Dedication

We, the students of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, dedicate this edition of "The Aesculapian" to our beloved Professor and President, Doctor Willis F. Westmoreland, in recognition of our high esteem for his ability as a physician and surgeon, his sincere efforts to advance the welfare of this college and to stimulate a high regard for his profession.
A Sketch of Dr. Westmoreland’s Life

Dr. Willis F. Westmoreland was born at Milner, Ga., on July 23, 1864. He is the son of Dr. W. F. Westmoreland and Maria Jourdan Westmoreland. His father had charge of the Confederate Hospitals at Milner, Ga., being removed to that place from Atlanta, when Sherman made his attack on Atlanta. He was born in the hospital camps, and has lived in Atlanta since he was one month old.

He received his primary education at private and grammar schools, graduating from the Atlanta High School. He afterwards attended the University of Georgetown, D. C.

He began his medical education at the Atlanta Medical College in 1882, and graduated in March, 1885. He immediately went to Philadelphia to take special courses in pathology, clinical diagnosis and other medical work. A portion of the two following years was spent in New York, following the same line of special work and studying antiseptic surgery. In 1888, he was appointed lecturer on fractures and dislocations and antiseptic surgery at the Atlanta Medical College. This was one of the first courses given on antiseptic surgery in this country.

In 1891, he was elected professor of surgery and clinical surgery at this college, which position he still holds.

In 1910 he was elected president of the faculty in the same institution, and is now president of the Alumni Association of same. He has been identified with the medical and surgical progress in this state and in the south for the past twenty-five years.

In 1903 he was appointed by Dr. Hicks (then president of the Medical Association of Georgia) to prepare a bill to create a State Board of Health, and to secure a sufficient appropriation from the legislature for this purpose. This he did, the act creating the Board being passed in the summer of 1903. He was appointed a member of the State Board of Health by the governor and was elected president of the Board at its first meeting, September 10, 1903. He continuously held both positions (those of member and president) until his recent resignation. He resigned on account of irregularities existing in the Department of Health, which the Board declined to correct.

Dr. Westmoreland has been identified with many of the scientific medical societies, and has been an officer in many of them.

He was president of the Medical Association of Georgia in 1895, vice-president of the American Medical Association in 1896, President of the Tri-state Medical Association (now the Southern Medical Association) in 1896. Is surgeon to the Grady Hospital and to St. Joseph’s Infirmary.

For the last fifteen years, he has limited his work to Surgery and has contributed numerous articles to the literature of this subject. He has been married twice; first to Miss Elma Lochrane of Atlanta, and second to Mrs. Eugenia Burr of Griffin, Ga. He has two children by his first marriage. He has long been identified with the social life of Atlanta and is a member of all the prominent clubs.
Editorial Staff for 1912

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Editorial Staff for 1911

H. G. Cannon .............................................. Editor-in-Chief
J. Addison Price .......................................... Business Manager
J. Smiley Bush ............................................. Associate Editor
L. E. Morton ............................................... Art Editor
Preface

This is the second volume of our Annual. And since it is in its infancy we must adopt the "multum-in-parvo" plan. It has not grown large enough to record all the interesting happenings of the year. Our purpose, however, in the publication of this volume, is to relate the history of each class by cartoons, drawings, pictures, and writings in such a manner as that it may be referred to in later years with much interest and pleasure. This volume is also prepared in part for information and with the hope that it may bring the students and the professors of the A. C. P. and S. into closer sympathy with one another.

We have tried to mention a few of the interesting incidents of the year 1911–12 and trust that no offense will be taken on part of professor or student. They are not intended as "knocks" but as pegs from which we can hang our memory chains, and thus recall in days to come the varied ups and downs of our college life.

To those who have in some manner contributed to the success of this edition of The Aesculapian we extend our warmest thanks.

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Miss Cornelie Cunningham, Ph.G.
Vandalism Vindicated

Know ye that the world's a garden vast and varied,
   Where human flowers bud and bloom;
That their life is but a blush of beauty,
   Then they fade and death's their doom?

So haste ye out among life's flowers
   To gather rose-buds while ye may,
Dare to rape their thorn-bound beauty
   Since they blow and blight the self-same day.

   Smiley Bush.
Harry Lee Boggs .......................................................... Rome, Ga.
"The end must justify the means."

Julien Cary Pate ....................................................... Hawkinsville, Ga.
Of the genial Julien it can fittingly be said "He is first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his classmates."

Officers and Committees of the Senior Class

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"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

William Lee Ballenger ................... Avalon, Ga.

"A man is but what he knoweth."

Ira Floyd Bean ............................ Fort Pierce, Fla.

"His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

Lewis Beason ............................. Heflin, Ala.

"Famine is in thy face."

Edgar Burton Beaver ......... Chattanooga, Tenn.

"God offers every man his choice between work and repose."
Buford Cosby Bird ........................ Colquitt, Ga.
"Few persons have courage to appear as good as they really are."

"The simple, silent, selfish man is worth a world of tonguesters."

Haynes Brinson ............................ Cecil, Ga.
"Wisdom and virtue combined in one."

Alfred Brown ............................... New York City
"Live or die, sink or swim."

Howard Bucknell ............................ New York City, N. Y.
"He seemed for dignity composed and high exploit."

"I value silence—none can prize it more."

James Edmund Calhoun Atlanta, Ga.

"Fear not for the future, weep not for the past."

Henry Grady Cannon Conyers, Ga.

"Happy, thoughtful, kind and true."

Daniel Theophilus Cappleman Brooksdale, Fla.

"Neat, not gaudy."

Daniel Matthews Carter Atlanta, Ga.

"The ladies call him sweet."
Ben Hill Clifton ................................ Lyons, Ga.

"A healthy mind in a healthy body."

William Gregg Crumley ...................... Atlanta, Ga.

"Every hero becomes a bore at last."

Noble Camp Doss .............................. Rome, Ga.

"O that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace."

Nathan Dykes ................................. Cochran, Ga.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Alvin Quincy English ....................... Plant City, Fla.

"Your word is as good as a bank, Sir."
John William Baker Fitts ........ LaGrange, Ga.

"Deeds, not words."


"There is no favor he will not do."

Goodwin Gheesling ............. Greensboro, Ga

"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

Aaron Godwin ................... Muscadine, Ala

"Do not swear at all."

Aristophane Graham ............ Encutta, Miss.

"My books, my best companions are."
Frank G. Granger..................Cotton Wood, Ala.

"A noble boy, a brave, freehearted careless one."


"We are charmed by neatness of person."

Thomas Frederick Guffin............Powder Springs, Ga.

"A beautiful face is a silent commendation."

John LaFayette Harrison..............Winnsboro, S. C.

"Every man has his fault, and honesty is his."

Evans Lewis Huggins....................Lockhart, Ala.

"My heart is as pure as steel"
Jesse Weathers Humber
Lumpkin, Ga.
"Ambition has no rest."

Chester A. Hutchinson
Wise, Va.
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Joe Cephus Johnston
Troy, Ala.
"One ear heard it, at the other out it went."

William Russell King
Martin, Ga.
"The love he bore to learning was in fault."

Frank Pickens Lindley
Powder Springs, Ga.
"Life, what art thou without love?"

"As sweet a lad as anyone shall see in a summer’s day."

Charles Marcellus Mashburn . . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.

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

Henry Woodfin Minor . . . . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.

"You are the talk of all the town."

Oscar Lee Miller . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Carnesville, Ga.

"Work is his recreation."

Velpeau Robert Nobles . . . . . . . . Pensacola, Fla.

"By constant dripping a drop of water hollows out a rock."
WILLIAM DOUGLAS OLIVER ............ Atlanta, Ga.

"The cause is hidden, but the result is known."

WILLIAM HOMER PIRKLE ............ Cummings, Ga.

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."

WILLIAM LOWRY PRESSLY ............ Due West, S. C.

"Of manners gentle, of affection mild; in wit a man; in simplicity, a child."

JAMES ADDISON PRICE ............ Farmington, Ga.

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

WILLIAM JESSE ROBBINS ............ Birmingham, Ala.

"All men commend patience tho' few be willing to practice it."
John Gordon Saggus...Crawfordville, Ga.

"You can't judge a horse by his harness."

John Starr Sappington...West Point, Ga.

"For a desperate disease, a desperate remedy."

Homer Talmage Scott...Greenville, S. C.

"From what hid mountains, doth thy joyance flow."

William Olva Shepard...Colquitt, Ga.

"Children use the fist until they are of age to use the brain."

Clarence Toombs Skipper...St. Augustine, Fla.

"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."
Thomas Henry Stokes. Pensacola, Fla.

"Experience teaches slowly and at the cost of mistakes."


"Two are better than one."

Daniel Curd Trigg. Fort Worth, Texas

"The warmth of genial courtesy. The calm of self reliance."


"Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear."

Carl Hugh Verner. Martin, Ga.

"Handsome is that handsome does."
Hugh Wesley Wade................. Quitman, Ga.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Cornelius Edward Ware......... West Point, Ga.

"Slavery is but half abolished."

Guy Oslin Whelchel.............. Comer, Ga.

"There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse."

Benjamin Lewis White............ Round Oak, Ga.

"A moment's thing is an hour in words."

William Edward White............ Greenville, S. C.

"'Tis not a life; 'tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."
WILLIAM FALL WIGGINS................Atlanta, Ga.

"This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an education of itself to look upon."

RALPH LEE WILLIAMS..............West Point, Ga.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

WILLIAM LOWE WOODROOF.............Newnan, Ga.

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."

CARL WINDSOR EDMONDS............LaGrange, Ga.

"Out, loathed medicine; fated potion, hence."
Senior Class History

Our motto is "The advancement of medicine." When this extract of Aesculapian meditation was propounded to the class of 1912 in solemn conclave in the fastnesses around the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, it was heartily adopted as embodying their highest aspiration: "This way to immortal fame." We shall attempt to recount the first four stages of this triumphal march in such of what Longfellow calls the "fragrance of heroic deeds."

The poet writes, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and we concur with him after the adversity has passed. In our first stages as Freshmen, trouble was our lot. We could not expect fame without a battle? The discipline of this year has added much to our laurels. Let us trace its far reaching influences on our chosen band. There was developed among us several noted sharks (scholars) both in recitation and argument, especially the latter; indeed the whole class were adepts at this before the year ended. Such was the quality of their argument, that on examination day, several new theories were propounded to our professors.

