



—  
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z. —

,05.















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A GILBERT GIRL.



# THE AGROMECK

 VOLUME THREE 

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE NORTH  
CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS



WEST RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA  
MAY  NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE





TO  
HON. BENJAMIN R. LACY,

WHOSE GREAT AND UNFAILING  
FRIENDSHIP SHOWN TO THE \*\*  
SENIOR CLASS HAS WON FOR  
HIM IN THEIR HEARTS AND \*\*  
MEMORY A LASTING PLACE.\*\*

THIS  
THE 1905 VOLUME IS LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED





HON. B. R. LACY.

## Benjamin Rice Lacy



I HAVE been asked by the young men conducting the *AGROMECK* to write a short sketch of the life and character of my friend, Benjamin R. Lacy, to whom this issue of the Annual is dedicated. They have furnished me with a few facts relative to Mr. Lacy's life. He was born in the city of Raleigh on June 19, 1854. He is a son of the late Reverend Drury Lacy, a distinguished and learned Presbyterian minister, who was for several years President of Davidson College. Both of Mr. Lacy's grandfathers were Presbyterian ministers. On his mother's side he comes of a long line of notable preachers. At the age of 15 he went into the Raleigh and Gaston R. R. shops in Raleigh as an apprentice. For about fifteen years he was a locomotive engineer. He became a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and holds his connection with that compact and wisely managed organization. As a member of the Brotherhood, he served for a number of years on the Grievance Committee, and his wise and considerate conduct in that delicate position gained for him and he now holds the love and confidence of the men to a degree rarely equalled, and he always enjoyed the respect of the officials of the railroads.

He served six years as Commissioner of Labor, having been first appointed to that office by the late Governor Elias Carr. He has twice been elected State Treasurer, being nominated to that high office the last time by acclamation. Mr. Lacy spent some months of his life on the plains of Texas and in the Southwest, where he became acquainted with ranch life, and contributed his part to the history of those brave men who combine sound judgment with an attractive dare-devil recklessness. These meager facts furnished to me do not make Mr. Lacy's career or his character understandable. To those of us who know him best, he yet remains something of a mystery. Simple in his life, a quiet and orderly man, with only such knowledge of books as he has picked up at intervals in a busy life, what is it that has won for him such distinguished honors, and enables him to count the whole population as his friends? An intimate association with him for four years has solved this question for me to my entire satisfaction. He is, in the first place, a man of fine natural sense, but beyond and above this, he is possessed of a warm heart which never tires in service for others. He takes the minutest interest in all that concerns his friends and acquaintances. He knows children, not only by sight and favor, but by name. He knows the working people of the community in which he lives and calls them by their Christian names, not as a matter of condescension or patronage, but as a mark of his sense of equality and friendliness. He is on terms of friendship and intimacy with the learned and powerful. He sees things from the point of view of the wage-earner, and realizes how the employer looks at the matter from his position. His concern about the interests of those with whom he comes in

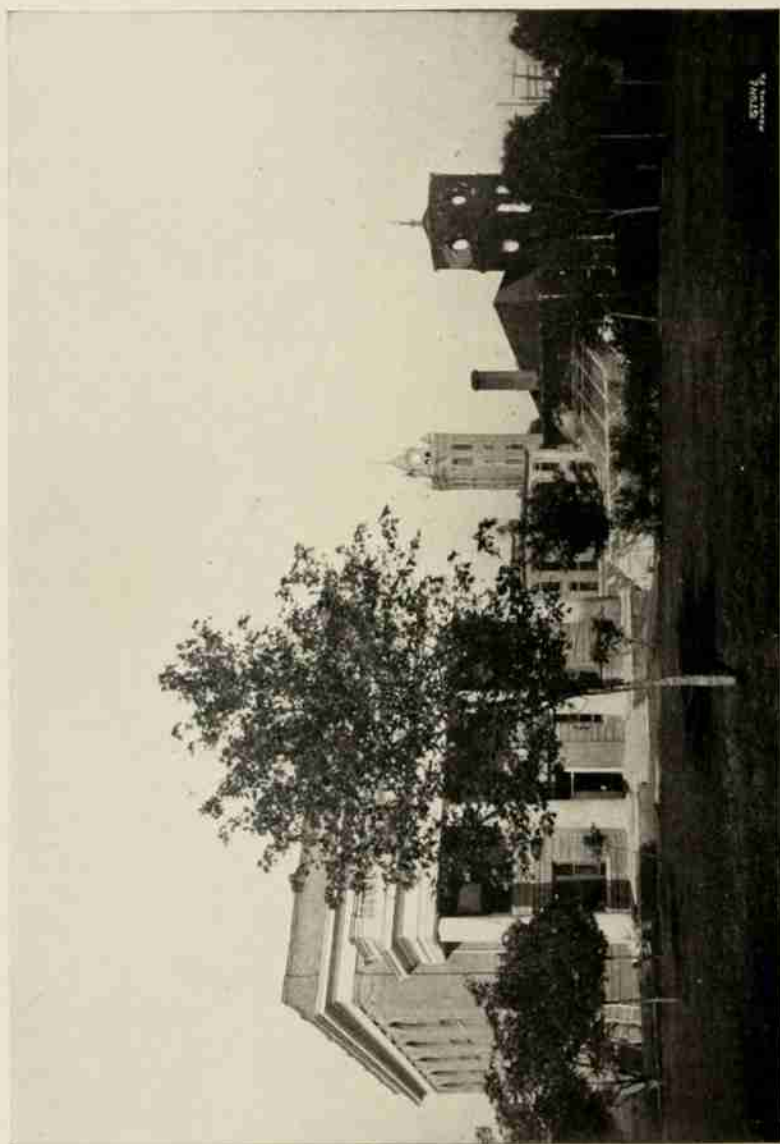
contact is real. He rejoices with those who rejoice. He is present at the weddings of the sons and daughters of his friends. He weeps with those who weep. He attends the funerals of those who have crossed over the river. He sits up with the dead, visits the sick, aids the widow and orphan. In doing these things he never counts the cost in time or labor. He is a poor man, but finds enough money to spare to needs that are greater than his. His sympathy is always on the alert for those who labor. He thoroughly believes in higher wages, shorter hours of labor, and more comforts and more opportunities for those who do labor. Knowing these few simple facts about Ben. Lacy, one knows and understands the man and his popularity. He may not be a great man, but he is a good man. He has his faults, but others may tell of these. I shall not. I will leave this to his enemies, with the certainty that the public will never be enlightened on that side of his character by any North Carolinian.

Ben. Lacy's career is an inspiration and a hope to every toiling boy in the State.

For years he has been a great sufferer from asthma. A great many nights he sleeps not at all, or only from exhaustion after weary coughing. Day after day, after passing nights of wakefulness and suffering, I have seen him in his office at his desk at work with a smile on his face and a ready greeting to every one who called, whether on business or just for a chat. Patience, cheerfulness, industry, helpfulness—these make a combination out of which success can always be wrought. This lesson Mr. Lacy teaches. Love of his fellow-men, of his community, of his State, of his country, this endears him to us all. May he have long life in which to serve the people well and to add to the comfort and cheerfulness of life.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK.





STONY  
BROOK, N.Y.

VIEW OF PULLEN BUILDING

## Editorial



After much labor and deliberation we have at last succeeded in putting the 1905 *AGROMECK* into the readers' hands. The Senior year of the Class has been a stormy one in many ways, and the unsettled condition of affairs has had a marked influence upon the annual, an influence for the bad. Still, through many difficulties and over many obstacles the staff has labored to make the *AGROMECK* a credit to the Class and to the College. Wherein we have succeeded and wherein we have failed is left for the gentle reader to discern. We can only say that, realizing our shortcomings, we can but hope for the best as regards opinion on the book.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. C. Allan Gilbert, who so kindly drew the frontispiece for us. His great kindness will long be remembered by the Class.

We also extend our hearty thanks to Mr. J. B. Lynch, the staff artist. His faithful sketching speaks for itself on the pages following. Sketching that has added so much to the book.

In conclusion, we hope that this volume will be a lasting and pleasant souvenir to each and every man of the Senior Class.



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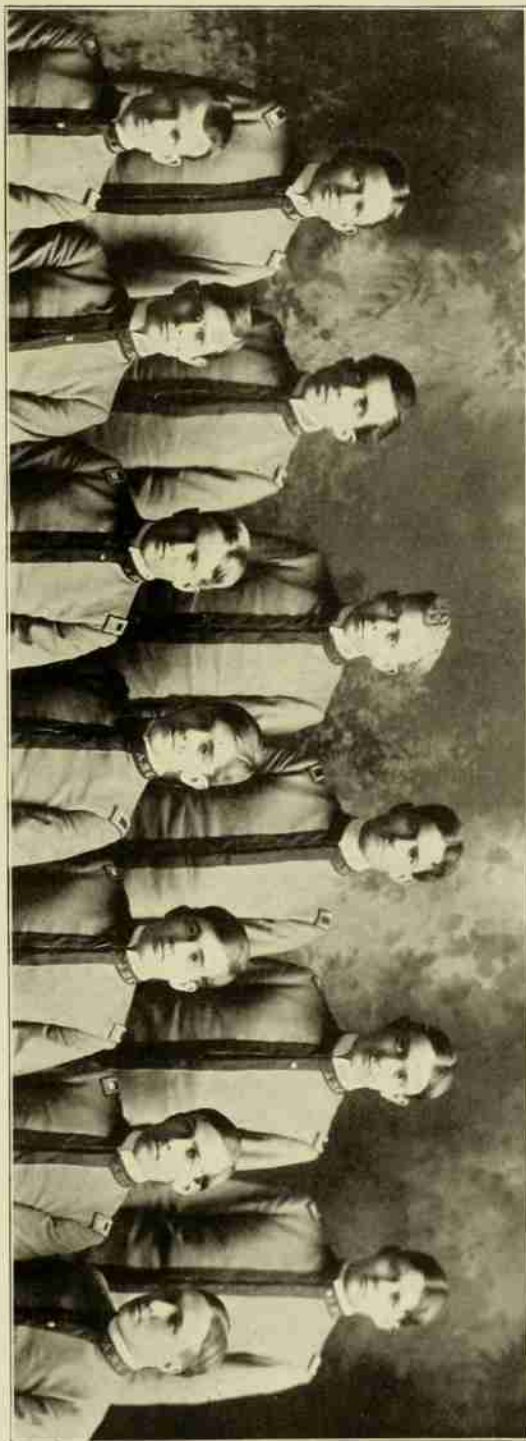
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*James Borden Lynch*



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## College Calendar



1905

Thursday, July 13, . . .	Entrance Examination at each County Court-house, 10 a. m.
Tuesday, September 5, . . .	} Entrance Examination at the College, 9 a. m.
Wednesday, September 6, . . .	
Thursday, September 7, . . .	First Term begins; Registration Day.
Thursday, November 23, . . .	Thanksgiving Day.
Thursday, December 21, . . .	First Term ends.

1906

Thursday, January 4, . . .	Entrance Examinations.
Friday, January 5, . . .	Second Term begins; Registration Day.
Saturday, March 17, . . .	Second Term ends.
Monday, March 19, . . .	Third Term begins; Registration Day.
Sunday, May 27, . . .	Baccalaureate Sermon.
Monday, May 28, . . .	Alumni Day.
Tuesday, May 29, . . .	Annual Oration.
Wednesday, May 30, . . .	Commencement Day.



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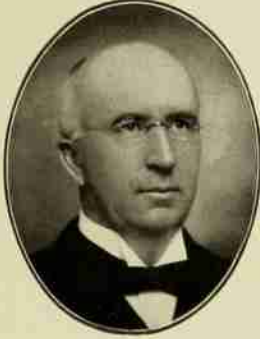
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VIEW OF PARK

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THE '05 GIRL.

# Senior Class



## Officers

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RONALD BONAR WILSON	Poet
LIPSCOMB GOODWIN LYKES	Historian
SYLVESTER MURRAY VIELE	Prophet



COLORS: Violet and White.

MOTTO: Honor by devotion to duty.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.



## Yell

Wah! Who! Wah!

Wah! Who! Wah!

S—E—N—I—

Se—Ni—Ah.

Who Ray! Who Ray!

Who Roar. Senior!



## Senior History



**I**T gives me much pleasure to look back upon the time when first this Class of ours saw the ivy-covered walls of old A. and M.

Yet as I let my thoughts thus idly wander back to by-gone days, I can not but remember that the days through which our Class has lived saw much that gave us pain.

Faces we had learned to love, fellow class-mates, men who ever had the love of Class and right before their eyes left our midst and entered the arena of a struggling world.

Our Class has missed these men, for several were among the back-bone of the Class, and I can but do justice by remembering that the Class feels now as if it were but half a Class,—a tree from which its strongest limbs were torn,—a man whose every cherished hope had fled.

Our Class when first we entered college numbered 69 men, and now we count but 42, yet, the majority of these remaining few are loyal to each other still and to the ideals set by the 69 men who matriculated in the Fall of 1901.

We suffered as do all new men by Sophomoric hands the first few days we were upon the Hill, but now, those sufferings are a source of joy, for had we missed them, we would but feel that we had lost the real first phase of college life.

We early settled down to routine duty, worked for the best, took an active part in athletics, and did fairly well for Freshmen,—even better than the preceding classes,—so at least did we think.

As Sophomores, we were the very acme of them all, and remembered well the year we had suffered. We now felt duty-bound to right these wrongs and administer the dose to the Freshmen.

This second year as college mates marked with us a fast-approaching unity, a development of spirit as it was, and in those days our Class was all that class implies.

As Sophs. we held our first Class banquet, and well we remember the first '05 dinner.

This banquet gave us to understand that we were entering into manhood, and left us with a democratic feeling in our hearts.

We continued in advancing ideas,—some were new, while some, though old to other colleges, were new to A. and M. Our "Rooting Club" was one of these, and we can say with pride that this club was, of its kind, the very first that ever made the campus ring with yells and cries that urged our athletes to victory.

In athletics, we held an important place and gave to the varsity eleven two of its star players—Hadley and Shannonhouse,—while our Class team was too strong for others, for we challenged all but played none.

For the varsity baseball nine, we furnished four men,—Chreitzberg, Howle, Hadley and Shannonhouse.

Our Junior year was but a repetition of our former years, and laurels new were placed upon our brow.

Our football team drubbed the doughty Sophs., and when our dirt-begrimed gridiron heroes left the field of battle, the score stood 5—0 in our favor.

This year our Class put out five men for the varsity eleven—Abernethy, Hadley, Lykes, Seifert and Squires, and three for baseball—Chreitzburg, Hadley and Howle.

Our second banquet was the next event that brought our Class to notice, and it is hardly necessary here to say that this second dinner was even more successful than the first.

Our Class was given credit by the Faculty for instituting such affairs as these, and we were proud indeed.

Our next attempt to place the Class before the world in which we lived was made in organizing a "Dramatic Club," which met with every possible success. Several of our members demonstrated their feminine ability to a perfection.

The play's success was much due to Mr. Bowen, the College bursar, who gave his every thought and idle moment to its development, and the Class extends its thanks to him for thus aiding us in gaining fame.

Commencement was now near, and we were all jubilant over the thoughts of soon being dignified Seniors.

With the closing of our Junior year, our Class history practically ended.

At the beginning of our Senior year, the Class met its Waterloo, and the facts from then on concern us not as a Class, but as a body of its truest members, known as "Thugs," whose history, whose origin, and whose motives are amplified in other pages of this annual.

Good-bye, A. and M.; we go with thousands of others into the cold, harsh world of strife and enervating toil. In the day-dawn of life's battle we pause in peaceful contemplation, sadly gazing, seriously pondering, with a combination of curiosity, anguish and alarm.

But we find refuge in the future—it is then that magical horizons spread out before us; it is then that such splendid visions appear to us; it is then that we hope to bestow wonders upon our old College, which form its true glory, its true wealth, and its true pride.

HISTORIAN.

## The Class of 1905



The sand in the glass at last is run.  
Our college life has reached its close,  
But with the setting of its sun  
A brighter light in the new dawn glows.

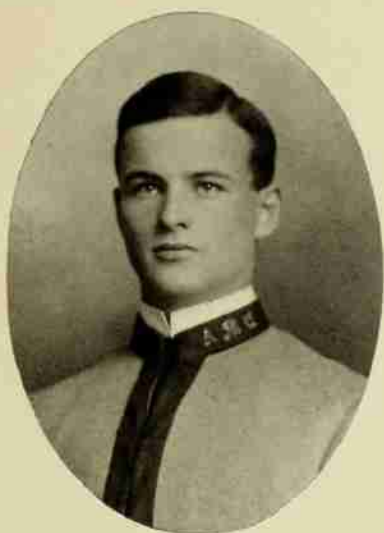
A light whose beams shall point the way  
To a life beyond the college walls,  
A world where each his part must play  
When that stern bugler, Duty, calls.

And in the playing let each one be  
Noble and brave, steadfast and true.  
So that old '05's memory  
Shall receive all praise and honor due.

Then in that last roll-call beyond the skies  
Unflinching shall each man answer "Here,"  
And stand and look his Master in the eyes  
And in the looking know no fear.

# SENIORS





"Framed in a prodigality of nature."

LEROY FRANKLIN ABERNETHY,  
Σ, Ν. Α. Ζ.

HICKORY, N. C.

*Agriculture.*

Captain football team '04; football team '03-'04; track team '03-'04; vice-president Pullen Literary Society '04; vice-president Y. M. C. A. '04-'05; Athletic Association '03-'04-'05; Dramatic Club '04-'05; Rural Science Club; Biological Club.

Age 19; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 195 pounds.



"Whose very looks are prayers."

ROBERT JAMES AVERY, A. Z.

"Thug."

MORGANTON, N. C.

*Agriculture.*

Vice-President Biological Club '03-'04; Sec. and Treas. of Farmers W. Raleigh Sub-Alliance '04; Scientific Contest Biological Club '04; Rural Science Club; Y. M. C. A.; Leazar Literary Society; Athletic Association; Dungeon Baseball Team '02; editor *Agricultural Education* '04-'05.

Age 24; height 6 ft.; weight 150 pounds.



"Not lean enough to be thought a good student."

BENJAMIN ALEXANDER BROOM,  
MARSHVILLE, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

President Tenerian Literary Society '04; Manager Team III T. L. S. '04-'05; Sec. and Treas. Senior Class '04-'05; Chief Marshal T. L. S. Entertainment '05; Y. M. C. A.; 1st Corporal Co. "D" '02-'03.

Age 25; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 150 pounds.



"He is a friend to all."

OSCAR LUTHER BAGLEY,  
"Thug," BAGLEY, N. C.

*Chemical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. "A" '04-'05; 1st Sergeant Co. "D" '03-'04; Corporal Co. "F" '02-'03; Pres. Junior Class '03-'04; Vice-Pres. Leazar Literary Society '03-'04; Sec. L. L. S. '02-'03; Treas. L. L. S. '04-'05; Sec. Berzelius Chemical Society '03-'04; Chairman Devotional Committee Y. M. C. A. '04-'05; Junior Dramatic Club '03-'04; Marshal L. L. S. Debate '04; Marshal Commencement '04; Sec. L. L. S. Entertainment '04; editor *Red and White* '03-'04; editor *AGROMECK* '04-'05.

Age 23; height 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; weight 140 pounds.





"Thou art long and lank."

JOEL WATKINS BULLOCK, J. Z.

WILLIAMSBORO, N. C.

*Agriculture.*

President Biological Club '04-'05; Vice-Pres. Rural Science Club '03-'04; Pres. Pullen Literary Society '05; Scrub Football team '03-'04, '04-'05; winner Second Prize Biological Contest '03; Asso. Editor *Agricultural Education* '04-'05; Assistant Comic Editor *Red and White* '03-'04.

Age 23; height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 178 pounds.



"Oh coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me."

HENRY BROZIER CARTWRIGHT,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Capt. Band '04-'05; 1st Sergt. Band '03-'04; 2d Sergt. Band '02-'03; Vice-Pres. Athletic Association '04-'05; Sub Class Football team '03-'04; Pullen Literary Society.

Age 21; height 5 feet 8 3/4 inches; weight 148 pounds.

"A proud man, dressed in a little brief authority."

WILLIAM MILLER CHAMBERS, *K. Σ.*  
WENTWORTH, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Major of Battalion '04-'05; Sergt.-Major '03-'04; 1st Corp. Co. "A" '02-'03; Local Editor *Red and White* '03-'04; Assistant Athletic Editor *Red and White* '02-'03; Class Historian '02-'03; Treas. Pullen Literary Society '01; Sec. P. L. S. '02; Critic P. L. S. '02; Debater Public Entertainment P. L. S. '03; Marshal Public Entertainment P. L. S. '01-'02; Marshal Commencement '01-'02; Auditor Athletic Association '02; Vice-Pres. Athletic Association '03; Thalerian German Club; Librarian Electrical Society '03-'04; Class Dramatic Club '03-'04; Pres. I. O. U. Club '04-'05.

Age 28 years; height 6 feet; weight 146 pounds.



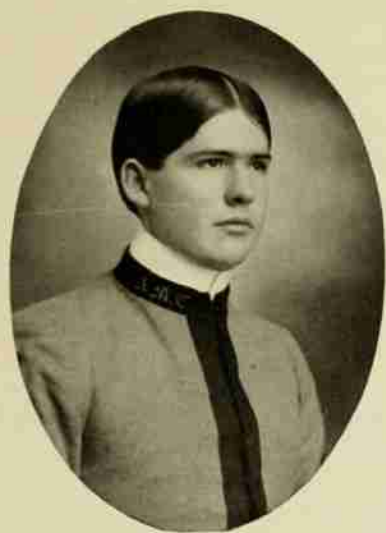
"He is so plagny proud that the death tokens of it, cry no recovery."

HILLIARD FRANCIS CHREITZBERG,  
"Thug," WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Entered Sophomore '02; Lieut. Co. "B" '04-'05; Sergt. Co. "B" '03-'04; Varsity Baseball team '03-'04; Class football team '03; Capt. Class baseball team '04; Mgr. Tennis Club '03-'04; Pres. Tennis Club '04-'05; Leazar Literary Society; Pres. Oratorical Contest '04.

Age 22; height 5 feet 6 1-2 inches; weight 138 pounds.





"Thou hast neither honesty, manhood or  
good fellowship in thee."

WALTER GOSS FINCH,

LEXINGTON, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Y. M. C. A., Athletic Association, Pres.  
Pullen Literary Society '04; Class football  
team '03; Secretary Debater's Contest P.  
L. S. May '04; Commencement Marshal  
'03; Secretary P. L. S. '03.

Age 22; height 5 feet 8 3/4 inches; weight  
180 pounds.



"Liars should have good memories."

STERLING GRAYDON, "Thug."

Capt. and Quartermaster '04-'05; Quar-  
termaster-Sergt. '03-'04; 2d Corp. Co. "B"  
'02-'03; Capt. Class football team '02-'03;  
Class football team '01-'02; Scrub baseball  
team '03-'04, '02-'03; Capt. Scrub baseball  
team '01-'02; Scrub football team '03-'04,  
'02-'03, '01-'02; Vice-Pres. Class '02-'03;  
Junior Dramatic Club, Tammany Hall, Ar-  
tist Club, *Red and White* staff; '04-'05, Skil-  
let Club, Artist Club, Chief Rooter, Ger-  
man Club, Bus. Mgr. AGROMECK.

Age 20; height 5 feet 8 1/2 inches; weight  
155 pounds.



"He spoke, and into every heart his words carried new strength and courage."

FRED. WATSON HADLEY, A. S.  
*Chemistry and Metallurgy.*

1st Lieut. Co. "A" '04-'05; Color Sergt. '03-'04; 2d Corp. Co. "A" '02-'03; Varsity football team '04, '03, '02; Capt. baseball team '05; baseball team '04, '03, '02; Class baseball team '04, '03, '02; Coach Class football team '03; Pres. Athletic Association '05; Treas. Athletic Association '04; Thalerian German Club '04-'05, '03-'04; Pres. Artist Club '04-'05, '03-'04; Skillet Club '04-'05; Berzelius Chemical Society '04-'05; Vice-Pres. Liebig Chemical Society '03-'04; Mgr. Junior Dramatic Club '03-'04; editor Art Department *AGROMECK* '04-'05.

Age 21; height 6 feet; weight 175 pounds.  
Honorary "Thug."



"A man of cheerful yesterday and confident to-morrows."

RICHARD HUGH HARPER, A. J.  
PATTERSON, N. C.

*Chemistry and Metallurgy.*

Capt. and Drum Major '04-'05; 1st Lieut. and Drum Major, Sergt. and Drum Major '03-'04; Corp. Co. "A" '02-'03; Leazar Literary Society; Critic Berzelius Chemical Society; Thalerian German Club.

Age 20; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 163 pounds.



"The world is not thy friend."

JERE ISAAC HÉRRIAGÉ.

JACKSONVILLE, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Charter member Tenerian Literary Society '02; Manager of team III, same '04.

Age 26; height 5 feet 9 1-2 inches; weight 165 pounds.



"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

LABAN MILES HOFFMAN, JR., K. A.

DALLAS, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Capt. Co. "D" '04-'05; 1st Sergt. Co. "B" '03-'04; 1st Corp. Co. "D" '02-'03; member Leazar Literary Society; member Tennis Club; member Thalerian German Club; Censor same '04; Secretary same '04; member Lion's Head; Textile Society; Athletic Association; Associate Editor AGROMECK '05; "Thug."

Age 22; height 5 feet 5 1-2 inches; weight 125 pounds.



"A progeny of learning."

LLOYD RAINEY HUNT, A. A.  
LEXINGTON, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Entered Junior Class Jan. '04; AGROMECK editor; Electrical Society; Capt. Track Team; President German Club Fall Term '04; Honor Roll Spring Term '04.

Age 22; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 150 pounds.



"A man that hath a mint of magic phrases in his brain."  
ARTHUR TEMPLETON KENYON,  
CLINTON, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

1st Lieut. Co. "D" '04-'05; 2d Sergt. Co. "F" '03-'04; 3d Corp. Co. "B" '02-'03; Editor-in-Chief '05 AGROMECK; Editor-in-Chief *Red and White* '03-'04; same '04-'05; Literary Editor *Red and White* '03; Class football team '03-'04; speaker Class Banquet '03; Vice-Pres. Rooting Club '03-'04; Vice-Pres. Leazar Literary Society '03; Orator L. L. S. March '05; Debater L. L. S. May '04; Marshal L. L. S. Entertainment '04; Debate Committee L. L. S. '05; member Press Association; Y. M. C. A.; Thalerian German Club; Athletic Association; Civil Engineering Society; Commencement Orator '05; "Thug" Historian; member Athletic Committee '03; "Thug"; Pres. L. L. S. '05.

Age 19; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 146 pounds.





"A little round fat, oily man of God."

STARR NEELY KNOX,

PINEVILLE, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

2d Lieut. Co. "D" '04-'05; 2d Sergt. Co. "E" '03-'04; 3d Corp. Co. "E" '02-'03; Y. M. C. A.; Leazar Literary Society; Vice-Pres. Mecklenburg Union '04; Class football team '03; Punctuality Honor Roll '03-'04; Civil Engineering Society.

Age 23; height 5 feet 6 1-2 inches; weight 176 pounds.



"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books, consumed the midnight oil."

JAMES HERRITAGE KOONCE,

RICHLANDS, N. C.

Age 26; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 150 pounds.



"A 'hon' among ladies, is a most dangerous thing."

LIPSCOMB G. LYKES,  $\Sigma$ ,  $\chi$ .

"Thug,"

TAMPA, FLA.

*Chemical Engineering.*

Entered Soph. Class '02; Librarian Liebig Chemical Society '02-'03; Pres. Berzelius Chemical Society '04-'05; Sec. and Treas. Junior Class '03-'04; Historian Senior Class '04-'05; Pres. Athletic Association '04-'05; Varsity football team '03-'04, '04-'05; Vice-Pres. Thalerian German Club '03-'04; Leader same '04-'05; Marshal Battalion dance '04; 3d Sergt. Co. "B" '03-'04; 1st Lieut. Co. "F" '04-'05; AGROMECK editor '04-'05; Pres. German Club '05; Pres. "Skillet Club" '05.

Age 21 years; height 6 feet; weight 178 pounds.



"Love can make us fiends as well as angels."

GEORGE GREEN LYNCH, JR.,  $A$ ,  $\Sigma$ .

"Thug,"

WILMINGTON, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Entered Soph. Class '02; 3d Sergt. Co. "F" '03-'04; 1st Lieut. Co. "B" '04-'05; Class football team '03-'04; Commencement Marshal '04; Leazar Literary Society; member "Skillet Club" '05.

Age 20; height 6 feet; weight 150 pounds.



"His faith perhaps in some nice tenet might  
Be wrong, his life I'm sure was in the right."

ROBERT CHARLES LEHMAN,  
"Thug," RALEIGH, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Corp. Co. "A" '02-'03; Sergt. Co. "E" '03-'04; 1st Lieut. Co. "C" '04-'05; Vice-Pres. Pullen Literary Society '03-'04; Marshal Society Debate '04; *Red and White* staff '04-'05; AGROMECK editor '04-'05.

Age 20; height 5 feet 8 1-2 inches; weight 155 pounds.



"The tall, the wise, the reverent head."

HENRY MARVIN LILLY, C. E.,  
"Thug," REST, N. C.

2d Lieut. Band '04-'05; Pres. Y. M. C. A. '04-'05; Missionary Com. Y. M. C. A. '03-'04; Censor Leazar Literary Society '03-'04; Marshal Leazar Entertainment '04; Chief Marshal Leazar Entertainment '05; Marshal Commencement '03; Sec. Leazar Literary Society '04; Vice-Pres. Junior Dramatic Club '04; Banquet Committee '03-'04; Scrub football team '04; AGROMECK editor '05; Glee Club '05.

Age 23; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 160 pounds.



"Weigh the man, not his mark."

MALCOLM ROLLAND MCGIRT,  
"Thug," ROWLAND, N. C.

*Agricultural Course.*

Member Y. M. C. A., Leazar Literary Society, Biological Club, Rural Science Club; Chairman Bible Study Committee; Secretary Biological Club; President Rural Science Club.

Age 24; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 159 pounds.



"Egregiously an ass."

WALTER H. MCINTIRE,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Entered Soph. Class; 3d Sergt. Co. "D" '03-'04; Capt. and Adjutant '04; Capt. Co. "F" '04-'05; Class football team '02-'03; Class baseball team '03-'04; Scrub baseball team '03-'04; Junior Dramatic Club '04; Sec. and Treas. Liebig Chemical Society '04; Sec. and Treas. Berzelius Chemical Society '04; Leazar Literary Society.

Age 19; height 5 feet 8 3/4 inches; weight 148 pounds.



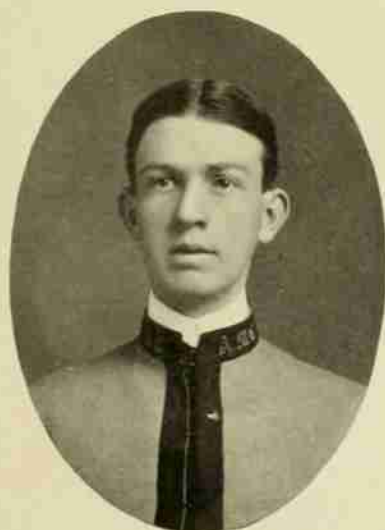
"One that would peep and botanize."

JAMES OSCAR MORGAN, A. Z.,  
ETOWAH, N. C.

*Agricultural Course.*

Member L. L. S.; Athletic Association. Biological Club; Rural Science Club; Farmers West Raleigh Sub-Alliance; winner Second Prize in Agr. '02; winner First Prize Biological Club Contest '04; Sect. Biological Club '02-'03; Pres. Rural Science Club '03; Pres. Farmers West Raleigh Sub-Alliance '04-'05; Editor *Agricultural Education* '03-'04-'05; Editor *AGROMECK* '05; Class foot-ball team '03; "Thug."

Age 24; height 6 feet; weight 158 pounds.



"Silent in seven languages."

CARLAND P. MYATT, RALEIGH, N. C.

*Chemical Engineering.*

2d Sergt. Co. "D" '03-'04; 4th Corp. Co. "D" '02-'03; member L. L. S.; Sec. and Treas. Berzelius Chemical Society; Sect. Central Division L. L. S. '02-'03; "Thug."

Age 21; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 155 pounds.



"I remember, I remember,  
How my childhood fleeted by."

LINDSLEY A. MURR, WADESBORO, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore Class '02; 2d Lieut. Co. "C" '04-'05; 4th Sergt. Co. "F" '03-'04; "Thug."

Age 21; height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 130 pounds.



"He is detested as the gates of Hell."

JOHN ALSEY PARK, II, K. A.

RALEIGH, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

1st Lieut. Band '04-'05; 2d Sergt. Band '03-'04; Pres. L. L. S. '04; Chairman Campaign Committee '03; Marshal L. L. S. Entertainment Feb. '01 and '04; winner Debator's Medal L. L. S. '04; speaker in Oratorical Contest '05; honors in scholarship '02-'03; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Social Committee '04-'05; Delegate to Southern Student Conference '04; Artist AGROMECK '03-'04; Business Manager *Red and White* '04-'05.

Age 19; height 5 feet 9 1-2 inches; weight 143 pounds.





"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."

P. H. POINDEXTER, DONOHA, N. C.

*Agricultural Course.*

Member Rural Science Club; Biological Club; L. L. S.; Declamation Trophy L. L. S.; "Thug."

Age 25; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 150 pounds.



"Self love is not so vile a sin."

EDWARD GRIFFITH PORTER, JR., N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Capt. Co. "B" '04-'05; 1st Sergt. Co. "C" '03-'04; 1st Corp. Co. "C" '02-'03; honors in scholarship '02-'03; Sect. Civil Eng. Society '02-'03; Marshal Feb. Oratorical Contest L. L. S. '02; Marshal Feb. Oratorical Contest L. L. S. '03; Public Debate L. L. S. May '04; Public Orator L. L. S. '05; Class Dramatic Club '03-'04; College Dramatic Club '03-'05; Tennis Club '03-'04; Second Tenor Glee Club '03-'04; Athletic Association; Thalerian German Club; Chief Plunger in I. O. U. Club '04-'05.

Age 20; height 5 feet 10 1-4 inches; weight 130 pounds.



"In arguing too, he owned his skill  
Even tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

JAMES HICKS PEIRCE, *K. Σ.*

"Thug."

WARSAW, N. C.

*Chemistry and Metallurgy.*

Capt. Co. "E" '04-'05; 1st Sergt. Co. "F" '03-'04; 4th Corp. Co. "B" '02-'03; Chemical baseball team '03-'04; Vice-Pres. Thaleran German Club; Athletic Asso.; Tennis Club; editor *Red and White*; Asst. Business Manager *AGROMECK*; Vice-Pres. Berzelius Chemical Society; Skillet Club; Liebig Chemical Society.

Age 23; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 150 pounds.



"I love tranquil solitude."

ROBERT WALTER SCOTT, JR., *A. Z.*

MELVILLE, N. C.

*Agricultural Course.*

Leazar Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Rural Science Club; Biological Club; Farmers West Raleigh Sub-Alliance; Vice-Pres. Rural Science Club '04; Pres. Rural Science Club '04; Lecturer West Raleigh Sub-Alliance '04-'05; Business Manager *Agricultural Education* '04-'05.

Age 19; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 160 pounds.



"Late he sat at night, and blear'd his weary eyes  
with books."

JONATHAN RHODES SMITH,

"Thug."

MERRY HILL, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Entered Junior Class Sept. '03; 2d Lieut. Co. "F" '04-'05; appointed Corp. Co. "B" May '03; Leazar Literary Society; Capt. Technology Section Leazar Society '02-'04. Commencement Orator '05.

Age 24; height 5 feet 4 1-2 inches; weight 116 pounds.



"Men of few words are the best men."

JOHN DAVIDSON SPINKS, S. N.

"Thug."

ALBEMARLE, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Capt. Co. "E" '04-'05; 1st Sergt. Co. "E" '03-'04; Corp. Co. "F" '02-'03; Class baseball team '03; Marshal Leazar Literary Society '04; President Class '04-'05; Treas. Athletic Association '04-'05; Editor AGRO-MECK '04-'05.

Age 21; height 5 feet 9 1-2 inches; weight 145 pounds.



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

DALLAS MIFFLIN STANTON, JR.,  
"Thug,"                      LAGRANGE, N. C.

*Agricultural Course.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight  
135 pounds.



"A creature not too bright or good."

SYLVESTER MURRAY VIELE, S. N.  
SALISBURY, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore '02; 1st Lieut. Co.  
"E" '04-'05; 3d Sergt. Co. "E" '03-'04; Lea-  
zar Literary Society; Class Prophet '04-'05.

Age 19; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight  
125 pounds.



"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.

EDWIN BLAKENEY STACK.

*Civil Engineering.*

President Electrical Engineering Society '04; Organizer of Electrical Engineering Society '04; Thalerian Literary Society; Division Manager T. L. S.

Age 22; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 140 pounds.



"As arrant traitor as any in the universal world."

WALTER JENNINGS WALKER.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore Class; member of Board of Organizers of E. E. S.; Sect. E. E. S. '02-'03; Vice-Pres. Winston-Salem Club '03-'04; Pres. Winston-Salem Club '04-'05; Pres. E. E. S. '05; 4th Sergt. Co. "C" '03-'04; 2d Lieut. Co. "A" '04-'05; Censor L. L. S. '03-'04; Sect. L. L. S. '03; *Red and White* staff '04-'05.

Age 18; height 5 feet 8 1-2 inches; weight 126 pounds.



"Of their own merits, modest men are dumb."

STEVEN DOCKERY WALL,  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

3d Corp. Co. "D" '03; 2d Sergt. Co. "B" '04; Capt. and Adjutant '05; member of P. L. S.; Honor Roll '03; *Red and White* '04; Vice-Pres. Senior Class; Class baseball team.

Age 21; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 145 pounds.



"An animal without feathers and walking on two legs."

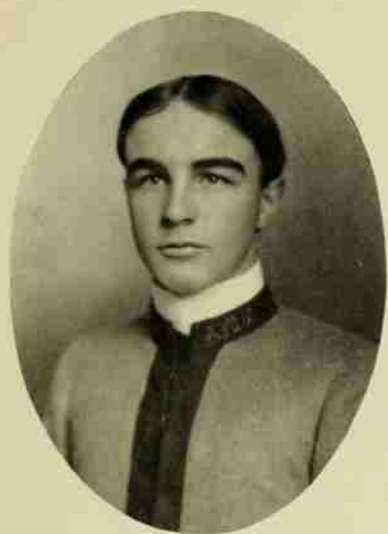
WALTER W. WATT, JR.,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

2d Corp. Co. "B" '02-'03; 3d Sergt. Co. "C" '03-'04; 2d Lieut. Co. "E" '04-'05; By-law Committee Textile Society; member L. L. S.; member Y. M. C. A.; member Mecklenburg Club.

Age 20; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 142 pounds.





"He that hath no beard is less than a man."

ARCHIE CARRAWAY WILKINSON,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore Class '02; member L. L. S.; Junior Dramatic Club '04; Class football team '03.

Age 18; height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 130 pounds.



"Faith, thats as well said as if I had said it myself."

RONALD BONAR WILSON, II, K. A.  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Entered Junior Class '03; Sect. L. L. S. '03-'04; Debater L. L. S. May '04; Orator L. L. S. March '05; Debate Committee L. L. S. '05; General Director L. L. S. '04-'05; Pres. L. L. S. '05; Associate Editor AGRO-MECK '05; Associate Editor *Red and White* '05; Textile Society; Athletic Association; Class Poet '04-'05; "Thug."

Age 21; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 138 pounds.



"A man more sinned against than sinning."

**JULIAN MEREDITH HOWARD, *Σ. Α.***

While in college Howard took a prominent part in many phases of college life. He was appointed Captain of Co. "A" for '04-'05, and was elected football manager for 1904. Was Chief Marshal Commencement 1904, and served as Marshal on other occasions. He ranked high in scholarship, and as a debater and orator in his literary society. When the Senior trouble came on in 1904, he left with the Class but never returned. At present he is doing well for himself in Newport News, Va.



"A mighty man was he."

**CHARLES ALWIN SEIFERT.**

Seifert attended college for three years and was on his way to enter for his Senior year, but when he heard of the "Thug" movement he turned back and never entered. During his three years in college he figured prominently in athletics, being a member of both the varsity football and track teams, as well as member of Class football and baseball teams. He was Athletic Editor of *Red and White*, and was elected Editor-in-Chief of '05 *Acromeck*. Seifert is now in business at New Bern, N. C.

"He was a good man and a just."

LATTA VANDERIAN EDWARDS.

Edwards left college with his Class and did not return. He was a bright, earnest student, and the Class felt the loss of such a one. He is at present located at Thom-  
asville, N. C., and is engaged in Civil Engi-  
neering.



## A Few Revelations



HERE is among college men a strange and foolish custom, that each year as the graduating class is about to put aside the sweets and joys of college life some member of the Class shall from the depths of his soul—or maybe from even more profound depths—bring forth an inspired prophecy concerning his class-mates. But as the victim to perform this Herculean task is usually chosen without regard to his prophetic abilities, it not infrequently happens that the resulting prophecies are just a bunch of lies upon which no reliance can be placed.

Now, deep down in the innermost recesses of my heart I have a well-defined feeling that it was not intended that I should be a prophet; yet I have been picked out as "It." And I can't even foretell the result of a ball game! So what the deuce am I going to do about it?

As this query came to my mind one night, suddenly a peculiar voice said: "Maybe I can help you."

I jumped, and well I might, for there in front of me was the queerest looking little figure I had ever seen. I can't describe it, except to say that it was crippled and wore a curiously arranged costume of white, and its eyes were a beautiful violet. It looked perfectly inoffensive, so in a moment I recovered from my surprise enough to ask:

"Who are you?"

"I am the Spirit of the Class of Naughty-Five, and I have come to tell you all about the men of the Class, if you want me to help you."

I gasped—then laughed. That thing the Spirit of Naughty-Five—it was preposterous! Then I remembered that once the Class spirit had met with an awful accident, so maybe that would explain. And the Spirit wanted to help me. So I said:

"Alright. Go ahead and tell all you know of the future of Naughty-Five's men." And this is what the Spirit revealed.



Abernethy has just as much moral as physical strength, so in spite of the tempting offers that will be made him to play football, he will decline to degen-

erate into a professional college athlete, but instead will at his old home carve for himself a successful and happy career as a farmer.



Avery has a sad future before him. He will try to be a farmer, but the beauty of sitting on an empty cracker-box in the cross-roads' store and whittling sticks will so appeal to him that it will be only a question of time before he ceases to be anything but a country gossip and whittler of sticks.



Broom, poor fellow, thinks he is going to be a mechanical engineer, but that is just one of his many mistaken ideas. As a matter of fact, after many weary years of effort, he will be elected Chief of Police of Marshville—the town has only one policeman, by the way.



From a village constable to a college professor is a big jump, but the latter is just what Bagley is going to be. He will keep on with his hard work, and in ten years will have gained such a reputation that upon Dr. Remsen's death at that time Bagley will be offered the Chair of Chemistry at Johns Hopkins.



The fact that cattle may be raised with profit in North Carolina will be demonstrated by Bullock, whose stock farm will be a model one. The kindness of heart and native good sense of the man will be the factors most responsible for his success.



There is just one chance for "Brozy" Cartwright. If he can develop enough political pull to land him as one of the engineers in charge of the proposed inland waterway along the eastern coast he will make a great name for himself. But unless he gets that it is impossible to tell exactly what will become of him, though the chances are he would become an ideal fisherman.



Chambers has begun his career rather late in life, and he will always be hampered by his years. By persistent effort, however, he may overcome this handicap and some day be so successful as to become Chief Engineer of the Wentworth Light and Power Company.



Chreitzburg will go "on the road" selling a certain Burglar Ejector of which he is the inventor, and which he claims will catch and kick out any burglar who ever tried to "burgle." So plausibly and winsomely will "Christy" tell his little tale of woe, that he will sell those magic ejectors even in towns which



could never afford to support a burglar. And so fast will the shekels flow in that he will soon be able to take unto himself a wife, and that is the one dream of his life.



Every day Finch is getting fatter, and if he don't stop eating so much, in a short while he will be dead of fat on the heart—he couldn't die of fat on the brain. However, he may live to a ripe old age and some day may become one of Lexington's aldermen—he has the aldermanic figure. But he was not cut out for a mechanical man.



All liars are successful more or less, so all Graydon will have to do is to continue to refrain from telling the truth. He will enter some machine shop, but his genius will lift him above that, so that inside of a year he will be the walking delegate of the union. The only danger will be that some day he might quite by accident tell the truth. And right then he would get his bumps.



