt.

"The laureate of the long-eared kind."—KORNEGAY.

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."—Greene, E. L. "Ye distant spires, ve antique towers."—Norfleet, Ayscue, Gore.

"Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion."—Sigmon, R.

"There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ,"—Tew.

" Faith! I must leave thee, love."—Craven.

"What should a man do but be merry?"—SIKES. "It is a damned ghost that we have seen."—HUFFMAN.

"And lo! the sun is coming, red as rust."—O. " My " MULL.

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."—WHITEHEAD. "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."—Dr. Cooke.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"—DUNN, W. A.

Moral: The Devil can cite scripture to his purpose.

Why Rabbits Lay Easter Eggs.

NCLE ABRAHAM, or Uncle "Abe," as he was more commonly called, was a "darky" of the old school. At the close of the war, when the slaves were emancipated, Uncle Abe remained on the plantation. When asked why he wished to remain when he was free and could make more money elsewhere, he soliloquized thus:

"What ole man Abe wanter be free fer? Got one foot in de grabe now, an' you come talkin' 'bout freedom ter me! G' 'way, man. I'd ruther be er slave in he'ven dan ter be one ub dese yer pore, lazy, no-count, meazly free niggers what 'ud steal de bery money off'n yer eyes when ye wuz dead. No, Lord, old Abe don't want no more freedom dan he got right here wid Marse Randolph."

Abe's first master and mistress were both dead, and now his master's son, Mr. Randolph, and his wife, lived in the big white house which overlooked the large North Carolina plantation.

One of the pleasures of old Abe's life was to play with Charles and Paul, the twin sons of Mr. Randolph. Their resemblance was very marked and it grew as they grew until when they were ten years old it was, as the old man said: "Ye can't tell which frum t' other. I jest call one 'sonny' and de other 'sonny,' and dat 's de only way I kin tell em erpart."

Easter Monday was drawing to a close as Charles and Paul, hand-in-hand, entered the old man's cabin. In their disengaged hands they carried the colored Easter eggs which they had found hidden about in the yard.

"Heigho! Uncle Abe," they shouted in concert.

"Howdy, howdy! You-uns must think ole man Abe done got deef. What's dem?" he said, pointing to the Easter eggs.

"They are rabbit eggs," replied the twins.

"Shore, dem ain't no rabbit aigs," said Uncle Abe, laughing until the water stood in his eyes.

"Oh, yes they are," insisted the boys; "mamma told us so."

"'Course, ole br'er rabbit brung em here, but dey ain't no rabbit aigs," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Tell us about it, Uncle Abe," said the children, thinking at once that there was a story behind it.

"Oh, chillun, yer all de time er beggin' ole man Abe fer stories. G' 'long an' hunt some more rabbit aigs, an' let ole br'er rabbit erlone."

"Please tell it, please tell it," pleaded the twins, bringing their chairs up nearer.

Seeing that they would not be satisfied without it, the old man began:

"Waal, once upon a time der wuz er wider 'oman, an' dis wider 'oman raise all kind uv guarden truck, sech as cabbige, peas, an' de lack uv dat. An' dis wider 'oman had er leetle gal what hope her wid her guarden truck.

"Now, br'er rabbit wuz monstous fond uv peas, an' every night mos' he gallop over ter de wider 'oman's and des gorge he'self on der wider 'oman's

peas.

"Atter while de wider 'oman 'spicionate br'er rabbit uv eatin' her peas, an' so she sot traps fer him. But 't wan't do no good. Old br'er rabbit eat de wider

'oman's peas jes' de same.

"Bineby, it 'pear lack ole br'er rabbit git keerless, an' one night when he wuz a croping erbout 'mongst de pea-vines in de wider 'oman's garden, all at once he felt sumthin' grab he paw, an' it hurt 'im so bad he des squal out same as ole br'er fox done got 'im. But 't ain't do no good ter holler, fer he wuz cotch in er steel trap.

"But 't wan't long 'fore mornin'. Soon ez it got light here come de leetle gal and take ole br'er rabbit outen de trap an' carry 'im ter de house. Ole br'er rabbit keep monstous still, an' atter de leetle gal bin' he foot up he feel all right.

- "Den de wider 'oman 'low she gwine ter kill ole br'er rabbit. Dis make cold chills run up br'er rabbit's back. De wider 'oman tell de leetle gal ter take ole br'er rabbit ter de woodpile and chop off he head. De leetle gal min' her maw an' take br'er rabbit ter de woodpile. When de git dar ole br'er rabbit beg pitiful ter de leetle gal ter let 'im go, but de leetle gal 'main firm. Den ole br'er rabbit 'low:
 - ". Leetle gal, I'll give ye sumthin' purty, ef ye'll let me go."

"Leetle gal 'ply back: 'What yer give me, br'er rabbit?'

"Ole br'er rabbit 'low: 'T'll give yer some purty culered aigs fer Easter.' T was most Easter den.

"De leetle gal say she let ole br'er rabbit go, ef he be shore to bring de aigs. Ole br'er rabbit say he hope de bre'f leave' 'im, ef he don't bring dem aigs.

"And did he bring them?" asked the boys, eagerly.

"Yes, ole br'er rabbit wuz ez good ez his word. He go to ole sis hen's house and buy er dozen aigs and ole sis rabbit dye 'em fer him an' ole br'er rabbit take em ter de leetle gal. An' every year ole br'er rabbit carry Easter aigs to de good leetle childun in recommembrance uv his 'liverance frum death.'