Often practice in voice culture becomes monotonous, and the voices tiresome. Thanks to the class of 1911, the enthusiasm in this field never was suffered to lag among our members. Almost morning practices of such masterpieces as "No not one;" "Have you got my letter," etc., were heard. Moreover this careful training did not fail to give evidence of itself in musical circles, for the class of 1912 furnished one of the members of the Glee Club.

But why should I write of all the mighty deeds of the class of 1912 during this, the first term of its history. After the holidays the time rolled rapidly by, and there began to loom up in the distance, dimly at first, it is true, but gradually more and more clearly, that glorious time when we should become Sophs. Thus we set our minds steadfastly, and putting up a bold front against our adversaries, slowly but surely battle our way towards this goal of our fondest ambition.

Our Sophomore year opened up with our class slightly diminished in size; but our stoutness of heart more than made up for our deficiency in numbers. Immediately after our arrival, we took in charge the hundred or more harmless Freshmen who were thrown upon our tender mercies and cared for them with a kindly interest that can be explained only by our largeness of heart.

To us, the principal event during the spring term was the annual banquet given by the Faculty at the Piedmont Hotel. After this had occurred the remaining few days passed rapidly and uneventfully. For so thoroughly had we broken the
spirits of the Freshmen and professors, and with iron rule did we hold them in sub-
jection, that they caused not the slightest disturbance: until in the monotony of
our unbroken sway, we wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. But,
lulled into a feeling of security by our lordly dominion, we were entirely unaware of
the great attack which our old enemies, the professors, were secretly preparing
against us. Consequently when the spring examinations came, we were attacked
so fiercely that, despite our most strenuous efforts, we were put to rout and many
of our number were forced to retire from the fray.

Our Junior year opened up with seventy-five answering to their names as the
roll was called. We had now passed the third mile stone of college life, and having
in turn, experienced the life of the green Freshman and the foolish Sophomore, were
evolved into an altogether different product, possessing none of the characteristics
of the two stages. We had become more serious and more thoughtful, and were
fairly on toward dignity which would characterize us as Seniors.

A refining process is a gradual one. Our class has been reduced from ninety-
eight to sixty-seven. We have stood fires of every description, from the intermit-
tent fires of Sophomoric activity, to the incessant fusillade of interrogative ordi-
nance kept up by the faculty. Through it all we have passed with a few scratches:
some of course have fallen never to rise in our history, others have risen and by
midnight vigils are winning victory out of defeat. Let us look with retrospective
eyes on the past.

With the past of which 1912 can boast, who will dare predict a future short of
magnificence in achievement? Search our records and see if we are not on the way
to immortal fame and see if we are not a class that will honor its motto.

Let us then, bearing in mind our motto and remembering what we have already
accomplished, press on to greater things, until in the fullest sense we have come
"from the least to the greatest."

Julien C. Pate.
Some Puns on the Seniors

One of the “P. & S.” professors decided to compare the papers of the Senior class in the mid-term examinations in order to determine which was the best. After a careful examination, he found that they were Allgood.

After eating a Bean for his lunch, he put a Beaver on his Pate, shouldered his Cannon, and one would think (to see him stirring about amongst the Bush) that he was a King among Bird hunters and was going to give the Robbins Fits.

He saw a Shepard standing on one of the Dykes, but, thinking he was a Granger who would know about the Boggs, asked him if he must Wade through the next field to the place owned by the Miller. He was referred to the Gardner, who was trying to get a Gheesling (sometimes called gosling) back into the chicken yard. This man being what is technically known as a dago, told him to Skipper right down the lane and Turner to the left till he came to a house with a Woodroof owned by a Carter, who would direct him. By this time he was Brown with dust from his travels, and no one would have taken him to be a White man. He may have Ben White when he started, but you would never have guessed it. However, the Carter told him his trouble would soon Ware off after a short acquaintance with the wash pan. He was very hungry by this time, but had not the Price of a Graham wafer. The good man, however, told him that that was of Minor importance, and that if he could put up with the dry bread he had, he was welcome to it. Although the bread was rather Crumley, he was glad to get it, and refrained from “knocking” that which was set before him.

The Carter explained that his name was Oliver, and that his family was descended from a long line of English Nobles. As it was now getting late, the professor decided to go home. On his way, he was bemoaning his hard luck in not getting any game, when who should he meet but a bunch of Seniors, among whom were Ballenger (not the one who wrote the $5.50 book on the Nose, Throat and Ear, however), Beason, Bradford (not of the Bradford-Lovett combination who wrote the Orthopedic Surgery though), Brinson, Bucknell, Calhoun, Cappleman, Clifton, Doss, Edmondson, Godwin, Greer, Guffin, Harrison, Huggins, Humber, Hutchinson, Johnston, Lindley, Pirkle, Pressly, Saggus, Sappington, Stokes, Trigg, Verner, Whelchel, Wiggins and Williams (not the one who wrote the work on Obstetrics).

After arriving at his home, he decided to take a drink of “Sour-mash,” but not being used to fire-water, said: “Great Scott! don’t a Mashburn!” He said to his wife: “I’m so tired. I can hardly Todd-le and I hope you will let Malone until I can take a nap.”

L. E.
The Man Who Just Gets Through

I

Some, sing of the student victorious,
Who never doth fail ninety-five,
Who bears off the honors so glorious
And ceaselessly nightly doth strive;
But there's one who is shamefully treated
Regardless how good or how true,
And few praise that unsung hero,
The man who just gets through.

II

The man who flunks out right boldly
With hardly a single pass,
And sticks to the card and the bottle
Who is known as both forward and fast,
Many who seeing will sing,
'Tis but his hot blood showing true,
But never excuse will they bring
For the man who just gets through.

III

The world has its shadows and failures
But none more appeals to me
Than the treatment of the second-class student
In accordance with its decree.
So! here's a cry for justice
That whatever people may do
They may honor hereafter those heroes,
The men who just get through.

L'ENVOI

Prince, thou strong ruler of justice,
Heed to the lament of the few,
And give thy just praise forever
To the man who just gets through.

J. C. P.
Class Officers

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Class Roll

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Barron, H. A. .......................................................... Ezzard, Thos. M. .......................................................... Kemp, Roy C.
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Bishop, W. D. .......................................................... Goodwyn, T. P. ......................................................... McClelland, J. F.
Brock, D. F. ............................................................... Harris, E. C. ............................................................. McIntosh, L. C.
Camp, R. T. .............................................................. Hawkins, J. Roy .......................................................... Martin, J. J.
Carter, D. E. ............................................................. Henry, Henderson ....................................................... Mathews, W. L.
Carter, H. G. ............................................................. Hobbs, W. A. ............................................................. Mays, R. E.
Castellaw, G. O. ....................................................... Hodges, W. A. .......................................................... Melvin, L. C.
Clinkscales, J. F. ........................................................ Holton, C. F. Jr. ......................................................... Miller, S. H.

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Class Roll—Continued

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Muse, L. H.  Rogers, F. W.  Vickers, C. T.
Niles, W. H.  Rountree, J. O.  Watson, A. A.
Odom, M. M.  Sauls, H. C.  Whitten, B. O.
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Penn, B. W.  Shanks, E. D.  Williams, P. L.
Pettigrew, G. C.  Sims, M. R.  Wofford, W. E.
Phillips, H. K.  Sinkovitz, S. J.  Wood, Kenneth
Pitman, J. F.  Smith, A. H.  Wright, E. H.
Pittman, C. S.  Stegall, P. A.  Wright, R. E.
Pritchett, D. W.  Tippins, H. L.
Junior Class History

The history of the Junior class dates back to the fall of the year 1909—a never-to-be-forgotten day in our lives, when we launched out upon our medical career, and said to the world; "This is my chosen profession." Since that time many have been the achievements and successes of the class as a whole and of its individual members, even though the trials and tribulations have not been few, at the same time, they have but added spice to the conflict and bred a greater determination in our minds to accomplish that which we set out to achieve. Time and space will not permit a detailed account of these historic facts, which, no doubt, would make interesting reading; but, lest we consume too much of the valuable time of our busy professional brothers, who may read these pages, we shall compile our record somewhat in the form of that familiar book among medical students popularly known as the compend.

As soon as a goodly number had placed their names on the Freshman class roll, a class meeting was called and the election of class officers was the first order of business. Every one began to look around at his neighbors for a suitable man for president. Finally a handsome big fellow on the back seat, probably because of his resemblance to President Taft, was pushed to the front and hailed as chief. This man did his duty faithfully and well, and inspired the timid and wavering Freshman on toward the higher goal, and with a femur as a "big stick" helped us batter through many doors in osteology. A few of our number, however, became frightened at the noise of the conflict and left for parts unknown.

As we passed into the second quadrant of the medical cycle, we were a little more confident of our individual strength, and selected a leader whose longitudinal dimensions enabled him to count the voters without standing on the benches. He had this duty to perform many times for class meetings were a part of our regular schedule. Matters of varied interests were taken up and discussed most learnedly by the "young doctors," and our decisions laid before the faculty for their endorsement. We demanded our rights on all occasions and heeded no advice from other sources, while the eyes of the faculty were opened with amazement at the demands made upon them. As we approached the Junior shore and demanded a safe landing, we were confronted by a fierce onslaught from the professors. This caused us to realize that our demands did not count for much, and we meekly accepted the inevitable results. Many of our number were swept overboard in the contest, but, by determined effort, some were able to swim ashore, while others reached other ports in safety.
When this awful conflict was passed over and our fleet safely implanted on the Junior shore, we began to get a glimpse of the true nature of work that was expected of us and, almost with one accord, we began to delve down to the rock bottom of medicine. We are beginning to realize that the medical man has responsibilities on his shoulders that no other man has, and it is gratifying to see how well these duties are being assumed in our midst. As the time passes we can but feel ourselves being irresistibly drawn into the great brotherhood of body healers, and the good fellowship incident thereto is manifest on all sides. When the final record of the class of 1913 is made up, there is promise of it being one unsurpassed by any that has gone before; and even this, we believe, will be but the beginning of far nobler history that is sure to follow.

The Doctor of Medicine

The degree of Doctor of Medicine was first conferred in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The first recorded instance occurred in the year 1329, when Wilhelm Gordenio received the degree of Doctor of Arts and of Medicine at the College of Asti, Italy. Soon after this date, the degree was conferred by the University of Paris.