Just at present Hadley thinks he is going to be a chemist, but he doesn't know his own mind. His skill in caricaturing will increase with study and practice, so that before long people looking over the *Washington Post*, instead of Berryman's bear will see Hadley's goose—for a goose will be his sign.



Harper doesn't ever appear worried. His troubles don't cause any flurries in the outward calm of his nature. Yet deep back in that dark and scheming brain of his there has long lingered an unreasonable fear of old age. He will spend his life in a private laboratory vainly endeavoring to wrest from nature the secret of longevity, and will die a prematurely old and broken-down man. It was this idea of an elixir of life that induced Harper to finally choose the chemical course at college, after having tried five of the others.



Herritage, though not very brilliant, is nevertheless made of the stuff that will win out in the long run. If life isn't too short for him, he will make a success in his profession.



Hoffman will find some comfortable position where little thinking and less work is required, and at it will make a howling success of himself. But it is doubtful if he will ever get over the habit of telling the ladies that he really doesn't know how to dance.



Unfortunately for himself, Hunt knows too much. This will be an impediment to him at the start, but after rubbing up with the world awhile he will get over it and will be successful in equipping the cotton factories of the South with his improved induction motors.



Kenyon at present has rather happy prospects, but they are doomed to fade away. He will decide that civil engineering is too slow and will go to New York, where he will endeavor to make himself famous as a newspaper reporter and as a short story writer for the magazines. At last he will become discouraged and eventually will drift back to Clinton, where he will take charge of the *Sampson Democrat*. This position will have its advantages, however, for then he will be able to sleep all the time if he cares to, and after all sleep is Kenyon's main object in life.



Knox, on account of his weight, will never rise very high in his profession—his avoirdupois will always hold him back. Some day, though, he may become a chairman.



Koonce will tire of the civil engineer's life, and will go back to Richlands, where he will establish a cafe run on lines similar to those of the college mess-hall. In this work the training and experience gained in the mess-hall will be of great benefit.



Dick Lykes, after several years of experiment and research work, will discover an organic compound which will be a sure cure of the drink evil. After testing the efficiency of the compound upon himself, he will give it to the world and countless thousands will rise up and call him blessed.



After leaving college, Lynch will accept a position with the A. C. L. R. R. Here his executive ability will have a chance to show itself, and so George will be rapidly promoted to Chief of the Bridge Department. He will then be able to return to Raleigh for the girl for whom he so often neglected studies during his Senior year.



Lilly, on account of his high ideals, will be dissatisfied with the ordinary positions of the everyday world. He will at length become a traveling lecturer for the Y. M. C. A., in which capacity he will be able to inflict on others his own views without having in turn to listen to theirs. As he becomes more experi-

enced in his work he will gain a reputation for deepness of thought and for the poetry-like beauty of his utterances. And this will be as balm to his soul.



McGirt will prove unsuccessful as a farmer, and in casting about for another occupation will remember the days at college. And the result will be a sign like this in the growing town of Rowland:

## **M. R. MCGIRT—TONSORIAL ARTIST**

**HAIR ARTISTICALLY CUT.**

**PAINLESS SHAVING.**

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.**



In the refining room of the Wilmington Cotton-Seed Oil Company, McIntire will find a haven. Occasionally he will emerge from his obscurity with a book which will create a temporary excitement. Some of the things he will write will be: "Autobiography of an Ass"; "The Fine Points in Infantry Drill"; "Up to a Captaincy—or, The Art of Legging"; "Back to the Ranks—or, The Folly of Betting"; "Etiquette for Receptions."



Morgan will start a dairy farm, of which he will make a great success, his experience with Messrs. Kendall and McClelland proving very valuable to him. His oratorical powers will help him at the farmers' meetings, and he will some day be sent to the Legislature.



Myatt, in spite of the fact that he is "silent in seven languages," will be eminently successful, for he will become noted as the discoverer of the germ of "that tired feeling." But sad to relate, the remainder of his life will be devoted to an unavailing attempt to rid himself of the germs which he has discovered.



Murr will follow the ups and downs of civil engineering with varying success until finally he will become chief of the staff of engineers of the Asheboro and Aberdeen Railroad.



Johnny Park, with his sunny nature and quick Irish wit, will have an easy time getting on in the world. In spite of the fact that he has devoted five years to the attempt to make himself a mechanical engineer, he won't follow this profession. Instead, he will go on the road selling "Men of Mark in North Carolina," at which he will be very successful.

Poindexter, no matter how things may be going with him, will always be able to thrum his banjo and be happy. He may not make an extra big pile of money, but he will have a comfortable farm and around him will be many faces, miniatures of his own, and so he will be happy.



Porter, being refused a position with the Howland Improvement Company, will go to Panama. There the information gained from an extended study of the Panama Canal while at college will come in useful. Mr. Wallace, the Chief Engineer, will take Porter on his personal staff, and after the completion of the canal the two will form a partnership.



Pierce will go back to Warsaw, where he will pitch on the local baseball team. When not doing this or arguing some perfectly obvious point with the wise ones of the village he will carry on a few experiments in chemistry, and thus accidentally discover a method of extracting alcohol from corn-stalks. This will bring him a good deal of money.



Scott will continually experiment in grafting until he will at length succeed in obtaining a cross between the peach and apple, the resulting fruit having all the good qualities of the two others. This he will name the "Scotia," and from its sale will amass a fortune.



Smith will find that carrying a chain in Panama is entirely too hot for comfort, and will return home, where he will be appointed Justice of the Peace. In this capacity he will be able to unload some little of the immense stock of knowledge which he had stored up in college. Upon his death the community will erect over his grave a stone with the inscription:

HERE LIES  
**JONATHAN RHODES SMITH,**  
**THE SAGE OF MERRY HILL.**  
HE KNEW IT ALL.



Spinks will return to his native county, where he will be elected County Surveyor. His life will be one of great loneliness, and at an early age he will pass across into the great beyond.

Jack Viele will suffer some time from the effects of the cold caught late in his Senior year on account of the heavy dew one night. Upon his recovery he will accept a position with the Salisbury Electric Light Company, but his natural tendency to raise a "rough house" will prevent him from holding it for long. He will then become a tramp electrician and will wander around until he reaches Mexico. There he will find an agreeable atmosphere and will locate, making a success in equipping mines with electrical apparatus.



Stack, working upon the theory that light waves may be transmitted by electricity, will spend his life experimenting, and will die at last broken hearted on account of his failure.



Walker, after leaving the A. and M., will go to Cornell for further study. After spending a couple of years there he will consider himself equipped for his life's work, and will go back to Winston-Salem to accept a position as street-car motorman.



Wall will, in spite of his modesty, succeed in life. He will become a very successful designer of machines, and his services will always be in demand.



Upon graduation, Watt will go in a mill to work his way up. By steady application to his work and "sticktoitiveness" he will some day come to be first hand in the spinning-room.



"Kid" Wilkinson, though he has never said anything about it, has always been sensitive about his shortness. He will devote the best years of his life to an effort to add a cubit to his height, but will fail. Then, too late, he will see the uselessness of it all and will lay him down to die with the knowledge that he has wasted his life.



Wilson—he of the Quaker Oats smile—will be too lazy to work in a cotton mill. Instead, with the aid of his smile and his hypnotic voice, he will sell life insurance to unsuspecting victims.



And that's all.

## The Thugs



J. D. SPINKS,  
H. M. LILLY,  
L. G. LYKES,  
R. C. LEHMAN,  
S. N. KNOX,  
J. R. SMITH,  
J. H. PEIRCE,  
R. J. AVERY,  
R. R. HOLT,  
M. R. McGIRT,  
STERLING GRAYDON,  
C. W. MARTIN,  
L. A. MURR,  
J. H. SQUIRES,  
S. D. WALL,  
L. M. HOFFMAN,

G. P. MYATT,  
W. W. WATT,  
G. G. LYNCH,  
P. H. POINDEXTER,  
A. C. WILKINSON,  
L. V. EDWARDS,  
D. M. STANTON,  
R. B. WILSON,  
A. T. KENYON,  
O. L. BAGLEY,  
JULIAN HOWARD,  
R. H. HARPER,  
H. F. CHREITZBURG,  
E. B. HOWLE,  
L. R. HUNT,  
J. O. MORGAN.





THE THUGS



## Thug History



**T**O WRITE an unprejudiced, impassionate account of the "Thug" affair of the Fall of 1904, is a hard thing for one who was a participant to do. But the writer shall endeavor to set forth the whys and wherefores of this movement.

It has been the custom of the College to allow all the members of each year's Senior Class the privilege of visiting Raleigh at any time, provided that in doing this no class or other college duty is neglected by the students thus privileged. The supposition being that a man who had been under the discipline of the College for three years, was capable of enjoying special liberty without abusing same. The Class of 1905 was brought up to look forward to this liberty. But when the eventful day arrived, and '05 men were really Seniors, this privilege was suddenly and entirely removed. The Senior Class was put on a level with the Freshman Class, and yet the burden of the military discipline of the College rested upon the Seniors' shoulders.

The Class arrived at the College in September, facing this condition of affairs, and for a time registration was delayed. After an earnest meeting in Pullen Hall, it was decided best to register, and then by drawing up petitions, endeavor to have matters made better. Accordingly a petition was drawn up, an appeal made to the Faculty, and a committee appointed to represent the Class in the matter. The Class then voted to stand by the committee, no matter what happened, and the petition was sent in. The petition fell through, and the Faculty voted to extend no privileges. The Board of Trustees was next in line for appeal, but as the Board was not to meet until December, the Class felt that no immediate help could be obtained in this direction. Accordingly, a joint meeting of the classes was arranged for, so that by drawing up a petition signed by the College at large, something might be done. On Tuesday night, September the sixth, the night the joint meeting was called, Dr. Winston stepped in and took a hand personally in affairs. He had the joint meeting called off, and he himself met with the Senior Class. He told the Seniors that there was no hope for the restoration of what they believed to be their rights. That the Trustees had brought about present conditions, and that they would back the Faculty. He also said that unless the matter was closed at once and for all time that the

committee appointed by the Class would have to leave college. After he had finished, and in spite of the fact that the Seniors had listened patiently to his fiery and often faulty logic, he refused to let the Class hold a meeting, and remained in the room until the Class had dispersed. This matter figured prominently in bringing matters to a sudden crisis. Class meetings are held sacred by classes, and no one has the right to force a peaceable meeting to a close. After leaving the room, the Seniors gathered in front of the Pullen Building to talk over matters, and here Dr. Winston again intruded. This time applying to us the decorative epithet of "Thugs." As there was nothing to be done so long as the President persisted in attending our meetings, we adjourned. But the name "Thugs" stuck to us, and from then there was a Class division of Seniors and Thugs. However, coming under the conditions that it did, this title was accepted as an honor, and we will always be proud of it.

On Wednesday morning the Class held another meeting, and this was broken up by Captain Phelps, and the Class adjourned to the Park in hopes that in this place one unmolested meeting might be held. But our hopes were barren, for over the green hill of the Park came Captain Phelps, and he ordered the Class to disperse. This time we stood firm, and we were informed that the committee would be expelled if we did not adjourn at once.

Tired of being driven from place to place in order to hold a Class meeting, and feeling that we had been unfairly treated by the Faculty, and knowing that we had agreed to stand behind the committee, we determined to take action at once. There remained but one thing to do as we saw it that September morning, to withdraw in a body from the College that was depriving us of our every privilege. The committee would have to go if we held the meeting, and the meeting must be held in order to decide upon something. And as we had agreed to back the committee to the last, we would leave with them. So a paper was drawn up to this effect and signed by all present. A paper saying that because of the trend affairs had taken, that we had severed our connection with the College. Of these signatures, four of them were later repudiated by their authors. Messrs. Finch, Broom, Cartwright and Scott never even leaving the Hill after agreeing to leave College. Their signatures apparently having no meaning to them whatever. Wednesday, after dinner, the "Thugs" began to leave, and by Saturday morning the Class of '05 was badly scattered. Some were at home at work, some at other colleges, and some working in different States. The "Thug" movement had been effected.

Then the reaction set in. The College authorities decided to reinstate the committee, and one by one members of the Class returned. Some, however failed to come back, and the Class has often felt their loss. By October the fifteenth the last Senior had returned, and the "Thug" movement was a thing of the past.

This is a statement of things as they happened. The Class may have been in the wrong, and then it may not have been. We made the question of Senior liberty the main issue. The Faculty evaded this and shifted the centre of attack to the committee. These men of the committee were appointed by the Class, and served in the official capacity of Class representatives, so it was up to the Class to side with them, and, if they must leave, why, let the Class go too. The Faculty carried their point because of the fact that might *can* make right. They had the authority, and if they chose to use it harshly, there was no appeal to be made, because the Board of Trustees stood back of the Faculty. The "Thugs" accepted the situation, as soon as the committee was reinstated, as gracefully as possible, and resumed their college work. But the heart of every man is still true to the "lost cause," and in the years to come the word "Thug" will serve as a binding link between the true members of the Class of 1905.

And in closing the following quotation may be appropriate:

"Men seldom, or rather never, for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against *anything* that does not deserve rebelling against."—*Carlyle*.



THE LIBRARY.



## The Alumni

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### GEORGE F. SYME, B.E.



George F. Syme is of the Class of 1898, and during his Senior year held the position of Cadet Captain of Co. "C." On leaving College, he worked with the Richmond, Petersburg and Carolina Railway as levelman, and later held a similar position with the Raleigh and Cape Fear Railroad. In 1899 was principal assistant to the Resident Engineer on the Peoria and Pelican Terminal Railway, with headquarters at Peoria, Ill. In 1900 was appointed member of Government Engineering Expedition which made surveys for the proposed Isthmian Canal through Nicaragua and Costa Rica, Central America.

1901-1902, Civil Engineer with Virginia Central Railway. 1902-1903, Engineer in charge of location and construction of S. A. L. Railway bridge, one mile long, across Manatee River, Florida. 1903-1904, Civil Engineer making surveys and location for the Coal and Coke Railway through the coal belt of West Virginia. 1904-1905, Resident Civil Engineer in charge of construction of a tunnel 1,118 feet in length. Also in charge of six miles of heavy grading, including construction of bridges, culverts and arches.

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### WILLIAM D. FAUCETTE, B.E.

Wm. D. Faucette entered College in the winter of 1897-'8, from Halifax, N. C., after having attended Miss Alderman's School at Wilmington, N. C., and the Halifax High School. He entered the department of Civil Engineering, and graduated in 1901, second in a class of about twenty-five. During his Senior year he was Senior Military Captain of the Battalion. Was also President of the Leazar Literary Society, and was orator and debater at several public exercises. After graduation, he was, at one time, principal alternate for West Point Military Academy, and duly qualified for admittance, but did not enter. Prior to graduation he won the College scholarship from Halifax County by public competitive examination. After leaving College he was for a short time with the State Engineer; but soon accepted a position with the S. A. L. Railway in Savannah, Ga., as inspector of dredging, wharf and river work. He was then Resident Engineer on a short line at Quincy, Fla., and subsequently Assistant Engineer to the office at Savannah. At one time was successful candidate for Instructor in Civil Engineering at Michigan College, at Lansing, but withdrew. He was elected Junior of the American Society of Civil Engineers of America in January, 1903, upon the approval of Professor Cain, of the University of North Carolina, Col. J. L. Ludlow, at Winston, and Mr. Moncure, of Raleigh. He is at present Assistant Engineer with the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and is at this time in charge of its southern engineering office at Savannah, Ga.

## Junior Class



### Officers

CONNER C. CLARDY	President
ROBERT P. UZZELL	Vice-President
GEORGE C. ALLEN	Secretary
WILEY T. CLAY	Treasurer
DURANT W. ROBERTSON	Historian
THOMAS J. OGBURN, JR.	Poet



### COLORS:

Orange and Black.

### MOTTO:

Wisdom is power, therefore get wisdom.



## Junior History



**N**O DOUBT, dear reader, that if you would stop for a moment to think, you would see how utterly useless it is for me to attempt to give to the present and leave to the future a really true record of this Class—the Class of '06. I say useless, because this illustrious body of young men is assuredly laying the foundation for a greatness that will live when records are no more. These young men are not going to write their names in the "sands of time," but, better than that, their wonderful achievements will be engraved on the smooth face of the indestructible rocks of immortality. They will swell the list of those who have attained immortal fame.

Upon their appearance on the campus in September, 1902, a poet might have, from some of them, received suggestions of roaring mountain torrents, jagged rocks, cliffs and chasms, and the snow-capped peaks of Grandfather or Mitchell; and again, it might have been a picture of peace and quiet—the close of day on a quaint little farm, vivified by the distant lowing of cattle, the whistle of the partridge, or the melancholy notes of the whip-poor-will.

This bringing together, of the vigor and life of the mountains, the peacefulness of the valleys, and the bustle of the cities, was nevertheless exactly the thing necessary for the making of an active, fighting body. Action and battle, however, are the two things which are always found in the life of the successful

man, and so much does this class believe in the above statement, that it has been fighting something or somebody ever since the night of its birth, when it arrayed itself against the Sophs. and gave them a "battle royal." Since then it has struggled with the restraining arm of discipline with an I'll-die-but-I'll-wear-my-spurs spirit that would perhaps cause some surprise if the inside facts were made public. As "Fresh" and as "Soph," the "Bloody Fourth" has rung with the cry of its men. Pitting brawn against brawn, it has, and not without success, shed its blood upon the athletic field; in battles of brain, the debating halls have trembled at the power of its voice, and in the class-rooms its men have stood with the highest.

Each year has found '06 well represented on the varsity, both in baseball and in football. In '04, six of the varsity eleven were members of the Class of '06.

This year (1904) the Faculty offered a cup to the champion class foot-ball team, and the Juniors having won every game played, the cup was ours, and "'06" will be the first to have her record engraved on this cup of honor. Another will be offered for baseball, and (if my readers will pardon a prophecy) that will be ours, too.

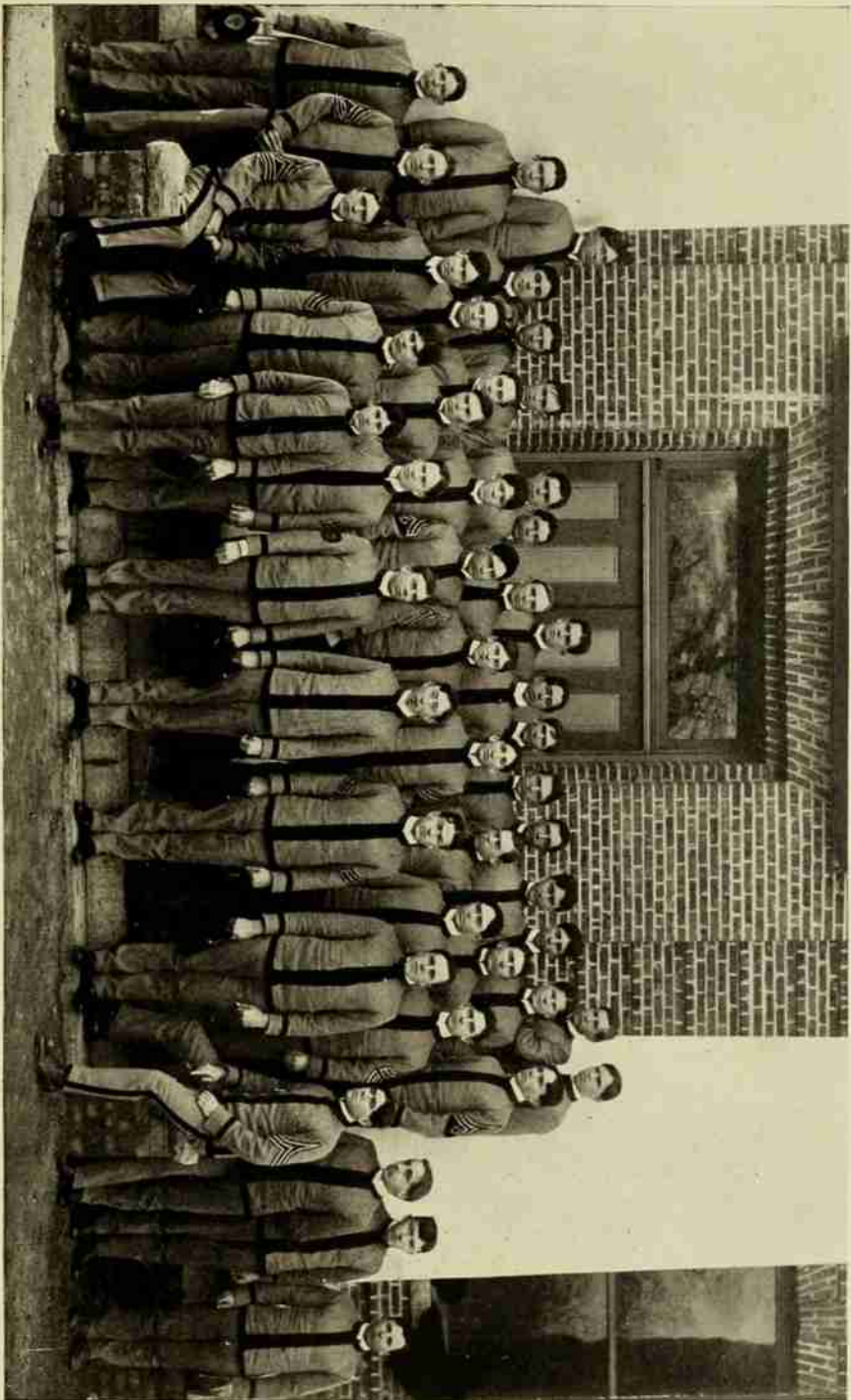
Only one more year, and our college life will be at an end, and we will realize that our backs are turned toward home, and the world—cruel, pitiless and selfish—is before us. We are conquerors so far, however, and so it shall ever be. Through the aid of brain and brawn, and by the power of wisdom, the Class of '06 *will* succeed, and obstacles in the path of this success will be swept away by determination and strength, as chaff before the winds of a tornado.

In years to come, when we are greeted at night, after a long day's work, by the pattering of small feet and a smiling glance from "her" eyes—be they brown or black, blue or grey—we can but think of our old college days, and more particularly of our Junior days, when our work was hardest, and realize that those days and that work made our happiness.

HISTORIAN.







JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class



- ABERNETHY, DURANT STEWART, Hickory, N. C.  
ALLEN, GEORGE GILLEROY, Hiddenite, N. C.  
ASBURY, GEORGE PAGE, Burkmont, N. C.  
ASHE, JOHN GRANGE, Raleigh, N. C.  
BEAVERS, JAMES CLAUDIUS, Morrisville, N. C.
- BELL, NEEDHAM ERIC, Kinston, N. C.  
BLACK, KENNETH LEAN, Mt. Mourne, N. C.  
BROCK, WILLIAM FRANCIS, Farmington, N. C.  
BUYS, WILLIAM ANDERS, Havelock, N. C.  
CHESBRO, MARK HOPKINS, Claremont, Virginia.
- CLARDY, CONNER CALHOUN, Anderson, S. C.  
CLARK, DAVID McKENZIE, Weldon, N. C.  
CLARK, JOHN WASHINGTON, Raleigh, N. C.  
CLARK, JAMES DUNCAN, Tampa, Florida.  
CLARKE, SAMUEL HERBERT, Statesville, N. C.
- CLAY, WILEY THEODORE, Hickory, N. C.  
COX, DUNCAN ARCHIBALD, Rowland, N. C.  
CROMARTIE, ALEXANDER DOONE, Garland, N. C.  
CRUMP, WILLIAM OSBORNE, Polkton, N. C.  
EGERTON, BENJAMIN BALLAD, Ingleside, N. C.
- ELLIS, WELDON THOMPSON.  
ESCOTT, ALBERT EDWARD, Charlotte, N. C.  
ETHRIDGE, WILLIAM CARLYLE, Manteo, N. C.  
EWART JAMES BECKETT, Henderson, N. C.  
FOSTER, SHIRLEY WATSON, Nance, N. C.
- GREGORY, ARTHUR WYNNE, Halifax, N. C.  
HACKETT, CHARLES WATSON, North Wilkesboro, N. C.  
HAMILTON, HORACE LESTER, Biltmore, N. C.  
HANSELMAN, JOHN FREDERICK, Manson, N. C.  
HEWLETT, CLARENCE WILSON, Wilson, N. C.
- HIGGS, JAMES ALLEN, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.  
HODGES, CYRUS WALKER, LaGrange, N. C.  
HUBAND, WILLIAM CLAUDE, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
HUGGINS, CLAUDE BEVERLY, Goldsboro, N. C.  
JORDAN, LESLIE LAFAYETTE, Raleigh, N. C.

KNOX, WILLIAM GRAHAM, Charlotte, N. C.  
 LIPE, MARTIN PEARL, Mint Hill, N. C.  
 LOVIL, JOE POINDEXTER, Mt. Airy, N. C.  
 LYKES, THOMPSON MAYO, Tampa, Fla.  
 McLENDON, HORACE SMITH, Ansonville, N. C.  
 MAXWELL, RAYMOND, Resaca, N. C.  
 MOORE, JAMES EDWARD, Williamston, N. C.  
 MOORE, LACY, Graham, N. C.  
 MOORMAN, WALTER BOOKER, Asheville, N. C.  
 MORRISON, JOSEPH GRAHAM, Mariposa, N. C.  
 MYRICK, JESSE CLARENCE, Littleton, N. C.  
 NIVEN, CHARLES FRANKLIN, Morven, N. C.  
 NIVEN, LOLA ALEXANDER, Cairo, N. C.  
 ODEN, LEWIS MILTON, Hunter's Bridge, N. C.  
 OGBURN, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Greensboro, N. C.  
 PARKER, CLYDE ESTER, Raleigh, N. C.  
 PASCHALL, ARTHUR LEE, Vaughan, N. C.  
 PEPPER, CARL RANDOLPH, Southport, N. C.  
 PERKINS, SAMUEL OSCAR, Muttentz, N. C.  
 PIVER, ALONZO BETTLINA, Wilson, N. C.  
 PIVER, WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Wilson, N. C.  
 ROBERTSON, DURANT WAITE, Washington, N. C.  
 SMITH, COLEMAN MORELL, Crystal Hill, N. C.  
 TOLTON, FREDDIE JACKSON, Pikeville, N. C.  
 TILLET, LUTHER RUSSELL, Corolla, N. C.  
 TILLMAN, RICHARD HENRY, Deep Creek, N. C.  
 TOMLINSON, WILLIAM SIDNEY, Goldsboro, N. C.  
 TULL, REID, Kinston, N. C.  
 TUTTLE, JACKSON COPENING, Lenoir, N. C.  
 UZZELL, ROBERT PEELE, Goldsboro, N. C.  
 VALAER, PETER, Jr., Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 VAUGHN, LILLIAN LEE, Franklin, Virginia.  
 WALTON, CHARLES MANLEY, Morganton, N. C.  
 WILLIAMS, JAMES HARLEIGH, Rialto, N. C.  
 WILSON, HARLAN RAPHORÉ, Knoxville, Illinois.  
 WINSTON, LEWIS TAYLOR, Raleigh, N. C.

## Sophomore Class



### Officers

G. F. HINSHAW	.....	President
H. S. MONTAGUE	.....	Vice-President
W. C. STAPLES	.....	Secretary
R. S. GRAVES	.....	Treasurer
W. B. TRUITT	.....	Poet
W. N. HOLT	.....	Historian



### Motto:

Per aspera ad gloriam (Through difficulties to glory).

### COLORS:

White and Old Gold.



### Yell

Boom Rah, Boom Ree,

Boom Rah, Boom Ree,

S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E!

## To the Class of '07



I am thinking of you, dear boys,  
As I sit by my table alone—  
As the shadows of evening are falling,  
Proclaiming "the day is done"!  
I am thinking of days that are past, now,  
And I'm thinking of future days, too;  
But of all, first, uppermost always,  
Dear boys, I'm thinking of you.

Two years have we now been together;  
How swiftly the time has gone by!  
We begin to think of the time we must part  
( 'Tis steadily drawing nigh );  
The time we must part from our College,  
With ambitious purpose, sincere,  
To ourselves, to each other, our College,  
And seeking a noble career.

Oh, class-mates, be earnest, be noble!  
Make most of your time while you're here;  
Prepare for the life that's before you,  
And face it without a fear;  
Be true to '07 forever,  
Remember the boys therein;  
Be zealous, be faithful, be patient,  
For patience can only win.

W. B. TRUITT.



## Sophomore History



**H**OW WELL we remember the Fall of 1903. We have good cause to remember it, for that was the date of the birth of the Class of '07. We came here, some of us very homesick, lonely, and with but few friends. Some of the Sophomores, upon our arrival at the station, when asked the way to this institution, were so "cruel" as to direct some of us to the State Penitentiary, and some even to the State Hospital for the Insane. We were Freshmen, and we were certainly treated as Freshmen. An upper classman would hardly speak to us, and the only way to get one to do so was to take him down to Doc Davis's drug store occasionally. Our reception was an informal one. Here may be added that we were given several receptions, probably as many as ten, during the year; and they were all informal. These, of course, were given by the Sophomores, of whom, in less than three hours after our arrival here, we had grown to be very much afraid. Ah, the sweet sleep and the pleasant dreams they caused us to lose! We can certainly boast of having used "barrels of water" that year. Some of our number had the "misfortune" to have some chemicals smeared on their faces. The stuff that had to be "worn off." It may be safely said that two or three of us wore this coating in places until away after Fair week.

In the year 1903, we were represented on the varsity football team by Wilson, on the track team by Watkins and Battie, and on the varsity baseball team by Harris and McLaurin, the twirler who put U. N. C. out of the business.

When we came back in the Fall of 1904 we were feeling very much different from what we were just a year before. Probably we directed some Freshmen to the State Penitentiary and to the Hospital for the Insane, and probably we gave "several" receptions to the Class of '08. Where we took Sophomores to Doc Davis's store once, in order to get them to speak to, and to have any thing to do with us, the Class of '08 took us twice, even three times. Perhaps some of their number wore the chemical mixture on their faces until after Fair week. They lost a very large amount of sleep on somebody's account. Probably ours.



In the Spring of 1904, we were challenged by the Sophomores for a game of baseball. This game we very easily won by the overwhelming score of 14 to 6. We expect to beat them by a larger score this year.

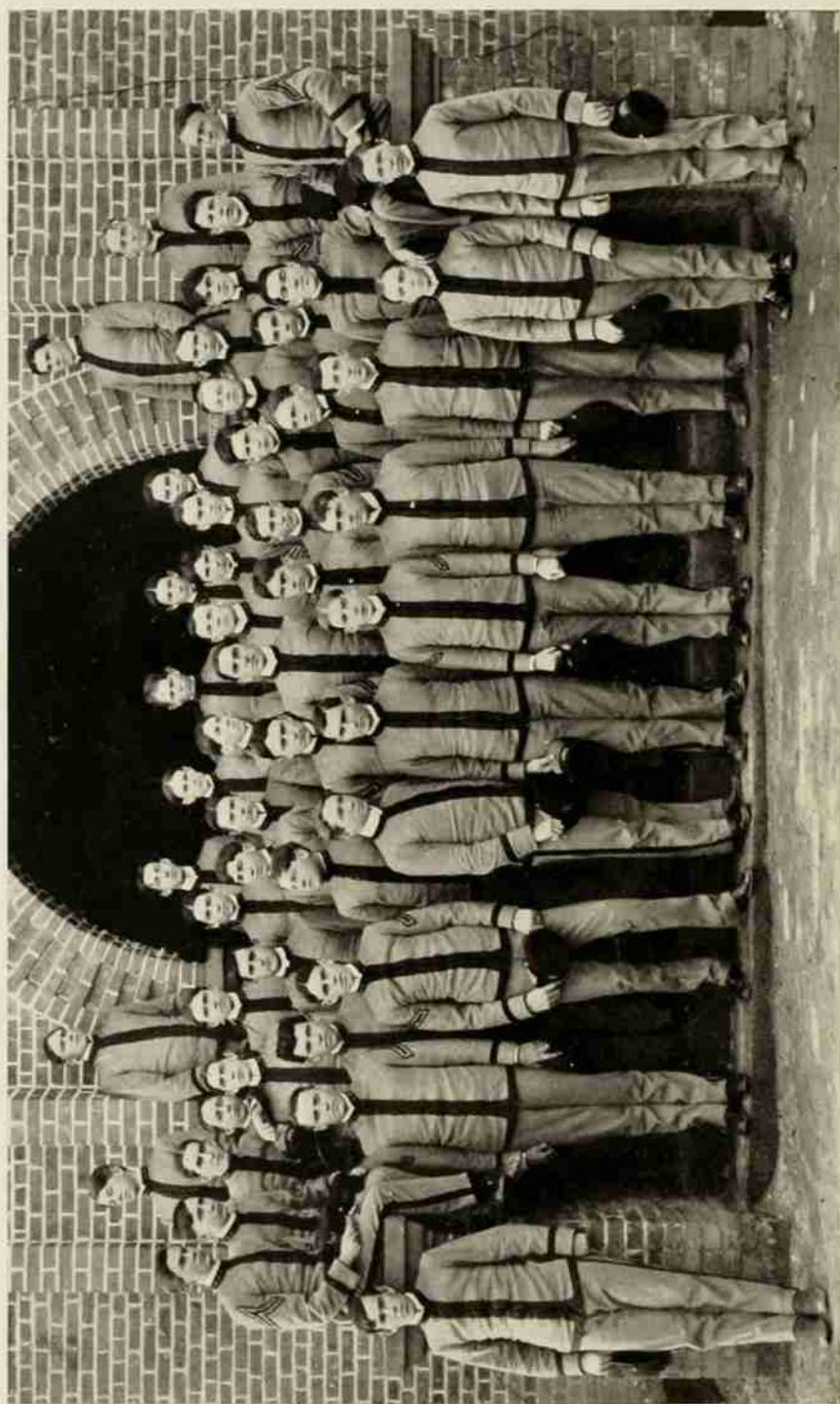
In the Fall of 1904, we put Sadler, Hardee, Watkins and Lykes, four of the best men on the best team A. and M. ever put out. The team that Virginia beat by the small score of five to nothing, and the team that tied Carolina on her own gridiron.

HISTORIAN.

SOPHOMORES



J.B. Lynde



SOPHOMORE CLANS

## Sophomore Class



- BATTIE, HERBERT SCANDLIN, Greensboro, N. C.  
BIVINS, JOE PITTMAN, Goodman, N. C.  
BORDEN, ALLEN HARRALSON, New Orleans, Louisiana.  
BROOKS, JAMES PITTMAN, Grifton, N. C.  
BRYAN, CARNEY JOHN, Washington, N. C.
- BURACKER, RICHARD, Shenandoah, Virginia.  
CARLETON, LINDSAY FERGUSON, Boomer, N. C.  
CARPENTER, OSCAR BENJAMIN, Stanley, N. C.  
CARTER, ROBERT HILL, Black Stone, N. C.  
DAVIS, WELDON, Areola, N. C.
- DAWSON, CLAUDE COUNCIL, Grifton, N. C.  
EATON, JACOB TATUM, Farmington, N. C.  
ELDRIDGE, SEBA, Dunn, N. C.  
EVERETT, B. B., Palmyra, N. C.  
FERGUSON, JOHN LINDSAY, Kendall, N. C.
- FOWLER, ELIAS VAN BUREN, Glenville, N. C.  
GARNER, CLEMENT LEVISTER, Beaufort, N. C.  
GILL, RAY JOSEPH, Raleigh, N. C.  
GRAVES, ROBERT STRICKLER, Syria, Virginia.  
GRIMES, JOHN CLARENCE, Lexington, N. C.
- HARDESTY, GROVER CLEVELAND, Morehead City, N. C.  
HARDESTY, GEORGE ROM, Wakefield, N. C.  
HARDISON, JOHN GABRIEL, Thurman, N. C.  
HARRIS, GORDON, Raleigh, N. C.  
HEMPHILL, JOKTAN LAFAYETTE, Morganton, N. C.
- HENLEY, JAMES HOOVER, Sanford, N. C.  
HERRING, L. J., Clinton, N. C.  
HINSHAW, GUY FRANCIS, Winston, Salem, N. C.  
HOLT, WILLIAM NORMAN, Smithfield, N. C.  
JONES, ALBERT CARL, Trinity, N. C.

- JONES, LAWRENCE O'TOOLE, Raleigh, N. C.  
 JONES, RUFUS HENRY, Jr., Asheville, N. C.  
 JONES, WILLIAM WHITMORE, Franklin, N. C.  
 KOONCE, LAFAYETTE FRANK, Richland, N. C.  
 LATTA, CHARLES EDWARD, Raleigh, N. C.
- LOUGEE, LOUIS EDGAR, Raleigh, N. C.  
 LYLE, JAMES BURTON, Franklin, N. C.  
 LYNCH, JAMES BORDEN, Wilmington, N. C.  
 McCONNELL, HENRY KREICER, Rabbit Hash, Kentucky.  
 McNAIRY, OSCAR FRANKLIN, Greensboro, N. C.
- MEADOR, EUCENE FRANKLIN, Reidsville, N. C.  
 MIAL, BENNETT TAYLOR, Raleigh, N. C.  
 MICHAEL, FRANK CURTIS, Gibsonville, N. C.  
 MIDDLETON, OSCAR DURHAM, Warsaw, N. C.  
 MILLER, FRANK THOMAS, Rural Hall, N. C.
- MILLS, JOHN MAPLE, Raleigh, N. C.  
 MITCHELL, ROY HERBERT, Rolesville, N. C.  
 MONTAGUE, HENRY STARBUCK, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 MORSON, JOHN LIGHTFOOT, Raleigh, N. C.  
 OSBORNE, CHARLES CULLEN, Lawndale, N. C.
- OVERTON, JAMES ELWOOD, Ahoskie, N. C.  
 PARKER, THOMAS FRANK, Hillsboro, N. C.  
 PARKS, FRED. MAYNARD, Morganton, N. C.  
 PEGRAM, ELWOOD NEWTON, Gastonia, N. C.  
 PINNER, GUY, Elizabeth City, N. C.
- PITTMAN, WINSLOW GERALD, Lumberton, N. C.  
 PLUMMER, JAMES KEMP, Middleburg, N. C.  
 SADDLER, THOMAS WILSON, Sandifer, N. C.  
 SCHWAB, LEON JACOB, Goldsboro, N. C.  
 SHUFORD, JOHN OSCAR, Gastonia, N. C.
- SMITH, JAMES LAWRENCE, JR., Linden, N. C.  
 SMITH, LEON MARTIN, Goldsboro, N. C.  
 SMITH, RALPH HUNTER, New Bern, N. C.  
 SPOON, JESSE PAGE, Oakdale, N. C.  
 STANCIL, CLIFTON EARLE, Hills, N. C.

STAPLES, WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Reidsville, N. C.  
SYKES, VANCE, Rock Spring, N. C.  
TATE, CLAUDE STRATTON, Littleton, N. C.  
TRUITT, WILLIAM BROOKS, Greensboro, N. C.  
TURLINGTON, JOHN EDWARD, Clinton, N. C.  
WATKINS, EARNEST MONROE, Anderson, S. C.  
WEAVER, LINDSAY MORADE, Lexington, N. C.  
WILLS, JOHN JACKSON, Elizabeth City, N. C.  
WHITE, DAVID LYNDON, Trinity, N. C.  
WHITEHURST, CECIL BERNARD, Beaufort, N. C.



## Freshman Class



### Officers

HERBERT F. CARROLL	.....	President
JOSEPH E. MAJOR	.....	Vice-President
LOVICK R. GILBERT	.....	Secretary
ASA C. BOYNTON	.....	Treasurer
JUNIUS T. GARDNER	.....	Historian
WILLIAM T. LIPSCOMB	.....	Poet



Motto: Get in order to give.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.



### Class Yell

Booma—laca—booma—laca,  
Bow—wow—wow!  
Chica laca, chica laca,  
Chow, chow, chow!  
Booma-laca, chica-laca,  
Who are we?  
Freshman, Freshman, A. and M. C.



## Freshman History



THE FRESHMAN year of the Class of '08 is drawing to a close, and it becomes my duty as Historian of the Class to relate what we have done during the time. Although we haven't much history, still we are proud of what we have accomplished during the short time we have been here.

When the Freshman Class, 116 strong, first "landed" at old A. and M., our Sophomore friends told us that we were the greenest lot of men that have ever struck the Hill. Then deciding that one color wasn't sufficient, they began

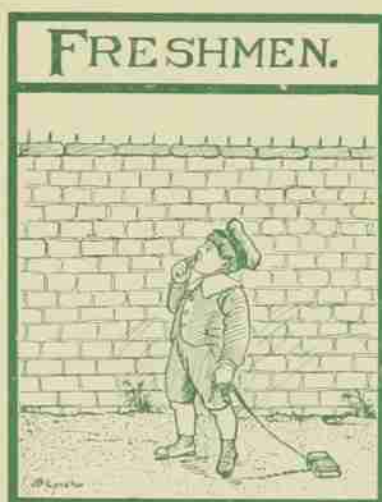


to make our feelings blue and our faces black. For the first few weeks it was all we could do to keep from getting blacked by the Sophs, or stuck by the Captain. To add to this, most of us having never been to college, we had to get used to college life.

About two weeks after College opened, Captain Phelps called the Class together for the purpose of electing a temporary president. The meeting resulted in the election of Mr. H. F. Carroll, who held that office until his election as permanent president in October. By this time the Sophs. had relaxed their blacking activities enough to allow us to hold a meeting in peace. At the meeting the following officers were elected: Carroll, President; Major, Vice-President; Gilbert, Secretary; Boynton, Treasurer; Lipscomb, Poet; and your humble servant Historian.

Four months slipped by very soon, and almost before we knew it, we were face to face with Christmas exams. The majority of the Class passed these successfully, only a small per cent of our men being unable to come back on account of them.

Our men have been among the foremost in athletics. Besides furnishing men for the first and second football teams, we got up a Class team which gave the Juniors a close race for "the cup." In view of the records we have made as Freshmen, we ought as Sophs to walk off with everything in sight.



## Freshman Class



- ABERNETHY, ALBERT EDWIN, Catawba, N. C.  
ALSBROOK, DAVID NEILL, Scotland Neck, N. C.  
ASHCROFT, WILLIAM PARTEE, Charlotte, N. C.  
BALDWIN, FRANK OSCAR, Raleigh, N. C.  
BASON, GEORGE FRANCES, Jr., Charlotte, N. C.
- BEDDOES, HUBERT, Charlotte, N. C.  
BLACK, WILLIAM LAMAR, Mt. Mourne, N. C.  
BLACKBURN, LEONARD ANDERSON, Winston, N. C.  
BOONE, JOSIAH AGIT, Lumberton, N. C.  
BOYNTON, ASA GRAY, Biltmore, N. C.
- BROOKS, HOWARD MILLER, Laurinburg, N. C.  
BROOKS, NATHAN COHN, New Bern, N. C.  
BROWN, NEVILLE TURNER, Raleigh, N. C.  
BURGESS, WILLIAM BRYANT, Rocky Mount, N. C.  
CANTWELL, ROBT. COLDER, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.
- CARPENTER, JAKE QUICKEL, Thermal City, N. C.  
CARROLL, HERBERT FULLER, Raleigh, N. C.  
CLINARD, RALPH ROLER, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
COUCH, LOUIS HILL, Southern Pines, N. C.  
DALTON, ALFRED SCALES, Winston, N. C.
- BEAL, CLYDE WATTERSON, Raleigh, N. C.  
DELLINCER, BLAINE CHAPMAN, Shelby, N. C.  
DEWAR, EDWIN SEXTON, Raleigh, N. C.  
DEWEY, EDWIN MIAL, Goldshoro, N. C.  
DRAKE, LOUIS, McAdenville, N. C.
- DUNLOP, GEORGE THOMAS JR., Norwood, N. C.  
DUNLOP, TYLER BENNETT, Adair Hill, N. C.  
DUPREE, ALVIN DEANS, Greenville, N. C.  
EAGLE RAYMON ROWE, Statesville, N. C.  
EARGLE, MINNIE LUTHER, Leesville, N. C.

EDWARDS, ABILLIE MARION, Mars Hill, N. C.  
 ESKRIDGE, WILLIAM HENRY, Shelby, N. C.  
 FARMER, ISAAC HERBERT, Wilson, N. C.  
 FERGUSON, BENJAMIN TROY, Kimbolton, N. C.  
 FERGUSON, WARREN GROW, Southern Pines, N. C.

GARDNER, JUNIUS TALMAGE, Shelby, N. C.  
 GAYLORD, WILLIAM TURNER, Gaylord, N. C.  
 GIBBS, SETH MANN, Middleton, N. C.  
 GIBSON, FRANK DUNCAN, Gibson, N. C.  
 GILBERT, LOVIC RODGERS, Potecasi, N. C.

