THE AESCULAPIAN

YEAR BOOK
of
ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE
Vol. IV
EDITED BY
THE STUDENTS
1914
To
Dr. William Stokes Goldsmith

In token of our great esteem for his genuine worth as a man, of our high regard for his splendid ability as a surgeon, and of our grateful appreciation of his faithful services as a teacher, this volume is respectfully and cheerfully dedicated, by the students.
A Sketch of Dr. Goldsmith’s Life

R. WILLIAM STOKES GOLDSMITH was born at Rome, Ga., on August 4, 1870, but his family moved to Stone Mountain while he was yet in his infancy, so that his boyhood was spent in the latter place, and there he got his early education. He attended the Stone Mountain High School and after graduating there, went to the Kirkwood Military Academy.

Having decided that a medical career appealed to him more strongly than did any other field of endeavor, he entered the old Atlanta Medical College in 1890, graduating in 1892. Through all her series of amalgamations, separations, and consolidations, he has stuck to his Alma Mater, and that his fidelity and ability have not gone unappreciated is amply proved by his record in this college.

In 1892, he was appointed Demonstrator of Minor Surgery, and continued to serve in that capacity until, in 1893, he was given the place of Lecturer on Genito-Urinary and Rectal Diseases. Later, he was promoted to the position of Professor of Operative Surgery and Genito-Urinary Surgery, which place he continued to fill until the consolidation of the two schools in 1913, when he was made Professor of Surgery and of Clinical Surgery, the position which he now holds.

He has ever shown a great interest in his profession and is always eager to work untiringly for its advancement. He is actively identified with a great many of the best medical associations in this country, as well as being a member of practically all such local associations of any prominence or importance, being a member of the Fulton County Medical Society, of which he was president in 1899; Medical Association of Georgia; Southern Medical Association; American Medical Association; Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association; and a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

He is Assistant Chief Surgeon of the A., B. & A. Railroad, and is Associate Local Surgeon of the W. & A.; the L. & N.; the Georgia, and the A. & W. P. Railroads; and the Atlanta Passenger Terminal Company. He has been visiting surgeon to the Grady Hospital since 1906.

Like most good doctors he is a married man, having married Miss Grace Boyd, of Atlanta, in 1898.

This short sketch does but scant justice to the man, but in dedicating this volume of “The Aesculapian” to him we feel that we show, even if but slightly, our appreciation of him and his work.
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FOREWORD

HE purpose of this book being the advancement of the interests of our college and the recording in book form of those phases of our student life which, in after-years will be looked back upon with most pleasurable enjoyment, we have striven, not to produce a gorgeous work of literary perfection, but rather to publish, in convenient and durable form those things which will draw interest to our college, bring us, its students, into a bond of closer fellowship, and stimulate in all the alumni, greater admiration and love for their Alma Mater. If we can but accomplish these things we shall feel that our mission has been fulfilled and that we have labored not in vain.

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Yet each man, following his sympathies,
Unto himself assimilating all,
Using men's thoughts and forms as steps to rise,
Who speaks at last his individual word,
The free result of all things seen and heard.
Is in the noblest sense original.
Each to himself must be his final rule,
Supreme dictator, to reject or use,
Employing what he takes but as his tool,
But he who, self-sufficient, dares refuse,
All aid of men, must be a god or fool.

W. W. Story.

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Westville, Fla.

“Jack” skins alligators in the summer and “Yankees” in the winter; knows the indications for a cold bath; has a special affinity for “Cook’s Crossing”; and hopes that an unsuspecting public will allow him to practice among them.

WAYNE STARR AIKEN
Forest Park, Ga.

Born on the memorable Fourth of July (which gives us another reason for feeling proud of that day), he received his preliminary instruction at the Pleasant Grove High School, graduating there in 1910. His first three years of a medical existence were spent at the Atlanta School of Medicine, where we understand his record was, as it has been with us, above reproach. As a sober, modest, studious, and neat appearing gentleman, he has our approval.

EDWIN WHITAKER ALLEN, A TΩ—XZ X
Milledgeville, Ga.

The reasons for the nomenclature of “Runt” are obvious. “Runt’s” physical size, however, has nothing to do with his characteristics and mental ability. He came to us from Milledgeville, and due to his early training in that city of doubtful mentality, and his intense application to the subject in this institution, he will follow that branch of medicine which deals with the nervous, mental and psychological disturbances which are prone to attack frail humanity.
RALPH HUGLEY ALLEN  
Lowell, Ala.  
"Texas." Pity, oh, pity! the undignified man who never can act as the rest of us can.

JAMES FRANKLIN ARTHUR  
St. Matthews, S. C.  
A young physician who traces his ancestry to King Arthur of the Round Table, and to one of our Presidents bearing his name, and who inherited characteristics of these progenitors. Receiving all the education his community afforded and being confident of its abundance and superiority, he has developed some cocksure ideas regardless of Drs. Osier and Roberts. His thoughts have dwelt largely upon how to stimulate the nerve terminals in the colon and his favorite beverage is hot water saturated with magnesium sulphate.

ORRIN OSCAR AUSTIN, Ph. G.  
Forest, Miss.  
A distinguished son of a distinguished family, he early became possessed of the ambition to be a physician and has made a splendid record in his class. Receiving his literary education at Hapeville College, he later became a graduate in pharmacy. A studious, hard worker, he will devote all his energies to the conquering of disease.
LELAND GREEN RAGGETT
Cairo, Ga.
Leland, early in his youth, decided upon the career of an M. D. He graduated at Gordon College in 1909 and entered medical college that fall, but had to drop out on account of illness. Undaunted by this misfortune, he again entered in 1910 and has been with us since, making a good record. He is a true gentleman of fine character and we predict great success for him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BAGLEY, JR.
Ph. G.
De Soto, Ga.
George discovered ether some years ago, long after the uses of alcohol had been tested. Many years ago, after a trip to the “Far East” and a quiet rest along the Potomac, George, being inspired by stories about Cupid, fell in love, and ever since then he has been mistaken for Adonis many times. For the past four years with innocence and grace he has been wandering around the college building in search of—God knows what!

NOAH WESLEY BAIRD, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.
“Slim Jim.” This future scintillating star of medicine was born in Kelleystown, Ga. He “prepped” at the Delta Grove Public School, at Norcross High School and the State Normal School and now enjoys the distinction of being president of “The Midnight Club.” From his model conduct as a student, both in class-room and in Sunday-school, we feel sure he will command the admiration and respect of both the public and his profession.
REUBEN HOUSTON BARNES
Fayette, Ala.
"A young man married is a man that's marred."

BENJAMIN TAYLOR BEASLEY, JR.
Statesboro, Ga.
This gentleman from Statesboro, having graduated at the State Normal School at Athens in 1910, began his medical course with us that fall. In the college he knows everybody and everybody knows him as a "Dainty Fellow" whose greedy, greeting hand offers mirth and merry to everybody he meets. This "Dainty" is attractive and attracted, popular and personified among the students and none the less among the Gentler Sex. We can vouch for him a large and successful practice.

JOHN MILLER BEGGS
Pavo, Ga.
This studious, handsome and friendly old boy is a native of the Wiregrass section. His home is in Pavo (meaning peacock—a bird; so's the town). He attended the University of Georgia, where he was a famous baseball player. John became very much attached to the winsome ways of a fair maiden some time ago, but it was a case of "Love's labor lost." His future in this profession should be great indeed if consistency as a student is the ear-mark of success.
CHARLES JOHN BIBLE, J X
Atlanta, Ga.

Charlie Bible and Daniel Webster were born on the same day and both likewise stumped many states. Charlie is a native of Tennessee from whence he fled to Georgia, where he took up the study of medicine. Since then he has been so devoted to his work that he has grown pale and anemic and looks as though he were suffering of malnutrition. We all fear the spare-made Charles, who sleeps little and thinks much.

ERLE LESLIE BIGGS
Green Cove Springs, Fla.

"Reverend" came to us at the beginning of our Sophomore year. Though he is rather small, what he lacks in quantity, he makes up in quality. In all probability he will migrate back to Florida, where he expects to reap great returns for services well rendered and we feel sure the community in which he resides will feel the good effects accomplished by this follower of Aesculapius.

WALTER DOUGLAS BISHOP
Haralson, Ga.

This Georgian, better known as "Bish," got his early literary training at Brantley Institute, Senoia, Ga. He will "take a hospital course somewhere in the East and practice in the West." His witticisms will be long remembered by classmates, who all wish him a successful career as a practitioner among the cowpunchers across the river.
ROY LEE BLACKMON, X Z X
Atlanta, Ga.

Roy attended the city schools and after graduating from the Boys' High School in 1910 entered A. S. M. that fall. Naturally studious and hard working, his record explains the meaning of the saying "Some boys are sent to medical colleges and some come." We all know Roy is a "comer" and will rapidly come to the front in his profession. He is somewhat "ladies' man" and is right much of an all-round athlete.

THOMAS JOSEPH BLACKSHEAR, K ¶
Dublin, Ga.

Behind this placid brow is a vast fund of intelligence (though you might not suspect it). He constantly carries around in his pocket a bottle of casts to demonstrate to his less intelligent fellow students. "Tom" is a fine fellow, and never, we believe, since his trying Freshman days has his placid serenity been disturbed by such minor affairs as lectures, quizzes, etc. We believe that success in large measure awaits this young doctor.

HARRY HOWARD BOLTON, JR.
Mobile, Ala.

"Harry" has genuine red hair, but was never known to participate in a hunger strike. His beginning on this mundane sphere was in the historical city of Mobile. His early training was received in the Barton Academy in Mobile, and he began his medical career at the University of Mississippi, joining us in his Sophomore year. His favorite songs are "Alabama Bound" and "On Mobile Bay." Here's success to him!
JAMES CLAUD BONNER
Carrollton, Ga.
"Jim" spent his first and last years with us, for be it known that he changes colleges nearly every year. He has a special affinity for the landlady's daughters, but can't tell the chemical difference between a blonde and a brunette. Had a tonsilectomy done and fell in love with his nurse, of course. He is best known by his closest friends, who think his outlook is good.

DAVID THOMAS BOOZER, Φ X
Chelsea, Ala.
"I have never met with any man who knew more and said less." "Dave" hails from Alabama, and says he is proud of it. He is a man of unusually bright mind but has a very inert body. He is one of varied characteristics, being attentive to duty when duty calls, but when with the boys, he is one of them. "Dave" is conscientious, always glad to help one, and will be a credit to any community he may enter.

CLEM C. BRANNEN, K Ψ
Brantley, Ala.
"C. C." and Old King Cole were both merry old souls, but "C. C." has never acquired the pipe, the bowl, nor the fiddlers three. Being a man of King Solomon's views to many fair queens he puts forth the plea, "Kiss me, or I'll go home!" Yet we all admit that he is a good old scout and wish him much success.
ROBERT EARLE BRINSON, X Z X
Wrightsville, Ga.

"Little Brinson" is a member of "The Married Men's Club." The first two years of his medical existence were spent in the quiet (?) solitude of bachelorhood, and during this time "correspondence" was his favorite "subject." Not being satisfied with this state of affairs, in June, 1912, he took unto himself a very popular young lady of his home town as his companion for life. We wish them both much success and happiness.

JACK BRADFORD BRINSON, JR., X Z X
Madison, Fla.

This infinitesimal sprig of Adam is one of the many pocket editions of our class. He has quite a literary record behind him, but we are proud of the fact that he has never been accused of teaching school. "Midget" is a big, bold, blustering fellow (?) who will assault the world with his mighty strength and weighty learning, the latter having been acquired by intense application, close observation and tireless endeavor.

JAMES NORMENT BRITT
Lumberton, N. C.

"Scaly" is from a family of brilliant lawyers. In the quizzes his records are as nearly perfect as any one else's. He is continually bubbling over with happiness and emanating from him it is contagious. Being a "skirt professor," a hunk of femininity may be seen at his left side in morning, noon and night or any time that he is not at school.
EDWIN SAMUEL BYRD, φ X
Garfield, Ga.

Behold a man whose physique would fully exemplify his name, were his name spelled as pronounced. Like most small people his nervous tissue is highly developed and he can therefore properly classify almost any "skirt" who comes within his line of vision. Ed is a thorough student, a warm friend, and we feel sure that these traits, together with his popularity with the ladies, will mean signal success wherever he may "hang out his shingle."

JESSIE LEE BYRD
Tallapoosa, Ga.

Birds with fine feathers they say make fine birds, but our Byrd is a fine fellow without any feathers at all. His ambition turned toward the medical profession and some day he will be one of the leaders of that noble body of men.

JAMES TAYLOR CALLOWAY, X Z X
Montgomery, Ala.

"Cally" is the neatest of the neat. His tie is never awry and his hair is never rumpled and his mien is rarely disturbed. He has a bad habit of recognizing in himself the symptoms of every disease he reads of, but "Cally" is such an extraordinarily good fellow that we are sure that it will be many moons before a disease is discovered which is classical enough to take him off.
CHARLES TOBIAS CARAKER, JR., K Ψ
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

“Chunk” is the only medical student ever known who has never been “broke”—due no doubt to his efficiency as a salesman. He has sold successfully everything from graveyard lots to hams. He is of a very gloomy disposition which may be due to his extreme thinness, but you can always get a smile out of him by outlining a new scheme for copping the coin. However, “Chunk” is a true gentleman, a big-hearted fellow, and sticks to his friends like LePage’s glue.

JAMES HOMER CARR, JR.
ROCKY FACE, GA.

This young specimen from the hills of North Georgia before taking up the study of medicine, attended Martha Berry High School, where he was a great debater, the only trouble being that he usually was on the wrong side of the question. He began the study of medicine at the University of Tennessee, but joined us in our Sophomore year. His hobby has been surgery and he hopes to be the leading surgeon of Dalton, Ga.

JOSEPH BLAIN CASH, X Z X
CHESNEE, S. C.

“Joe.” When this bouncing buster was born, the proud father exclaimed, “He is some boy”—and he is. Being blessed with an abundance of good looks and spirits, small wonder that the girls ask, “Is DR. Cash there?” But lest you get the idea that Joe isn’t there—medically speaking—let me tell you that he is. He has his instruments and office equipment all ready for practice in June. Here’s to you old boy!
WILLIAM DAVIS CAWTHON, X Z X
De Funiak Springs, Fla.

On account of his excess adipose tissue this benign organism has earned the name of "Tiny." His capacity is unlimited and he is a "Melancholy Dane" when it comes to cheerfulness. (?) His father has made him a director in the Cawthon State Bank so that he can indorse his own notes. "Tiny" is a chronic passer of exams and everybody's friend—but he has never been known to love anything except his bulldog.

EMORY FRANKLIN CHAFFIN
Monroe, Ga.

This genial pill-shooter arrived with all his corpulency four years ago and despite all efforts of Atlanta boarding-house mistresses still retains his cherubic rotundity. "Emetic" has a mocking-bird voice, legs like a mill post, and feet even larger, but with all this he is one of the most popular men in his class, and a remarkable passer of exams. He has our very best wishes for unbounded success.

STEPHEN LEANDER CHESHIRE
Thomasville, Ga.

After completing his preliminary training at Moultrie, Ga., and winning one of her fairest daughters, Steve became a farmer, but later decided that he could serve mankind better as a doctor; so leaving his plow behind, he joined us. It was early predicted that he would be a candidate for honors, as is now evident. We feel sure that his patients will think fully as much of him as even we do.
THOMAS HENRY CHESTNUT
Adel, Ga.