The Cause of So Many Diseases

In those remote ages that preceded the dawn of civilization, human beings in the opinion of scientists, were remarkably healthy and remarkably unconversational. Man had few words and few diseases—all the words and diseases he needed, to be sure, but not enough to satisfy him as soon as he began to discover the possible complexities of being a civilized creature. In proportion as he advanced in civilization, he increased his vocabulary, and added to his distempers, although whether he found new maladies to fit new words or invented new words to describe new maladies is a detail that can never be definitely decided. Whatever the process, the importance of disease to conversation has become so firmly established that the present ambition of the world to eliminate disease threatens, without meaning it, to eliminate conversation.
Class Officers

D. W. Register .................................................. President
J. A. McAllister .................................................. Vice-President
W. Lloyd Aycock ............................................... Class Editor and Historian
B. T. Beasley .................................................... Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

Adams, J. L. ......................................................
Allen, E. W. ......................................................
Anthony, J. R. ..................................................
Arthur, J. F. .....................................................
Aycock, W. L. .....................................................
Baggett, L. G. ....................................................
Bagley, Geo. W. .................................................
Bailey, C. B. ......................................................
Beasley, B. T. .....................................................
Beggs, John M. ...................................................
Bickford, H. E. ...................................................
Biggs, E. L. .......................................................  
Blackshear, T. J. Jr. ...........................................
Bolton, H. H. Jr. ................................................
Brown, C. C. ......................................................
Brown, S. T. ......................................................
Burch, J. G. ......................................................
Butner, H. A. ....................................................
Byrd, J. L. .......................................................  
Caldwell, A. F. ...................................................
Calloway, J. T. ...................................................
Caraker, C. T. Jr. ...............................................  
Carr, J. H. .......................................................  
Cawthon, W. D. .................................................
Cheshire, S. L. ...................................................
Childs, J. R. .....................................................  
Coffee, W. P. ....................................................
Corley, F. L. .....................................................
Davis, B. B. .....................................................
DuPree, Geo. W. ................................................
Eaddy, O. A. .....................................................
Ferguson, D. Jr. .................................................

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Class Roll—Continued

Knight, J. P.
Loden, G. L.
Lynch, C. S.
McAllister, J. A.
McClure, R. E.
McCoy, H. S.
Mathews, L. B.
Nisbet, T. W. Jr.
Nyun, Maung K.
Patterson, Jardine C.

Pearce, M. H.
Penton, John R.
Poucher, A. A.
Rawiszer, Hubert
Register, D. W.
Robles, H. C.
Rushin, C. E.
Sanchez, B. H.
Smith, H. A.
Spiers, W. H.

Taylor, C. Q.
Thomas, W. C.
Tillman, G. C.
Vermilye, J. H.
Webb, Fred L.
Wilkinson, W. L.
Williford, G. G.
Wood, W. L.
Workman, C. H.
History of Sophomore Class

I have found the task of writing a history extremely difficult, not that it has no history, but rather that every man in the class has so much history it is hard to select just a few facts which would prove our arguments.

Our class was born just in the cotton picking season and a great many of the boys were very much disappointed when they found they could not earn their spending money after school hours picking cotton on some farm adjoining the college. (The reader will notice that the writer is starting the men off working in the fields and splitting rails. This is done that they may become great men just a little later in the story.)

A hundred and sixteen of us landed here in 1910. A strong and healthy bunch of lads, our hands so brawny that we could hardly handle the delicate instruments which we would be required to use in the laboratories—but our fingers would soon become trained to the utmost delicacy. (Of course all the men did not have to train their nerves to delicacy. Some of them were already trained and some of them were already delicate—from many causes. One man, for instance, who had been a flea trainer in a circus had no trouble in managing the many tubes of germs he was given to fool with—but to make the story run good and because the sentence, “our fingers would soon become trained” sounded good we make it appear that they all had to be trained.)

In the beginning of our first year we organized ourselves for the purpose of making some great discoveries and particularly petitioning the faculty for a holiday every time a circus came to town. Committees on all the higher subjects known to our science were appointed; but at the end of our first year they all reported that, owing to a lack of time, etc., they had been unable to accomplish anything. Up to the present time they have reported no marvelous achievements, but I am sure that before the end of our Sophomore year some of us will have something great to announce to an eagerly waiting public, and if we learn of these things too late to publish them in this year’s Annual, next year’s book will have a complete account of it. (The reader’s attention is again called to the writer’s ingenuity. You see he makes a most excellent excuse for the failure of the class to do the many great things it expected to do, and at the same time places the reader in a state of “intensified anticipation” so that he can hardly wait for the 1912-13 Aesclapian.)

Our first vacation was spent “back on the farm” every one trying to lay by him enough of the “circulating meum” for a second siege. However, many of us came back just as broke as ever. We have been unable so far to find a man who did well enough during the summer to make a friendly loan to an “author” very much in need, as they usually are.

Our second year’s work has revealed many things, chief among them the fact that we so not know quite so much as we thought we did the first day we entered college. If this enormously rapid decrease goes on till our Senior year it is hard to say whether we will know anything or everything.
The Siren

Poor fool! his all he spent for her Siren sake;
Dreaming her possession only for himself could be;
But exhausted he fell among the bones of dead men,
Who had fared the sterile way quite as far as he.

Thus the red rose of passion wrecks the lives of men;
Setting mind, soul, body, a furious, fearful pace,
As they pursue its blood-bought beauty to the uttermost
To find it only in the shadow of Death's awful face.

Smiley Bush.
Class Officers

E. K. DeLoach ............................................. President
H. M. Davison .............................................. Vice-President
R. A. Hill ................................................. Secretary
H. M. Moore ................................................ Historian
J. E. Todd .................................................... Treasurer
L. G. Parham ................................................. Editor
E. H. Greene ................................................ Assistant Editor

Class Roll

Akridge, H. L. ........................................ Clark, J. H.
Allen, W. H. ........................................... Cofe, O. S.
Atherton, H. G. ......................................... Copeland, S. M.
Barfield, Forest M. .................................... Corbitt, H. T.
Binion, Richard ......................................... Crow, H. E.
Bivings, F. C. ........................................... Daves, F. E.
Blair, J. L. ................................................ Davison, H. M.
Boling, J. R. ................................................ Day, C. A.
Bracewell, W. V. ......................................... DeLaPerriere, G. H.
Bradley, B. P. ............................................ DeLoach, E. K.
Brice, E. H. ................................................ Dempsey, D. T.
Briscoe, C. D. ............................................. Denney, T. H.
Brooks, G. A. .............................................. Dicks, Reid
Bryson, J. L. Jr. .......................................... Dillard, J. A.
Burnette, E. W. ........................................... Duke, J. B.
Buxton, R. E. ............................................. Ellis, C. L.
Carey, W. C. ................................................ Fortune, D. E.
Carter, Wm. N. ........................................... Gaines, C. B.
Chestein, Wm. S. ........................................ Gibson, R. B.
Childs, R. C. ............................................... Greene, E. H.

Griffith, W. W. ........................................ Grzebienski, Thomas W.
Grzebienski, Thomas W. ............................... Kea, T. B.
Guinn, A. J. ................................................ Guthrie, N. J.
Hall, W. L. .................................................. Hartley, J. M.
Hansard, J. R., Jr. ....................................... Haygood, M. F.
Hemingway, J. D. ........................................ Hemingway, J. D.
Henton, V. L. .............................................. Hickson, M. L.
Hill, R. A. ................................................... Holtz, Louis
Hopkins, P. M. ............................................ Hopkins, P. M.
Horne, H. F. ................................................ Horton, C. C.
Johnson, J. L. ............................................. Johnson, W. A.
Jordan, W. B. ............................................. Kane, Thomas J.
Kaylor, S. D. ............................................... Kea, T. B.
Kimsey, W. W. ........................................... Kimsey, W. W.
Lawson, E. L. ............................................. Lawrence, E. L.
Lewis, P. M. ................................................ McCallister, Archie
McElroy, J. W. ........................................... McElroy, J. W.
McLendon, L. L. ......................................... McLendon, L. L.
McWhorter, W. B. ...................................... McWhorter, W. B.
Malone, O. T. ............................................. Malone, O. T.
Mashburn, M. ............................................. Mashburn, M.
Matheson, D. N. ......................................... Matheson, D. N.
Meeks, J. L. ................................................ Meeks, J. L.
Meeks, Wm. T. ............................................ Meeks, Wm. T.
Meriwether, W. W. ..................................... Meriwether, W. W.
Milam, W. L. ............................................. Milam, W. L.
Milford, J. C. ............................................. Milford, J. C.

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Milner, L. O. v
Moore, H. M.
Mullins, Glenn
Murrow, R. H. v
Newman, Wm. A.
O'Hara, A. M. v
O'Neil, Richard T.
Parham, J. B.
Parham, L. G.
Partain, T. J. v
Pate, J. W. Jr. v
Payne, L. T. v
Pearson, R. J.
Pennington, L. E.
Phillips, H. O. v
Phillips, W. P.

Piper, B. L. v
Powell, J. E.
Randolph, W. T.
Ray, E. C. v
Redfearn, W. T.
Reeser, G. M.
Rentz, L. S.
Rentz, W. C.
Riden, V. B. v
Rowan, W. W.
Rubin, Samuel N.
Rumbley, H. M.
Sanders, F. H.
Sharpton, B. T.
Shaw, L. W.
Shotts, Thos. D.

Smith, Lee E. v
Spencer, Jack J.
Standifer, R. E.
Styles, Oscar R.
Taylor, T. W.
Thompson, E. F.
Tillis, W. L.
Timmons, C. C.
Timothy, H. W.
Todd, J. E.
Umstead, D. S.
Upshaw, H. L.
Ussery, T. S.
Vansant, J. P.
Verner, J. D. Jr.

Waas, G. H.

Waddell, S. C.
Ward, Emmett
Warth, T. J.
Webb, J. N.
Wells, B. T.
Whitehead, C.
Whitfield, C. A.
Whitley, L. L.
Williams, H. J.
Wilson, T. W.
Wood, J. G.
Wood, W. B.
Wynne, C. G.
History of the Freshman Class

Cheer up, Doctors of 1915! The exams are over and we shall have a rest until next fall when we shall return to enter upon our Sophomore year.

When we entered school last September we found the register of 1915 class numbered something like one hundred and forty-one, but alas, some have fallen by the wayside, some shot to pieces and others who did not appreciate the delicate odor of the dissecting room.

We still have a great majority whom we expect to answer “Here’’ next September.