GOLD, MOSES HENRY, Benford, N. C.  
 GOODMAN, JOHN MILLER, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 GRADY, JOHN DAVID, Albertson, N. C.  
 GREEN, ANDREW HEARTSFIELD, Raleigh, N. C.  
 GREGORY, EDWARD WM., Elizabeth City, N. C.

GRIFFIN, CECIL LIMWOOD, Manteo, N. C.  
 GRIMES, WILLIAM THOMAS, Lexington, N. C.  
 GRIMSHAW, THOMAS DELAWARE, Montvale, N. C.  
 HAGAN, DORSEY YATES, Greensboro, N. C.  
 HALL, HENRY HAWKINS, Wilmington, N. C.

HARPER, FRANK, Baltimore, Maryland.  
 HARRINGTON, HENRY WILLIAM, Diggs, N. C.  
 HARRIS, THOMAS, Raleigh, N. C.  
 HEATH, ALLEN ARMPFIELD, Monroe, N. C.  
 HEATH, FRANK LEE, Waxhaw, N. C.

HUBBARD, WILLIAM SILLERS, Charleston, West Virginia.  
 HUNTER, MILTON WALKER, Oxford, N. C.  
 INGRAM, THOMAS CLINTON, Mt. Gilead, N. C.  
 JONES, CORYDON SPENCER, Raleigh, N. C.  
 JONES, JOHN McLAURIN, Durham, N. C.

KEUFNER, HERBERT WILLIAM, Durham, N. C.  
 LAMBE, CLAUD MILTON, Durham, N. C.  
 LANCE, HUGH BURTON, Hot Springs, N. C.  
 LATTIMORE, BENJAMIN BUSSEY, Shelby, N. C.  
 LINDSAY, DAVID, Stoneville, N. C.

- LIPSCOMB, WILL THOMAS, Greenville, N. C.  
 LYRELY, GEORGE LAFAYETTE, Hickory, N. C.  
 McBRAYER, WILLIAM GARLAND, Shelby, N. C.  
 McGOWAN, EDWARD OSCAR, Elm City, N. C.  
 MAJOR, JOSEPH EDMUND, Anderson, S. C.
- MARSH, CLARENCE TALMAGE, Aulander, N. C.  
 MASON, JOHN SANFORD, Raleigh, N. C.  
 MERRITT, LEWIS LARKINS, Wilmington, N. C.  
 MIDDLETON, DAVID JOHN, Warsaw, N. C.  
 MORRISON, RALPH, Pioneer Mills, N. C.
- MURPHY, ROBERT LIVINGSTON, Morganton, N. C.  
 MURRAY, GUY POWERS, Wallace, N. C.  
 NEWELL, DAVID WHAREY, Newell, N. C.  
 PARKER, JAMES CALEB, Elizabeth City, N. C.  
 PESCU, JOHN SHAW, Raleigh, N. C.
- PITTENGER, PAUL NATHANIEL, Raleigh, N. C.  
 PITTMAN, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Tarboro, N. C.  
 PITTMAN, LAWRENCE LYON, Whittakers, N. C.  
 POISSON, LOUIS JULIEN, Wilmington, N. C.  
 POPE, ROBERT EDWARD STUART, Durham, N. C.
- POWELL, HARRY ALEXANDER, Fair Bluff, N. C.  
 POWELL, JAMES ALEXANDER, Raleigh, N. C.  
 POYNER, THOMAS MILTON, Poplar Branch, N. C.  
 PRICE, WILLIAM THOMAS, New Bern, N. C.  
 RAND, PHILIP BALLENTINE, Raleigh, N. C.
- RIDDLE, GEORGE BARBER, Raleigh, N. C.  
 SIMPSON, WILLIAM DUDLEY, Raleigh, N. C.  
 SKINNER, FRANK EVINS, Greenville, N. C.  
 SMITH, EDGAR ENGLISH, Greensboro, N. C.  
 SMITH, HENRY LEWIS, Dunn, N. C.
- STANBACK, HARRIS INGRAM, Mt. Gilead, N. C.  
 STEWART, CHARLES EDWARD, Caremont, Virginia.  
 SUTTLE, ALBERT BENJAMIN, Shelby, N. C.  
 TEMPLE, WILLIAM THADDEUS, Sanford, N. C.  
 THOMPSON, JAMES BRUCE, Goldsboro, N. C.

TILLET, WILLIAM NOLLIE, Corolla, N. C.  
TROTTER, WILLIS MOORE, Charlotte, N. C.  
VALEAR, PAUL, Winston, N. C.  
WALKER, CHARLES ALBERT, Greensboro, N. C.  
WALTERS, JOHN PIPER, Charlotte, N. C.

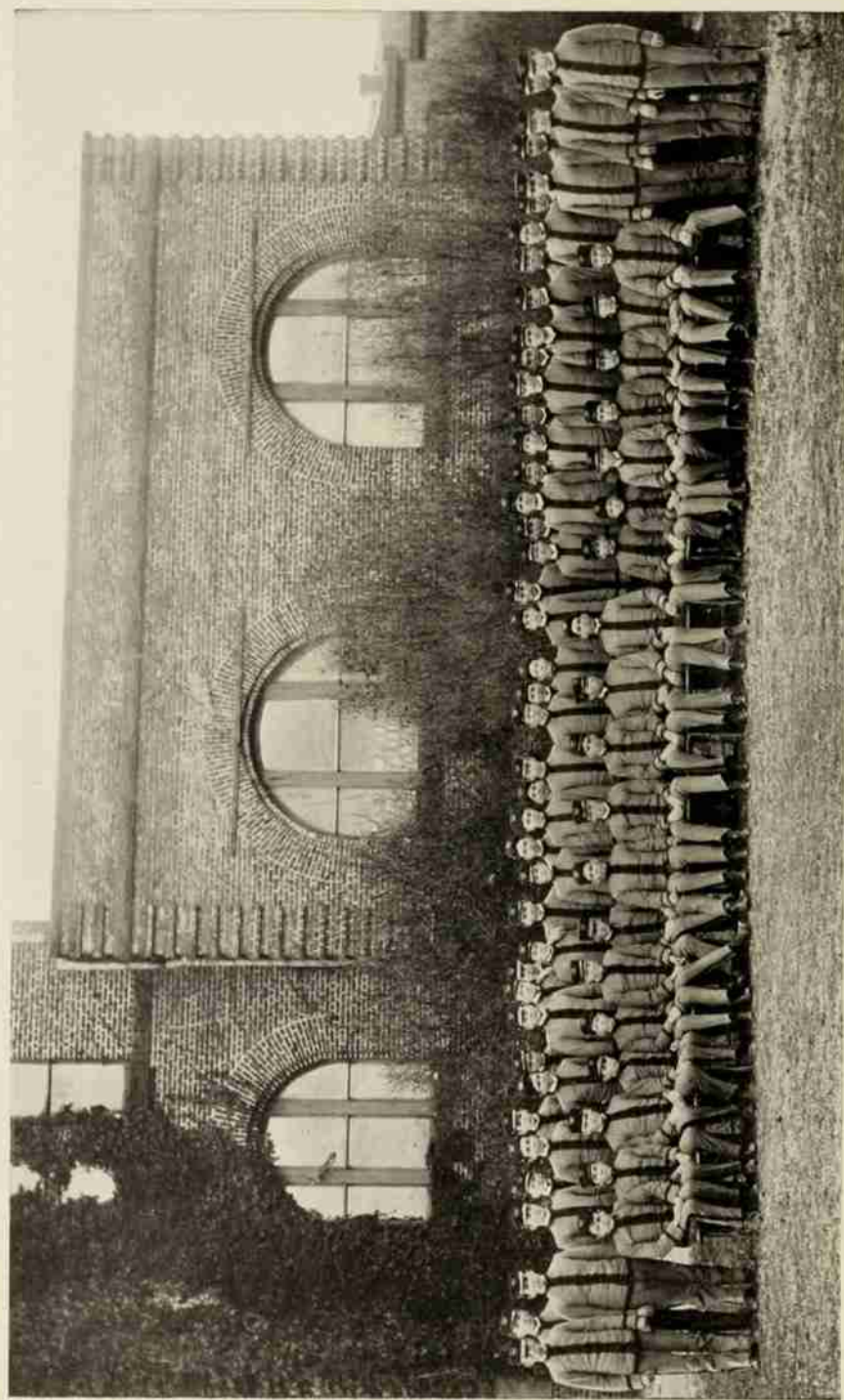
WELLS, GUY, Shelby, N. C.  
WHITE, ROYAL EDWARD, Aulander, N. C.  
WHITE, SYDNEY RUSSELL, Scotland Neck, N. C.  
WHITLEY, ORLAND WAITT, Wakefield, N. C.  
WILEY, SAMUEL HAMILTON, Salisbury, N. C.

WILLIAMS, FRANK GRAHAM, Inez, N. C.  
WILLIAMS, JOHN, Linden, N. C.  
WILLIAMS, OSCAR DEY, Edenton, N. C.  
WILLIAMS, THOMAS DICKSON, Matthews, N. C.  
WILSON, FRANK, Greenville, N. C.

WILSON, JOHN KELSO Jr., Baltimore, Maryland.  
WYATT, ROBERT JOB, Raleigh, N. C.  
YARBOROUGH, WOODFIN BRADSHER, Locust Hill, N. C.  
ZIGLER, JOHN FRANKLIN, Winston-Salem, N. C.







FRESHMAN CLASS



## To F—



I passed to-day, on my downtown way,  
A campus lonely and bare,  
And sad I grew, when I thought of you  
Who will never again be there.

Seen from the street, you made a picture sweet,  
You with your hair so gold,  
And your dress of blue and your eyes so true,  
In those dear, sweet days of old.

But now you're gone and how forlorn  
Seems the place where you used to be;  
But you can't depart from your throne in my heart  
Nor out of my memory.

K—.

## True to the Last



“AND so you are to be married to-morrow morning, child?”

Irene Clifford's little room, pink with the shadow of the morning roses that crowded the rustic casements, was full of the dainty paraphernalia of the wedding-day. White lace, white orange flowers, and pallid jessamine buds, lay around in graceful confusion; pearls gleamed from an open velvet case on the dressing-table; and folds of priceless white silk shimmered like snow wreathes on the bed. Irene, sitting in their midst, looked herself like a fair white lily, with her complexion of cream and roses, and her pale-gold ringlets and shady blue eyes.

“Yes, to-morrow morning, Maria. Come, wish me joy.”

Maria Hewitt shook her head where the silver threads were already beginning to gleam through the sunny brown braids.

“I can't wish you joy, Rena—I can't, indeed. Oh, I had hoped to see you stand at the altar with another man than Mark Eldon by your side. Don't think me unsympathetic, Rena; but to-night, of all nights in the world, I keep thinking of Wilfred Mayne.”

Had it not been for the pink shadow of the roses still on her cheek, Irene Clifford would have been very pale, as she rose from her seat, with one hand pressed convulsively to her heart.

“Of Wilfred Mayne, Maria? Of the noble hero who died two years ago off the coast of Spain, when the *Otranto* was wrecked, and every one on board perished?”

“But I can't believe he is really dead, Rena,” said the elder lady, speaking with passionate emotion. “Suppose—only suppose, for an instant—he should one day return, to find you, his affianced bride, the wife of another man.”

“Do the dead ever return from their ocean graves, Maria?”

“The dead, no.”

“Maria,” said Irene, clasping her slender hands together, and speaking in a voice that betrayed powerful, though suppressed emotion, “you should know how truly and tenderly I loved Wilfred Mayne, how precious his memory still remains to me. But you should also know that the many benefits Mark Eldon has showered upon my poor father, the years of devoted love he has given to me, ought not to go entirely unrewarded. I do not love him! That feeling perished when the *Otranto* went down along the orange-blooming coast of Spain; but I respect and esteem him. I will do my best to be a good and dutiful wife to him. Oh, Maria, you of all others should be the last to disturb the convictions of my conscience at such a moment.”

Maria Hewitt said no more, she only shook her head, and began quietly to arrange the disordered room, touching the pure white wedding decorations as sadly as if they had been funeral habiliments. And Irene, trying to throw off

the heavy weight that lay upon her heart, spoke softly of other subjects, as the red sunset died away among the crimson petals of the clustering roses, and the radiance of the western sky began to soften into tender, dusky gloom.

"Do you like those stiff, artificial orange-blossoms, Maria?" asked the expectant bride. "Sometimes I fancy that a few simple white roses from my own garden would be sweeter and less conventional."

"Well, perhaps they would," commented the spinster, thoughtfully turning the wreath around.

Irene started up.

"At all events, I am determined to try the effect," she said. "I'll run down into the garden and gather a few, just to see."

The solitary, vine-embowered garden walks lay in a sort of violet shadow beneath the warm twilight firmament. Through the dense boughs of a grand old Norway pine, one star glimmered like a lace of gold shooting downward from the heavens, as Irene Clifford flitted along, her dress brushing perfume from spicy clusters of clove pinks, and velvety pansies, and both hands full of rose branches, while almost unconsciously she murmured the burden of some old song.

Such a wild, piercing cry as suddenly rose up into the twilight softness, as the roses fell from her hand, and her cheeks blanched whiter than their own petals—such a wild shriek of terror as rent the evening stillness. And when Maria Hewitt reached the shadowed garden walk, she found Irene lying on the ground totally senseless, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead.

To bring some water from the old well under the laburnums was the work of but a moment and under Miss Hewitt's skillfully directed care Irene soon returned to her senses, with shuddering sighs and faint, hysteric gasps.

"Dearest, what frightened you?" asked Maria, when at length Irene sat up on the low garden bench and looked around her with wild, uncertain eyes. "Did you hear anything?"

"No."

"Did you see anything?"

Irene's face of white horror struck a chill even to Miss Maria's stout heart, as she said, in slow, measured syllables, speaking like one under the influence of strong mesmeric power, "I did see something. I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost!"

"Irene!"

"I tell you I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost! The ghostly face I have so often beheld in dreams lying amid sea-shells and coral—but I never thought to see it thus."

"Tell me how and where," cried Miss Hewitt, intent only on quieting the strong spasmodic emotion that racked Irene's slender frame.

"As I came round the path, singing idly—Heaven help me!—I saw it standing among the laurels, erect and motionless, looking at me with such sad, reproachful eyes!"

"My dear, it must have been optical delusion."

"It was no optical delusion. I saw it, Maria, as distinctly as I now see you."

Miss Hewitt glanced toward the black, sepulchral clusters of laurel, with a slight chill creeping along her blood.

"But, Rena, we know that such things are impossible. Ghosts are but a relic of old-time superstition."

"Impossible or not," broke in Irene, wildly, "I know that this night I have seen the shadow of him who was once Wilfred Mayne! I know that his ghost has risen up from its grave under the green billows that wash the Spanish shores to warn me against this fatal marriage! It is enough—it is enough! I will never plight my troth to Mark Eldon at the altar. I will live and die sacred to Wilfred's dear memory."

"But, Rena, you surely do not believe—"

"Believe, believe!" interrupted Irene, with passionate emphasis. "I tell you, Maria, I know that Wilfred's ghost rose up before me this evening!"

And Irene fell, weak and trembling, on her faithful friend's bosom.

All that night Maria watched at Irene's bedside with anxious, loving care, much fearing lest an attack of brain fever should follow on this sudden shock and unwonted excitement—and her tender precautions prevailed.

"Put away the silk and the pearls, and the long white veil, Maria," said Irene, as the ruddy dawn peeped in through the open casement; "I shall never need them now."

When Mark Eldon came at the appointed time to claim his promised bride, Irene told him all that had occurred to her, in a faint, stifled voice.

"I can not marry you, Mark," she said, at the close: "I can not give my hand without my heart, after this warning from the very depths of the grave."

Mark's dull complexion turned a shade more yellow and sickly as he listened.

"Irene, you will surely not let this figment of a disordered brain come between us now?"

"I shall never marry, Mark," she answered, with a quiet, calm determination, against which he plainly saw that his will was but as nothing.

"Irene," he remonstrated, "I have loved you better than my own soul. Do not leave me alone through life."

But her answer came, firm and changeless, "I shall never marry now."

And years ebbed by, and Irene Clifford kept her word.

\* \* \* \* \*

"An old maid!" she murmured to herself, as she stood at the mirror in her little chamber, at a sea-side hotel, brushing out the sunshiny luxuriance of her long, yellow hair. "I heard the little sixteen-year-old girls telling their companions this morning in the hall, that I was an old maid! Well, perhaps they are right! And yet—how I should have laughed ten years ago, at the idea of my ever becoming an old maid."

She smiled in the glass as the fancies passed through her mind—and the glass smiled back a sweet, oval face, with tender blue eyes, and a skin yet delicate as the lining of a sea-shell. Irene saw it, and took courage.

"I am not an old maid yet, in spite of my thirty years," she thought, trying on her hat for a morning stroll through the woods, with a book in her hand, by way of companion.



How quiet they are, those still, green aisles, with shifting gleams of sunlight and the starry gleam of the wild-flowers dotting the turf at her feet.

Irene wandered on, and on, unconscious of the slow lapse of time, until—by the singular sensation that one can not analyze or describe—she suddenly felt that she was no longer alone.

Looking up, she saw, seated on an old dead stump, with a sketching board on his knees, and his forehead shadowed with the broad rim of his hat, a solitary man. He glanced up at the same instant.

It was the self-same face she had seen among the laurels in the violet gloom of the midsummer night, ten years since, no longer pale and ghostly, but bronzed and swarthy—it was the face of her lost lover, who sailed in the *Otranto*, long, long ago.

“Irene!”

He rose, and stood half hesitating an instant. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her parched mouth. Was this, also, a sickening delusion? Would his semblance of humanity, too, fade away into mist and shadow?

“Irene, my dearest, fate has thrown us together once more!” he said, advancing at last with the color coming and going on his cheek.

But she sank away, shuddering.

“You are not Wilfred Mayne!” she articulated wildly. “Wilfred Mayne died at sea twelve years ago.”

“But I am Wilfred Mayne, and he did not die at sea twelve years ago, Irene,” he said, taking her hand in his—no ghostly hand, but the soft, warm palm of pulsing life and vitality. “He was preserved by an interposition of Providence little short of a miracle; and when, recovering at Madrid from the long fever that succeeded his peril, he wrote to the girl who had promised one day to become his wife, no answer ever came. Irene, how do you account for this?”

“I never got the letter!” she gasped. “As heaven is my witness, the last news I ever heard from you was that you had perished with all the crew of the *Otranto* when she went down!”

“And yet I directed it to the care of your lawyer, Mr. Eldon.”

A burning crimson spot rose to Irene’s cheek. Like an open book, before her rose up the whole network of Mark Eldon’s treachery and deceit. She knew it all now.

“And when,” he went on, after a moment’s silence, “I had waited in vain for months, I came here only to hear the idle gossip about your wedding. That was the way in which I learned the blight of every hope I had ventured to cherish. ‘Well,’ I said to myself, ‘so let it be. I will not disturb her dream of happiness with my white, wasted face and broken heart. I will be to her as if I had never been.’ But in spite of my good resolution, Irene, I could not resist the temptation of trying to see you once again. Do you remember that summer night in the garden?”

“I remember it! Wilfred, I firmly believed that your ghost had risen up from the dead to warn me against the coming marriage.”

“And did you accept the warning?”

“I did.”

His face lighted up under the shadow of the broad-brim hat.

"I had not looked for such happiness as this," he said, in a low, deep voice. "I have dreamed of it sometimes; but the waking has always followed too soon. Thank heaven, the dreams are over at last. My love," he spoke eagerly, with his misty eyes searching the depths of her own, "the morning of our lives has been shadowed by dark fate and still darker treachery. Is it too late to devote its noontide to each other, still? Is it in vain that we have been constant to each other all these years?"

They walked home together, with her hand resting lightly on his arm, and her heart beating close to his own. Ah! such a dreamy, happy, lingering walk.

And long before the green, quivering leaves turned to pendants of gold, the "old maid" became a happy wife.

W. J. W.—'05.





## A Freshman Pome



Oh grate indeed is the fresh class  
their favorite color is green green, grass  
Their one hoap is but to Pass.

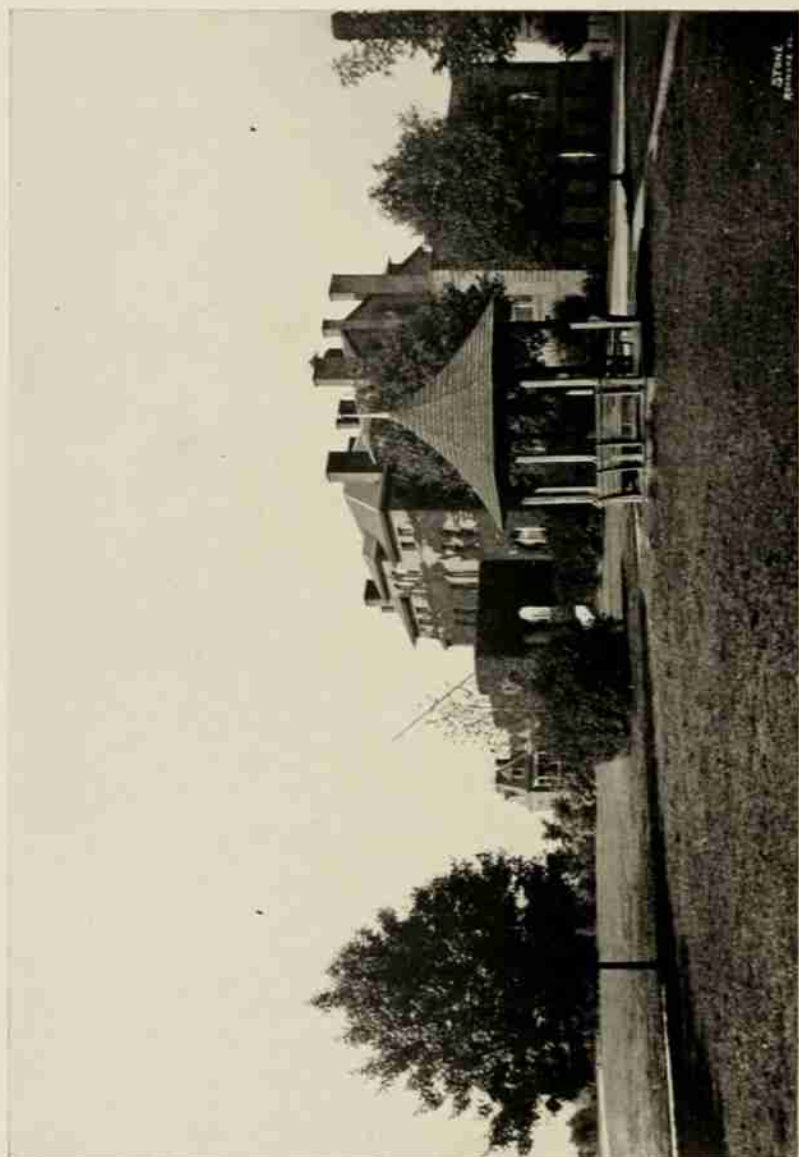
oh in this class some grate men are  
Some fellows who Ought to star  
but too soon indeed they've left their ma.

We had a fine football team  
we Ought to won the cup it seamed  
But this wuz only a pipe-dream.

but Gardner says, and he Ought to know  
That nex year we'll win it sho,  
So from now til then we are goin to blow.

oh I would like to make this Pome more longer  
but I'm fraid my verse is gettin far too stronger  
So here no ling I'll longer.

BY NOT THE CLASS POET.



MAIN BUILDING

# BATTALION.



## The Battalion



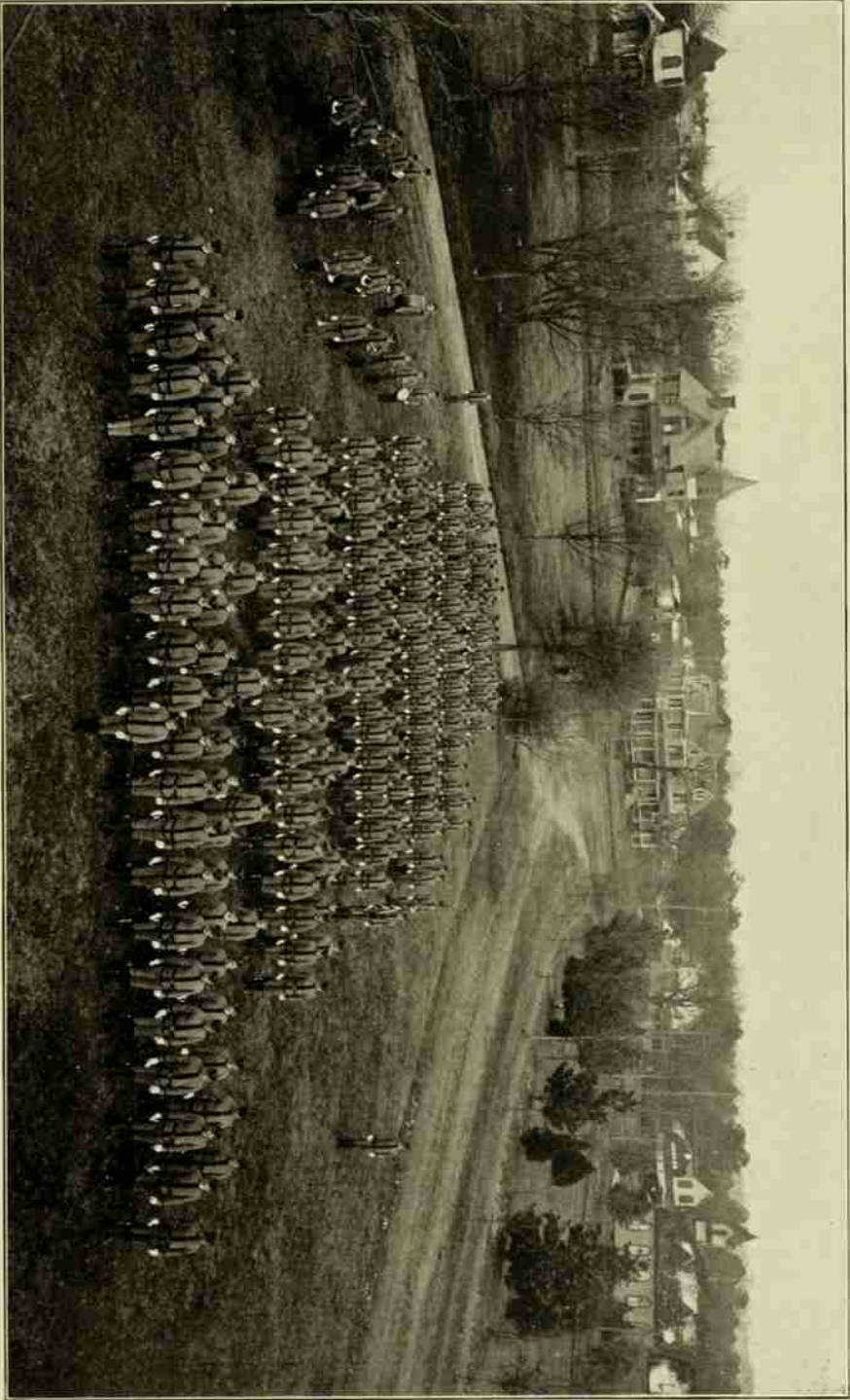
**T**HE BATTALION of the College is made up of six companies and the band. The Commandant is Captain Phelps (U. S. A., retired). The major, captains and lieutenants are all chosen from the Senior Class. From the Junior Class comes the sergeant-major and the sergeants. From the Sophomore Class comes the corporals. Since the establishment of military discipline at the College, September, 1893, six commandants have served, Captain Phelps being the sixth. During this time the Battalion has grown from two companies to six, from 130 men in ranks to 525 men.

The drill and discipline are good things. They teach a man regularity of habits and broaden him out physically and mentally. And it is worth something to be made familiar with military tactics, for in time of war, trained men are needed.

There are two things, however, that the Battalion both needs and desires. These are a flag and flagstaff. It is a pity that money can not be secured with which to purchase these two things. Not a great amount would be required, and this would be a valuable addition to the College. A college run partly on Government money, should have the flag of the Government flying above it at all times. That this is not the case is merely another instance of the policy of frenzied economy on the part of those in authority.

To the outsider the military side of the College may seem a sort of soulless mummery. But this is not the case. The men take an interest in military matters, and turn the drills and other duties into pleasures. That the Battalion may prosper and flourish and some day evolve into a regiment with 1,200 men in ranks, is the sincere wish of the writer.

K—.



THE BATTALION.





MISS ANNIE SCOTT LINDSAY,  
BATTALION SPONSOR.



THE STAFF

## Staff Officers

• •

### Commandant

CAPT. F. E. PHELPS, U. S. A. (RETIRED).

### Cadet Officers

W. M. CHAMBERS	.....Major of Battalion
S. D. WALL	.....Captain and Adjutant
S. GRAYDON	.....Captain and Quartermaster
W. G. KNOX	.....Sergeant-Major
T. M. LYKES	.....Color Sergeant
W. S. TOMLINSON	.....Quartermaster Sergeant

## Comparisons



Like the pure-white lilies that bend and grow,  
Out where the evening breezes blow;  
Like the tender skies at the close of day  
As the purplish shadows fade away;  
Like the gentle calm at the hour of rest  
When the weary birds have sought their nests—  
Is the heart of a maiden pure and free,  
A maiden ever loved by me.

Her eyes are like the clouds above,  
The gray that all true artists love.  
Her hair is like the sunset light  
That floods with gold the landscape bright;  
Her voice is soft; like the peaceful hush  
That comes before the storm's mad rush,  
Like *all* things lovely and bright and clear  
Is she whom I love and still hold dear.

L.—



MISS MAY DEBERRY,  
SPONSOR.

## Company "A"



O. L. BAGLEY ..... *Captain.*  
 F. W. HADLEY ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
 W. J. WALKER ..... *Second Lieutenant.*

S. H. CLARKE ..... *First Sergeant.*  
 D. A. COX ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
 L. MOORE ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
 B. B. EGERTON ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*

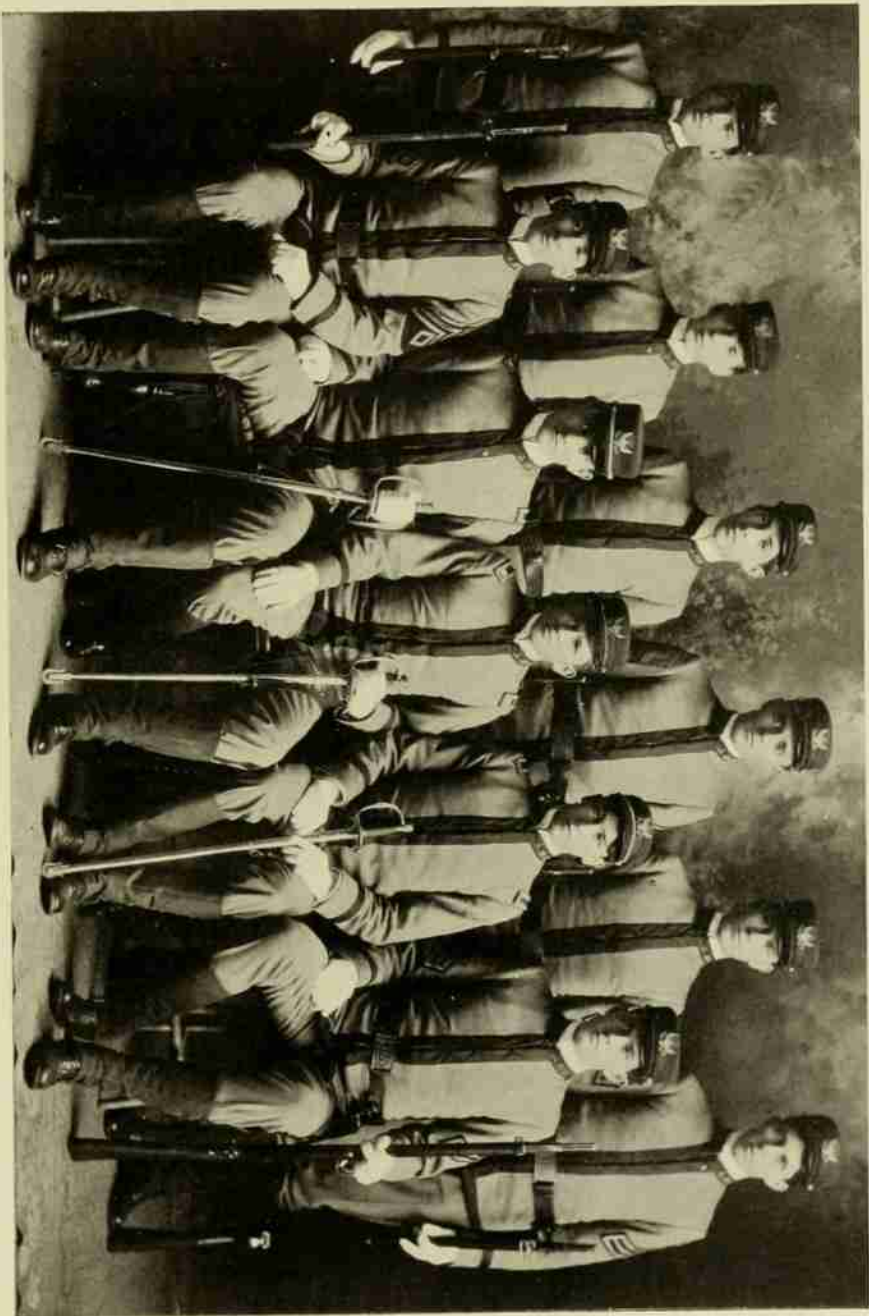
J. B. LYNCH ..... *First Corporal.*  
 W. B. TRUITT ..... *Second Corporal.*  
 G. R. HARDESTY ..... *Third Corporal.*  
 B. B. EVERETT ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

### Privates

Ashecraft, W. P.	Hester, T.	Somers, C. N.
Black, K. L.	Hamrick, M. F.	Spruill, C. E.
Buys, W. A.	Koonce, L. F.	Sykes, V.
Baker, W. W.	Laval, W. L.	Spoon, J. P.
Bell, N. E.	Major, J. E.	Tull, Reid.
Cox, D. W.	Marsh, C.	Weaver, R. R.
Collins, R. F.	Midgett, A. L.	Weaver, L. M.
Darling, E.	Murphy, R. L.	White, S. R.
Eagle, R. R.	Mial, B. T.	White, D. L.
Eagle, M. L.	McNairy, O. F.	Whitley, O. W.
Fisher, W. B.	McConnell, H.	Wyatt, R. J.
Gibson, J. M.	Newsome, W. B.	Williams, J. H.
Gibson, F. O.	Nelms, D. R.	Wilson, A. J.
Graves, R. S.	Parks, F. M.	Wilson, H. R.
Henley, J. H.	Rowland, H.	



“A” COMPANY OFFICERS





MISS LOULA S. McDONALD,  
SPONSOR.

## Company "D"

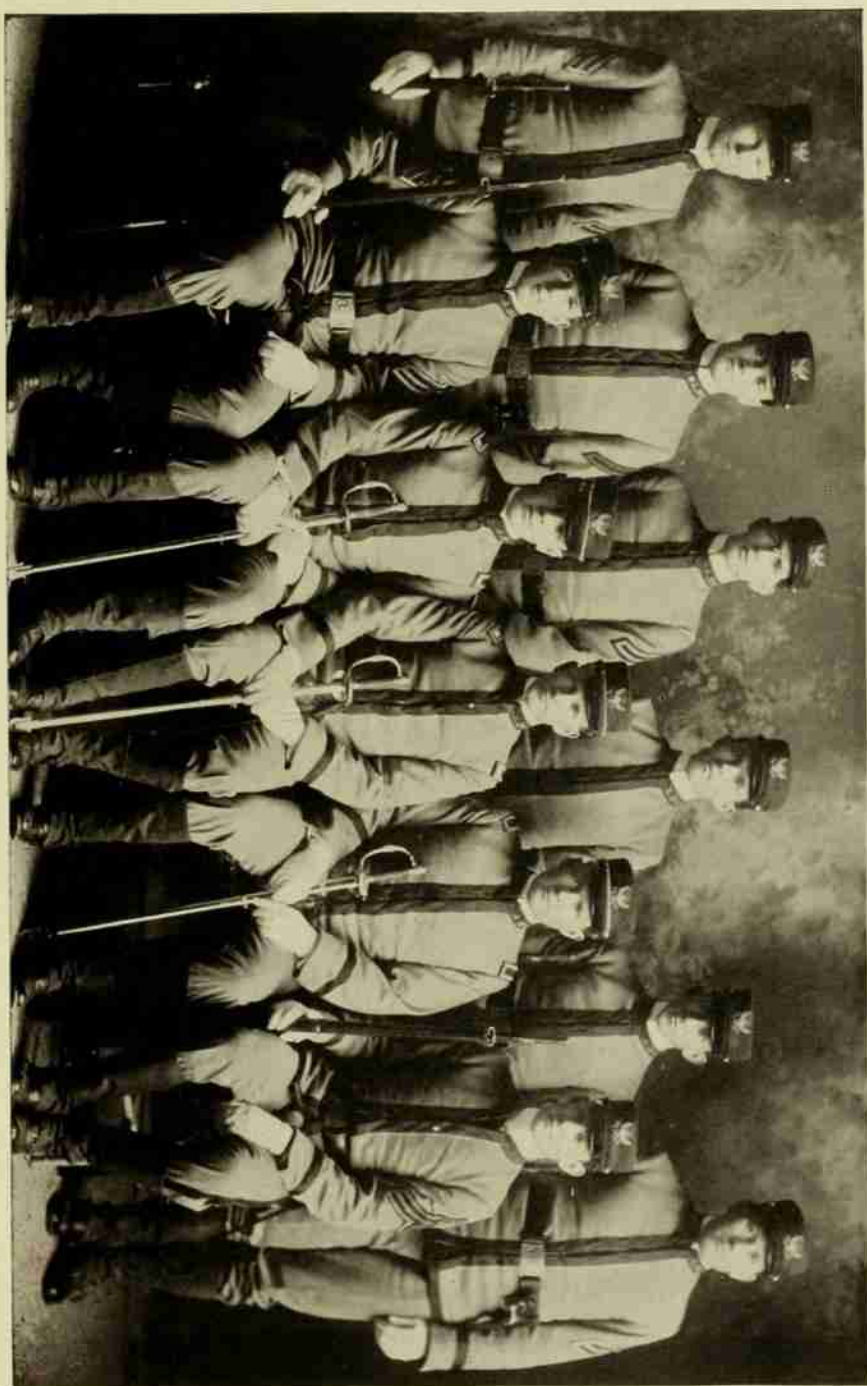


- L. M. HOFFMAN, JR. .... *Captain.*  
 A. T. KENYON ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
 S. N. KNOX ..... *Second Lieutenant.*
- L. T. WINSTON ..... *First Sergeant.*  
 J. D. CLARK ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
 W. B. MOORMAN ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
 S. O. PERKINS ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*
- E. M. WATKINS ..... *First Corporal.*  
 A. C. JONES ..... *Second Corporal.*  
 O. D. MIDDLETON ..... *Third Corporal.*  
 G. T. HINSHAW ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

### Privates

- |                  |                  |                |
|------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Bagby, W. M.     | Grady, J. D.     | Pitman, B. S.  |
| Baldwin, F. O.   | Gainey, P. L.    | Pescud, J. S.  |
| Boone, J. A.     | Goodman, J. M.   | Pearson, P. M. |
| Cantwell, R. C.  | Gregory, E. W.   | Pope, R. E. L. |
| Carpenter, J. S. | Hanlin, H. I.    | Porter, J. A.  |
| Carroll, H. F.   | Hewlett, C. W.   | Poyner, T. M.  |
| Clardy, C. C.    | Harper, F.       | Pinner, G.     |
| Dunlop, S. T.    | Knotts, V. L.    | Price, J. M.   |
| Erwin, M. S.     | Lipe, M. P.      | Sawyer, J. C.  |
| Etheridge, W. C. | Lattimore, S. N. | Swann, H. L.   |
| Ewart, J. B.     | Mason, W. I.     | Smith, C. M.   |
| Ellis, W. T.     | Massie, M. P.    | Smith, R. L.   |
| Furgeson, W. S.  | Martin, J. B.    | Smith, S. H.   |
| Gibbs, S. M.     | McLendon, H. S.  | Temple, W. T.  |
| Grimshaw, T. D.  | Pitman, W. S.    | Wells, G.      |

4-D COMPANY OFFICERS





MISS ELEANOR STREET MONROE,  
SPONSOR

## Company "B"

• •

E. G. PORTER ..... *Captain.*  
G. G. LYNCH ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
H. F. CHREITZBERG, JR. .... *Second Lieutenant.*

R. H. TILLMAN ..... *First Sergeant.*  
J. F. HANSELMAN ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
L. L. VAUGHAN ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
PETER VALEAR ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*

L. SCHAWB ..... *First Corporal.*  
F. T. MILLER ..... *Second Corporal.*  
J. L. HEMPHILL ..... *Third Corporal.*  
P. W. HARDIE ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

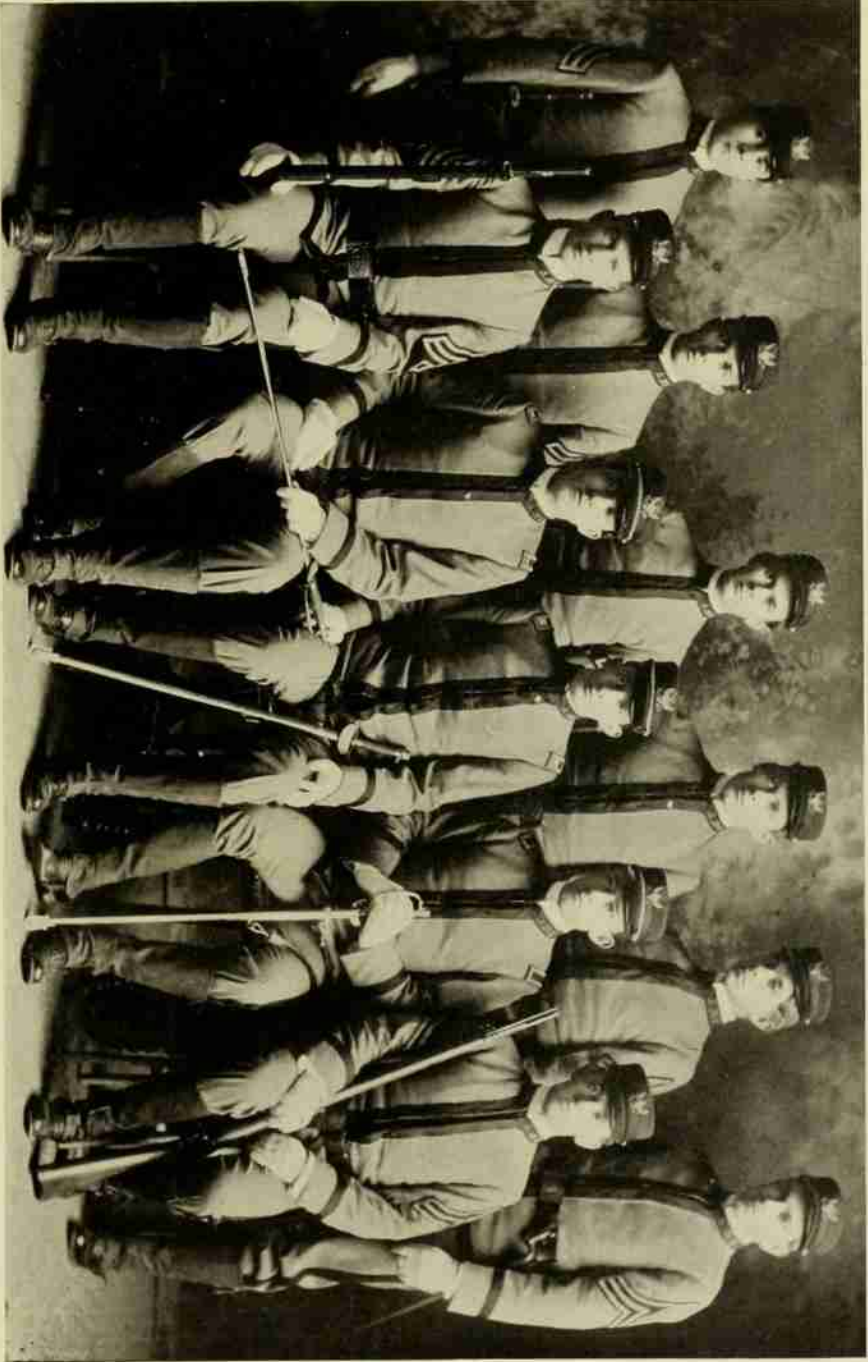
### Privates

Abernethy, D. S.  
Black, W. L.  
Best, J. L.  
Caldwell, G. H.  
Cromartie.  
Dalton, A. S.  
Deal, C. W.  
Dunlop, F. B.  
Eldridge, S.  
Foster, S. W.  
Gardner, J. T.  
Griffith, Z.