C. P. WEAVER,

CONCERNIN' BR'ER ROOSEVELT.

Listen, you niggers, has you hearn de news?
White fo'ks dyin' wid de Washington blues;
Br'er Roosevelt say he's er nigger, too,
An' he sho look like it through and through.
Ain't it so?

Boston niggers am er knockin' at de do';
Why deys er knockin'? Doan you know?
Br'er Roosevelt 'vite 'em fer ter stay er week—
Er eatin' er turkey 'twell dey hardly kin speak.
Dat's me, sho.

Norf Ca'lina's fo'ks am er mighty mad;
Wat we keer fer dat, jes so we all 's glad?
Niggers good ez white fo'ks eny day,
Least, dat 's wat I hear Br'er Teddy say.
'Case dey is,
GEORGE E KORNEGAY, Jr.

The College Calendar.

AUGUST is the month of handshaking, introductions and, incidentally, of society "legging." It brings a harvest of new faces, fresh from the farm and the city, with hopes and aspirations beaming from sparkling eyes. Every train brings an avalanche of trunks and "grips" of every description. The new man, if he is not already in tow of some obliging Oldish, is at once seized upon by the ravenous avidity of a famished legger, and stowed away for safe-keeping. He is left to believe that everybody has been expecting him and wondering why he did not come sooner. If he shows a vacillating temperament as to society, he is speedily taken to the soda-fountain by some obliging Oldish, where cold drinks are pumped into him to help him make up his mind. It is indeed the Newish's paradise, but, like all earthly sweets, it is of short duration.

September is the month of trial. For the Oldish it means buckling down to hard work in a sweltering room, in shirt sleeves, with palm-leaf in one hand and text-book in the other, while his mind meanders back over the incidents of a certain parting. He will never forget that parting; nay, he will even raise his hat to the gate-post, in the future, at which it took place. It was moonlight—the harvest moon, they called it—and he agreed with them, for he had reaped an abundant harvest that night, only his harvest was far sweeter than the golden-headed grain, for it consisted of kisses. He looks out of the window and beholds the same stars twinkling in the heavens, the same moon beaming down upon a tired earth; and, taking care that no one is watching him, he throws a kiss at the moon because it saw and did not tell. Then, recalling himself, he studies assiduously until he suddenly decides he is sleepy, and turns in.

The new man's experience is far otherwise. The paradise into which he has been dropped has faded like an oriental dream, and he begins to awaken to the sterner realities of college life. He has by this time joined society, and the circle of his friends, for *some* reason, has dwindled to a remarkably small number; he fears to venture forth at night lest he will be "shined"; the lessons are longer and harder than he had expected they would be; a new and peculiar feeling begins to steal over him, especially when the letters from home become less and less frequent. He is halfway persuaded he is sick, and writes his mother to that effect, hoping she will tell him to come home for a week; but instead he gets a

letter, telling him to see a physician at once, and be "real" careful so he will not be confined to his bed, and get behind with his work. He then decides it is the excessive warm weather after all, and pays frequent visits to the cold-drink stands. His symptoms, however, become more and more alarming, and calling his best friend to his side he confides to him that he fears he has typhoid fever, or even smallpox, and knows he is going to die. His friend is a good Oldish and tells the lad it is nothing but homesickness, seasoned with the blues, and that it will all come out in the wash, and cheers him up with a few nice yarns about his Newish days when he was only prevented from going home by a telegram from his father. The new man admits that he is right, cries a bit, and immediately feels better. Then he gets down to work and is troubled no more by that inexplicable longing.

Golden October succeeds the long, hot days of September. Old Nature has used her paint-brush on every leaf in the forest, and given them added beauty. The roses alone bloom in the campus—the last vestige of summer. Class patriotism is worked up to the boiling point for the championship football game. Big burly fellows who never saw the oval pigskin before are rushed out on the gridiron and told they can play. The Junior and Senior classes combine against the Sophomore and Freshman, and practise goes on steadily until the fateful day arrives when the Freshmen are compelled to admit that "they never played before," and the Sophomores excuse themselves by saying they never played "much," October is the gridiron and tennis month, and of late basket-ball has been inaugurated for those who dislike the bumps and bruises which the football player is invariably heir to. Aside from these hardy sports, which give a ruddy color to the cheeks, studying is the order of the day.

Everybody is glad to see November. Even the sound of its name causes a savory odor to pervade the air, and visions of a brown turkey to dance before the eye. It means also a Thanksgiving debate in Raleigh, at which a thousand dancing eyes, representing half as many fair damsels, are the observed of all observers. It is said there is only one debate, but in reality there are a great many, and the intercollegiate affair only serves as the hub around which the other debates revolve. The other debates are masculo-feminine, strictly private, with impromptu speaking, and no judges. It is surprising sometimes how eloquent some bashful, blushing lad will become under the stimulus of a beaming pair of eyes. Sometimes it is victory, and sometimes it is defeat, but whichever it may be, it is always a joy.

December is marred by a deep shadow which we commonly call "exams." It is then one discovers that he has a conscience, and it is continually reminding him that he has not been studying and points a finger of warning to a black pit which yawns in the distance, over which is written in flaming letters that awful

word, "Failure." The schedule is posted, and to some it reads like a death-warrant. The storekeepers immediately have a rush on oil, and sedate lamps never known to burn later than 10:30, give forth their uncanny lights in the wee small hours. At last the day of judgment arrives—the Philippi of the Empire of Knowledge. The midnight oil has had its effect. The nightmare is over, and one awakes to the joyful realities of Christmas holidays at home.

