THE AESCULAPIAN

YEAR BOOK

OF

ATLANTA COLLEGE

OF PHYSICIANS

AND SURGEONS

VOL. III

EDITED BY

THE STUDENTS

1913
To

William Simpson Elkin,
A. B., M. D.

As a token of esteem and affection this volume
is dedicated by the students.
A Sketch of Dr. Elkins' Life

R. WILLIAM SIMPSON ELKIN was born at Lancaster, Kentucky, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1858. After having completed his preliminary education in the schools of that place he entered Center College (now Central University) at Danville, Kentucky, and obtained his Baccalaureate from there in 1879. It was just at this period that the requirement of a three instead of a two-year course was being established in the best medical colleges throughout the country, and Dr. Elkin's class was the first to graduate under this new requirement from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1882. During his course there he was assistant in the chemical laboratory.

Dr. Elkin came to Atlanta in 1882, and in 1884 became connected with the Southern Medical College as Demonstrator of Anatomy, and at various times was Quiz-Master in Anatomy, Surgery, Practice of Medicine, and Obstetrics. He subsequently became a Lecturer on Minor Surgery and Venereal Diseases and was later elected to the chair of Operative Surgery. At the time at which the Southern and Atlanta Medical Colleges were consolidated and called the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Elkin continued to fill the chair of Operative Surgery. When the Grady Hospital was opened he was elected Visiting Surgeon, and continued in that capacity until his resignation fourteen years later. After the death of Dr. Hunter P. Cooper, he was elected to fill the chair of Obstetrics and Gynecology, two years later, however, requesting that the branches be inaugurated as separate departments and that he have only the chair of Gynecology. This was done and he was continued as Professor of Gynecology until the present time. Since the consolidation, Dr. Elkin has been a member of the Board of Trustees and has been the Dean of the College for the past ten years. In 1887 he was married to Miss Nellie Duncan of Lancaster, Kentucky.

Dr. Elkin is the President of the Georgia Alumni Association of the University of Pennsylvania, and is Chief Surgeon of the A. B. & A. Railroad, Division Surgeon of the W. & A. Railroad, and Local Surgeon for the L. & N., Georgia, and A. & W. P. Railroads. He was president of the Capital City Club in 1909 and 1910, is a member of the American Medical Association, Georgia State Medical Society, and the Fulton County Medical Society.

Dr. Elkin has always been associated with the various movements for advancement in Atlanta and throughout the South, and it was due to his munificence in donating $5,000.00 in 1910 that the laboratories of the College are now so efficiently equipped. A short time previous to this, through the efforts of Dr. Elkin, the College had been the recipient of $25,000.00, the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

His kindly manner and his never-failing interest in what the students are doing has endeared him to us, and in dedicating our Annual to him we feel that we can offer but a slight tribute to the affection and the esteem with which he is held.
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1916
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HERE is perhaps no one feature of an institution which, to the casual observer, so fully represents the things for which that institution stands as does the student Annual. Recognizing this fact we have endeavored in some manner to here represent all of the activities of our undergraduate life and for the encompassing of those ends several changes have been instituted, chief of which has been the enlarging of the Staff of Class Editors.

Characteristics of members of the Faculty and students alike have been portrayed, but in no case is ill-will intended and the remarks made are but a record of the friendly raillery constantly indulged in.

The book in many ways shows evidence of the work of amateurs, but when it is considered that a great deal of time and labor has been expended upon it in addition to regular college work it is hoped that its faults will be passed over lightly.

THE EDITORS.
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LIFE IS SHORT,
AND THE ART LONG;
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Hawkinsville, Ga.

The fair sex serves as a magnet which leads him to often change his boarding place. He is also inclined to make frequent trips homeward, and for this reason is in favor of the Faculty suspending lectures on Fridays and Saturdays.

The mark of the critic is written upon his brow, as self-trust is the essence of heroism.

LOUIS HARRY AARONS
Atlanta, Ga.

Aarons was born and reared in Russia, where he received his early training. Coming to America at a very early age, he entered Columbia University and graduated with an A.B. degree. He began his medical course with us and has a very consistent record for his four years' work.

His morning greetings are: "Due me three cents."
THOMAS BLAKE ARMSTRONG
Atlanta, Ga.
X Z X
This distinguished representative from Franklin, Ga., was born under a lucky star in '85. At an early age he arose from the rank of a janitor to a clerk in his father's store, later becoming a member of the firm. After finishing his primary education in the public schools, he entered Emory College (Ga.), later graduating with an A.B. degree. He had a craving thirst for knowledge unquenched, and further pursued his studies at Yale. After finishing his course, he took up the laborious task of teaching, which was finally surrendered for medicine, in which profession he has proved to be a true Southern gentleman, and an exceptional scholar.

WILLIAM S. ARMOR, Jr.
Brooklyn, Ga.
"Dignity." This is his stigma of degeneration. Armor is noted for his very quiet manner and pleasant disposition. As a student, he has always made good by his good work. It is said that his chief weakness is his long conversations over the phone with the fair sex, especially with those to whom he has never been introduced. We wish him much success in landing "the one," so that this fault will be corrected.
JOSEPH TODD BANKS
Jackson's Gap, Alabama

This name will always bring to mind vivid recollections of this loquacious Alabamian. Banks is a graduate of Howard College, Birmingham, Alabama. He was a professor in some institution of learning before coming here. Banks is very popular with the ladies of Atlanta, and is known by them as "Joe Buddy." They say his character is unquestionable. We know him to be an excellent student.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit him he has given thorough instructions as to how to jump off into the sand bed on the right hand side going North.

WALTER EDGAR BARBER
Hawkinsville, Ga.

"Be a sport, if it doesn't last but a minute." In Barber we have a typical sport. He is especially fond of loud clothes and red carnations. He is also very much of a ladies' man. Nevertheless, his sporting proclivities do not keep him from being an earnest scholar and a worthy follower of Aesculapius, and his many friends predict for him a busy and successful future. "Veni, vidi, vici."
HENRY ALDINE BARRON
Thornton, Ga.

This young man comes from the red hills of Upson county, Ga. Early in life he entered the R. E. Lee Institute, and there received his early training. He spent a few years in the U. S. mail service before coming here. The word Aldine means quiet and gentle. He has proven himself to be an efficient bearer of this name. As a student, he has proven himself far above par. Back to the tall and uncut for this chap, for there awaits him a fair maiden to help him in his great struggle. He is a loyal friend and leaves behind him many who wish him success.

JOHN REX BARFIELD
Lineville, Ala.

"Gentlemen, I call your particular attention to this iron-gray 'top' as you will meet with this condition frequently when 'you get out in actual practice,' but it does not always 'signify a pathological condition,' or a symptom of accumulated years, but it may occur in young individuals and the only explanation that we can give it is that it is one of distinction." When "Rex" is mentioned, pleasant memories flit into our minds: one, the smiling, genial countenance of our beloved class-mate, and the other one—well, we won't mention it here. Having emanated from "Lineville," we expect sometime to see him a "headliner."
THOMAS RICHARD BEECH
Ellisville, Miss.

"Beck," one of our first late members, joined us at the beginning of our Sophomore year from Mississippi Medical College. Being an ex-school teacher and blessed with an instinct for hard work, Beck has naturally made a most excellent student and class-mate. His happy, congenial ways and his smile that won't come off, has not only won the close friendship of all his class-mates, but has won for him—Oh, well, Atlanta is in danger of losing one of her prettiest damsels.

"Beck" has not decided on a location, but wherever he stops the laity will find in him an honest, upright gentleman, striving to do for his fellowman.

DEWITT TALMAGE BROCK
Warnerton, Louisiana

President, Class '13 Vice-President, '11-'12.
A descendant of a family of physicians, 'tis but natural that he should be a good doctor. His good and happy disposition speaks for his past environment in the Pelican state.

Brock received his preliminary training at the A. & M. College, of Mississippi. His chief characteristics are: To sit on front seat during lectures, answering all questions promptly when called upon, call class meetings, attend good shows, and sing songs of "Down where the sugar cane grows." He was the leader of the cap and gown movement.

He is loyal to his friends, and wherever he casts his lot, a good, sympathetic doctor can be expected when he is called.
REUBEN THORNTON CAMP, Jr.
Fairburn, Ga.

The physiognomy presented here is that of a quiet, unassuming, modest, non-communicating young Doctor. If these qualities are the essentials for the making of a great physician, he will some day put Dr. Osler in the shadow. As a student he has always had the goods when there was an occasion for a show-down.

WILLIAM ROSS BUTTRAM
Niota, Tenn.

We are sorry that this splendid good fellow did not begin his study of the healing art with us. He joined our class at the beginning of our sophomore year from the University of Chattanooga.

Buttram has been a target for the darts from Dr. Robert’s quiz, but has never been without the goods. His cup has always been filled, yea, running over with the beautiful language of our friend Sir William Osler.
DONALD EARLE CARTER
Nashville, Ga.
K ¥

"Embryo" is the most youthful member of our class, which fact has no bad effect on the quality of his work, it being of the best.

His age not allowing him to enter active practice at this time necessarily proves beneficial, as he is destined to make a more thorough study of his profession before taking up active work.

His chief pastime is "playing pool."

HENRY GRADY CARTER
Gainesville, Ga.

Not exactly a Mellen's food baby, but known as "Fatty." Some fan when it comes to prize fighting; is somewhat of an ophthalmologist and can even interpret the language of the eyes. He is somewhat bashful and is not very strong for the fair sex. He is very strong for the "White Way." "Fatty" would have been somewhat of a "Romeo Lad" had he not been bluffed when young by some little dame. The girls all say that he has such great big beautiful eyes, which are the secrets of innocence and rare unsophistication. "Fatty" is always in a hurry and will wait for you at Five-points.
J. FURMAN CLINKSCALES
Troy, S. C.

We had the good fortune to receive this worthy "bald-head" into our midst last session. He spent two years at Nashville, Tenn., and one year at the University of Chicago.

"Clink" is a very conservative "hot-air" merchant, and is known as a typical artist, but he never allows his pastime traits to interfere with his duties. His record here is a dandy one and we predict much success for our married member.

GEORGE OTIS CASTELLAW
Locust Grove, Ga.

He is better known to his classmates as "Daddy." He married when quite young, and later began the study of medicine. "Daddy" is twenty-eight years old, but you would not know it unless you should ask him. He is a fine fellow and a steady student. When you mention Castellaw, Jr., he always smiles and says that he is the finest yet.
JOHN HIGHTOWER COOPER
Commerce, Ga.
Cooper was born at Athens, Ga., sometime since the war. He spends half his time trying to look younger and is a sporting authority as regards baseball. He contemplates taking a special course on “Instrument Diagnosis” under Dr. Westmoreland. “Coop” is in hog-heaven when pouring out from the depths of his soul (?) sweet words of love to any pretty girl; falls for them like the leaves in autumn. He bears the scars of many a diamond contest and never kills less than a whole covey of birds at one shot, and has caught whales from branches with bent pins. He possesses extreme fondness for loud ties.
“You remember when he came to town, well, just take a look at him now.”

KENNETH BRYANT DOWD
Eagle Springs, S. C.
Dowd spent his early days in the Buies Creek high school. He came from a section of our country that has given to society many specimens of true and pure manhood. Since he has been with us, he has been a diligent and conscientious student. His every effort has been put forth for the accomplishment of this end. Surely a great future lies ahead of him.
CHARLES A. PARKE EBBERT
Atlanta, Ga.
Synonym "Cap." Business Manager '13 Aesculapian. He is the class sport and has never been seen without a red carnation in his coat lapel. He was manager of the Atlanta Bag and Cab Company before entering the study of medicine. "Cap" has made a good student and this volume of the Aesculapian speaks for his executive ability, of which we are very proud.

BENJAMIN CRONHEIM DUNCAN
Atlanta, Ga.
"Bear Cat"—Old Bill Shakespeare must have foreseen his image when he wrote about that individual who had "a lean and hungry look." However, the etiologic factor was probably not too much thinking, especially along the lines of medical work. Duncan is a member of the Fifth Regimental Hospital Corps, and so deeply affected by military discipline that he always occupies the rear seat. He has a keen sense of humor, and is an all around good fellow.
HENRY GRADY ESTES
Atlanta, Ga.
X Z X

"Class anaesthetist." Like his illustrious namesake he is noted for his words—though we fear the quantity exceeds the quality. He has a penchant for sporty attire and is one of the society leaders of the city. As a proof of his studiousness, he cites the fact that he takes a text book with him on his regular Friday evening calls. If this be true, he should either receive a medal or be shot at sunrise, preferably the latter.

CARL WINDSOR EDMONDSON
LaGrange, Ga.

Edmondson’s early years were spent in wandering in search of knowledge at the LaGrange high school, and even at the LaGrange Female College. At last he was captured by Fate and sentenced to many long years at hard labor in the pursuit of the God of Medicine. In the scientific halls of the A. C. P. & S., he has had a hard fight, but he has stuck to it and soon his laurels will come.
BRINTON BIZZELL GAY
Lineville, Ala.
X Z X

The latest acquisition to the Fathers' Club.
Gay entered the P. and S. with the Freshman class of 1907, but dropped out the following year to complete the A.B. course at the University of Alabama. He joined the class of '13 as Sophomore. During his Junior year he took unto himself a helpmeet and a short while ago he announced that Miss Gay had arrived, and, take it from him, she is slated for the first prize in the next beauty contest.

THOMAS MIXON EZZARD
Alpharetta, Ga.

In Tom we have one of the quietest and most reliable members of the class. He is beloved by all his class, and those who know him best are glad to call him friend.

Although he has not made a display of it in Atlanta, it is known that he is a great admiral of the fair sex.
ERNEST C. HARRIS
Alexander City, Ala.

Harris came to us at the beginning of our Junior year from the Birmingham Medical College. His youth was spent in Alexander City where those balmy Alabama breezes make life delightful. During his senior year Cupid exerted his influence over him and he deserted the ranks of bachelorhood to assume the responsibilities of a husband. As a student he has been a congenial associate and a hard worker.

THOMAS POPE GOODWYN
Newnan, Ga.

Goodwyn came to us in the fall of 1909, after having graduated from the Newnan high school. Goodwyn is one of the most popular men of the class, and deservedly so, owing to his jovial and congenial disposition. He is friendly and courteous to every one at all times. He also has a good record as a student.
J. ROY HAWKINS
Wilhston, Fla.

A remarkable personage is this man from the “Land of Flowers.” He was born at the above address and reared on his father’s plantation. For twenty-six years he has been successful in crowding himself upward and onward from the country school to the high school, and from there to the A. C. P. & S. During those balmy days of youth, his time was divided between railroading and pharmacy.

Since he has been here he has been wield- ing the surgeon’s scalpel in the anthropological laboratory, and has distinguished himself as the “Pompadour Kid.”

DAVID BITTLE HAWKINS
Curwensville, Penna.

This man is a philosopher. He was born in Marion, Va., and received his degree at Valparaiso University. “D. B.” almost missed his calling as he spent one year in studying for the ministry, though none of us had reason to suspect it. He can tell wonderful stories of his experience as a sailor on the Great Lakes, cowboy in the west, and of shooting Indians in California and Mexico. Deciding to cease his wanderings, he taught school for three years. Not being fond of teaching he entered the study of medicine in Charleston (S. C.) Medical College. He joined our class at the beginning of our sophomore year.
WILLIAM ALLEN HOBB3
Atlanta, Ga.
This good man and his family came to Atlanta from Florida. They made Atlanta their permanent home during his sojourn with us. His future home is to be selected.

Hobbs has been a good congenial man, a good classmate, and a (reported) successful practitioner. Being a married man, the fair sex, etc., have not detracted his attention from his work.

His motto (instead of "no cure no pay") is: "No pay, no come." His success as a practitioner may be ascribed to the fact that instead of mechanotherapy, electrotherapy, and psychism, he has at all times prescribed plain water, castile soap, and calomel.

His favorite expression: "Taint worth a dam."

B. HENDERSON HENRY
Clinton, S. C.

"Hen" always takes life easy, seldom in a hurry, but is always on hand, and when called upon he usually answers in a way that brings results. This is no doubt due to his efficient training which he received from the high school of Clinton and the Presbyterian College, together with his being a steady and hard worker.

Friendly, kind, generous to a fault, "Hen" leaves behind a host of friends who wish for him a prosperous and useful future as a physician.