"Tom," that ever kind-hearted and jolly joker, is a dear old South Georgian, and is one of the best of the class of '14. He is also a faithful member of the Students' Bible Class. Permit us to remark that "Tom" is very affectionately inclined toward his lady friend—so much so that he even parted with his little mustache to please her. He has our best wishes for great success.

JOHN ROBERT CHILDS
Butler, Ga.
Editor, Senior Class

This whole-hearted fellow is a specimen from the foothills of middle Georgia. "John Robert" is a very serious and conscientious young student of medicine and is thoroughly liked by his classmates. He doesn't "blow" about it, but we hear that he has already picked his girl and has made all the other fellows "back up." We all wish him success in his practice and sincerely hope that he won't let anybody beat him out of the girl.

WILLIE PETER COFFEE
Rhine, Ga.

"Bill" registered from Rhine, and thoughtfully added—Georgia. Thanks, "Old Scout," for the information! In spite of the time he spends in writing of his future plans, etc., to a certain young lady and in reading the lengthy answers to these (during Dr. Funke's lecture), Bill somehow has managed to find enough left to study some on the side, and we predict for him a prosperous future. Willie Peter (out)? No, indeed!
JONATHAN SEBASTIAN COKER, X Z X
Gardener, Fla.

Coker comes to us from the wilds of South Florida. He attended the Florida Normal Institute, and then taught school a while. During his four years with us he has been a diligent and practical student—especially since his marriage in the early part of January, 1912. We extend to him and “his partner” our very best wishes for both happiness and success.

JAMES CLEVELAND COLLINS, φ X
Berry, Ala.

“Janso” is an embryonic Hippocrates who dropped into our midst, A. D. 1911, from Birmingham, with the verdant affluvia of the rurals still clinging to him. He is a good fellow, though, for all that, and our best wishes for success go with him.

FRANKLIN LOVE CORLEY
Cedar Bluff, Ala.

This young Alabamian, having completed his college work at Asheville, and with the dreams of his boyhood still persuading him that he was predestined to become a physician, came to us that those same dreams might be fulfilled. Guided thereby he has been one of our stars whose rays we some day hope to see shine forth brightly, for his perseverance and dignity have won for him our esteem and confidence.
RICHARD CARLETON CURTIS, Ph.G.
College Park, Ga.

"Big Dick" now registers from College Park, but he really comes to us from the piney woods of South Georgia, and aided by the "rosin" of the same, he plays a tune all his own. Like Abe Lincoln, "when he lays his hand to the plow, there's no turning back." After receiving his Ph.G., he went into the automobile business, and though that proved profitable, he decided to be a doctor, and we feel sure he will make a good one.

ALTON WALKER DAVIS
Agricola, Ga.

"A. W.," as he is always called, because we have "Davises" in our class instead of Brown or Jones, is a ladies' man—how different from the other two of the same name! He is not dependent upon his former occupation for a sustenance but has done a lucrative practice ever since his Freshman year, so after he graduates he won't be a novice in his chosen profession. Big success is predicted for this young man.

CALVIN W. DAVIS, Ph.X

A man of varied experiences, who has traveled much of the earth's surface, and finally concluded that Atlanta is the best of all. It is rumored that he has railroaded, sailed, even been on the stage doing the heavy work. "C. W." seems to possess a special faculty for answering questions and passing exams and we believe that he would be a shining light in either rural district or metropolis.
KENNETH M'CASKILL DAVIS, A 0 A

Greensboro, Fla.

"Mac" has only been with us one year, yet he has made many friends, including Doctors Olmsted, Hines, Persons, and many others.

JOSEPH PETER DelANEY, X Z X

Green Bay, Wis.

"Joe" studied (?) and played football at East High, Sacred Heart, and Ripon College, Wisconsin. He is jolly and willing at any time to do anything for his classmates. Since stepping off into the seas of matrimony last summer he has studied medicine "sho nuff" and we all believe he will make a successful practitioner when he "hangs out his shingle."

DOCTOR ROACH DELOACH, K Φ

Savannah, Ga.

"Digitalis." This young man's parents evidenced their faith in their offspring's ability to make a doctor by christening him Doctor before he ever got his M. D., and we hope they won't be disappointed, for such sublime faith is worthy of reward. He spent his first two years at Augusta, coming to us in his Junior year, and has been "sticking around" ever since. Luck to you, Old Scout!
JOHN EDWARD DUNN, Φ B II
Columbia, S. C.

"Dadie." He came among us a modest youth; he toiled with us to the end. We behold in him a noble physician, one of the few who has a mission to cure incurable diseases.

GEORGE WILLIAM DUPREE
McIntyre, Ga.

This young Georgian's greatest pleasure seems to be in courteously responding to Dr. Roberts' entreaty to "respectfully ask Mr. Everhart to send us some chalk, and then erase the blackboard." He received his preliminary training at Locust Grove Institute, and cast his lot with us at the beginning, to become a worthy son of Aesculapius and we see no reason why he shall not become one of the heirs to this good Deity.

JOHN WALTON DURDEN
Stillman, Ga.

This young South Georgian took his first two years at Augusta, and his Junior year at A. S. M., so has only been with some of us one year. He claims to be a member of the Woman Haters Club, but we note he has a great affinity for widows. He says he is going to have headlights and a horn on his buggy, since he can't use a Ford in his part of the country—too sandy.
OSWALD A. EADDY

Bushnell, Fla.

A worthy son of Aesculapius. His motto, "No good thing is failure and no evil thing success," has ever been a consolation and inspiration to those who discussed with him the subject, "Life and Living." We know him to be a man of purpose, and predict for him success.

FORREST D. EDWARDS

Lawndale, N. C.

This is another one of North Carolina's sons who aspires to become a follower of Aesculapius. He is quiet and unassuming and is a true gentleman in the strictest sense of the word. He came to us at the beginning of our Junior year and has made a record of which any one should be proud, so we feel that great success awaits him in his broad field of endeavor.

ROBERT MARSHALL FAVER

Haralson, Ga.

Faver came from the hills of Heard County to the A. S. M., in the fall of 1910 to seek to gratify his desire to be a visitor of the sick and afflicted and has answered roll-call with remarkable regularity ever since and also in quizzes. We rather suspect that somewhere there is a girl waiting anxiously for his graduation and we wish him much success and happiness.
DAVID FERGUSON, JR., Φ X

New York City.

"Dave" escaped from Milledgeville some years ago and now calls the quiet little hamlet, New York, his home. He is especially fond of good shows, peppers, "Natural Leaf" and rest. On account of his wise looks, and his deliberate and dignified manner, we rather expect Dave will manage to get along. His latest discovery is a sure cure for pneumonia, which consists in simply extracting the lime salts from the lung, thereby destroying the pneumococci.

CHARLES CARROLL FISHBURRE, ΑΚΚ

Augusta, Ga.

One could never conceive of Fish as a bold blustering talkative individual, and in reality he is quiet and unassuming at all times except when about to make a diagnosis. He has been with us only during his Senior year, having come to us from Augusta. We are sorry that his sojourn here has not been longer, for we are sure that the association with such a gentleman would have done much toward increasing our already high regard for the man.

JAMES QUITMAN FOLMAR, Φ X

Millview, Fla.

"Quit." "As merry as the day is long." He is a big happy-go-lucky fellow. Always has a word for everybody and always wears a broad smile for all ladies. He has a brilliant mind which he never fails to use in the right direction. Is a firm believer in Hydrotherapy. We predict for Folmar a great future in the practice of medicine.
CHARLEY EDWARD FORD, A O A
Wedowee, Ala.
“A mind to contrive, a tongue to convince, and a hand to execute.”

AUGUSTUS HARRIS FRYE
Griffin, Ga.
(Prophet)
“Gus” registers from Griffin, and aside from that, is all right. His handsome physiognomy makes him irresistible to the ladies, his fame among them having even extended to the library. Being “intoxicated” to make Gastro-enterology his specialty, he is often seen drinking deeply of the Pierian spring with Dr. Niles. We feel sure a large and lucrative practice is awaiting him wherever he may locate.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER, K Φ
Dublin, Ga.
George is one of the heroes of today. We think he must have helped discover America, some years after he and Hippocrates took up the study of medicine. He has devoted a great deal of attention to science and helped found a dance-hall on Houston street. In slang, George is “around here,” and we all think lots of him. Here’s hoping the public will “fall for him.”
JAMES ROBINSON FULLER, K V
Dublin, Ga.

The characteristics of this carrot-topped son of Aesculapius have earned for him the title of "Bull" Fuller. He is without doubt the king of slosh slingers. Jim is the guy who used the new drinking fountain for a cuspidor and got away with it. He knows every man on the faculty by his first name and is to the Dean as Damon was to Pythias. The profession is to be congratulated on this new acquisition.

COLE BLEASE GIBSON, X Z X
Orangeburg, S. C.

This handsome young blonde, being a native of the aristocratic old "Palmetto State," and naturally gallant, once assisted a friend to the Terminal, but he says "Never again"—There's a reason—ask him. "Gib" is a silver-tongued orator, and an excellent student and is possessed of a fierce determination and intellectuality which should certainly bring him success. And moreover, he is a winner with the ladies.

ROBERT ERNEST GILBERT, X Z X
Monticello, Fla.

Gilbert hails from Florida and was born and educated in the above-named place. He is a very modest, unassuming young fellow, but he numbers his friends by his acquaintances. He is quite an admirer of the fair sex; however, if you could hear him whistling or singing his favorite song, "When I Woke Up This Morning She Was Gone," you would think that the dart of Cupid had not caused any very marked pathological condition within his economy.
RALPH JAMES GREENE, X Z X
Bluffton, Ga.

"R. J.,” having graduated from high school, entered medicine with the idea of becoming a gastro-enterologist, but after hearing Dr. Johnson lecture on “The Vital Pendulum,” and listening to Dr. Niles' vivid imagination in Physico-therapy, he has about given it up in disgust. His only trouble is a chronic case of “Feminitis.” Only recently he got a finger broken by one of the fair sex, but she splinted it with a diamond ring.

THADDEUS HALL GREEN
Bascom, Fla.

This little shaver, who is better known as Hetty, has devoted much of his time to Materia Medica and Therapeutics. While pursuing these studies, he discovered, during his Junior year, that a combination of digitalis and strychnine is the best hemostat for obstetrical use. If we were going to say anything more about him it would be, that he is a perfect example of Darwin's theory.

CHARLES HERNDON HARALSON
LaGrange, Ga.

"Harry.” This old Georgian registered with us at the first sound of the gong four years ago and has always been found on the job since he entered. He is a good student and well liked by those who know him best. After finishing his course here, he will further pursue his studies at a post-graduate school and hospital, where he will devote his time to special work.
FOSTER PIERCE HARBIN
McRae, Ga.
President Class ’10-’11; Vice-Pres. Class ’13-’14
This is the well-known Telfair County society gentleman, better known as “Red.” He was president of the Sophomore class (A. S. M.) 1910-11, and vice-president of the class in 1913-14. That suffices to show that he is a popular member of his class. Being from Telfair County he is a fine judge of skirts and says he may try and win one before the leaves begin to fall again.

WARREN ABIJAH HARRISON
Chamblee, Fla.
Can you imagine anyone having to go through life with a name like that Abij-thing? Can you? I can’t. This bright young man was born in Forsyth County, in January, 1884. He is earnest, ambitious and conscientious. He is possessed with bulldog “spizzerinktum” which will reward him with success in his chosen profession. His motto is “kill or cure,” but here is hoping that there won’t be much of the former.

DANIEL TILLET HENDERSON
Macon, Ga.
“Henry,” the “Obstetrician,” came to us from Johns Hopkins, where he took his first year in medicine. He received his A. B. degree at Mercer University prior to his medical “career.” Henry is a great sport editor—never lets a game pass without his attendance, but not until his Senior year did he acquire the title of “Obstet.” when he became associated with the stork. Henry is a noble fellow and success awaits him.
DICKEY

Dicky is an indefinite combination of greatly variable and widely diverse characteristics and habits. He is a Beau Brummel, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry VIII, and a Coplin, all in one. His permanent address is the post in front of Brown & Allen's. He knows everybody who ever walked down Peachtree. He is quite some sport, a chronic clinic cutter, a pathologist, and other things, but he is a mighty good fellow, and as a friend he is some sticker.

LYNWOOD GASKIN Houser

Elko, Ga.

Houser hails from Elko, Ga. Deciding that a physician's life would be more lucrative than the art of opening up cotton rows behind "Old Lucy," and hunting rabbits, he prepared his foundation by graduating at Gordon. He served at Macon Hospital after his Junior year and on returning here for the last semester he met his "Ideal of Dreams" and now we predict a life of success in medicine and much happiness at home with Mrs. Houser.

lee Roy HutchINson

Adel, Ga.

This young fellow with a mania for loud ties and pretty girls comes to us from South Georgia. Roy is an excellent fellow, a congenial companion, and a diligent student. "Be on time" is a motto he follows closely, both in school work and when calling on the fairer sex. Those who know him best predict wonderful success in the gynecological field.
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Eatonton, Ga.

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ISHAM WASHINGTON IRVIN, Ph.G., Φ X

"Ike." A man of diminutive stature whose name sounds as if he might be a Wall Street magnate and who has as you see, and as his name would lead you to expect, a slightly Hebrew cast of countenance, both of which do him an injustice. Ike is a hot little ball player, "a winner" with the ladies, a good student, and we think he will make a good doctor.

THOMAS FRED JACKSON, Φ X

ATLANTA, GA.

From Jack's indomitable courage and will power and his love for military affairs you would naturally expect his by-word to be "By the Eternal Gods," as no doubt his language antedates to the great General; but as every one knows these words are entirely too harsh for Jack, as his feminine modesty limits him to the favorite ejaculation of "I'm going to beat you to death." His patience is almost unlimited and his temper is seldom displayed.

LEWIS JASPER KEELING, Κ Ψ

ATLANTA, GA.

This pediatrician, having decided that this branch of medicine was in its infancy (joke not intended) in this section, has followed the teaching of Mr. Holt and Charley Boynton very diligently for the past two years, and if reports are true there is no doubt that in the near future he intends to study his specialty at first hand—her name slips our mind at this writing. Favorite expression: "Let's get a dope."
JAMES LOUIS KELLEY
Gibson, Ga.

“Little Kelley” graduated from high school in 1910, and entered the Medical Department, University of Georgia, at Augusta, but joined us in our Sophomore year, and has been a regular (?) attendant upon lectures and clinics ever since. Kelley is a very appropriate name too, for he shoots pool as a pastime, and spends most of his hours as a pastime. He is one of the prominent members of The Midnight Club, and “plays a poor hand well.”

LUTHER H. KELLEY, Φ X
Atlanta, Ga.

Calm thy fluttering hearts, dear ladies, and inspect again the fast thinning locks on the crown of this handsome individual. Some say that it is due to typhoid, while others of a more skeptical frame of mind are inclined to consider matrimony in relation to the etiology. Outside of the above-named misfortune we believe him to have only one conceit: His lyric tenor voice, which he often uses without apologies to Caruso or any one else.

MALCOLM THOMAS KEMP
Chattanooga, Tenn.

How can he live and do well with such a name? It is a fact that he does. He is quiet and unassuming and applies himself diligently to his studies. He entered one year ahead of us, but due to illness of his mother had to lay out one term. Cupid fatally wounded him during his Sophomore year and to make him smile now you only have to mention Katherine Eloise.
ELLIS GROVER KIRBY
Wedowee, Ala.
“Flirt.” 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. His motto is “Attempt the end and never stand in doubt; nothing’s so hard, but search will find it out.” We predict that “Kirb” will make a successful practitioner.