January comes all too soon, and with it a reluctant end to holiday sports. Each trunk contains, in addition to the usual paraphernalia, a box of Christmas sweets which make midnight feasts until the month is well advanced. Everybody has made some New Year resolutions. One has determined to study hard and make a few "exs" on his midtern, but after weighing and finding he has lost half a pound of avoirdupois, he becomes apprehensive, and determines he will fail before he will "kill himself" studying. The cold weather, seasoned with an occasional snow, keeps him close in his room until the ground-hog's prophecy tells him that the backbone of winter is broken.

February is anniversary month, at which time an Oldish measures his popularity by the number of times he refuses engagements because he is "full up." The new man looks on longingly and hides his disappointment with the words, "Vanity, vanity! all is vanity." The day comes at last and with it a deluge of visitors, the majority of whom belong to the fair sex. Every one attends, but nobody knows the query for debate, nor the excellencies of the speeches, save a few sedate listeners in front. At night come the orations, and then the reception in the society halls, where every swain becomes an eloquent orator to the small audience of one. Everybody is happy, save the taciturn man who is stuck tight as an oyster-shell in the corner, and who has remarked a half-dozen times within the last ten minutes that it is remarkably warm, despite the fact that the wind howls around the window at his back. At last the lights go out, the banqueters troop across the campus to their homes, and Miss Anna Versary takes her departure.

March is the least eventful month of the whole year. Old Æolus kindly cages his howling winds and allows some fine days for baseball. The men show up stiff at first, but gradually they begin to "ginger up," and play well. The good-natured, but warm rivalry which goes on for any vacant place on the team has shown some one man superior to his fellow competitors and he is awarded the place. "Old Ironsides" takes the field and proceeds to make the first team look well to their laurels. Towards the last of the month comes the "Marshai s set-up," consisting of the annual laugh, a bag of peanuts and candy, and other dainties. Everybody laughs, everybody smokes, and everybody has a good time.

April sees the baseball season in full swing, and the team ready to begin its season's games. The manager has had his work completed since early in the fall, and all that needs to be done is to get the team in the pink of trim. Every evening until the team leaves, large crowds of "rooters" gather along the bleachers to encourage the team. Then after the team has departed the hotel is the Mecca of news, to find out the result of the games, and college feeling is raised or depressed according as we win or lose, while the respective merits or defects of the various players become the table-talk of all the boarding-houses. The spring ennui, commonly called "that tired feeling," is coming to make itself felt, and with it the spring poet, finding books boring, and common conventionalities annoying, betakes himself to Nature's solitudes, "far from the madding crowd," and there makes verses to turn loose on the unsuspecting public.

The campus is a flower garden in May. Every flower is bursting into bloom and the air is redolent with perfume; the trees are verdant with tender, undergrown leaves, and every branch has its symphony of summer songsters. Students bend over their books in gaudy negligees, gayly kicking their feet in the air. Final examinations are passed with credit and then comes commencement. The distinguished-looking trustees hold their meetings and visitors flock in on every train—sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, and sweethearts—all come to see "Willie" graduate. It is the gaiety season of the year. There is, however, a tinge of sorrow along with the joy, for the Senior, because it means the severing of fond ties and a long farewell to Alma Mater, and an entering upon the life for which he has so long been preparing. The last day arrives; the diplomas with laude or no laude presented; the guests depart; and with their departure the college year becomes a bit of pleasant history in the annals of the institution.

Gerharder.



10a

A NEWISH'S SOLILOOUY.

To run or not to run: that is the question: Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer The thoughts of a disgraceful blacking, Or to take flight from that mob of Sophs, And by running evade them? To escape: to brag; No more; and by a swear to say I end The heartaches and thousand anxious pangs Newish are heir to: 't is a feeling I fain would know. To escape, to brag: To brag: perchance too much; ave. there's the rub; For by that brag of luck, what Sophs may come When I have spread abroad this tale of joy, And black me yet; there's the dilemma That makes suspense of such a length; For who could stand the drags and pulls of friends. The Sophomore's wrongs, the roommate's laugh, The stings of a wounded pride the faculty's delay. The insolence of years and indignities That Newish from his oppressors takes When he himself might his honor save By some good sprinting? Who would a blacking bear, To groan and sweat under a blacker's grasp, But that fear of blacking after brags. That Newish state from whose realm No son unblacked returns, rattles my brain, And makes me rather bear a long suspense Than take a blacking without defense? Thus blacking does make cowards of us all, And thus the bravest resolution Is scattered to the four winds of the earth. And intentions backed by all that 's in me With this regard then always come to naught And never become action. Soft you, now! The hoary Senior! Greybeard, in thy orisons, Be all my woes remember'd.



A BELLE OF OTHER DAYS

A Victim of Cupid.

ORTIMER REID was a hero with the boys, if not with the faculty. From the time he had entered college as a Freshman from the mountains he had played pranks even more assiduously than the Freshman studies during the first three weeks of college; and the result was that in his Senior year he was pretty well acquainted with the order of business and mode of transaction of the faculty tribunal.

But with all his pranks he had won distinction in athletics, and in his Senior year he was captain of the varsity eleven, and captain of the baseball team as well,

with the corresponding popularity which such distinctions carry.

This was the state of affairs until the Christmas holidays. Then there was a change. The holidays had been unusually pleasant and he was returning to college a week late. He lived in a little out-of-way place in the mountains, where trains jog along at a take-your-time pace, and where snows are deep and blizzards frequent.