The height of Hen's ambition is matrimony.
CORNELIUS FULLMER HOLTON, JR.
Cordele, Ga.
Φ X

"Nuts"—"Irish." He holds down the job as house physician at the Home for the Incurables. He has one consolation, he needn't feel bad if he loses a patient. Holton has an open face and Swiss movement; wears a green tie, and is growing very bald. He has a heart as big as a water bucket, and feet even larger. He won immortal fame in his Junior year by prescribing thirty drops of castor oil for the chicken pox. He says he's the "Guy that put cure in incurable."

WILLIAM ARTHUR HODGES
Wadley, Alabama

This handsome, blue-eyed boy with a great big heart, hails from Alabama, and is as honest as the days are long.

Just where Wadley is we do not know as Hodges is not much of a hot-air generator, but if Hodges is a specimen of her inhabitants, she's all right. Hodges is one of our steadiest and hardest working students, and no doubt he shall have plenty of reaping to do at the time of harvest.

We do not know where he is going to hang his shingle, but we do know that he has a girl waiting for him, and that he is patiently waiting for May to come so he can be "Alabama Bound."
LEON IZGUR
Atlanta, Ga.
Izgur was born in Russia where he received his early religious training. He came to this country in his adolescence, and lived in New York, where he spent several years securing a good secular education and other high attainments. He came to Atlanta four years ago to take up the study of medicine. As a collegian he has exhibited great perseverance and unbroken energy. We predict that he shall be a successful practitioner.

HOLLIS FRANK HOPE
Atlanta, Ga.
"Hope." What an inspiring word this has been during the roll call for the last four years. The bearer of this name is a very excellent young man. He is a son of a physician. To his associates here he has proven himself to be good-natured, friendly, and a good student. Surely the future holds in trust a great reward for such a man.
ROY CLEON KEMP
Acworth, Ga.

In his early youth he migrated to South Georgia, but later returned to his old home at Acworth and received his early training at the high school of this place. After much deliberation, he decided to become a follower of Aesculapius, therefore he has shared with us many trials that occur in the life of medical students. He is a very modest fellow. His mild and gentle manner has won for him the friendship of the class. We predict a great future for "Roy" and wish him success in all his undertakings.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON
Gainesville, Ga.

Born on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," near Rabun Gap, some years ago. He is very modest and unassuming in character; always fights shy of the feminine gender. He has a mania for loud whistling and is commonly known as "the lost chord kid." His hobby is microscopy, and he is "some" artist. He can draw anything except his "breath" when being quizzed; never tires of arguing, and won't believe a hog will eat corn till he sees him do it. He is some architect when it comes to building air castles; a daydreamer and a good sport.
WILLIAM LEE LOVETT
Sparks, Ga.

Lovett was reared in the above-named town and received his education in the Sparks high school. Later in life he became a student of Pharmacy in the A. C. P. & S. After finishing his course, he followed this profession for seven years, but realizing that he had missed his vocation, he joined the ranks of the medical corps. In this branch of science he has proven to be a very zealous student, and his knowledge of the various branches is unlimited. His constant study and common sense will make him a very helpful man in alleviating the sufferings of humanity. And as to his low and soft manner of speech? ? ? "Talk Louder."

WILLIAM FAYE LAKE
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Bill" hails from West Virginia. He received his early training at Fairmont, and the University of West Virginia. He entered the P. & S. of Baltimore, where he completed three years of medical work. Although he has been with us but one year, he has won the esteem of all the class. "Bill" has been weighed but has never been found wanting.
LELAND C. McINTOSH
Carthage, N. C.

Although this raincoat was born and received his education in the Tar Heel state, he comes to us from Mississippi as Prof. McIntosh. Mack graduated at Wake Forrest College, and was superintendent of Brandon, (Miss.) high school before coming here.

Mack is an ideal student, and his generous and encouraging disposition has made him one of the most popular and influential members of our class. While looking for an editor-in-chief for the 1912 Aesclapiian, no better man could be found than our friend Mack, who proved to be a most excellent editor.

Though true to his Tar Heel state, Mack is destined to go back to Mississippi for a help-mate that awaits his graduation.

JOHN FRANKLIN McCLELLAND
Columbus, Ga.

We present here a member of the "Married Men's Club." He spent his first two years in Medicine at Chattanooga, and was a valuable addition to our third year class.

"Mac" is an excellent student and is always on the job. We know of but one thing that he has failed on—his attempt to raise a mustache was a decided failure.
JAMES JACKSON MARTIN

Shellman, Ga.

"In all labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

He graduated from Locust Grove Institute where he received the appellation of "Handsome Jim." He began his medical education with us at the beginning and has been "Johnnie on the spot" ever since. He has, by working under constant stimulation of the studious impulse, maintained a foremost position in the class. "Jim" is one of the strong advocates of early matrimony and the rest treatment.

ROBERT ELMORE WRIGHT

Winnsboro, Texas

Bob is our cowboy doctor. He received his preliminary instruction in the Lone Star state, and it has proven efficient indeed.

He has never been known to have the blues, and his smiles and happy greetings are never out of stock. This perpetual good humor may be well understood when his motto is known! It is: "Just as you say, not as I care."

We predict for our "10-11" President a future of great usefulness and success.
ROBERT EDWARD MAYS
Perkins, Ga.

The likeness of this photograph is simple, unassuming "Mazie," who believes in clean collars and clear cards. Mazie's most characteristic feature is his ability to meet everything with a smile—even exams.

Mays took his first two courses of lectures at the Charleston Medical College and at the University of Georgia, and found us at the beginning of our junior year. His modest and friendly manners, together with his good work, has caused our class to regret that he did not join us earlier.

WILLIAM LESTER MATHEWS
Winder, Ga.

This excellent young doctor is one of Winder's loyal citizens. He is a graduate of Winder high school. After finishing school he spent two years in the hospital corps of the U. S. Navy. His gentle and kind nature there won for him many friends, and the appropriate name of "Angel" was given him. As a medical student, "Angel" has been a conscientious fellow. "Angel" will do anything that is honorable that will help a friend, and is very popular with his class-mates. Winder has right to feel proud of her practical citizen.
DANIEL MILTON MOORE
Yorkville, S. C.

Dan, or "Did he?" is a man who never shirks his duties. He always answers when called upon and reflects honor upon his college.

"Did he?" received his preliminary instructions at Erskine College of South Carolina, and came to as a member of the professor's club. He is known by all to be very quiet and exact. However, his calmness does not keep him from telling good jokes. He is so good along this line of humor that he has received the nick-name, "Did he?"

His history of our class last year will be long remembered. We feel sure that he will make equally as good a physician as he is a historian.

Dan's favorite pastime is writing letters and addressing them to Antreville, S. C. Why?

LOUIS CHESTER MELVIN
Ovett, Mississippi

This tall, handsome, beardless brunette, with winning ways, joined us at the beginning of our sophomore year from Mississippi Medical College. Louis received his preliminary training at the Ovett high school.

That our class has fully appreciated him has been shown by their furnishing him with a special "arm" chair in every lecture room. Melvin is always on the job and never lets his love and admiration of Kress' 5 and 10c. store interfere with his duties.

His hard work with the resultant record insures a future of plenty for him.
LEWIE HUDSON MUSE.
Atlanta, Ga.
"Monk"
Φ X

Noted for the anaemia of his hirsute adornment, a penchant for derby hats with pink linings, and his earnest desire to become more closely and permanently associated with Dr. E. Pluribus Unum, with whose company he is loath to part.

Monk "prepped" at G. M. A., where he established a record for a hundred yard dash, and he is still very fleet of foot, an accomplishment that will likely be of great value during some of his visits to Greenville. He has only recently reacquired his "goat" from Dr. Funke, who has had complete and undisputed possession of that quadruped for the past two years.

CECIL GUY MOYE
Oconee, Ga.

"A man of spotless reputation. Who's word is equal to his hand."

Moye is a citizen of Oconee, Ga. He is a graduate of the Georgia Military College, where he learned that Dante was a Greek.

He is a moral and studious fellow, whose geniality has made for him many friends.

An extensive practice awaits him in South Georgia. Of course it is well known that he shall operate a prosperous "nursery" as a side line.
WILLIAM HUFFMAN NILES
High Falls, N. Y.

This representative from New York joined us during our third year. He completed two years' work at the medical department of Temple University. His youthful days were spent in Mount Herman, Mass., where he attended school. In his relations with us he has conducted himself as a jolly good fellow and a diligent student. Our best wishes accompany this Northern brother.

MARVIN MILTON ODOM
Plant City, Fla.

"Unblemished, let me live or die unknown.
Oh! an honest fame grant me none."

This is one of the many genial Floridians who has won the esteem of his associates. He obtained his early supply of preliminary knowledge at the Plant City high school. His early life was spent in an environment suitable for the development of a great man.

Odom left us and went to Tulane Medical University during his second year. Realizing the superior advantages offered by the A. C. P. & S., he returned to us to finish his last two years. His natural talent will carry him to the front.
"What's your hurry? Let's rest awhile."
Penn is a happy-go-lucky fellow who never gets in a hurry, but is usually on hand to do his part of quizzing, and he does his part well—in a way to be proud of. He is a good student and is liked by his classmates.

Penn is especially fond of "changing his mind" and getting promotions. Ladies' man? Foolish question.
GEORGE CALVIN PETTIGREW
Iva, S. C.

A memorable illustration of the chivalrous spirit of the young physician in the senior class. He was born in Iva, S. C. There amid Southern pines and fields of cotton, every advantage was offered to develop his physical and esthetical qualities. While yet a boy on his father's plantation, he learned that gentleness is gentlemanliness, and has carried its meaning with him from home to Wofford College (S. C.), and from there to A. C. P. & S.

"Petty" is a diligent student, a friend to the friendless, and a strong advocate of woman's suffrage. His ways are ways of gentleness, and all his faults are feminine.

THOMAS PENNEL
Level Land, S. C.

This level-headed "Irishman" from Level Land, joined us at the beginning of our junior year, having taken his first two courses of lectures at Nashville, Tenn., and Charleston, S. C.

Irish is a jolly, good hard-working fellow. His jovial disposition and his peculiar instinct for making friends has made him a favorite. We can see great things in the future for this typical lover of the green.

Unfortunately, during the first of the senior year, Irish received a severe cardiac infection from Cupid's widow bacillus, which very materially injured his health. He has, however, about recovered, and has acquired an absolute immunity for widows.
CARL SHEPHERD PITTMAN
Sumner, Ga.

"Chop Suey" comes from the oriental city of Sumner, Ga., and is a sunny and cheerful addition to our class. He failed to realize the superiority of the A. C. P. & S. till after he had finished his first course of lectures at the University of Georgia.

Pittman took up his sophomore year with us, and has made a most excellent student. He is always at his post when the bell signals, and never lets games, shows, etc., take up any of his time; but puts in full time on his notes, text books, and reminiscences of the girl he left behind.

He is an honor graduate of Spark's Collegiate Institute.

HUGH KINGSLEY PHILLIPS
Demorest, Ga.

Received his preliminary education in Ohio, West Virginia, and Georgia. He is the son of a minister which accounts for his good habits and determination to do the right thing. We sometimes think that he must have spent some time in the jungles of Africa, and there received into his system some parasitic poison which has given him the disease known as "Sleeping Sickness." Though asleep when called upon, can answer almost any question when he gets his eyes open. As a writer of songs he can not be surpassed, hence he should be a splendid entertainer of patients.
CLEVELAND JACKSON PRICE
Louisville, Ala.

A lucky star was shining when this young Doctor made his appearance on the stage of life. His first three years were spent at the Medical Department of the University of Alabama. Since he has joined us he has displayed that he is an all round good fellow. "The cracks" have a peculiar fascination for him and when it comes to taking a shot he always has the "price." He always wears a smile even if Wood is facing him, and, is just and fair in all decisions. His work as a student has been excellent.

JAMES FLING PITMAN
Decatur, Ga.

The possessor of the proud distinction of being the only man in the world to have received the degree of "B. S." from Agnes Scott College.

"Jim" is a man of many attainments, chief among which is picking a "box" and serenading the fair ones at Agnes Scott. (Not to mention a talent for paying a fine of ten seventy-five for that diversion.) One of the most brilliant boys in his class, he is peculiarly noted for an ability to absorb a lecture, take notes on it and carry on a witty conversation simultaneously. Past master of the dances zoologic, he is the "Turkey Trot" King of DeKalb county and is an exceedingly popular young man both in and out of college.
HOMER LEWIS REDD
Atlanta, Ga.

Redd comes to us with a wide experience in the drug business, being proprietor of a drug store in West End. He had aspirations for medicine and thought that the dispensing of same was his calling. In this capacity very few will excel him. It didn't take Redd long to learn that his aspirations were for the practice of, rather than the dispensing of, medicine, so he changed his mind and joined our class at our beginning.

Floor cracks have a fascinating temptation for Homer. Lucky?

DeWITT PRITCHETT
Forsyth, Ga.

This is the man with the smile from ear to ear, who loves to study and to chew his gum. He has been faithful to his friends and the Atlantic Ice and Coal Corporation. When duty calls, he is never found wanting, therefore he should become a good, kind family physician, answering calls at night as promptly as in daytime.
FRANK WILLINGHAM ROGERS
Dothan, Ala.

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream sweet, fanciful, vagrant dreams of love."

This Alabamian is the son of a Methodist minister. He received his preliminary training at the Pensacola (Fla.), high school, and the Livingston Normal Institute, of Alabama.

During his second year, Rogers became infected with the "bacillus amoris," and is now the proud possessor of a wife and beautiful little girl. We give his family much of the credit for making him a good student.

JAMES WILLIAM ROBERTS, Jr.
Atlanta, Ga.
ΦΧ

Roberts is better known as "Bill." He is the distinguished representative of a great name. He was born in Elgerton, Ga., and has spent 27 years of his life "going up," not only in stature, but intellectually as well. Bill's early record is rather obscure, but we know his association with book worms has been very intimate. While a student at Emory College, he identified himself with the bachelors and philosophers, from which learned body he won the degree of Ph.B. Among other admirable traits, Bill is a leader in athletics and a most excellent and gifted musician.
HENRY CLIFF SAULS
Marietta, Ga.
Φ X
This chap, even as Joe Brown, hails from Marietta. He is known to the boys only as "Jake," because of his Hebrew cast of countenance and traits characteristic of that race, but he is an all around good fellow, notwithstanding. He sleeps only four hours per night, studies rarely, and his chief amusement is shooting—anything from professors down to cracks. He has an excellent record as a student. We expect him to be a successful practitioner and do wonderful things in the medical world.

JAMES OTIS ROUNTREE
Swainsboro, Ga.
Φ X
"Pipe" those cheeks, the emblem of sincerity, purity, and beauty. Although we have never found Swainsboro on the map, we feel confident that after "Buck" has returned it will be known in medical science. "Buck" is quiet, dignified, and his every-day life exemplifies the teaching of our Prof. Roberts: "Now remember you have five minutes more." Although he has never been accused of being a bookworm and of keeping late hours, his one great hobby is passing examinations.
JOHN ISAAC SELF
Victoria, La.

A jolly good fellow who joined us at the beginning of our Junior year, being from the "swamps" of Louisiana where he had practiced medicine during his vacations, acquiring a fair knowledge of some diseases but becoming more of an acrobat from contact with those large-sized mosquitoes. Although of mature age and the head of a family, he has always enjoyed and joined in the sports of the younger members of the class. For pathology he has a horror as well as a "pass-card." Moving picture shows were, on the other hand, of no small interest to him as he kept fairly well posted on them each week.

Self spent three years at the Memphis Medical College before coming here.

EDGAR DEWITT SHANKS
Banks, Ala.

"Ed."

"There's something in a name." When we address Ed by the latter part of his cognomen strangers think we are teasing him about his physical appearance.

He was appointed interne at the Georgian Hospital after his Junior year, and bids fair to become a famous surgeon if his successful work on canine patients is any criterion.

A successful grower of bacteria, he is now trying to raise a culture of mustache, but, sad to relate, it seems a hopeless task.
"Tiny" comes to us from Washington, Ga. He spent his boyhood days in this city and joined our class at the beginning. He was, from the start, a favorite among the boys and was made President of our class during our Freshman year. "Tiny" is a jolly, good-natured old chap. When he leaves this institution he expects to gain himself fame by specializing in Pediatrics, and this young fellow is sure to perpetuate the name that is so widely known to the Gynecological world.

WINFIELD KENNEDY SHARP, JR.
Pendleton, S. C.

This is one of the few ludicrous elements of our class and is also one of our good men. He has a congenital instinct for making others laugh, and if it were not for "Prep" we would miss many a good one. He never looks serious at any time except when some professor quizzes him for his notorious "prepping." If psychism has any real value in medicine, Sharp should make the great success that his friends predict for him.