Gilbert, L. R.  
Hamilton, G. P.  
Heath, F. L.  
Harris, T.  
Isley, E. W.  
Kimball, W. R.  
Lyerly, G. L.  
May, C. L.  
Norman, G. S.  
Overton, J. E.  
Plummer, J. K.  
Pitman, L. L.

Powell, H. A.  
Smith, E. E.  
Shelburn, J. W.  
Turlington, J. E.  
Ward, W. J.  
Warren, C. M.  
Warren, W. C.  
Williams, J. C.  
Williams, F. D.  
Wilson, J. K.  
Woody, J. H.





"B" COMPANY OFFICERS



MISS KATE DEBERRY,  
SPONSOR.

## Company "C"

.. . .

J. D. SPINKS ..... *Captain.*  
R. C. LEHMAN ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
L. A. MURR ..... *Second Lieutenant.*

D. W. ROBERTSON ..... *First Sergeant.*  
J. G. MORRISON ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
C. P. ASBURY ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
A. B. PIVER ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*

E. N. PEGRAM ..... *First Corporal.*  
C. E. STANCHILL ..... *Second Corporal.*  
L. B. WHITEHURST ..... *Third Corporal.*  
E. F. MEADUR ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

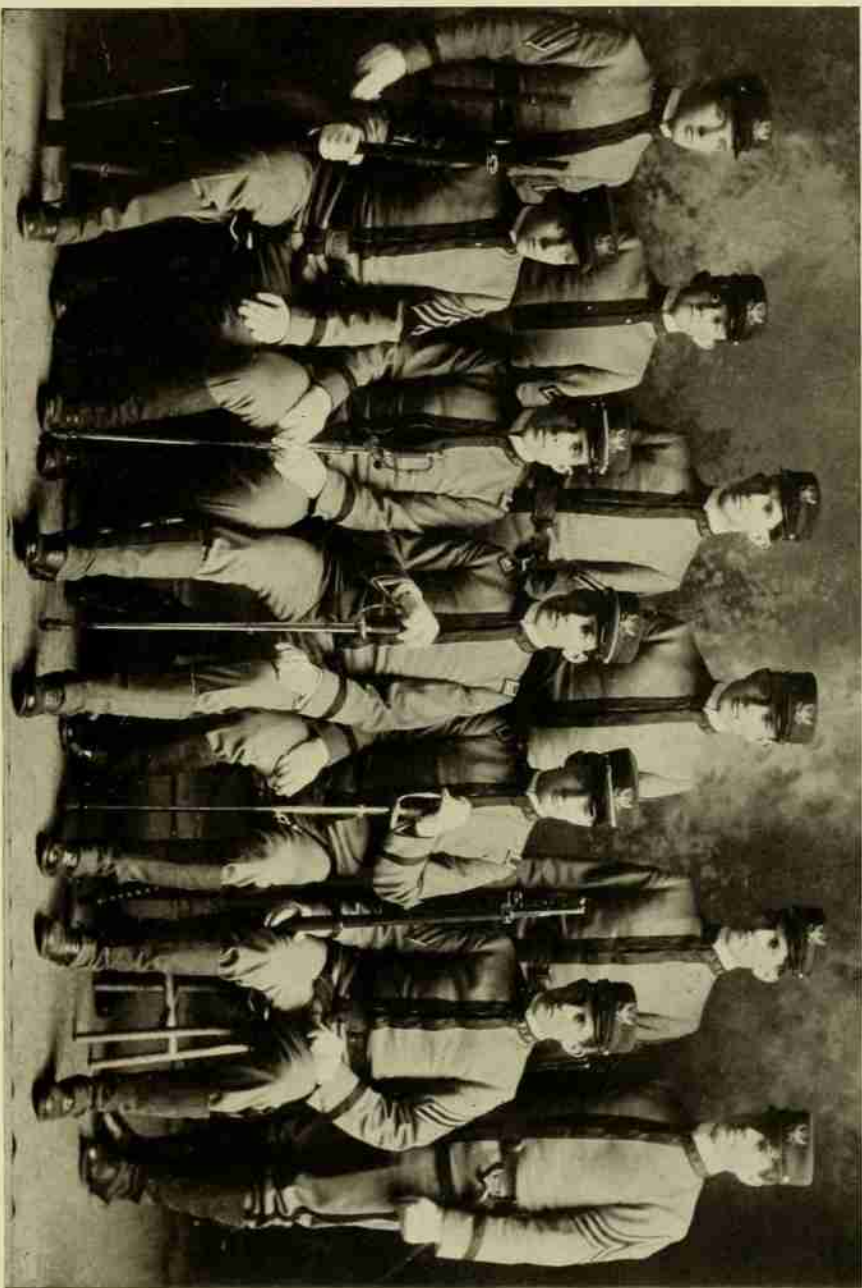
### Privates

Allen, G. G.  
Allsbrook, D. N.  
Bivens, J. P.  
Beddoes, H.  
Blackburn, L. A.  
Borden, A. H.  
Couch, L. H.  
Clay, W. T.  
Dupree, A. D.  
Dawson, C. C.  
Ferguson, B. T.  
Ferguson, P. H.

Fowler, E. V.  
Gold, M. H.  
Garner, C. L.  
Herring, L. J.  
Harrington, H. N.  
Killebrew, M. L.  
Lindsay, D.  
Lattimore, B. B.  
Michael, F. C.  
Maxwell, R.  
Middleton, D. J.  
Myrick, J. C.

Niven, C. F.  
Newel, D. W.  
Price, W. T.  
Parker, J. C.  
Staley, A. M.  
Stanback, H. F.  
Steele, H. S.  
Stuart, C. E.  
Stancil, J. C.  
Tillett, W. N.  
Valaer, Paul.





6<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY OFFICERS



MISS LUCY HAYWOOD,  
SPONSOR.

## Company "E"



J. H. PEIRCE ..... *Captain.*  
 L. G. LYKES ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
 W. W. WATT ..... *Second Lieutenant.*

C. W. HODGES ..... *First Sergeant.*  
 D. M. CLARKE ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
 J. W. CLARKE ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
 M. H. CHESBRO ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*

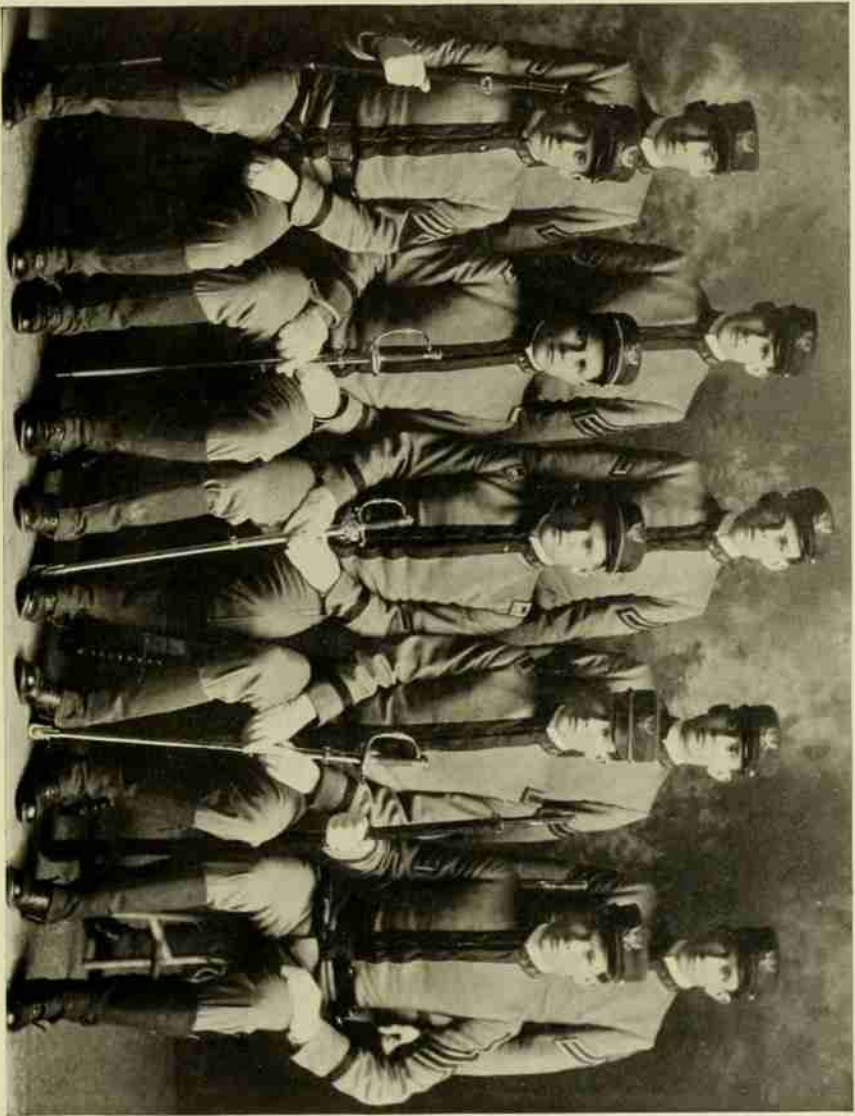
R. H. CARTER ..... *First Corporal.*  
 H. S. MONTAGUE ..... *Second Corporal.*  
 R. H. SMITH ..... *Third Corporal.*  
 W. C. STAPLES ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

### Privates

Allen, W. A.  
 Abernathy.  
 Brooks, H. M.  
 Burgess.  
 Carter, W.  
 Dillinger.  
 Drake, L. C.  
 Dewey.  
 Drake, J. S.

Escott.  
 Heath, A. A.  
 Iseley.  
 Lamb.  
 Mills.  
 Merritt, L.  
 Nicholson.  
 Price, W. T.  
 Satherwaite.

Suttle.  
 Tuttle.  
 Thigpen, C. L.  
 Thigpen, R. D.  
 Thompson.  
 Whitley.  
 Watson.  
 Williams.



“E” COMPANY OFFICERS



MISS VIRGINIA EGERTON,  
SPONSOR.

## Company "F"



W. H. MCINTIRE ..... *Captain.*  
S. M. VIELE ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
J. R. SMITH ..... *Second Lieutenant.*

W. F. BROCK ..... *First Sergeant.*  
A. W. GREGORY ..... *Second Sergeant*  
J. P. LOVILL ..... *Third Sergeant.*  
J. E. MOORE ..... *Fourth Sergeant.*

J. L. FERGUSON ..... *First Corporal.*  
J. L. CARLETON ..... *Second Corporal.*  
C. S. TATE ..... *Third Corporal.*  
J. L. SMITH ..... *Fourth Corporal.*

Arndell, M. H.  
Allison, L. L.  
Alexander, W. S.  
Bank, W. H.  
Bason, G. F.  
Brown, N. T.  
Dewar, E. S.  
Eskridge, W. H.  
Foscoe, M. W.  
Gill, P. J.  
Green, A. H.  
McCowan, E. O.  
Morson, J. L.  
Griffin, C. L.

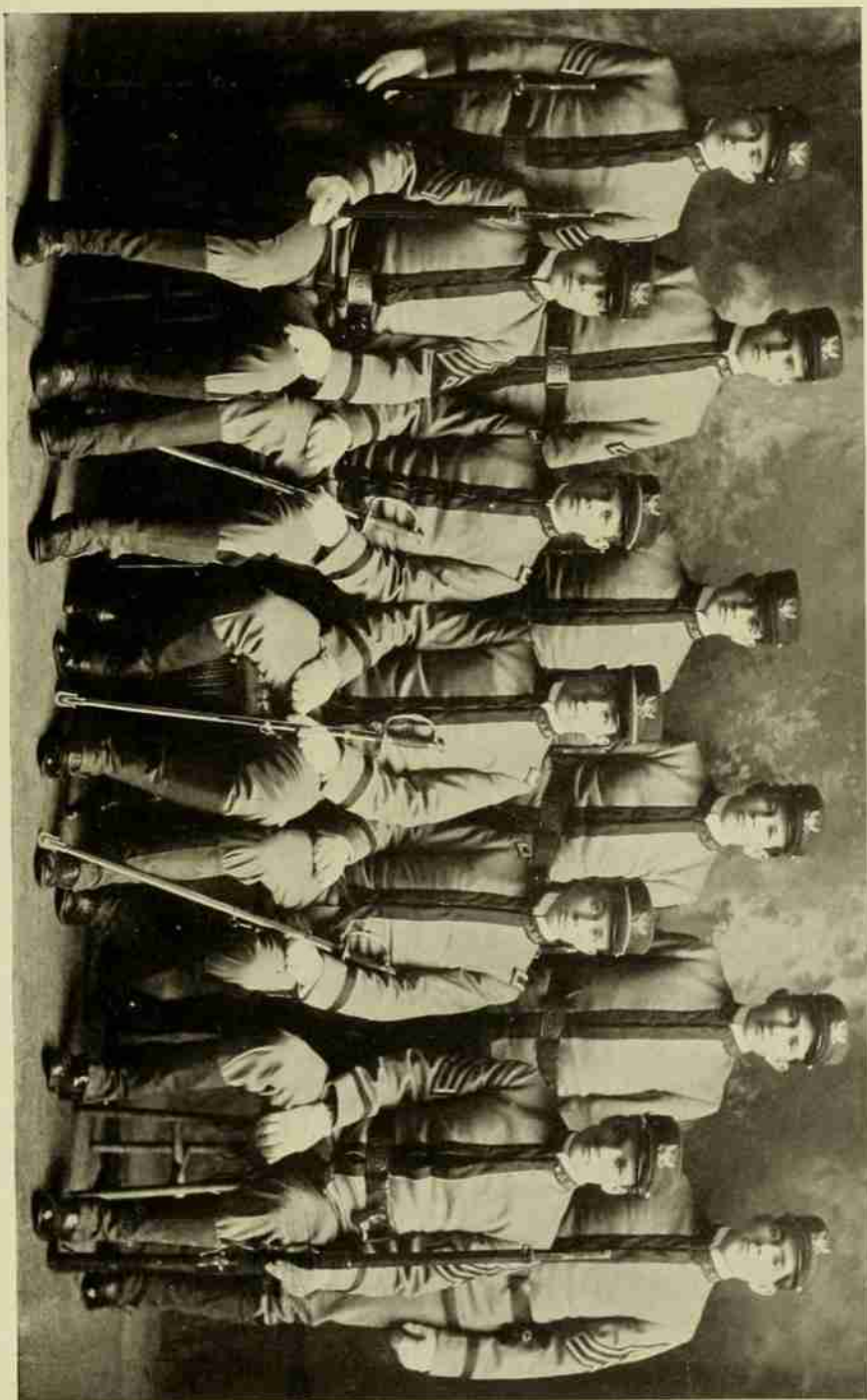
### Privates

Hampton, W. R.  
Higgs, J. A. Jr.  
Hutoff, C. F.  
Hunter, M. W.  
Haygan, D. Y.  
Jones, J. McL.  
Jones, C. S.  
Harris, G.  
Kueffener, H. W.  
Latta, C. E.  
Linker, Z. V.  
Lipscomb, W. T.  
Parker, C. E.  
Pierce, I. R.

Poisson, L. J.  
Paschall, A. L.  
Price, L. L.  
Rand, P. B.  
Smith, H. L.  
Saunders, R. L.  
Towe, H. F.  
White, R. E.  
Wommack, J. D.  
Wells, J. J.  
Walters, J. P.  
Yarborough, W. B.  
Young, R. T.



467 COMPANY OFFICERS





MISS MAUD WHITFIELD,  
SPONSOR.

## Band

♫ ♫

- E. T. ROBESON ..... *Instructor.*  
H. B. CARTWRIGHT ..... *Captain.*  
J. A. PARK ..... *First Lieutenant.*  
H. M. LILLY ..... *Second Lieutenant.*  
  
J. G. HARDISON ..... *First Sergeant.*  
W. C. PIVER ..... *Second Sergeant.*  
  
R. H. HARPER ..... *Drum Major.*  
T. J. OGBURN ..... *Principal Musician.*

## Privates

Battie, K. S.  
Bryan, J. C.  
Eaton, J. C.  
Farmer, F. H.  
Grimes, J. C.

Grimes, W. T.  
Holt, W. N.  
Huband, W. C.  
Lougee, L. E.  
Morgan, J. H.  
Oden, L. M.

Parker, T. F.  
Powell, J. A.  
Riddle, R.  
Simpson.  
Uzzell, R. P.





THE BAND

## Commissioned Officers



### Staff

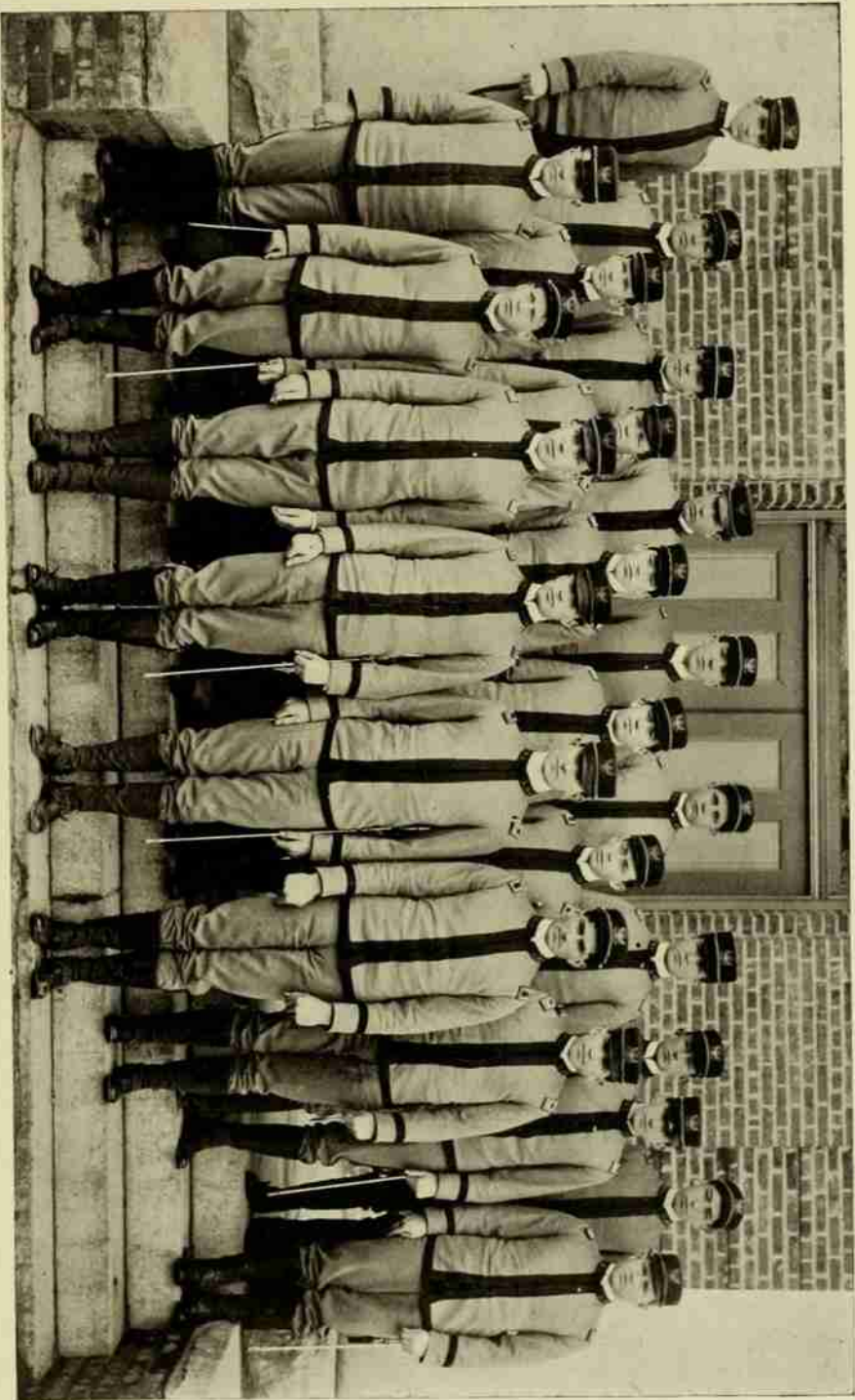
CAPT. F. E. PHELPS .....	Commandant
W. M. CHAMBERS .....	Major
S. D. WALL .....	Captain and Adjutant
S. GRAYDON .....	Captain and Quartermaster

### Captains

O. L. BAGLEY.	L. M. HOFFMAN.
E. G. PORTER.	J. D. SPINKS.
J. H. PEIRCE.	W. H. McINTIRE..
H. B. CARTWRIGHT.	R. H. HARPER.

### Lieutenants

F. W. HADLEY.	A. T. KENYON.
G. G. LYNCH.	R. C. LEHMAN.
L. J. LYKES.	S. M. VIELÉ.
W. J. WALKER.	S. N. KNOX.
H. F. CHREITZBERG, Jr.	L. A. MURR.
W. W. WATT.	J. R. SMITH.
J. A. PARK.	H. M. LILLY.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

# Sergeants



W. G. KNOX .....	Sergeant-Major
T. M. LYKES .....	Color-Sergeant
W. S. TOMLINSON .....	Quartermaster-Sergeant

## First Sergeants

S. H. CLARKE.	L. T. WINSTON.
D. W. ROBERTSON.	C. W. HODGES.
W. F. BROCK.	R. H. TILLMAN.
J. G. HARDISON.	

## Second Sergeants

D. A. COX.	J. D. CLARKE.
J. F. HANSELMAN.	J. G. MORRISON.
D. M. CLARKE.	A. W. GREGORY.
W. C. PIVER.	

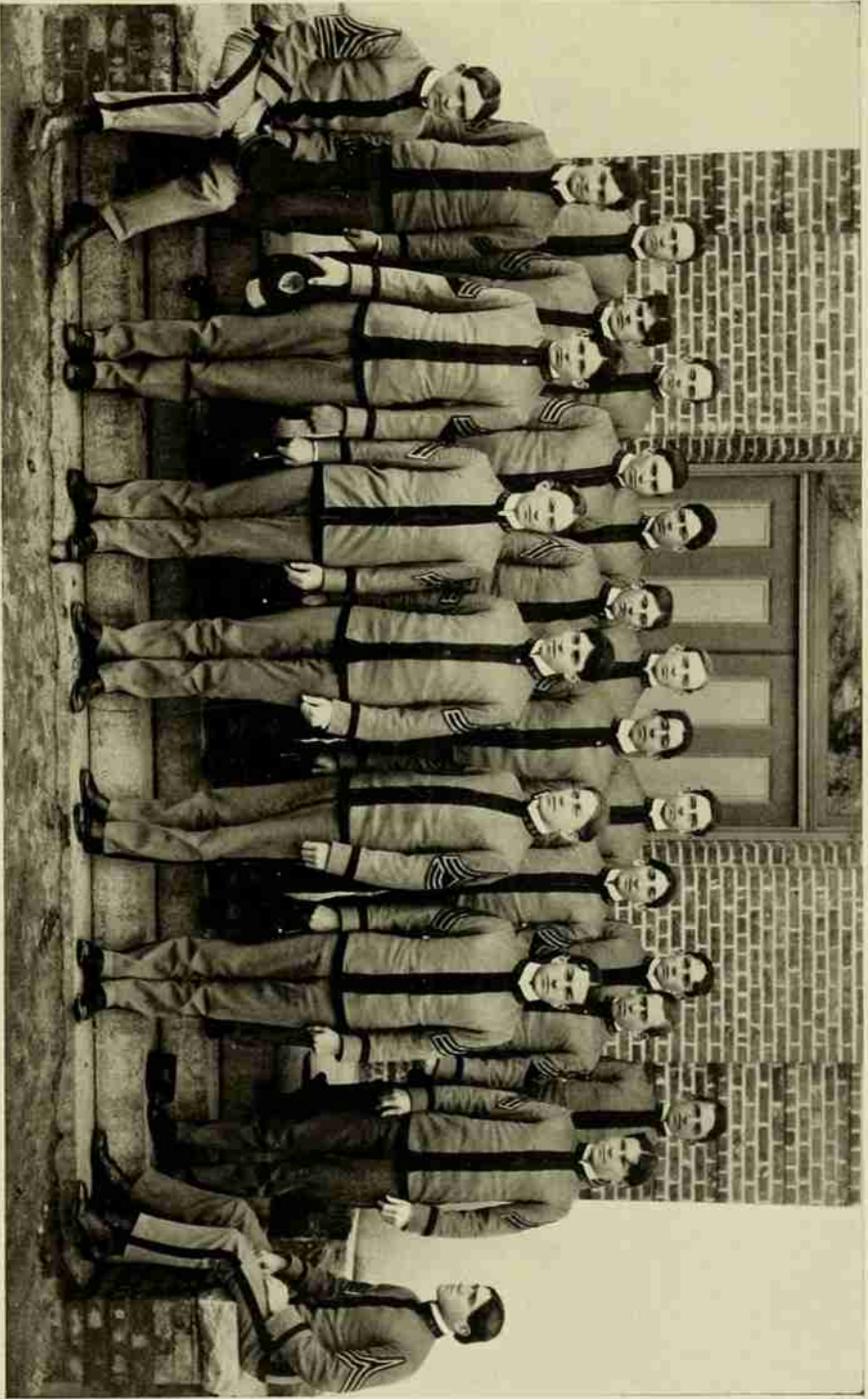
## Third Sergeants

L. MOORE.	W. B. MOORMAN.
L. L. VAUGHAN.	G. P. ASBURY.
J. M. CLARKE.	J. P. LOVILL.

## Fourth Sergeants

B. B. EGERTON.	S. O. PERKINS.
PETER VALAER.	A. B. PIVER.
M. H. CHESBRO.	J. E. MOORE.





SERGEANTS



## Corporals



### First Corporals

J. B. LYNCH.	E. M. WATKINS.
L. SCHAWB.	E. N. PEGRAM.
J. S. FERGUSON.	R. H. CARTER.

### Second Corporals

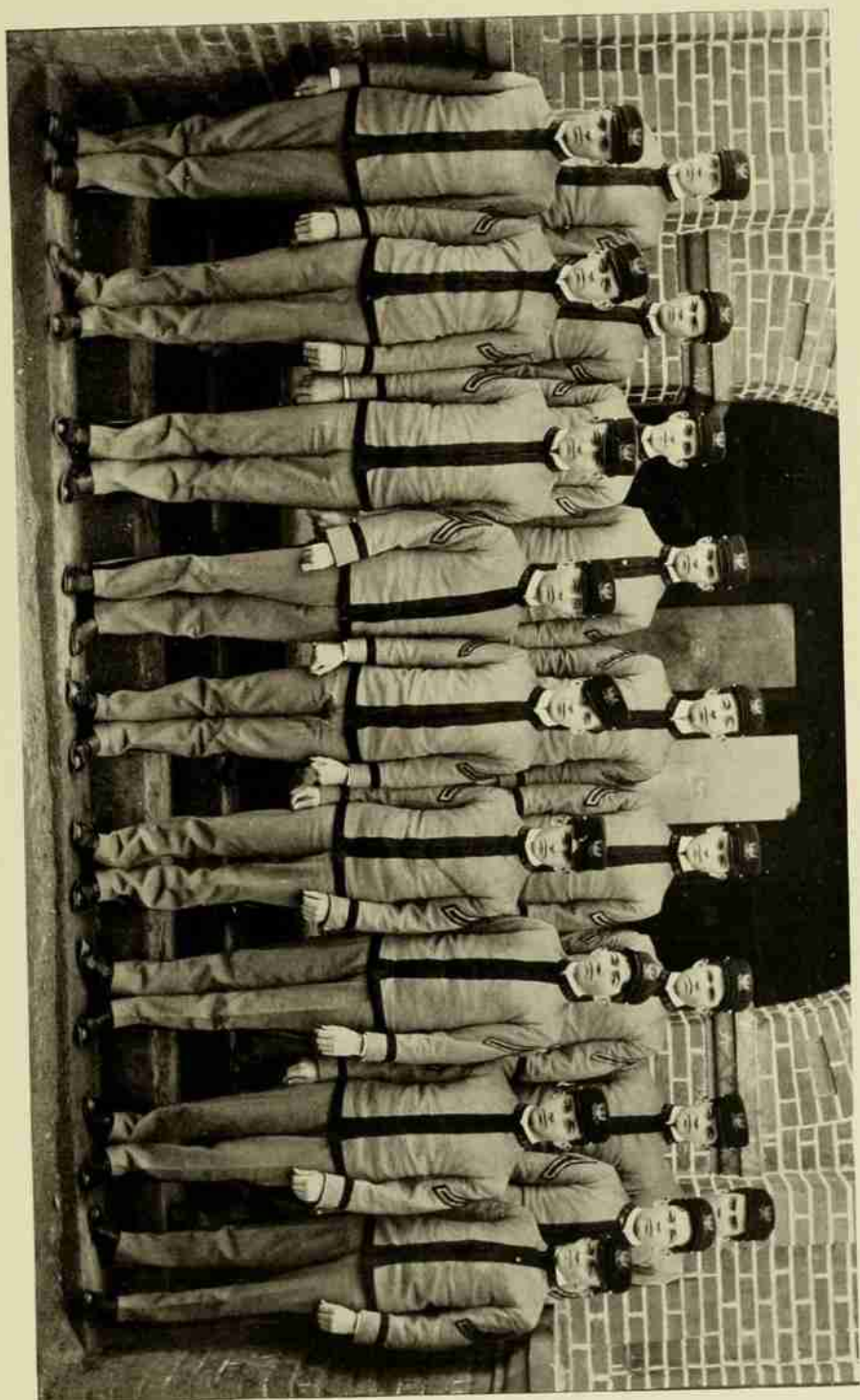
W. B. TRUITT.	A. C. JONES.
F. F. MILLER.	C. E. STANCILL.
H. S. MONTAGUE.	J. S. CARLETON.

### Third Corporals

G. R. HARDESTY.	O. D. MIDDLETON.
J. S. HEMPHILL.	L. B. WHITEHURST.
R. H. SMITH.	C. S. TATE.

### Fourth Corporals

B. B. EVERETT.	J. T. HINSHAW.
P. W. HARDIE.	E. F. MEADOW.
W. C. STAPLES.	J. L. SMITH.



CORPORALS

## A Prediction Fulfilled



WHAT is so charming as a lovely May morning? All nature seems to harmonize in rapturous adoration of the goodness of the Great Creator, as the weary nights of winter are past, and the glorious resurrection of Spring has dawned, awakening newness of life and beauty. Vegetation never seemed more lovely, the flowers never were more beautiful, and the dear little birds never before sang so sweetly.

Unconsciously my eyes are lifted from the perusal of a most interesting book and turned in the direction from whence a ripple of happy childish laughter comes, wafted as flute notes by refreshing breezes across the great meadow.

"Heigh oh! Lilly," said a lad of nine as he came running to meet a little white figure of seven summers, with golden hair and eyes of violet blue, as she was leisurely enjoying the wandering path across the field, stopping now and then to add another daisy to the bouquet held in the left hand, while a small bucket was held in the other.

Thrusting back quickly a blue sunbonnet that shaded a brow of angelic beauty, she laughingly returned, "Why, heigh oh, Dave! I am so glad you have come, I was just wishing you would."

"You see," says Dave, "I have nearly run myself out of breath, coming as fast as a fellow's legs would carry him, and stumping off nearly all the ends of my toes; but its all right now that I have caught you."

"Poor boy! Lilly is so sorry for those little toes; now be still and let me tie them up in my bonnet string, and when you get home your mama will fix it better, for manas always know how to tie up fingers and toes. There, now, let's go."

"Thank you, Lilly," said Dave; "you are so good, and my foot is almost well. Now, please let me go with you and help you carry your things. Tell me where you are going with this bucket and these flowers? And won't you pin one of your daisies on my coat?"

"Surely I will," she said, picking for the freshest flower of the bunch. "There, now, it's so becoming; but come, let us hurry along, or the coffee will get cold, and I want her to enjoy it warm. You know she lives over yonder in one of those little huts, and her name is Mammy Sue. She nursed my mama when she was a tenincy wee baby, and me, too, when I was my mama's tenincy wee baby. I love her and she loves me, but she is old and crippled now (poor old Mammy Sue!). Every morning I take her breakfast over, and mama sends her dinner and supper. Hush! we are there; do be as still as a mouse, Dave, and wait on the step for me just a minute." Cautiously entering, she says, "Good morning, Mammy Sue! how you feeling to-day?"

"Bless yo hart, honey, am dat my chile come?" says Mammy Sue. "Blige

to feel better when dat angel come in de do. Taint no sin to call her angel, no, case she am angel in deguise, angel wid close on, sure and sartin. Mark my words, honey, God gwine bless you fo all yo tention to dis po old cripple nigger. Yo ma was good befo yo, and yo chillun gwine be good, gis de same, down to de f'ouf and fif generation, for dat is de wud of de Lord in de mandments dat Moses writ on dem two big stones, an Mammy Sue gwine to member dem de longest day she live. Honey, tank you tousand times for dis nice, hot cup coffee. Listen good, Mammy Sue got a fine joke to tell you to-morrow, if she be livin and the sun be shining clar in de blue firmament of de Heaben. Now, chile, run home, but fo yo go, say dat portion of de Scripture what say, 'De Lord am my Shepherd,' so my mine kin have dat to feed on till you come back agin."

Little Dave felt every moment an hour, and was delighted when the door opened and Lilly reappeared.

"Are you coming again to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; and just think how nice, Dave—Mammy Sue says she will have a fine joke for us."

"Good," said Dave, "and can I come, too? Do say yes, and let me come every day, for—"

"For what, Dave?" said Lilly.

"Why, I was just thinking, suppose you should be frightened by a big dog or something!"

"That's so," said Lilly; "I had not thought of it, but these bushes do look like bears and snakes might live in them, and I am awfully afraid of such things."

"Then to-morrow at nine are we to meet at the little gate near the big cherry tree, and remember, I will sure be there waiting for you," smiled Dave.

"By-by," said each cherry voice as they parted, Lilly returning to a home of affluence and luxury, and Dave to his humble little cottage, but each to hearts of loving mothers who impatiently awaited them.

Mrs. James and Mrs. Gleaves were both noble and high-minded women, but very naturally Mrs. James was highly ambitious that her only child should have every advantage possible, mingle with the most cultured, and marry a man of reputation and rank.

Next morning promptly at the appointed hour Lilly and Dave were chatting merrily, and trying to guess what it was old Mammy Sue had to relate. They found the old woman seated in her door, apparently enjoying the fine refreshing air, and humming a singular tune.

"Bless my soul! dats my chillun comin now! Come in, honeys, come right in; you looks bright and fresh as de May mornin; all seem bright, de wedder, de chillun, and eben dis old nigger. Arter Mammy Sue drink dis nice freshin coffee dat my old missus sen and my young missus brung, I's gwine to make you chillun laugh, I am. Now, den, come yer soney; what's yo name, and did you come case you lub my angel?" A shy little nod from Dave caused the old darkey to continue. "Dat's right, speak de truf gis like de great-grandfader of the country done—Genel Washinton, dat's him, and he set all de folks good desample. Now, bof of yo come and stand befo Mammy Sue. Bof of yo is ristoocracks, I tell dat plain by de color of yo har and eyes and skin. Is yo gwine be good and lub one anudder?" The children nodded assent, and Mammy Sue continued. "Now,



open bof dem hans, so; dat long mark in de middle say, some day when yo gets grown, yo gwine lib in fine house an be happy, an hab—never mind, de Lord knows the rest, an He gwine bless bof of my chillun; but Mammy Sue be sleeping under de yarth, an her spirit be gone up home to de New Jerusalem, when all dis come to pass; but its so, every wud I tell you settin here in dis old shanty, and Mammy Sue is no fortune-teller, nuther.”

As Lilly and Dave left the home of the faithful old servant, their little hearts were innocent and pure, much alike in disposition, thoroughly congenial and happy, while puzzled to understand the meaning of the conversation of Mammy Sue.

Mr. James (Lilly's father) was the owner of quite a large plantation, and being physically unable to attend to business, had recently employed Mr. Gleaves (the father of little Dave) to take charge of his affairs. Mr. Gleaves had been highly recommended as a perfect gentleman and a man of excellent business capacity; and having recently met with financial reverses, and having a large family to sustain, was only too glad to accept the liberal offer of Mr. James. As children always love novelty and change, Dave was delighted with his new country home, and insisted his father would give him as pleasant employment, the charge of looking after the sheep.

Lilly often called him David, and loved to sit with him under the inviting shade of the lovely trees and listen to the mouth organ and Jews-harp. Then they would play see-saw and wade in the rocky branches and fish for minnows, or hunt for the little blue-bells that help to sweeten Spring. Always cautioned by Lilly, Dave never forgot to carry his sling-shot as protection against bears and lions. The time soon came, however, when their little hearts must have the sadness of separation cast across their lives, for their growing attachment for each other soon caused the watchful eyes of Lilly's parents to deem that she should no longer attend the country school, but be sent to mix and mingle with others.

As the time drew near for Lilly to leave her dear home and loved ones, each walk with Dave seemed sacred, and each interview dearer. They agreed to be true and write often to each other.

Cold Stream no longer had a charm for little Dave. The mouth organ and harp were never taken from his pocket, he little cared to sing or play, and the long-looked for letters never came; for Lilly's teachers were requested to keep strict watch over her correspondence. Months and years slowly passed, and after a long absence Lilly returned to find everything sadly changed. The Gleaves had years since removed from the country, and Mammy Sue had gone, we trust, to the home she loved to speak of as New Jerusalem.

Mr. James's rapid decline grew more noticeable each day, causing Lilly and her mother to realize he could only be with them a short while. One morning he requested them to sit near his reclining-chair, while he talked with them of the future. "You know, my dear wife and daughter," he said, "I must soon leave you; be resigned and cheerful, for it is God's will. My business is so arranged you will have no trouble. My brother, living in Atlanta, wishes you to come on and settle there. You know he is a good lawyer and will manage for you. Sell



or rent the plantation. Have my body placed near my ancestors in the old church-yard at L—, and some day I trust to come back and welcome you to our home above—that's all—there, now—don't cry."

After the lapse of a few months, Mrs. James and Lilly have left the old home and hallowed associations, and we find them surrounded by strangers in a strange city, yet cozily and comfortably fixed in their attractive cottage home.

"Some days must be dark and dreary," thought Lilly, as she retired to her room in order that her tears should not serve to deepen the sorrow already too heavy in the heart of her mother.

" 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a friend or flower,  
But it was sure to fade away."

"How sadly true," thought Lilly; "he is gone, and I must try to love another just to please my dear uncle." She threw herself upon the lounge and was too deeply occupied with her pitiable condition to notice the cautious opening of the door and the entrance of a servant girl in white cap and apron, bearing a waiter upon which was placed a small sealed envelope.

"I was afraid you was sleep, Miss Lilly," said Frances, "and your ma said it was very important for you to have sleep and rest. I sorry to 'sturb you, but the gentleman seemed mity frustrated like and in a nervous hurry."

A lovely maiden form of eighteen summers was slowly raised to a sitting posture, and a lovely face of unusual emotion was upward turned as she exclaimed, "I can not! I can not! I am sure I never can! Not dare to please my own dear mother. What have you there, Frances?" as the girl insisted on her receiving the contents of the silver waiter. "Who under the sun can this be from? The writing is not familiar—yet exquisite. 'Miss Lilly James,'—yes—well, this is certainly a mystery. Frances, just say to the gentleman I will be down in a few minutes, then step back and help me arrange my toilet.—Really, I feel inadequate to the task of meeting a stranger, yet courtesy demands I should on this occasion make the attempt; dear me, I am so tired meeting strange faces."

"Now, Miss Lilly, you looks sweet as a peach, but just let me pin this daisy in your hair and you will look still finer—now de daisy can't look pretty as de Lilly no way you fix it, an Francis not the only one gwine think so, neither."

Quite unconscious of the admiration of her humble maid, Lilly was revolving in her mind what the business of the stranger could be, as the note only said, "I wish to see you a few minutes on important business."

The caller, meanwhile, was pacing impatiently the floor. "What will the young woman think of such presumption?" thought he, "and what can I say to justify my actions? I feel sure she will take me for a numb-skull, or maniac, or—well, after all, it is worth the experiment if she should only prove to be my little Lilly of Cold Stream."

In gross ignorance of the presence of the strange visitor, Mrs. James abruptly entered, and confronting so unexpectedly such a handsome specimen of humanity, blushed, begged pardon, bowed and retired.

The stranger's face grew grave and pale as he exclaimed, "After all, I am mistaken—my hopes are forever blasted—for that white-headed woman is a perfect stranger, and not the Mrs. James I once knew—yet I confess there is something about her I like."

"Thank you, mother, I am feeling better," says Lilly, as she passed Mrs. James on the stair; all unconscious that the sound of her musical voice caused a mingled emotion of love and fear to startle the waiting stranger. Softly her steps are heard, and she enters timidly.

For a moment the silence is unbroken, and they stand spell-bound, viewing each other with embarrassing admiration.

"Truly she is an angel in human form," he thinks, "for mortal was never so lovely." While she in turn wonders who this person can be with form so manly and brow so noble, and eyes so eloquent; but stepping forward he breaks the silence by saying: "Pardon me, please, for this intrusion, but I saw from this morning's paper that Mrs. L. C. James, of North Carolina, had recently moved to this city, and I am anxious to know if they are related to a family of James I knew years ago. Indeed, I am very sorry to trouble you, but would be greatly obliged if you could give me any information on the subject."

"Really I can not tell," she said, somewhat embarrassed. "We have only been here a few days—'twas hard to leave our dear old home, yet—" Before she could finish the stranger advanced and said with uncontrollable emotion, "Tell me, did you ever know Lilly James?" With an upturned face of surprise she said, "Well, really, I ought to know myself."

"My Lilly! Can it be true! So long lost and found at last!"

Feeling sure this stranger must be an escaped lunatic, Lilly says, in frightened tones: "Excuse me, I must retire, I have important business demanding immediate attention."

"Now I have fixed matters and played the very mischief by being in such a hurry; I must have things righted; I can not leave this house until she knows me. Evidently she fails to recognize her old friend, and takes me for an impostor." He steps to the door, rings the bell vigorously, and hands his card to Frances, saying, "Please hand this card to Mrs. James at once."

"Dat very same gentleman come straight back and say, give this card to Mrs. James, and he seemed kinder worried, man," said Frances.

Mrs. James at once reappeared and introduced herself as Mrs. Harry James. Of course a hurried explanation of affairs ensued and all was made plain. Mrs. James was simply charmed with the high-toned, gentlemanly manners and handsome personal appearance of the young man, and hastened to her daughter's room to inform her that the mysterious stranger was only little Dave Gleaves.

Lilly at once returned to the parlor 'mid smiles and blushes to welcome her long-lost but not forgotten friend and lover.

The remainder of the story can easily be guessed.

David Gleaves was now a skillful physician of rising popularity. His father having inherited large possessions, went abroad in order to give his family the very best educational advantages, and a short time since returned to settle permanently in his own native land.

The pure, childish love of Dave and Lilly had not been extinguished by time and separation, but had lived as smouldering embers, only to burst forth into unremitting flames. Many pleasant evenings were spent talking of their bright future and of their past happy childhood days at Cold Stream.

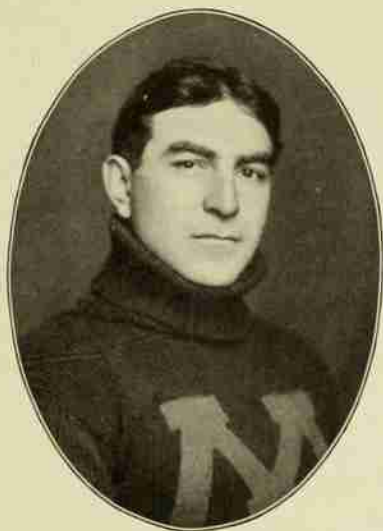
Their visits to the cabin of Mammy Sue, and her prediction concerning their future was never forgotten, and strange to say, was nearing fulfillment; for the wedding day was at hand, and the handsome home across the way was in a few days to be occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Gleaves.





WATAUGA HALL.

© 1912  
H. H. HARRIS



COACH KIENSOLTZ



## The 1904 Football Season



THE FOOTBALL season of 1904 was in all ways a successful one. When the College opened in September, the Senior trouble came on, and for a while prospects of good football were somewhat dimmed. But A. and M. had a man on the spot who not only knew football, but also knew how to train others for the game. This man was Coach Kienholtz. Mr. Kienholtz was not discouraged because of the poor outlook, but set to work with redoubled energy to make the best of a situation somewhat strained. How well he succeeded in his work is shown by the brilliant record the team made. The first game resulted in a walk-over for A. and M. by the score of 69 to 0. Guilford College was greatly outweighed by A. and M., and at no time came near scoring. The team went to Virginia next and played V. M. I. at Lexington. This game resulted in a hard-earned victory for the wearers of the Red and White. V. M. I. played good, steady ball, but failed to score, while A. and M. succeeded in making a touchdown and goal.