For an hour he had been the only occupant of the dingy little car, and he was looking discontentedly out of the window, wishing for something to happen.

And his wish was unexpectedly gratified.

The train slowed up at an insignificant station and the car door opened and a young lady boarded the train. She carried a mysterous-looking bundle, the contents of which he was not left long in doubt about, for the train had hardly gotten under way when a series of shrieks issued from the depths of the wraps, and a volley of baby oaths gave yent to the indignant spirit it enclosed.

The snow which had been falling since early morning continued to increase as night closed in, banking itself in deep drifts along the track. The train

dragged along at a snail's pace, and finally stopped.

"Snow-bound," announced the porter, coming through the car, swinging his lantern. "Got ter wait fer another engine ter pull us out."

He shut the door with a bang.

The young lady heaved a sigh, and the youngster as if comprehending all at once the situation and the delay it entailed, began to register his protest in a most vociferous manner.

Mortimer Reid uttered a low oath. Here he was, ditched in the snow in a railroad cut, miles from anywhere, with a strange young lady and a boisterous brat for companions, with the prospect of spending the night in that unpleasant and embarrassing situation.

The kid began anew. For the first time Reid noticed the young lady's face. She was remarkably pretty, tall, with black hair, and a pair of dreamy eyes.

"If I just had some milk to give him," she murmured half to herself. "Do you think we will have to wait here long?" she asked, addressing her companion.

"Indeed, it seems so now," replied Reid. Then growing sympathetic, he said: "Let me see if I can't get some milk for the baby. I saw a farm-house just a little way back."

He buttoned his storm-coat securely, rolled up his trousers, and left the car.

The baby was crying louder than ever.

For a quarter of an hour he floundered about in the drifts, when a light loomed up before him. He approached and found it to be an unpretentious but comfortable-looking farm-house.

A woman came in answer to his knock and invited him in. He stated his plight.

"To be sure, ye can get some milk fer the kid, and some supper too. Come in and warm yerself."

After warming himself he set out on his return, laden with a pail of milk and a basket of lunch.

When he entered the car the baby had cried himself to sleep.

"And so you succeeded in finding the house, did you? Come to the fire and warm yourself. I know you must be almost frozen to death."

He set down the milk and slowly drew himself from his great overcoat. "Yes, the gods were kind, and I not only got some milk, but a lunch also."

"Ah! Mr. —" "Reid," supplied Mortimer.

"I forgot we have never met, and that it is very unconventional and improper for me to talk with you without being introduced. Allow me to thank you for the baby's mother for the milk, and for myself, Miss Gladys Twitty, for the lunch. Now, that we know each other, let us serve supper."

A cushion became an impromptu table, and save for the scarcity of table

linen the supper was a success.

After the repast was over, they began to become reconciled to their fate, and the baby, satisfied that he had not been neglected, slept soundly.

The snow gradually ceased falling.

Towards one o'clock a relief engine arrived and pulled them out of the drift and within the next hour they had reached the junction where their ways separated. Mortimer Reid was engaged in giving his shoes an unusual luster. He pulled off his sweater and replaced it by an immaculate white shirt. Then he slipped on a white vest and black coat.

His roommate watched the procedure from his seat in the window-place.

"Anybody dead?" he inquired, astonished at this unusual performance.

"No," replied Reid, without looking up.

He finished his toilet and went out, walking leisurely down the long shady boulevard toward the President's house.

His roommate continued to watch his tall athletic figure until it was lost in the distance. Then he turned to several companions who had just come in.

"Poor boy," he said, "I knew it all along. He has flunked on Logic and has gone to see Pres, about it. Pity if he can't graduate after he's done so much for varsity athletics."

But Mortimer Reid was far from despondent as he strolled up the walk to the President's house. Such a thought as failing on Logic had not entered his mind since the examination; and if it had, he was not the kind of man to cry over spilled milk.

At the end of two hours he returned, whistling, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Well, how goes it? Did Pres, tell you that you hit the ceiling on Log., or did he tell you he had made use of the hydraulic press and put you through?" asked Payne, looking up from his work.

Reid winced. Logic had been a veritable thorn in the flesh with him.

" Didn't see him."

"And pray, why so happy? That rich aunt died and made you her heir? Perhaps found a diamond mine somewhere?"

"Oh, confound it, if you must know, the President's wife's sister is visiting her, and I have been up to call. Met her in a snowstorm last Christmas."

"Just knew there was a woman in it somewhere, when you shucked that sweater. Going to be civilized and go courting, eh? Pres. thinking about adopting you in the family? Well, good luck to you, my dear frau," and he shut the door and was gone.

III.

As spring advanced Mortimer Reid increased the frequency of his visits to the President's house.

"Specializing on Logic," explained Payne to a group of observers. "I don't blame him, though; if I had such a fair pedagog, I could recite syllogisms on my death-bed."

Reid no longer wore the customary varsity sweater. He felt it a disgrace to be seen in it, except on the diamond.

The baseball season opened and Reid threw himself into training his team with new-born ardor. He determined to redeem the poor record made by the varsity last year.

A portion of his zeal was instilled into his fellows, and when the team came to start on its season's tour there was no one but felt confident of victory.

At the end of the season the team returned crowned with laurels. There had not been a single defeat, and the varsity rang loud with praise for Reid.

But the fame he had won meant little to him. Between him and his degree yawned the abysm of another examination on Logic. A feeling of final defeat took hold of him.