Prep received his preliminary training at Young Harris College. This being a co-ed college explains his reputation and popularity with the fair sex.
ALFRED HARVEY SMITH
Cumby, Texas

Smith comes from our good friend, the Lone Star state. No state has furnished our class with brighter jewels than has this state.

We regret that Smith did not begin his study of medicine with us. He took the first two courses of lectures at Baylor University of Texas, and joined us at the beginning of our junior year. During the two years he has proved to be a dandy good fellow, and one of the hardest workers among us. That his work has caused him great accomplishments is plainly shown by his record and Dr. Robert's belief that "he can't help but make a doctor."

Success awaits the hanging out of his shingle.

SAM J. SINKOVITZ
Atlanta, Ga.

He is an American by birth, a Hebrew by faith, and designated by himself as an Irishman. He is a graduate of the Boys' High School; well versed in pool and a schematic financier. He is afflicted with a disease known to mankind as "Habeo no pecunian." He enters the field of medicine with the object of solving the problem of "financial embarrassment." We hope this Sink-o-witz good luck.
After having graduated from the Southeast Alabama Agricultural School, Price began the study of medicine at the Medical Department of the University of Alabama at Mobile. He came here after having completed three years work at Mobile. During his early childhood he was infected by the "Bacillus Infantilus," but possessing the remarkable resistance of a "Spore" he has survived to become the "Spore-man" of the medical world.

MARVIN FARRIS SMITH
Atlanta, Ga.

Your careful attention is invited to a perusal of the features presented here. From the mere fact that he is a Jackson county (Ga.) product, you would infer that he is a man of ordinary stature. He is just six feet and six inches in height. His size would lead you to think of him roaring like a lion when he speaks, but not so, for he is as gentle and as kind as can be. When it comes to ladies he is a real "bear cat." To hear him say: "Miss Agnus, Who's dat?" will convince you to his kind nature. Taking it all in all, Smith is a good student and a real gentleman.
JOHN STARR SAPPINGTON
West Point, Ga.

A long, lean, lanky, hungry-looking individual. "Sap" wears a yard-wide grin and is always in a cheerful frame of mind. His motto is "Let to-morrow take care of itself." From his quiz record it is very evident that he is doing some very tall studying and he is sure to make a real physician some day.

PAUL ALEXANDRAH STEGALL
Emerson, Ga.

"Bones." Paul has been the shining star in the osteological department since his advent as a medical student. He has been an honorary member of the faculty for four long years, "keeping the bone room." Consequently, he knows more about osteology than anybody, having discovered various and sundry facts not generally known to the profession regarding the "vertebrae prominens and the angle of Ludwig." His study of Gynecology has resulted in his wonderful discovery of an ectopic ovary outside of the body.
J. C. TRENTHAM, Jr.
Cedartown, Ga.

He was reared on a farm. Educated at the Cedartown high school. He is a son of a physician and follows in the footsteps of his father. Trentham is a jolly good fellow; makes good grades and is noted for his attendance record. He prefers his own company. The writer predicts that he will in time become a distinguished old bachelor.

HENRY LESTER TIPPINS
Daisy, Ga.

"When God made him He destroyed the mould and said:
'Let there be no more!'"

This handsome young doctor is known as "Cholly." He has made some wonderful hits in Atlanta society.

Cholly is modest and good, and guards his immaculately brushed hair even as he guards his virtue. Woe to him (and her), who pulls a hair of his head awry.

There are great things in the future for "Cholly."
JOSEPH COLEMAN WALKER  
Meridian, Miss.  
KΨ

This Mississippi "Red Neck" has been with us only one year, having spent his first three years in the medical department of the University of Alabama, at Mobile. He is the latest edition when it comes to being all around classy sport. We are sorry that we did not have him with us during the entire four years. He is a "Walker" when it comes to making good quiz records.

CLAUDE TYSON VICKERS  
Guffey, Texas

This shrewd and level-headed Texan is admired by all who know him. He is a big eater and is big-hearted. Always a good word for everybody and no ill word for anyone is his characteristic feature. He is as good a student as he is a man.

A great future awaits this rare specimen of manhood. He will locate in the Lone Star state.
BENJAMIN OTIS WHITTEN

Seneca, S. C.

This gentleman (and we mean it), hails from the sand-lapper state. The writer does not know anything about Seneca, but it is hoped that the name will appear in the Census report of 1920. "Whit" is a tall, lanky, good fellow, being strong for anything from pretty girls to encyclopedias. He has made some improvements on the latter since joining us, and it is understood that he will take care of the former in the near future. As a student he has an unexcelled record, and we feel sure that success awaits him.

ALBERT ALPHONSO WATSON

Canoe Station, Ala.

Watson is better known as "Wat," but his "Land Lady" calls him "Phonsie," and so do her daughters.

Watson obtained his education from the schools of Alabama at large. He is a regular Saturday night patron of Cook's Dancing Hall, but these digressions do not detract from our classmates's proficiency, since he has a ready answer to all questions. We have all been benefited by our pleasant associations with Watson, for, though an ardent seeker of pleasure he yet lives up to his motto, "Let thy progress be symbolized by six days' work each week." May he be justly rewarded.
PIERCE LEE WILLIAMS
Wagner, S. C.

The only and original "P. L." His sudden appearance in Wagner, S. C., years ago, made the entire population sit up and take notice, as he has made the present senior class at various times and for various reasons. Williams has been a "full-timer" at A. C. P. & S., and has made a good student, always on the job at college. As he owns no real estate in Atlanta and pays no street tax he says he can afford to answer "present" when the roll is called.

Predictions are that Williams will make good wherever he hangs out his "shingle."

LORON EARLE WILLIAMS
Cordele, Ga.
"L. E."

A typical specimen of the South Georgia youth, "L. E." prepped at Gordon and was commanding officer of the cadets during his last year at that institution. It has been said that he made a thousand dollars "bushwhacking" last summer with a stock of medicine consisting of one bushel of quinine and three pecks of calomel. When he turns loose in earnest next June, the plasmodium malariae around Raines, Ga., had better take to the tall uncut.
Bessie Earle has such a decided propensity for Pathology that he takes it as a direct personal insult every time he sees a strong, healthy-looking individual, for to him the only really attractive person is a dead one. Were it not for the sense of sight, his presence would never be noticed in a gathering. Compared to his silence the quiet of the proverbial churchyard resembles a calliope duet at a political convention.

Cecil Hendry Wilson
Bartow, Fla.

Wilson, familiarly known as "Big Wilson," is the son of a successful Florida physician. Wilson also claims relationship with President Wilson. His education was obtained at Summerlin Institute and the University of Florida. The practice of medicine being the dream and ambition of his early boyhood, we predict for this young Aesculapian a successful career in his chosen profession.

William Earle Wofford
Atlanta, Ga.
"Bessie"
Φ X

Earle has such a decided propensity for Pathology that he takes it as a direct personal insult every time he sees a strong, healthy-looking individual, for to him the only really attractive person is a dead one. Were it not for the sense of sight, his presence would never be noticed in a gathering. Compared to his silence the quiet of the proverbial churchyard resembles a calliope duet at a political convention.
Harper hails from Farill and is an all-around good fellow. "A tight wad?" Well, we should say not. Harper is an excellent sprinter, having a record second only to one, that of Piker, by whom he was led by a small margin up the "Reno Hill of Ivy."

KENNETH WOOD
Statesville, Ala.
Class Secretary, 1910. Class Editor and Historian, 1913

"Ken" is a dashing youth who made his first acquaintance with the world at Statesville, in 1890. He is the son of a "Black Belt" planter and lawyer, and is a grandson of a Maryland physician.

Being dissatisfied with the quiet life of the country, he entered the A. C. P. & S. Since then he has been in the spot light of city life. As a student he has made good by his attention, accuracy, and punctuality. He is of a friendly and generous nature. His room-mate prophesies that he will become a follower of Joe Smith and move to Utah when he gets his degree.
Charles Roe Marney
Waldo, Florida

"Seaboard"

This bird was born in Neosho, Missouri, which name is Indian for "Much Water," therein probably lying the explanation for his peculiar aversion for this fluid.

Though outwardly a rough, hearty fellow with an astonishing indifference to the opinions of his fellow men, beneath the external roughness there beats a heart that is true and loyal, and he would be the first to aid a friend in distress, financial or physical, especially physical.

He is one of the most cordially liked men in college and when he sees fit to do the "Chrysalis" act, he is assured of a brilliant and successful future.

A NOBEL NURSERY CARREL

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
Without the aid of bramble-bush,
He scratched in other eyes.

His skill was such that he could say:
"Your liver needs a rest;
But Peter Smith's I'll give to you,
For his has far more zest.

"And Peter better can afford
To idle now than you;
Your wornout liver he will make
Perform the work of two."

"Come, have your veins anastomosed
With arteries of youth;
I have a fine assortment now,
In storage cold, forsooth!"

"Too bad your pup was hurt; my stock
In veins of dogs is low;
But never mind—these kittens' veins
Are warranted to grow!"

"You have pneumonia, my friend,
Both lungs you now must spare;
By luck, upon my shelf, I have
An extra-healthy pair."

"I notice that a leg you lack;
I'll freshen up the sever.
And graft another on at once—
You'll walk as well as ever!"

And now, no wonder, when we search
Our famous, great, or rich,
We look them up no longer in
Who's Who, but in Who's Which!
Senior Class History

OUR years ago we assembled for the first time in the lecture rooms of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons to assume the atlantean task of becoming a physician. Among our number were representatives of many colleges and schools of the United States.

M. R. Sims was elected president of our class at the first class meeting. His executive ability and congeniality soon won for him many life-long friends. He has since shown that he is great in many more ways than in body. After the preliminaries of our course were over, we were soon conscious that a sporative life was not the life for a successful medical student. Perhaps some of us had an exaggerated opinion as to the depth of our gray matter. Very soon we felt as Lilliputians in the presence of Polyphemus. Like Xenophon's Ten Thousand; face to face, retreating never, we fought with the perplexing requirements of our instructors.

In May, after we had returned home, we received our laurels in the form of a green card informing us that we had been safely landed over the first quadrant.

When we returned to resume our work as Sophs., R. E. Wright of Texas, was unanimously elected president. His tall and handsome form was often seen in the execution of his duties in our many secret conclaves. With profound wisdom, we had many suggestions for the faculty. During this year most of us agreed with Dr. Murphy of Chicago, when he said: "While physicians are positive thinkers, their imaginations are often vivid."

During our first meeting as Juniors in September of 1912, N. O. Tribble was elected president. His studious and sincere nature made many friends for him. Unfortunately he had to give up his work on account of sickness. His many friends here entertain the best thoughts toward him. Several excellent students from other schools joined us during the year. Many of our original number were not present at the roll-call. A few of them had deserted us to pursue their work in other schools, but the vast majority disappeared in accordance with that well-known law of nature which says: "The fittest shall survive." Some learned the lesson that the life of a medical student was too strenuous for the followers of Venus and Bacchus. During this year our meetings were not as frequent as in former years. We had learned something of the virtue of discretion.

In September, of 1912, we began the last quadrant of our college career. To reiterate the happenings of this eventful year would be interesting. D. T. Brock was elected president. His excellent character had already won for himself many friends. Class meetings were not as frequent as in former years. The faculty suggested that we should have our pictures for the Aesculapian made in the cap and gown. A motion to
this effect was made and carried with very little opposition. It is true that the rare beauty and features of Apollo that some of us have is obscured by this attire, but it has always been the emblem of dignity and learning.

Soon we will leave the college halls to take up our battle against disease. We must part from the pleasant associations here that have gained for us many life-long friends. We intend to make our knowledge a blessing to our fellow-beings, and ever show our fidelity to our predecessors by upholding the honor and dignity of the profession.

To our kind and efficient instructors, we extend grateful thanks for their efforts in having taught us the principles of a profession that is second to none.

Let us all strive to make our Alma Mater a still more efficient center of medical learning.

FINIS.

A PROFESSIONAL SECRET

The Doctor—tis a shame to tell—
In spite of all his skill,
Though he may know you very well,
Prefers to know you ill.
In Memoriam

Emmons Hervey Huff

Class of 1913
Farewell Seniors

Farewell, dear doctors; as you go from halls you know so well,
To fates that none with second-sight or prophecy can tell.
We'll follow you with loving hearts; we'll note each surgic deed,
And follow your experiments for practice that you need.

The path of duty that you'll tread's as level as a floor,
And pounded flat by sturdy feet of doctors gone before,
But let no fear assail your hearts, or cause your feet to freeze
For any doctor worth the name can find some new disease.

What if you give 'em sugar pills for some ill they're without?
They'll have a doctor call 'em sick or pack the critter out.
The hatpinitis women have your science must advance,
For every doctor trained and tried deserves at least a chance.

We'll see some of you operate before the Royal Heads,
And some, perchance, may operate at spacing onion beds;
Some of you may work miracles, prolonging shaky lives,
And some may bunco heiresses and live upon your wives—
However it may be, as you depart, your eyes are wet,
And doctors in succeeding crops won't cause us to forget.

B. J.
Junior Class

B. H. Sanchez, President

OFFICERS

B. H. Sanchez ............... President
J. P. Knight ................. Vice-President
J. R. Childs ................. Secretary and Treasurer
D. T. Henderson ............ Class Editor
E. King ...................... Historian
H. C. Robles ............... Chaplain
## Junior Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adams, J. L.</th>
<th>Hutchinson, L. R.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, E. W.</td>
<td>Irvin, I. W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur, J. F.</td>
<td>Keeling, L. J.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Austin, O. O.</td>
<td>King, E.</td>
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<td>Baggett, L. G.</td>
<td>Knight, J. P.</td>
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<td>Bagley, G. W. Jr.</td>
<td>Lazenby, E. K.</td>
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<td>Beasley, B. T. Jr.</td>
<td>Loden, G. L.</td>
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<td>Beggs, J. M.</td>
<td>Lynch, C. S.</td>
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<td>Biggs, E. L.</td>
<td>McAllister, J. A.</td>
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<td>Bishop, W. D.</td>
<td>McClure, R. E.</td>
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<td>Blackshear, T. J. Jr.</td>
<td>M'Coy, H. S.</td>
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<td>Brannen, C. C.</td>
<td>Mathews, L. B.</td>
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<td>Britt, J. N.</td>
<td>Miller, S. H.</td>
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<td>Byrd, J. L.</td>
<td>Nowling, J. C.</td>
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<td>Calloway, J. T.</td>
<td>Nyun, M. K.</td>
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<td>Caraker, C. T. Jr.</td>
<td>Pearce, M. H.</td>
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<td>Carr, J. H.</td>
<td>Penton, J. R.</td>
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<td>Cawthon, W. D.</td>
<td>Poucher, A. A.</td>
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<td>Cheshire, S. L.</td>
<td>Rawiszer, H.</td>
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<td>Childs, J. R.</td>
<td>Register, D. W.</td>
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<td>Coffee, W. P.</td>
<td>Nobles, H. C.</td>
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<td>Corley, F. L.</td>
<td>Rushin, C. E.</td>
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<td>DeLoach, D. R.</td>
<td>Sanchez, B. H.</td>
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<td>DuPree G. W.</td>
<td>Smith, H. A.</td>
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<td>Eaddy, O. A.</td>
<td>Spiers, W. H.</td>
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<td>Edwards, F. D.</td>
<td>Stokes, E. M.</td>
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<td>Ferguson, D. Jr.</td>
<td>Taylor, C. Q.</td>
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<td>Folkmar J. Q.</td>
<td>Thomas, W. C.</td>
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<td>Fuller G. W.</td>
<td>Tillman, G. C.</td>
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<td>Fuller, I. R.</td>
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<td>Gibson, C. B.</td>
<td>Webb, F. L.</td>
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<td>Haralson, C. H.</td>
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<td>Harrison, W. A.</td>
<td>Williford, G. G.</td>
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<td>Henderson, D. T.</td>
<td>Wood, W. L.</td>
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<td>Holt, R. R.</td>
<td>Workman, C. H.</td>
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<td>Houser, L. G.</td>
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Junior Class History

Once more there gathered at the will and pleasure of the Faculty of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, this faithful though somewhat decimated band, along with other tribes, to receive their preliminary admonitions and good counsel. We had scarcely begun our wanderings through the Elysian fields of "higher medicine" when we awakened to the fact that those fields had been travelled for many years by the various Professors, and that each had worn a little path all his own. Some of those paths ran parallel, some crisscrossed, and others ran in circles. It was our problem to choose which path we would follow. But honor to whom honor is due, so may long live Prof. Roberts, who notified us that inflammation of the intellect was the one unessential pre-requisite in the pursuit of a medical degree, and that the one thing necessary was for us to "keep our heads on the ground." At this point Prof. Aven took issue with "Stewart R." and said that the only pre-requisite for an ambitious Freshie is "To learn the only two formulas that I know, and to stick to me." With so many conflicting ideas as to the advice we should follow, if we would realize our dreams, we finally agreed with Dr. Person, and the oracular Hillsborough County Florida Sage, that the fullest knowledge of the "indications and contraindications for chloroform as an anesthetic," was the one thing essential.