The game with the University of Virginia was a magnificent one, netting us, however, the only defeat of the season. A. and M. played hard and fast, but time-up the score stood 5 to 0 against her.

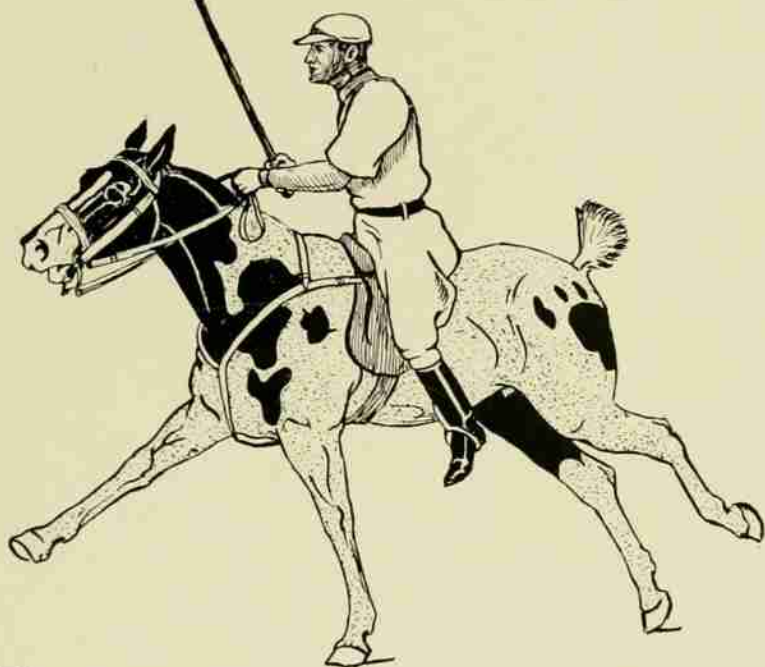
Then came the game with South Carolina College, and neither side was able to score. The South Carolinians were lighter than the A. and M. men, but by pure, sheer grit, they held the score 0 to 0.

At Chapel Hill was pulled off the big game of the year—the game with Carolina. Carolina had boasted that she would defeat us by at least twelve points. But when the game was over neither side had won, for the score was 0 to 6. The showing made by the team in this game was superb, and every player starred. For the third time in the football history of the College U. N. C. was tied, and while not a victory in fact, the game was one in spirit, for Carolina was confident of winning and regarded a tie game as a defeat.

On Thanksgiving day the season was closed by a game with Clemson College of South Carolina. The men from Clemson played good ball, the men from A. and M. played better. That tells the whole story, for the score was A. and M. 18, Clemson 0.

So the season closed, with a record of three victories, one defeat and two tie games to its credit. When we remember that Virginia administered the only defeat, and that one of the tie games was with Carolina, we feel like saying to the team, "Well done, we are proud of you," and then, "Hats off to Kienholtz," the man who brought success out of the shadow of defeat. K—

# ATHLETICS



JBLYNW

# Athletic Association



## Officers First Term

L. G. LYKES	.....	President
H. B. CARTWRIGHT	.....	Vice-President
J. D. SPINKS	.....	Treasurer
R. T. ALLEN	.....	Secretary

## Officers Second Term

F. W. HADLEY	.....	President
REID TULL	.....	Vice-President
J. D. SPINKS	.....	Treasurer
L. T. WINSTON	.....	Secretary

## Officers Third Term

T. M. LYKES	.....	President
REID TULL	.....	Vice-President
L. MOORE	.....	Treasurer

# FOOTBALL



# Football Team



## Officers

O. M. GARDNER .....	Manager
C. W. HODGES .....	Assistant Manager
L. F. ABERNETHY .....	Captain
W. S. KIENHOLTZ .....	Coach
DR. JOEL WHITAKER .....	Assistant Coach

## Statistics

Name.	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Position.
Gregory, A. W.....	19	145	5 ft. 9 in	Left end
Abernethy, L. F. (Captain).....	19	190	5 ft. 11 in...	Left tackle.
Sykes V.....	22	194	6 ft.....	Left guard.
Lykes, T. M.....	19	180	6 ft. 1 in...	Center.
Perkins, S. O.....	22	178	5 ft. 11 in	Right guard.
Gardner, O. M .....	22	220	6 ft. 2 in	Right tackle.
Lykes, L. G.....	21	175	6 ft.....	Right end.
Sadler, T. W.....	20	165	5 ft. 9 in	Quarter back.
Wilson, A.....	20	186	6 ft. 1 in...	Right half back.
Wilson, H. R.....	22	180	6 ft.....	Left half back.
Hadley, F. W. ....	21	175	6 ft.....	Full back.
Darden, W. L.....	21	155	5 ft. 9 in	Full back.
SUBS.				
Hardie, P. W.....	19	168	5 ft. 10 in...	Half back.
Watkins, E. M.....	20	170	6 ft.....	Full back.
Tull, R.....				

Average age, 20 years. Weight 177 pounds.



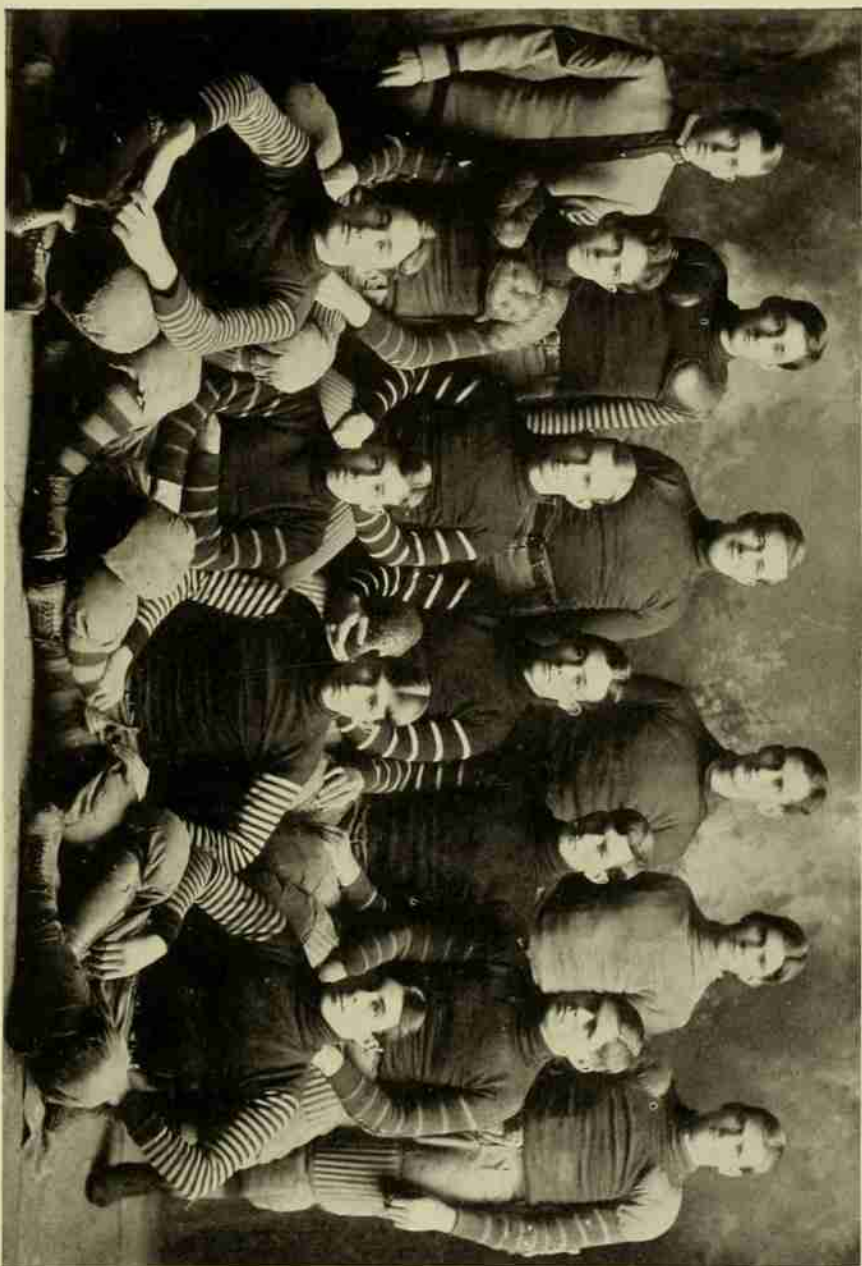


FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904

## The 1904 Football Record



Date.	A. and M.	Opponent.
Sept. 24. Guilford at Raleigh .....	69	0
Oct. 1. V. M. I. at Lexington, Va. ....	6	0
Oct. 15. U. Va. at Charlottesville .....	0	5
Nov. 6. S. C. College at Raleigh .....	0	0
Nov. 16. U. N. C. at Chapel Hill .....	6	6
Nov. 28. Clemson at Raleigh .....	18	0
	—	—
Total .....	99	11



SCRIB FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904

## Scrub Football Team



TILLET (Captain).  
LILLY, H. M.  
KIMBALL.  
BELL, N. E.  
PRICE.  
TILLET, L. R.  
BULLOCK, J. W.  
PITTMAN, W. G.  
GRAYDON, S.  
SHUFORD, J. O.  
HEMPHILL, J. L.  
COX, D. W.  
VALAER, Jr., PETER.  
GRADY.

### Games Played

Scrubs 6, Bingham 11, at Mebane.

Scrubs 23, Bingham 0, at Raleigh.

# BASE BALL





# Baseball Schedule and Results



Season 1904.

March	14	A. and M. C.....	19	Graham.....	0
	22	A. and M. C.....	10	Bingham.....	4
		A. and M. C.....	3	Oak Ridge.....	6
April	28	A. and M. C.....	3	Lafayette.....	6
	1	A. and M. C.....	4	University of Maryland.....	5
	4	A. and M. C.....	11	Syracuse University.....	12
	5	A. and M. C.....	3	Syracuse University.....	8
		A. and M. C.....	0	New York Americans.....	18
	9	A. and M. C.....	9	University of North Carolina.....	2
	11	A. and M. C.....	10	Wake Forest College.....	2
	13	A. and M. C.....	11	St. Albans.....	1
	16	A. and M. C.....	5	Wake Forest College.....	6
	18	A. and M. C.....	8	Randolph-Macon.....	0
	21	A. and M. C.....	3	University of Virginia.....	11
	25	A. and M. C.....	5	Trinity College.....	4
May	29	A. and M. C.....	2	Trinity College.....	10
	2	A. and M. C.....	4	University of North Carolina, (seven innings).....	7
	3	A. and M. C.....	6	Guilford College.....	9
	4	A. and M. C.....	13	Davidson College.....	3
	5	A. and M. C.....	8	St. Mary's.....	5
	7	A. and M. C.....	2	Guilford College.....	6
	9	A. and M. C.....	7	Wake Forest College.....	2

## Line-up of Team, 1904.

BROCKWELL, Catcher.

McLAURIN, Pitcher.

SHANNONHOUSE, Pitcher.

SPRINGS, First Base.

KNOX, W. G., Second Base.

ASBURY, S. W., Third Base.

MILLER, Short Stop.

HADLEY, Right Field.

HARRIS, G., Center Field.

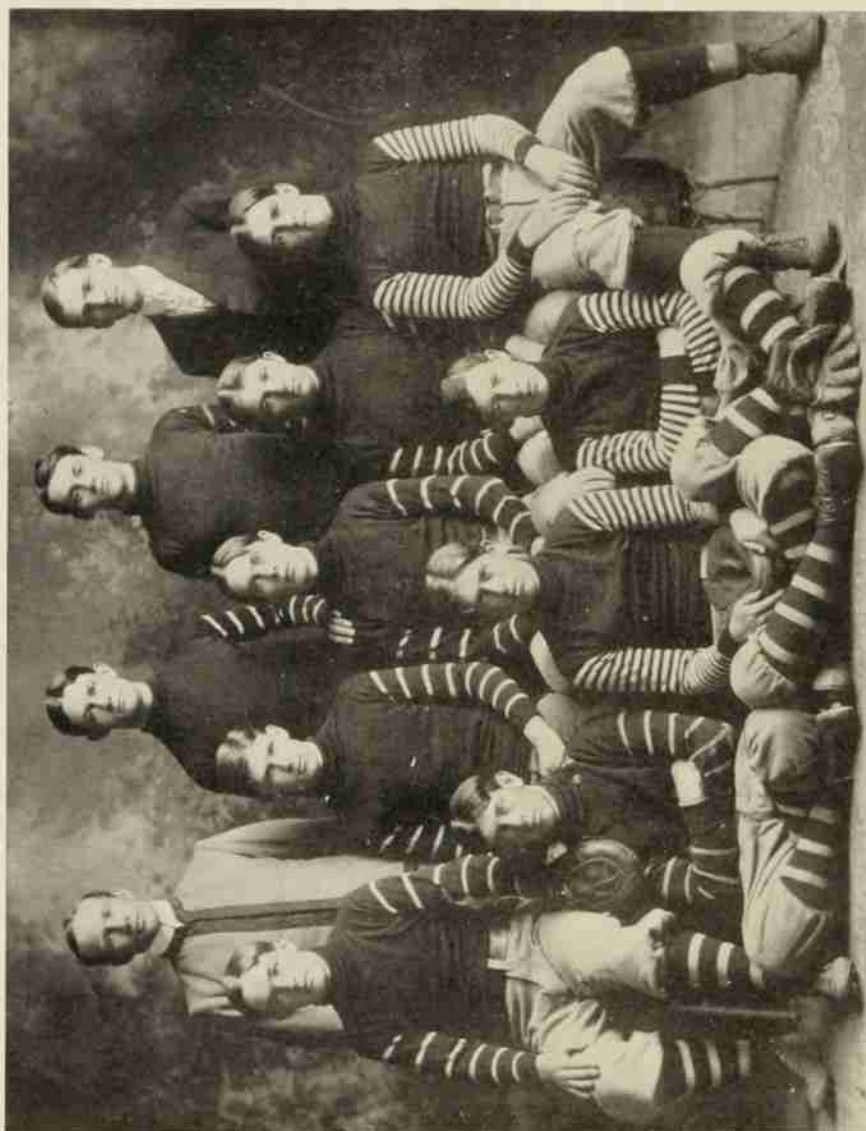
HOWLE, E. B., Left Field.

SUBSTITUTES :

SMITH, W. L., CHREITZBERG,  
and DRAKE

VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM, 1904





SCRUB BASEBALL TEAM, 1904

# FIELD AND TRACK



# Track Athletics



TRINITY AND A. M. C. MEET, APRIL 30, 1904



SCORE: Trinity 29; A. M. C. 75



## OFFICIALS

Dr. Joel Whitaker  
Prof. Bragg

Prof. Wilson  
Dr. Mann

Prof. Durham  
Prof. Webb

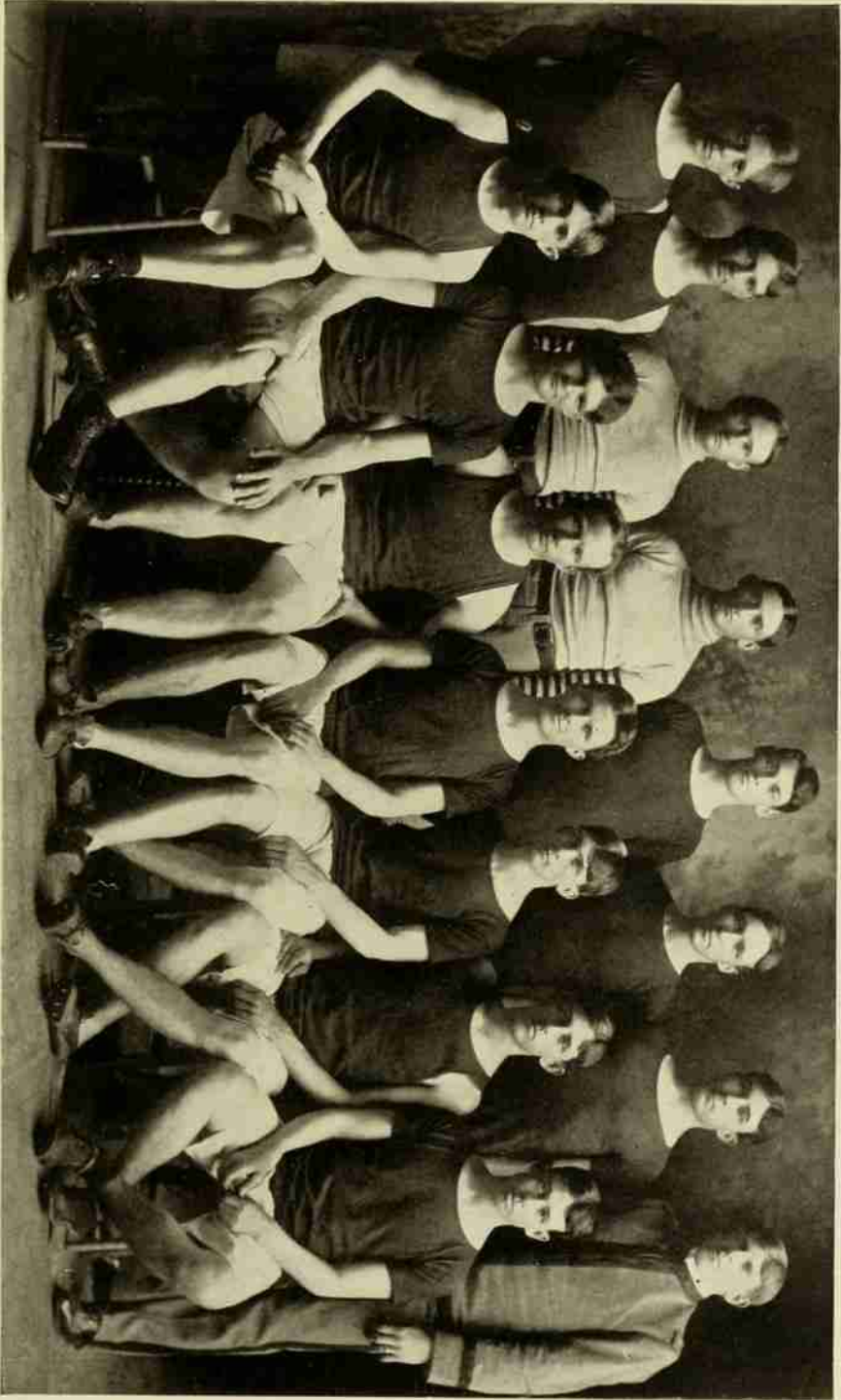


	100 Yard Dash	Farrior, (A. M. C.)
Squires, (A. M. C.), 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ''		
	Half Mile Run	Womble, (Trinity)
Burns, (A. M. C.), 2:17 $\frac{2}{3}$		
	220 Yard Dash	Howle, (A. M. C.)
Squires, (A. M. C.), 24''		
	Pole Vault	Hunt, (A. M. C.)
Perrow, (Trinity), 9' 10''		
	120 Yard High Hurdles	Richardson, (A. M. C.)
Pitts, (Trinity), 20''		
	One Mile Run	Tuttle, (A. M. C.)
Culbreth, (A. M. C.), 5:45		
	Shot Put	Stein, (Trinity)
Seifert, (A. M. C.), 31' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ''		
	Broad Jump	Miller, (A. M. C.)
Farrior, (A. M. C.), 19' 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ''		
	Low Hurdles	Burns, (A. M. C.)
Squires, (A. M. C.), 27 $\frac{2}{3}$ ''		
	440 Yard Run	Venable, (A. M. C.)
Howle, (A. M. C.), 57''		
	Hammer Throw	Watkins, (A. M. C.)
Scarlett, (Trinity), 89' $\frac{3}{4}$ ''		
	High Jump	Perrow, (Trinity)
Miller, (A. M. C.), 5' $\frac{1}{2}$ ''		
	One Mile Relay	

TRINITY—Parker, Stein, Howard

A. M. C.—Carroll, Farrior, Howle, Richardson





TRACK TEAM, 1904



R. H. HARPER,  
Manager of 1905 Track Team.



L. R. HUNT,  
Captain of 1905 Track Team.

*Class Athletics.*

## Junior Football Team

With Record Made During Season 1904



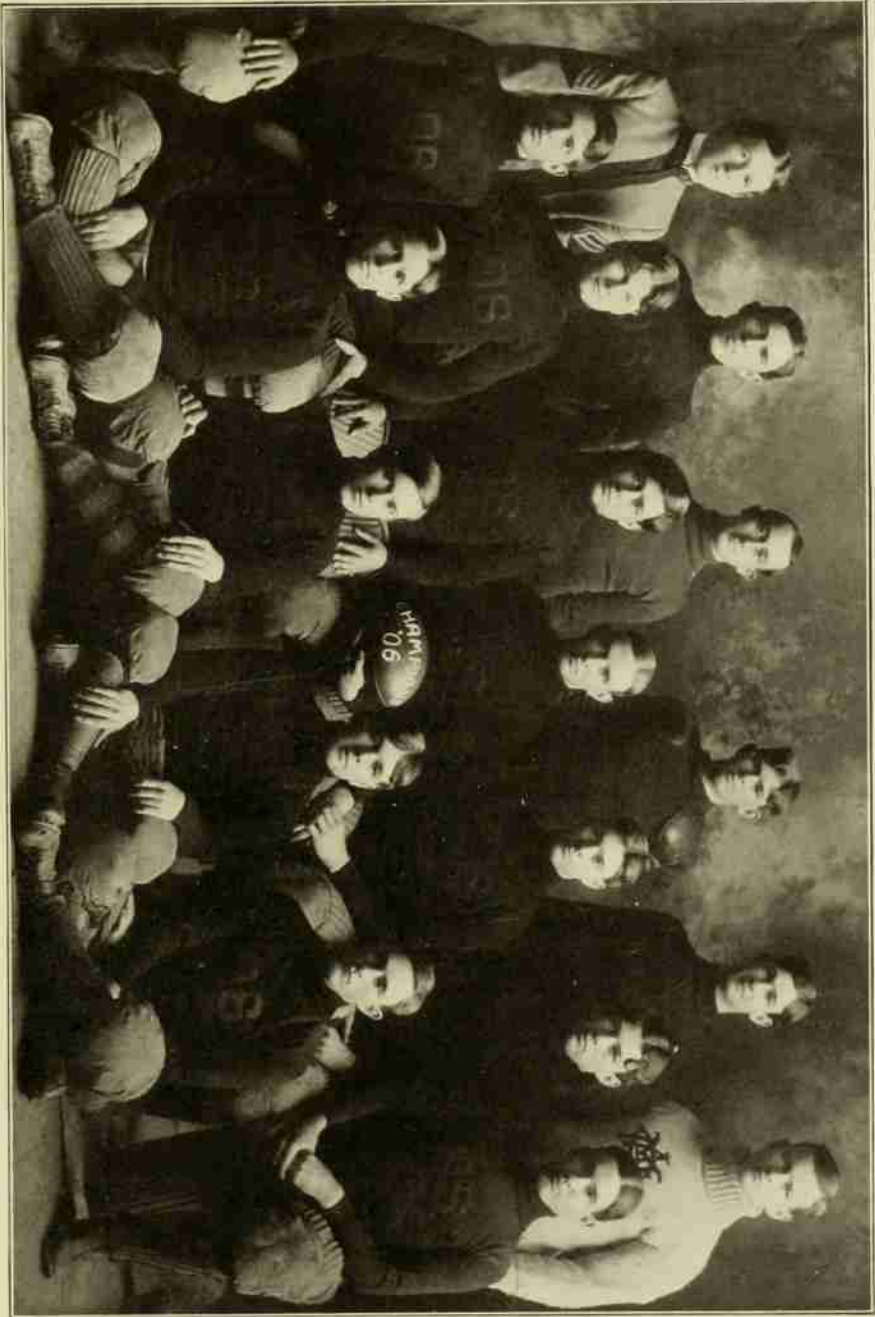
ODEN	Centre
CROMARTIE } MOORMAN }	Right Guard
NIVEN	Left Guard
MYRICK	Right Tackle
McLENDON	Left Tackle
MOORE, L.	Right End
LOVILL	Left End
PEPPER	Quarter Back
ETHERIDGE	Full Back
ASBURY	Right Half Back
BROCK	Left Half Back
WINSTON, L. T.	Manager

Substitutes—Hodges (Capt.), Abernethy, A. E., Tuttle, J. C.,  
Vaughan, L. L.

Score:—Juniors 5, Sophs. 0; Juniors 6, Freshmen 5.

Juniors won Class Championship and the Cup.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.





# Sophomore Football Team

1904

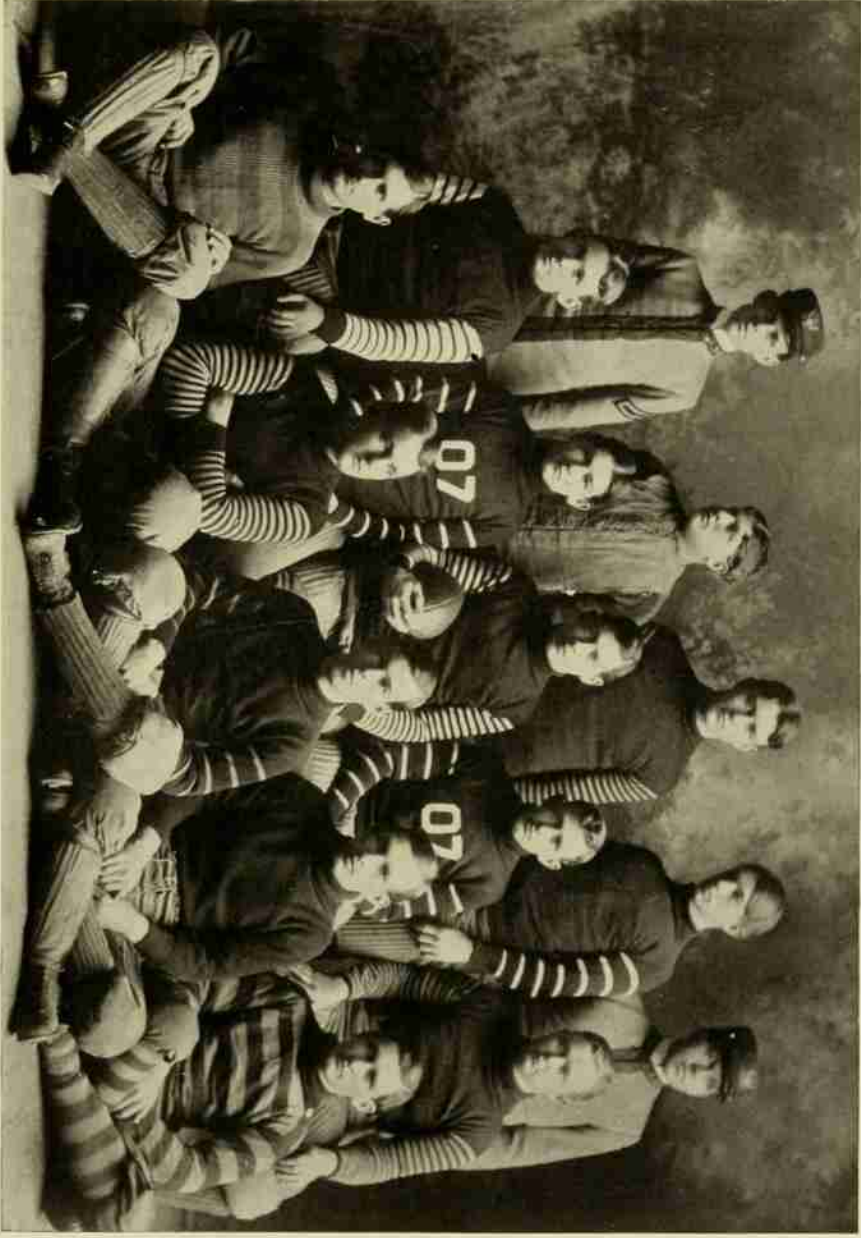


WHITE, D. L.	Centre
KOONCE	Right Guard
WELLS	Left Guard
FOWLER	Right Tackle
PITTMAN, W. G.	Left Tackle
GRIMES, J. C.	Right End
JONES, W. W.	Left End
STAPLES (Captain)	Quarter
WHITEHURST	Full Back
BORDEN	Right Half Back
HEMPHILL	Left Half Back
McNAIRY	} Substitutes
EATON	
HINSHAW	
SMITH, R. H.	Manager

## Record

Sophs. 0—Juniors 5.

SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



Line-up and Record of Freshman Football Team  
For the Season 1904



ESKRIDGE	Left End
GRADY	Left Tackle
POPE	Left Guard
ASHCRAFT	Right Guard
PRICE	Right Tackle
POISSON	Right End
PORTER	Quarter Back
GAYLORD	Left Half Back
FARMER	Right Half Back
MAJOR	Full Back

Substitutes:—Walker, Burgess, Heath.

Score:—Juniors 6; Fresh, 5.



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM





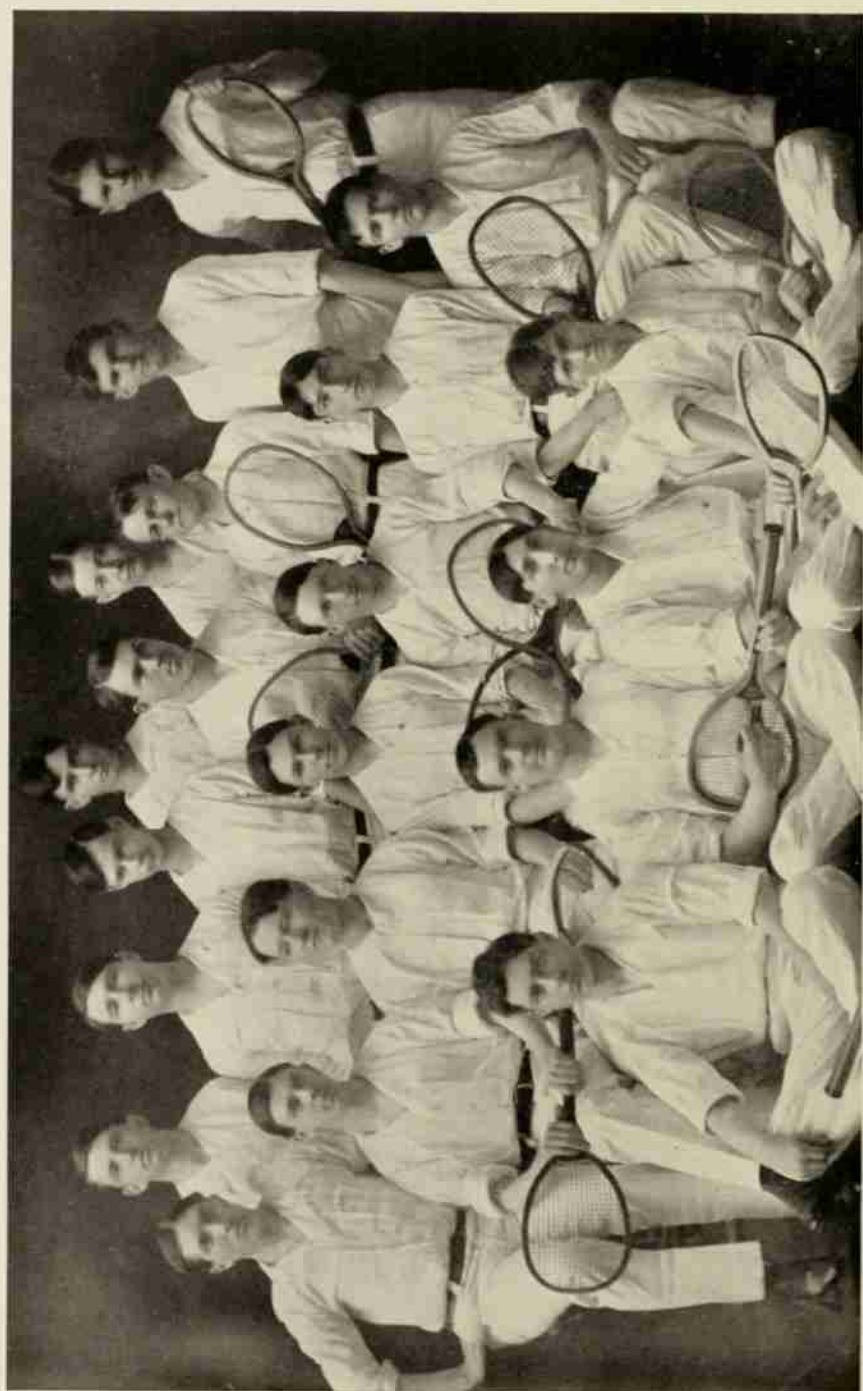
# Tennis Club



L. T. WINSTON .....	President
E. N. PEGRAM .....	Vice-President
S. H. CLARKE .....	Secretary and Treasurer
W. N. HOLT .....	Captain and Manager

## Members

ALLEN, W. A.	HUBAND.
ABERNETHY, D. S.	KIRKPATRICK, W. F.
BELL, J. C.	LIPSCOMB.
BLACKBURN, L. A.	MAXWELL, R.
COUCH.	MOORMAN.
CLARDY, C. C.	MOORE, L.
CHREITZBERG, H. F.	SMITH, E. E.
DRAKE, J. S.	UZZELL, R. P.
ESCOTT, A. E.	WALTERS.
FERGUSON.	WALKER, W. J.
HAMILTON, G. P.	WILSON, F.



TENNIS CLUB

# Red and White



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Business Manager

JOHN A. PARK.

Associate Editors

R. B. WILSON.

STERLING GRAYDON.

T. J. OGBURN.

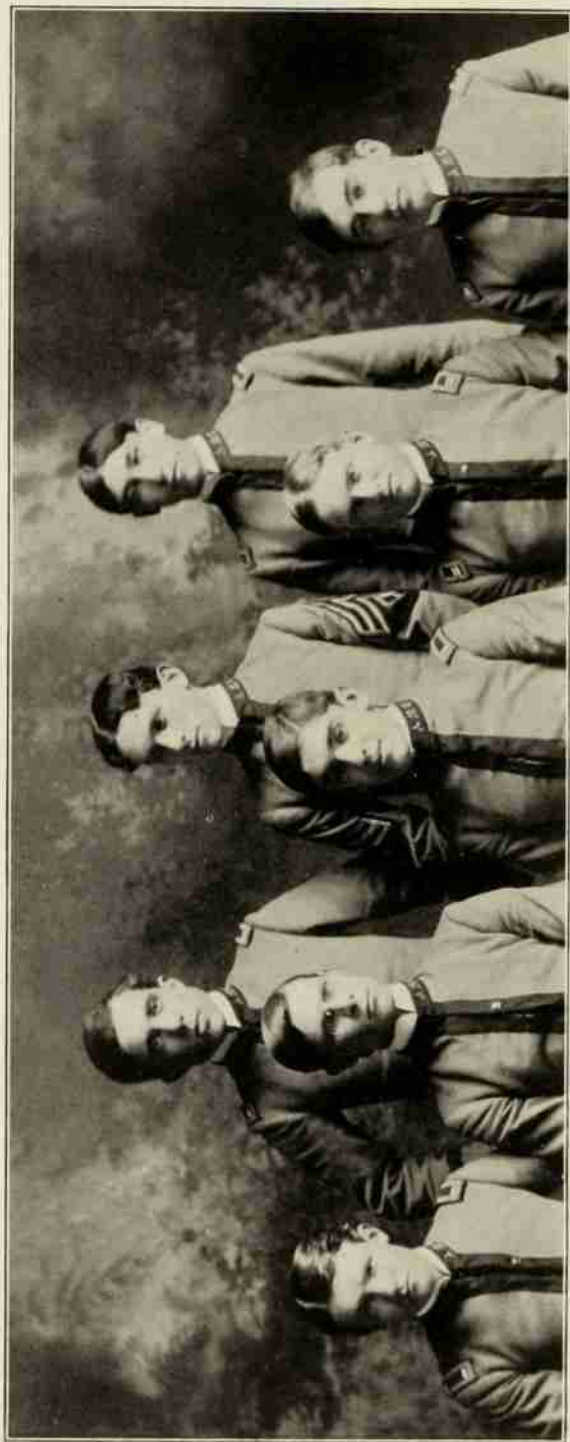
D. W. ROBERTSON.

R. C. LEHMAN.

W. J. WALKER.

J. H. PEIRCE.

*The Red and White* is the official organ of the Athletic Association of the College, and is gotten out monthly by the students to advance all athletic interests.



RED AND WHITE BOARD





# Y. M. C. A.



## Officers

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L. F. ABERNETHY .....	Vice-President
S. O. PERKINS .....	Secretary
G. G. ALLEN .....	Treasurer

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WILLIAMS, J. H.  
PERKINS, S. O.  
BULLOCK, J. W.

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MITCHELL, R. H.

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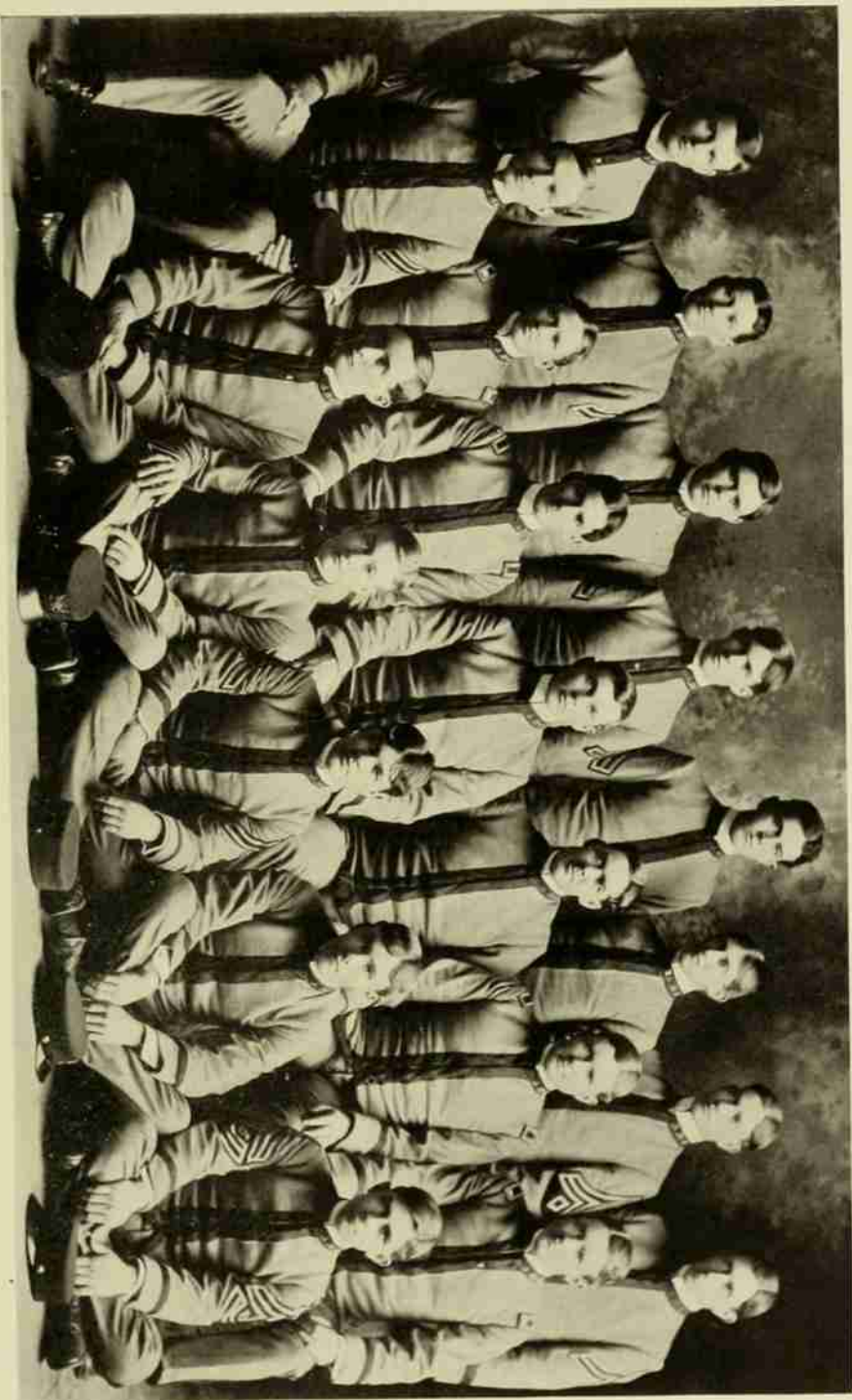
ALLEN, G. G. (Ch.)  
ABERNETHY, L. F.  
CRUMP, W. O.

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BAGLEY, O. L. (Ch.)  
KNOX, S. N.  
HENLEY, J. H.  
SCOTT, R. W.

### *Missionary Committee—*

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COX, D. A.  
SPOON, J. P.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

## On Reading a Book



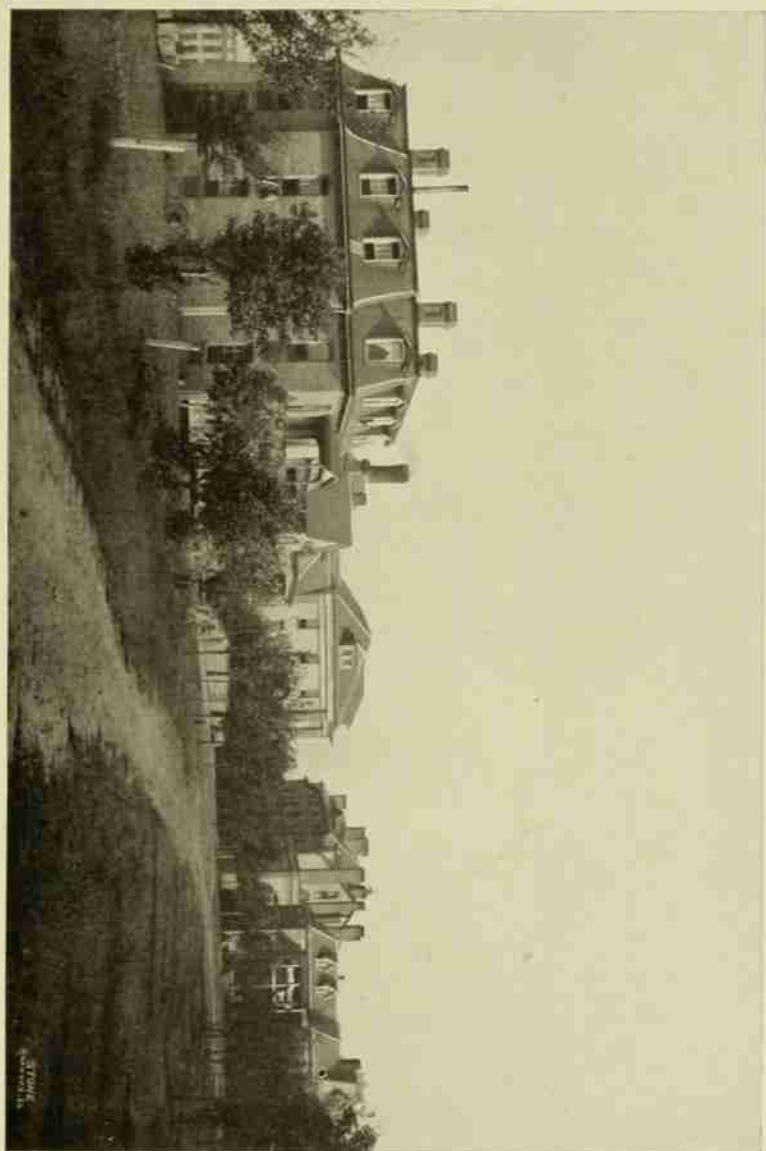
The story o'er, the book I lay aside,  
And watch the shadows creep,  
Over distant hill and meadow wide,  
From mountain top to valley deep  
Tired nature seems to gently sleep  
And peace doth now betide.

In fancy, in the gloom I see  
The friendly book-folk go,  
Hand in hand they turn from me  
Who learned to like them so,  
Into the dusk and walking slow  
They fade from memory.

A *bon voyage* for old-time's sake, I call;  
You leave, but still your teaching stays,  
How well I'd like to keep you all,  
But you must go your different ways,  
Still, all the balance of my days  
Your lessons I'll recall.