NEEDHAM LAWTON KIRKLAND, A K K
Allendale, S. C.
“Kirk” joined us in our Senior year, having spent his first three years at the Medical Department, University of Georgia. He is the handsome man of the class and a good student. He is from a family of physicians, and the time is close at hand when he, too, will be widely known for his skill and ability, in his adopted state—“The Land of Flowers.”

JAMES PELHAM KNIGHT
Honea Path, S. C.
This alopecia partialis specimen commonly known as “Jack” hails from Honea Path (that’s a town—not a disease) located over in the kingdom run by Cole Blease. Like most men who came from that sister state on our right, he is blessed with pleasant manners, a pleasant smile, coupled with a smooth tongue. He is a good sport, exploration being his hobby, baseball a pastime, while medicine comes in as a duty.
CHARLES EDWARD LAWRENCE, Φ X
Ranger, N. C.

This man will never have arterio-sclerosis. He has, as you see, a calm, peaceful face, and a slight tendency to obesity. Together with these it is rumored that he has an antipathy for manual labor and a frame of mind which makes it immaterial whether he sleeps on the floor or in the bed. We believe that unruffled disposition will be a valuable asset in his future work and will spell success in large letters.

EARLE KILPATRIC LAZENBY
Camak, Ga.

Spent his first two years at the University of Georgia Medical Department. He avows that they have only two kinds of blood cells at that place—red and white. He has an insane desire to become Microscopic Demonstrator of Pathology to the school in Augusta. He informed John Funke that he never heard of a neoplasm at that college—called them tumors. He is brightest when he has his gastrocnemius stimulated and he is best known and best liked by his best friends.

CARSON JEFFERSON LEWIS, B.S., Ph.G.
K Φ
Bloocton, Ala.

Graduated at University of Alabama 1910. Ph.G., 1911. "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us mouthy evidence of the fact."
GEORGE LUTHER LODEN
Mize, Ga.

This man from Mize hopes to win a prize (if he hasn't already done so) and his energetic studious proclivities will go far toward helping him to win. Surgery is his hobby and some day we may expect to see his name written high on the walls of fame in his chosen specialty. A jolly companion, sincere and generous friend and a fellow who enjoys the confidence of his classmates and many females.

NATHANIEL HOOKS LOZIER
Sandersville, Ga.

"Nat" Lozier was born and received his preliminary education at the above named place. Later he attended the well-known Mercer University, taking up the study of Pharmacy. He entered with us in 1910 and has always been one of our most energetic students. Being tired of bachelorhood he was married in 1912 to one of Cox College's fairest students, Miss Alma Tucker. We wish for both of them much success and happiness.

WILLIAM HALL LYDAY
Penrose, N. C.

"Dutch." Long in everything except stature. Has had a taste of everything Atlanta affords. A staunch supporter of Chief Beavers—loves Grady Clinics and even attends them at night. Expects to specialize on Ophthalmology. A jolly good fellow and everybody's friend. His morning greeting is "Heyo Cod."
CHANDLER SPHINX LYNCH
Lumpkin, Ga.

This healthy looking individual hails from Stewart County, where he was born, raised, received part of his education, and hopes to die. He is quiet and congenial, and like his middle name, "Sphinx," looks ever toward the rising sun of Fame as a country doctor, his specialty being "the female of the species." He has been a good student and we feel that he will make a successful practitioner.

JAMES ARREN M'ALLISTER
Mt. Vernon, Ga.

Vice-Pres. 1912-1913; President 1913-1914

"Mac." Having completed his preliminary education in the High School of Mt. Vernon, he looked for other fields to conquer and later graduated from the Brewerton-Parker Institute in 1909. Not being satisfied with this he saw visions of pills and scalps looming up on the horizon and entered the Freshman class in 1910 as fresh as any of us. The confidence reposed in him by his classmates is best illustrated by the official positions he has held.

ROBERT EDWIN M'CULURE, φ X
Norcross, Ga.

Mack was born in 1888 in the historical village of Warsaw, Milton County, Georgia. Having an A. B. degree from the University of Georgia with his many other natural and acquired attainments presupposes him for a brilliant career.
HOMER SEALE M'COY
Atlanta, Ga.

Homer Seale McCoy was born in Georgetown (Brown Count), Indiana, in June, 1883. At the age of 18 he came to Atlanta and here some years later decided that his chosen vocation in life should be administering to the wants of suffering humanity; so in the fall of 1910 he entered the A. M. C. As a student he is diligent, assiduous and conscientious. But if you want to make him happy ask about the boy that arrived in February.

ALBERT CLARENCE M'KENZIE, X Z X
Palatka, Fla.

Class President (A. S. M.) 1910-11
Class Editor (A. S. M.) 1912-13

To look at the real article you would think him far advanced in years, but he says the slight alopecia with which he suffers is not due to old age. In him we find that strength of purpose and sincerity of principle which go to make up the true man. We feel sure that when he enters his career that he will make a doctor who will prove an honor and a credit to the profession.

EUSTIS RANDOLPH MARSHBURN
Lake Butler, Fla.

Hails this man from the Land of Flowers. He came to us from the Birmingham Medical College in 1912, where he has won creditable marks and numerous friends. He has been one of our best men. We can predict with certainty a marked success in his professional career.
LEE BERKELEY MATTHEWS, II K A. K ψ
Art Editor Aesculapian, 1912-13
This young follower of the scalpel was born in Georgia, but later moved to Hawkinsville. Having tired of cutting classes at Dahlonega College he came to Atlanta to learn to cut humans in connection with his class cuts, which he continues to do. He is a charter member of the Woman Haters Club, not from the reason that he will not have one around him, but from the fact that he can't have them all.

SAMUEL HOUSTON MILLER
Ingliside, Ga.
Men may come and men may go, but this bright, studious young doctor is bound for the celestial empire, where he hopes to attain celestial eminence. Our best wishes go with him. His motto is "Life is real, life is earnest." We hope that, when he leaves "footprints on the sands of time," his toenails will show proper manicuring.

JOHN WESLEY MITCHELL
Atlanta, Ga.
Sec. Class 1911-12; Pres. Class 1912-'13
This Floridian is always zealous and conscientious in every undertaking. He is ever ready to accommodate a classmate and always ready to deliver the goods when called upon in school. He is the only man we know of, who feeds a baby to suit Dr. Clarke, but whether this is an accomplishment or not, we refuse to say.
HENRY LUTHER MONTFORD
Dublin, Ga.

Through the echoes and concords of the rumbling of the wheels of time there will be handed down to posterity some revelations from an ancient old Dr. "Luke." These revelations will deal with some illuminating suggestions as to what the diet of a three-months-old infant should be, and will probably have much to do with the high cost of living.

JOHN DAVID MORRIS
Marble Valley, Ala.

Graduated at State Normal School, Jacksonville, in 1908.

Behold Little Johnnie, physician great,
Will treat your baby, but take your estate.

THOMAS WALKER NISBET, JR.
Upland, Cal.

A son of the Golden West. "Tom" comes from the greatest State of the Far West; Los Angeles is his home. His early training was received at the Harvard Military School and the Kemper Military School. He is very much the type of man you would expect to meet from California, a fearless fellow, a good sport, an all-round good chap and destined to be a shining light in modern medicine.
JAMES CLEVELAND NOWLING
Jay, Fla.
Nowling entered the Junior class of the A.C.P. & S. of 1912-13, coming to us from the Birmingham Medical College. He has been a consistent worker all the way through and will certainly achieve great success in the "Land of Flowers."

JOSEPH JEPHTHA NUTT
Franklin, Ga.
This entered the A.S.M. in 1910. He is always at his place in the class-room and he is ever ready to help his fellow when in need. He is noted for his smiles and dimples, and they are winners among the violent sex. He taught school and plowed "Old Buck" before entering college, and since then has devoted his time to the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst and the study of medicine.

KYAW NYUN
Rangoon, Burma.
After undergoing many varied and interesting experiences even from his childhood, this little gentleman arrived in Atlanta to study medicine. He has profited by his experiences and, though young in years, he has learned well the true philosophy of life. A just, frank, and sincere man, a conscientious and diligent student, he is liked by students and faculty alike, who one and all predict and wish for him a successful and useful career in his native country.
JAMES WILLIAM PAYNE
Monticello, Ga.

James William is a good-natured, quiet, studious fellow who comes from Monticello (wherever that is). He took his first three years at the University of Georgia Medical Department. Anatomy is his hobby, and like Dr. Johnson, he studies it in terms of nerves, blood and cells. He is a ladies' man, too. One night while studying the nerve of a pretty girl, she—but that's not fair.

MIKE HODGE PEARCE
Elko, Ga.

"Irish" is one of our valued acquisitions from South Georgia, who came to us via Mercer, where he was famous for establishing the 100-yard dash record between the chapel and the free lunch counter. In this respect, Mike still retains his old-time fleetness of foot. Since coming to the A. M. C. he has divided his time between Pediatrics and attempting to find the spot that Elko would occupy on the map of Georgia.

JOHN RANDOLPH PENTON
Equality, Ala.

This plethoric and genial apostle of Aesculapius comes to us from Equality, Alabama, and if he is a fair example of the type of men in that neck of the woods we would be glad to know more of its people. He has learned the sequellae attendant upon the worship of Bacchus and Venus and to aid in the solution of these medico-sociological problems, he will specialize after his hospital work is completed.
JAMES KENNETH PETTIT
Oak Hill, Ga.
Oakland High School 1908.
Atlanta School of Medicine 1910-13.
Atlanta Medical College 1913-14.
"Veni, vidi, vici."
Selah!

EVERAGE TERRELL POOLE
Homer, Ga.
When we are on our wayward journey and we hear the name we think of the cue, the balls and Swiss cheese and beer or a German poet or probably our minds revert to the crystal spring beneath the shadows, where we in childhood were wont to play. But now when we hear the name around the college we think of surgical details, and how to extirpate the anterior lobe of the hypophysis cerebri, etc.

ALLEN ALFRED POUCHER
Ocala, Fla.
"Pouchay" came to us at the beginning of our Sophomore year, his knowledge of the subjects embraced in the Freshman class having been gathered at the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, the year previous to his coming with us. He holds the office of Secretary of the class and the good will of all and the friendship of many of the students. Our predictions of his success is that of a great physician accomplishing brilliant results.
THOMAS ENNIS PUGH, JR., Milledgeville, Ga.

Tom was born near the insane asylum at Milledgeville, but escaped being confined there. Having completed his literary training at the Georgia Military College, and after being declared sound both mentally and physically, he entered A. S. M., his eyes gleaming and his face bright; but the bright lights and continual confinement to his room every night have brought a great change. He now wears glasses and his hair is fast succumbing to hard mental exertions.

HUBERT RAWISZER
Pearl River, N. Y.

This individual of Semitic appearance comes to us from the far North. It is said that he has a tendency towards the study of nervous diseases. We feel, however, that any more such study would be superfluous, as he is already superbly supplied with nerve, as evidenced by his "bushwhacking" last summer in the wilds of Tennessee, and other things. He has a predisposition for eyeglasses, walking canes, and mustaches and other foppish fribburies, but for a' o' that the prognosis is fair.

SMITH W. RAY
Oak Hill, Ga.

North Georgia Agricultural College, Atlanta School of Medicine. Although Smith hails from the seclusion of Oak Hill, he is no fair representative of the same. To be associated with him is an opportunity which causes any clear-minded man or woman to feel a sense of elevation. Of late he has been saturated with the toxins of love and the visits he makes to the Grady are twofold in purpose: 1—That he may obtain more of the wonders of medicine. 2—That he may view the "apple of his eye."
DAVID WELLS REGISTER, Φ X
Georgetown, S. C.

“Carnegie.” His humor and his energetic work have made him very popular among his classmates; his timidity and good looks make him popular among the skirts. He made the class a good president during 1911-12. We predict a most successful career for this Aesculapian, and feel that one day he will “bring home the bacon” in a manner fitting the son of such a state.

SHALER S. ROBERTS, Φ β Η
Florence, Ala.

“Rat,” “Grady Special.” A favorite among his classmates and also to the Society of Mobile. He is a winner wherever he goes, and success is his aim.

HORACE CARLISLE ROBLES, K Φ
Tampa, Fla.

This runt once thought of making himself famous as an athlete; his ambition was to have his picture appear on the front page of the Police Gazette. His ambition now is to leave a name in medical history as immortal as that of Hippocrates. When Jack came to Atlanta he only wanted a dip, but he soon found that he also wanted her, and has spent as much time with her as with his classes.
CHARLES EDWARD RUSHIN

Cairo, Ga.

"A small body supporteth a strong mind." Charlie is another of South Georgia's zealous young fellows whose desire for a high calling has made him a worthy and deserving student of medicine. He was elected a charter member of the Cretin Club in 1910 and now is president with all of the rights and privileges accruing thereto. For him we predict much success in the field of his endeavors (not corn fields, though).

BUTLER HALL SANCHEZ, Ph.G.


This young scion of Spanish ancestry is admitted to be one of the best sports of the class. He followed the profession of pharmacy for three years, but thirsting for further knowledge began the study of medicine in 1909. The following year he was absent from the fold, but the next year saw him again on the firing line. He has a propensity for answering roucalls and is a good student, and should surely be successful.

SAMUEL ANDREW SCRUGGS, JR., Ph.G.

K ¥

Lawndale, Miss.

"There are two kinds of women who can not be reasoned with—the one in love, and the one not in love." His motto is "Ich ka bibble."
CHARLES SLIGHTER SMITH, Φ X
Edison, Ga.

"Noisy and talkative, but not at all dangerous." Schmidty is not a descendant of our old friend Erlich, nor is he related to him in blood as his sobriquet may lead you to suspect—but he is just a plain old South Georgian. However, he has many qualities of which he may be justly proud—the greatest of which is his friendliness and good fellowship.

HERSCHEL ATTICUS SMITH
Williston, Fla.

From the good people of Williston, Florida, and their excellent institutions, comes Herschel, inspired by the arts of science and beauties of nature that perpetuate his native state. By his energetic perseverance and never-failing interest he has grown from the youth of his school days to the highest ranks of the 1914 class of the A. M. C., and will always be remembered by his fellow-students, who predict for him a life of usefulness and success.

JAMES ARCHER SMITH, JR.
Madison, Fla.

This young doctor was born in Madison, Fla., we don't know how many years ago, for if you ask him his age he will say he is old enough to vote. He has a plantation and it is said will soon have a wife. Archer is a good ball player and a busy letter writer, yet with all of his activities he has always found time to make a good showing in his class work.
WILLIAM HENRY SPIERS
Jacksonville, Fla.
Have you ever seen him? If you haven’t you have something left to live for. This old boy is somewhat of a songster. He is married, but you would never believe it. He is the originator of several parodies, relating to the social problems of Atlanta and he has some bass. Wherever he hangs out his shingle it can be said that there resides a good doctor.

THOMAS HILL STEWART, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.
"Tom" seems somehow to have an attraction for the ladies—one day he received a package, which, from its size, might have been an infernal machine, but which proved to be nothing more dangerous than a love missive of some forty-seven pages. This specimen of Atlanta talent came right from the public schools of the city to the Atlanta School of Medicine, and being a military man, he hopes to become a surgeon-general some day.