With that as our goal we set out three years ago on our cruise, one hundred strong. Since then, to our sorrow, some have been wrecked on the stony cliffs of examinations; others have heard the call of the wild; and still others have fallen a prey to cupid's darts; and last but not least, some have fallen by the wayside on account of each man not having his pro rata share of Uncle Sam's $34, but let us hope that ambition crushed to wait will rise again, and where vanguards rest to-day the rear will rest to-morrow.

We are now three score and ten in number, and the Profs. when looking into our faces, from force of habit and of years, say that we are the best yet. But remember, wise Sophs, that we prophesy that you will have the same compliment passed to you, one year hence, if ye faint not. The woman in the moon would have us believe that we are in the "third quarter" and that it is only necessary for us to shoot "two bits" more in order to realize that we are full owners of cherished sheepskins, together with the State's approval to kill or to cure.

While it is but a repetition of deeds of former years, it is but meet to here register that we too, in our turn served due time putting on bandages and taking histories and diligently attended, under persuasion of a third year roll book, a quiz relating to departures of tissues from the normal, and were formally instructed in the therapeutic art as employed in the "higher walks of life," in contrast to the method in which dope is used in the middle or lower class. Then finally, to all intents and purposes, cheerfully submitted evidence in writing why we should be permitted to pass the way of all good students and fellows who have gone this route before.
To the Girl I Left Behind

Don't forget that my heart to you
Is as true as the blue
Of the mountain top is to the blue
Of the sky, just where they meet,
Up where the air is pure and sweet,
And the ground not often touched by the feet
Of men, but every day and night is trod
By angels and the foot of God.

Hugh K. Phillips.
SOPHOMORE
Sophomore Class

T. H. Denney, President

OFFICERS

T. H. Denney .................... President
M. F. Haygood ............... Vice-President
W. W. Griffith .......... Secretary
R. J. Pearson ............ Treasurer
E. W. Burnette ........ Historian
E. H. Brice .............. Class Editor
### Sophomore Class Roll

| Akridge, H. L. | Haygood, M. F. | Pennington, L. E. |
| Allen, W. H. | Hemmingway, J. D. | Phillips, H. O. |
| Barfield, F. M. | Hickson, M. L. | Powell, J. E. |
| Binion, R. | Hill, R. A. | Randolph, W. T. |
| Blair, J. L. | Holtz, L. | Reaser, G. M. |
| Boling, J. R. | Horne, H. F. | Rentz, L. S. |
| Bradley, B. P. | Horton, C. C. | Rentz, W. C. |
| Brice, E. H. | Johnson, J. L. | Riden, V. B. |
| Briscoe, C. D. | Johnson, W. A. | Rogers, D. E. |
| Brooks, G. A. | Jordan, W. B. | Rowan, W. W. |
| Burnette, E. W. | Kaylor, S. D. | Sanders, F. H. |
| Carter, J. G. Jr. | Kea, T. B. | Sharpton, B. T. |
| Cofer, O. S. | Kimney, W. W. | Shaw, L. W. |
| Copeland, S. M. | Lanford, M. L. | Sherman, W. E. |
| Corbett, H. T. | Langley, C. C. | Shotts, T. D. |
| Crow, H. E. | Lawson, E. L. | Smith, L. E. |
| Daves, F. E. | Lewis, P. M. | Standifer, R. E. |
| Davison, H. M. | McElroy, J. W. | Styles, O. R. |
| Day, C. A. | McWhorter, W. B. | Taylor, T. W. |
| DeLaPerriere, G. H. | Malone, O. T. | Thompson, E. F. |
| Dempsey, D. T. | Mashburn, M. | Tillis, W. L. |
| Denney, T. H. | Matheson, D. N. | Timmons, C. C. |
| Duke, J. B. | Meeks, J. L. | Upshaw, H. L. |
| Ellis, C. L. | Meeks, W. T. | Ussery, T. S. |
| Fortune, D. E. | Meriwether, W. W. | Vansant, J. P. |
| Gibson, W. A. Jr. | Moore, H. M. | Waas, G. H. |
| Greene, E. H. | Mullins, G. | Ward, E. |
| Grezbiein, T. W. | O’Neil, R. T. | Wells, B. T. |
| Guinn, A. J. | Parham, J. B. | Whitehead, C. |
| Guthrie, N. J. | Parham, L. G. | Whitfield, C. A. |
| Hall, W. L. | Patterson, J.ard C. | Whitley, L. L. |
| Hartley, J. M. | Pearson, R. J. | |
Sophomore Class History

ALTHOUGH we all hate to bring up unpleasant subjects, still, in writing a history of the Sophomore Class, in order to make that history complete, it is absolutely necessary to mention the fact that we were Freshmen only last year. But since the fact is galling to most of us, we will do our best to pass lightly over the painful topic. It must be admitted, however, that many of us, since becoming Sophs, have come to realize what a really sweet little time we did have last year, as compared with our present miserable plight, and have almost wished at times that we could be anything but Sophs—even Freshmen—though of course we should much prefer to be Juniors and so escape work altogether.

Suffice it to say, then, that we began our Medical College careers on September the twentieth, Nineteen-Eleven, 141 strong, being the largest class in the history of A. C. P. & S., and though we make no claims of being especially bright, we will say for ourselves that it certainly took us no great while to see what we were up against, and may mention in passing that several of our number, evidently not pleased with their discoveries, decided that they were in the wrong berth, and lost no time in making tracks for home. Those of us who remained worried along as best we could, meeting the rapid-fire battery of the Faculty to the best of our ability, gazing into microscopes patiently, if not intelligently, and enduring the dissecting room stoically, if profanely.

Soon after Christmas a very devastating malady—Flunkitis—manifested itself in our midst and became gradually worse until, when finals rolled around there was a regular epidemic.

So it was when College opened again only one hundred and ten of the old bunch were there to register. After much hand-shaking and jollying, we began to settle down in earnest for the long grind ahead of us.

History! A Sophomore has no history! All he knows is "From eight to four," and that it takes about all the rest of his time to keep up with his physiology laboratory notes.

We thought we learned a whole lot last year, but we are just now reaching the place where we are learning how much we don't know. We seem to have forgotten everything else, and we would gladly forget this too but the Profs. simply won't let us.

So far I believe we have discovered no genius in our midst, but some of our men have made some startling discoveries. For instance, one of them has discovered a bacillus named muscalaris mucosa. Another has located a portion of the brain, the medial lemniscus, in the uterus. While still another insists on injecting diphtheria bacilli into the patient.

Though we feel sure that, as a class, our scholastic attainments will bear comparison with any previous class, and though I dare say there are some among our number who will achieve fame and fortune, I'm going to break all precedents by failing to say that ours is the best class in the history of the institution, and that at least ninety per cent. of our members will become famous, but will frankly say, instead, that if we can manage to pass up this Sophomore year with clear cards, "there'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."
Have You Forgotten This?

An old church in Belgium decided to repair its property and employed a painter to touch up some large paintings. The Vestry insisted on an itemized bill and this is what they got.

Salvation Church to

W. B. DOB, Dr.

Correcting the Ten Commandments $5.00
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his hat 3.00
Replacing and gilding left wing of Guardian Angel 5.00
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheeks 5.00
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning up the moon 7.00
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls 3.00
Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, mending his left hoof, and doing several odd jobs for the damned 7.00
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig 4.00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias 1.00
Putting ear rings in Sarah’s ears 1.00
Putting new stone in David’s sling and enlarging the head of Goliath and extending Saul’s Leg 6.00
Decorating Noah’s ark and putting head on Shem 4.00
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal and cleaning his ear 2.00

$53.00
Freshman Class

W. F. Westmoreland, Jr., President

OFFICERS

W. F. Westmoreland, Jr. . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
R. N. Davis . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
H. O. Brown . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
T. C. Liddell . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Class Editor
H. C. McDermid . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Historian
C. W. Hunter, Jr. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Chaplain
Freshman Class Roll

Alexander, C. L.
Almand, C. A.
Anderson, E. B.
Anderson, J. W.
Black, D. F.
Brown, B. L.
Brown, H. O.
Buff, J. H.
Carter, W. N.
Cater, R. L. Jr.
Clarke, K. C.
Daniel, H. M.
Davis, C. L.
Davis, R. N.
Dellinger, A. H.
Dykes, C. Q.
Ellis, J. T.
Gable, L. M.
Gilbert, B.
Hadaway, W. H.
Hamilton, R. E.
Hammett, H. H.
Hardegree, H. C.
Hopkins, P. M.
Horn, S. W.
Hunter, C. W., Jr.
Johns, B.
Kennon, C. L.
Liddell, T. C.
McCay, E. E.
M'Daniel, S. P.
M'Dermid, H. C.
M'Duffie, W. N.
M'Gee, J. P.
M'Gehee, H. M.
M'Gowan, R. P.
Majure, A. L.
May, R. D.
Mitchell, C. M.
Morgan, J. O.
Morris, M. F., Jr.
Nelson, H. S.
Page, L. J.
Pharr, O. J.
Pinson, H. A.
Rhyne, H. S.
Robertson, T. J. H.
Schnauss, W. R.
Scurry, C. J.
Sells, J. E.
Snyder, H. D.
Stamper, J. R.
Tatum, W. B.
Taylor, J. C.
Vaughan, H. J.
Walker, J. B.
Way, L. F.
West, C. M.
Westmoreland, W. F., Jr.
Whelchel, F. C.
Whiddon, L. L.
Williamson, J. G.
Winchester, M. E.
Windham, L. A.
Wright, J. E.
History of Freshman Class

The class of 1916, the smallest for several years, numbered at the time school commenced, sixty-three members. However, since Christmas and the mid-term examinations, our ranks have decreased until at the time of going to press there remain but sixty, and if the eagle-eyed professors continue to shoot us, our ranks will indeed be thin next year.

Perhaps the most important event in the history of the class was the banquet at Durands; a get together and get acquainted affair. Dr. W. F. Westmoreland, president, and all the members of the Freshman faculty were present and many excellent speeches were made touching upon the strenuous years ahead of us. The affair was a huge success and in the future a banquet will be one of the class events.

The Freshman class claims no precedence in the way of being cosmopolitan, but when a class is made up of students from a number of states, as is ours, it is quite natural to find a number of versatile gentlemen in quest of the dignified degree of M.D. We have them from the Universities, with a “degree”; some who just “got by” the new educational requirements; some from the trades and business world, and a horsetrader-druggist. Also several who have forsaken the simple life of tending the meek eyed kine for the more dignified and less strenuous vocation of medico.

We have those of short stature, several long and lanky, some short and thick, and one fat man, a homogenous mass (?), in the vernacular of Dr. Papez, nevertheless, good fellows—all of them.

The athletes of the class have had no opportunity to exhibit their prowess but as soon as the warm spring days come again we will have every reason to believe that another “Georgia peach” has been discovered. The class claims the distinction of having a “white hope” though he has forsaken the squared circle for the peaceful pursuit of “medical student.” Flattering offers have been made him by promoters to fight the big dinge, but he hears them not, his name is “Slats Gilbert.”

I was about to forget to mention our Mr. Gable, who bids fair to rank with Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute. Mr. Gable has discovered a nerve, heretofore unknown to the medical world, it is known as Gables nerve, and will doubtless be shown as such in the new edition of the Anatomies. Mr. Gable is from Griffin.

In making mention of a few of the most notable freshmen, we can not slight the name of our Mr. A. L. Majure, who hails from Mississippi. Though young in his career, he has already developed wonderful talent for surgery. His idea of modern surgery is set forth in the following method for treating “Bow legs”: Take out sections of bone about six inches long in position of greatest curvature and turn completely around.

Among those professors who took advantage of the “poor” Freshmen was Dr. McClintic, he of the long linen duster and rubber gloves. His first instructions were to
“cut the bull,” and later when inspecting some work of a Freshman, admonished him about being more careful and using technique. The Freshman replied that he had bought everything he thought he needed but if he could purchase the technique in town he would do so.

Many and varied are the events that have crowded fast upon each other, and to go into detail with them all would require another volume of the Aesculapian, however, there will always remain memories that are pleasant, and in after years we will often reflect with much pleasure on this, our Freshman year.

With the institution of the new educational requirements everyone is expecting great things of the class, and it’s up to the class to make these expectations a reality. So here’s hoping that we all return next year imbued with the ambition to overcome all obstacles that present themselves.

T. C. L.
The Thorax Club

MEMBERS

C. W. Hunter, Jr.  H. C. McDermid
H. J. Vaughan  F. C. Whelchel
W. F. Westmoreland, Jr.  C. M. West
H. S. Nelson  H. M. McGee
C. L. Davis  J. T. Ellis
C. L. Kennon
Man is born of woman,
And has some position to fill;
His talent will lead to his calling.
If it's only supported by Will.

Perhaps this talent supported by will,
Gives him a desire to be;
A visitor of the sick and afflicted.
And to add to his name M.D.

Influenced by this he enters school,
To have his young mind fed
On the honorable science of Medicine
And to live the life of a "Med."

The way of a medical student is hard,
The life that he leads is tough;
He lays his course for that distant port,
And the sea that he sails is rough.

At last his four year's voyage is o'er,
He's won that great degree,
He's bested the waves and the storms of Fate,
And stands at last M.D.

He now bears the name of Doctor,
One who is called on to go,
To visit the sick and afflicted,
Through the rain, the sleet, and the snow.

His friends are like his jewels,
In numbers they are few;
His services are soon forgotten,
Which are rendered so faithful and true.

As time rolls on age leaves her mark,
On brow and heart and hand;
Soon will he cross the river of Life,
And rest with the happy band.

The widow and fatherless mourn his loss,
But that fond voice is stilled.
And in that home is a vacant chair,
That never can be filled.

FRATERNITIES
Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity
Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha ........ University of Georgia Medical Department, Augusta, Ga.
Beta ........ College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.
Delta ........ University of Maryland, Medical Department, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon ...... Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Zeta .......... Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Theta ........ Vanderbilt University Medical Department, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa ......... Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Lambda ...... Memphis University Medical Department, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu ........... Tulane University Medical Department, New Orleans, La.
Nu ........... University of Arkansas Medical Department, Little Rock, Ark.
Xi ........... St. Louis University Medical Department, St. Louis, Mo.
Omicron ...... Washington University Medical Department, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi ............ College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
Rho ........... College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Sigma ........ George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Upsilon ..... Fordham University Medical College, Fordham, N. Y.
Phi .......... Lincoln University Medical College, Knoxville, Tenn.
Chi .......... Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Psi .......... Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Omega ........ Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.
Chi Zeta Chi

EPSILON

Founded in 1903

Epsilon Chapter installed October 24, 1904

Allen, E. W.
Armstrong, T. B.
Barfield, J. R.
Binion, R.
Brice, E. H.
Cawthon, W. D.
Estes, H. G.
Gay, B. B.

Gibson, C. B.
Gibson, W. A. Jr.
Hill, R. A.
Holt, R. R.
Johnson, W. A.
Lanford, M. L.
McGehee, H. M.
Nelson, H. S.

West, C. M.
Phi Chi Fraternity
Phi Chi Fraternity

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont
Zeta University of Texas, Galveston, Texas
Eta Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Theta University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Iota University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Lambda University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nu Birmingham Medical School, Birmingham, Ala.
Xi Fort Worth School of Medicine, Fort Worth, Texas
Omicron Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Pi Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Rho University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Sigma Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Tau Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.
Upsilon Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Phi George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Chi Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Penna.
Psi University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha Alpha University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.
Alpha Theta Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio
Beta Beta Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Gamma Gamma Bowdoin College, Brunswick-Portland, Me.
Delta Delta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Mu Indiana University Medical School, Indianapolis, Ind.
Kappa Alpha Kappa Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C.
Sigma Theta University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Chi Theta Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Penna.
Pi Delta Phi University of California, Berkley, Cal.
Upsilon Pi University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Penna.
Phi Sigma Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill.
Psi Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
Iota Pi University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.
Phi Beta University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Kappa Delta John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Theta Upsilon Temple University, Philadelphia, Penna.
Alpha Mu Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Phi Rho St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Sigma Upsilon Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford, Cal.