A. K.

DORMITORIES



STONE  
NEW YORK

# Leazar Literary Society



## Officers Fall Term '04

J. A. PARK	.....	President
J. P. LOVILL	.....	Vice-President
C. W. HUBAND	.....	Secretary
O. L. BAGLEY	.....	Treasurer
L. F. CARLETON	.....	Censor

## Officers Winter Term '05

R. B. WILSON	.....	President
G. P. ASBURY	.....	Vice-President
C. W. HEWLETT	.....	Secretary
J. P. LOVILL	.....	Treasurer
W. J. WALKER	.....	Censor

## Sergeant-at-Arms

A. L. PASCHALL.





LEAZAR DEBATEES, 1904

# May Entertainment Leazar Literary Society



## Programme

Debate, May, 1904.

WM. RICHARDSON, '04 .....President  
H. M. LILLY, '05 .....Secretary

### Query

*Resolved,* That an industrial and commercial age is detrimental  
to the production of literature.

### Debaters

#### *Affirmative—*

A. T. KENYON, '05.  
R. B. WILSON, '05.

#### *Negative—*

E. G. PORTER, '05.  
\*J. A. PARK, '05.

### Judges

HON. B. R. LACY.    REV. R. F. BUMPAS.    PROF. E. P. MOSES.

### Marshals

P. S. GRIERSON, '04, *Chief.*

J. D. SPINKS, '05.                    O. L. BAGLEY, '05.  
G. G. ALLEN, '06.                    J. G. MORRISON, '06.  
E. N. PEGRAM, '07.                   J. L. FERGUSON, '07.

\* Winner of medal.

# Pullen Literary Society

Organized 1889



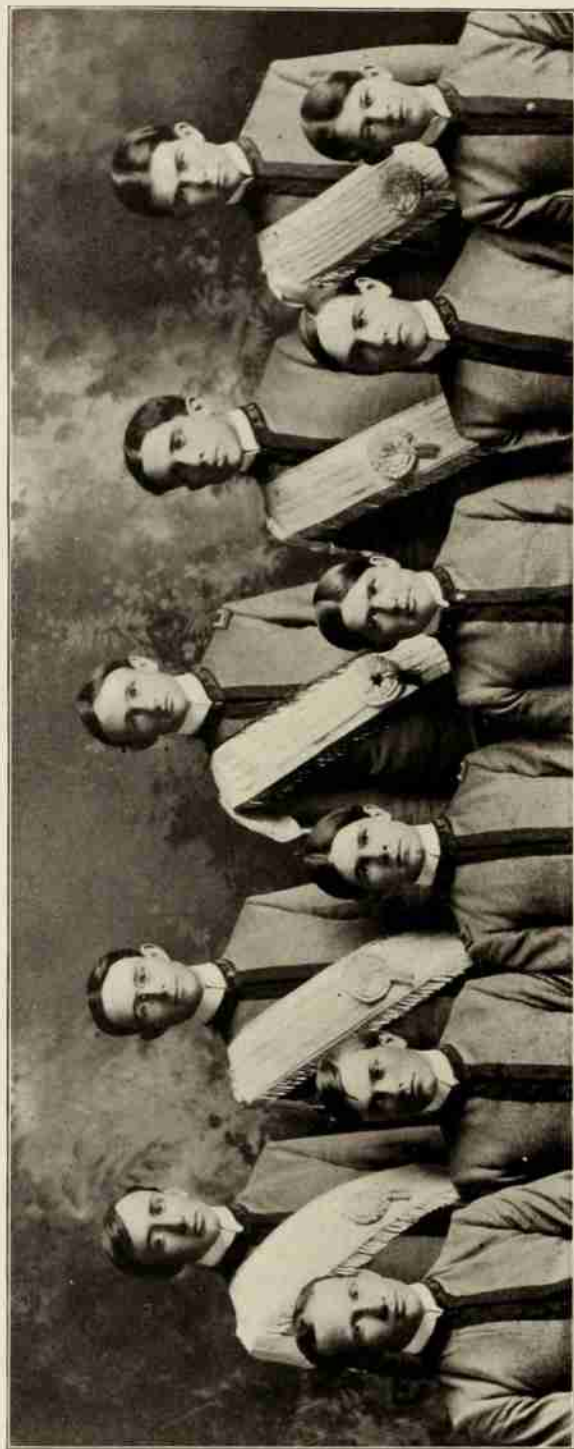
## Officers 1904-1905

### First Term

W. G. FINCH, '05	.....	President
J. C. BEAVERS, '06	.....	Vice-President
L. L. VAUGHAN, '06	.....	Secretary
A. C. JONES, '07	.....	Treasurer
D. W. ROBERTSON, '06	.....	Critic
C. C. OSBORNE, '07	.....	Censor
D. L. WHITE, '07	.....	Librarian
J. H. WILLIAMS, '06	.....	Chaplain

### Second Term

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J. E. MOORE, '06	.....	Vice-President
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F. HARPER, '08	.....	Treasurer
L. R. TILLET, '06	.....	Critic
J. C. MYRICK, '06	.....	Censor
H. W. KEUFFNER, '08	.....	Librarian
B. B. EVERETTE, '07	.....	Chaplain



PULLEN DEBATERS, 1904

## Fifteenth Annual Debate, May 6th, 1904



### Programme

E. C. BAGWELL, '04	.....	President
W. G. FINCH, '05	.....	Secretary

### Debate

SUBJECT: "*Resolved*, That our civilization is endangered by the advance of the yellow races."

### Debaters

#### *Affirmative—*

L. L. VAUGHAN, '06,  
J. H. SQUIRES, '05.

#### *Negative—*

W. M. HAIGLER, '06,  
J. M. HOWARD, '05.

### Marshals

J. A. MILLER, '04, *Chief*.  
R. C. LEHMAN, '05.                      C. C. CLARDY, '06.  
C. C. OSBORNE, '07.                      THOS. HARRIS, '07.



# Tenerian Literary Society



## MOTTO:

Beyond the Alps lies Italy.

## COLORS:

Purple and White.



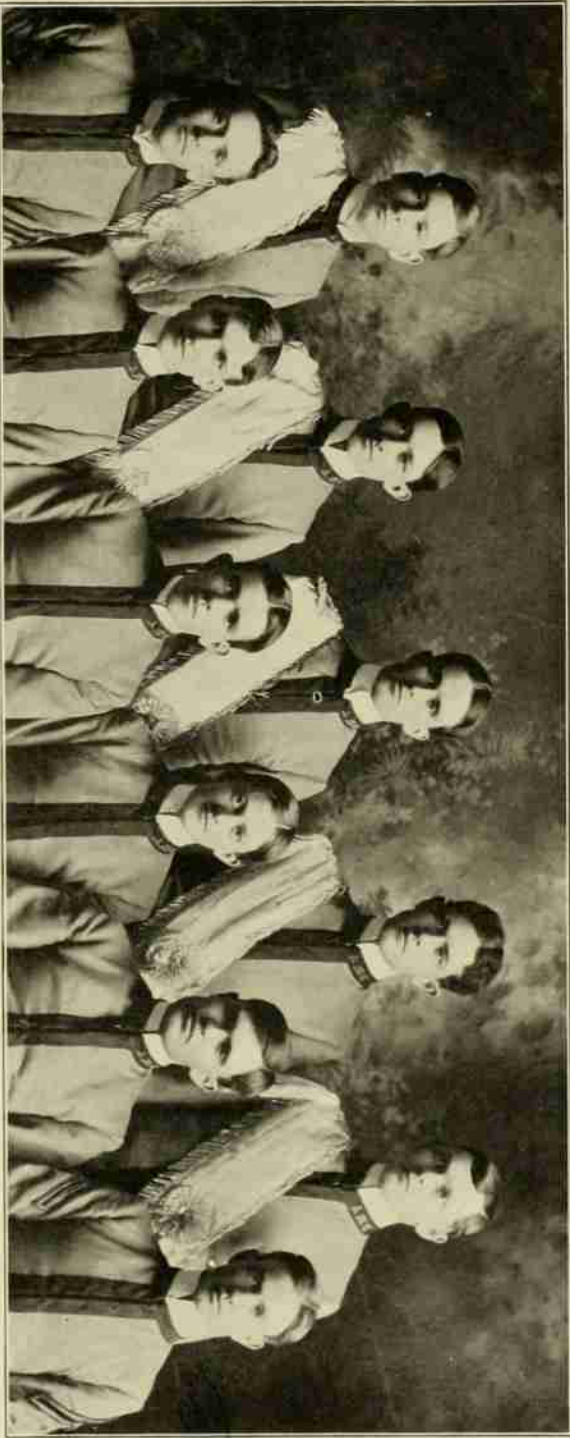
## Officers 1904-'05

### First Term

B. A. BROOM .....	President
W. O. CRUMP .....	Vice-President
J. P. BIVEN .....	Secretary
J. P. SPOON .....	Treasurer
L. F. KOONCE .....	Censor
V. L. KNOTTS .....	Sergeant-at-Arms

### Second Term

J. I. HERRITAGE .....	President
R. H. TILLMAN .....	Vice-President
L. R. GILBERT .....	Secretary
J. P. SPOON .....	Treasurer
H. L. HAMILTON .....	Censor
J. A. BOONE .....	Sergeant-at-Arms



FENWICK DEBATERS, 1901.

## May Entertainment, 1904



### Debate

W. W. RANKIN .....President  
W. O. CRUMP .....Secretary

### Query

*Resolved,* That North Carolina should adopt a compulsory school attendance law.

### Debaters

#### *Affirmative—*

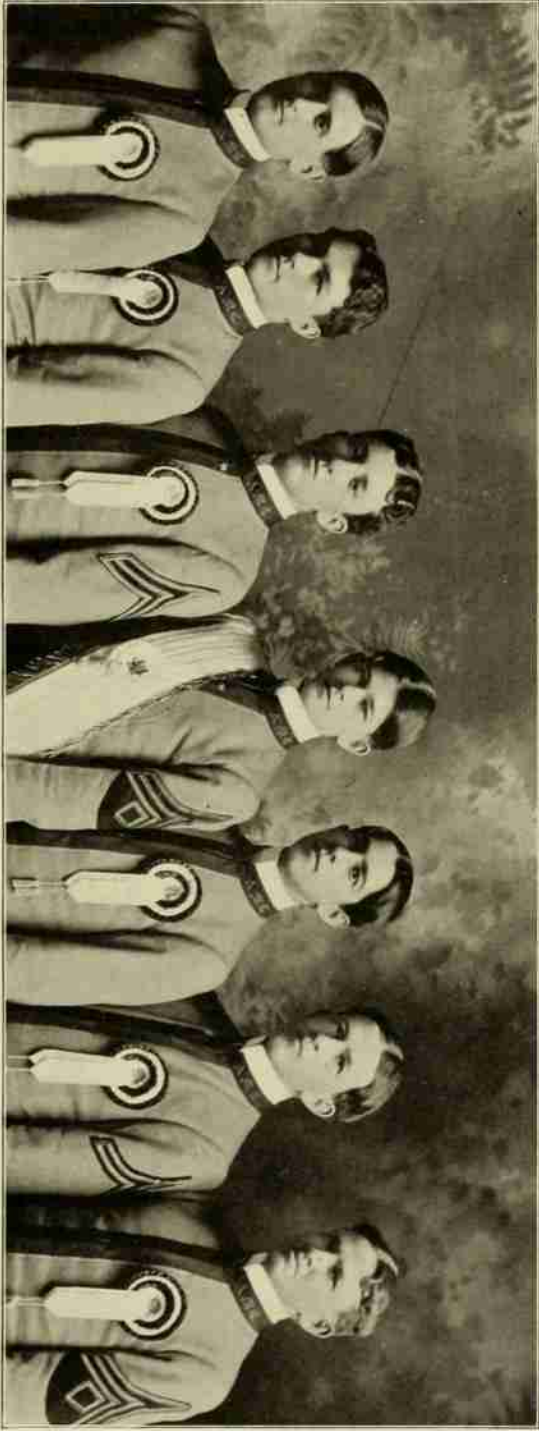
R. T. ALLEN.  
R. H. TILLMAN.

#### *Negative—*

J. F. HANSELMAN.  
C. H. DURHAM.

### Marshals

T. ELDRIDGE, *Chief*.  
H. L. HAMILTON.                      V. L. KNOTTS.  
D. A. COX.                                J. P. SPOON.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS, 1904

## Loneliness



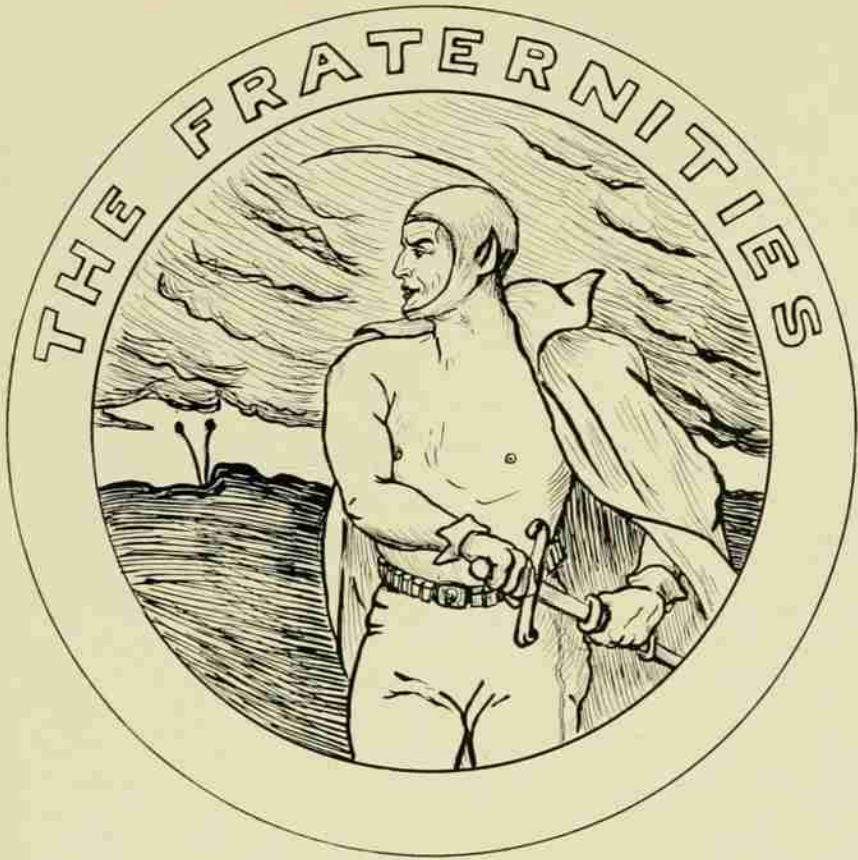
The sun hangs low in the western sky,  
The day is slowly dying.  
Oh, far from here my thoughts do fly  
To where my love is lying.

Night comes on in stately tread,  
And cold the air is growing.  
A voice calls to me from the dead,  
And on and on my thoughts are going.

Night has passed away, and now 'tis morn,  
And bright the world is seeming.  
Alone I wander, all forlorn,  
Saddened by my dreaming.

Sometime shall come the call for me,  
And homeward I'll be turning.  
And then in Heaven I shall see  
Her for whom my heart is yearning.

H—



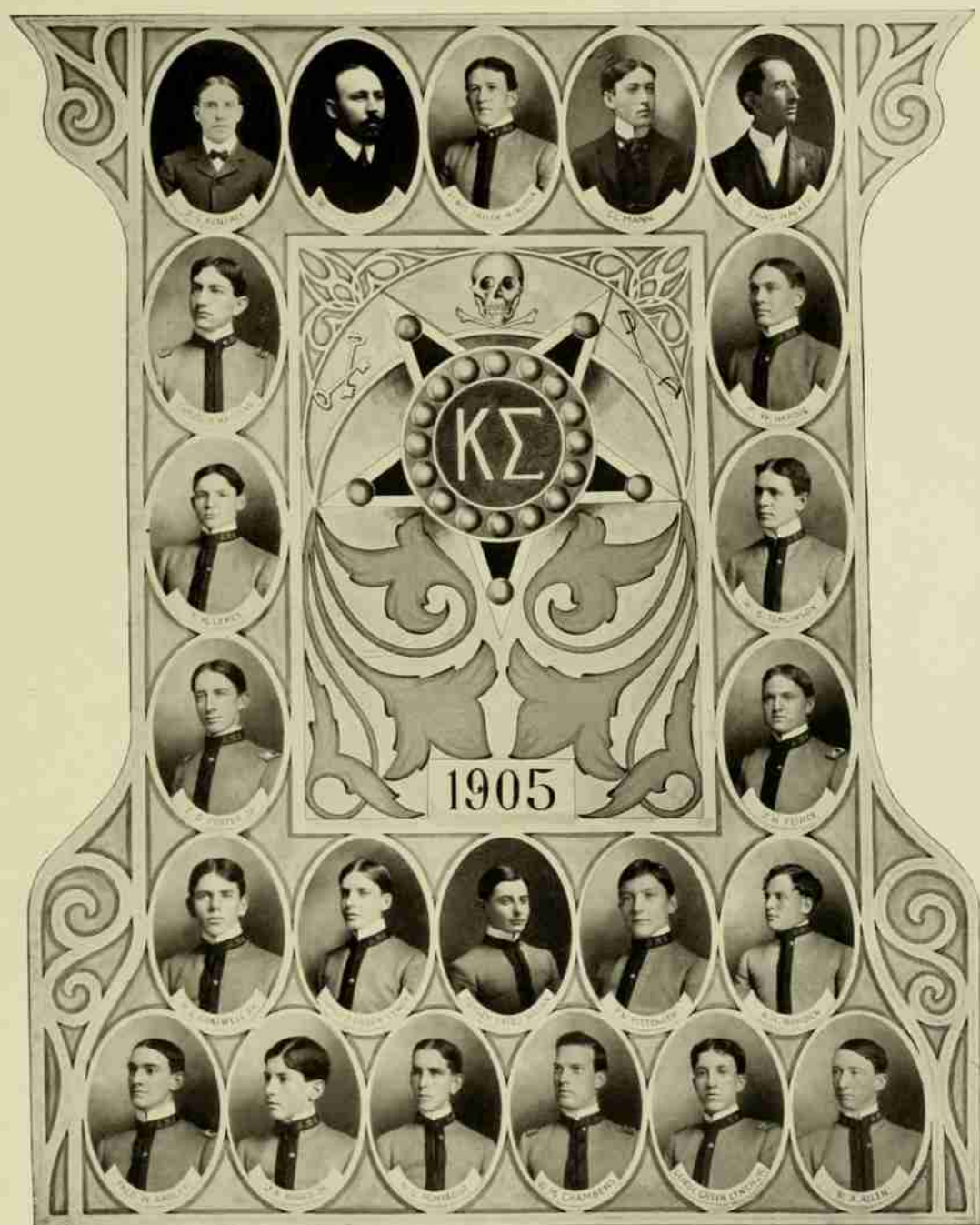


## The Fraternities



ON THE pages following is given a list of the fraternity membership of the College. Until recent years fraternities were not allowed in the College, but finally the Board of Trustees and the Faculty decided to allow them to come in. They are five in number, including an agricultural fraternity, and have about fifty members. The fraternities are hence not very strong numerically, but they come in for a large share of the honors of the College. The feeling between fraternity and non-fraternity men, is of the best good-will and friendship toward all. The College is democratic in principle, and while the fraternities are not, they have imbibed enough of the spirit of the College to recognize their true stand. The fraternity often serves as an index to the stand a man has taken in college, but one should look for the work of the man and not for the badge he does or does not wear. The privilege to become a fraternity man does not come to every one, and is not accepted by all of those to whom it does come. So whether a man is in a fraternity or not throws no real meaning upon his true worth. The writer has known non-fraternity men who were in every way the superiors of many of the fraternity men about him. He has also known fraternity men vastly superior to others outside of fraternities. So there the case stands. The fraternity as a circle of brothers and for the advancement of congenial comradeship, is probably a success. But as far as picking out from the common lot, the men worth most to themselves and to the world at large, it is a failure.

K—



BETA UPSILON OF KAPPA SIGMA.

# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia, December, 1867.



## Beta Upsilon Chapter

### Fratres in Facultate

Dr. C. W. Burkett.  
C. L. Mann.

J. C. Kendall.  
Dr. C. A. Walker.

### Fratres in Urbe

Dr. T. N. Ivey.  
H. E. Norris.  
Robert Brown.

G. Tolman.  
Duncan Faison.

### Graduate

Jarvis Benjamin Harding.

### Undergraduates

#### CLASS OF 1905.

Fred. Watson Hadley.  
Edward Griffith Porter, Jr.  
George Green Lynch.

William Miller Chambers.  
James Hicks Peirce.

#### CLASS OF 1906.

Lewis Tayloe Winston.  
Thomas Mayo Lykes.

William Sidney Tomlinson.  
James Allen Higgs, Jr.

#### CLASS OF 1907.

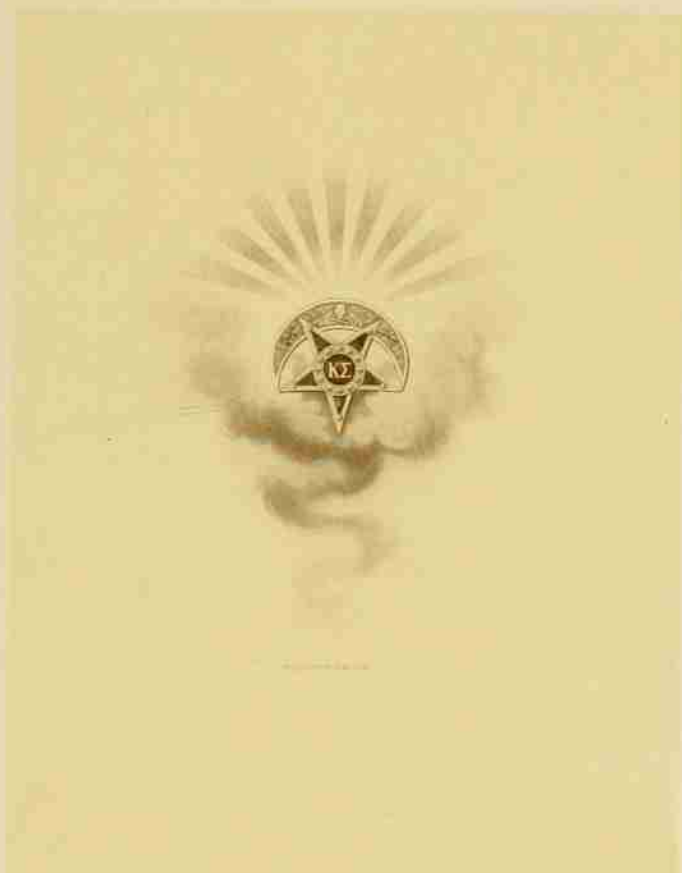
James Borden Lynch.  
Allen Harralson Borden.

Henry Starbuck Montague.  
Philip William Hardie.

#### CLASS OF 1908.

Dorsey Yates Hagan.  
Robert Calder Cantwell, Jr.

Paul Nathaniel Pittenger.  
William Anderson Allen.





## Kappa Sigma—Chapter Roll



- Psi*—University of Maine.  
*Alpha-Rho*—Bowdoin College.  
*Beta-Kappa*—New Hampshire College.  
*Alpha-Lambda*—University of Vermont.  
*Gamma-Delta*—Massachusetts State College.  
*Beta-Alpha*—Brown University.  
*Alpha-Kappa*—Cornell University.  
*Pi*—Swathmore College.  
*Alpha-Delta*—Pennsylvania State College.  
*Alpha-Epsilon*—University of Pennsylvania.  
*Alpha-Phi*—Bucknell University.  
*Beta-Delta*—Washington and Jefferson College.  
*Beta-Iota*—Lehigh University.  
*Beta-Pi*—Dickinson College.  
*Alpha-Alpha*—University of Maryland.  
*Alpha-Eta*—Columbian University.  
*Zeta*—University of Virginia.  
*Eta*—Randolph-Macon College.  
*Mu*—Washington and Lee University.  
*Nu*—William and Mary College.  
*Upsilon*—Hampden-Sidney College.  
*Beta-Beta*—Richmond College.  
*Delta*—Davidson College.  
*Eta-Prime*—Trinity College.  
*Alpha-Mu*—University of North Carolina.  
*Beta-Upsilon*—North Carolina A. and M. College.  
*Alpha-Nu*—Wofford College.  
*Alpha-Beta*—Mercer University.  
*Alpha-Tau*—Georgia School of Technology.  
*Beta-Lambda*—University of Georgia.  
*Beta*—University of Alabama.  
*Beta-Eta*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.  
*Theta*—Cumberland University.  
*Kappa*—Vanderbilt University.
- Lambda*—University of Tennessee.  
*Phi*—Southwestern Presbyterian University.  
*Omega*—University of the South.  
*Alpha-Theta*—Southwestern Baptist University.  
*Beta-Nu*—Kentucky State College.  
*Alpha-Upsilon*—Millsaps College.  
*Gamma*—Louisiana State University.  
*Sigma*—Tulane University.  
*Iota*—Southwestern University.  
*Tau*—University of Texas.  
*Xi*—University of Kansas.  
*Alpha-Omega*—William Jewell College.  
*Beta-Gamma*—Missouri State University.  
*Beta-Sigma*—Washington University.  
*Beta-Chi*—Missouri School of Mines.  
*Alpha-Psi*—University of Nebraska.  
*Beta-Tau*—Baker University.  
*Beta-Omicron*—University of Denver.  
*Beta-Omega*—Colorado College.  
*Gamma-Gamma*—Colorado School of Mines.  
*Alpha-Sigma*—Ohio State University.  
*Beta-Phi*—Case School of Applied Science.  
*Chi*—Purdue University.  
*Alpha-Phi*—Wabash College.  
*Beta-Theta*—University of Indiana.  
*Alpha-Gamma*—University of Illinois.  
*Alpha-Chi*—Lake Forrest University.  
*Gamma-Beta*—University of Chicago.  
*Alpha-Zeta*—University of Michigan.  
*Beta-Epsilon*—University of Wisconsin.  
*Beta-Mu*—University of Minnesota.  
*Beta-Rho*—University of Iowa.  
*Beta-Zeta*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.  
*Beta-Xi*—University of California.  
*Beta-Psi*—University of Washington.  
*Gamma-Alpha*—University of Oregon.

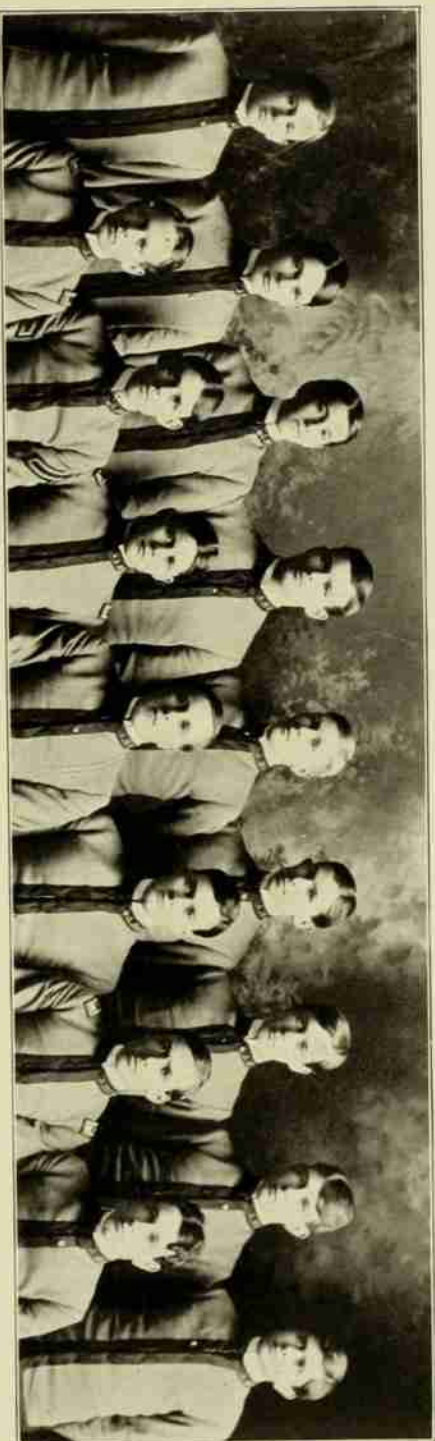


## Kappa Sigma Alumni Chapters



Boston  
Danville  
Waco  
Washington,  
Norfolk,  
Atlanta,  
Yazoo City,  
Philadelphia,  
Pittsburg,  
New York,  
New Orleans,  
Chicago,  
Indianapolis,  
Lynchburg,

St. Louis,  
Pine Bluff,  
Ruston,  
Memphis,  
Buffalo,  
San Francisco,  
Denver,  
Louisville,  
Concord,  
Ithaca,  
Fort Smith,  
Los Angeles,  
Little Rock,



BETA-TAU OF SIGMA NU

# Sigma Nu Fraternity



## Beta Tau Chapter

Established 1885.

### Fratres in Urbe

Dr. Joel Whitaker.	T. Murray Allen.
Victor Boyden.	E. C. Lamb.
William B. Jones.	Elmer Schaffer.
Dr. Wm. DeB. McNider.	Albert Latta.
Walter Clark, Jr.	W. F. Morson.
James McKimmon.	W. H. Crow.

### Graduates

O. M. Gardner.

### Undergraduates

#### CLASS OF 1905.

L. E. Abernethy.	J. D. Spinks.
L. G. Lykes.	S. M. Viele.

#### CLASS OF 1906.

A. W. Gregory.	Reid Tull.
----------------	------------

#### CLASS OF 1907.

E. M. Watkins.	C. E. Latta.
W. N. Holt.	J. L. Morson.
R. H. Smith.	

#### CLASS OF 1908.

Frank Wilson.	F. L. Heath.
W. T. Lipscomb.	A. A. Heath.
A. B. Tuttle.	S. H. Wiley.



1869



## Chapter Roll



- Pi*—Lehigh University.  
*Beta-Sigma*—University of Vermont.  
*Gamma-Delta*—Stevens Institute of Technology.  
*Gamma-Epsilon*—LaFayette College.  
*Beta-Rho*—University of Pennsylvania.  
*Gamma-Theta*—Cornell University.  
*Lambda*—Washington and Lee University.  
*Sigma*—Vanderbilt University.  
*Psi*—University of North Carolina.  
*Beta-Tau*—North Carolina A. and M. College.  
*Gamma-Iota*—State College of Kentucky.  
*Mu*—University of Georgia.  
*Theta*—University of Alabama.  
*Iota*—Howard College.  
*Kappa*—North Georgia Agricultural College.  
*Eta*—Mercer University.  
*Xi*—Emory College.  
*Beta-Theta*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.  
*Gamma-Alpha*—Georgia School of Technology.  
*Epsilon*—Bethany College.  
*Beta-Beta*—De Pauw University.  
*Beta-Nu*—Ohio State College.  
*Beta-Zeta*—Purdue University.  
*Beta-Eta*—University of Indiana.  
*Gamma-Pi*—University of West Virginia.  
*Beta-Iota*—Mt. Union College.  
*Gamma-Lambda*—University of Wisconsin.
- Beta-Upsilon*—Rose Polytechnic Institute.  
*Gamma-Gamma*—Albion College.  
*Gamma-Beta*—Northwestern University.  
*Gamma-Mu*—University of Illinois.  
*Gamma-Nu*—University of Michigan.  
*Gamma-Rho*—University of Chicago.  
*Delta-Theta*—Lombard University.  
*Beta-Mu*—State University of Iowa.  
*Chi*—Cornell College.  
*Gamma-Tau*—University of Minnesota.  
*Nu*—Kansas State University.  
*Rho*—Missouri State University.  
*Beta-Xi*—William Jewell College.  
*Gamma-Xi*—Missouri State School of Mines and Metallurgy.  
*Gammi-Omicron*—Washington University.  
*Upsilon*—University of Texas.  
*Phi*—Louisiana State University.  
*Beta-Phi*—Tulane University.  
*Gamma-Upsilon*—University of Arkansas.  
*Gamma-Eta*—Colorado State School of Mines.  
*Gamma-Kappa*—University of Colorado.  
*Gamma-Chi*—University of Washington.  
*Gamma-Zeta*—University of Oregon.  
*Gamma-Phi*—University of Montana.  
*Beta-Chi*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.  
*Beta-Psi*—University of California.



## Alumni Chapters



Alabama, Birmingham.	Massachusetts, Boston.
California, San Francisco.	Missouri, Kansas City.
Colorado, Pueblo.	Missouri, St. Louis.
Colorado, Denver.	New York, New York City.
Georgia, Atlanta.	North Carolina, Charlotte.
Illinois, Chicago.	North Carolina, Salisbury.
Indiana, Indianapolis.	Ohio, Columbus.
Iowa, Davenport.	Ohio, Cleveland.
Iowa, Des Moines.	Texas, Dallas.
Kentucky, Louisville.	Washington, Seattle.
Kentucky, Shelbyville.	Wisconsin, Milwaukee.
Louisiana, Baton Rouge.	

STEPHEN D. WALL

RICHA H. HARPER

L. M. HOFFMAN, JR.

LLOYD R. HUNT

W. F. MCPATRICK

PROF. W. C. RIDDICK

GASTON W. ROGERS

C. WALKER HODGES

J. D. CLARKE, JR.

EDW. N. PEGRAM

J. GRANGE ASHE

JNO. M. GOODMAN

GUSSET B. LATTIMORE

JNO. C. BELL

ALPHA-OMEGA

1905

ALPHA-OMEGA OF KAPPA ALPHA

# Kappa Alpha Fraternity



(Founded 1865.)

## Alpha Omega Chapter

(Installed 1903.)

### Frater in Facultate

W. C. Riddick.

### Fratres in Urbe

H. A. Royster.

J. S. Mann.

W. W. Vass.

G. M. Hunter.

W. C. Tyree.

S. F. Telfair.

R. S. McGeachy.

E. C. Smith.

L. M. Smith.

J. V. Perkins.

L. B. Newell.

R. C. Howison.

C. D. Harris.

J. M. Pickel.

### Graduates

W. F. Kirkpatrick.

G. W. Rogers.

### Undergraduates

L. R. Hunt.

S. D. Wall.

J. D. Clarke.

C. W. Hodges.

J. C. Bell.

J. M. Goodman.

R. H. Harper.

L. M. Hoffman, Jr.

J. H. Ashe.

E. N. Pegram.

B. B. Lattimore.





## Kappa Alpha Chapter Roll



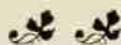
- Alpha*—Washington and Lee University.  
*Gamma*—University of Georgia.  
*Delta*—Wofford College.  
*Epsilon*—Emory College.  
*Zeta*—Randolph-Macon College.  
*Eta*—Richmond College.  
*Theta*—Kentucky State College.  
*Kappa*—Mercer University.  
*Lambda*—University of Virginia.  
*Nu*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.  
*Xi*—Southwestern University.  
*Omicron*—University of Texas.  
*Pi*—University of Tennessee.  
*Sigma*—Davidson College.  
*Upsilon*—University of North Carolina.  
*Phi*—Southern University.  
*Chi*—Vanderbilt University.  
*Psi*—Tulane University.  
*Omega*—Central University of Kentucky.  
*Alpha-Alpha*—University of the South.  
*Alpha-Beta*—University of Alabama.  
*Alpha-Gamma*—Louisiana State University.  
*Alpha-Delta*—William Jewell College.  
*Alpha-Epsilon*—Southwestern Presbyterian University.  
*Alpha-Zeta*—William and Mary College.  
*Alpha-Eta*—Westminister College.  
*Alpha-Theta*—Kentucky University.  
*Alpha-Kappa*—University of Missouri.  
*Alpha-Lambda*—Johns Hopkins University.  
*Alpha-Nu*—The George Washington University.  
*Alpha-Mu*—Millsaps College.  
*Alpha-Xi*—University of California.  
*Alpha-Omicron*—University of Arkansas.  
*Alpha-Pi*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.  
*Alpha-Rho*—University of West Virginia.  
*Alpha-Sigma*—Georgia School of Technology.  
*Alpha-Tau*—Hampden-Sidney College.  
*Alpha-Upsilon*—University of Mississippi.  
*Alpha-Phi*—Trinity College.  
*Alpha-Chi*—Kentucky Wesleyan University.  
*Alpha-Psi*—Florida State College.  
*Alpha-Omega*—North Carolina A. and M. College.  
*Beta-Alpha*—Missouri School of Mines.  
*Beta-Beta*—Bethany College.  
*Beta-Gamma*—College of Charleston.  
*Beta-Delta*—Georgetown College.  
*Beta-Epsilon*—Delaware College.  
*Beta-Zeta*—University of Florida.



## Alumni Chapters of Kappa Alpha



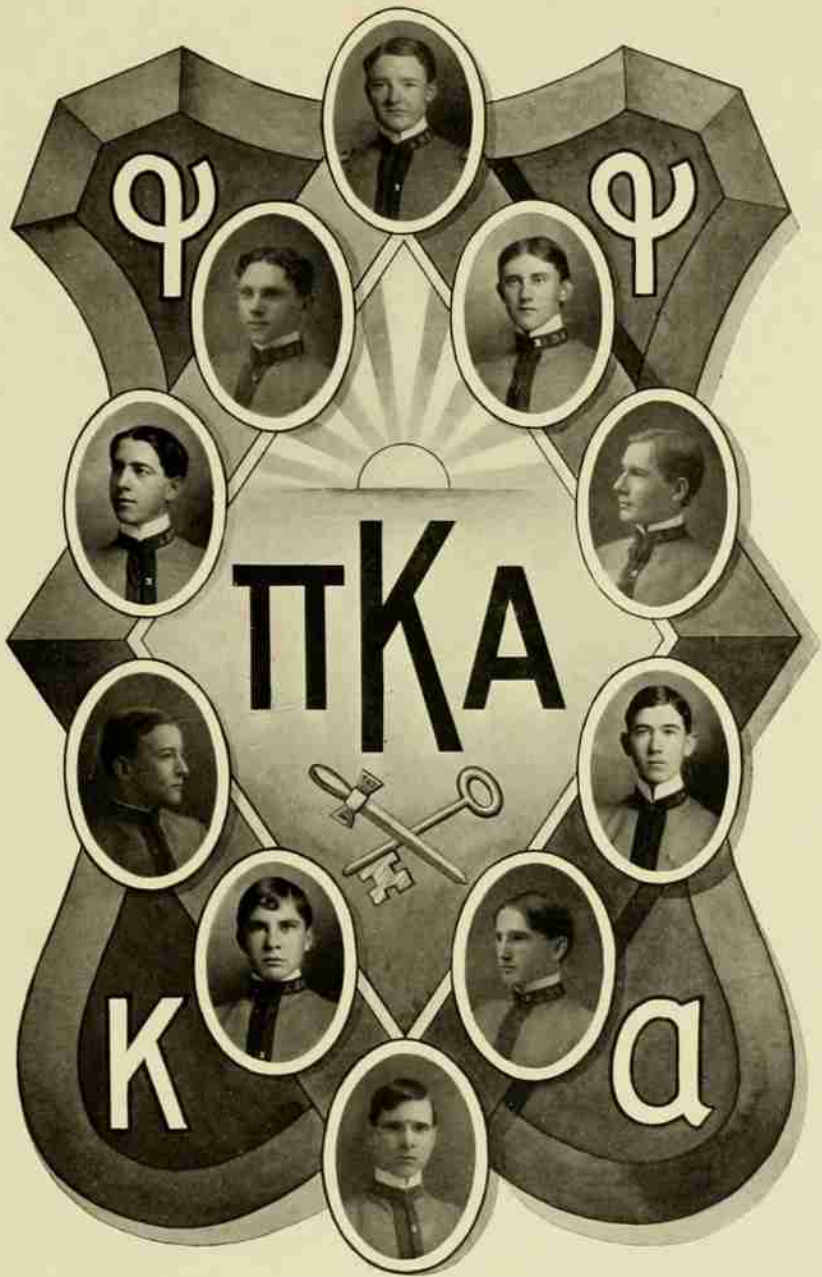
Norfolk, Va.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
Richmond, Va.	Mobile, Ala.
New York City.	Dallas, Tex.
Raleigh, N. C.	Franklin, La.
Macon, Ga.	Kansas City, Mo.
Lexington, Ky.	San Francisco, Cal.
Petersburg, Va.	Baltimore, Md.
Talladega, Ala.	Little Rock, Ark.
St. Louis, Mo.	Anniston, Ala.
Alexandria, La.	Jonesboro, Ark.
Jackson, Miss.	Nashville, Tenn.
Atlanta, Ga.	Selma, Ala.
Hampton, Va.	Memphis, Tenn.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Montgomery, Ala.	New Orleans, La.
Augusta, Ga.	Houston, Tex.
Staunton, Va.	Griffin, Ga.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Shreveport, La.	Washington, D. C.
Centreville, Miss.	Boston, Mass.



## State Associations of Kappa Alpha



Missouri.	Alabama.
Georgia.	North Carolina.
Kentucky.	Louisiana.
Arkansas.	



ALPHA-EPSILON OF PI KAPPA ALPHA.

# Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity



## Alpha-Epsilon Chapter

Established at N. C. A. & M. College, 1904.

### Fraters in Urbe

Franklin McNeill.

Dr. A. W. Knox.

Class of 1905.

J. A. Park.

R. B. Wilson.

Class of 1906.

D. W. Robertson.

J. G. Hardison.

J. G. Morrison.

W. A. Buys.

A. E. Escott.

Class of 1907.

L. T. Jones.

Class of 1908.

J. K. Wilson.

A. S. Dalton.

J. A. Powell.

SPECIAL.

J. S. Drake.





# Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia March 1st, 1868.



COLORS:—Old Gold and Garnet.

PUBLICATION:—Shield and Diamond.

## Active Chapters

- Alpha*—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
- Beta*—Davidson College, Davidson College, N. C.
- Gamma*—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
- Zeta*—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Eta*—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
- Theta*—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
- Iota*—Hampden Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
- Kappa*—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
- Mu*—Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.
- Nu*—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
- Omicron*—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
- Pi*—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
- Rho*—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
- Sigma*—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
- Tau*—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
- Upsilon*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
- Phi*—Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
- Chi*—University of the South, Seewanee, Tenn.
- Psi*—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Ga.
- Omega*—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
- Alpha-Alpha*—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
- Alpha-Beta*—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
- Alpha-Gamma*—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
- Alpha-Delta*—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
- Alpha-Epsilon*—North Carolina A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
- Alpha-Zeta*—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Alpha-Eta*—University of Florida, Lake City, Fla.
- Alpha-Theta*—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.



## Pi Kappa Alpha--Alumni Chapters



- Alumnus Alpha*—Richmond, Va.
- Alumnus Beta*—Memphis, Tenn.
- Alumnus Gamma*—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
- Alumnus Delta*—Charleston, S. C.
- Alumnus Epsilon*—Norfolk, Va.
- Alumnus Zeta*—Dillon, S. C.
- Alumnus Eta*—New Orleans, La.
- Alumnus Theta*—Dallas, Texas.
- Alumnus Iota*—Knoxville, Tenn.
- Alumnus Kappa*—Charlottesville, Va.
- Alumnus Lambda*—Opelika, Ala.



MASSEY CHAPTER OF ALPHA ZETA

# Alpha Zeta Fraternity



## Massey Chapter

Established 1901

### Fraters in Facultate

Dr. C. W. Burkett,  
C. K. McClelland.