A few weeks after school opened and the boys had gotten somewhat acquainted with one another, we assembled in the materia medica room and elected officers for the year. E. K. DeLoach was elected president, Hal M. Davison, vice-president, Roy A. Hill, secretary, J. F. Todd, treasurer and Henry M. Moore, historian. With these gentlemen—the writer excepted—to lead us, we had every reason to make a record for the coming Freshman classes.

In athletics, patriotism and general devilment, the class of 1915 has ranked among the first. We have organized a base ball team which we are proud of. We have stuck together on all class matters, though there came near being a civil war on the subject of when we would cut Christmas, but our able president suggested a compromise which was accepted by both sides. As to what our ball team has done you will find that on the sporting page of the daily papers.

We have representatives in the three fraternities of the College and predict that the frat members will have reason to be proud of them and always happy to extend the glad hand of fellowship. There was some talk of a non-frat society but the non-frat men decided that as there was now no issue, it would be better to let matters continue harmoniously as they have in the past.

The Freshman class of 1915 will have cause to be proud of another event. The Thorax Club was founded by this class. It consists of twelve members, three from each frat, three from the non-frats; each member a rib—The Club is strictly a Freshman Club and will be continued as such. Object of club is to promote class spirit and maintain harmony. Among such a large number of men you would naturally expect representatives from numerous States and men of various occupations. We have them. From the far North, the Pacific Coast, the Land of Flowers and almost every State. We even have a noted feudist from Breathitt County, Kentucky. So far, he has only shot the professors. The trades and professions are well represented too. We have blacksmiths, soldiers, preachers—though no one would ever guess it—and nearly every pharmacist in the State is now studying medicine in our class.

We do not mean to slight our famed evangelist singer. He of the pious air. Also there are traveling men in the ranks and I think I heard some one say there was an agricultural gentleman also, but the writer does not vouch for the statement.

In athletics we are well represented. Several of the men have their letter which they won on the field of sport in foot ball, base ball, and track.
We have men both short and tall, large and small. Poetry unintentional.
In the hurly-burly of election for some reason the class prophet was not elected, so it falls to my lot to prophecry the glorious future.
If the class is as great on putting man together as they are on taking him apart they will make a world-wide name. Already none of the members have found new and hitherto unknown parts of man. For example we have the “nerves of Todd.” Our late Dr. Dicks discovered a bone with “two shafts and two Extreemeties.”
Altogether this is a strange and wonderful class.
The motto of the class is “Do it now!” Class song “My only books were woman’s looks and follies all she’s taught me.” Colors, any color so it is red. Style, derby.
I will now turn to the class room where some of our worst moments were spent. In Dr. Grant’s room we were ever afraid to whisper as he knew each man by sight and name and would be sure to shoot him if his eye, ear or tongue strayed. In Dr. Bachman’s room we always were sure of a little dry humor with some spice from Dr. Hasting. Dr. Papez was the jolly man over and over, over and over, millions and millions and millions of times. Dr. Aven was the Freshman’s friend and gave them much good advice and “tuff exams.” Our space does not permit that we go in detail.
We have an excellent faculty and hope that each student will do his part, and then we are assured of success. Of course we have received frequent slams from upper class men, but could not expect much more of them for some of them have never been Freshmen.
When we return next year we shall have the pleasure of looking down upon the 1916 class as we have been by the upper classmen of this year.
In conclusion I will say that if the same success attends the future career of the class of 1915 as has that of the past, We may presumably hope to make a mark in the medicinal and surgical world.
Hoping to see every student back in the fall ready to shoot the gallant professors.
Selah!

HISTORIAN.
A Freshman's First Letter Home

DEAR MA:

I got to Atlanta alive. I tell you ridin' on the trane ain't what it's cracked up to be. I liked it purty good at first but mo, when I got to Columbus I was tireder than I use to be when I plowed old Bill in the swamp new groun' all day.

But me and John went to some kind of a place what had in front, in big letters, C-A-F-E and John sed we could get some dinner in there, and I axed him if they had anything besides cafe to eat, for you know I don't like beef much, and he sed yes, that cafe is jest the mans name what runs the thing. So me and John went in and set down at a long table what we couldn't get our feet under, and looked like the counter in Mr. Jim Spindleshank's store. Then a man come around wareing a white coat, and give us a piece of a almonack or something and John asked him if he had any cofey. He said "yes sir, we've got some cofey jes like your mother used to make." John said he had much wrother have water then.

Ma; I though Columbus was the biggest town in the world, but mo; it ain't nothin'. Atlanta is bigger than all them towns down in Georgie. But people up here says Atlanta is a part of Georgie, but I don't believe it for the ground here is covered with rock every where I've been during these too days.

And ma! they have got a street up here what they call Peachtree and I went up there yesterday and seed some of the tallest houses, Gee mo! pa's new barn ain't nothin'. I looked up at them houses so much 'til I had a awful crick in my neck when I got back to my bordin' house.

I did have one of the most terriblest experiences while I was up on Peachtree, O! ma; it makes me sick to think about it, and I lost that new hat what pa bout for
me at Mr. Jim Spindleshank's store two years ago. It happened this way: as I was goin' along tending to my own business, and not botherin' no body, I was jest looking up at them tall houses, and one of them bloomin' ortermobiles, like that one what come by home year before last, 'cept it was a heap bigger, come rite up to me, so close I could nearly tuch it, and it was runnin' like thunder to. I tell you mo; I don't think I ever will get over it for it liked to have skeered me to deeth.

Ma, there shore is curious people up here. If you meet the same man a dozen times the same day, he won't speak too you. I'd speak to all of 'em at first, like we do in Georgie, but I'm goin' to quit it and show 'em I'm as big as they are.

Tell aint Jane that picture she give me Xmas, what says HOME SWEET HOME has done me lots of good already. I hung it rite by my cheer.

I went to the college yesterday and had to pay $50.00 to start on. I tried to git them to nock of some and told them pa hain't soll much cotten but they wouldn't talk to me. So tell pa to send me some money jest as quick as he can.

Ma; I ain't stuck up a bit from bein' in this big city and goin' to college, you know everybody said I wouldn't be here 6 months before I would be stuck up.

I must close this here letter, and rub my neck with some good liniment what Dr. Aven fixed up for me up to the college yesterday. You know cricks ain't good company to nobody.

Don't forget to tell pa about that money.

Your unchanged Sun.

M. F. Haygood.
The Dying Patient

(A True Happening)

The Grady Hospital ambulance rolled up the drive under the arch, and a neatly dressed interne stepped out and to the rear door.

The Curious One stood inside with his pencil and pad.

Opening the door, the young doctor and his assistant carefully withdrew the stretcher with its sheet-covered burden, and bore it gently to the operating room, where the sheet was removed, and a huddled figure with torn and shabby clothing, quivering every now and then with its pain, was revealed.

"Who is it?" the Curious One asked, his pencil poised aloft.

"I am afraid it's a dying man," answered the interne. He spoke softly, but with some impatience and some vexation.

The interne began to work with deft fingers while his two assistants flitted by with medicines and sterilized cloths, all filled with the seriousness of trying to preserve the spark, which, though nearly quenched, was still flickering within the man's frame.

What a sublime study it would have been to train a microscope of infinite delicacy upon that young interne's brain cells and follow the devious windings of the mental struggle he was now undergoing. To see the current-waves of his will power kept at the highest pressure, and to see the semi-unconscious alterations of the current as he struggled, nay, battled, for that immortal substance of life. For his pulse kept time, almost, with his patient's.

The Curious One, standing by, realized some of this, and it made him feel strangely mean and petty.

Who was he compared with this man? He merely catered to the passing fancies of the Mob, while this man kept his finger where life surged, and close to death and strove to keep them apart; struggled with all that was in him.

The figure on the table jerked spasmodically. A face torn and drawn turned and looked at the young doctor.

The gauze over the tired eyes faded for just an instant. He tried to speak, but no sound passed his lips, though they moved.

The eyes of the two men met and the message passed. Then the eyes of the dying man sank again behind their film.

But, in that brief instant, a world of meaning passed.

"I'm done for," the eyes said, "I know it and you know it, and though I am in a perfect hell of suffering, the dim edge of my reason tells me that you are a noble
man, and that you are fighting harder for that part of me which I myself sought to destroy. But you keep on working. It will lift you up, anyhow.”

The young doctor saw this, but kept his fingers feverishly moving. Injection followed injection, and nourishment was forced down the unwilling throat.

An elderly physician entered the room, and glanced inquiringly at the interne. “The chances are small. Ten minutes will decide it,” was the answer, and a note of plaintive disappointment could be heard.

Again his hand went to the dying man’s pulse. Not quite so strong now. The engine of life was pumping but feebly, and each stroke was weaker than the last.

As he realized this, bitterness filled the young doctor’s soul. His struggle had been in vain.

The man was going, going with every fraction of a second, and with each throb, the flesh, too weak now to quiver, gently shook with its agony. A sense of his own impotence overcame the young doctor. He could not fight with Life. No—he could minister to the clay, but that vital substance was beyond the probing of his instruments; beyond the ken of his medical reasoning.

All he could do was done, and now he could only stand by and watch the spark gradually grow dimmer.

The man turned again. The doctor raised the dying head for just an instant, and again the eyes became very clear. This time they did not look at the doctor; but they seemed to seek an Infinite Beyond.

A new expression crept into them; one which seemed a kind of gladness, as if some precious thought had suddenly come to him.

What was it?

Perhaps in that time a message from an Infinite Hand had come! Perhaps, by means of which we know not of, nor could comprehend if we did know, a redemption had been effected, and this man had been told that his soul might live.

Who knows but that for that brief moment, the curtain between Finite and Infinite had been drawn aside and the man’s eyes had seen, and his heart had leaped at the sight of the Golden City, with its untouched purity and its unthought-of joys?

Who knows?

Certainly, the smile became almost angelic and the distorted features smooth, and when the flesh relaxed and became as marble, the smile was still there.

A tiny rattle was heard at the man’s throat. The young doctor turned and held up his hands, and the Curious One crept softly from the room.

The man was dead.
Compensation

Even God's own beautiful garden
Proved but a sad and lonesome place,
Until He, in mercy, fashioned woman,
And gave her into man's embrace.

And the legend goes that woman,
Tempted of Satan to sin,
Lost to man this land of luxury
By eating fruits forbidden therein.

Heart-sad he heard God's mandate,
Go thou and live by the sweat of thy brow.
Uncomplaining he went from the garden
To the arduous toil of tool and plow.