Indiana Alumni Chapter, Indianapolis, Ind.
Phi Chi Fraternity

SIGMA CHAPTER

Founded at University of Vermont, 1886
Sigma Chapter installed, February, 1905

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Blair, J. L. 
Bryson, J. L., Jr. 
Ferguson, D. Jr. 
Folmar, J. Q. 
Holton, C. F., Jr. 
Hopkins, P. M. 
Hunter, C. W., Jr. 
Lake, W. F. 
Liddell, T. C. 
May, R. D. 
McCuller, R. E. 
Muse, L. H. 
O’Neil, R. T. 
Patterson, J. C., Jr. 

Fitman, J. F. 
Roberts, J. W., Jr. 
Rountree, J. O. 
Sauls, H. C. 
Sharpton, B. T. 
Sims, M. R. 
Snyder, H. D. 
Tillman, G. C. 
Vaughan, H. J. 
Vermilye, J. H. 
Way, L. F. 
Westmoreland, W. F. Jr. 
Wilkinson, W. L. 
Wofford, W. E. 
Wright, E. H.

POSTGRADUATE

Pressly, J. E., M.D.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS
Kappa Psi Fraternity
### Kappa Psi Fraternity

**FOUNDED MAY 30TH, 1879**

**INCORPORATED 1903**

### CHAPTER ROLL

#### EXECUTIVE CHAPTER

- **Alpha**
  - Grand Council
  - Wilmington, Del.

#### COLLEGIATE CHAPTERS

(Active Chapters)

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<tr>
<td>Beta</td>
<td>University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gamma</td>
<td>Columbia University, New York, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delta</td>
<td>University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epsilon</td>
<td>Maryland Medical College, Baltimore, Md.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eta</td>
<td>Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, Penna.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iota</td>
<td>University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kappa</td>
<td>Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lambda</td>
<td>Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mu</td>
<td>Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Boston, Mass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nu</td>
<td>Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xi</td>
<td>University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omicron</td>
<td>Universities of Nashville-Tenn., Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pi</td>
<td>Tulane University, New Orleans, La.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rho</td>
<td>Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sigma</td>
<td>Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tau</td>
<td>University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upsilon</td>
<td>Louisville College of Pharmacy, Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phi</td>
<td>Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chi</td>
<td>University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Psi</td>
<td>Baylor University, Dallas, Texas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Omega</td>
<td>Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta-Beta</td>
<td>Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta-Gamma</td>
<td>University of California, San Francisco, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta-Delta</td>
<td>Union University, Albany, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta-Epsilon</td>
<td>Rhode Island College of P. &amp; A. S., Providence, R. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta-Zeta</td>
<td>Oregon Agricultural College, Corvalis, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta-Eta</td>
<td>Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Penna.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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#### GRADUATE CHAPTERS

(ALUMNI CHAPTERS)

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<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
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<td>New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
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<td>Birmingham</td>
<td>Birmingham, Ala.</td>
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<td>Boston</td>
<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
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</tbody>
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Kappa Psi Fraternity

FOUNDED 1879

Established at the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1908

28 Chapters

Colors: Scarlet and Gray

Fratres in Universitate

1913
Carter, D. E.
Goodwyn, T. P.
Price, C. J.

1914
Blackshear, T. J., Jr.
Brannen, C. C.
DeLoach, D. R.
Caraker, C. T., Jr.
Fuller, G. W.
Fuller, J. R.
Mathews, L. B.
Wood, W. L.

1915
Akridge, H. L.
Greene, E. H.
Hickson, M. L.
Mashburn, M.
McWhorter, W. B.
Newman, W. A.
Parham, J. B.
Parham, L. G.
Smith, L. E.
Ussery, T. S.
Sherman, W. E.

1916
Anderson, J. W.
Ellis, J. T.
Kennon, C. L.
Morris, M. F., Jr.
Page, L. J.
Tatum, W. B.
The Pan-Hellenic Club

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The Price He Paid

I said I would have my fling,
And do what a young man may:
And I didn’t believe a thing
That the parsons have to say.
I didn’t believe in a God
That gives us blood like fire,
Then flings us into hell because
We answer the call of desire.

And I said: “Religion is rot,
And the laws of the world are nil;
For the bad man is he who is caught
And can not foot his bill.
And there is no place called hell;
And heaven is only a truth.
When a man has his way with a maid,
In the fresh keen hour of youth.

“And money can buy us grace,
If it rings on the plate of the church:
And money can neatly erase,
Each sign of a sinful smirch.”
For I saw men everywhere,
Hotfooting the road of vice;
And women and preachers smiled on them
As long as they paid the price.

So I had my joy of life:
I went the pace of the town;
And then I took me a wife,
And started to settle down.
I had gold enough and to spare
For all of the simple joys
That belong with a house and a home
And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
And virtue and spotless fame.
I gave in exchange my wealth
And a proud old family name.
And I gave her the love of a heart
Grown sated and sick of sin!
My deal with the devil was all cleaned up,
And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
And when in labor she cried,
With love and fear I was wild—
But now I wish she had died.
For the son she bore me was blind
And crippled and weak and sore!
And his mother was left a wreck.
It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the path I would go;
Yet no one told me a thing
Of what I needed to know.
Folks talk too much of a soul
From heavenly joys debarred—
And not enough of the babes unborn,
By the sins of their fathers scarred.

E. W. W.
Statue of Michael Servetus
In Paris
Michael Servetus: The Discoverer of the Pulmonary Circulation

By George Bachmann, M.D.

Among the glorious names identified with the advance of accurate knowledge in medicine that of Michael Servetus, the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation, occupies a pre-eminent position. His stormy life and tragic death brought about by his fearless freedom of thought on matters theological, introduce in the history of this remarkable man an element of romance which further attracts and interests the biographer.

It is essential before entering into a consideration of the life and work of Servetus to first gain a knowledge of the theories of the circulation which were accepted as truth in his time as well as of the attitude of the educated world toward them.

Erasistratus (300 B.C.), and the Alexandria school believed that the left side of the heart and the arteries were empty and that they communicated with the trachea (arteria aspera) from which they were filled with air attracted there by the movements of the lungs. The arteries served to carry air (spirit of life, or pneuma) to all parts of the body to endow them with life, while the veins alone carried blood to nourish the body.

Galen (125-201 A.D.), the great Roman physician, demonstrated by actual experiment that arteries contain blood. He severed an artery in a living animal and observed that nothing but blood came out of it; he also isolated a portion of an artery between two ligatures and subsequently opened it when he saw that it contained nothing but blood. The theory of Erasistratus, therefore, did not fit the facts. Galen, accordingly, proceeded at once to construct another theory more in harmony with his own views. The inspired air, said Galen, is for the purpose of cooling the blood. As Galen saw that there were two kinds of blood he named one; the thin spirituous blood (sanguis spirituosus), seen in the left ventricle and in the arteries, and the other, the thick, venous nourishing blood (sanguis nutritivus). The spirituous blood, he said, nourishes delicate and light organs such as the lungs, while the venous blood nourishes thick and coarse organs, such as the liver. The veins, he taught, arise in the liver and carry the nourishing blood to all parts of the body. The spirit is the purest part of the blood and this blood is formed in the left ventricle only, where it comes in contact with pneuma through a back-and-forth motion of the blood from left ventricle to lung, by way of the pulmonary veins. But as he thought that a certain proportion of spirit was needed in the venous blood to make it suitable for nutritional purposes, there arose the necessity for a communication between the right and left sides of the heart. Hence Galen stated that there were pores in the partition between the right and left ventricles, while at the
same time he said that they were not visible; however, by means of these pores, the blood and the spirit could mix. Furthermore, in Galen’s theory, a small quantity of the blood contained in the right ventricle enters the lungs by way of the pulmonary artery (vena arteriosa).

Galen’s authority was supreme. His theory of the circulation soon came to be regarded as a dogma from which no sane man would depart, and as the human body was not dissected for a period of at least sixteen centuries, any discrepancy between the theory and the facts could not easily be discovered. Such was the awe inspired by Galen’s authority that when Vesalius in 1555, expressed his opinion that there were no holes in the inter-ventricular septum, he did so only after having affirmed, as an article of faith, his adherence to Galen’s view.

The man who dared speak his conviction aloud and who had enough courage to say plainly that Galen was mistaken, was a native of Spain. Miguel Servet y Reves was born at Villanueva (Aragon) in 1509. His father, an attorney in easy circumstances, sent him to the Dominican fathers of Saragossa to be educated. At the age of sixteen, Michael Servetus left his native land to go to the University of Toulouse where he was to study law in accordance with his father’s wish. Though Servetus’ fondness for learning led him to study almost anything that came to his notice, his favorite study was that of theology. It is therefore not surprising to find him two years later going as secretary to Father Quintana, the Confessor of Charles V, to the papal town of Bologna to attend the coronation of that monarch (1529). There, the extravagance of the nobility and the fastidious magnificence of the Pope made strange impressions on his alert mind.

The coronation festivities over, Michael Servetus started for Germany to seek the chiefs of the Reformation and make a close acquaintance with the new theological ideas. He conferred with Ecolampadius at Bale, with Bucer and Capito at Strasburg, and with Zwingli at Augsburg. They one and all rejected him in holy indignation at his anti-trinitarian doctrines. Repulsed on all sides by the disciples of Luther, Servetus published in Haguenuau in 1530, his treatise De Trinitatis erroribus, libri VII, followed shortly by a second publication entitled Dialogorum de Trinitate, libri II de Justitia Christi, Capitulo quatuor. These works exposed his theological system and as it differed from that of the more powerful reformers, the latter did not view it with favor. This circumstance may explain Servetus’ sudden departure from Germany. We therefore find him next in Paris (1531), where, temporarily leaving theology, he is studying medicine under Sylvius, Fernel and Gonthier of Andernach. He shortly became, in company with Vesalius, prosector to Gonthier. Owing to a lack of means, Servetus then left Paris and went to Lyons where he earned a living as proofreader at a printer’s. There he published a new annotated edition of the Geography of Ptolemy. In this book the holy land is described, truthfully, as an arid and sterile country. This description, being contrary to the biblical version, was made use of, against him, while he was being tried for his life in Geneva, a few years later.
Two years later Servetus returned to Paris and his medical studies. Having little respect for tradition and authority he violently attacked the Faculty of Medicine and its teachings in two works, namely: Syruporum universa and Apologetica disceptatio pro Astrologia. The dispute became very heated and acrimonious and had to be settled by Parliament. Most biographers state that Servetus obtained his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Paris but there is good evidence to the contrary: he most likely received his degree from some other University. In 1538 Servetus left Paris definitely and went back to Lyons where he corrected the Bible of Santes Pagnini. Shortly afterwards he moved to Charlieu near Lyons, where he engaged in the practice of medicine. There he met the archbishop Pierre Paulmier, a man of great learning and breadth of mind, who conceived a warm affection for him and gave him the hospitality of his palace where he could continue his favorite studies undisturbed. Servetus remained there twelve years but his old passion for theology made him restless and he dreamed of a more complete and more logical reformation than that of Luther and Calvin. His ardor led him to ask of his friend Frellon, a publisher in Lyons, that he put him in communication with Calvin. The letters and manuscripts which Servetus sent him, far from appealing to the Genovese reformer, only served to irritate him and to kindle in his heart the intense hatred which was ultimately to prove fatal to the hapless Servetus.

After several futile attempts to interest others in his ideas Servetus decided to give them to the public in the form of a book. A publisher at Bale, fearsome of the consequences, refused to print the manuscript. Servetus, at last, persuaded two printers of Vienne to publish the work, so that in 1553 the famous Christianismi restitutio appeared. In this book is described for the first time the pulmonary circulation. There he states clearly that the blood courses in a long passage from the right ventricle to the pulmonary arteries into the lungs where it is agitated and changes color and that it comes out of the lungs by way of the pulmonary veins into the left side of the heart. He denies that the septum is pervious and disagrees bluntly with Galen in that he says that “if any one compares his views with Galen’s he will perceive clearly the truth not observed by Galen himself.” The reasons he gives for his views are based mainly on the relative size of the various structures concerned and in their relation one to another.

It appears strange, at first sight, that a physiological discovery should be found in a theological treatise, for we are not accustomed at the present day, to think of physiology and theology as sister branches of learning. Servetus, however, placed a literal interpretation on the scriptural writings and as it is stated in the scriptures that the soul resides in the blood, that the soul is the blood itself, Servetus in his quest for the origin of the soul was led to study the origin of the blood and its movement. Servetus also stated that spirits were formed in the blood, namely the vital and the animal spirits. It is in the discussion of the elaboration of the vital spirit that Servetus describes the
pulmonary circulation*. This discovery antedates that of the sytematic circulation by Harvey, by seventy-five years.

The book was hardly published when a copy was sent to Calvin, thereby providing the latter with a powerful weapon. From this time on Servetus was pursued by the fanatic reformer. Servetus was declared a heretic by both the Catholics and Protestants. Being arrested at Vienne, he escaped from his prison through the intervention of some of his influential friends there. He then decided to go to Italy, but instead of going by a safe route he chose to pass by way of Geneva. This decision is probably another instance of his reckless attitude toward things, for it is asserted that he intended, while in Geneva, to attack Calvin in the midst of his adherents and engage in a public discussion with him. Calvin, however, had him promptly arrested. The cruelty and insults which were inflicted upon the unfortunate Servetus, in prison and in his trial, form a sad commentary on the character of the leader of the French Reformation. Servetus wrote a pitiful appeal to the Council; speaking of Calvin he says: "He wishes me to decay here; lice eat me alive, my footwear is torn and I have no change of dress. Three weeks ago I demanded to have an audience but was unable to obtain one. The cold greatly torments me on account of my colics and hernia, which results in other troubles that I am ashamed to write you about. This is very great cruelty. For the love of God change the condition of affairs, either from pity or duty."

The Council moved to compassion wished to better Servetus' condition, but Calvin forbade that anything be done and even rejected Servetus' demand for a lawyer. Finally, Servetus being convicted of blasphemy and heresy was sentenced to be burned alive. The sentence was carried out on the next day. The execution took place on a hill called "Le Champel," outside the city of Geneva. A stake was built of green wood—branches of oak to which the leaves still adhered—and a few pieces of worm-eaten timber. A post stood in the center, and to this were fastened heavy iron chains. In the afternoon, about two o'clock, a miscellaneous crowd was walking toward Le Champel. At the head there were soldiers, churchmen and lawyers, and among them was Servetus, pale and emaciated by his fasts and sufferings, his hair grown long and his clothes torn, but withal proud and unflinching.

Farel, the detested reformer of Neufchatel, kept by his side like a bird of ill omen, trying to persuade him to renounce the errors of his teachings. Servetus maintained a contemptuous silence.

Arrived at the place of execution and contemplating the stake with its green wood, Servetus could not repress a heart-rending cry of distress: "Oh, Jesus, Son of God eternal, have pity upon me!" Farel was incensed and tried to force him to say: "Eternal Son of God" instead of "Son of God eternal," but Servetus refused. Thereupon, Farel, shaking his fists, turned toward the people and shouted in a rage: "See ye what strength has Satan when he possesses a soul! This man was very learned and he

*The passage concerning the pulmonary circulation is found p. 170 of the Christianismi Restitutio, in Liber Quintus, De Trinitate Divina, In quo asserit de Spiritus Sancto, etc.
could have followed the right path, but Satan possessed him: take ye heed that this
doth not happen to ye!"

Servetus having been fastened to the post by means of the chains, the executioner
placed on his head a crown of straw powdered thickly with sulphur and attached to his
side a copy of his book, Christianismi Restitutio. He then set fire to the stake and the
flames rose mournfully toward the man who would not prostitute his beliefs. Suddenly,
the wind began to blow violently and the flames being laid low and blown aside, the
martyrdom lasted over three hours. Some men in the crowd, being moved by the fright-
ful spectacle, obtained a quantity of dry wood and made haste to shorten the anguish of
the noble martyr. Nearly all of the copies of Christianismi Restitutio were burnt, only
three being known to exist at present.