The examination was to be held at the President's house. He felt if he had been anywhere else he could have flunked with dignity.

He went over the questions in sort of a vague dream, and after he handed in the paper he sat in dejected silence while the President corrected it. The stillness seemed unbearable.

At last the President broke the silence.

"Mr. Reid, you have done well. Allow me to congratulate you. You have done the university an inestimable service this year, and I thank you."

Reid emerged flushed from the study. In the hall he met Gladys. She read victory in his face.

"Accept my hearty congratulations, for I see you have won this time."

"And now," he said, taking both her hands, "since I have won one prize, I want another. I could not ask you before, but now I want you, dearest, for my own."

She gazed for one short moment into his sparkling eyes, and he felt her hand grow lax in his grasp. Then she turned from him and gazed into the distance, and two large tears escaped and fled down her flushed cheek as she said: "I guess you have won again, Mortimer."

Charles Preston Weaver.

POEM.

Said a pretty maid to a bashful lad, "Que pensez vous, ami?"

With a crimson flush the lad replied,
"Je pense que vous aime, ami."

"Je pense," said the maid, and paused,
"Que pensez vous, ami?"

And the maiden's face was flushed when she said,
"Je pense que vous aime, aussi."

HOWLER CONTEST.

Will you where my we contain the color will marking the color will be contained to the color will be color with the color will be color with the color will be color will be color with the color will be color will be color with the color will be color with the color will be color with the color will be color will be color with the color will be color with the color will be color with the color will be color will be color with the color will be col Petun tile om to R. C. Same weet agent mention to the same to the A strong of the street of the Dries S. Leve Control of the State of the St Nos montions studient in colleges Nost Populate Butent in confere, Workstelling Studentin College? Handonnes studentin college? In Diversity State for the Tall of the State Most concelled student in college. Most colleges supplied states to the colleges of County and State Nates the sed studies in collections Frenhes I Nowid Student in Commence Full name ? Most complete professor in colleges Csticst student in college 20.5 Higgst larin college? Do you smoke? Height Weight Hest athlete in college? Price is # 50 Per CODy Do You wish a copy; Most popular student, Hugh Johnson. Most prominent student, William H. Pace. Handsomest student, J. Edward Hobgood. Most studious student, Bayard T. Falls. Ugliest student, Lloyd M. Holloway. Most conceited student, Raymond C. Dunn. Neatest dressed student, Benjamin H. Browning. Freshest Newish student, James T. Broughton. Best athlete, J. Edward Hobgood. Most College-spirited student, H. Paul Scarborough. Most popular professor, Dr. E. Walter Sikes.

Lightest student, P. Mitchell; weight, 100 pounds.
Lowest student, P. Mitchell; height, 5 feet, 4½ inches
Oldest student, Charles A. Sigmon; age 32.
Number of students that smoke, 47.
Average height, 5 feet, 8¾ inches.
Average weight, 148 pounds.
Average age, 19.

Tallest student, Joe Norfleet: height, 6 feet, 4 inches. Heaviest student, Joe Norfleet; weight, 217 pounds.



Slaps.

"The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."—WHITEHEAD.

"A good blunt fellow."—NEWTON.

- "And if my legs were two such riding rods."—VANN.
- "Would I might never stir from off this place."—CAMP.
- "How far this little candle throws its beams."—Green, E. S.
- "There goes the parson; oh, illustrious sport!"—Davis, T.
- "God's love seemed lost on him."—Shaw, E.
- "A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket."—KEENER.

"Ye gods, what a name!"—DINGLEHOEF.

- "I do marvel where thou spendest thy time."—MIKE.
- "Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep."—HARRELL.
- "You are as a candle, the better part burnt out,"—McMillan.
 "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."—Browning.
- "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew."—TRIPLET.

"How is 't with you,

That you do bend your eyes on vacancy? "-WARD.

"There's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."—Weaver.

"Though I am not splenetive and rash,

Yet I have something in me dangerous."—Norfleet.

"A strutting player, whose conceit Lies in his hamstring."—KING.

"One leg as if suspicious of his brother,

Desirous seems to run away from t' other."—Coppedge.

"What cracker is this that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?"—BAGLY.

"My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep."—Nowell.

"It is good to see one's name in print,
Although there 's nothing in 't."—Lewis.

"Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"



A Tragedy in Two Acts.

ACT I.

Scene 1. College student's room. Period, three days before Annicersary.

Jack Tracy, scated at table, studying assiduously. Enter roommate, Sidney Lee, slamming door noisily.

LEE: "Mail for you."

Tracy: "Let's see." (Opens number one, and reads, smiling; opens number two; smile changes to frown.)

LEE (observing change): "What 's the matter?"

TRACY: "Oh, bother the luck; here I 've invited two girls I 'm engaged to, and they are both coming. Now, ain't I in a fix?"

LEE: Oh, I can get you out. Write one of them you are dangerously sick

with pneumonia, and she 'll stay away."

Tracy (breaking into smiles): "You're a trump, old lady. I want Carrie to come, so I'll just drop Bessie a line and tell her I am critically ill, and that will settle the whole matter." (Scats himself and begins writing. Reads, scals, and carries to post-office.)

Scene II. Bessie's home. Bessie scated in rocking-chair by fire, deeply

interested in magazine. Postman rings. Rushes to door and picks up letter.

"Ah, a letter from Jack (tears open letter). Had no idea he would answer by return mail."