So man in his mate found full solace,
And even after the curse of Cain,
He uttered never a murmur;
Still counted his loss a gain.

So today we look on the world about us,
And sickening at the sight of woman in sin,
We clasp to our hearts the woman beautiful,
Straight-way life seems worth-while again.

So let us thank God for woman
For the weal or the woe she brings,
Soul-sure that despite her weakness
She steals the heart to better things.

Smiley Bush.

Our Favorite Prescription

R
A pretty nurse
Sig: Take ad libitum
CHI ZETA CHI FRATERNITY
X. Z. Z. Roll

Epsilon

Founded 1903

Epsilon Chapter Installed, October 24, 1904

Gibson, C. B.
Gay, B. B.
Holt, R. R.
Calhoun, J. E.

Brice, E. H.
Cannon, H. G.
Hill, R. A.
Spencer, J. J.

Crumley, W. G.
Binion, R.
Davis, B. B.

Huff, E. H.
Aycock, W. L.
Johnston, J. C.
Allen, E. W.

Estes, H. G.
Armstrong, T. B.
Barfield, J. R.
Phi Chi Fraternity

*Founded 1895*

*Installed at Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, February 26, 1905*

## Chapter Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beaver, E. B.</th>
<th>Pitman, J. F.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bryson, J. L. Jr.</td>
<td>Price, J. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bucknell, Howard</td>
<td>Roberts, J. W. Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ferguson, David</td>
<td>Rountree, J. O.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Folmar, J. Q.</td>
<td>Sauls, H. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheesling, Goodwin</td>
<td>Sharpton, B. T.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gray, C. R.</td>
<td>Sims, M. R.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Holton, C. F. Jr.</td>
<td>Timothy, H. W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hopkins, P. M.</td>
<td>Vermilye, J. H.</td>
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<td>Moore, J. F.</td>
<td>Whelchel, G. O.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murrow, R. H.</td>
<td>White, B. L.</td>
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<td>Muse, L. H.</td>
<td>Wilkinson, W. L.</td>
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<tr>
<td>McClure, R. E.</td>
<td>Wofford, W. E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O’Neil, R. T.</td>
<td>Wright, E. H.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Associates

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr. W. F. Westmoreland</th>
<th>Dr. Dunbar Roy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. J. H. Hines</td>
<td>Dr. Newton Craig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. A. L. Fowler</td>
<td>Dr. C. W. Strickler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. W. P. Nicholson</td>
<td>Dr. W. E. Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Phinizy Calhoun</td>
<td>Dr. T. C. Hodge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. C. E. Boynton</td>
<td>Dr. G. P. Huguley</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY
Kappa Psi Fraternity

Founded 1879—Incorporated 1903

Rho Chapter

MALONE, W. H.  MATTHEWS, L. B.
SAGGUS, J. G.  SMITH, L. E.
CLIFTON, B. H.  GREENE, E. H.
DOSS, N. C.  RAY, E. C.
MINOR, W. H.  BIRD, B. C., JR.
GOODWIN, T. P.  DELOACH, E. K.
HUMBER, J. W.  PARHAM, J. B.
BURCH, J. G.  PARHAM, L. G.
FULLER, G. W.  MASHBURN, MARCUS
WOOD, W. L.  McWHORTER, W. B.
BUSH, J. S. JR.  HICKSON, M. L.
BLACKSHEAR, T. J. JR.  DELOACH, D. R.
Ye Limericks on Ye Aesculapian Staff

The editor-in-chief is named Mack;
In literary work he's a crack,
Though he looks like a freak,
He is strong on Greek
And on bandaging has a kind of knack.

The blonde associate's name is Muse.
Some of the boys say he resembles the Jews.
He will hang to a dollar
Till he makes the eagle holler,
But if it's your treat he'll never refuse.

The business manager's name is Crumley.
If you don't buy an Aesculapian he's grumbly;
While his greatest fad
Is coralling an "ad."
In collecting the coin he's never fumbly.

Sid Johnson is the disciple of art,
And right ably he performs his part;
When he makes a sketch,
A good price it would fetch,
If placed for sale in a mart.

The Senior member's name is Pate;
He shoots the bull at a fearful rate.
For all human ills
He prescribes C. C. pills,
And thinks their action is just great.

Daniel M. Moore is the Junior ed.
He has black hair and a level head.
Like the famous Leonine Dan
Of vice and evil he is quite san.
And at half-past eight he's sure to be in bed.

The Sophomore's man is named Aycock;
We fear his head is made of a block.
With his red tie so neat,
And those great big feet,
He gives all the fair dames a shock.

The Freshman's "rep." is Parham;
He ought to be back on the farham,
Where he could spit his red
On the old potato bed
And do the school floors no harham.

C. F. Holton, Jr., '13.
The Alabama Club

Laurence Everhart (formerly of Montgomery) .......... President
E. L. Huggins (Lockhart) ............................. Vice-President
J. Todd Banks (Jackson's Gap) ......................... Secretary

Robbins, W. J.          Godwin, Aaron
Beason, Lewis           Granger, F. G.
Barfield, J. R.          Rogers, F. W.
Hodges, W. A.           Watson, A. A.
Harris, E. C.            Shanks, E. D.
Bolton, H. H., Jr.       Wood, Kenneth
Ray, E. C.               Corley, F. L.
Kaylor, S. D.            Callaway, J. T.
Rowan, W. W.                  Meriwether, W. W.
                                Denney, T. H.
                                Piper, B. L.
                                Taylor, T. W.

Johnston, J. C.                Gay, Brinton B.
Huggins, E. L.               Wright, E. H.
Gay, Brinton B.            Banks, J. T.
Penton, J. R.               Carter, W. N.
Barfield, F. M.           Whitehead, Corbitt

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The Florida State Club

Cecil H. Wilson ........................................ President
G. C. Tillman ............................................ Vice-President
B. H. Sanchez .......................................... Secretary and Treasurer

Cawthon, W. D. ............................................. Tillman, G. C.
Eaddy, O. A. ................................................ Folmar, J. Q.
Smith, H. A. ............................................... Hudson, P. J.
Spiers, W. H. .............................................. Sanchez, B. H.
Biggs, E. L. ................................................ Cappleman, D. T.
Poucher, A. A. .............................................. Nobles, V. R.
Robles, H. C. ............................................... Bean, I. F.
Adams, J. L. ................................................ Burnette, E. W.
FLORIDA, THE LAND OF FLOWERS

Oh! land of perpetual sunshine
Surrounded by the old, old, sea,
Land of the rose and jasmine
Thou art the land for me.

The wind makes harps of thy pine trees
As it wanders to and fro,
And Oh! the dreamy drone of the honey bees
As they fly where the flowers grow.

Gray moss to the live oaks clinging
Hangs down in graceful folds,
And the mocking birds ever keep singing
As first heard by the Spaniard's old.

Oh! thou art a land of beauty
A land of joy and song,
Whether following pleasure or duty
Let my sojourn in thee be long.

Land of lovely women and sunshine,
Ever kissed by the old, old sea,
Land of the rose and jasmine,
Thou art the land for me.

Cecil H. Wilson
Mississippi Club

T. R. Beech .............................. President
T. D. Shotts ............................ Vice-President
L. E. Pennington ........................ Secretary-Treasurer

Beech, T. R. .............................. Hinton, V. T.
Day, C. A. ................................ Melvin, L. C.
Dempsey, D. T. ......................... O'Neil, R. T.
Graham, A. ............................... Pennington, L. E.

Shotts, T. D.
South Carolina State Club

W. E. White ....................................................... President
B. O. Whitten .................................................... Vice-President
J. P. Knight ....................................................... Secretary
J. N. Webb ......................................................... Treasurer

Allgood, C. L.  Harrison, J. L.  Matheson, D. N.  Ussery, T. S.
Arthur, J. F.  Henry, B. H.  Pressly, W. L.  Verner, J. D.
Blair, J. L.  Horton, C. C.  Pettigrew, G. C.  Warth, T. J.
Bryson, J. L.  Knight, J. P.  Pennel, Thomas  Webb, J. N.
Clinkscales, J. F.  Lawson, E. L.  Register, D. W.  Williams, P. L.
Gibson, C. B.  Lanford, M. L.  Redfearn, W. T.  Whitten, B. O.
Gaines, C. B.  Langley, C. C.  Scott, H. T.  White, W. E.
Milford, J. C.  Sharpton, B. T.
Knights of Pythias Club

Julien C. Pate ......................................................... President
L. C. McIntosh ......................................................... Vice-President
John H. Vermilye ..................................................... Secretary
J. W. McLeroy ......................................................... Treasurer

Allgood, C. L. ....................................................... McIntosh, L. C.
Beason, L. ............................................................... Armstrong, T. B.
Dykes, Nathan ......................................................... Stegall, P. A.
Cappleman, D. T. ..................................................... Barber, W. E.
Pate, Julien C. ......................................................... Sauls, H. C.
Ware, C. E. .............................................................. Cooper, J. H.
Skipper, C. T. .......................................................... Whitten, B. O.
Pennel, Thomas ....................................................... Vermilye, John H.
Rawiszer, Hubert...................................................... Hemmingway, J. D.
Ussery, T. S. ............................................................. Lanford, M. L.
Randolph, W. T. ..................................................... McLeroy, J. W.
Gaines, C. B. ............................................................
Odd Fellows and Red Men Club

W. L. Ballenger..............................................President
C. H. Verner................................................Vice-President
W. A. Harrison............................................Secretary and Treasurer

Hutchinson, C. A. ...........................................
Bradford, J. E. ................................................
Wiggins, W. F. .............................................
Guffin, T. F. ................................................
Shepard, W. O. ............................................
Bean, I. F. ...................................................