Our enlightened generation has sought to repair the injustice of its benighted
forefathers. An expiatory monument was erected in 1903 by the Calvinists on the
site occupied by the stake; while in 1908, the Free-thinkers of Paris raised a statue
of the proud, indomitable Servetus, representing him in the tattered clothes he wore in
prison, loaded with chains and tied to the stake, the latter constituting the pedestal of
the inspiring monument.
Kyaw Nyun

"On a hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories, the ocean and the wind have permanently bent pine, fir, and spruce. "Here and there a single tree remains upright,—stanchly refusing to record the effect of circumstance on character."

ONE day, about three years ago, he arrived in New York city,—many, many thousand miles from his native land. While crossing the Atlantic he had become acquainted with a man aboard the ship who had woven for his fanciful imagination wondrous tales of the great land of Opportunity. In his own country he had held positions of honor. He had been trusted by all men and he likewise trusted all men. As a result of this combination of circumstances, when he arrived in New York he found himself practically penniless, the unsuspecting victim of a crawling viper of humanity. Behind him lay fifteen thousand miles and before him his ambition stretched out into the dim distance along the rugged road of a medical education. A great gale of adversity was blowing against him. Did the tree bend—?

To-day, he is entering his Senior year, the most universally known, respected, and admired man in the undergraduate body.

Kyaw Nyun is from Rangoon, the capital of Burma, which is located in the Southeastern part of India on the Bay of Bengal. There are about eleven million people in the country and when Nyun returns next year he will be the fourth or fifth native Burmese to have obtained an M.D. degree. Before he came to this country to take up his medical work he was the Head Master and Instructor in English at a school in Rangoon. The true nature of the man is revealed when we learn that while in that position he not only assisted boys in various ways to get an education, but actually gave a large part of his salary toward the maintenance of several of them. He laughingly tells of how in later years one of these boys, anxious to show his appreciation, brought him every morning, for many months, two bottles of milk.

The world needs men like Kyaw Nyun,—he is fighting for an Ideal. He is a philosopher and recognizes the fact that drudgery, calamity, exasperation, and want, are all instructors in eloquence and wisdom. He plies now the slow, the unhonored, and the unpaid task of the scholar; but he looks beyond this and sees in the distance the time when the energies of his present struggle shall evolve into a great light which shall cheer, and raise, and guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances.
CONUNDRUM
Q.—When is a joke not
a joke?
A.—About ninety-nine times
out of a hundred.

RIDDLE
My first and last are just the
same,
My second is my middle;
My whole is drunk at a base-
ball game,
Ain't that an easy riddle?
Answer—Pop.

FASCINATING FACTS
Ether is an anaesthetic.

There are no convolutions in
Dick Holt's brain.

Lagoda, Ind., has a popula-
tion of 1,148, while the inhabi-
tants of Elko, Ga., are 243 in
number.

The specific gravity of fresh
felled spruce is .699.

The weight of Dr. Edgar
Everhart is 260 pounds net.

The Atlanta College of
Physicians and Surgeons is located
in Atlanta, Ga.

POEM
Horace: Book 1, Ode 9
"Non paratus," Freshie dixit.
Caut a sad and doleful look,
"Omne rectum," Prof. Re-
spondit.
Nihil scripsit in his book.

ANECDOTE
A wise old farmer seems
some great men at work asked
them what they were doing.
"We are trying to find a
universal solvent," they said.
"What are you going to keep
it in?" asked the farmer as he
made a quick exit through the
doors.

PREDICTIONS FOR APRILLE.
This month's weather will cause many to observe that this is the
warmest Aprille they can remember, but that it is not the heat they
mind so much as the humidity. Editor of Almanack will make an un-
successful attempt to give up tobacco and the cost of living will
increase.

1.—Tu.—April's Fool Day. Aesclusaipius entered Medical School
B. C. 412.
2.—W.—John Paul Jones born, 1747.
3.—Th.—Dr. John Funke's engagement announced, 1913. Reno.
4.—Fr.—Maude Adams born, 1872.
5.—Sa.—Joke about boarding houses and prunes abolished by the
paragraphers union, 1907.
6.—Su.—Hippocrates, Greek Physician born, B. C. 467. Dr. Jim
Papez cuts first tooth, 1884.
7.—M.—Silk hats invented by Beelzebub, 809. (Rain.)
8.—Tu.—Kid Davids gets decision over Battling Goliath, 1037 B. C.
9.—W.—Turkey Trot invented by the Balkans, 1912.
10.—Th.—Dr. W. S. Goldsmith gives lecture on Surgery, 1913.
11.—Fr.—The people discover that T. R. is more bull than moose.
12.—Sa.—Benj. Franklin, author of the second greatest Almanack,
begins to crawl, 1706.
13.—Su.—Beginning Freshman examinations, 1912. (Stormy weather.)
14.—M.—Guy Fawkes executed, 1606.
15.—Tu.—Dr. Geo. Bachman begins to talk, 1878. All Freshmen
begin to get scared, 1878.
16.—W.—Dick Holt admits that he has no brains, thus confirming
a suspicion long entertained in our minds, 1912.
17.—Th.—William Shakespeare born, 1564. (Take in your plants.)
18.—Fr.—Gold discovered in California, 1848.
19.—Sa.—Editor of THE ALMANACK eats Soup, 1913.
20.—Su.—Plant your garden.
21.—M.—Aesculapian for 1913, issued 1913. Editor of said book
eats once more.
22.—Tu.—Sir Walter Raleigh smokes first cigarette, 1630.
23.—W.—Dr. C. W. Strickler discovers "Bland nutritious diet,"
"Rest in bed," 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913. (Dry and
cold.)
24.—Th.—Dr. Geo. Bachmann's essay on "Why is a Freshman?"
read at the A. M. A. meeting, 1913.
25.—Fr.—Battle of Hastings, 1066. Lorne Hastings born, 1884.
26.—Sa.—Dr. E. Bates Block comes to the College without his um-
rella, 1913. State Asylum founded, 1852.
27.—Su.—Adam eats first apple, B. C. 4000.
28.—M.—World predicted to come to an end, 1913, by Mallard, but
up to the time that we go to press our researches have
proven this to be untrue.
29.—Tu.—Sennacharib, son of Nebuchanezza, born B. C. 1758.
30.—W.—Present Senior Class soon graduates and the personnel of
the school will be on a higher plane.
The University of Georgia Club

COOPER, J. H.       ALLEN, E. W.
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Beggs, J. M.        Hunter, C. W. Jr.
Vaughan, H. J.      Whelchel, F. C.
McGehee, H. M.
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J. R. Barfield Secretary
T. W. Taylor Historian

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Price, C. J.  Everhart, Laurence  Rowan, W. W.
Meriwether, W. W.  Sherman, W. E.  Rogers, Frank W.
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W. H. Spiers ............... Vice-President
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Moore, D. M.                       Workman, C. H.
Pennel, Thomas                     Whitley, L. L.
Pettigrew, G. C.                   Bryson, J. L., Jr.
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                                          Horton, C. C.
                                          Kane, T. Jr.
                                          Lanford, M. L.
                                          Langley, C. C.
                                          Lawson, E. L.
                                          Matheson, D. N.
                                          Milford, J. C.
                                          Sharpton, B. T.
                                          Verner, J. D. Jr.
                                          Webb, J. N.
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J. C. Walker ............... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Pennington, L. E. .......... Austin, O. O.
Beach, T. R. .......... Walker, J. C.
Henton, V. L. .......... Day, C. A.
Brock, D. T. .......... Stamper, J. R.
Melvin, L. C. .......... O'Neil, R. T.
ATHLETICS
The Base Ball Team

L. G. Baggett . . . . . . . . . . . . Manager
J. B. Parham . . . . . . . . . . . . Captain

Beggs, John Boling, J. R.
Irwin, I. W. Carr, J. H.
Smith, L. E. Whitehead, C.
Crow, H. E. Atherton, H. G.
Wells, B. T. Daves, F. E.
Parham, J. B. Jordan, W. B.
Allen, W. H. Byrd, J. L.
Cooper, J. H.

Scores, 1912
A. C. P. & S.—5 Tech.—4
A. C. P. & S.—4 Tech.—1
Sophomore Base Ball Team

Hal M. Davison
J. B. Parham
B. T. Wells
Frank Daves (Captain)
J. R. Boling
L. E. Smith
C. Whitehead
W. B. Jordan
W. H. Allen
J. B. Duke
W. T. Randolph
H. E. Crow
H. G. Atherton

Manager
Catcher
Catcher
First Base
Second Base
Third Base
Short Stop
Right Field
Center Field
Left Field
Pitcher
Pitcher
Pitcher
The Gun Club

SEASON—Opens September 17th; closes May 5th.

OBJECT—To Shoot the Bull.

MOTTO—"Bellum Bulli ad infinitum."

COLORS—Bullion Blue.

FLOWER—Bull-rush.

Meetings are held whenever two members meet.

RULES:—Candidates must be single, more or less, and twenty-one years young.

If the candidate passes successfully the above requirements, he shall be presented with a nifty and neat “Bull-bull,” the emblem of the club.

OFFICERS

Exalted Toto of the Bullarium .... Laurence Everhart, M. B.

Grand Bellower of the Bull .... "Bull" Wood, '14

Master Burnisher of the Bunk .... "Lewie" Muse, '13

"Begunk," the Butheaded Buller .... "Jim" Fuller "Bull," '14


GUNNERS

JOHNSON, J. L. HOLTON, C. F., JR. HOLT, R. R.
PEARCE, MIKE WILLIFORD, G. G. BROCK, D. T.
KEELING, LEWIS CARAKER, C. T. JR. MARNEY, C. R.
HAYGOOD, M. F. MATHEW, L. B. PITMAN, J. F.
WESMORELAND, W. F. JR. BEASLEY, B. T.

GUNNERS IN FACULTATE

DR. ROBERTS DR. GOLDSMITH DR. MCRae
DR. PERSON DR. PAPEZ DR. HASTINGS
DR. HASTINGS
Tell me not in metric numbers,
Learning surgery, is a dream:
Once begun, there are few slumbers,
Lest the "Bull" is handled clean.

Lives of surgeons, great, remind us,
We can do it too, in time,
If departing leave behind us
Knife-print scars of every kind.

Still conceiving,—fast believing
That the blade's our patient's fate
Yet we find that on relieving,
Payment at Saint Peter's gate?

W. A. Johnson, '15.

A Song of the Knife

A Dough-nut
The Quack Specialist

OBODDY wuz ever so brave that he couldn't be scared by a quack specialist. A feller can distinguish himself on th' field o' battle or show his courage in a thousand different ways an' yit' emerge from a short crisp consultation with a fat, glossy quack specialist tremblin' like a dime's worth o' liver. That's th' quack specialist's business. He don't care how strong and brave you are. All he asks is a little heart-t'-heart, er liver-t'-liver, talk with you.

After a quack specialist gits you in his studio he first sets about t' git a line on your financial condition an' he expects you t' be jist as frank an' honest with him on this subject as you are when you try t' describe th' sharp, dartin' pain which departs ever' mornin' at twenty minutes after th' hour from th' base o' your skull an' runs thro' without change t' your right heel. He has several ingenious little preliminary questions bearin' indirectly on your case which he asks, an' which, if answered truthfully, gives him a fair workin' clew on your income. No quack specialist in his right mind will disturb a tumor unless there's a farm behind it, an', while ther's been great progress made in th' profession o' surgery, it's impossible t' remove a tumor without disturbin' th' farm. However, no feller wuz ever so poor that a quack specialist couldn' at least remove eight dollars from
him fer a bottle o' brown water. An' jist t' make th' operation seem more difficult he'll advise you t' give up terbacker.

A quack specialist with a frock coat an' four column beard stopped for two days at th' New Palace hut-tel last week an' here's some o' th' questions he asked Tipton Bud, who went t' consult him:

Do you own any real estate?
Are your muscles sore after diggin' a cellar?
Are you hungry before breakfast?
Does eating a Kiefer pear give you a warped view of life?
Durin' the heated summer months do you hesitate when confronted with some arduous task?
Are you sullen an' melancholy after you've paid fer a one-rib roast?
Do you notice a heaviness o' th' eyelids when you try t' watch a ten-thirty film.
Do you awaken with a start when a neighborin' pinner strikes up after hours?
Do you feel a wanin' inclination t' fly a kite as th' years go by?
Are you ever seized with indecision when you have your choice o' two kinds o' soup?
Do you ever notice a low, muffled gurgle in th' region o' th' pipes that carry th' air back t' th' lobes o' th' lungs while plowin'?

So what could Tipton Bud do? It wuz up t' him t' either linger along fer another week er begin treatment at once. He didn't know nothin' 'bout th' connection o' th' anastomosis o' th' capillary extremities o' th' vena cava with those o' th' portal vein an' he wuz in no mood t' take chances.

Mrs. MICROBE—"You, Willie, come away from that alimentary canal this minute."
Six Best Sellers for 1913

Soup Sipping as an Exercise for the Lungs.—By Mike Pearce.
Waterproof binding—8 vo—$4.00 net.
"The most modern and advanced views are presented. It is difficult to pick out any one part that deserves special commendation, all parts fully covering their particular field, I know of no single-volume work that surpasses it."—Prof. Fedor Krause, B.A., M.B., B.Ch., Ph.D., Berlin.
"It's a bear."—Stewart Roberts, A.B., M.Sc., M.D.

Clams;—and How They Teach Their Young to Expectorate. —By C. C. Aven, M.D.
762 Pages, 12 Mo., Cravenetted Cloth—$8.00 net.
"I shall make it the subject of my next sermon."—Dr. Len Broughton.

Tripe as a Substitute for Gum.—By W. F. Westmoreland, Jr.
Large octavo, tough cloth, 50 cents.
"The book is full and comprehensive and its merits are numerous. We know of no similar book which will answer the demand for a work of this character so satisfactorily."—Am. Journal of Nursing.
"Rotten."—W. F. Westmoreland, Sr.

Comrades—Comrades.—By L. Hutchinson & F. L. Webb.
DeLuxe Haircloth Binding—$25.00.
"It has choked with emotion the throats of more than three million readers."—N. Y. Herald.

Ueber die gewerblichen Erkrankungen der Haut.—By Chas. R. Marney.
16 mo. Cream colored OOze—$1.00 net.
"Die heutige Lehre von den pathologisch-anatomischen Grundlagen der Herzschwache."—Prof. Schulthess-Reckberg.
"Compares favorably with the Author's other works."—Am. Journal of Insanity.

Five points for the Student of Medicine.—By Dick Holt.
449 Pages. Fully illustrated by the Author.—$2.60 net.
"A big, gripping, throbbing story of a young man's life in the city."—Literary Digest.
"Notice later."—John Funke, M.D.
Who's Who—And Why

ET me set the scenery for you and then we will put on the big show. It is a perfect day in June, for then if ever, come perfect days, and from the Railroad station of the little German town of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, there are emerging many people—people of all nations, and they wend their way down Berthold Strasse to the great University, where the Commencement exercises are to be held. Seated upon the stage, gowned in their variously colored robes, are the dignified Senior Professors of the University and the candidates for the degrees. About it all there pervades an atmosphere of knowledge and dignity.

Suddenly, the preliminaries over, there steps to the center of the stage to deliver the Salutatory Address, a young American scholar. The audience looks aghast! Never before has an American delivered the Salutatory Address at the University of Freiburg—never! He delivered his address—in German. There followed tumultuous applause, and the scholar was presented with a sheepskin on which were inscribed those magic words "Doctor of Philosophy." And that, dear readers in suspense, is why he writes it today—Edgar Everhart, Ph.D. For five years he studied in Germany; studied chemistry, to obtain the privilege of attaching to his name those three little letters. You've seen adornments galore strung out after the names of men, but rarely do you behold that nifty little combination. There is only one thing in the Academic world more difficult to obtain that a Ph.D., and that is—another Ph.D.

Dr. Everhart was born in Germanton, North Carolina, which, as all will agree, was rather rough on the Doctor but highly advantageous to Germanton. It was the second great event that had happened in that little village, it being the place, if I remember correctly, where, but a few years before, the original Declaration of Independence had been signed. That seems to be putting the date of Dr. Everhart's birth pretty close to that of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but the fact of the matter is that two things can not be very far apart and still both be in Germanton. However, be that as it may, Dr. Everhart is not so old as one might think for. When he does get to be as old as some people think he is now, he will be fifty-two. In appearance, he is Falstaffian, it sounding so much better to say that a man is Falstaffian than to say that he weighs about two hundred and sixty pounds. Likewise, our old friend Falstaff was a gentleman of shrewd wit. The fat he had didn't affect his head; nor does Dr. Everhart's.