(Reads.) Awful sorry to disappoint you * * * * Taken suddenly ill * * * * Doctor says may have a tough time * * * * Can't possibly be out for couple of weeks at least. [Dictated.] (Reads agam.)

"The poor boy! Sick, and so far from home. I will just pack my clothes, take the next train, and give him a little surprise. I know he will be glad to see

me, and I shall nurse the dear lad back to life."

"I'll just send him this little wire to let him know I am coming. Here, William (ringing for servant), have this message sent right away, and tell James to have the carriage ready for me to take the early morning train."

Scene III. Carrie's home. Enter Carrie. Approaches hall-table, on which

is an unopened letter addressed to her. Seizes it.

"Oh! this is from Jack."

(Reads aloud).) It is so kind of you to accept my invitation to attend Anniversary. I have taken all your engagements myself and made all arrangements. I shall endeavor to make your visit as pleasant as possible. Until then, I am

Your devoted lover,

Jack.

"What a dear fellow he is! I am sure I will enjoy it if I only see you, Jack."

ACT II.

Time: Next day.

Scene I. Same room at college. Jack Tracy, gazing out window, roommate seated, reading. A knock at the door.

JACK: "Come in." (Enter messenger boy with telegram. JACK signs, opens, and reads. Turns suddenly pale, and drops in chair. Roommate springs to his side. Resuscitates him.)

" Bad news, old chap?"

(Jack thrusts telegram in his hands. Reads aloud:) "Coming to see you. Will arrive 10.30. (Signed) Bessie."

LEE: "Well, well! Looks kind of squally, doesn't it? Wait, I have it. You shall go to bed, feign scrious illness, and when Bessie comes I will refuse to allow her to see you. I will go and borrow an apothecary's outfit to help carry out the scheme. (Exit roommate, hastily.)

Scene II. Same, with Jack in bed, head tied up, feigning sleep.

(A knock at door; no answer. A louder knock.)

"Come in!" (feebly from the depths of the bed-clothes). (Enter Bessie, flushed, with traveling-bag.)

"Oh, Jack, I am so sorry you are ill." (JACK attempts to speak.)

"No, don't say a word. I have come to take charge, and I shall not leave you until you are entirely out of danger. (Scats herself beside the bed, and opens her traveling-bag.)

(A gentle knock at the door. Bessie opens it. On the threshold stands Carrie.

Perceives Jack in bed.)

CARRIE: "Oh, Jack, are you sick? Why didn't you let me know?" (Advances to bedside.)

(A groun issues from the counterpane.)

CARRIE: "Who is that woman here, Jack?" (Another deep groan.)

Bessie: "Madame, I am Jack's sweetheart. I have charge here, and I would have you know your presence here is undesirable, and I would advise you to leave immediately."

CARRIE: "You are an impostor! I tell you, I am engaged to Jack, myself, and if he is sick it is I and not you who shall nurse him." (An ominous groan from the patient.)

Bessie: "Woman! you are making Jack worse, and I advise you to leave at once. You are the impostor. I am Jack's financé; here is my engagement ring."

(JACK can stand the strain no longer. Raises his head from the pillow.)

JACK: "Ladies, it is all a horrible mistake. This is not Jack Tracy, and moreover, if you value your lives at a penny you will quit this apartment at once, for I have the smallpox."

Bessie: "No, Jack; I know it is you. You have deceived me, and I despise

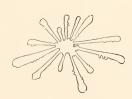
you. (Flings ring to floor and leaves the room.)

CARRIE: "And now, Mr. Jack, I demand an explanation. Who is that woman who has just left the room, and what do you mean by writing me to come to Anniversary when you were sick?"

(Silence from the bed.)

CARRIE: Ah, there is no explanation. Well, hereafter we are only friends; remember, please. (*Drops ring, and cxit, weeping.*)

(Enter roommate, laden with bottles of every description. Tableau. Curtain.)



The History of Wake Forest College.

UST sixty-nine years ago, in the spring of 1834, a correspondent on a flying trip through North Carolina, wrote to a religious journal at the North a most gloomy letter about the physical as well as the moral aspects of the State. One thing, at least, he found that was hopeful: "They have kindled." says he, "a light in the Wake Forest Institute that I trust will soon shed its beams over the whole State." Even had he taken time for accurate observation, he would have found the Baptists of the State neither so numerous as now nor so well organized for effective work. Among them, however, was a number of able preachers who would in nowise be abashed in the presence of their brethren of this later day. Of these might be mentioned William Hooper, Thomas Meredith, John Kerr, O. H. Trotman, James McDaniel, Patrick W. Dowd,

Samuel Wait, Josiah Crudup, John Armstrong, and others.

Like most of the older institutions of learning in this country, Wake Forest College had its origin in the piety and wise forethought which aimed primarily to secure the education of the ministry. Before the year 1829 the "Benevolent Society" had been organized by prominent Baptists for the more effectual dissemination of the gospel throughout the State. At its regular meeting held in Greenville, Pitt County, March 26-29, 1830, a resolution was passed dissolving the society and transferring its funds to the Baptist State Convention, which was thereupon immediately organized. One of the primary objects of this convention, as stated in article second of its constitution, was "the education of young men called of God to the ministry." To this work the convention thus committed itself, but no active measures were taken respecting it until the next meeting, held at Cross Roads Church, Wake County, April 15-18, 1831. At that time the convention accepted the offer of Rev. John Armstrong, of New Berne, to educate young preachers, and the board of managers were directed to send to him or to some school such young ministers as they should approve, and to defray the expense so far as the funds of the convention would allow.