Barber, W. E. ............................................... 
Rawiszer, H. ............................................... 
Phillips, H. K. ...........................................
Allen, W. H. ............................................... 
Griffith, W. W. ...........................................
Parham, L. G. .............................................
Masonic Club

R. E. Wright
L. E. Williams
P. L. Williams
H. Rawiszer
D. W. Register
P. A. Stegall
T. B. Armstrong
M. T. Kemp
L. C. Melvin

G. H. DeLaPerriere
F. L. Corley
A. H. Smith
J. I. Self
W. L. Woodroof
C. L. Allgood
W. F. Wiggins
C. T. Caraker
E. C. Harris
E. H. Wright

T. F. Guffin
C. E. Ware
R. J. Pearson
W. C. Carey
D. N. Matheson
O. T. Malone
A. A. Poucher
G. G. Williford
B. T. Wells
W. O. W. Club

H. G. Carter  A. McCallister
C. S. Pittman  E. W. Burnette
D. T. Brock  B. L. White
H. A. Barron  B. H. Sanchez
M. L. Lanford  C. L. Allgood
H. M. Davison  C. H. Workman

Jack Hemmingway
Emory College College Club

FIRST ROW

Dr. John F. Denton  Dr. C. C. Aven  R. J. Pearson
J. B. Parham  E. H. Greene

SECOND ROW

B. C. Bird  L. G. Parham  T. Blake Armstrong
J. Smiley Bush, Jr.  S. N. Rubin

NOT IN PICTURE

Dr. Stewart R. Roberts  Dr. Hal C. Miller  J. W. Roberts, Jr.
Dr. M. L. Boyd  H. L. Boggs  R. R. Holt
Mercer Club

B. L. White, President

H. M. Davison
W. C. Thomas

B. Cosby Bird, Jr.
D. T. Henderson
Freshman Clinical Society

Joseph A. Dillard ........................................... President
Hal M. Davison ............................................ Treasurer
Guy A. Brooks ............................................. Secretary
Ed. Standifer .............................................. Historian

Hansard, J. R. Jr
Hemmingway, J. E.
Piper, B. S.

Tillis, W. L.
Blair, J. L.
Guinn, A. J.
Sophomore Baseball Club

**TOP ROW**
- Carr, c.f.
- Sanchez, 2b.
- Beggs, s.s. (Captain)
- Bolton, r.f.
- Cawthon, utility
- Baggett, 1b. (manager)

**BOTTOM ROW**
- Childs, p.
- Brown, c.
- Johnson, c.f.
- Rushin, l.f.
- Irvin, 3b.
- Byrd, p.
Cosmopolitan Club

R. E. Wright .......................... President
D. B. Hawkins ......................... Vice-President
A. H. Smith .......................... Secretary

Rawiszer, H. .......................... Holtz, L.
Nyun, K. ............................... Rubin, S. N.
Pan-Hellenic Club

J. E. Calhoun ........................................ President
J. J. Spencer ........................................ Vice-President
J. B. Fitts ........................................ Secretary
G. O. Whelchel ....................................... Treasurer

Edwin W. Allen, ATΩ .................. Georgia Alpha Beta Chapter, University of Georgia
J. Render Anthony, ΦΔΘ .................. Georgia Gamma Chapter, Mercer University
Richard Binion, ΣN ....................... Mu Chapter, University of Georgia
F. C. Bivings, ΣAE ......................... Alpha Mu Chapter, Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Howard Bucknell, ΨΤ ..................... Tau Chapter, University of Pennsylvania
J. Smiley Bush, Jr., ΣN .................. Xi Chapter, Emory College
Jas. E. Calhoun, ΣX ....................... Eta Chapter, University of Mississippi
H. Grady Cannon, ATΩ ................. Georgia Alpha Beta Chapter, University of Georgia
Wm. G. Crumley, ATΩ, ΘNE Georgia Beta Iota Chapter, Georgia Tech
Bradley B. Davis, ATΩ Georgia Alpha Beta Chapter, University of Georgia
John B. Fitts, ΦΔΘ Georgia Alpha Chapter, University of Georgia
Edgar H. Greene, ΦΔΘ Georgia Beta Chapter, Emory College
Richard R. Holt, ΔTA Beta Epsilon Chapter, Emory College
Edward King, ΧΦ Eta Chapter, University of Georgia
Lee B. Mathews, πKA Psi Chapter, North Georgia Agricultural College
R. H. Murrow, KA Gamma Chapter, University of Georgia
Richard T. O'Neil, ΦΚΨ Mississippi Alpha Chapter, University of Mississippi
J. W. Roberts, Jr., KA Epsilon Chapter, Emory College
B. T. Sharpton, πKA Eta Chapter, Tulane University
Jack J. Spencer, ΧΨ Alpha Alpha Delta Chapter, University of Georgia
C. Quintard Taylor, ΔΨ Chapter University of Virginia
Guy O. Whelchel, ΣΝ Mu Chapter, University of Georgia
Wm. L. Wood, ΦΔΘ Georgia Gamma Chapter, Mercer University
Thorax Club

Bryson, J. L. Jr.  Moore, H. M.
Davison, H. M.  Parham, J. B.
DeLoach, E. K.  Parham, L. G.
Hill, R. A.  Sharpton, B. T.
Hopkins, P. M.  Spencer, J. J.
Johnson, W. A.  Timothy, H. W.
Stimulation

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the present-day struggle to realize our ambitions in whatever direction they may lie, and in which it were well for every one to be informed is the method adopted by Americans, both men and women to keep themselves physically fit to stand the strain of keeping constantly up to "concert" pitch.

They are not by any means always adapted until nature has cried quits, and the subject is struggling to recover this efficiency, but whenever employed, they are well worthy of study—oftentimes ludicrous to the looker-on, though perhaps not to the performer.

If you were to arise at six o'clock some fine morning in the summer, and visit some of the parks in some of the cities of America, you would be amused by viewing, among a number of others, some stout gentleman who looks very dignified after nine o'clock in the forenoon, but now, however, he is horseback-riding, or even foot-racing, and looks hot, uncomfortable, and funny. This is a constant practice of many city business men at the present time as well as those of the country.

In convenient proximity to several large cities, there are health institutions that could perhaps be called training institutions. Those who visit there are placed in the hands of veritable trainers, who ride them, run them, exercise them, and supervise their diet. They are under strict discipline which does not always set well, but accomplishes what they are there for—puts them in good physical condition. There are many gymnasiums and physical culture schools located in convenient places in the large cities where an opportunity is afforded for giving the body its much needed exercise.

Osteopathic treatment might be termed in a way exercise without an effort, or better still involuntary exercise, for certainly the manipulations exercise the patient, though not of his own volition. Every one of these exercises has for its primary purpose the elimination of waste from the system.

Many and diverse kinds of diets are taken which help to maintain or even increase the body capacity for strenuous efforts. This cannot help being the cause of the efficiency in a large per cent of man's successful operations in all sorts of inventions. In this way the waste which is accumulated is thrown off.

The clogging of the intestines which is the direct cause of sluggish livers, biliousness, headaches, and with these comes the inability to work, think, or perform up to the usual standard.

Now, if these exercises or diets were entirely successful in eliminating this waste from the colon, they would be, with their strengthening and upbuilding properties, wonderfully resultful, but they are not and cannot.

When you are ill, and a physician is called, the first thing he does is to purge the system. Why, first—because the waste has to be disposed of before any drug can take effect; second—because if there was no waste, you probably would not have been ill at all.

Also remember that healthy blood will destroy almost any germ that is known to science, but unhealthy or contaminated blood welcomes them with open arms. Our blood cannot be healthy unless our intestines are kept clean and pure. This is the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." This accumulated waste is one direct cause of appendicitis. When we neglect our systems, we become poisoned with waste that should have been eliminated, and the result is that drugs which could have been omitted, have to be used.

It is surprising how little the great majority of people know about this particular part of their makeup, and, inasmuch as it plays such an important part in the general health of the individual, and in the maintenance of a hundred per cent of efficiency. it seems as though everyone should enlighten himself in the modes of keeping up health to the best standard.
Only A Dream

During my career at college, I have engaged in a number of assemblies of virtuosos, which have caused me to make many curious observations upon the anatomical and morphological make-up of a student’s cranium, and cranial contents. I have made some very wonderful discoveries, which give rise to considerable thinking on my part. The different opinions that are expressed from time to time, and the mixing of those that already exist, have employed my faculties for many hours, and caused me to have a very wild and extravagant dream.

I was seated on a stool in the dissecting room with a table before me, upon which had been placed the head of a modern student for the purpose of dissecting; upon a cursory and superficial view it appeared like the head of any other man. I opened it with a great deal of nicety, and on applying a strong glass, made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brain, was not such in reality, but a heap of strange material wound up in shape and texture, and placed with considerable art in the several cavities of the skull. For as Homer informs us “The blood of Gods is not real blood, but only something like it,” so I found that students’ brain was not real brain, but something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strongly the essence of tobacco, and was encompassed with a horny substance, which when removed, showed a beautiful mirror, imperceptible to the naked eye, hence I concluded that the soul, if there had been any there, never spent any time in grooming itself.

I observed several large antrums in the sinciput. One was filled with ribbons, lace and embroidery, wrought together in the most curious piece of net work. Another antrum was filled with invisible love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another I found a powder which caused me to sneeze, and by its scent, I believed it to be Spanish. There were a number of other cells stored with the same commodities of which it would be too tedious to give an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on either side of the head which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these, which ran to the root of the tongue where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. I discovered several little canals running from the ear to the brain, and took particular care to trace them out to their several openings. One of them extended itself to a bundle of
sonnets, and little musical instruments; others ended in several bladders which were filled with wind or froth. The largest canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance which the French anatomists call galimatias; and the English, nonsense.

The skin on the forehead was extremely tough and thick, and what very much surprised me, did not contain a single blood vessel that I was able to discover, with or without glasses, from which I concluded that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribiform was exceedingly stuffed, no doubt due to non-ventilated lecture rooms that are always filled with smoke. I noticed, in particular, a well-developed muscle, which is not often seen in dissections. It draws the nose upward when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. It is needless to say that this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin Poets, when they talk of a man cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

I did not notice anything very remarkable in the eye, only that the musculi amatorci, or the oggling muscle, as it is called in English, was very much worn from use. Whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, which turns the eye toward Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection, such new discoveries as I was able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be found in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, I could not discover anything different from what I observed in the heads of other men. I was informed that the person, to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man about five and twenty years, during which he ate and drank like other people; dressed quite well; talked very loud; laughed frequently, and on occasions behaved quite well; a certain class of ladies took him for a wit.

He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

After having thoroughly examined the head with all its compartments, and its several kinds of furniture, I decided to destroy it, so I proceeded to place it in a pan of burning coals, and observed in it certain salamanderine qualities that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As I sat there watching it, and admiring this strange phenomenon, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather noise, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary sound which I thought was louder than the roar of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant wide awake.

Fred Brown.
"Doc"

By a Physician

I doubt not each of you know some chap
You would like to wallop, and whack and slap,
And tumble over, and kick and beat,
And trample down in the mud of the street.
He's found from Houston to Manitowoc;
The dubber who dubs the doctor "Doc."