Have I said before that Dr. Everhart is a chemist? He is. Webster's Dictionary defines a chemist as a man who knows chemistry. He does. He thinks in terms of structural formulas. If you don't believe it, drop in to see him some day and, if you can remember it long enough, ask him how to make dioxydiamidoarsenabenzol, or any simple little thing like that. He will tell you just offhand. After you have regained
consciousness, he will dash off the structural formula for you—and from that moment forth you will be a sadder but wiser man. Even back in the student days in Germany, when asked by a confere to have a stein he would outline on the pavement with his cane either N-O or Y-E-S, as the case may have been, however, it was rarely the—but then those were student days.

THAT'S HOW

I love you like a sailor
loves the water.
I love you like a copper
loves to sleep.
I love you like a school-boy
loves to loiter.
I love you like a baby
loves to creep.
I love you like an artist
loves his pictures.
I love you like fair maidens
love their beaux.
To further tell you how
I love you, Sweetheart,
Would only be to see,
and tell you,—so.

L. J. K. '14.

(Editor's Note.—We are glad to state that the writer of these verses has been completely cured and is now a useful citizen of the community.)
A One Act Drama

Entitled
"THE TAIL OF THE PANCREAS"

Rendered by the Dramatic Club of Guinea College

CAST OF CHARACTERS

O. P. Ium—The King of the Drugs .......................................... "Dave" Ferguson, '14
Bella Donna—His Daughter ....................................................... "Bessie" Wofford, '13
Bilious Ness—The Hero .......................................................... "Bill" Roberts, '13
Calo Mel—His Hated Rival ....................................................... "Hooray" Johnson, '15
A. Malignant Tumor—The Villian ............................................. "Mike" Pearce, '14
Toxic Substance—The Cause of the Trouble ................................ Freshman Class
Bacteria—Always Around ........................................................ Sophomore Class
Phagocytes—Their Sworn Enemies

Stage Manager ................................................................. "Morphine" Mathews, '14
Master of Properties ............................................................. "Iodine" Wood, '14
Electrician ................................................................. "Ichthyol" King, '14
Wardrobe Mistress ............................................................. Mrs. Penny Royal
Musical Director ............................................................... Prof. Py. O. Salpinx

Costumes designed by Typhoid Mary.

Play produced under the direction of Kryofine & Argyrol, Inc.

SCENE 1—Drawing Room of O. P. Ium's Summer Residence in Florida.
SCENE 2—A. Malignant Tumor's Office on Decatur Street.
SCENE 3—Chapel of Down & Deep, Undertakers and Embalmers.

MUSIC—(Furnished by the Broncho-Pneumonic Orchestra)

1. March of the Lymphocytes.
2. Waltz—"Pseudo-Leukemia," (Composed for the occasion by L. J. Keeling)
3. Ballad—"Tabes Dorsalis," sung by Bella Donna. (No encores may be expected)
4. Duet—"Angina Pectoris," sung by A. Malignant Tumor with chorus of Bacteria
5. Dance—"On the Crest of the Ileum," rendered by the Pony Ballet of eight Leukocytes
6. Grand Finale—"Hallux Valgus," by entire company

(Curtain)
Who's Who—And Why

TURNING for the nonce—let us investigate another phase of life, another demonstration of the tremendous truth that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. It certainly does, and hence we are living in a world all cluttered up with different kinds of people, crowded and jammed with vast varieties of folks, and among this vast number we discern a Dr. John Funke. Mark well that word "discern."—we discern John Funke—and never, never, are we informed of his presence in this multitude by the beating of many tom-toms and an exuberant flow of language.

He has been referred to as being laconic. He is not—he is silent. Do not be misled into thinking that he has nothing to say—one could scarcely make a greater error—the point is that he doesn't say it. Let me modify that statement for the benefit of the oncoming Freshie, whom I would fain mislead—he doesn't say it except at such sporadic periods as is proper—the aforesaid sporadic periods occurring slightly after dawn—and at which periods he says it in large and unbroken doses.

Industry, we have been told since our youth, is a cardinal virtue. Seeking afield, our mentors have held up to us the bee and the ant as examples of industrious and applied effort worthy of our concentrated emulation. Some men exhort us to industry with oratorical fireworks—others merely by precept—and John Funke belongs to the latter class. He is in fact the busiest little bee in our midst. That is admitted—especially by the Sophs., among whom there seems to be an almost universal idea that industry is perhaps as useful and no doubt more pleasurable when it is inculcated in others instead of being pursued personally.

It is generally conceded that all men, in their boyhood days, have been advised by some wise old head to say nothing and saw wood. Whether such was the case with John (nobody would ever call him Jack) we do not know—but we do know that that is exactly what he has done, said nothing and sawed wood. Or, putting the reverse English on, he has sawed wood and said nothing—either way you will—the point being that he has sawed much wood—the result of said sawing being that John Funke, M.D., knows each and every little bacillus by its first name and possesses all the other essential requisites of an eminent Pathologist and Bacteriologist except those inseparable signs of his cult—whiskers and dandruff on his coat collar.
A Patient

She was a typical "ante-bellum" colored lady, and the weight of many years and much adipose tissue was easily seen as she stood in the dimly lighted hallway on the bottom floor of the college, a little uncertain as to what was expected of her to do. Her face was round, black and shiny; her stature short and rotund; and her head was enveloped in a white kerchief, such as is worn by the typical Southern Mammy.

She approached the Doctor seated at the desk in a most hesitating manner, and on receiving her card, hastily seated herself on the nearest bench, her worn black hands folded in her lap, awaiting, she knew not what, in a most resigned manner.

At last her turn arrived and she was ushered into one of the tiny reception rooms where were seated three students and a graduate physician.

The door of the room was shut and——

"What's your name, Aunty?" asked a young Doctor with clear blue eyes and light hair, who was seated at the end of a small table; (it was his first attempt at history taking and he was trying to conceal his nervousness by speaking abruptly, but keeping his eyes closely upon the card he held, to follow the directions.)

"Mandy, Boss."
"Mandy, what."

"Well, Boss, I hardly knows. My las' husban's name wus Williams, but I clar to gracious, I hates to classify myself wid sech a no count triflin' nigger as he is. He jest——

"Have you any occupation?" interrupted the young M. D.

"Naw sir, white man; I aint got de ocerpasion, hit's my back dats a hurting me."

"I mean, what do you do for a living?" explained the student trying hard to keep a straight face.

"Well, hits hard to say for a fac. I wus a wokin for Miss Sally 'til a mont ago when she cot me usin snuff in de kitchen an' she say me or de snuff mus' leave, and boss, I jest mus have' m' snuff. Yu see;——
"How old are you, Mandy?"

"Well boss, I ken hardly stat' for a fac', but honey, your Aunty bin heah a long
time."

"Is I married, help me King, naw boss. Your anty jest broke herself down
wurkin fur so many lazy niggers dat she is mos dead."

"You ax how many chillun I is had? Well, lemme see; hit wah nine-dat-time-when-
de-hab-de-oberflow, an' five o' em got drownned. An' sense den,—heah come Sapolio,
Tooty-Frooty, and little Spindlin’ Job, and you can't tell what else de Lord gwine sen'."

"—Yas, sir, ma fadder an’ mother bofe ded—I disremember what twas dey die
of scept’n some say my ma die of de Memphis croup, an’ some low hit twas jes’ a plain
hem’rage."

"—Naw, sir; Ize ben in purty good helth sceptin’ heah lately when Ize ben tuk
down wid dis heah misery an’ sence then I aint ’ad no res’ ’tall."

"—What does I eat? Lor’ boss, mos’ anything what come to han’. I aint
what you call no pickeunish nigger about ma food but I jes’ natturlly caint stan’ squash:
but aigs; I sho’ does——."

"—How does I chews. Gawd knows, poorly. One dese heah toof pullin’
niggers pulled all de teef I had sceptin dese heah, but dey hits, so help me King.—Naw,
sir, I don’t eat fas’, I jes’ takes ma time. But man thar aint nuttin wrong wid my belly,
hit my back an’ laigs what jes’ a killin’ your Aunty."

"—Whiskey! O’r man go on now, what a spectible nigger gwan do wid dat
stuff? I does tak’ de Perumy an’ hit heps me er heap when I teks a beg dost."

"—What de matter wid me now?—Does yu reckon I’d er ben heah ef I’d
ha known myself. Ize jes’ naturally a sick ‘oman. My laigs an’ my back hes got de
misery in ’em till I jes’ aint fit for nothin’. Hits bad ’nuff in de day time but when nite
come, I caint get no res’, an’ seem lik’ I’ll cry out wid de pain. Ize rubbed wid de
linement, an’ tuked a dost of ker-sene tother night, but hit don’t do me no good. Ef
you all kin gimme some’in ter eze ma pain, Gawd will shure gwine bless you fer dis
deed o’ mercy."

A perfunctory physical examination was made. After a prolonged discussion of
the case, a diagnosis was made, treatment prescribed, and Aunt Mandy went happily
on her way.
Who's Who—And Why

PHILOSOPHIES, sciences, theories, crafts, arts, literature, political visions, doctrines, persons, creeds, foods, landscapes, and natural functions are his hobbies. But these are mere trifling details and having thus deposited them in the discard, the motion before the House occurs on the original proposition, namely: what is his work? Answer: Physiology, Chemical Physiology, Physiological Chemistry, and Physiology. So far so good. Now—

Dr. George Bachmann is a Frenchman—that is, he was born near France. As you will see later it is impossible to classify him under one head. In general, the conception which most of us have of Frenchmen is that of the stage Frenchmen who effervesce freely and on slight provocation, whereas in reality they are a careful and conservative people. In the enthusiasm of the moment they may call a man a hero or a hypocrite, but when it comes to estimating actualities they weigh their words carefully. This is also true of Germans, Russians, Swedes, Englishmen, Hunyaks, Austrians, Italians, Scandinavians, Mongolians, and Americans. But to return to our subject. Shortly after having been born in Mulhouse, Alsace, Dr. Bachmann became peripatetic, the which, physiologically speaking, means that he developed a wanderlust. During the incubative period of this affection he strayed over to Nancy, France, and studied Fine Arts. Later, during the period of invasion when the symptoms became more severe he enlisted in the English Navy, showing to what extent the symptoms of this disease may go. The British Man 'o War, as is the habit of all English ships, sailed the waters of the earth, and George being among those present became rich in the knowledge of things which are and things which are not in books. He became acquainted with the habits of the fish in the China Sea, learned to navigate a ship around Cape Horn, and in general got to feel quite at home in any corner of the globe. While he was indulging in this pastime of wandering, he gathered unto himself the ability to speak German and English and to read Latin and Greek.

Just how he came to study Medicine we have never been able to find out, but the next that we see of him is at the Jefferson Medical College, from which place he graduated with First Honors, in 1907. We find in the Jefferson Class Book for that year that George Bachmann is described as being a traveler, a linguist, an artist, and an expert with the sphygmomanometer. Since he has been with us and occupied the broader field of a Professorship we have learned many things about him—likewise from him. He will not abide scrambled or diffuse statements and his lectures and writings are veritable models of concise, precise, and illuminating presentations. His distinguishing characteristic is his intense application to his work, which is done methodically but none the less
brilliantly. At the recent convention of the American Physiological Society he was elected to membership.

So, if we back off to a distance to get a good perspective of the whole situation we would say just offhand that if you ever run across any subject, especially a physiological subject, that George Bachmann, M.D., is not thoroughly familiar with, just jot it down and send it to the Odd and Unusual Information column in your home paper. There’s where it will belong.

'Twas Ever Thus

When a man gets up with a heavy head,
   And feels like his brain was made of lead,
Drinks from the pitcher once or twice,
   And curses 'cause 'tain't cold as ice—
      He's sober.

When he sees that his watch is a quarter 'till,
   With a mile to go without a morning's fill,
Turns the corners at a double gait,
   And gets to the quiz just a little late—
      He's sore.

When they start to quiz and the boob gets shot,
   On all the questions which he answered not,
Starts to cuss and pant and blow,
   Cause instead of ten there's a big zero—
      He's mad.

When he sits way back with his paper pink,
   By friends who are glad to help him "think,"
And the Prof. says "Will Mr. Brown,
   Come up and hold the front seat down?"—
      He's ruined.

When you see him about to enter the "Rex",
   Drink his beer with some more "Rough-nex",
And walk Peachtree with a tongue that snaps,
   Yell 'cross the street, "Hi, there, Ol' Chap":—
      He's happy.
The Doctor's Anteroom

You don't know whether you should bow
   Or silently be seated:
You have a feeling that somehow
   You're not politely greeted.

They sit about like toads at night.
   You seek a modest corner;
No coffin's anywhere in sight,
   Yet each appears a mourner.

You wonder if, like yours their ills
   Are highly complicated:
Will they be dosed with knives or pills
   And how long have they waited?

On tables lie some magazines,
   But nobody is reading:
Their thoughts are all "Behind the scenes,"
   Where Doc will soon be leading.

He always looks in some way vexed.
   Austere within the doorway.
His frigid query, "Who's the next?"
   Is like a blast from Norway.

You may have known him at the Club;
   You may be a relation:
You are now but a nameless cub
   Of very humble station.

He looks to neither left or right.
   And, while you are hesitating.
Some victim vanishes from sight.
   And we resume our waiting.

If we were ship-wrecked on an isle
   In bitter Winter weather,
We would surely think it well worth while
   To meet our woes together.

But here we sit, poor stricken ones,
   With organs that abuse us,
In solemn silence, like gray nuns,
   With none to introduce us.

H. P. B.
OTs of wise men come from Austria—the wiser they are the sooner they come, there being no one better acquainted with this fact than James W. Papez, M.D. So well did James W. recognize this to be a great truth that, with his characteristic foresight and energy, he saw to it that on a bright and cheerful spring morning in the early part of the Seventeenth century, his ancestors should gather together their erstwhile worldly goods and make their departure from the little Austrian village of Emmersdorf, which is by way of being on the good river Danube, and turn their faces toward the morning—the same being these grand and glee-orious United States of America, as the Fourth of July orators say. Being wise men, as afore mentioned, the ancestors did not stay in the cluttered and clustered East but pushed their way to the West—pushing being a favorite method of travel at this time—and there for a consideration of a handful of beads and a glass eye, pilfered an unwary Apache Indian out of an abode in the suburbs of Minneapolis. 'Tis here that James W. first saw the light of day, or saw the light of his first day, have it as you will.

All of this leads up to the fact that Dr. Papez is of the great Northwest and to be of the Great Northwest means to be energetic. And he is. He is energy personified—with the muffler cut out. When he goes into action, the which he does on the slightest provocation, he jumps in head over heels, heart and soul. A great English scholar once said, "Give me half an hour in which to prepare and I will lecture on any subject in the world." We fain would add "Give Jim Papez half a chance and he will do the same thing." Not meaning to insinuate thereby that he can not, because he can, the point being that all of his energy is not utilized in mere pyrotechnic exhibitions. Far be it from. To be a full-fledged Professor of Anatomy requires something more than mere fireworks, and "Jim" delivers the goods. When his daily labor of instilling into the embryonic medical minds of the prodigals the great science of Anatomy, when this is o'er, he rests. But he rests energetically, having arrived at the conclusion that the proper way in which to rest is to change one's occupation, the which he does. If we glance at the history of any great scientist we find that he began his career possessed of these same cardinal characteristics, therefore and to wit—possessing these characteristics, James W.—do you follow me?

So; James W. Papez, M.D., is of Austrian descent, he is young, and he is energetic. That much is common property—we all know it. But what we all do not know is just what the W stands for. It's a secret, but—shh! shh! hist!—Winceslas.
(These lines were written many years ago by a young Doctor, after the first few months of his professional career at The Rock, Georgia. The gentleman later became a prominent and successful physician.)

There is a Doctor at The Rock,
   So they say,
Who wears one gallus and one sock
    Every day.
In olden days he used to dwell
    Where he was wont to cut a swell;
But now his tale of woe to tell
    Falls to my lot—I'll do it well.

When to our village first he came,
He strutted forth with gloves and cane.
He curled his tiny blond mustache,
    And sallied forth to make a mash.

The first month came, he up with board,
Drawn from his very scanty hoard;
And from his golden glasses looked,
    'Tho not a patient he had booked.

Next month he his wash bill skipped,
His credit in the bud was nipped;
His trunk the Landlord confiscated,
    And that therein below is rated.

One pair of breech-a-loons so thin,
They let the very daylight in;
One shaving soap, one necktie red,
    And here, a "whalebone gin," by Ned!

One undershirt of days of yore,
No demi-train behind or fore;
One of a date more recent yet,
    And made of pink mosquito net.