EWELL MALCOLM STOKES
Ashford, Ala.
Stokes entered the Birmingham Medical College in 1910, where he soon won the sobriquet of "Anatomy Stokes." He entered the Junior class with us, and soon became known as a hard worker and a man of no mean ability. His future success in his chosen profession is assured.
ROBERT LEE SWANSON, ΦΧ
Fairburn, Ga.
A man of pleasing personality and great diagnostic ability, whose opinion is frequently sought by Dr. Roberts, and whose greatest earthly joy is in differing with the above-named gentleman. We are sure that this man will some day be enrolled in the annals of medicine along with Sydenham and Osler. In addition to all this, Bob is a man of exemplary habits, attending religiously divine service Sunday night and the Forsyth on Monday afternoon.

CHARLES QUINTARD TAYLOR, ΔΨ
Atlanta, Ga.
Freshman class editor 1910-11
Editor-in-Chief of Aescolapian 1912-1913
Quin and Woodrow Wilson were born in Staunton, Va., and both moved to God’s country. After finishing at the University of Virginia, Quin entered the Atlanta Medical College, where his chief complaint has been his tendency to obesity. This rotund individual should have reduced his weight by his diligent application to his studies but such is not the case. But in spite of this handicap he will some day be one of the lights (weights) of the profession.

WESLEY CARSTARPHEN THOMAS
Macon, Ga.
“Al,” No. 123. Look who’s here! Pass on—But first: Al’s favorite pastime is tapping the little white ivories and chasing the dear little things down Carnegie Way—to say nothing of old Bacchus and the bright lights. A good all-round fellow and always there with the medicine. P. S.—Expects to locate at Flovilla.
JAMES ANDREWS THRASH, Jr., X Z X
Greenville, Ga.

Business Manager 1913-14

Jim is a typical example of the famous expression—that is—no matter where you see him "he is coming from nowhere, going nowhere, and got nothing on his mind." As a tribute to his popularity, Jim was elected business manager of the Annual, but we have heard that the only advertisement he received was one thrust upon him after much argument. However, Jim is a big-hearted fellow and liked by every one who knows him.

JOHN ALLEN THURSTON, JR., X Z X
Thomaston, Ga.

This disciple of Jack Rose is an encyclopedia of information on everything concerning sports—both outdoor and indoor. Gridirons, diamonds, green baize cloth, and theatrical lights exert a spell over him that he seems unable to break. Paranoiac about clinics, never misses a class, and it is likely that when he shuffles off this mortal coil, he will have fulfilled his life's work in such a manner as to receive highest commendation.

GEORGE CLARENCE TILLMAN, Φ X
Bartow, Fla.

Be not deceived, gentle reader, in spite of his name and extremely noble cast of countenance. Clarence has, however, some well-developed argumentative traits and generally has a few remarks to make on the subject. Seriously, he is a staunch friend, a thorough student and a man of pronounced convictions. We predict for him a great success and our only admonition to him is not to do too much obstetrics.
WALTER CLEMMONS TOUCHTON, Ph.G.

Φ X

Dade City, Fla.

"Josiah" is a sobriquet attained by his excellent judgment and wisdom displayed both in lecture-rooms and on the outside. He is one tall guy, boasting of over six feet from bregma to os calcis—and he is as deep as he is long. We predict for him a successful career in the practice of medicine—but we hope that he will do much practicing before he really starts to treating sick folks.

JAMES MERCER TRIBBLE

Clarkston, Ga.

This hardy, handsome, embryonic Gynecologist is a "sport" from Clarkston, Ga., who bears such a charming personality as to make him very popular among the fair sex. He smokes his big cigars, and so do his friends.

JOHN HOAGLAND VERMILYE, Φ X, Τ Σ Γ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

John has been our Class Electrician ever since we entered college. He received his early training in New York State, having attended schools galore. He is a tall man with aspirations for a mustache—he keeps in direct communication with Cupid—and should he pull the proper ropes will take his training in a New York hospital—after which he will take something unto himself that rhymes with "bell"—and it's not what you think, either.
CHARLES WESLEY WATERS, JR., B *
Blackstone, Va.

Graduate, Hodge Military Academy. "Wireless Waters." The hero of his class—he was one of Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company's first licensed operators who proved to be a hero. He saved hundreds of lives when the steamer Kentucky sank in the Atlantic on February 5th, 1910, by receiving the first distress signal (C. Q. D.), but Waters having had such a narrow escape himself thought best to join hands with Osler and save his lives on land, as life-saving at sea is too deep a proposition.

FREDERICK LEON WEBB
Adel, Ga.

Your most careful attention is invited to a perusal of the features here presented. By his classmates these features are, of course, noticed, but they especially make a hit with the fairer sex. This guy is fond of shows and other amusements, but had rather sit in some little alcove with a skirt than to hear Caruso sing. Nevertheless, Fred is a diligent student and we feel sure that a great future confronts him.

WILLIAM LEE WILKINSON, Ph X
Quitman, Ga.

Of this brilliant gentleman we could say much, but a few predictions will hold for him. It is true that when his anatomy gets as high as his ambition he then will possess the three essentials for success: Portliness, ambition, and aptitude. Our only fear for the youthful doctor will be the chagrin he will cause all musicians who come in hearing of the melodious tones he must frequently expel.
GORDON GREENLEAF WILLIFORD
Tifton, Ga.

Gordon Greenleaf finished his college work at Tifton at the age of 17. Being full of superfluous energy he turned to pedagogy as a steam exhaust. For eight years he "whaled sin out 'er his pupils" and then in 1910 he decided to study medicine. Now he is about to go out into the world and we feel sure that we are destined some day to see the great and lasting works of this great scholar.

MARVIN SUMTER WITT
Lake City, Fla.
Treasurer Class 1913-14

Born and raised in the Land of Flowers. Studied music, oratory, and art until he found his talent to be that of a medico, and straightway he came to Atlanta and entered with the "Fresh" at the A. S. M. in 1910. He has pursued his studies with diligence and care. All considered Witt is a student and a gentleman (some combination). As a ladies' man he is invincible.

LANDRUM WALKER WOOD
Greer, S. C.

"L. W.," as a means of differentiation from "W. L.," after completing his literary training at Reidsville, being a great lover of science and having a desire to serve others, decided to become a physician. Since entering our class, because of his diligence and perseverance, he has won the esteem and confidence of all of us, and we predict that he will be an Aesculapian whose work will perpetuate his name.
WILL LEE WOOD, Φ Δ Θ, Κ Ψ
Quitman, Ga.

"Bill" has the difficult job of holding up his end of an ancestry of medical men. Before deciding to undertake the job he spent several years at Mercer, where his dignified conduct earned for him the title “Freshman.” Bill is past-master of the gentle josh and is characterized clinically by a high forehead and a horse-laugh. However, he uses his head for something besides a hatrack and the indications are that he will pile up the pelf.

CLAUDE HENRY WORKMAN
Chappells, S. C.

This noble youth comes to us from the grand old Palmetto State. He received his early training at Chappells, later going to C. P. College, Texas, and roaming the plains in search of further knowledge. Then deciding to become a medico he entered the A. M. C. where he has proved himself to be a stella in his work as in all of his other undertakings.
History of the Senior Class

HEN the class elected me Historian, perhaps they knew that I was best fitted for that position from the fact that the time of my entrance to the Medical College (1908) was history before any of the rest of the present class ever thought of trying the mysteries of medicine.

To give a detailed history of the Class of 1914 would not only be an Herculean task but would require more space than I am allotted for my subject.

For this reason, I will touch only the high points in our career and if my account smacks of the boastful, take it as it was meant—not as self-glorification, but rather as tribute to whom tribute is due.

Little did the Freshmen of the Atlanta School of Medicine and the Freshmen of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1910 think that in the year 1914 they would be classmates and together graduate from the Atlanta Medical College. For, in former years, these two classes and these two colleges have been the greatest of rivals, each thinking they had advantage over the other.

But during the summer of 1913, older and wiser heads than ours, seeing the advantage that union would be to both colleges, put aside prejudice, joined forces, and the outcome was the Atlanta Medical College, already recognized as a “Class "A" college, has been admitted to the American Medical Association.

We of the 1914 Class, one hundred and thirty-seven strong, having already broken the attendance record of both schools, hope to annihilate the ancient and established custom of "busting" about twenty per cent of those hoping to be M.D.’s, and on June the second, to receive one hundred and thirty-seven sheepskins, duly signed and with the seal of the college affixed thereto.

Why should not this be true?
For each man his duty is determined to do.
Each one is working and doing his best.
Then surely he will be able to stand the test.

As Freshmen, we were all alike, for the road of a Freshman is the same all over the land.

We entered upon a journey that we little knew would be so very trying on our nerves, our patience (and perhaps our patients) and our purse.

Then the main object of our lives seemed to be to learn the anatomy of the human body and at the close of this year we all felt that we would be great surgeons; knowing so much anatomy.
Sophomores—alas! They, too, travel the same road, no matter where they be, and even as in our Freshman year, we were destined to perform miraculous operations upon the bodies of those long since departed from this earthly life, the wounds of which would never heal; lucky it was, they were dead already.

For we Sophomores realized (which is a very unusual thing for a Sophomore to do), that we did not know all the anatomy that we illustrious Seniors now do.

At last we became Juniors and more mysterious subjects were brought before us for consideration and study (mostly study), all of which and "whom" we duly conquered, all for the sake of science and suffering humanity.

After which we were admitted to the shrine of Seniordom, our long-dreamed-of and sought-for goal, and as such, we are brothers, fighting for a common cause, having united our strength to gain this high point in our college career. May we in the future years, as in the past, ever together, as brothers stand.

In relating the glories and triumphs of our class, we must not forget those to whom we are greatly indebted for our success—our professors—the methods of whom we could not sometimes understand, but who, nevertheless, were our best friends and have given us ideals and standards which, if lived up to (and we hope will be), will cause our future lives to reflect glory and honor upon our Alma Mater.

Richard C. Curtis, Historian.

Most ably assisted by Miss Emma Jones.
Senior Class Prophecy

EVERYBODY has "Castles in Spain." Mine, during childhood, were always in South America. Many were the nights that I lay awake and built childish castles, but always they were in South America.

When I graduated in medicine and had completed a course in my specialty, Gastro-Enterology, at Johns Hopkins, I hied myself off to Monte Video to fulfill the dreams of my youth. After I mastered the language, I was a fairly successful practitioner, for the field was a wide one, and the people, as a rule, were wealthy and progressive. Doctors Jimmie Thrash and J. J. Nutt joined me, and by laboring assiduously for a few months, we established a private sanatorium, the first one of its kind south of the equator. We enjoyed life in that flourishing tropical city.

In June, 1940, the annual session of the American Medical Association was scheduled for Stone Mountain, Georgia, and as I needed rest, I decided to take a couple of months vacation and attend.

I had not kept myself well informed upon affairs in that section of the country, and was astounded to find that the little old village Stone Mountain, of the long ago, had developed into a thoroughly cosmopolitan city of two hundred thousand. The headquarters of the association were at the "Royal Pence," a magnificent hotel on top of the mountain, which was reached by the most modern trolley service.

On the second evening of the meeting, we were entertained by the DeKalb County Medical Association, in the large banquet hall of the hotel. The entertainment consisted of moving pictures—the talking ones—and the films for this particular occasion were said to have cost five hundred thousand dollars.

I dropped in early and procured a place near the front. When the first picture was thrown upon the screen I nearly jumped out of my seat. It was the big Cancer Hospital and Laboratories at Chattanooga, Tenn. It was very modern, being both scientifically constructed and equipped. It was called DuPree Hospital, in honor of Dr. G. W. DuPree, who discovered the cure for cancer. He was at the head of it, and had as his assistants Doctors M. T. Kemp, E. L. Biggs, E. F. Chaffin, F. P. Harbin and W. C. Touchton. In charge of the laboratories were Doctors J. E. Dunn, A. C. McKenzie, J. L. Byrd, J. L. Adams, C. E. Rushin, H. A. Smith, J. M. Beggs and L. W. Wood. The whole world turned for help to this wonderful institution, and its twenty-nine buildings were always filled to overflowing.

The next picture was a group of men, ten in number, who represented the Eugenic Commission. This Commission was appointed by Congress, and had accomplished much good throughout the whole country. They were known as the "Righteous Ten." Eight of this group were more of my college classmates, Doctors J. A.
Thurston, M. S. Quitt, J. Q. Folmar, L. G. Houser, J. F. Arthur, J. P. Knight, B. L. Swanson and J. B. Cash. As they smiled and talked from the canvas, I was so demonstrative that an usher tapped me lightly on the shoulder and asked me to be quiet.

The next picture was the Pellagra Hospital and Institute, at Mobile, Ala. It was founded by Dr. C. W. Waters, the man made famous by the discovery of a cure for this dreaded disease. There were twenty-five large buildings, modern in every detail. Dr. Waters’ associates were Doctors S. S. Roberts, W. P. Coffee, D. T. Boozer, C. B. Gibson, N. H. Lozier, J. N. Britt, L. H. Kelly, W. L. Wilkinson and C. W. Davis.

Next was a picture of Dr. M. K. Nyun, of Rangoon, Burma, who had accomplished wonders in his country by reason of his discovery of a cure for “Sleeping Sickness.” He was worshiped far and wide as a real hero. Associated with him were Doctors O. A. Eddy, J. R. Penton, J. P. Delaney, B. H. Sanchez, F. D. Edwards, S. W. Ray and A. W. Davis. They looked happy, and old Father Time had dealt so gently with all of them—especially little Dr. Nyun.

The Medical Department of Oglethorpe University was next shown. Doctor T. H. Green was the Dean, and Doctor R. H. Allen the Registrar. Among the Faculty were my friends, Doctors J. K. Pettit, J. R. Childs, H. S. McCoy, E. K. Lazenby. In charge of the Thrash Research Laboratory connected with Oglethorpe was Dr. N. L. Kirkland. Among the associates were Doctors T. E. Pugh, C. H. Workman, W. D. Bishop and G. C. Tillman. These names were familiar to the entire medical world.

Our next picture was the Nisbit Leprosy Institute, at Oakland, California. Dr. T. W. Nisbit was at its head, by right of the discovery of the cure for leprosy. Here again was a most marvelous institution. It was in a beautiful suburb of Oakland and consisted of ten spacious buildings, six of which were hospitals. Their capacity was always taxed. Among Dr. Nisbit’s associates were still more of my college pals. They were Doctors W. S. Akin, R. E. McClure, F. L. Webb, J. R. Fuller, R. C. Curtis, S. A. Scruggs, J. B. Brinson, L. B. Matthews, C. J. Bible, H. L. Montford, W. C. Thomas, J. H. Carr and I. W. Irwin. In the Children’s Building were Doctors J. C. Bonner, E. T. Pool, and W. H. Spiers, who were devoting their lives to this work among the unfortunate children. At this time I was so demonstrative that the usher again touched me on the shoulder and said, “Mister, if you don’t keep quiet, you will have to leave.” I promised to be orderly.

The next picture was the National Tuberculosis Institute, at Buckhead, Georgia. It was erected at a cost of ten million dollars, and was all that the name implied. A cure had at last been found for the terrible White Plague, and the whole world was indebted to Dr. H. C. Robles. It seemed utterly incredible to believe what I saw
before me. Congress, having recognized the value to humanity of this institution, had appropriated generously to its maintenance, and thousands of people were cured and sent home happy every year. There were fifty buildings with quite an extensive staff of able physicians in charge. The leading ones, however, were Doctors E. W. Allen, Hubert Rawiszer, J. M. Tribble, K. M. Davis, H. H. Bolton, C. S. Lynch, E. M. Stokes, J. C. Collins, R. R. Holt, R. M. Faver, Quintard Taylor, J. C. Coker, C. L. Loden, T. F. Jackson, J. W. Durden and R. J. Green. What a glorious work!