Out there in the country, from day to day,
As you go along on the king's highway,
He calls as soon as you come in sight,
And asks with an error of supreme delight,
As glad and gay as a cuckoo clock—
"Which way be you goin' this mornin', Doc?"

In town and city this impious imp
Goes up and down with a last year's limp,
With arms akimbo, on hunchback hips,
With a boneyard yawning between his lips,
And head as soft as a basswood block,
And grins and greets you with "Howdy, Doc!"

If you step out of your office door
To buy a book at a nearby store,
Or go to the druggist's to pay your bills,
Or order a box of Sia Pinkham's pills,
This old gongbeater gives you a shock
With his loud "Hello, what's your hurry, Doc!"

At the livery barn, where you keep your horse,
There you'll encounter this living corse,
With a hang-dog ear and a whipped-dog whine,
And whether the weather be foul or fine,
He will ask in a voice like a broken crock,
"How do you like this weather, Doc?"

When you go to church or to Sunday school
You stumble into this self-same fool,
Whose only joy is in asking you
The silly questions that all fools do,
The question that all of them keep in stock,
"How did you like the sermon, Doc?"

And some fine evening or splendid morn
When you are called, and a child is born,
You can't get out of the cottage gate
Till you hear this chump with an empty pate,
Ask, in the pride of a barn-yard cock,
"Is it a boy or a baby, Doc?"

When a patient dies and is laid away,
To moulder back into primal clay,
You're scarcely out of the chapel door,
Till you hear the voice of this brutal bore,
Saying, "It must be an awful shock!
How did you come to lose him, Doc?"

And so it will go till the end is reached,
And our funeral sermons have been preached,
We still shall meet in our daily round
This butting-in, blathering, brainless hound,
This glibbering, Chinese Jabberwock,
The dubber who dubs the doctor "Doc."
The Junk Heap

By H. G. Cannon and J. E. Calhoun

THE COLLEGE ALPHABET

A is for Archie, so dapper and neat,
Who wears a vest you can hear down the street.

B stands for Block, of nerve disease fame,
The man with the umbrella, sunshine or rain.

C is for Calhoun, on tonsils he's great,
There's more hair in his moustache than there is on his pate.

C is also for Cyrus, we might call him, "Cy,"
But you know in our Practice we've got to get by.

D is for Miss Doughtry, the students' true friend,
If it were not for her, of technique there'd be an end.

D is also for Denton, the squirrel-tooth youth,
"Why don't you put your teeth back into your mouth?"

E is for Elkin, also Everhart,
We would mention more but we haven't the heart.

F is for Funke (not pronounced funk),
You just "gotta know it" or else you'll flunk.

F is also for Fowler who makes himself felt,
There's some size about him, par-tie-u-lar-ly the belt.

G is for Goldsmith ("Apollo Belvedere")
If you don't learn about dead space it's because you can't hear.

G is also for Grant, the anatomy man,
If he can't "bust" the Freshmen nobody can.

H is for Hardin, the detail main-spring,
Before taking a suture of course you must have a string.

H is also for Hodgson, also for Hull,
We might name some others but our meter is full.

I is a letter, which like J and K,
When you write something clever, it's always in the way.

L is for learning that we get at this place,
Of course there are other things more apparent on the face.

M is for Manget (please pronounce it Maunzhay),
With the "tactus eruditus" he shows us the way.

It's a shame that in the alphabet there's not an Mc for Mac,
Like there is in an index, it would fit in so smack.
N stands for Nothing and Nuisance and Nix,
If it weren’t for these classics, we’d sure be in a fix.
O is for Olmsted, our dear “Uncle John,”
He’s as courtly and polite as a Colonel or a “Don.”
P is for Person (we wouldn’t say Polly),
Do you know the Brachial Plexus?  You do?  Why that’s jolly.
Q is for Quintard, some name you bet,
Keep it on the “QT” but he’s going strong yet.
R is for Roberts, our own “Stewart R.,”
Of Coca-Cola fame, with a new motor car.
S is for Steve, of “as it were” fame.
If he doesn’t tell you now, he has before, or will again.
T is for Dr. Todd, our emeritus dear.
We hoped to see more of him than we have the past year.
U, for whom does U stand?  Does any one know?
U may be for You, if so, let it go.
V is for Varden to whom it’s all rot,
“Alopecia totalis” that’s what he’s got.
W is for Wolff, he is far from a bore.
On Friday it’s hard to keep the wolf from the door.
X is unknown, as we in Algebra delve,
It must be for genius in the class of Twelve.
Y and Z are of course needed to get the job through
But if you want any more “poetry” Doctor, it’s up to you.
The patient on the operating table was going bad. His pulse was gone, and the anaesthetist was frantically giving him artificial respiration. The surgeon was up in the air and turned to the dirty nurse and told him to fly for the oxygen tank. He lit out of the room but in three minutes rushed back, jumped up on the amphitheatre rail, wildly waved his arms in the air and cried out:

"If the vocal cord makes a musical note, how would a uterine sound?"

"A fair mark, Shoot!" the Captain cried, when all on deck was still.

The Lake Tabasco Fishing Club had just come back from its early spring session and fish stories filled the air. Everybody was happy, the dance was at its height and the Ilio-Tibial band was playing its sweetest chords. BiliRubin listened to the fish tales that Verdin told about as long as he could stand it. Then he rushed out onto the floor of the fourth ventricle, motioned to the leader man to put on the soft pedal, turned to the dancers and in a pleading voice said:

"If an artificial fly will stop a full grown trout, what will it take to make a menopause?"

Quick, Doctor, the chloroform, he's coming to.

Prince Parasol: "How many stigmata have I?"
The professor was in Italy and the Turkish war broke out. Not approving of, nor wishing to see the Turkey trot, and somewhat fearing an Italian conscript, he decided to come home. On his way out he came to an Italian fort on the border. Fearing that his physical appearance might be misleading to the conscript officers, and wishing to show he was not an Italian citizen, he snatched a small United States flag from his pocket, bounded upon the parapet, waved the flag proudly over his head and shouted:

"If eight ears of corn will make a horse laugh, how many will it take to make a pellagrin?"

Change cars to the next car behind! This is the end of the line and this car doesn’t go any farther.

There’s a prof. in school, Hippocratic;
In politics staunch democratic,
Who makes a drawing on the board,
Like a handleless gourd,
And says "purely diagrammatic."

(Apolgies to Madame Sherry)

Every little doctor has a method all his own
Other doctors’ methods are all upon the burn.
And in a quiz when some doctor asks you
For a method, be very certain,
Very certain to give only
That little method that’s all his own.

Patient—"Doctor, do you find anything?"
Doctor—"Yes, but I will soon relieve you of it?"
When shall we three meet again
Archie, Goldsmith and the Dean.
When the operation's done
And the patient's lost or won—
Where the place—the Lowry, please,
There to divvy up the fees.

It happened up in Dr. Calhoun's office. There was a piece of steel in a man's eye, and the doctor was going to use the giant magnet. Before turning it on, he turned to the several students and told them that it would be better for them to leave their watches outside, as they sometimes became magnetized. The students, to a man, with one exception, took out their watches and laid them on a table in the outer room. This one man (Grady Cannon) reached in his pocket and deliberately pulled out a blue pawn-ticket, and walking over to the table, carefully deposited it with the watches.
An antiseptic baby and a prophylactic pup
Were playing in a garden when a bunny gamboled up.
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised,
For he wasn’t antiseptic and he wasn’t pasteurized.

They said he was a microbe and a hotbed of disease,
So they put him in a vapor bath of a thousand-odd degrees.
They froze him in a freezer that was cold as banished hope,
And washed him in permanganate and carbolated soap.

With sulphuretted hydrogen they bathed his wiggly ears;
They clipped his frisky whiskers with a pair of hard boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens, as they took him by the hand,
And elected him a member of the fumigated band.

Now there are no microbes in the garden where they play
For they bathe in pure formaldehyde a dozen times a day,
And their daily ration they take from a hygienic cup
This bunny and the baby and the prophylactic pup.
WHO'S WHO AND WHY

Dr. Elkin—An estimable gentleman who always grasps opportunity "with a tenacula" and as a consequence of inherent ability has been deservedly successful.

Dr. Boynton—A diminutive didactician "full of the milk (modified if you please!) of human kindness."

Dr. Fowler—One whose didactic perspicuity is in every way commensurate with his physical brevity and rotundity.

Dr. Barnett—A "patriarch of the infant world" with gray hair and eyes and boyish face and lovable in spite of the fact that his clinical lectures remind us of a "seeing the sights" trip on a "rubber neck" wagon.

Dr. Goldsmith—The Apollo Belvedere of the surgical staff who early in his career earned the nickname "Rabbi."

Dr. Westmoreland—A most dignified and capable surgeon whose predilection for silk is not limited to hose and neck wear.

Dr. Block—A specialist on diseases of THAT organ and its neural appendages.

Dr. McRae—The drainage expert; Okeefenokee swamp will be his next venture.

Dr. Hardin—The man who put the dog catchers out of commission.

Dr. Roberts—In the words of the country school teacher "sine qua non" "ipsi dixit," "in status quo," "ad infinitum." Indefinable (consult a more exhaustive work).

Dr. Wolff—One who has been in the "skin game" a long time and is a very successful "grafter."
I
Motors and trains are said to be fast,
But, at that head Uncle Cy should be classed.
And when he starts, "TO telling us how,"
To Uncle Cy, we make our best bow.

II
On blood pictures, he sure does shine,
Just see the fellows, in their seats recline.
Our hearts are heavy, and hands are sore,
But Uncle Cy keeps giving us more.

III
A fallen book, would seem to cause pain—
Not so, but over the bench, and at it again,
And there he is, without a pause—
TO "learn the trouble, and remove the cause."

IV
At last he can't "hang" it any more,
And in the last spasm, he's down on the floor.
Yet Uncle Cy, keeps up the rate,
And to a stranger, he seems a day late.

UBIQUITOUS
It's an animal, a substance, a condition and a state;
Yet it cannot grasp the meaning of the word appropriate;
For it greets us at our lectures and it meets us at our meals,
And it cheats us at our clinics—it is always on our heels.

We have found in it the ointment that the world's been seeking ages.
It's adapted to the intercourse of fools as well as sages.
The lauded Balm of Gilead lies unheeded in the chest,
For its place is ably taken by this stuff at half the cost.