And now you've had the inventory,
Away with all this pomp and glory;
His raiment in the suds he dips
    And patches his breeches beneath the hips.

The curl from his blonde mustache is gone,
He buttons his gallus on with a thorn;
He stares no more in his glossy pride,
    But looketh lean and hungry-eyed.

   L'ENVIOI

To them who after him arise,
Let this be a warning and advice—
    Adorn yourselves in humble mien,
And strut not on our village green.
Twilight and Love

I.

Evening comes, the shadows fall,
The crimson end of day’s reclining splendor
Steals up the sky and over all,
While thou and I, my love, look on, and wonder.
Into my heart, into my heart
The love of thee comes softly, sweetly stealing—
More, more to me than life thou art—
My soul in prayer to thee is humbly kneeling.

Sweetheart of mine, sweetheart of mine,
No other face so fair as thine,
No eyes so blue, no heart so true—
O, I love thee, sweetheart of mine!

II.

The day is gone, the evening star
Across the vast dim gulf of space is shining.
And heavens beauty, from afar,
My heart to thine is surely strongly twining,
And lips of mine have sought and found
Thy lips, and thine to mine are fondly clinging—
List! from somewhere there comes a sound
As of soft fairy voices sweetly singing—

Sweetheart of mine, sweetheart of mine,
No other face so fair as thine,
No eyes so blue, no heart so true—
O, I love thee, sweetheart of mine!

Hugh K. Phillips.
Dr. Alexis Carrel

A YOUNG man who has recently attained world-wide fame in the scientific world is Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Dr. Carrel has been awarded the year's Nobel prize for research in Medicine, which carries with it a large financial reward, estimated as high as $40,000.

This is the first time since it was established, that the Nobel prize for research in Medicine, awarded by the Swedish Academy of Sciences, has come to this country. Two others have come to America, one, the famous Peace prize, was awarded to President Theodore Roosevelt, in 1906, in recognition of his efforts in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan, and the second was received by Professor Michelson, of the University of Chicago, for his researches in the field of Physics. Dr. Carrel, however, has the distinction of receiving the first Nobel prize for research in Medicine that has come to this country, and he is still a young man, not yet having reached the age of forty.

Forty thousand dollars is a large sum of money, but probably this much, or even more, could be commanded by Dr. Carrel as a single fee, would he but engage in private practice. More positive proof of his true scientific spirit could not be asked than the fact that he remains with the Rockefeller Institute, receiving only a salary, when, in private practice, he could easily accumulate a fortune by his wonderful skill as a surgeon.

Dr. Alexis Carrel was born June 28, 1873, in Lyons, France. He was educated at the University of Lyons, where he received the degree of B.L., in 1890, and B.S. in 1891. His medical studies were made after thorough preparation, and he received the degree of Doctor in Medicine in 1900, at the age of twenty-seven. He was connected with the University of Lyons for several years after his graduation, and even at this time he evinced a keen interest in medical research.

His first contribution to medical literature was a monograph on "Cancerous Goitre," and was published in 1900, after his graduation from the University of Lyons, and while he was connected with this institution. This report showed the careful study of some eighty-three cases, and deserves a place in the best of medical literature. His first work in America was done at the Hull Physiological Laboratory, University of Chicago, and he was soon recognized, not only as an investigator of great promise, but as a surgeon of rare ability as well. He remained at the University of Chicago for two years, when he was induced by Dr. Simon Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute, to continue his investigations at the latter institution.

As early as 1906, while working in collaboration with Dr. C. G. Guthrie, he pointed out the possibility of having the entire series of structures in the leg grow together, after complete separation, and thus was a new field of research opened up. In 1908, there was described the successful transplantation of kidneys from one animal to another, both animals remaining healthy, although, in another case similar to this, calcification of the
arteries of the animal occurred, showing that, due to the disturbances of some element of kidney function, degeneration of the arteries was brought about. This in itself was an important contribution to etiology, aside from his display of unusual surgical skill in the actual transplantation of the kidneys.

In 1909, 1910, and 1911, he reported some of his experiments in transplanting and repairing blood vessels. He demonstrated that the aorta might be repaired by using a piece of peritoneum as a patch. He also showed that it was possible to preserve portions of veins and arteries in cold storage for a certain period of time, and that these portions might be later utilized in human surgery. His aim, during recent years, has been to find a method by which to store tissues extirpated from the amputated limb of a living animal or a fresh cadaver, during the period which elapses between their extirpation and their transplantation on the patient. His attempt to do this was decidedly successful, and he found that active life outside the organism was possible. Strong pulsations were noted in a piece of chick heart 104 days after its extirpation, and active growth of connective tissue was noted during the fifth month after its removal from the organism.

The results obtained by Dr. Carrel, in collaboration with Tuffler and Magitot, are conclusive evidence that human tissues, preserved in cold storage, can be used in human surgery. The culmination of his investigations was the announcement last spring that he had succeeded in keeping the heart tissue of a chick alive for a period of 120 days after its removal from the body.

One reason for his phenomenal success in the transplantation of organs has been his method of suturing the severed ends of blood vessels. This system, while being simple, is yet the most effective of any method heretofore employed.

His wonderful results are due to unusual skill and perseverance, coupled with his insistence on the most rigid asepsis in all of his operative procedures. His work has not been due to flashes of genius, or brilliant ideas, for, although a brilliant man, he is above all, a faithful, tireless worker. His is not the personality so often pictured as that of the typical scientific investigator. On the contrary, he shows a deep interest in literature, psychology, and sociology, and about him there is none of the abstraction and self-absorption which is thought to characterize the scientific man.

The promise of such discoveries as those made by Dr. Carrel is indeed great. Perhaps the proper significance has not been attached to them, for, not since Virchow’s establishment of cellular pathology and Pasteur’s discoveries in bacteriology, have such strides been made in the field of medical research. May we hope for even greater things from this remarkable man who has already accomplished so much in the realm of scientific investigation.

Lewis J. Keeling.
Before and

After
The Oath of Hippocrates

SWEAR by Apollo the physician and Aesculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, respected by all men, in all times. But should I tresspass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot.
An Old Physician’s Reflections

On Christmas and on New Year’s,
   And on my birthday, too,
I received some valued tokens
   Which it cheers my heart to view;
They came from friends and patients—
   Some I’ve known since long ago—
And tell of much affection
   Which is genuine, I know.

These tokens speak of gratitude
   For service I have done,
When I, of sympathetic mood,
   Have to their succor run;
Now I’m looking back on these things
   With satisfaction great—
To think that I was able
   Some suffering to abate.

How good it is in kind friends,
   To tell me of their love,
While I rejoice, I wish them
   All blessings from above;
I wish no striking monument
   Put over me when I’m gone,
But I enjoy, as I pass on,
   Thinking of good I’ve done.

Some are too late in thinking of
   Kind things they ought to say,
And then regret their oversight
   Unto their dying day.
Friends!—Fail not to remember—
   Lines that reach the living eyes,
Are worth more than miles of marble
   Pointing to cold, careless skies!

F. H. O.
Cured

She had a bit of a dizzy spell,
So she took some medicine for it;
She didn't enjoy her breakfast well,
So she took some medicine for it;
She sat humped up in a stuffy nook
With her glances glued to a trashy book,
And her face acquired a pallid look,
So she took some medicine for it.

When she sat in a draught she had to sneeze,
So she took some medicine for it;
She was bothered with weakness around the knees,
So she took some medicine for it;
She kept inside when the days were cold,
She remained shut in when the winds were bold,
And she got to feeling infirm and old,
So she took some medicine for it.

She lay awake in her bed at night,
So she took some medicine for it;
She lost her smile and her appetite,
So she took some medicine for it;
Six men all dressed in the duldest black,
Took her out one day and she never came back,
And the druggist was grieved because, alack!
She took no medicine for it.
Jokes

Prof.—What is the difference between a parasite and a bacterium?

Soph.—The difference, Doctor, is that a parasite suckles its young — —.

Appendicitis vs. Opiates a la McRae.

Bellyache
Opiate
Operate
Undertake

C. F. H.

Professor—"Mr. F— to what is auto-intoxication due?"

F—(Absently)—"To joy riding, Doctor."

Junior—(Pointing to gayly attired Freshman)—"That fellow, Binks, must have money."

Senior—"So must I, introduce me to him."

The Majority Won

A physician came across a patient while strolling through the grounds of a hospital for the insane, and, stopping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics the physician said: "Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."

HARD LUCK

The conversation had turned on appendicitis and a gentleman remarked that Mr. Johnson had had his vermiform appendix removed. A deafish old lady present pricked up her ears at this, and asked, "what was that you said?" Raising his voice, the gentleman answered, "I said that Mr. Johnson had his vermiform appendix removed." Very sympathetically, and in loud tones, the old lady replied, "Oh, what a pity; and he wanted children so badly, too!"

His Slight Indisposition

Broncho Bill:—Yes, he's got a sore troat.

Woolly West:—What done it?

Broncho Bill:—De rope broke.
CONSIDERATE

"And what did the Doctor say when the operation showed that you did not have appendicitis?"

"Oh, he offered to take ten per cent. off his bill."

The three degrees in medical treatment: Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.

DEAR DOCTOR:

I enclose herewith check for one thousand (on account) for plumbing work and interior decoration done by you on my person six weeks ago—also for moving my vermi-form appendix from my lumbar region to my mantel-piece. I will remit the rest as soon as I am strong enough to operate in Wall Street. I feel as though I ought to know you better. Since I saw you for the first time for about twelve minutes before you entered so heartily into my good works, I got the idea that you have an affectionate disposition and a loving touch. If I succeed in making about fifty thousand dollars during the next month, won’t you come around and spend a day or so with me? I feel sure that your presence will be worth that amount.

In the meantime, permit me to ask if you have missed a pair of wrought-iron scissors, a burglar’s jimmy and a cross-cut saw. I speak of this with some pain, but I think you ought to know that I have these articles. They are in a safe place—so I judge by the feeling—and will not get away. But they are liable to corrode, and I therefore urge you to drop everything—just where you found it—and hasten around here.

Please give my love to the trained nurse, and ask if she has missed a couple of tortoise shell hairpins. They may be imitation for aught I can tell. Perhaps you wouldn’t mind returning them to her with the other things.

Yours, more in pain than anger,

CHESTERTON TODD.

ANOTHER WISE MAN

Le Fanu, in his “Seventy Years of Irish Life,” tells of a peasant who said to a gentleman:

"My poor father died last night, your honor."

"I’m sorry for that now," answers the other, "and what doctor attended him?"

"Ah! my poor father wouldn’t have a doctor; he always said he’d like to die a natural death."
DOCTORS

Sing a song of doctors,
A satchel full of dope.
Four and twenty patients,
A hundred miles from hope.
When the satchel opens,
The doctors start to guess
The patients are about to get
Some nauseating mess.

Dosem's in the parlor
Analyzing frogs.
Cuttem's in the kitchen
Vivisecting dogs.
Prickem's found another
Serum for disease,
But there is no disagreement
When they figure up their fees.

During one of the recent Georgia political campaigns, one of the candidates was addressing a crowd of hearers. It was said that no matter what kind of a crowd he got in, he always made himself at home. This time, he happened to be addressing some farmers and among other things said: "Gentlemen, I can well understand all of your needs, and am the farmer's friend; in fact, I was raised between two rows of corn."

One old farmer sitting way back shouted: "A pumpkin, by gum!"

DOCTOR:—"I take great pleasure in informing you, sir, that while your case is absolutely hopeless, I shall look back upon it as the most interesting in my experience."

"About four million tons of herring are caught every year in Japan. This would seem to indicate that herrings are contagious."—Prof. Simp.

A CREDIT TO OHIO

John Rumsey, the president of the Friars' Club in New York, went to Ohio last summer on his vacation. He tells the story that while he was there a group of villagers were skylarking in a restaurant one Saturday night when a pistol belonging to one of the skylarkers accidentally went off. The bullet lodged in the thigh of the skinniest man in town—a living skeleton literally, who had not an ounce of spare meat on his bones.

While the victim lay on the floor groaning, two of his friends ran for medical help. The nearest physician lived on the next block. He had retired early that evening, after a somewhat copious indulgence in mint juleps.

The two men hammerlong and hard upon his door. Finally a window upstairs was opened with a bang and the physician shoved his head out and inquired thickly what was wanted.

"Doc," stated one of the pair excitedly, "put on your clothes quick! Bill Skinner"—naming the thin man—"has just been shot!"

"Who shot him?" inquired the lover of juleps.

"Gabe Walker—he done it accidental."

"Where did he shoot him?"

"In the leg."

"Dern good shooting!" said the doctor, and closed the window.
Extracts from a Dissertation by an Eminent Layman on the Subject of Medicine

AKE the Middle Ages now. When there came a resounding knock at the Tradesman’s entrance of the moated grange, the Lord of the manor, looking over the portcullis and seeing a lusty wight standing down below, in a leather apron, with his sleeves rolled up and a kit of soldering tools under his arm, didn’t know until he made inquiry whether the varlet had come to fix the drain or take the cook’s leg off.

“A little later along, when gunpowder had come into general use, surgeons treated a gunshot wound by pouring boiling lard into it, which I should say was calculated to take the victim’s mind off the gunshot wound and give him something else to think about—for the time being, anyhow. I assume that the notion of putting a mustard plaster on the outside of one’s stomach when one has a pain inside one’s stomach is based on the same principle.”

“The anti-vivisection crusade has enlisted widely different classes in the community, including many lovers of our dumb animal pets—and aren’t some of them the dumbest things you ever met!—especially chow dogs and canaries? Ladies who regularly wear dead birds in their hats, and gentlemen who prefer their lobsters live broiled, and others too numerous to mention, are lining up against vivisection.”

“I will admit there is something to be said on both sides of the argument. This dissecting of live subjects may have been carried to extremes on occasions. When I read in the medical journals that the eminent Doctor Diggs succeeded in transferring the interior department of a pelican to a pointer pup, and vice versa, with such marvelous success that the pointer pup was drowned while diving for minnows in a wash bowl, and the pelican went out in the back yard and barked himself to death baying at the moon, I am interested naturally; but, possibly because of my ignorance, I fail to see wherein the treatment of infantile paralysis has been materially advanced. On the other hand, I would rather the kind and gentle Belgian hare should be offered up as a sacrifice upon the operating table and leave behind him a large and dependent family of little Belgian heirs and heiresses—dependent upon the charity of a cruel world—than that I should have something painful which can be avoided through making him a martyr: Or, in other words, I would rather any white rabbit on earth should have the Asiatic cholera twice than that I should have it only once. These are my sincere convictions, and I will not attempt to disguise them.”
THE FEE
If I were to die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel
I say, if I should die to-night
And you were to there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten.
I might arise awhile, but I'd drop dead again.

TOAST AND WATER
Here's to old Adam's crystal ale.
Clear, sparkling, and divine.
Fair H.O. long may you flow!
We drink your health (in wine).

O. H.

THE FRESHMAN'S WAIL
It's bones, bones, bones.
Morning, night and noon.
Bones, bones, bones.
'Till I'm crazy as a loon.

When Papez gives us a task,
He does the job complete.
And on his quiz he'll ask
Bones from the head to feet.

At 6 A. M. I rise from bed
Although I fain would linger.
I've got to get into my head
The bones of the little finger.

Bones, bones, bones.
Will we ever get through with that junk.
Bones, bones, bones,
'Till I don't give a darn if I flunk.

C. F. H.
CONSOLATION

"I'm feeling very ill again, Doctor, do you think I'm going to die?"

"My dear Madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."

The physicians were holding a consultation beside the cot of the man supposed to have appendicitis.

"I believe, said one of the surgeons, that we should wait and let him get stronger before cutting into him.” Before the other prophetic operators could reply, the patient turned his head and feebly remarked:

"What do you take me for—a cheese?"
Life is a Funny Proposition

"Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of our species. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a damn fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics, you can’t place him, as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn’t he is stingy and a tight-wad. When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is simply in the way in living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same."

WE WILL MISS YOU WHEN YOU'RE GONE

I
You are going far away
From our Georgia hills,
And we'll miss you every day,
Miss you and your smiles.
Through the pines the winds are sighing,
And as they linger they are saying
We will miss you, O, we'll miss you
When you're gone!

II
Lonely as a single star
In the eve'ning sky,
Lone as one barque sailing far—
Lone as these am I.
And with pain my heart is throbbing,
While o'er the hills the winds are sobbing—
O, we'll miss you, yes, we'll miss you
When you're gone!

Hugh K. Phillips.
The End
Up.
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