The next picture was twelve men, ten of whom were familiar to me—more of my college chums. They were the famous doctors of Pekin, China, having won fame through the founding of the Pekin University of Medicine, the most scientific institution in the Eastern Hemisphere. The Dean of the University was Doctor S. H. Miller, and the other nine were Doctors J. A. Smith, A. A. Poucher, C. C. Brannen, J. D. Morris, D. R. DeLoach, R. H. Barnes, L. R. Huthinson, J. W. Payne and O. O. Austin. I pinched myself to see if I were really awake. Truly, this was a scientific age, and the tendency seemed to be towards preventive medicine rather than surgery, as was the case when I was in college.

The next picture was the far-famed Meningitis Retreat, at Griffin, Georgia, my old home town. The serum for this heretofore fatal disease had been perfected by none other than Dr. Noah Baird. It was financed by Congress, though it was generously endowed by Dr. W. S. Elkin, one time Dean of the Atlanta Medical College, Atlanta, Georgia, my Alma Mater. This Retreat did nothing but manufacture and send out all over the country the anti-meningitis serum. The laboratories, eight in number, were from every standpoint perfect works of art, and Dr. Baird rightfully deserved all the commendation he received. His staff was composed of Doctors L. G. Baggett, G. C. Williford, L. J. Keeling, G. W. Bagley, D. T. Henderson, J. H. Vermilye, J. L. Kelley, B. T. Beasley, W. A. Harrison, C. S. Smith, R. L. Blackmon, T. H. Stewart, C. E. Ford and D. W. Register.

The next picture was of the Bubonic Plague Institution, at Venice, Italy, and to my amazement, at its head were Doctors J. A. McAllister and C. E. Lawrence. Dr. McAllister had discovered the cure for the plague and he had won for himself international fame. The work this institution accomplished was simply miraculous. The Advisory Staff consisted of Doctors J. W. Mitchell, M. H. Pearce, C. H. Haralson, D. Ferguson, J. T. Callaway, G. W. Fuller and W. H. Lyday. Their beaming countenances looked the part of men of world-wide fame. Two ushers came now and led me out, for I did not realize the commotion I was causing. I pleaded so earnestly, that they permitted me to re-enter with the promise that I occupy a back seat.
and keep quiet, which I did. Fortunately, this little episode took place during an intermission, so I did not miss any of the pictures.

The next picture was the Lewis Institute for Asiatic Cholera, at Bombay, India. The founder, Dr. Lewis, was one of my college pals who was always experimenting with, and talking about, "germs" throughout his entire medical course, but little did I dream that he would ever achieve fame along that line. This institute, like all others of this time, consisted of laboratories, and fifteen large hospitals. They were ideal. The associates of Dr. Lewis were Doctors J. C. Nowling, T. J. Blackshear, R. E. Gilbert, E. R. Marshburn, C. T. Caraker, C. C. Fishburne, R. E. Brinson, S. L. Cheshire and E. G. Kirby.

The next and last picture was a group of four men, the one in the background having snow white beard and hair. They were Doctors F. L. Corley, E. S. Byrd, W. D. Cawthon and T. H. Chestnutt. They were members of the Child Welfare Commission, and as a result of their untiring efforts had revolutionized infant mortality until it was practically nil. "Father Corley," as he was familiarly called, was the pioneer in this movement, and his kindly motions and brilliant speech held the entire audience spellbound.

Thus the pictures ended.

Never in my life were two and a half hours so interestingly spent. I was so enthused that I threw my hat in the air and gave three genuine South American cheers. MY OLD PALS—NOT A SINGLE FAILURE! I resolved then and there to return immediately to Monte Video and begin to revolutionize old South America from a scientific standpoint, for did I not have friends who were capable and who would render me all the assistance I needed?

A. H. Frye, Prophet.

"THEIR DESTINY?"

Hundred Seniors left today,
Hundred Freshmen comin' 
Seniors start to work today,
Freshmen start to bummmin'. 
Freshmen board-bill just beginnin'
In advance today, 
Seniors' trouble just beginnin'
In another way.

Freshmen haven't yet quit thinkin'
All about the farm, 
Seniors just begun to thinkin'
How to set an arm.

Hundred Freshmen learnin' now
All about a bone,
Hundred Seniors worried now
Where to find a home.

W. A. Johnson—'15.
"The Senior's Farewell"

Years may pass, but we'll remember
Our four years of college life,
With its days of work and study,
Free from envy and from strife.

Many joys we've shared together;
Many pleasures have we seen.
Sorrows too have had their season,
But the sorrows only seem.

To have drawn us near together;
To have welded friendship's ties,
That will in the distant future,
Be recalled with many sighs.

For the future lies before us,
Full of promise, rich and rare;
Joys and griefs, success and failure,
Of which we all must have our share.

To the Freshmen we are leaving,
We would say, "Success to you."
May you follow in the footsteps
Of the loyal and the true.

May the work begun so bravely,
Bravely on and on be pressed,
Till you reach the golden regions
Of the prosperous M. D. and S.

And "ye" Sophomores keep courage,
For the race is just half won,
And even when you've finished,
Your work is but begun.

May your name be among them,
Shining out in golden flame,
Chiseled out on plastic marble,
On the walls of Halls of Fame.

To the Juniors, gallant fellows,
Struggling on to name and fame,
May you ever more continue
True and loyal to the game.

May your efforts be successful,
And your ever worthy craft,
Safely reach the blissful harbor
Of a graduating class.

To our TEACHERS we would offer
Words of thanks and warmest praise
For their patient, kindly leading
Through education's maze.

May their days be days of gladness,
And their work forever last.
Ever more they'll be remembered
By the present SENIOR CLASS.

FAREWELL CLASSMATES, happy Seniors,
We have reached the long-sought goal;
Now we part to meet but seldom;
We are fording life's great shal:

FAREWELL Faculty, Freshmen, Sophomores,
Juniors,
We are passing with the light,
With the music and the glory
Of our graduating night.

Charlie Waters, Jr.
JUNIORS

The Third Lap
Junior Class

H. M. Moore, President

OFFICERS

H. M. Moore .......... President
C. E. Waits .......... Vice-President
G. A. Brooks ......... Secretary and Treasurer
D. K. Summers .......... Class Editor
G. E. Mills .......... Historian
E. R. Anthony, Jr. .......... Class Poet
H. M. Davidson .......... Timekeeper
Junior Class Roll

Akridge, H. L.
Allen, W. H.
Anthony, E. R. Jr.
Atherton, H. G.
Barfield, F. M.
Brinton, R.
Blackwelder, B. D.
Blair, J. L.
Boiling, J. R.
Bradley, B. P.
Bradley, J. W.
Brawner, A. F.
Brice, E. H. Jr.
Briscoe, C. D.
Brooks, G. A.
Bryant, J. M., Jr.
Bryson, J. L., Jr.
Burnette, E. W.
Caldwell, A. F.
Carothers, J. B.
Carter, J. G., Jr.
Cheek, O. H.
Coper, O. S.
Cook, J. M.
Copeland, S. M.
Corbett, H. T.
Cordes, H. B., Jr.
Corry, J. E.
Crow, H. E.
Davis, J. B.
Davis, L. C.
Davisson, H. M.
Day, C. A.
Dempsey, D. T.
Denney, T. H.
Edge, C. L.
Ellis, C. L.
Fender, M. S.
Fortune, D. E.
Gaines, C. B.
Garrison, D. H.
Gibson, W. A. Jr.
Greene, E. H.
Griffith, W. W.
Greene, T. W.
Guinn, A. J.
Guthrie, N. J.
Hall, W. L.
Hames, F. W.
Hartley, J. M.
Haygood, M. F.
Henton, V. L.
Hickson, M. L.
Hill, R. A.
Holtz, Louis
Hooten, C. G.
Horne, H. F.
Horton, C. C.
Johnson, J. L.
Johnson, W. A.
Jones, F. C.
Jordan, W. B.
Kane, T. M., Jr.
Kea, T. B.
Kea, V. E.
Kemsey, W. W.
Kitchens, O. W.
Langford, M. L.
Langley, C. C.
Lawson, E. L.
Lewis, P. M.
Long, G. F.
McClure, H. A.
McElroy, J. W.
McLeod, R. F.
McWhorter, W. M. B.
Malone, O. T.
Martin, L. G.
Mashburn, M.
Matheson, D. N.
Medlin, W. B.
Meeks, J. L.
Meeks, W. T.
Meriwether, W. W.
Milton, J. C.
Mills, G. E.
Moore, H. M.
Mullins, G.
Naramore, J. T.
Newman, W. A.
O'Neil, R. T.
Parham, J. B.
Parham, L. G.
Pearson, R. J.
Peniston, J. B.
Pennington, L. E.
Pepper, J. C.
Phillips, W. P.
Pittman, Pierce
Powell, J. E.
Randolph, W. T.
Reed, C.
Reezer, G. M.
Rentz, L. S.
Rentz, W. C.
Rogers, D. E.
Rogers, W. T.
Rowan, W. W.
Rubin, S. N.
Sanders, F. H.
Savage, J. H.
Sharpton, B. T.
Shaw, L. W.
Sherman, W. E.
Sherett, A. G.
Shotts, T. D.
Smith, L. E.
Standifer, R. E.
Styles, O. R.
Summers, D. K.
Taylor, T. W.
Thompson, E. F.
Tillis, W. L.
Timmons, C. C.
Trible, N. O.
Upshaw, H. L.
Usery, T. S.
Vansant, J. P.
Verner, J. D., Jr.
Waas, G. H.
Waites, C. E.
Walker, A. C.
Webb, J. N.
Whitehead, C.
Whitley, A. B.
Whitley, L. L.
Witt, T. W.
Wynn, R. S.
Wood, J. G.
In Memoriam

to

Lemuel Tribble Payne

Carnesville, Georgia

Class of 1915

Born June 24, 1885

Died September 7, 1913
Junior Class History

Here is a proverb to the effect that "blessed is he who maketh two things to grow where only one grew before," but the faculties of the Atlanta School of Medicine and the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, after giving it a thorough trial, both reached the conclusion that this did not apply to medical colleges, and so it was when on September 29 we gathered to begin the third quarter, we saw for ourselves that that which had so long been talked of had actually come to pass; namely, the consolidation of the two schools. Very naturally, great disorder and confusion prevailed, for everywhere we looked we saw strange faces, and we resembled a disorganized bunch of raw recruits despite the fact that we were the seasoned veterans of two long and gruelling campaigns. However, within a comparatively short time we all began to feel at home once more, and despite the handicap under which we started congeniality and unity now exist.

When we got settled, we found that we have the largest Junior class in the history of the two colleges, numbering 440, and that we have men from North, South, East and West among these.

Thus far this year we have not lost a single man as a result of the slow but steady process of winnowing the chaff from the grain, but sad to relate two of our number, Whitehead and Smith, had to drop out on account of ill health and one of the P. & S. boys, Payne, was last summer called to write his name upon another roll than that of the class of 1915—the roll of death. We who remain still cherish these men in our memory and even yet think of them as classmates.

In writing this history, no attempt has been made to chronicle the events which occurred prior to our union, feeling that such have no place in it, for, to paraphrase, "They, being twain, have become one."

And now that we are nearing the end of the third quarter and almost in sight of our first goal—the degree of Doctor of Medicine—we should be more earnest in our work, more intent upon our noble choice of life. We are toiling and struggling now, some under adverse circumstances, but one and all we press steadfastly on toward the last quarter, sometimes discouraged, battered and worn, 'tis true, but nevertheless, advancing doggedly toward the goal line, determined, unavailing and unfinishing. Though no doubt we have fumbled often and have sometimes only recovered the ball in the nick of time, still we can't help but feel proud of our past record, and with the oncoming of the future we anticipate greater achievements.

Next year may we all have the good fortune to return and continue to strive to do honor to our class, to our profession and to our Alma Mater.

Historian.
SOPHOMORES
UNDER-CLASS EVOLUTION.
Sophomore Class

R. C. Maddox, President

OFFICERS

R. C. Maddox .................. President
J. P. McGee .................. Vice-President
H. W. Brooks .................. Secretary and Treasurer
J. O. Morgan .................. Editor
Barron Johns .................. Poet
J. E. Wright .................. Historian
C. E. Dunaway ................. Toastmaster

ASSISTANT EDITORS

C. A. Almand .................. W. G. Bodie
Sophomore Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adams, T. S.</th>
<th>Gaines, T. R.</th>
<th>Luck, B. B.</th>
<th>Ricks, H. C.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alexander, C. L.</td>
<td>Gilbert, B.</td>
<td>McCallister, A.</td>
<td>Riden, V. B.</td>
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<td>Golden, R. B.</td>
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<td>McDuffie, W. N.</td>
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<td>Green, A. J.</td>
<td>McGee, J. P.</td>
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<td>Brooks, R. L.</td>
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<td>Maner, E. N.</td>
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<td>Campbell, J. H.</td>
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<td>Hareison, C. H.</td>
<td>Morris, M. F., Jr.</td>
<td>Tatum, W. B.</td>
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<td>Mull, J. H.</td>
<td>Taylor, J. C.</td>
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<td>Horn, S. W.</td>
<td>Neal, L. G.</td>
<td>Warth, T. J.</td>
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<td>Davis, C. L.</td>
<td>Johns, B.</td>
<td>Odom, J. D.</td>
<td>West, C. M.</td>
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<td>Page, L. J.</td>
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<td>Hendrick, O. G.</td>
<td>Paniello, S.</td>
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<td>Deke, J. B.</td>
<td>Kennon, C. L.</td>
<td>Parkerson, R. J.</td>
<td>Williams, C. D.</td>
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<td>Dunaway, C. E.</td>
<td>Kern, J. F.</td>
<td>Peacock, C. L.</td>
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<td>Dykes, C. Q.</td>
<td>King, J. L.</td>
<td>Persons, C. P.</td>
<td>Williamson, M. W.</td>
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<td>Edwards, M. R.</td>
<td>Lake, B. P.</td>
<td>Pinson, H. A.</td>
<td>Winchester, M. E.</td>
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<td>Ellis, J. T.</td>
<td>Lee, R. O.</td>
<td>Piper, B. L.</td>
<td>Woods, L. A.</td>
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<td>Evans, M. S.</td>
<td>Liddell, T. C.</td>
<td>Reeves, T. W.</td>
<td>Woods, G. N. (out)</td>
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<td>Fussell, J. K.</td>
<td>Lipscomb, H. R.</td>
<td>Rhynie, H. S.</td>
<td>Wright, J. E.</td>
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Sophomore Class History

If it were not for the goal of 1916 and the soothing assurances from the upper-classmen that the Sophomore year is the hardest of them all, we probably would have no history and might want to forget that we ever saw a medical college. But after all, the Sophomore class is a unique body of men. We just can't appear brave, for, as Freshmen, our brass armor served us all too poorly. The Juniors' pride seems much like vanity and we haven't time to mix up with that stuff. We have too much respect for the Seniors to make any pretense of dignity. So nothing is left us but modesty, and being modest is our long suit—of course, some people may have to change their notion of modesty, but we are not responsible for that.