You don't have to ask the answer, for its written plain and full
In the talk of every teacher and every student of this school.
But I'll say to you, Dear Reader, you must surely be quite dull
If you haven't long ere this discerned that my reference is to "Bull."

H. G. CANNON.
Dr. Poullin: "Dr. Izgur, what is the cause of the second heart sound?"
Izgur: "It is caused by the vibration of the chest wall against the diaphragm."

Dr. Barnett: "Dr. E. H. Wright, what is the difference between the infantile and adult bony pelvis in the female?"
Wright: "I don't think there's very much difference except they become ostracised at about eighteen years of age."

Miss Cunningham: "What in the world shall I do to make my flowers bloom?"
Dr. Funke: "Smile on 'em."

GOING DOWN!!!
Knock, and the world knocks with you!
Boost, and you boost alone!

Professor: "What is the matter with Mr. ______?"
Learned student: "He is seriously ill with paroxysmal inflammation of the vermiform appendix."
Voice from rear seat: "Ah, cut it out!"

Dr. Reynolds: "Mr. Sims, what is a severe complication of scarlet fever?"
Mr. Sims: "Orchitis Media."

Mr. Bean: "Give the advantages of the method recently developed by P. & S. student of giving ether with inhaler over the ear?"
Doctor: "It would be hard to give him too much that way."

Dr. Funke: "As a result of aortic regurgitation without relative mitral insufficiency, would you get a hypertrophy of the right ventricle?"
"Mr." Sauls: "I don't exactly interpret your question, Doctor, but I think not."
Dr. Funke: "Why not?"
"Mr." Sauls: "Yes, sir, Doctor; yes, sir."
Dr. Funke: "Give your reason."
"Mr." Sauls: "No, sir, Doctor; no, sir."

Dr. Barnett: "Mr. Wright, go to the board and write a description of the mammary gland."
E. H. Wright: "Which one, doctor."
Dr. Barnett: "Either one."

Lady: "Is this medicine a good blood purifier?"
Drug Clerk: "Madam, one bottle of this concoction would cure the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius."

Dr. Ayer: "What is Materia Medica?"
Freshman: "Materia Medica is a big green book written by Wilcox."
During a practical examination on carbohydrates, one of the Freshmen testing for starch and getting a negative reaction explained it by stating that the presence of starch was absent.

PSEUDO PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENA

(As gleaned from some examination papers.)

What is a physiological apparatus?
A physiological apparatus is applied to any apparatus which works on cells of the body.

What is a polysaccharide?
A polysaccharide is a cell of the human body.

What is emulsification?
Emulsification is the changing one from another without changing its formula (for instance, we can melt iron and that is emulsification.)

Dr. Hastings exhibiting the chordia tendeneae of the ox heart, asked what it was.
Brilliant Freshman: “The muscle bundle of His.”

What is metabolism?
Metabolism is a fat ferment.
Define stimulus:
Stimulus is anything that gives warmth to the human body.

What is a ferment?
A ferment is capable of performing an act of some peculiarity.

Give a test for proteins.
The making of soap solution.

What is fibrinogen?
Fibrinogen is the different changes of the test of the proteins and is found in all protein tests.

*Dr. Bachman:* "Define a hormone."

*Soph:* "A hormone is a box-like instrument situated in the body cavity and transports the food from one organ to another, more or less remote from the first organ."
Dr. Bachman: “What is, and how would you make, an emulsion?”
Freshman: “Doctor, to make an emulsion, you take some small pieces of iron, crush them into a powder and add melted tallow.”

Dr. P. Moye: “What is the color of keleine?”
Moye: “Doc, it ain’t got no color.”

By E. H. Brice

If little Mary should ask her father a question, Would her patella?
When a farmer’s mule comes into town, Does the vertebra?
If a doctor sets a broken leg, Does the unciform?
If the charge for sending a telegram of ten words during the day is fifty cents, What’s the nitrate?
If 80 per cent of medical students ‘jack’ on exams, Would anhydride?
If a medical student hits a man with a paper bag filled with water, Will the sulphite?
When bananas are fifteen cents a dozen, What’s the carbohydrate?
If authors make a great deal of money, Should a nitrite?
If the Freshman Class gets out a good ball team, Can they beat strychnine?
When Bachman tells a joke, Does he humerus?

Mr. Brice: “Speaking of studying hard, Can a back bone?”

“Labor omnia vincit.” How about the richitic pelvis?

A noted professor,
Both learned and wise,
One wintry day was
Filled with surprise.

When asked for the treatment
Of the disease of crops
A student made reply:
“Castor oil, thirty drops.”

The professor was astounded
That such ignorance should prevail,
And he asked the student
If his therapeutics were of no avail.

The mystery has been solved,
The boy’s vindication is complete
For he spent his four dollars,
For the treatment of cold feet.

C. F. H., Jr.
The doctor came and said that he
Would make another man of me.
"All right," said I, "and if you will,
Just send the other man the bill.


A FRESHMAN’S SOLILOQUY

(With apologies to Mr. Wm. Shakespeare)

By E. H. BRICE

To bone, or not to bone—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the quiz to suffer
The jaws and gibes of Doctor Hastings
Or to study for this bunch of teachers,
And by thus grinding—stop them. To flunk, to fail
Just think! And by a bust I’d stop
My monthly check and many other things
That I am heir to—'Twould be, indeed,
A bonehead thing to do. To bone, to grind—
To pass! To get a dip! Ah! that’s the thing.
For if I don’t, the jig is up.
And dad will cut me loose.
That’s why I want to try.
For, who would bear the word A-yai of Grant
The dissecting-room, Dr. Bachman’s talk,
The pain of Hastings’ quiz, cramming for exams,
Looking through a microscope, or
Many other trials that Freshmen undergo;
If there were another way?
Who’d take professor’s jaw
Grin and bear it through this life
But that the dread of being flunked
Compels us to, and makes us rather bear
The ills we have, than bring on others
That we know full well?
Thus do our needs make cowards of us all
And thus my care free, easy life
Is filled with awful woes
And so, good times and dancing chorus girls,
I’ll have to say farewell, for here again I’m broke,
But what, old pal’s the use?
Here comes that check from father
Come on Bill, let’s go to the show.
MUMPS

Did you ever feel that your friends were few,  
Thoroughly disgusted particularly true,  
Your head not as big as it "ought to grew"  
With the devil inside with hammer and screw,  
Twisting and knocking, trying to get through?  
That's mumps! Just mumps.

When through a siege of jaw grease and smoke,  
All the stuff down your throat you could choke,  
And your head into the outer world you poke  
Everybody thinks you are a H—l of a joke.  
That's mumps! Just mumps.

With head all buzzing big as a pot,  
A social outcast, a physical blot  
And what makes you so particularly ungodly hot  
Every darn fool you meet gives advice on the spot.  
That's mumps! Just mumps.

Each sympathetic friend has a tale to unfold  
Of fierce retribution for the restless and bold,  
Telling the same thing a thousand times told  
Till you wish him in Hades or some other hole.  
That's mumps! Just mumps.

A. A. Watson, '13.

TOAST

Hail to the P. & S.!  
May there be no moans  
From unfortunate victims  
When sawing off bones.  
Co-ed.
"BUSTED" BUT BRAVE

To study hard and lose all;
To climb high and then fall;
To have and to have not,
To be satisfied with your lot.
Study on, cry on, and try once again.
Beginning all over the work like men.
Freshmen call it nonsense and frown,
Seniors call it hard luck and look down,
But those who have stood in its shadow
On the brink of the cave
Have all been "busted," but brave.

A learned young student named Mac
Was quite happy until—Oh! Alack!
He was editor made. To his sorrow
Not a single idea could he borrow.
With his brain in a whirl
He sought out a girl.
Did she help any? Ask Mac.
"THE GIRL."

POOR JIM

"You have appendicitis," said the doctor man to Jim,
"And I must operate at once, or else your chance is slim."
"You shall not touch a knife to me," was Jim's firm reply;
"I'll have no operation, and I ain't a-going to die."
"Unless I cut," the doctor said, "you'll surely pass away;
"You will be dead, believe me, sir, by two o'clock today.
So Jim was scared and yielded. The carving was a shock;
But Jim was very thankful that he lived at two o'clock,
For doctors know their business, and it's very plain to see
That this one saved Jim's life, because he didn't die till three.
IT'S LUCK

When you see the show the night before,
And go to the class scared to the core,
Are quizzed on the only thing you know.
It's luck!

When you study hard to learn your stuff,
And don't feel the need of running a bluff,
Then don't get a chance you think it's tough.
It's luck!

When you go out to see your very first case,
And you're anxious to "win a home" at that place,
And your patient "kicks the bucket" right in your face.
It's luck!

When doctors consult you as doubtless they will,
On some case that's baffled their knowledge and skill,
And you make a cure with an A. S. B. pill.
It's luck!

H. G. CANNON.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Scene: Office of a pompous doctor who knows it all. A tired man enters and drops into a seat and says that he wants treatment. The doctor puts on his glasses, looks at his tongue, feels his pulse, sounds his chest, and then draws up to his full height and says: "Same old story, my friend. Men cannot live without fresh air. No use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir. You must have fresh air, you must take long walks and brace up by staying out doors. Now I could make a drug store out of you, and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to Walk, Walk, Walk!"

Patient: But, doctor—

Doctor: "That's right. Argue your question. That's my reward. Of course, you know all about my business. Now will you take my advice? Take long walks every day—several times a day, and get your blood in circulation."

Patient: "I do walk, doctor, I—"

Doctor: "Of course you do walk. I know that, but walk more, walk ten times as much as you do now. That will cure you."

Patient: "But my business—"

Doctor: "Of course your business prevents it. Change your business so that you will have to walk more. But what is your business?"

Patient: "I am a letter carrier."

Doctor (paralyzed): "My friend, permit me once more to examine your tongue."
PROGNOSIS

If your hair were parted 1 cm. out of the median line, you would become mentally unbalanced.

If your grandfather does not cut booze you are going to develop an alcoholic hallucinosis. You have a head shaped like a cypress knee, jaws like a monkey wrench, a coated tongue, a pug nose, ears like a chimpanzee, a mole on your left shoulder blade; and you tell me your father builds strait-jackets. I can't see anything for you except a padded cell.

If you can't cube 27639 inside of two seconds, you will be unable to talk by the time you are ninety-nine years old.

You are likely to develop a brain storm since your grandfather's half brother was killed in a cyclone.

Smiley Bush.

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