Such was the original plan, and so far as appears, no one at that time thought of a college. Indeed, after the Institute had been determined upon and its plans published, nay, for several years after its opening, there was no little murmuring in some quarters that the constitution did not contemplate and gave no warrant for the establishment of a school to which any but ministers should be

admitted.

But in order that these might be educated, a well-organized school was seen to be indispensable. Besides, systematic manual labor in garden or farm in connection with mental application was then held in high esteem. A number of institutions were organized on this plan, such as the Virginia Baptist Seminary, Mercer Seminary, Georgia; Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Oneida Institute, New York; Cumberland College, and Pennsylvania Manual Labor Institute. It was, accordingly, deemed wise on account of both health and economy to provide those receiving instruction with means of manual labor. The expense involved in this plan could not be met by the probable amount of theological patronage, especially since ministerial students were to be educated almost free of charge. It was decided, therefore, to open a general school to which would be admitted any young gentleman of good character, and the income of which was expected to pay nearly all the expenses, including those of ministerial students. At the meeting of the convention held at Reeves's Meeting-House, Chatham County, August 3-7, 1832, this was definitely recommended by the committee on education, William Hooper, chairman, and the convention unanimously resolved, August 4th, 1832, to "purchase a suitable farm and to adopt other preliminary measures for the establishment of a Baptist literary institution in this State upon the mutual labor principle." Before the close of the month a committee appointed to carry the resolution into effect purchased for \$2,000 Dr. Calvin Jones's farm of six hundred and fifteen acres, about sixteen miles North of Raleigh, the members of the committee themselves advancing the deficit of the subscriptions already secured.

For many years before this important event the community in which the farm lay had been known as Wake Forest, probably so named because its original growth of timber was so fine as to win by preeminence the designation of the Forest of Wake (County) or Wake Forest. Accordingly, the board of managers at their meeting in Raleigh, September 25th, 1832, resolved that the institution should be called "The Wake Forest Institute." At that time it was hoped it might be opened in February following, but on December 15th the board at a meeting in Raleigh decided to postpone the beginning of operations to February, 1834. For the year 1833 the farm was committed to the care of reliable men in the neighborhood. On May 10th of that year Rev. Samuel Wait, A. M., a native of New York, and then general agent of the convention, was appointed principal of the Institute. He had come to North Carolina on an agency for Columbian College, Washington, several years before and by peculiar providential circumstances had been led to make New Berne his home. The next year, May 3d, by the board of trustees he was elected president and "Professor of Moral Philosophy and General Literature." He resigned November 26th,

1844.

The importance of his work for the institution is signalized by the inscription on marble in the front of the Library Building: "Rev. Samuel Wait, D. D., Founder and First President of Wake Forest College."

A meager charter for the Institute was obtained from the Legislature of 1833-34, and that only by the liberal views and manliness of an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, Mr. William D. Mosely, Speaker of the Senate, who gave the casting vote in its favor. Here was a crisis in its history, for no one can measure the depression which failure would have produced in the friends and supporters of the infant enterprise. On the first Monday of February, 1834, the exercises were opened with about twenty-five students in attendance, which number was increased to seventy in August following. What did these first students find on reaching Wake Forest? On the spot where now stands the imposing Old Building, they found a small but comfortable frame dwelling. To the right, about where the Library stands, was the garden, both its site and embellishment still marked by the everlasting jonguils just now venturing into the chill spring air as they did in those olden days. From a window of the magnificent public hall in the Wingate Memorial Building one may look directly down upon what was then the horse-lot. Near-by was the carriage house, sixteen feet by twentyfour, in which Mr. Wait gathered his heterogeneous charge for fectures or morning prayers. For dormitories several good log cabins were principally retied on. The hoe and plow were not out of sight of the blackboard and desk, for it will be remembered manual labor on the farm was to begin the same day with mental labor among the books.

The regulations of the manual labor department at first required of the students every day, except Saturdays, three hours labor in the fields; the time, however, was decreased to one hour afterwards, and after about four years the

system was abandoned altogether.

In May after the opening in February, the trustees held a meeting at the Institute, and took action looking to the better accommodation of the students already entered and provision for more who desired to enter. In December the plan of what is now known as the Old Building was submitted to the trustees by Mr. Ligon, and was adopted. Captain John Berry contracted to build it for \$14,000 and have it ready for use by January, 1837. It was not completed, however, until 1838. Its dimensions are one hundred and thirty-two by sixty-five, four stories high, having comfortable dormitories for about one hundred students. It was a bold, but as time showed, a fortunate undertaking. The immediate erection of the building was made possible by the devotion of the building committee and others who pledged their personal estates to the cause. In spite of the prevailing indifference on the subject of education, in spite of active opposition, open and covert, starting with nothing but zeal and deep faith in the

undertaking on the part of its promoters, its success was at once marvelous. In two and a half years there were one hundred and twenty students, and the \$14,000 building was nearly completed. The charter was amended by the Legislature, December 26th, 1838, Wake Forest Institute becoming Wake Forest College, with power to confer the usual college degrees. Its property was also relieved from taxation, the time of the charter was extended and the amount of property to be held was increased to \$250,000.