The class began its work with 134 members, most of whom were Freshmen in the Atlanta School of Medicine and the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons during the year 1912-13. We have about a dozen men who were Freshmen in those institutions during other years, and then there are some from other institutions—Vanderbilt, University of Alabama and University of Tennessee. We came together from widely separated communities, the following states and countries being represented: Georgia, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Cuba, Prussia and Spain. It is hardly necessary to state that the class is smaller now than when we started. Some who might have been with us this year learned that they were in the wrong place when they were Freshmen, while others had to try the Sophomore whirl before deciding that, in medicine, "Opportunity is bald," and that their chance was gone. Then there are others who are laboring against heavy odds, but who have eliminated the element of time in the interest of the profession to which they aspire, and quite to the reverse of the departed, hear Opportunity saying:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win."

Many interesting discoveries have been made by members of the class during the year. One man claims to have produced an anti-bacteriacidal substance for the diagnosis of tuberculosis. One young chemist announces that chloral hydrate is a liquid fluid; another that bromine has an odorless smell and still another has dis-
covered that the secret of Rockefeller's millions is in obtaining diamonds by fractional distillation of petroleum. Another man interested in research work on the circulation has concluded that if the bundle of His allows too much blood to pass from the auricle to the ventricle, the patient will have a disease known as heart block. Another young physiologist has announced that psychic states retard digestion on account of their irritative action on the mucous membrane of the stomach.

We have men from many former occupations—farmers, teachers, druggists, merchants and tradesmen. Then there are some just out of high school when they entered medical college, and others who gave up literary college courses for the study of medicine. Several members of the class are married and all the others hope to be some day—and by the way, the class has found a creed on the fair sex in the words of an honored member of our future profession. We quote it in full:

"Whenever I speak of woman I feel that my words should be golden and whenever I write of her I feel that I should pluck my quill from the great wing of the most magnificent eagle that has ever unfurled its pinions to the azure dome of a gracious heaven whose gentle zephyrs fan the noble brow of the most liberty and purity loving people who have ever lived, suffered and triumphed in the glory of its sunshine, and dip that pen in the colors of the rainbow and write on paper tinted by the intermingling hues of the morning glory, blushing violet and bursting magnolia, toned by the rays of the glowing moon, the name of woman, sweetheart, wife and mother."

Assuming a little more seriousness, those of us who came to medical college with a dream of future big financial harvests from little thought and labor have had our dreams shattered already. The day of the "Press a Button and Out Come a Pill" doctor is passing rapidly with the appearance of the scientific physician who practices for the love of his profession and the confidence of intelligent patients. By a little retrospection all of us can see that the little fortunes of some physicians we have known were accumulated by judicious investment of small earnings, and not by the receipt of numerous and large fees. The same energy with as true skill in many other professions would have brought much greater financial rewards. But now our time and energy are being invested with a higher motive. So let none be discouraged. Let us all hope to be Juniors next year and Seniors in 1916 and then go out and invest a life in the noblest work, purest love, and sweetest charity.

J. E. W.
FRESH-MAN.
Freshman Class

Z. S. Cowan, President

OFFICERS

Z. S. Cowan ........................ President
J. M. Holder ........................ Vice-President
W. A. Coleman ......................... Secretary and Treasurer
W. A. Flick ........................ Class Editor
S. A. Folsom ........................ Historian
Freshman Class Roll

Adams, C. R.
Aycock, Mell.
Ayers, A. J.
Barker, N. L.
Black, R. C.
Blackburn, J. D.
Blandford, Wm. C.
Bonner, G. W.
Bradford, H. B.
Brown, B. L. (out)
Burns, J. K., Jr.
Carr, M. B., (out)
Carter, R. L.
Coleman, W. A.
Copeloff, M. B.
Cowan, Z. S.
Dame, L. H.
Daniel, R. L.
Dean, Wm. A.
Dewberry, U. W.
Dorsey, R. H.
Estes, A. C.
Etiiridge, I. H.
Fitts, C. C.
Flick, W. A.
Folsom, S. A.

Gaines, W. H.
Garcia, G. M. (out)
Harman, J. W.
Harrington, F. Y.
Hasekton, F. R.
Hayes, A. H.
Hicks, T. J.
Hicks, T. M.
Holder, J. M.
Howard, P. W.
Ingram, R. F., Jr.
Jackson, C. B., Jr.
Jones, J. H.
Jordan, W. P.
Kennedy, H. B.
Kneecf, B. E.
Lang, N. H.
Lee, C. A.
Long, D. T.
Louizos, D. J.
Matton, B. B.
Meredith, A. O.
Miford, L. W.
Moorc, C. L.
Morrison, H. K.
Neal, M. B.

Overstreet, G. C.
Patterson, L. K.
Pendergrass, J. B., Jr.
Penland, J. E.
Pharr, O. J.
Posey, J. F.
Rich, W. E.
Richards, R. Q.
Richter, C. W., Jr.
Saye, W. E.
Smith, R. G.
Sullivan, C. H.
Town, R. H.
Upshaw, C. B.
Walker, W. A., Jr.
Wallace, J. V.
Watson, H. H.
Weinkle, B. O.
Wellborn, C. J.
Wilder, C. D.
Wilson, B.
Williams, N. G.
Wimberly, R. W.
Wolfe, S. A.
Young, L. T.
Freshman Class History

ELL is that eventful day of September 29th engraved on the minds of the Freshmen. All was bustle and confusion. Here and there scattered upon the front stairway and on the pavement could have been seen a numerous band of individuals who nervously coughed, rearranged their ties, pulled up their trousers, utilized their handkerchiefs very often, scratched their craniums and looked with wondering awe at each new arrival who vociferously greeted his friends. Indeed, the world seemed dark and dreary to them, for they knew not whether their course led straight to paradise or perdition. The very air seemed to be permeated with foreboding evil. Wonderingly they received the information that they were to meet in a certain room where a dignified M. D. would lay out the law to them in no uncertain terms. A few reached that room while many did not. The unfortunate many, lost in the maze of rooms, wandered about the college trying every door and examining every corner, endeavoring in vain to find that coveted hole in the wall. Some even went so far as to say that no such room was within the limits of the college. It was a hard day. The fortunate few who reached the room were in a more uncomfortable state of mind than those who did not, for they knew not what fate would befall them. Luckily fate was kind and no harm came to them. The climax of their sufferings was capped, however, when they were handed cards which had a suspiciously loud green color. Enough is a sufficiency, and this was a sufficiency, to brand these future intellectual prodigies of the medical world as nonentities.

It is said that men are influenced by their environment and in the case of the Freshman Class this was demonstrated very well. Not many days passed before certain men of the class began to smoke cigarettes and sometimes cigars with their accustomed nonchalant air, to show suspiciously loud socks and last, but not least, to beat it to the burlesque. Indeed, their chests protruded far beyond their usual size, hats were set at a sporty angle and they strolled up Peachtree street Saturday night like dignitaries unheralded.

The class had an enrollment of seventy-seven men at the first of the session, but unfortunately eight men dropped out. This is to be deplored since each one of these men seemed quite capable of making a good record and proving to be a success.

Taking the class as a whole, it has shown excellent qualities in everything pertaining to scholarship and it will take a Freshman Class of "class" and "then some"
next year to beat its record. Very few men failed in the Osteology examination, and it is to be hoped that not a single man failed in the mid-terms of which we have received no news as yet.

All three Frats have representatives in the class and you may rest assured that the men will prove an honor to the confidence of the Frats, as each man in the class is striving to do his best and what is right.

A short time after college opened the class met and elected officers for the year. The men elected were Z. S. Cowan, president; J. M. Holder, vice president, and W. A. Coleman, secretary and treasurer. Each one of these men was chosen without opposition worth mentioning and, judging by their good management of the past, the future should not be of concern to us.

The class has some of the best baseball players in the college, who will certainly make some of the fellows in the upper classes hustle for positions.

A fact that creates a most favorable impression of the class is the good fellowship, friendship and sociability. These dissolve all barriers that divide us, loosen all constraint, and diffuse themselves like some fine old cordials through all the veins of life—this feeling that we understand and trust each other, and wish each other heartily well. Everything into which they really come is good. They transform study from a task into a pleasure; they make music a thousand times sweeter. The people who play and sing, not at us, but to us, how delightful it is to listen to them. Yes, there is a talkability that can express itself without words. There is an exchange of thought and feeling which is happy alike in speech and silence. It is quietness pervaded with good fellowship, friendship and sociability.

S. A. Folsom, Historian.

A MED'S DESIRE.
Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity
(Founded in 1903—19 Chapters)

Colors—Purple and Gold Flower—White Carnation

ALPHA ALPHA CHAPTER

Class of 1914

Allen, E. W.  
Blackmon, R. I.  
Brinson, J. B., Jr.  
Brinson, R. E.  
Callaway, J. T.  
Cash, J. B.  
Cawthorn, W. D.  
DeLaney, J. P.  
Gilbert, R. E.  
Gibson, C. B.  
Greene, R. J.  
Holt, R. R.  
McKenzie, A. C.  
Pugh, T. E.  
Thurston, J. A. Jr.  
Thrash, J. A., Jr.

Class of 1915

Anthony, E. R., Jr.  
Binion, R.  
Brice, E. H.  
Gibson, W. A.  
Hames, F. W.  
Hill, R. A.  
Johnson, W. A.  
Lanford, M. L.  
Mills, G. E.  
Phillips, W. P.  
Waits, C. E.  
Wynne, R. S.

Class of 1916

Bodie, W. G.  
Corn, Ernest  
Dunaway, C. E.  
Edwards, M. R.  
Lee, R. O.  
McGehee, H. M.  
Osborne, V. W.  
Stubbs, W. J.  
West, C. M.

Class of 1917

Black, R. C.  
Ingram, R. L.  
Blanford, Wm. C.  
Wallace, J. V.
Phi Chi Fraternity
(Founded, University of Vermont, 1886—38 Chapters)

Sigma Chapter Installed 1905

Colors—Olive Green and White

Chapter House, 173 North Jackson Street

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Burns, J. K., Ga.
Bryant, J. W., Ga.
Blackweilder, B. D., Ga.
Bible, C. J., Ga.
Byrd, E. S., Ga.
Boozer, D. T., Ala.
Bryson, J. L., S. C.
Blair, J. L., S. C.
Collins, J. C., Ala.
Cheek, O. H., Ga.
Campbell, J. F., Ga.
Davis, C. W., Ga.
Davis, J. B., Ga.
Davis, L. C., Ala.
Ferguson, D., N. Y.
Folmar, J. Q., Fla.
Green, A. J., Ga.
Hunter, C. W., Ga.
Harrington, F. Y., Ga.
Irwin, I. W., Ga.
Jackson, T. F., Ga.
Kelley, L. H., Ga.
Kern, O. F., Ga.
Kitchens, C. W., Ga.
Lawrence, C. F., Ga.
Liddell, T. C., Tex.
McClure, R. E., Ga.
May, R. D., Fla.
Patterson, L. K., Ga.
Penniston, J. B., Ga.
Peacock, O. L., Ga.
Register, D. W., S. C.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Westmoreland, W. F., M. D.
Strickler, C. W., M. D.
Boynton, C. E., M. D.
Roy, Dunbar, M. D.
Caldoun, F. P., M. D.
Jones, E. G., M. D.
Tharash, E. C., M. D.
Dorsey, R. T., M. D.
Ridley, R. B., Jr., M. D.
Boland, F. K., M. D.
Clarke, L. B., M. D.
Bunce, Allen, M. D.
Paullin, J. E., M. D.
Craig, Newton, M. D.
Fowler, A. L., M. D.
Persons, W. E., M. D.
Hodge, T. C., M. D.
Selman, W. A., M. D.
icolson, W. P., M. D.
Huguley, G. P., M. D.
Elkin, A. B., M. D.
Miller, H. C., M. D.
Andrews, C. R., M. D.
Bucknell, Howard, M. D.
Gaines, L. M., M. D.
Campbell, J. L., M. D.
Merritt, F. P., M. D.
Selby, Gerald, M. D.
Kendrick, W. S., M. D.
Prett, M. C., M. D.
Sutton, F. M., M. D.
Wells, W. F., M. D.
McCord, J. R., M. D.
Hines, J. H., M. D.
Kappa Psi Fraternity
(Founded 1879; Incorporated 1903—29 Chapters)

Colors—Scarlet and Gray Flower—Red Carnation

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Class of 1914

Blackshear, T. J., Jr.  Fuller, G. W.  Mathews, L. B.
Brannen, C. C.  Fuller, J. R.  Robles, H. C.
DeLoach, D. R.  Keeling, L. J.  Scruggs, S. A.
Caraker, C. T.  Lewis, C. J.  Wood, W. L.

Class of 1915

Akridge, H. L.  Jones, F. C.  Parham, J. B.
Carothers, J. B.  Martin, L. G.  Parham, L. G.
Cordes, H. B.  Mashburn, M.  Sherman, W. E.
Greene, E. H.  McWhorter, W. B.  Ussery, T. S.
Hickson, M. L.  Newman, W. A.

Class of 1916

Anderson, J. W.  Kennon, C. L.  Page, L. J.
Ellis, J. T.  Morris, M. F., Jr.  Tatum, W. B.

Class of 1917

Cowen, Z. S.  Daniel, R. L.  Maddox, B. B.
Dame, L. H.  Folsom, S. A.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Dr. Edgar Everhart  Dr. R. D. Hardin  Dr. A. G. DeLoach
Mr. Lawrence Everhart  Dr. H. W. Minor  Dr. John Wallace
Pan Hellenic Club

OFFICERS

Richard Binion
Zach S. Cowan
Conway W. Hunter

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

E. R. Anthony, Jr., Φ Δ Θ
W. L. Wood, Φ Δ Θ
E. H. Greene, Φ Δ Θ
R. L. Cater, Jr., Φ Δ Θ
M. F. Morris, Jr., Φ Δ Θ
E. W. Allen, Α Τ Ω
G. E. Mills, Α Τ Ω
H. M. McGhee, Α Τ Ω
J. B. Brinson, Jr., Α Τ Ω
F. C. Whelchel, Σ Ν

C. A. Almand, Ξ Ν
Lucien Patterson, Ξ Ν
Richard Binion, Ξ Ν
C. W. Hunter, Η Κ Α
H. J. Vaughan, Η Κ Α
L. B. Matthews, Η Κ Α
B. T. Sharpston, Η Κ Α
C. H. Sullivan, Η Κ Α
R. R. Holt, Δ Τ Δ
R. C. Maddox, Δ Τ Δ

Z. S. Cowan, Ξ Ν
J. B. Carothers, Ξ Ν
M. S. Ewen, K Η
C. D. Wilder, K Η
B. B. Mattox, Σ Α Ε
F. C. Jones, Σ Α Ε
C. C. Lee, Σ Α Ε
Quintard Taylor, Δ Ψ
R. T. O'Neil, Φ Κ Ψ
University of Georgia Club

OFFICERS

E. W. Allen .................................. President
Z. S. Cowan, .................................. Vice-President
F. R. Hazelton ................................. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Allen, E. W. ........................................ Whitley, A. B.
Beggs, J. M. ........................................ Hunter, C. W.
Beggs, G. W. ........................................ Vaughn, H. J.
Benton, R. ........................................... McGhee, H. M.
Caldwell, A. F. .................................... Maddox, R. C.
Campbell, J. H. ..................................... Whetzel, F. C.
Smith, C. S. .......................................... Lee, R. O.
McClure, R. E. ..................................... Edwards, M. G.
McWhorter, W. B. ................................. Maddox, B. B.
Moore, H. M. ........................................ Cowan, Z. S.
Tribble, N. O. ........................................ Sullivan, C. H.