J. C. Kendall.

### Undergraduates

#### CLASS OF 1905.

L. F. Abernethy.  
R. J. Avery.  
R. W. Scott, Jr.

J. W. Bullock.  
J. O. Morgan.

#### CLASS OF 1906.

J. G. Hardison.  
J. G. Morrison.

H. S. McLendon.

#### CLASS OF 1907.

B. B. Everett.

J. E. Overton.

#### CLASS OF 1908.

E. O. McGowan.

D. R. Nelms.

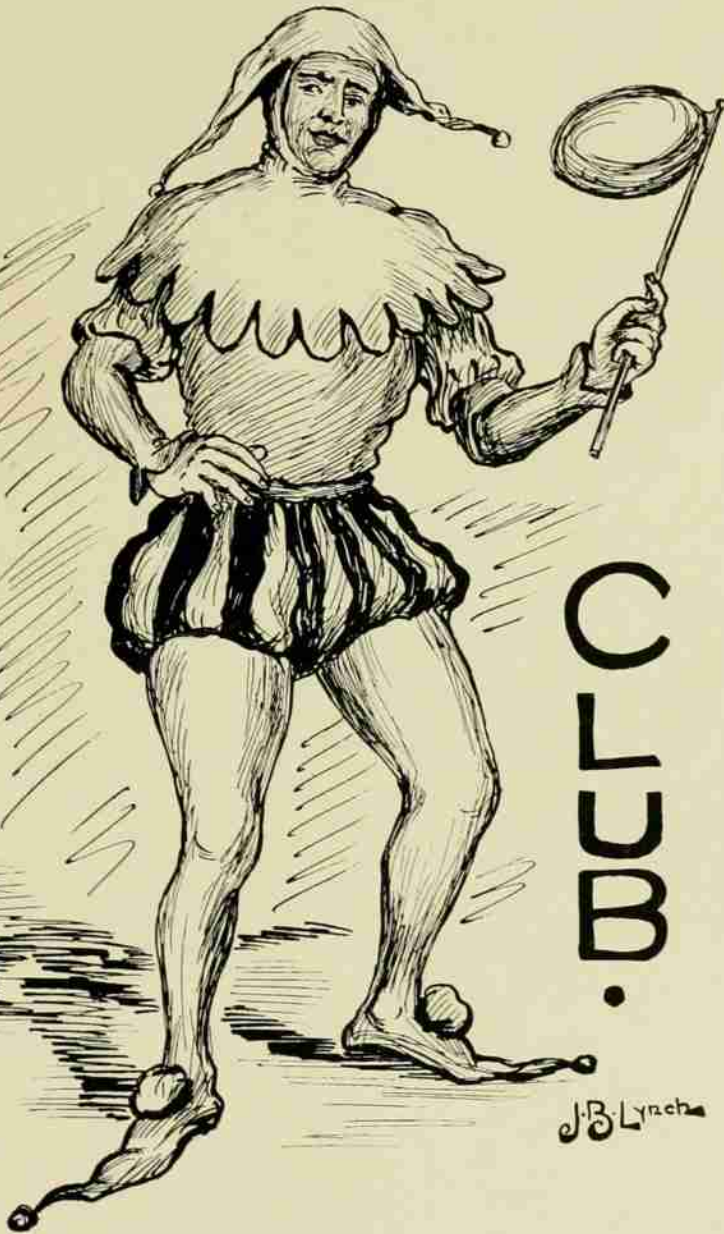


## Alpha Zeta--Chapter Roll



*Townsend*—Ohio State University.  
*Morrill*—State College, Pennsylvania.  
*Cornell*—Cornell University.  
*Kedzie*—Michigan Agricultural College.  
*Granite*—New Hampshire Agricultural College.  
*Morrore*—University of Illinois.  
*Nebraska*—University of Nebraska.  
*Massey*—Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina.

DRAMATIC



C. J. B.

# 1905 Junior Dramatic Club



"The Morning After," by ....., was presented April 23, 1904.

## Cast

Arthur Hummingtop .....	Mr. Chas. W. Martin
Joshua Gillibrand .....	Mr. Chas. A. Seifert
Ralph Omerod .....	Mr. Oscar L. Bagley
Dobson .....	Mr. William M. Chambers
Mrs. Gillibrand .....	Mr. Walter H. McIntire
Mrs. Hummingtop .....	Mr. Sterling Graydon
The Guttapercha Girl .....	Mr. Chas. T. Venable
Daisie Maitland .....	Mr. Archie C. Wilkinson
Barbara .....	Mr. John H. Squires

## Officers

O. L. BAGLEY .....	President
H. M. LILLY .....	Vice-President
F. W. HADLEY .....	Secretary and Treasurer
A. F. BOWEN .....	Director

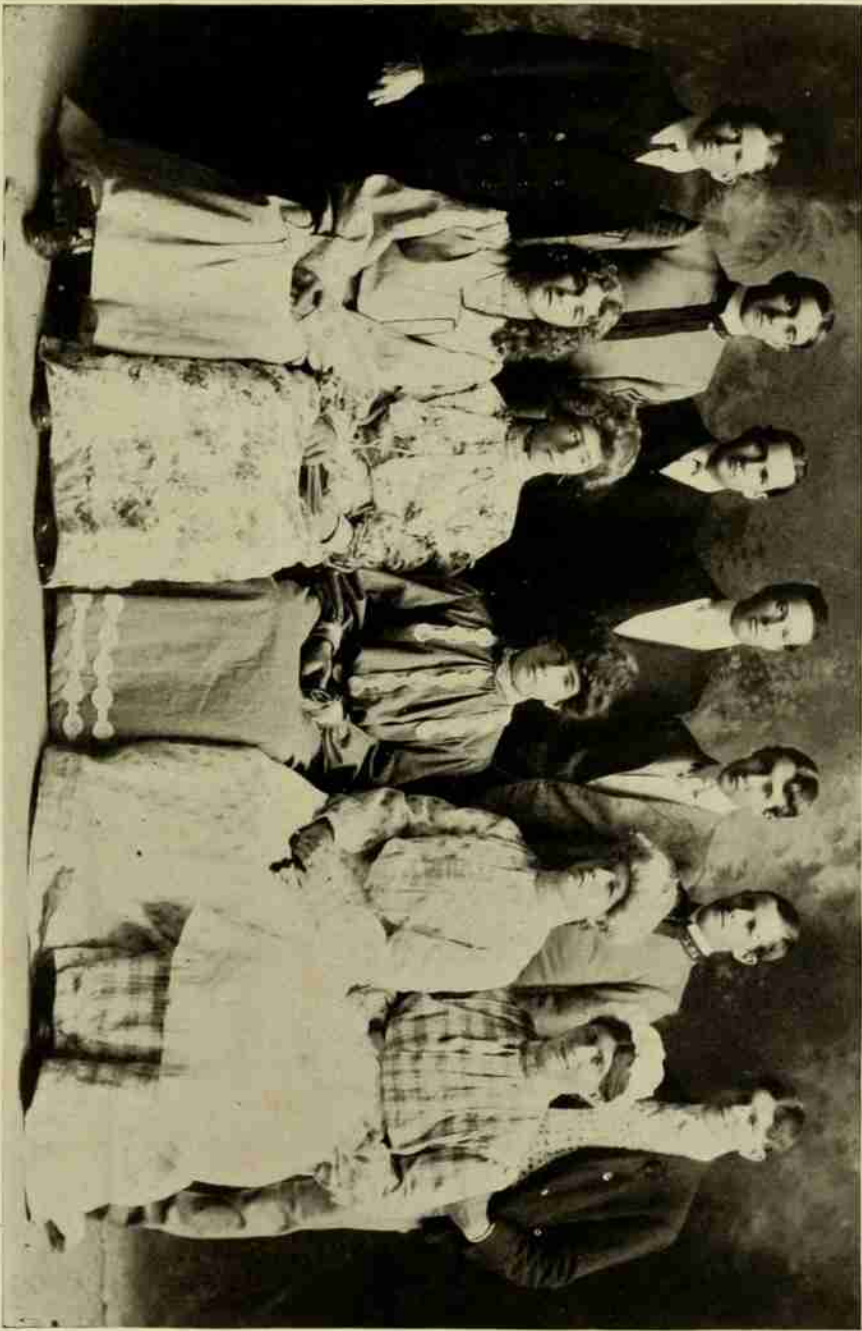
## Members

C. W. Martin.	S. Graydon.	C. T. Venable.
O. L. Bagley.	Wm. M. Chambers.	H. M. Lilly.
A. C. Wilkinson.	F. W. Hadley.	J. H. Squires.
W. L. Smith.	C. A. Seifert.	

## Honorary Members

Prof. A. F. Brown.	Miss Mary Andrews.
Miss Helen Smedes.	Miss Margaret Harris.

06 JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB





# The Dramatic Club



The "Good Natured Man," by Dr. Goldsmith, was presented Easter Monday night, 1904.

## Cast

Sir William Honeywood	Mr. Junius Sidney Cates
Honeywood	Mr. Walter Lee Darden
Croaker	Mr. O. Max Gardener
Jarvis	Mr. Chas. W. Martin
Leontine	Mr. Cleveland Douglass Welch
Butler	Mr. Ray M. Huntley
Lofty	Mr. Wm. Sidney Tomlinson
Dubardieu	Mr. Eugene Culbreth
Bailiff	Mr. LeRoy Abernethy
Flannigan	Mr. Lewis Winston
Servant	Mr. James A. Higgs, Jr.
Passboy	Mr. Edward G. Porter, Jr.
Mrs. Croaker	Miss Margaret Harris
Miss Richland	Miss Gertrude Sanborne
Olivia	Miss Claire Stainback
Garnet	Miss Helen Smedes
Landlady	Miss Pattie Carroll

## Officers

C. D. WELCH	President
C. W. MARTIN	Vice-President
E. E. CULBRETH	Secretary and Treasurer
DR. CHAS WM. BURKETT	Director

## Members

E. E. Culbreth.	C. W. Martin.	Harding.
W. D. Darden.	B. F. Huggins.	H. M. Hunter.
C. D. Welch.	L. T. Winston.	L. F. Abernethy.
O. M. Gardener.	J. S. Cates.	R. M. Huntley.
E. G. Porter, Jr.	W. S. Tomlinson.	Jas. A. Higgs, Jr.

## Honorary Members

Dr. C. W. Burkett.	Miss Gertrude Sanborne.
Miss Margaret Harris.	Miss Helen Smedes
Miss Claire Stainback.	Miss Pattie Carroll.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

## The Night



The shroud of night hath fallen now;  
In sober folds it drapes the mow,  
While spectral forms in silence glide,  
To tombs of rest where Death doth bide,  
The living sleep, the dead awake,  
And prowl about as ghost or shape.

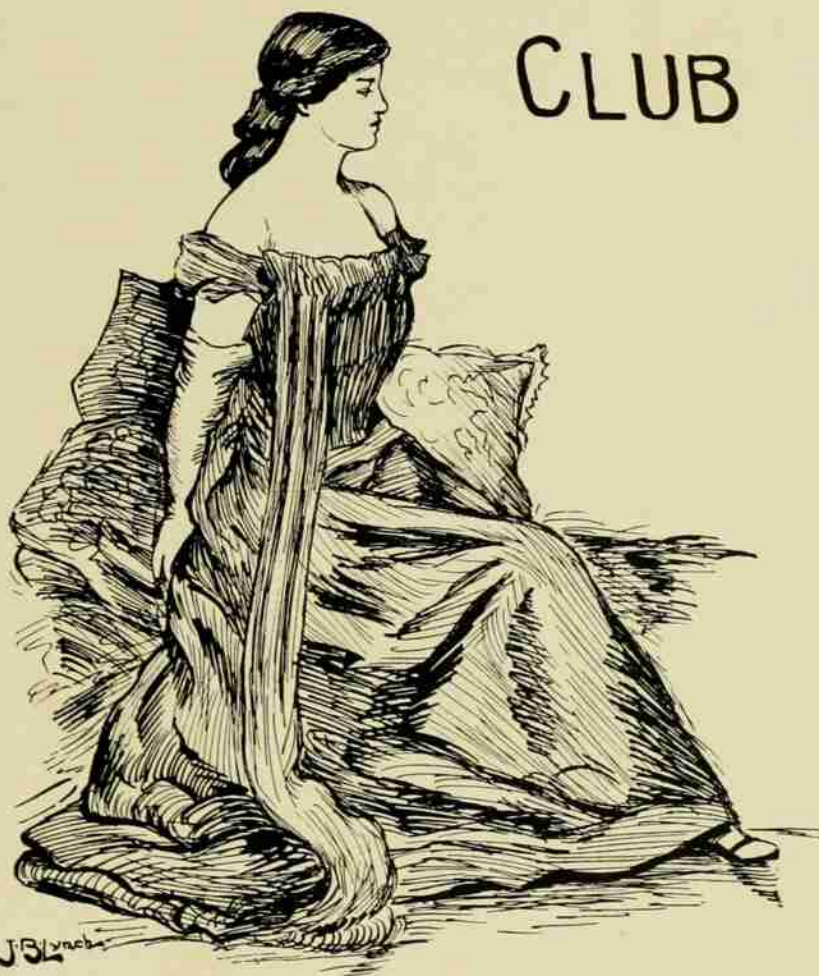
Oh, night! Oh, solemn night so weird,  
Thy head o'er all the earth is rear'd,  
And 'neath thy sable gown's sad folds  
The rolling seas, the hills and wolds  
In darkness deep are sleeping now.  
A gentle breeze the trees doth bow,  
And through the woods is heard a moan,  
A heavy sigh, almost a groan.

In mystery deep and darkness cold  
Thou doth my dreary thoughts enfold,  
And lost in thy protecting care,  
I dream of peace and visions fair.  
So let the night its shadows cast,  
For in their path is rest at last.

R—.

GERMAN

CLUB



# Thalerian German Club

• •

## Officers

### *First Term.*

L. R. HUNT ..... President.  
 J. H. PEIRCE ..... Vice-President.  
 E. M. WATKINS ..... Secretary.  
 L. T. WINSTON ..... Treasurer.  
 R. H. HARPER ..... Censor.  
 L. G. LYKES ..... Leader.

### *Second Term.*

L. G. LYKES ..... President.  
 R. H. HARPER ..... Vice-President.  
 L. MOORE ..... Secretary.  
 L. T. WINSTON ..... Treasurer.  
 R. TULL ..... Censor.  
 L. T. WINSTON ..... Leader.

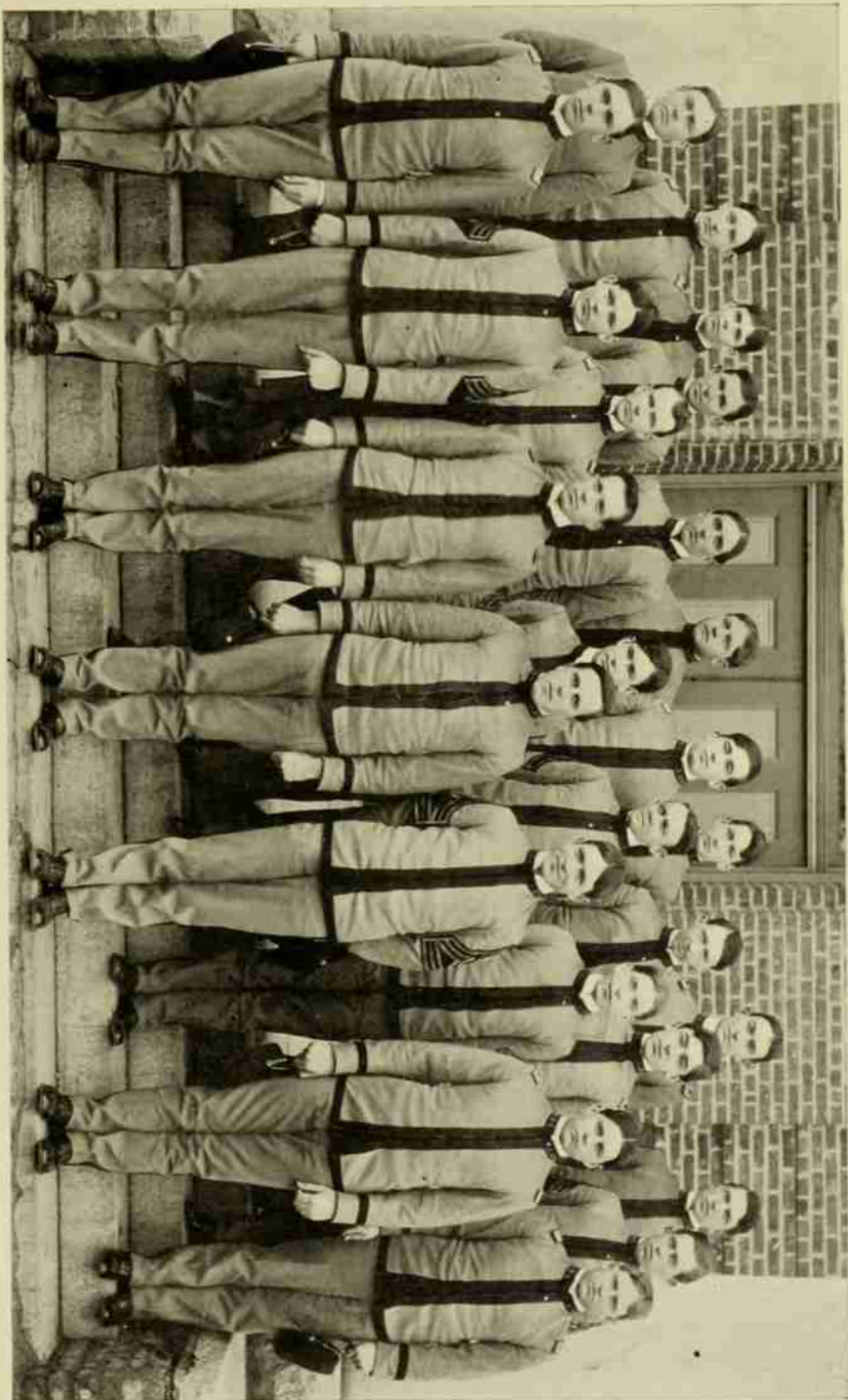
### *Third Term.*

R. H. HARPER ..... President.  
 R. TULL ..... Vice-President.  
 L. MOORE ..... Secretary.  
 L. T. WINSTON ..... Treasurer.  
 J. D. CLARKE ..... Censor.  
 L. T. WINSTON ..... Leader.

## Members

Ashe, J. G.	Hadley, F. W.	McClelland, Prof.
Allen, W. A.	Hunt, L. R.	Moore, L.
Bell, J. C.	Harper, R. H.	Peirce, J. H.
Bragg, Prof.	Hoffman, L. M., Jr.	Porter, E. G. Jr.
Borden, A.	Hardie, P. W.	Pegram, E. N.
Clarke, J. D.	Holt, W. N.	Pittenger, P.
Chambers, W. M.	Harris, G.	Roberts, Prof.
Cantwell, R. C.	Kendall, Prof.	Suttle, A. B.
Carpenter, O. B.	Kenyon, A. T.	Tull, R.
Darden, W. L.	Kirkpatrick, W. F.	Tomlinson, W. S.
Goodman, J. M.	Lykes, T. M.	Wilson, F.
Graydon, S.	Lykes, L. G.	Watkins, E. M.
Gregory, A. W.	Lipscomb, W. T.	Walton, C. M.
Haskell, Prof.	Mann, Prof.	Winston, L. T.
	McCall, Prof.	





THE THALEIAN GERMAN CLUB



# Electrical Engineering Society



## Officers

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C. W. HEWLETT .....	Vice-President
R. S. GRAVES .....	Secretary and Treasurer
R. H. TILLMAN .....	Librarian

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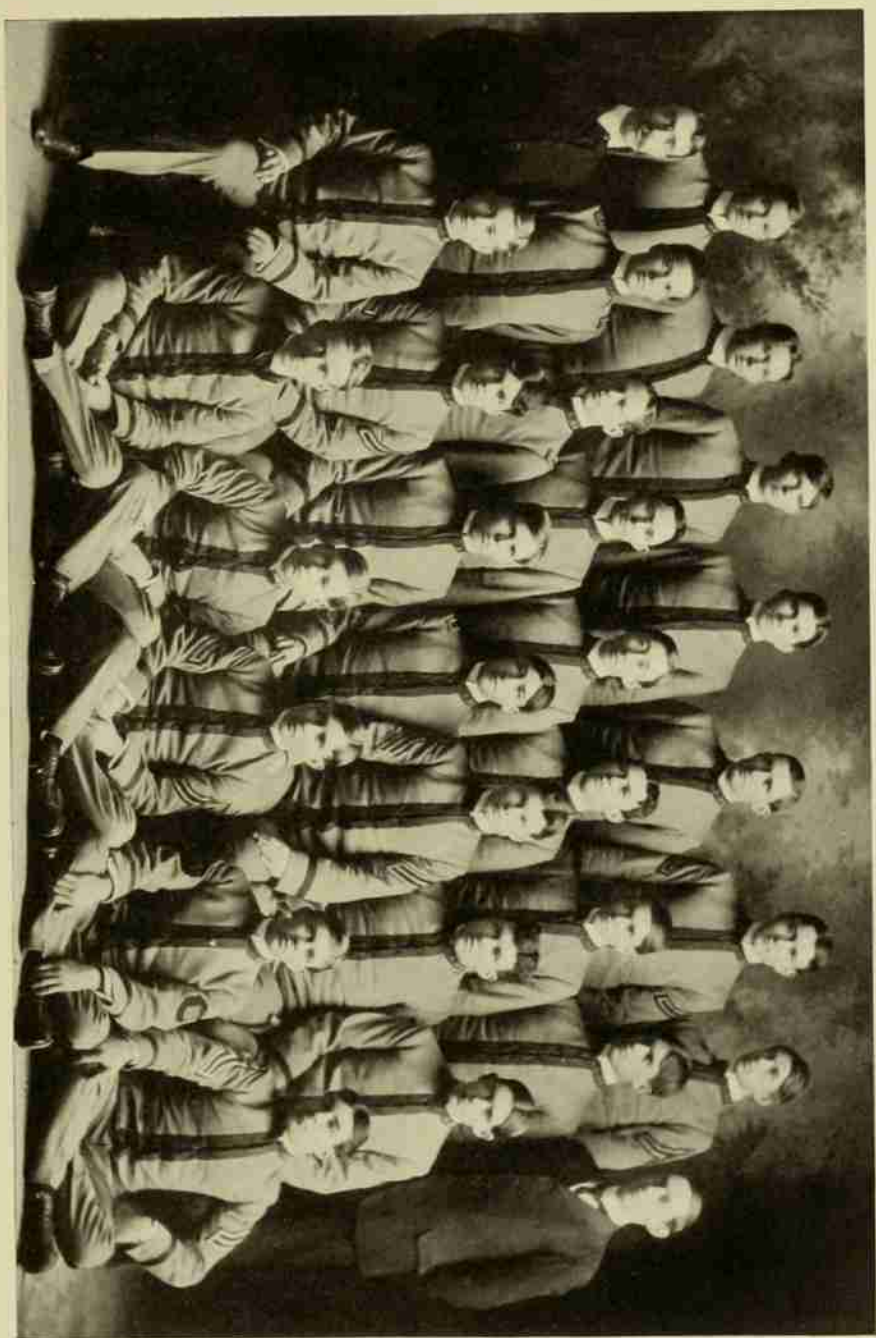
Professor Paine.

Professor Adams.

## Members

Bivens, J. B.	Hemphill, J. L.
Bryan, C. J.	Hewlett, C. W.
Carlton, L. F.	Hunt, L. R.
Carter, R. H.	Jones, W. W.
Chambers, W. M.	Moorman, W. B.
Clardy, C. C.	Myriek, J. C.
Couch, L. F.	Shuford, J. O.
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Ferguson, J. F.	Tillman, R. H.
Ferguson, W. G.	Tuttle, J. C.
Fowler, E. V.	Valaer, P.
Groves, R. S.	Viele, S. M.
Hamilton, H. L.	Walker, W. J.
Whitehurst, C. B.	

THE ELECTRICAL SOCIETY



# Winston-Salem Club



COLORS: Emerald and White.

FLOWER: Miss Annie Sloan.

MOTTO: Prepare for Inspection.

## Yell

Wah! Who! Wah! Who are we?

Ten plus two—A. M. C.

This naught-five, what's our dub?

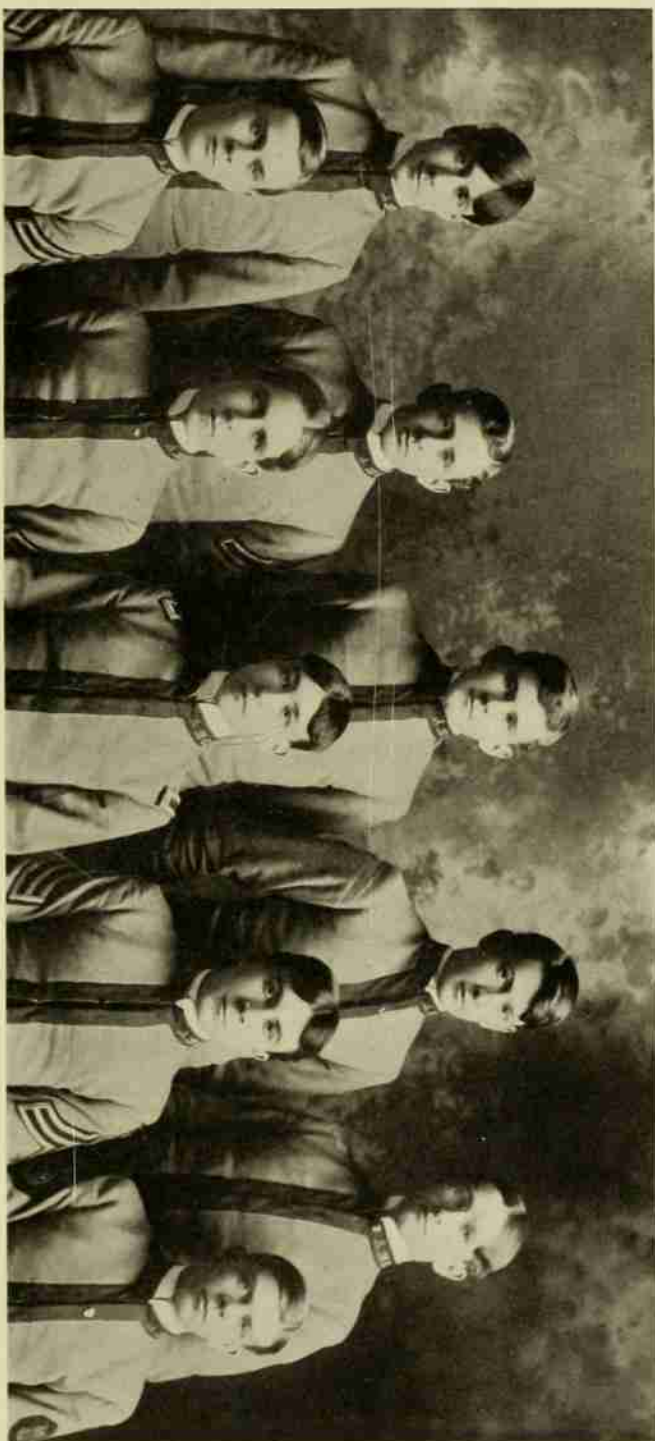
Of course—Winston-Salem Club.

## Officers

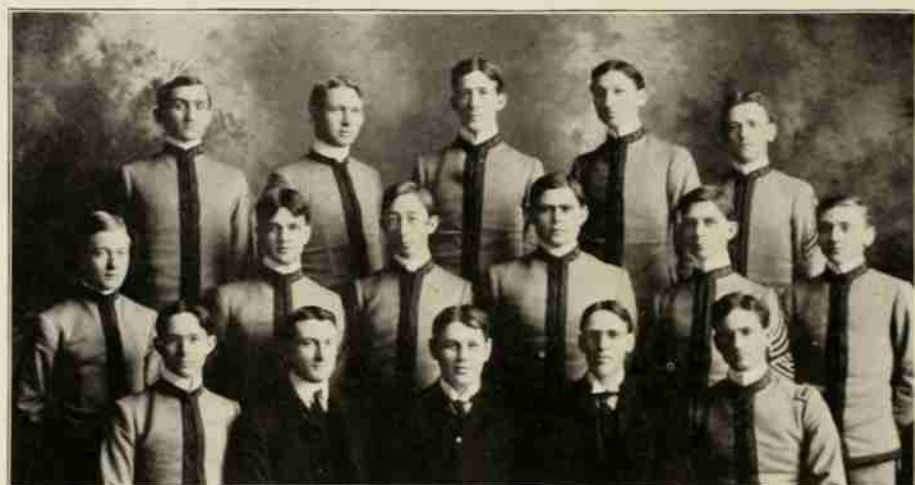
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PETER VALAER	Vice-President
G. F. HINSHAW	Secretary
J. M. GOODMAN	Treasurer
H. S. MONTAGUE	Historian

## Members

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Dalton, A. S., '08.	Valaer, Paul, '07.
Goodman, J. M., '08.	Valaer, Peter, '06.
Huband, W. C., '06.	Walker, W. J., '05.
Hinshaw, G. F., '07.	Ziglar, J. F., '08.



WINSTON-SALEM CLUB



## Glee Club



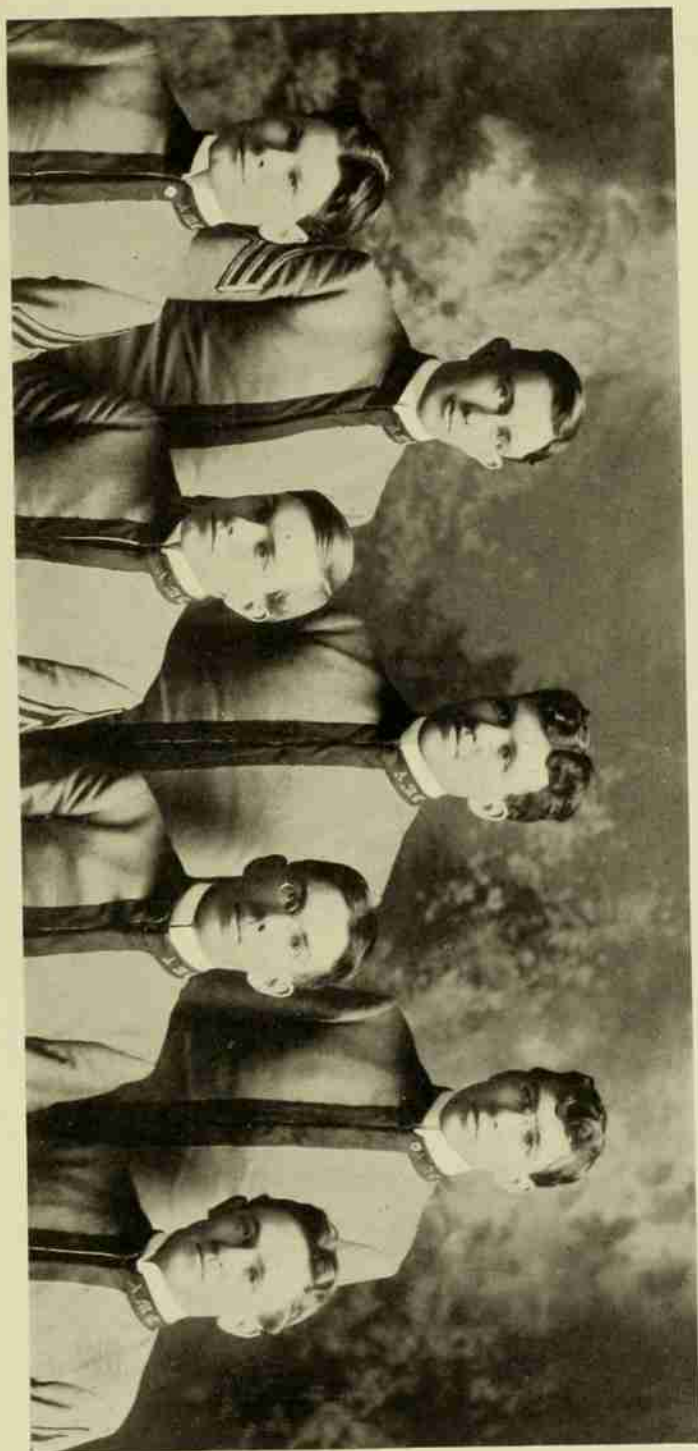
### Officers

PROF. V. W. BRAGG .....	President and Manager
PROF. C. K. McCLELLAND .....	Director
N. E. BELL .....	Librarian
J. F. HANSELMAN .....	Treasurer
T. J. OGBURN .....	Accompanist

### Voices

First Tenors—McClelland, Clardy, Carleton, Henley and Staley.  
 Second Tenors—Escott, Lovill, Hewlitt, Caaney and Fowler.  
 First Basses—Bragg, Summey, Asbury and Maxwell.  
 Second Basses—Paine, Bell, Lilly, Hanselman and Norman.

THE VIRGINIANS





## “The Virginians”

• •

BALDWIN, F. O.  
BURACKER, R.  
CHESBRO, M. H.  
GRAVES, R. S.  
HANSELMAN, J. F.  
MASSIE, M. P.  
MURRY, G. P.  
POYNER, T. M.  
SMITH, C. M.  
STEWART, C. E.  
VAUGHN, L. L.



### Senior Civils

A. T. Kenyon.  
H. M. Lilly.  
J. H. Koonce.  
S. N. Knox.  
E. G. Porter.  
G. W. Rogers.

J. R. Smith.  
J. I. Herritage.  
A. C. Wilkinson.  
J. D. Spinks.  
L. A. Murr.  
J. B. Harding.

### Junior Civils

K. L. Black.  
Reid Tull.  
S. H. Clarke.  
W. A. Buys.  
J. A. Higgs.  
J. P. Lovill.  
D. M. Clark.  
W. S. Tomlinson.  
L. L. Jordan.  
D. S. Abernethy.

W. F. Brock.  
J. E. Moore.  
B. B. Egerton.  
W. W. Baker.  
Lacy Moore.  
T. M. Lykes.  
A. B. Piver.  
R. Maxwell.  
G. P. Asbury.

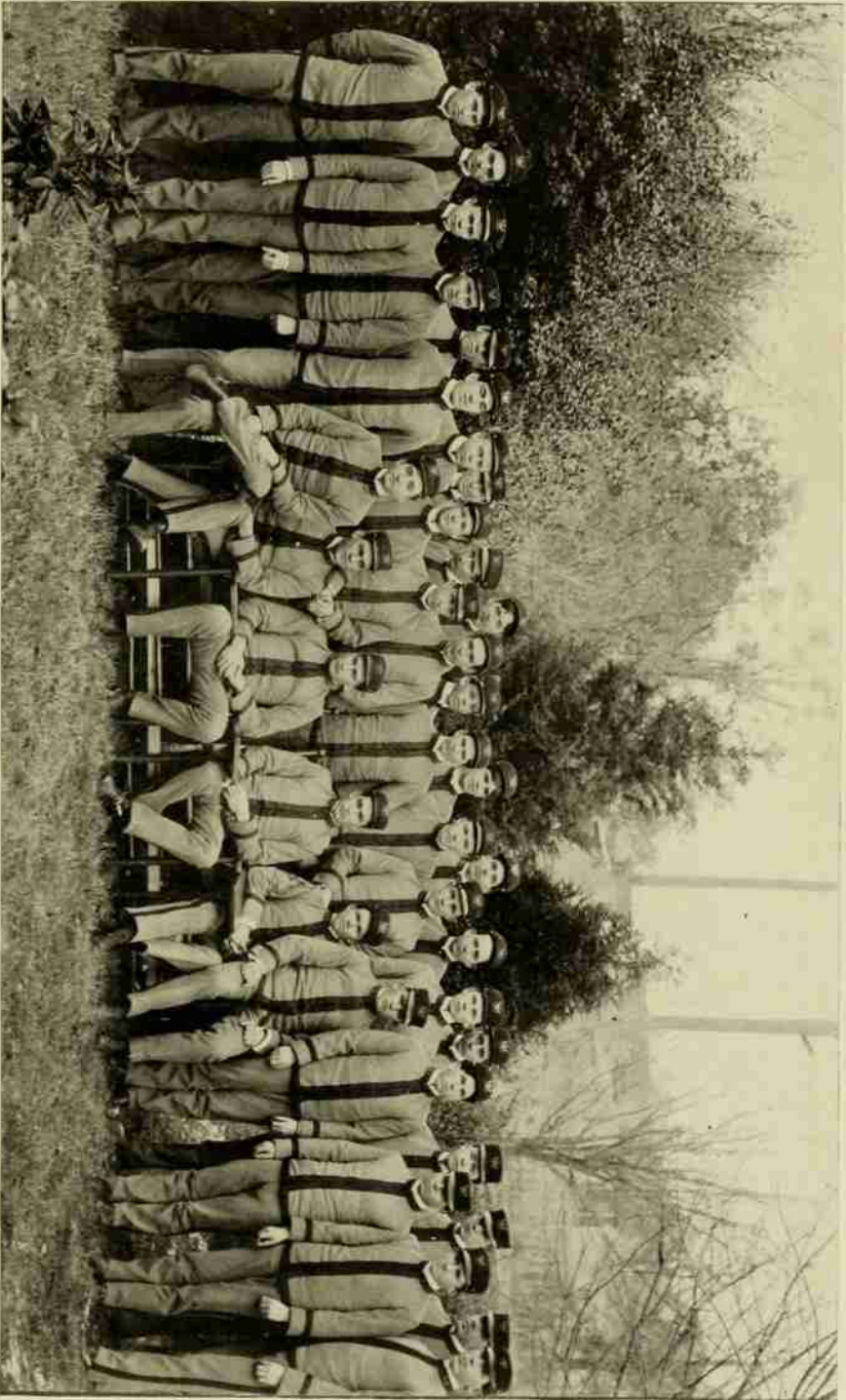


## Ye Artist Club



### Members

GRAYDON, STERLING  
HADLEY, FRED. WATSON  
LYNCH, JAMES BORDEN  
PARK, JOHN A.



THE RIVAL SCIENCE CLUB

# The Skillet Club



MOTTO: Whatever it is, fry it.

## Yell

Cock—a—doodle—de—doodle—do,  
We eat chicken. What do you?

COLORS: Brown leghorn, white plymouth-rock and turkey red.

Business hours, 11:13 p.m. to 4:11 a.m.

Chief Cook ..... "Swipe the Goose" Hadley  
Chief Kleptomaniac ..... "Pinch the Shoat" Graydon  
Chief Carver ..... "Steal the Eagle" Peirce  
Chief Fowler ..... "Hook the Guinea" Harper  
Chief Dish-washer ..... "Snag the Alligator" Lykes  
Chief Forager ..... "Crib the Rooster" Lynch  
Chief Vintager ..... "Siphon out the Milk" Chreitzberg  
Chief Provider of the Staff of Life ..... "Break into the Cookery" Wall





THE RURAL SCIENCE CLUB



# Rural Science Club

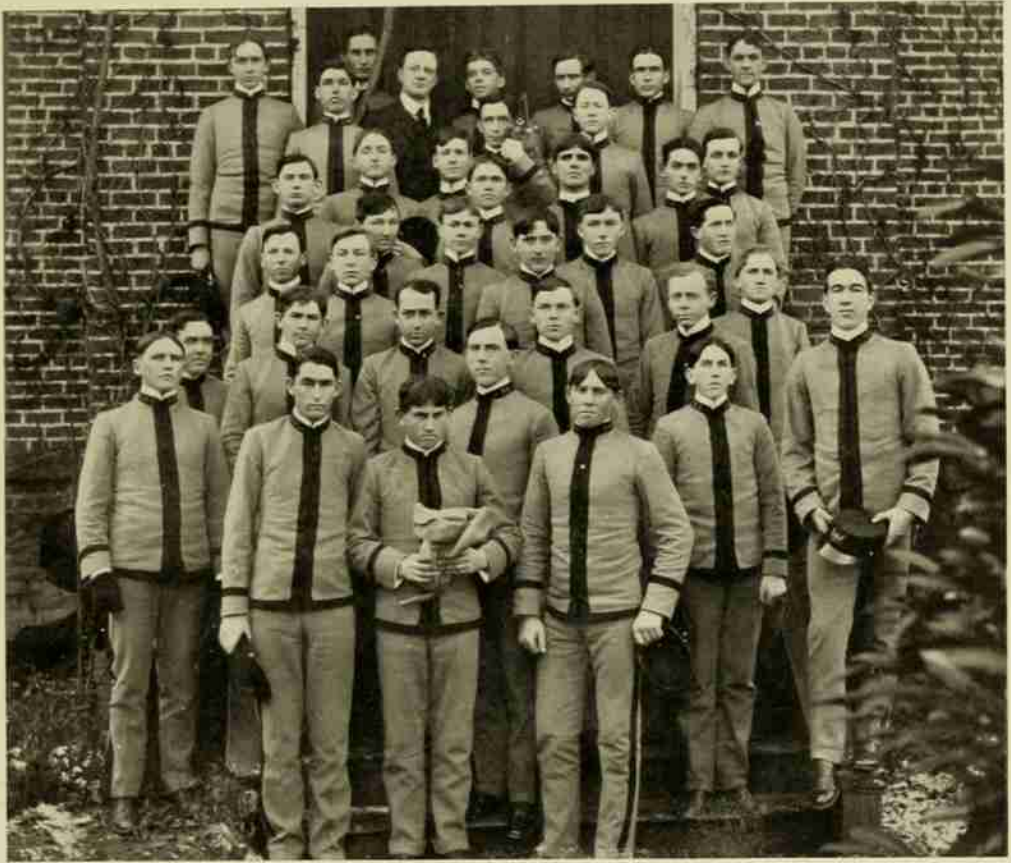


## Officers

M. R. McGIRT .....	President
A. A. PASCHALL .....	Vice-President
T. F. PARKER .....	Recording Secretary
J. T. EATON .....	Corresponding Secretary

## Members

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Boone, J. A.	Spoon, J. P.	Niven, L. A.
Brooks, J. P.	Smith, T. B.	Oden, L. M.
Bullock, J. W.	Steele, H. S.	Overton, J. E.
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Clement, H. M.	Talton, F. J.	Paschall, A. L.
Cox, D. A.	Hardesty, G. C.	Poindexter, P. H.
Cromartie, A. D.	Hardison, J. G.	Price, W. L.
Deal, C. W.	Herring, L. J.	Scott, R. W.
Farle, M. L.	Jenkins, W. E.	Thigpen, R. D.
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Ethridge, W. C.	Kelly, W. E.	Winstead, L. D.
Everett, B. B.	Lipe, M. P.	White, D. L.
Foster, S. W.	McCaulman, B. F.	Uzzell, R. P.
	McGirt, M. R.	



## The Biological Club



### Members

Abernethy, L. F.  
 Asheraft, W. P.  
 Avery, R. J.  
 Beavers, J. C.  
 Bullock, J. W.  
 Chesbro, M. H.  
 Clement, K. M.  
 Cox, D. A.  
 Cromartie, A. D.  
 Eaton, J. T.  
 Everett, B. B.  
 Foster, S. W.  
 Gaylord, W. F.  
 Gibson, J. L.

Herring, L. J.  
 Hester, T. T.  
 Isley, E. W.  
 Kirkpatrick, W. E.  
 Koonce, L. F.  
 Lipe, M. P.  
 McGirt, M. R.  
 McLendon, H. S.  
 Morgan, J. O.  
 Morrison, J. G.  
 Niven, L. A.  
 Niven, C. F.  
 Oden, L. M.  
 Overton, J. E.

Parker, T. F.  
 Paschall, A. L.  
 Poindexter, P. H.  
 Price, W. L.  
 Roberts, L. E.  
 Scott, R. W.  
 Spoon, J. P.  
 Stanton, D. M.  
 Talton, F. J.  
 Turlington, J. E.  
 Uzzell, R. P.  
 Warren, W. C.  
 White, D. L.  
 Winston, L. T.



## Mecklenburg Club



MOTTO: "Always win."

SONG: "I got mine."      COLORS: "Red and Black."

RENDEZVOUS: Anywhere you can lock the door.

### Yell

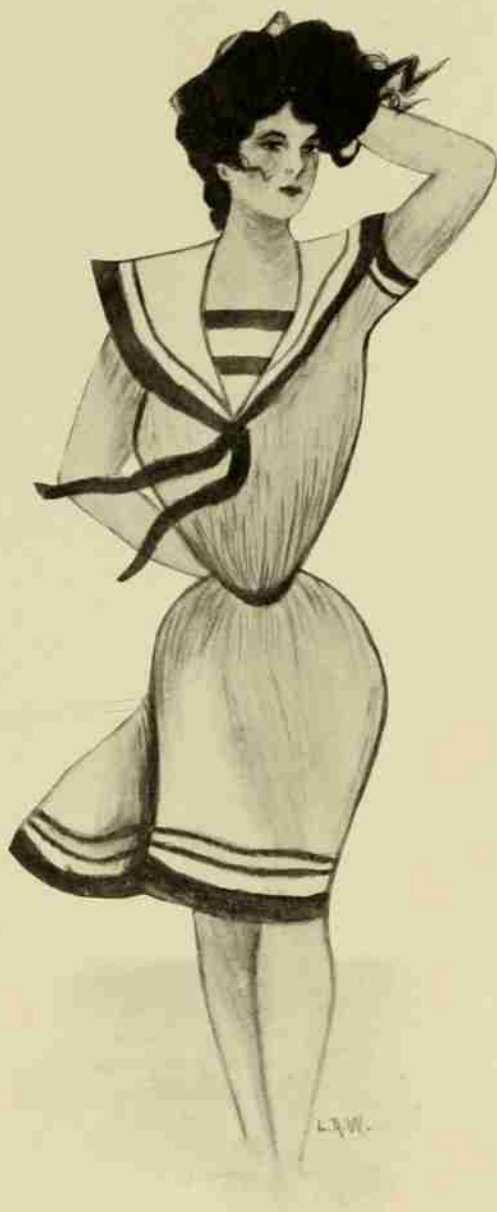
"A-A-A-A-AHO-O-O-O,  
OLD MECKLENBURG."

### Officers

KNOX, STARR NEELY '05 .....	President
WATT, WALTER W. '05 .....	Vice-President
WILKINSON, ARCHIE C. '05 .....	Historian
ESCOTT, ALBERT E. '06 .....	Secretary
HAMILTON, GEORGE P. '06 .....	Treasurer

### Members

Ashcraft, W. T., '08.	Lipe, M. P., '06.
Bason, G. F., '08.	Williams, J. C., '08.
Beddoes, H., '08.	Newell, D. W., '08.
Caldwell, G. H., '08.	Saddler, F. M., '07.
Jetton, F. P., '08.	Trotter, W. M., '08.
Knox, W. G., '06.	Walters, J. P., '08.
Kirkpatrick, W. F., '03.	Williams, T. D., '08.