By the year 1848 the liabilities of the College were \$20,000, the largest items of which were \$10,000 borrowed from the Literary Fund of the State, and the balance due on the building. Some thought of giving up and offering the whole thing for sale. Dr. Hooper, president of the College, resigned; so did the president of the board of trustees. At their annual meeting during Commencement the board adjourned with no plan or suggestion to meet its obligations, although Rev. James S. Purefoy had proposed to be one of twenty or of ten to assume the debt. He had always been a faithful and most liberal supporter of the College. At this time he saved it. The day after that gloomy Commencement Mr. Purefoy, then residing at Forestville, one mile from Wake Forest, sent for Dr. Wait to confer with him about the trouble. The next day Mr. Purefoy subscribed \$1,000 and Dr. Wait \$500. Fired by these noble examples, the friends of the College living near in the next day or two carried up the amount to \$5,000. With this beginning and the active work of an agent during the year, the trustees in June, 1849, were able to make arrangements for the complete liquidation of the debt on the College.

The most notable administration in the history of the College was that of Dr. W. M. Wingate, not simply on account of its length, but because, as many think, he conducted it through its supreme crisis, the suspension on account of the Civil War. He was a native of Darlington, S. C. Graduating from Wake Forest College in 1849, he was appointed its general agent in 1854. He was elected its president in June, 1856, which position he held with unusual success and honor till his death, February 27th, 1879. In no year of his administration did he see the income of the College meet its expenses. True, on November 7th, 1856, a substantial movement for endowment was made at the meeting of the State Convention in Raleigh, when \$25,000 were subscribed in one hour and the actual invested endowment reached the sum of \$46,000 by 1861; but just when that was becoming available, the great wreck came, out of which the emaciated College emerged with about \$14,000. Dr. Wingate lived long enough, however, to see the prophetic streaks of the near dawn. He had seen the Library Building erected by the munificence of two prominent Baptists of Raleigh, Colonel J. M. Heck and the late Mr. John G. Williams, costing in all about \$11,000, and plans for what afterwards became the Wingate Memorial had been set on foot,

1610

The latter building, one hundred and two feet by sixty, with a central projection in front of ten feet, containing on the first floor a small chapel and four superior recitation-rooms, and on the second the largest and best public hall in the State, was ready for use at the Commencement of 1880.

Again in 1874 and 1875, Rev. Mr. Purefoy, by a successful agency in some of the Northern cities, rescued the embarrassed and all but sinking institution. The \$10,000 raised then made possible and gave the impetus towards its present endowment.

Professor Charles E. Taylor, of the Chair of Latin, in November, 1882, undertook the raising of the \$54,000 endowment to \$100,000. His colleagues taught his classes while he was engaged in this great work. By his singular wisdom, candor, and straightforward business course, when eleven o'clock on the night of December 31st, 1883, came, the treasurer of the College had in hand, actually secured, an endowment of \$100,000. Since that time the endowment has reached the sum of \$209,459.10. The real estate, equipment, and buildings of the College are estimated to be worth at least \$100,000. A movement will soon be inaugurated to add largely to both endowment and equipment.

The first class was graduated in 1839. There have been in all 845 full graduates. These have been distributed among almost all professions and callings. More than fifty have been editors of influential papers. A still larger number have been presidents of or professors in colleges. They have filled important pastorates in thirty States. A constantly increasing number have achieved success in law and politics. In New York and Philadelphia, as well as in North Carolina, a number have made enviable reputations as surgeons and physicians. Several score have had and are having prosperous careers as bankers and merchants. The Class of 1903 comprises six applicants for the degree of Master of Arts, thirty-seven for Bachelor of Arts, and five for Bachelor of Law.



COLLEGE SCENE.

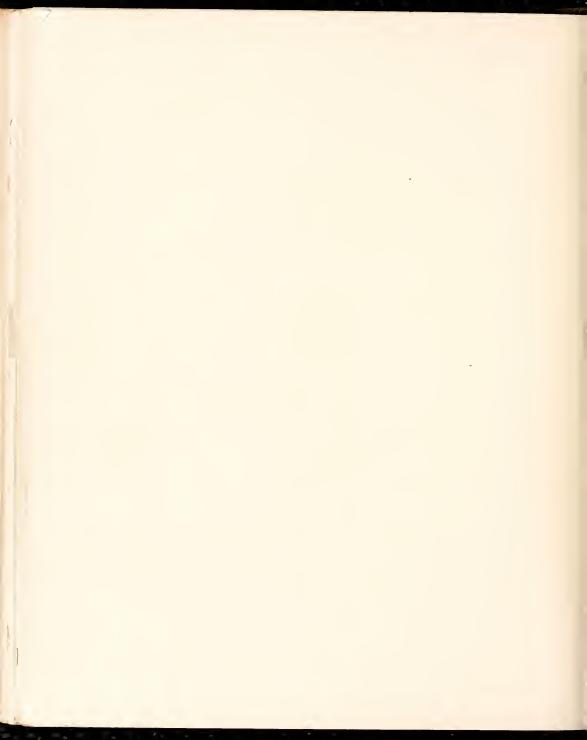
Library

The trumpet blein on the fourney-day,
And ober the desert sands,
Like a cyclone swept the warriors hold,
With their spears conched in their hands.
A swift, true thrust, and a warrior fell
With his heart pierced thro' and thro';
But the one who fell was I, sweetheart,
And the other—the other was you.
Charles P. Weaber.









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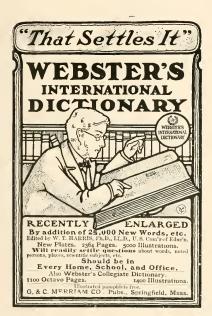
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