Carter, R. L. ........................................ Wilder, C. D.
Holder, J. M. ......................................... Hicks, T. M.
Hazelton, F. R. ..................................... Ingram, R. F., Jr.
Ayers, A. J. .......................................... Watson, H. H.
Dewberry, C. W. ................................. Patterson, L. K.

Alabama Club

Top Row
Piper, B. L.
Taylor, J. C.
Gilbert, B.
Kaylor, S. D.
Allen, R. H.
Barnes, R. H.

Bottom Row
Waters, Chas. W., Jr.
Martin, L. G.
Brannen, C. C.
Jones, F. C.
Tatum, W. B.
Florida Club

Top Row
Coker, J. H.
Richter, C. W.
Sanchez, B. H.
Nowling, J. C.
Smith, J. A., Jr.
Touchton, W. C.

Second Row
Spiers, W. H.
Smith, H. A.
McKenzie, A. C.
Marshburn, E. R.
Green, T. H.

Third Row
Adams, J. L.
Paniello, S.
Harman, J. W.
Biggs, E. L.
Anderson, J. W.
McAlister, A.

Fourth Row
Witt, M. S.
Folmar, J. Q.
Poucher, A. A.
Tillman, G. C.
Gilbert, R. E.

Fifth Row
Witt, T. W.
Robles, H. C.
Brinson, J. B.
Wilder, C. D.
The Mississippi Club

OFFICERS

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Mullins, G.
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Malone, O. T.
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Another Member

"I'll take these 'American Beauties' right out to the sweetest and most sincere girl in the world. I'll be a nice little surprise, she says. All other men are a joke, but she thinks she should accept an occasional date for a reason to keep our engagement secret from leaking out. I sue if she's right.

Florist.

Another alright in her student's always busy studying and she says it's just to try to make me an ideal wife. I'll steal by and surprise her.

WOMAN HATER CLUB"
A Cry for Justice

We sing the praise of the surgeon,
Who deftly wields the knife,
And cuts out Jones' appendix,
And thereby saves his life.

We cry "All Hail to THE DOCTOR,"
Who comes through snow and rain,
Seeking to help the afflicted,
And to ease the ones in pain.

We put them on a pedestal,
And think it's simply great,
The way they fight "The Reaper,"
And seemingly cheat Fate.

From their just dues, you understand,
I mean not to detract,
I truly think their work is great,
The greatest of all, in fact.

But there's another noble soul
Whom, often we, in verse,
Neglect to give just praise to—
I refer to the registered nurse.

'Tis she whose work has just started,
When the operation's done,
And many a surgeon is credited with
Cases her nursing won.

So give just praise to the doctor—
But likewise intersperse,
Along with plaudits for surgeons,
Much praise for the faithful nurse.

E. H. BRICE—'15.
Woman

HIS is a word which, when spoken, causes the wise man to smile, the student to puzzle, and the fool to laugh. Its pronunciation is easy and its etymology is simple; its meaning clear, but it seldom gives understanding. From Adam to the present time a clear conception of the object it signifies has never been obtained. Many have tried but all have failed.

Probably Solomon did more research work in WOMANOLOGY—we'll call it—than any man the world has ever known and, after much deliberation, had to pass it up as a bad job. Like most notables, however, he left a diary of his deeds and a record of his experiences and deepest thoughts which, when recapitulated, have an aphoristic meaning something after this fashion: "He that understandeth woman excelleth even Solomon."

I do not propose to take up the work that wise Solomon left unfinished, nor do I expect any other man to do so, for I firmly believe that this very essential attribute to the race was created to be not only a helpmeat, but an everlasting puzzle to man.

While I have made no thorough study of the subject, a few casual observations unquestionably strengthen my belief that the man who attempts to figure her out tackles a most intricate problem indeed.

I suppose that women, like most other things, change with time and the variations are most vivid I must say. Why, a few decades ago, a young man in our fair Southland considered it an honor to grasp the fingers of a girl’s hand and bow before her, but now a youngster considers his company awfully slow indeed if he can't get both arms close around a modern belle and tango to a lonesome corner and hug, and tango back again and hug some more at rapidly increasing intervals during the hurly-burly of the ragtime pitter-patter.

This, however, is only one of the differences in women that time has brought about. Those same noble women of the olden days were no doubt a puzzle to our fathers, but the young man of that day, in the fond hope of winning the heart and hand of a true woman, was by necessity required to possess a high regard for truth, honor and morality and be ambitious—then with the existence of mutual love, he could get the girl and she was prepared to either grace a mansion or iron in a hovel. Nowadays if a young man is a superb tangoer and muchly possessed of the ever-desirable "circulating medium," the only sleep that he loses over the proposition is in trying to figure out which girl he'll take. There are exceptions, however, and no one is more pleased than I when I see the modest traits of proud ancestors exemplified in a twentieth-century maiden.
But I digress. My object in this article is to show the perplexing characteristics of woman which began with her beginning and ends with her ending. There is an old fable which most ably presents my theme in the portrayal of female versatility, and although you may have heard it before, it is very appropriate just here and worth repetition. So you may read it and take it for what it's worth.

"In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows: He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of the creepers, and the clinging of the tendrils, and the trembling of the grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the weeping of clouds, and the flickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the kokila, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakrawaka, and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man.

"But after one week, man came to him and said: 'Lord, this creature that you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly and teases me beyond endurance, never leaving me alone, and she requires incessant attention, and takes up all my time, and cries about nothing, and is always idle; and so I have come to give her back again, as I can not live with her.'

"So Twashtri said: 'Very well,' and he took her back.

"Then after another week, man came again to him and said: 'Lord, I find that my life is very lonely since I gave you back that creature. I remember how she used to dance and sing to me, and look at me out of the corner of her eye, and play with me, and cling to me; and her laughter was music and she was beautiful to look at, and soft to touch; so give her back to me again.'

"So Twashtri said: 'Very well,' and gave her back again.

"Then after only three days man came back to him again and said: 'Lord, I know not how it is; but after all, I have come to the conclusion that she is more of a trouble than a pleasure to me; so please take her back again.'

"But Twashtri said: 'Out on you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can.'

"Then man said: 'But I can not live with her.'

"And Twashtri replied: 'Neither could you live without her.' And he turned his back on man and went on with his work.

E. H. Greene—'15.
The Woman
(Extract from "Brice's Bacteriology")

SYNONYMS—A FEMALE, A SKIRT, A JANE.

HISTORY—According to the Bible she was created from a rib out of the side of Adam, and this seems very plausible, for it would necessarily follow that man was somewhat broken up in the process, and woman has been keeping him "broke" ever since. If this version be correct, it is hard to state whether woman is in a higher or lower position than man, and this subject has led to considerable discussion, as well as quite a few divorces. Despite the fact that woman has been the source of constant study for ages, nobody pretends to understand her—in fact, she doesn't understand herself.

Varieties—Blondes, strawberry blondes, and brunettes.

Morphology—Vary greatly in size, ranging from 3½ to 6½ feet in height and from 65 to 465 pounds in weight. Average height said to be about 5 feet 4 inches. Average weight 120 pounds. Not certain, but she must be "Gram negative," for she's never positive about anything. Most convenient to classify according to character as (A) Good Women, (B) "The Other Kind." The second class will be described first, however, in order to get rid of the bad job first.

(B)—History and morphology same as previously given. Blondes seem to predominate.

Cultural characteristics—Grow abundantly in all countries, under all conditions, in any medium. Usually occur in colonies, but in this locality are found scattered and are very motile. Thrive best on "tin-horn sports," "Johnnies," and medical students. Staining qualities: Take the "long green." They are very resistant, impossible to exterminate (consult police court records 1912-1914).

Pathogenicity—Very virulent. Disease produced is readily disseminated and is very resistant to treatment. Immunity can not be produced.

(A)—Good Women. Cultural characteristics—Likewise found in great numbers in all countries. Thrive best in a good happy home. Keep the world going properly and try to keep men straight.

Pathogenicity—Cause in man a disease, called Love, which is usually charac-
tized by an absent, far-away look on face of patient afflicted; inability to center his attention upon matters of real importance; and a disposition in many instances to write poems and sing sentimental ballads—in fact, all the symptoms of a temporary aberration. Recovery may be spontaneous or due to accidental causes. In case disease persists it usually culminates in marriage—after which it is often permanently cured.
The New Star

Radium
ATHLETICS

The A.M.C.

SPILLED THE
‘DOPE’ AGAIN.
Baseball Team


The Ultima Thule of Medical Learning

"Oh, if people would only keep well!"

Dr. Clay Chappell removed his gloves and overcoat and into an easy-chair in front of the fire sank wearily. Dr. Chappell was a famous physician, a profound thinker, and a lover of mankind. For his surgical skill and for his contributions to medical literature, he was known in many lands. For his goodness and charity, he was known for miles around. He loved his work and to help the sick and unfortunate toiled unceasingly. Dr. Chappell had just left the bedside of a lifelong friend, who for two days had been on that narrow and tottering bridge which spans the chasm between Time and Eternity. Having tended his friend faithfully, he had slept little. Consequently, that night he was very tired.

Bending over for fur-lined bed-room slippers, he changed his snow-covered shoes. In peace and comfort then he leaned back and rested his head upon the soft upholstery of the chair. On the mantelpiece a tiny clock struck two. Only a few minutes he intended to enjoy the fire before retiring. The Goddess of Sleep tempted him. His weak and weary body relaxed, his heavy eyelids closed, and like a famous poet he

"lay down
Upon a soft and downy couch,
To sweet and pleasant dreams."

For a time all was dark. Needing little rest, his active brain soon went on a pilgrimage. Through long, dark spaces, he seemed to go into the middle of the earth. Toward a dim light far ahead he made his way. When he reached the place whence the light emanated to the recesses of the abyss, he found himself in a spacious grotto. He realized that he was in a cave far more wonderful than the famous Mammoth and Golgotha caves. All around hung huge stalactites and stalagmites, which in the dim light seemed to change into many weird and fascinating shapes. In every direction ran silver streams in whose waters many-colored fish darted to and fro. The air was cool and pleasant. In this enchanted cave, Dr. Chappell would fain have remained, but by some strange compelling force was led on.

Toward the source of the light he directed his footsteps. On the floor of ice a thick layer of moss formed a narrow, velvety carpet, which he followed. Up three winding flights of stairs the mossy carpet led. Arrived at the top of the staircase he went forth a short distance. Coming out of the cave there, he found himself upon a small plateau. A wonderful scene greeted his sight.

It was neither dark nor light. The radiant, glittering stars had not gone out, but
were shining, strewn and scattered like a rain of orange blossoms. Human eyes had not seen such wonders. He gazed and tried to comprehend the meaning of the sight. Before long, in the distance the sun came up in a burst of terrific grandeur; and in a wave of glory its rays streamed over the grassy hilltops. Like a cornered deer before the baying hounds, Chappell swayed in the anesthesia of the sight. Before the awfulness and the majestic beauty he quailed. He tried to go forward and explore each wonderful part of the scene. Like the leader of the Children of Israel, who reached the top of Mount Pisgah to see, but not to enter, the promised "land of milk and honey," Chappell wished to enter the fairyland; but, against some strange resisting force, he could not move.

Hills and valleys, clothed in green and swept by softest morning winds, were everywhere. The winds sung not their doleful ballads. The birds were not hushed in slumber, but all around him were caroling their songs of joy and gladness. The flowers had opened their satin petals; and in the air was the fragrance of apple blossoms.

His eyes wandered where the river laved its wooded bank. Among the water-lilies silver-necked swans glided, and children were at play. A sea-nymph fled from her lover, a buxom youth, who plunged beneath the mocking swells to capture his love once more. With their splashing oars dripping a thousand drops, fairy-boats slipped along the brimming river.

Not far from the river the Spring of Youth was bubbling over. He who once bathed in its waters never grew old; no wrinkle appeared upon his brow, no gray hair upon his head. As the waters of the spring ran to the sea, they danced and capered like merry children.

Far across the hills Chappell could see the mighty ocean and hear the rumblings of the summer sea. Upon its billows bathers played. The tides rose and fell, but unlike other tides, brought no sorrow and suffering. With the rising and falling of the ocean's bosom fairy-like sloops rose and fell. Across the white-capped waves flower-laden zephyrs softly came and went.

All animals were pets. Children played with rabbits, teased bears, and tugged at lion's manes.

"The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn."

"This is surely the playground of the gods and the haunt of the Muses," thought the old physician. "This land is more beautiful and desirable than any Utopia. If I could only enter."

Before the gray-haired doctor had fully pictured the scene as a whole, much
less each wonderful part, he found himself suddenly enwrapped in a veil of cloud. Then rising more quickly than it had fallen, the cloud left in front of the old man a beautiful and bewitching maiden. In one hand she held a thin silver vase; in the other, a bunch of roses. With eyes cast down, she stood smiling.

The kindly old doctor was stupefied. Fear and surprise overcame him. After awhile he managed to talk, however.

"Pray, fair lady, who are you? Where am I? And what is this wonderful land?"

She raised her head, and laughed like the rippling of a brook.

"I am Mimi, sister to the water-sprite, the hobgoblin, and the rain; and keeper of this gate. This is the Land of Health and Happiness. They who break the laws of right-living can never enter our happy kingdom. Go. Teach what thou hast seen; thy work is unfinished. Good-bye."

Mimi, smiling, placed the roses in the vase. A mist enveloped the doctor. He could not see. Darkness was upon him. The gossamer veil of that dream was broken.

Dr. Chappell opened his eyes and rubbed them with his hands. The famous old physician looked strangely about him, then rose hastily, and started to his chamber. As he tottered slowly up the stairs, the friend of many men was thinking.

"Will the people ever learn to take care of themselves? Will the time ever come when physicians will be needed only in emergencies?"

His face expressed doubt. In fact, he slowly shook his head. As he opened his bed-room door, a smile spread over his kindly face, and he laughed—a kind of chuckle. When he closed the door gently, he was talking to himself again.

"If only hopes were realized, and fondest dreams came true."

M. F. Morris, Jr.
T was a beautiful afternoon when a lively bunch of Freshmen left A. M. C. for an auto spin into the country and the various parks of the city. All the "Drs." had been anticipating this trip with a great deal of pleasure, particularly those who were convalescent from the effects of numerous wounds which had been received from being "shot" while in the class room.

It was our plan to have all our professors accompany us in our automobile, which was built especially for "The Class," but for various reasons some could not go. Prof. Papez was too busy preparing slides for us, showing crypts of Lieberkunh, islands of Langerhans, Auerbach's plexus, etc. Prof. Bachman said, "I repeat, gentlemen, I have passed the Freshmen's sports and can not go." Dr. Lockhart was away treating a case of lockjaw. Dr. Guffin was also out of the city; so we had to "bone it" without him. We were very anxious to have Dr. Hastings in our company, but he was too busy looking over our very interesting note-books; although he did suggest that in case of accident, it might be wise for us to take some of our preparations along, including: Liquor plumbii subacetatis dilutum, Pulvis acetalilidii compositus, Fluidextractum digitalis, Elixir ferri quininae et strychninae phosphatum, etc. Several other doctors had gone UPCHURCH and over to the BEECH (beach).