OUR NEXT STUDY.

## The Gambler



LUBREY walked slowly from the post-office to his room, entered and sat down upon a large divan before an open window that looked out upon the campus. He pulled a letter from his pocket and glanced at it carelessly and then at a check that fluttered from the letter to the floor. He picked up the check and glanced at the figures on it, figures that in the light of existing conditions seemed pitifully small. And as he looked he realized that the end of his rope had at last been reached. For months past he had been living beyond his means, for months past his debts had been piling up one by one, and now his last appeal to his father for aid had been met with a stern refusal. And this was the Spring of his Senior year. He had kept his name bright and clean for nearly four years, and here at the last it stood in sore danger of becoming tarnished. He turned from the letter and looked out across the campus. The breath of Springtime was upon everything, and all nature seemed bursting into bloom. There was no help for it, he thought, he must leave college and go to work, clear up his debts and save his good name. Little pleasure there would be in graduation if any one standing around could sneer at the large amounts of money he owed. There would be some disgrace about leaving abruptly, but better that than to stay on and helplessly face the situation. Then a thought flashed over his mind, there was one way in which he might make good his financial short-comings. A poker game. He had always been lucky at that, *very* lucky, and to be sure chance would not desert him now. He who stood in such need of aid. And, as if in answer to his thoughts, Flint strolled into the room.

Flint was the college gambler. A clever fellow at heart and very entertaining, and also a man who would gamble on anything. On football, on baseball, on the weather even, but most especially on cards.

"Hello, Lubrey," said Flint, genially. "What you looking so glum about? Didn't flunk on class to-day, did you?"

"No, not on class," said Lubrey, ruefully; "still I must say that I have failed on some of my calculations."

"Ah, I see," said Flint; "finances."

Now Lubrey cordially disliked Flint, and a girl was at the bottom of it all. While home during his Xmas vacation, this particular girl friend of Lubrey's had talked "Flint" so much and often that Lubrey had finally asked her impatiently one day if he shouldn't go get Flint, who was only a few hundred miles away, for her. She had not taken this chaff good-naturedly at all, and a quarrel was the result of his sarcasm. So he regarded Flint with an unfriendly eye, for the college gambler took very well with the fair sex, and he might,



if opportunity presented itself, prove a dangerous rival for Lubrey. But for the present all of this feeling was overlooked. Before him stood the man who might serve as a stepping-stone to his staying on in college.

"How about a poker game to-night?" said Lubrey, with feigned indifference.

Flint looked up from a picture (of the girl) hung on Lubrey's wall, a picture that he had been regarding intently, and said, "A what?"

"A poker game to-night," Lubrey repeated. "A game from eleven until morning. A twenty-five-fifty game."

"And you said finances," said Flint, wonderingly; "but alright, just as you say. You and I and Billy—how does that suit you?"

"Splendidly. I will be over at your room at eleven sharp," Lubrey said as Flint passed from the room.

So on the result of a poker game hung the future of Lubrey's college career. If the cards would come across the table to him in that friendly way of old in pairs and threes and fours, all would be well. But if they turned their faces from him, defeat alone remained. But inaction was deadly, if he did nothing he was defeated anyway, so better to invoke the aid of the goddess of chance who smiles upon the favored few of the world's denizens.

Late that night Lubrey's face wore a pleasant smile. Luck had favored him, and Wilson's and Flint's money had come to him in a steady stream across the table. At last Wilson dropped out, and with a muttered "Good-night, fellows, fight it out," climbed into bed.

Lubrey and Flint faced each other across the table. Lubrey was over a hundred dollars ahead, but Flint with his usual steady nerve was still in the game.

"Let's put some time limit on this game," said Lubrey eagerly, fearful lest if the play lasted too long Flint might recoup his losses.

"All right," said Flint, "we stop when the college clock strikes three—how does that suit you?"

"Exactly," was Lubrey's answer, and the play went on.

At length Flint decided to make a final effort. Lubrey dealt the cards, and as he dealt Flint felt that the time to strike had come. He glanced at his hand, a pair of kings. Not a phenomenal starter, he reflected, but called out "I open."

"All right," Lubrey murmured cheerfully. "How many?"

Flint took three cards and looked at them hopefully; yes, the time to strike had come. The dealer took one card and asked Flint to start the ball rolling. Flint bet cautiously, and Lubrey raised. The betting grew fiercer, and chip after chip was pushed upon the table. At last Flint's nerve deserted him, and "I call you," he said to Lubrey. Lubrey dropped four queens on the cloth before him.

"Ah! a good hand," was Flint's answer. But he put down four kings with one hand and raked in the large pot with the other. Lubrey smiled; after all it was the fortune of war and he was still way ahead, and time was nearly up. Not long after four kings came to Lubrey on the deal, and he determined if possible to make good his recent loss. He opened, and Flint stayed and drew three cards. The betting began again in earnest, and Lubrey, confident of success, put dollar after dollar into the pot. At last with but a few chips left,



he called. Flint put four aces down and glanced at Lubrey. Lubrey looked up, defeated, ruined, his college career cut off at the last, he still could smile. He rose and went to the window and gazed out into the night. The college clock chimed three in ringing tones that seemed to startle the soft stillness of the night. Time was up in more ways than one, he reflected bitterly. With money left to carry him to some place of work, he was going to begin life over again. Flint sitting there behind him and counting the little heaps of chips, was the winner. Flint had often won from him in the old days, and now had taken his last cent. And perhaps Flint would win the girl—perhaps. But here he shrugged his shoulders—it was the fortune of war, all could not be winners at the game. Lubrey turned from the window to the door and held out his hand to Flint.

“Good-bye, old man,” he said.

“Good-bye?” said Flint, questioningly.

“Yes,” Lubrey answered, “I leave college on the five-thirty train.”

“Why its not as bad as that, is it?” said Flint; “why, old boy, you’re welcome to all your money back if that’s the case,” and he handed him a roll of bills.

But Lubrey pushed them back gently. “No, no,” he said, “the game was fair, you won, I lost—good-bye.”

Flint took the outheld hand and said, “If you will, then, good-bye, and good luck to you always.”

The door closed and Lubrey passed out into the night. Flint switched off the light and sat for a long time after he was gone, gazing into the gloom. Lubrey he knew was in a hole, but he had not imagined it to be as bad as this. And he felt badly for having won his friend’s last few dollars. But after reflection and thinking of the girl, he thought it for the best after all. With Lubrey removed from the field he would have a chance to win. And that Lubrey had by his actions effected this removal Flint never doubted for a moment.

Years passed away after the night of that memorable poker game. Flint, lucky at cards, lost at love, however, and Lubrey won the woman. In Lubrey’s memory that fatal poker game still rankled, and he often thought what sincere pleasure it would be to bring Flint low. Lubrey prospered on the Western wheatfields of his home, grew rich, and as his money came to him a plan presented itself whereby he might make a name and fortune for himself. And to carry out this plan he rented out his farm and moved to Chicago. And here he found Flint in his glory, a broker in the Stock Exchange, and Lubrey’s plan gained a double interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lubrey reached his home at last, went slowly into his elegantly furnished sitting-room and flung himself into a chair. He reached for an electric button and rang impatiently for a servant. At last the man came from some remote part of the house, his clumsy feet clattering along the hardwood floors.

“A brandy and soda, James, and waste no time about it,” said Lubrey irritably.

With a muttered “Yes, sir,” the servant turned and went slowly away. The time was late afternoon and the brilliant sunlight touched the crimson hangings

of the room with gold. The glass doors of a massive book-case flashed the light about the room, lessening the heavy effect of its luxuriousness. Lubrey glanced about him wearily, and wondered why the servant was not quicker with the drink. And as he sat waiting his mind went back over the past. The day had been a long and terrible one, and the wear and tear of those strenuous hours of the market were fast telling upon him. Five years had elapsed since he had come to the city, fresh from the wheat-fields of the West, and had cast his lot with the speculators of the street. A scheme born in his busy brain years before had resolved itself into his one ambition. An ambition that led him on and on in his financially successful career in stock dealings. When he finally felt himself in a position to put his plans in working order, he chose a few of his friends and laid the scheme before them. To a man they laughed at him, and Flint, his old rival, led in the opposition. Disappointed but not defeated, he set to work again to carry out the scheme. And as he worked, he swore that the first one to be caught in the toils of his plan should be Flint, who had laughed and jeered at its possibility. A year or two passed, and then the idea was perfected, and he stood at the head of a pool formed to corner that most gigantic market in the world, the wheat market. The "street" laughed in the "Pool's" face at first, but as time went on its grip began to be felt. Higher and higher the market climbed, and day after day Lubrey's fortune grew. The price of wheat went up point by point, and his daily mail was flooded with letters from the farmers of the West hailing him as the miracle worker, one who had put wealth within the easy reach of them all. But the corner had a different and dismal side. Bread was going up in price rapidly, and the poor of not only the city, but the world at large, were feeling the effects of the raise. And as the pool grew more successful the future of these people grew darker.

But Lubrey was jubilant. The corner was almost effected. In a short while he would unload his shares of the stock and retire from the field a millionaire many times over. His one ambition gratified and Flint probably wrecked financially. And then the unexpected happened and the reaction set in. Lubrey was called out of the city by the death of his brother, and immediately upon his leaving, the opposing forces, headed by Flint, began to batter down his corner. The market swayed for a day, and then grew steady. In answer to an urgent telegram from one of his partners, Lubrey left his brother's house before the funeral had even taken place and hurried over the ribbon-like miles of steel back to the street. But he was too late. The market grew unsteady, hung in the balance for a moment, and then toppled. The corner was broken one day too soon. The street had anticipated him and he was caught in his own trap, buried as it were, under bushels of the wheat he had been forcing up. The pool deserted him, unloaded on him, and he had to bear the brunt alone. Till the last fatal hours Lubrey fought against the inevitable, but the bottom had dropped out of wheat and with it he had fallen, utterly broken and ruined. But even his enemies could not fail to admire the splendid nerve of the man, who after seeing a large fortune swept away, strolled over to his suite of office rooms, dismissed the clerks and calmly locked the doors. Then strolled past the angry crowd about the office, indifferently, unconcerned, a cigar in his mouth and a smile, almost a sneer, upon his face. Unthroned and downtrodden, he was the

hero of the street still. He passed Flint, who sneered at him and said, "The fortunes of war—eh?" "Yes, d—n you," Lubrey rejoined coolly, "but I will break you yet, you and your crowd."

"Be careful," said Flint, meaningly; "there are other things to lose besides money. Perhaps you will not be able to reckon your greatest loss in dollars and cents."

The words had a sinister sound, and Lubrey hurried away. What could Flint have meant? What other loss could he have been referring to? Going to a 'phone, he ordered a carriage and drove home.

At last the servant came with the whiskey, and Lubrey mixing his drink swallowed it eagerly.

"Where is Mrs. Lubrey?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," the servant responded, "but she left a note for me to give you when you came."

"A note! that's strange," thought Lubrey as he reached for it. Broken and dragged in the dust, he had come home for comfort, and his welcome was a note! He read it over, and then again, hoping that he had made some terrible mistake in the ending. But the words stared at him from the written page, words that the years to come could never blot out of his memory. The life-beats of the city pulsed about his windows, but he heard no noise. Down there in the street the wheat storm was still raging, but he, the cause of it, had forgotten that long ago. The little note that meant so much seemed to gaze at him reproachfully. She wrote every word of it, she whom he had almost forgotten since he began to dabble in wheat. Out of the stillness that seemed to benumb his brain, the echoes of Flint's words came to him, and in the moment he understood. It was Flint once more. He rose from his chair unsteadily as a man might do in a dream. He walked over to a cabinet, took a pistol from its recesses and slipped it into his pocket. And still walking softly, he climbed the flight of stairs that led to his room. As he reached the landing he turned aside, and as he did so he gazed at his wife's room across the hall. She had gone from it her last time, he thought. He would never see her any more, she had left his world and now he, too, was leaving. To-morrow the house would be sold; he hoped vaguely that his creditors would be partly repaid. How long he stood in this manner he did not know, but finally the door swung open and his wife dressed in a traveling suit stood before him.

"You!" he cried, his voice broken with emotion, "you haven't gone?" The woman surveyed him coldly. This man had starved her soul of his love and companionship for years. For years his one thought had been wheat, wheat, wheat. But when she asked for bread a stone had been given. And yet her woman's heart went out in pity to him, because he looked so worn and broken.

"No," she answered, gently, "not yet. But why have you come home at this time of day?" she asked.

"Margaret," he said, "listen a moment. I am ruined, I have lost every dollar that I possess in the world. The corner in wheat fell through. Those cowards in the pool betrayed me, sold me to enrich themselves. I came home to find you, to get your sympathy and consolation, and I am handed this note,



I am ruined, ruined, broken in money and in spirit and sick at heart—still I love you."

The woman looked at him wonderingly. Years had passed since he had uttered words of love. Her mind went to the time of his boyish college days. A time when broken in spirit and leaving college under a cloud he had come to her for sympathy. And the words, "I love you," had been an open sesame to her treasure-house of love. And now it was the same thing over again on a larger scale. She thought that he had forgotten her existence, but he still loved her. She went to the head of the stairs and called softly to her maid:

"Jane, when the carriage comes, pay the driver and dismiss him," and then she turned to her husband, her eyes fast filling with tears.

"Dear," she said, tenderly, "it is good to hear you say those last three words, but can you ever forgive me now? Can you ever do anything but hate me for what I've tried to do?"

"Forgive you?" he said, and his voice failed him, "why, dear, I love you best in the world. It's all my fault. I've been wrapped up in this wretched wheat and I've taken too much for granted. I have loved you all my life. You are dearer to me than anything else on earth. I'm to blame. I've treated you badly, and now I've lost every dollar of our money—to-morrow everything must go to my creditors."

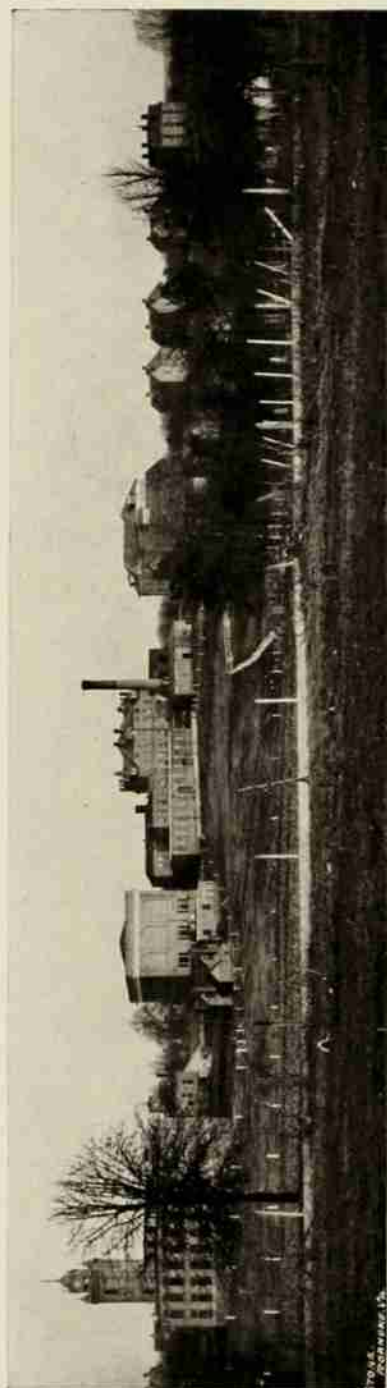
"I'm almost glad," the woman said, coming to him and putting her hands in his. "I'm tired of Chicago. I long for the old life. The vast, waving wheat-fields. The pure, free air, and you whom I love, beside me. Can't we go back to it and begin over again?"

"Yes," Lubrey said gladly, taking her into his arms. "Yes, we will forget all of this, all of it. The house can go, to-morrow we will go back to the dear old days. I forgive you, who needs not to be forgiven, and you forgive me who has sinned much. I have lost much to-day, but I still have you and am content."

They turned to the window hand in hand and faced the city. The sun was setting behind the ragged Chicago sky-line. The clamor of the city floated to them, an indistinct murmur. To-morrow the new life was to begin, the close city was to be given in exchange for the bold, open country. Lubrey drew the woman to him and kissed her; the brilliant afterglow of the sunset flooded the autumn sky and cast crimson shadows across the hall.

"Dear, dearest," he murmured, his face close to hers. And they stood there together in the twilight as the mantle of darkness fell soothingly about the tired shoulders of the city.

KENVON.



REAR VIEW OF BUILDINGS

STOVA.  
P. 15.



Thigpen to Capt. Phelps, on day of inauguration: "Captain, are we going to drill down town in overcoats?"

Captain Phelps—"No, I guess not." White, S. R. (standing to one side), "In city, I'm going to wear mine."

Captain P.—"Well, that won't make any difference, we don't let you drill down town with gentlemen, anyway."

White—"I know you don't, but I'm going down with you."

Captain P.—"No you are not, I'm particular as to whom I associate with."

White—"But you see I'm not."



Tubly Knox enters room. Ewart throws up his hands to show they are not in his pocket.



Question—"Where is Harding?" Answer (in chorus)—"At the library, of course."



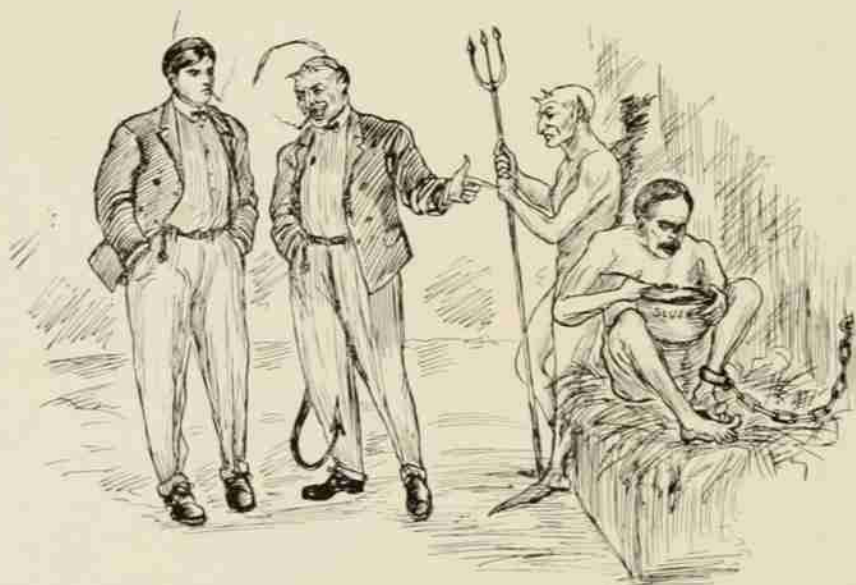
Why did the visitor find signs of Spring in Harding's manner?



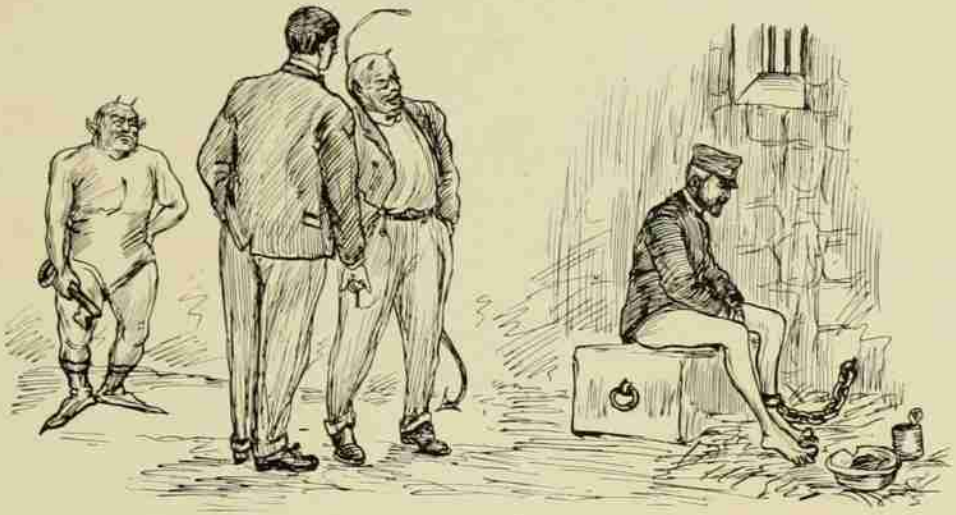
## A Trip to Hell



Young Bangs, a graduate of the A. and M. College of North Carolina, having nothing better to do accepts the invitation of his friend Mephisto, whom he had known in his college days, and visits him in his domain in the unknown. After talking over old times, he is introduced to Prince Henry, who undertakes to show him some of the sights of hell. On his trip he sees many strange sights and finds old friends in a bad way.



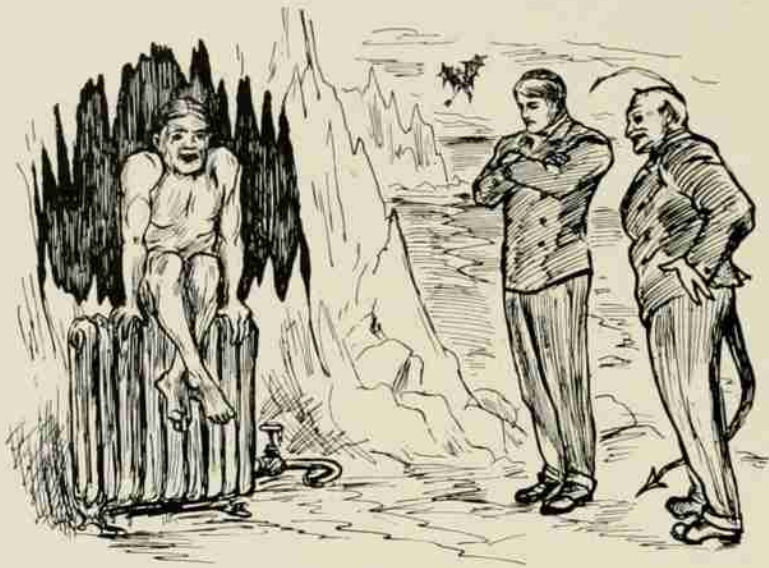
Prince Henry shows him the former Steward of the institution, who is compelled to eat the mess-hall provender he prepared for the students. Horrible fate!



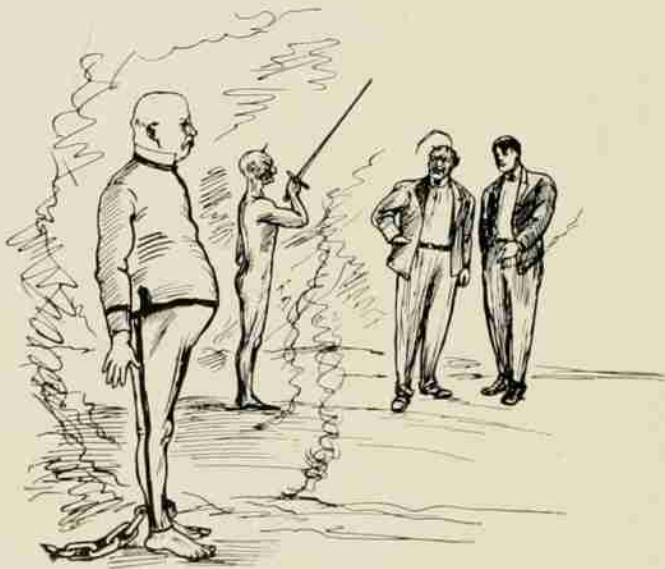
He is next shown the commandant of cadets, who is doomed to serve eternal solitary confinement.



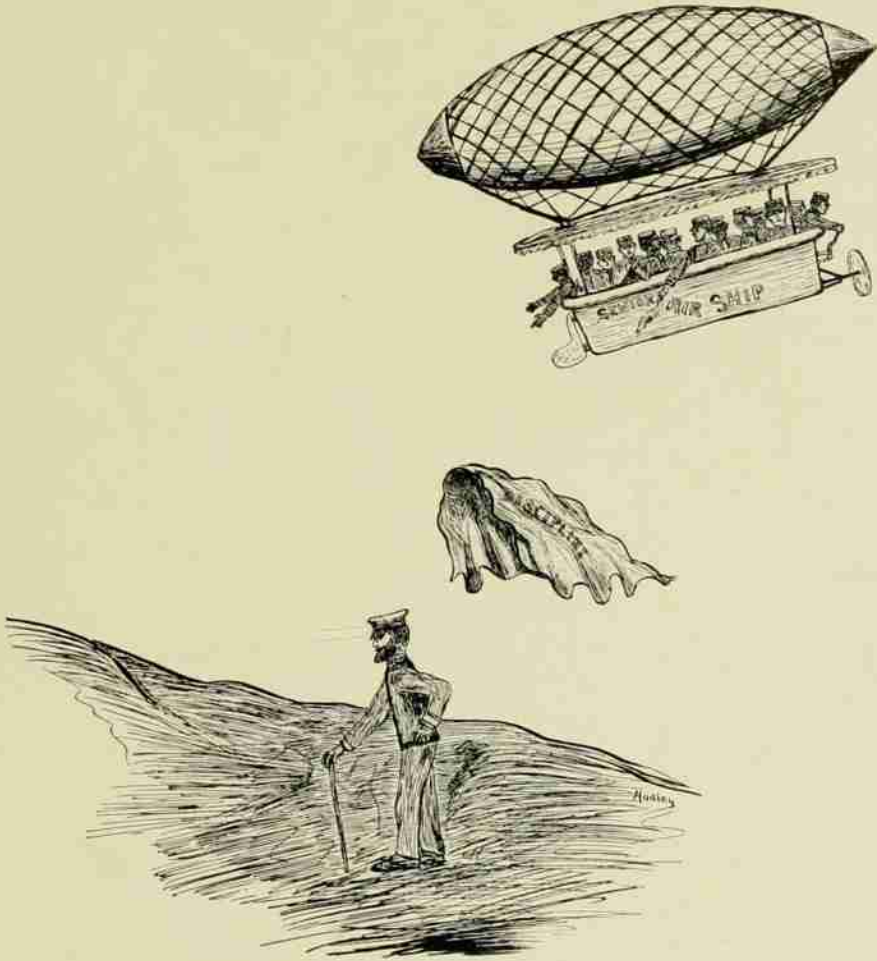
The Professor of English is compelled to listen to his own jokes.



The professor who had charge of the heating plant is placed on cold storage on one of his own radiator.



Finally they find the President, who is condemned to wear a tight-fitting and uncomfortable uniform on all occasions.



### THE FALL OF THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

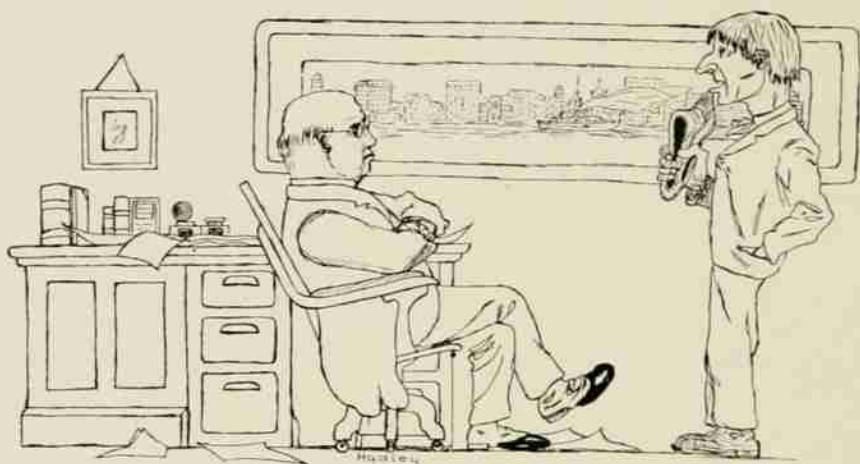
II Kings, 2 chapter II, 13, 14.

“ And it came to pass as they still went on and talked that behold \* \* \* and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

“ And he ( Elisha ) took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the banks of the Jordan.

“ And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah ? ”





Ruben Comes to College

Here is shown ye great and distinguished president examining ye candidate for admission to ye college. He asks him where is China, and for answer ye yokel pointeth his thumb in ye direction of ye aforesaid place. Ye president seeth that ye candidate knoweth all things because of this brief and true answer, and straightway hath his name entered upon ye rolls of ye aforesaid institution.

## The A. and M. Art Gallery

Being a few choice selections, depicting ye thrilling and exciting life of ye A. and M. College student. Also a few select ones depicting characteristics of people not A. and M. students.



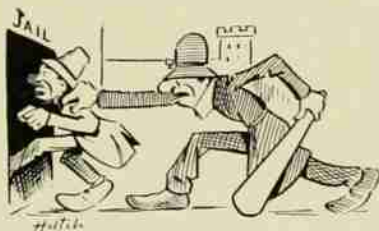
Doing business on his own hook.

### EXHIBIT ONE.

Here we see ye brave graduate having emerged into the open, doing business for himself. Notice his pleased expression.

### EXHIBIT TWO.

Here is shown ye discipline of ye college, which being chased from pillar to post and post to pillar, is finally driven to the wall. Verily a proper place for such contamination.



Driven to the Wall



A MAN OF NOTE

### EXHIBIT THREE.

Here is ye man of note. This is affectionately dedicated to Kid Wilkinson by his loving creditors.



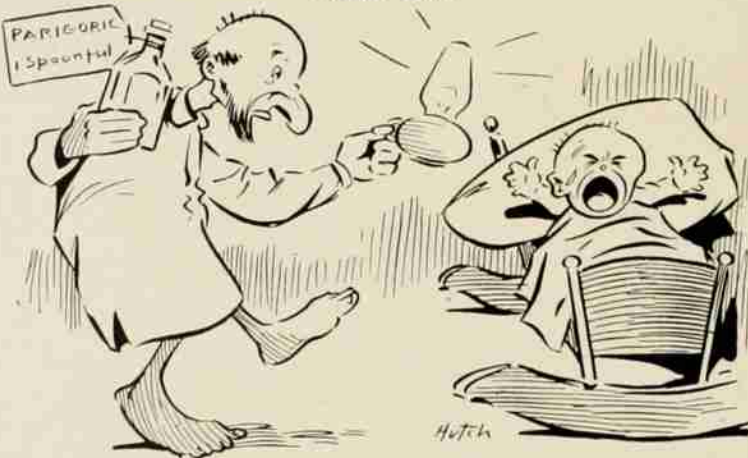
EXHIBIT FOUR.



*Taking in Washing.*

Portraying ye college laundry agent joyfully collecting ye week's washing.

EXHIBIT FIVE.



*The Souls Awakening*

Dedicated to ye Chemistry Professor, known as "Phorney." The thing in ye cradle is the piece of machinery that kept ye main building awake 'o nights last fall.



EXHIBIT EIGHT.



A MAN WITH A STERN  
APPEARANCE

Here is shown ye great chieftain, known as "old Phelps." Ye man with ye stern appearance and likewise ye wielder of ye big stick.

EXHIBIT NINE.



Surely, my friend, this must be a joke!  
Certainly it is. Can't you see the point?

Here is ye Boarding Department Trust making ye luckless student cough up for ye board. Ye student shown hath already paid full board for all the time before ye student ever entered college, but ye trust promoter, known as "Skinner," is not satisfied with ye amount and seeketh by ye gentle art of persuasion to add to ye Boarding Department's Funds.

EXHIBIT TEN.



"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys  
are Marching"

Ye bugle call having sounded ye "Fall In" ye boys prepare to take ye war-path. Ye boys won't be home until ye morning.

## Pointed Paragraphs



"The greenest of the green."—Fresh, Class.

Who said there was any graft in the Boarding Department?

"Well versed in books but shallow in himself."—Smith, J. R.

Why did Kenyon go in the pool one night and brag that he could swim a mile?

A suitable motto for some people. If you can't be fresh be as fresh as you can be.

Eskridge—"Oh, Kenyon!"

Kenyon—"Hush, Willie, my foot's asleep."

Professor Dick—"One-horse power is 33,000 foot pounds."

Judge Ewart—"Does that hold good for a mule?"

Professor—"Mr. Lynch, what are the properties of alcohol?"

Lynch, J. B.—"It has a very pleasant smell and tastes all right."

Prof. Riddick (on mechanics)—"Mr. Asbury, what is your weight?"

Asbury—"W."

Fresh at hospital—"I want some medicine."

"What kind?"

"I think I need a purgatory."

Ogburn—"Gentlemen, would you like to join the Y. M. C. A.?"

First Doc.—"Yes, my name is ——".

Second Doc.—"No, I reckon not."

First Doc.—"D——n you, why don't you join?"

First Junior.—"I see Uncle Bryant (the colored servant) has been promoted from chief trash hauler to the mess-hall." Second Junior.—"Yes, they chloroformed his old mule the other day, and his affection for the beast was so strong that Bryant was allowed to follow him."

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,  
But, break as much as you want to,  
You'll never be as busted as me."

—Kid Wilkinson.

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The Call of the Wild . . . . .	by Herritage.
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Lucille . . . . .	by Dalton.
Pilgrim's Progress . . . . .	by "Tubby" Knox.
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Ships That Pass in the Night . . . . .	by Sophomore Class.
The Crossing . . . . .	by Junior Class.
The Crisis . . . . .	by Senior Class.



# Men of Mark



## **Chambers, William Miller**

Cast his first look of authority upon a wondering public one chilly morning in 1877. He is especially noted for his fine military bearing and his steady nerves; the latter having been proven upon several occasions, the most striking of which was probably a certain dress parade, when he maintained his beautiful pose despite the fact that his best girl was sticking pins in his padded shoulders.

## **Kenyon, Arthur Templeton**

Made his debut upon earth with an appropriate remark for the occasion. At the early age of two years he gave evidence of his literary talent by tearing to pieces the family Bible, but he soon discovered that it is less painful to construct literature than to destroy it, hence his many impositions upon a patient and long-suffering public—for instance, "Bright sayings of mine." 'Twas he, instead of Omar, who said, "a book of verse, a jug of wine, and thou," but he is still looking for the "thou," who shall make for him the wilderness a paradise.

## **Knox, Starr Neeley**

Shocked the good people of Pineville by his unseemly behaviour when only a few minutes old. He insisted upon crawling under the cover to avoid inspection, saying explanatorily: "O mother, I am so ashamed with no clothes on, and all these people around." He still continues excessively modest. Undoubtedly he is a living proof of the proverb,—"Train a child up in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

## **Finch, Walter Goss**

At an early age developed an enormous appetite, to the great alarm and impoverishment of his parents. Now at the early age of twenty-two he is the fattest man and biggest eater in college. He is the only man who has ever got more than his money's worth from the mess-hall. Estimated avoirdupois, 320 pounds.

## **Wilkinson, Archie Carraway**

Came to light in the dark of the moon and consequently has never grown very much, hence his appellation of "Kid." He has been very unhappy in all of his numerous love affairs, having so far failed to find one who is willing to start a kindergarten. Intends to be a civil engineer if he ever gets

tall enough to look through a transit without having to stand on a box.

## **McIntire, Walter Hoge**

Was born when Mars was in the ascendency, which accounts for his warlike spirit. Butted into prominence at the A. and M. by endeavoring to purchase a corporal's position. He is a recognized authority on military tactics, having, at the request of the Army Tactician Board, furnished the interpretations for the new edition of infantry regulations. Is also an authority on all questions of social etiquette.

## **Smith, Jonathan Rhodes**

A little man handicapped with a big name. When only six months old he greatly surprised his parents by proving to them that a circle may be squared at infinity. Mathematics has since been his favorite amusement. He conscientiously believes he is real smart. At present he is engaged in attempting to prove mathematically that success is dependent upon the personal equation.

## **Peirce, James Hicks**

Dropped down from heaven one lovely morning in June, and has been dropping away ever since. His chief interest is in college politics, while his principal amusement consists in empty arguments. Though he came from Warsaw, the town couldn't help it. He has the distinction of being the only man in college who can dissipate all the time and still keep his babyish appearance.

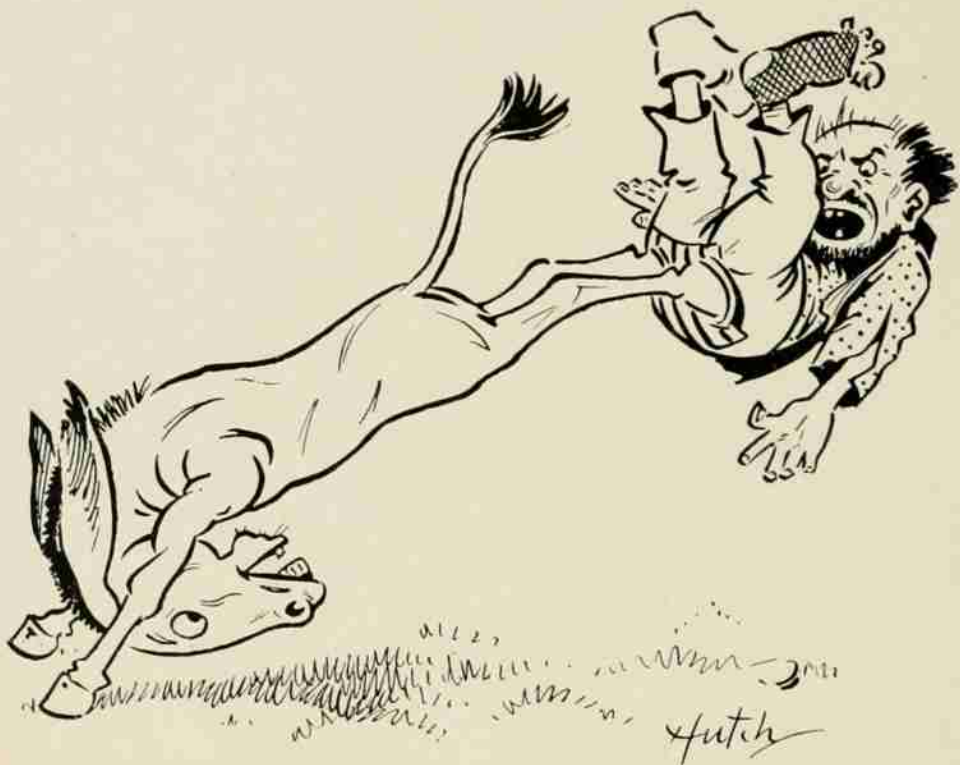
## **Stack, Erwin Blakeney**

Was born during a violent thunder-storm with the result that his tongue now moves with lightning-like rapidity. Has only recently come into the public eye, but is now famous as the man who talks faster, says less, and spends less money than any one else. Principal occupation is looking wise, and being otherwise.

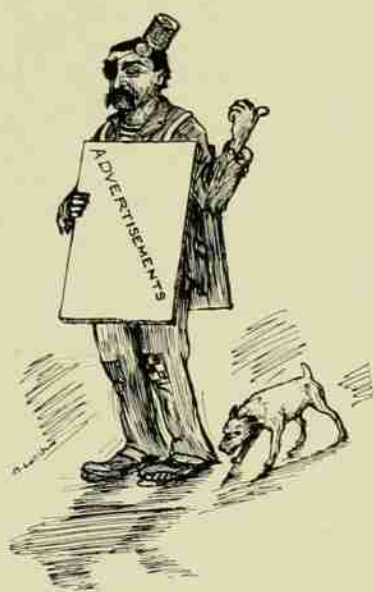
## **Viele, Sylvester Murray**

Was accidentally left out in the rain when very young and his hair rusted. Started his first rough-house by throwing his milk-bottle at the nurse. Now throws his boots at unsuspecting Freshmen. His chief fad is stenography. He is a dear, innocent little thing despite the fact that he poses as a bold, bad man from the wild and woolly West.





**THE END**



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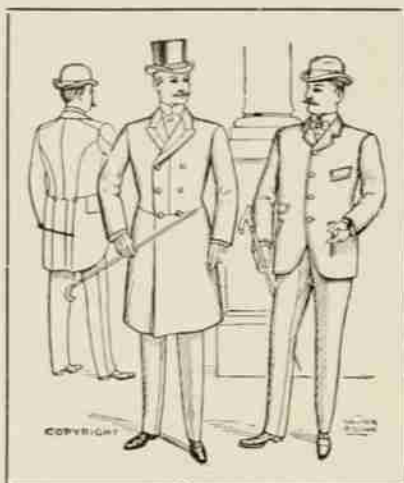
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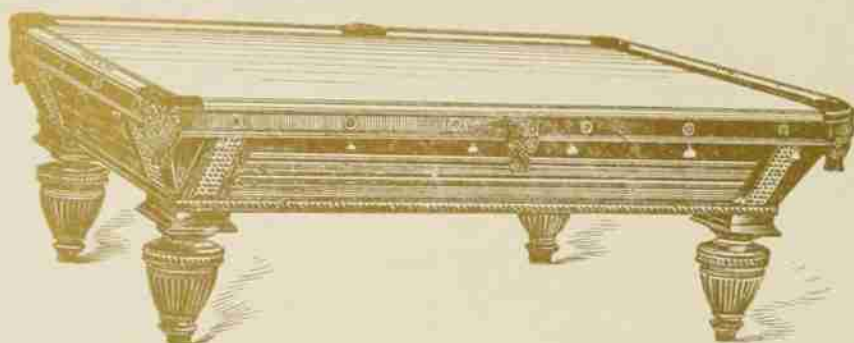
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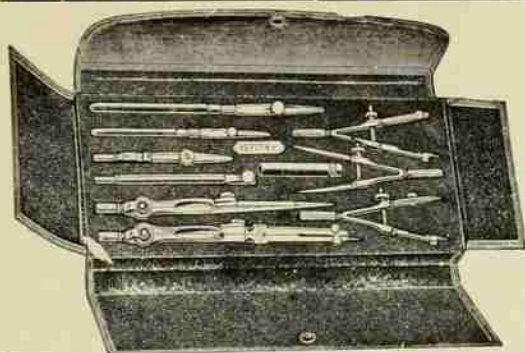
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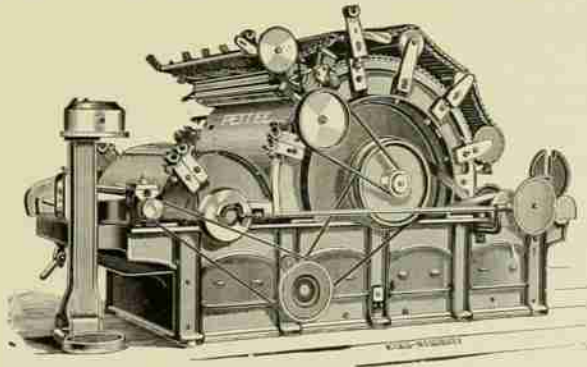
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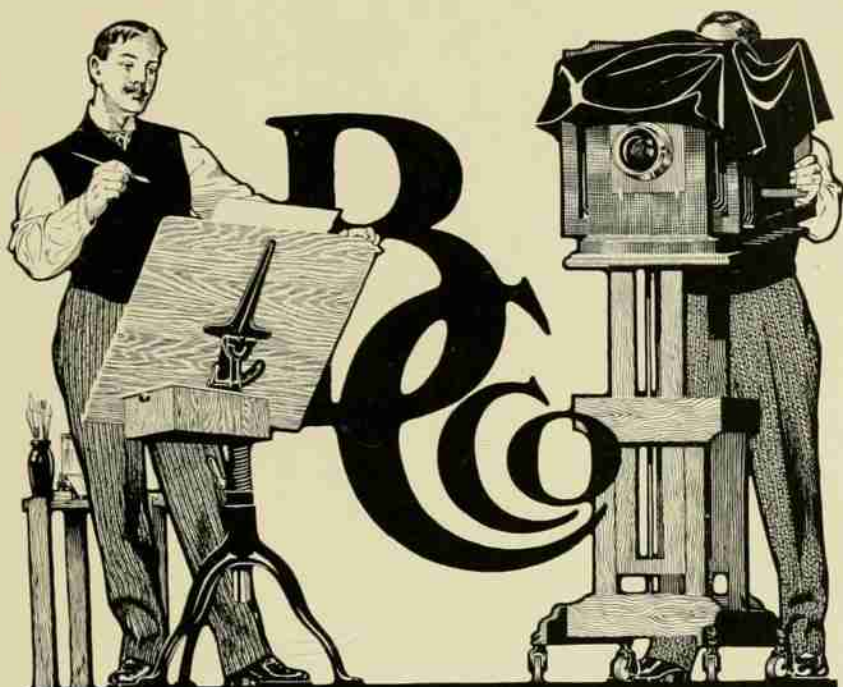
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