As we boarded our Car, EVERHART (every heart) seemed to be in the greatest glee, especially Jackson who tried to put on Ayers (airs), and flirt with a beautiful Dame, as we passed near an Overstreet, and was in the act of presenting a Posey, when he suddenly noticed the Dean, so he gave only a Wink-le. The first accident happened when Harrington ran over and killed Bonner's cat, and Louizos called the Coleman (coal man) to Carter (cart her) away. Then we continued our trip regardless of the dust and heat, for some turned Black and some Brown, while others received many Burns. As we were singing "Down by the Old Milford," some one heard "Old Lang Sighin'" and he suggested before crossing the ford, that Bradford it going, and Blanford it returning. There seemed to be perfect Harman (y) (harmony) in the crowd because none were allowed to Hayes (haze), until some one heard Dorsey that Jordan tried to Folsom (fool some) one. Haselton began to Estes (tease), and intimated to Sullivan that he was not Wellborn, so the latter struck the former near the ligamentum teres, and we thought he would have Fits (fits) until he...
took a dose of Jones’ Pain Knocker, Ingram form. “Upshaw,” said Wilson, “I’m going to be a Walker if these Freshmen don’t keep quiet.” “By Garcia!” said Wallace, “if any Moore trouble happens, I’m going on to Penland.” Now we had already passed through several Towns, and Richards seeing some uniformed men on the street corner, heard a Copeloff (cop laugh). Everything went on smoothly until we ran into the mire and struck a STUMP, which caused a puncture. Then we all took a beer, while Richter went to a nearby shop for a Smith. We finally succeeded in getting out of the mud by the aid of Mattox (mattocks) and a BUSH, and by the aid of a few remarks that are usually made about A-dam’s car, when Watson gets a Blackburn. Hicks made the other Hicks Neal (kneel) and assist in patching the tire, then we left the paste to HARDEN. While waiting, we had a very interesting talk with our good friend and COUSIN, but all of a sudden we were astounded, when Lee called our attention to an unusual sight over in the fields: Aycock with a Dewberry, a Cow-an her Young that had been fed Barker’s powders, with nothing to Holder, eating Pendergrass, and Morrison was nearby, gathering sweet Williams.

It was beginning to get late by Howard’s watch, and Ethridge heard Kennedy Saye (say) that he would have to make great Gaines (gains) in order to get back before night. As we entered one of the parks on our return, Daniel saw a Wolf and thought it was a lion, and you have never seen any one look Wilder. We had not gone Pharr (far) when Wimberly saw a woman Patter-son unkindly, because he had thrown stones at Meredith.

With hearts overflowing with delight, we arrived after a Long ride, in time for supper at the “Piedmont,” and all seemed to have enjoyed the outing, especially our Knece, who said that it was a Rich treat. It was fortunate that we arrived before it turned any darker, for the last light on the automobile had begun to Flick(er).

WM. A. Flick.
Which?
"History of a Patient Who Did Not Live to See His Own Finish"

AME: Al. K. Hall. Occupation: Respectable "respiratory organ" grinder.
Father's history: Suicide, having hung himself with a "spinal cord" by jumping into the "alimentary canal."
Mother's history: Died at the age of sixty. She was a "high liver" and succumbed after crossing the "superior strait" where she lived on the "Posterior Horn" of the "Island of Reil."

Patient's early history: At ten years his brother threw a "stone in his kidney" and tried to pick it out with "McBurney's point." At eleven years he ate his first Welch rarebit and since complains of "Hare-lip." Afterwards he suffered much exposure by sleeping in the "box of his larynx" on his "soft palate," his head resting on "the pillars of the fornix." The attending physician gave at this time "Bowman's capsules" T. I. D. P. C., followed by an emetic of "ascitic fluid." The treatment being unusually rough, he succeeded in climbing the "abdominal wall" and left the hospital.

He was not heard from after that until the history and death of this patient came out in a reputable medical journal, as follows:

He came to our ward with symptoms of severe brain lesion. He walked the "circle of Willis" and on lying down formed a "plantar arch," imagining himself eating fruit from "Peyer's patches." The pains in his "solar plexus" were caused by a fall over a "cataract" while riding a "saddle joint." His "equino-varus" stumbled on the "roots of his hair" and he looped the "loop of Henle." After regaining consciousness he found himself on the "crest of the ileum," feeling somewhat "rickety." Due to laceration of his trousers he made a "transverse presentation" into our hospital.

After the "leucocytes" had finished playing "skin" he was dismissed.

On account of his reckless disposition he went to a "crooked joint" where he drank many "goblet cells" of "amniotic liquor." On reaching his brain this caused him to do an "eosinophilic dance" on the floor of the "fourth ventricle." The music was played by the "Ileo-Tibial Band." This happened to be the "Lost Umbilical Cord." While in the midst of this performance he slipped and fell on the "inner table of his skull" and caused a "silver fork fracture"
in the "ptergoid plate." His friends quickly removed the "eosin stain" from his forehead, pulled out the tongue of his shoe, loosened the "pelvis girdle" but forgot to relieve the strained position of his "milk teeth."

He died soon after. His family wrapped the remains in that "bundle of His" and carefully laid him in the "pouch of Douglas." He has since been placed in the "cranial vault" near "Gower's tract."

A "gall stone" marks the head of his grave on which is this inscription:

"He died after-birth without a "heart murmur."

His last request was left in "resonant note":

"Leave, for a like inscription, a 'Caesarian section' on the front of my wife's monumental statue."

W. A. Johnson—'15.
"The Old Doctor's Story"

It was during one of the annual meetings of the State Medical Society and many doctors were of course in attendance. From all parts of the state they had come and it was the occasion for the renewal of many old friendships, this being, in many instances, the first time old college friends had seen each other in years; for, as you know, a doctor's life is a very busy one and affords little opportunity for travel, except from one patient to another. Consequently, most of them were enjoying the short rest from arduous duties to the fullest extent, as well as meeting again many old and true friends.

All within was warmth and cheer, and gave little indication of the fact that, without, a young blizzard was raging, except for the occasional pelting of sleet against the windows, as a sudden gust of wind came shrieking around the corner, driving sleet and rain before it.

It was too bad a night for any one to venture out unless absolutely compelled to do so, and consequently the lobby and parlors were full of surgeons and doctors, ranging from the patriarchal, ponderous old fellows with flowing white beards, to the dapper, clean-shaven, eager young fellows who had only been out of college a short while, and so were overflowing with theories but rather short on practical experience, yet withal keen for their work.

As usual under such circumstances, they were gathered in groups, each group consisting, as might be expected, of both old and young doctors, each feeling himself superior from one standpoint, yet at the same time secretly acknowledging inferiority from another—the older ones superior in experience; the younger ones in laboratory methods, technique and the latest accepted theories. The terrible weather outside of course made them very reminiscent, each one recalling the experiences which he had encountered when called to go out on just such a night as this, such and such a number of years ago.

Many and varied were the stories recounted. Finally all having told their story, except one fine, noble-looking old gentleman sitting back over in the corner, they all glanced expectantly over toward him; and he, seeing that a story was expected of him, began thus: "Well, gentlemen, I do not know that I have much of an experience to tell, but I'll tell you one that I happen to think of right now, and I hope maybe it will help some of you who hear it, especially some of our younger members.

"On just such a night as this about fifteen years ago, and just about this time,
for if I remember correctly, it was about eight-thirty. I reached home tired, cold, wet, worried and worn, my body aching and throbbing, from riding all day long in the cold wind and rain. Several of my patients were not going to suit me and I was perplexed and worried over their cases. My wife, true, faithful wife that she was, had warm, dry clothing waiting for me and had kept my supper hot. The little boy had already gone to bed and was fast asleep, so I changed clothing, warmed as best I could and after eating supper told my wife that I was so tired that I was going to bed, for I had been up all the night before and had been going steadily all day long. I was living in a small town of about thirty-five hundred people and of course did a great deal of country practice, for there was only one other doctor in the town, and it being in a prosperous thinly-settled section, we were kept more than busy all the time. Doctors then were not so numerous as now, you know. Well, as I said, I went to bed counting on getting a good night’s sleep; but to my surprise I could not go to sleep to save my soul from torment. I was simply too tired to sleep. My head was throbbing and aching and I was still worried about those patients I spoke of. I tossed about on my pillow for what seemed to me an eternity, needing sleep, craving sleep, but now that I had the chance, unable to go to sleep.

"I guess you all have been the same way at times, haven’t you? Well, I thought so.

"This, as I said, kept up for it seemed to me an age, but still I could not sleep. I of course knew of a sure way to soothe myself and put myself to sleep, but I was afraid of it, for I knew where the morphine habit once started in such a case will almost surely lead to. And morphine was the only hypnotic that I had. I steadfastly refused to yield to the temptation, but I continued to toss and turn, wide eyed and sleepless, knowing full well that I must have sleep in order to fit me for tomorrow’s strain and worry. I was sorely tempted, but I held fast, saying over and over, ‘No! No! I must not! It may be the first step toward everlasting ruin!’ Meanwhile the battle between the mute demand of the human body and the will-power of the human mind was waged uneasingly, but the cry of the body for sleep and rest grew stronger, while every moment the will-power grew weaker. Finally I seemed powerless to resist longer, so I got up and prepared to give myself an injection of a quarter of a grain of morphine.

"Suddenly, before I had accomplished my purpose, the telephone began to ring violently, and I put down my syringe and started toward the phone from force of habit, and then stopped and thought. ‘My God! I just can’t go out on a night like this, tired and worn as I already am, with another strenuous day ahead of me tomorrow. It is too much to expect of any man. I can’t! I won’t! Let them call Dr.
Harrison.' But the phone kept on ringing incessantly and finally thinking, 'But what if it is a case of life and death, and suppose the other doctor is out on a call already? I guess I had better answer it, and see who it is and what they want.'

'Hello! Yes, this is Dr. Blake. What? A man found almost dying with his throat slashed and a bloody knife in his hand? I'll be there right away!' It was the night marshal, who had made the discovery in making his rounds.

Dressing hastily, I grabbed my case and rushed to the place designated, where I found a man of apparently not over thirty-five years of age, with blood spurting from a big gash in his throat. I got the blood stopped as best I could and the two of us carried him into a nearby house, where I completed, to the best of my ability, the stoppage of the flow of blood and got him into a warm bed. I of course, just as quickly as possible, resorted to the intravenous injection of warm normal saline solution and stimulated him in every way possible. He gave every appearance of being a dope fiend. After working like a Trojan for about an hour and a half over him, he regained consciousness and began to speak in a voice so weak that it was scarcely audible, and this is what he said: 'Doctor, you're a fine, brave, noble-hearted man, to come out on a night like this to try to save a wretch like me—a vagabond—an outcast. You have done your level best for me, you've worked heroically, and I appreciate your efforts, but I'm going to die and I want to die too; but you've been kind and good to me, and before I die I want to tell you my story, which may help you some time—you never know. So listen well, my friend.

'Perhaps you have already sized me up as being a dope-fiend—you are right. And thereby hangs my story.

'I'm the last of a once prominent, wealthy and distinguished family, whose name I won't tell, for I won't disgrace it. I myself am, or at least once was, a young doctor, just as you are, vigorous, healthy, full of hope, with high ideals and with every prospect for a long and successful life. I had graduated from what was then the best medical college in this country, at the head of my class, though I say it not in a boastful spirit. I had a good family name behind me and I was conscientious and attentive to my profession, so my practice grew remarkably, even to the point of being almost more than I was equal to.

'One night after a particularly raw, cold day that had been very trying on both body and mind, I reached the home in which I was boarding, tired and worn and chilled to the bone. I ate supper and went to bed, but, tired as I was, I could not go to sleep, for my brain and body ached and I was nervous and worried as well. Finally, knowing how badly I needed sleep and rest, I took morphine to quiet me and put me to sleep. And the next night, following a day even worse, if possible, than the first,
I just had to have it again. My practice grew even heavier and I got so nervous that I could not sleep at all without the drug. I realized my peril, but ah! like many another, too late, too late! I was already in the power of the fiend and I could not give up my practice to take treatment. I went from bad to worse, finally getting so I would have to have it during the day as well as at night. I gradually became a veritable slave to the drug; my patients of course soon found out what was wrong, and quit me.

'I left there and went elsewhere, but it was of no use. 'Twas the same old story. 'You can imagine the rest. I became a wanderer, without home, kindred or friend. The little money I had started with was gone. I had sunk deeper and deeper into the depths of degradation and despair. I was facing an ignominious death from cold and starvation, so I thought I'd just end it all, and so I have. But oh! my friend, if you are ever tempted, remember my experience and forbear. Good-bye, doctor, and may God bless you.'

"Having finished this story, the man sank back exhausted. He was right—he was going to die. He opened his eyes once more, looked up at me, gave a last faint, flickering smile and was gone.

"I stood by the bedside a moment, shuddering to think that the miserable fate of this poor wretch, lying there—dead by his own hand, might possibly have been mine also had I not answered this call for mercy and charity's sake.

"That was a terrible lesson to me and one that I shall never forget. It seemed almost providential that I should receive such a call at so critical a time in my life, and as I turned away from the bedside of the dead man, tears of genuine sympathy and grief were in my eyes, but from my heart came silent but fervent thanks to God that I had been saved from a like fate."

As the speaker finished, there was an embarrassing silence, which no one seemed willing to break and during which each listener seemed loth to meet the eye of all the others.

At last the narrator himself arose, asking to be excused, saying he hated to leave such pleasant company, but that he felt rather tired and would have to go to bed, and one by one all followed his example.

E. H. Brice—'15.
COLUMBIA GAIETY GIRLS PRESENT AS YOU LIKE IT

WHY COUNTRY BOYS LEAVE THE FARM

E.R. Stump
The Dead Heart

The heart of me is an empty thing, that never stirs at all
For moonlight song or springtime, or a wild bird's call.
I only know 'tis living by a grief that makes it so—
Like an old bird's nest in autumn, when the chilly east winds blow.

Blue Eyes and Golden Hair, 'tis never you I blame,
'Tis long years and hard years since last I spoke The Name.
And I am long, long past the knife-thrust that I got at dance or crowd,
Or dreaming and fancying I hear your voice calling to me aloud.

Blue Eyes and Golden Hair—the grief is never this,
I've long forgot the soft round arms—the first wild loving kiss,
But, oh, sweetheart—'tis this I have to suffer yet and bear—
If you were nestling in my arms, I'd neither stay nor care.

C. B. Gibson—'14.
“If”

If all who hate would love us,
   And all our love were true,
The stars that swing above us,
   Would brighten in the blue,
If cruel words were kisses,
   And every scoff a smile,
A better world than this is,
   Would hardly be worth while:
If purses would not tighten
   To meet a brother's need
The load we bear would brighten
   Above the crave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle
   And those who languish laugh
The rose would rout the thistle,
   The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
   If grieving were forgot,
And tears of melancholy
   Were things that now are not,
Then love would kneel to duty
   And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty—
   A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry
   And women cease to sigh
And all be glad to bury
   Whatever has to die:
If neighbors spake of neighbors
   As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber
   The spear stay on the wall.
Then every day would glisten
   And every eye would shine
And God would pause to listen;
   Then life would be divine.

L. G. House—'14.
Isn't it odd how some things shrink.

How the diploma looks to the young doctor on graduation day.

How the same diploma looks a year afterwards.

THNKS, PROFESSOR—
I THINK I WILL GO TO RUSSIA AND BE THE CZAR'S SURGEON.
“That Eternal Letter”

A medical student's letter
Is a short but spicy note,
When he's writing home to father:
"Dearest Dad, I'm busted, broke.

"Don't want more than ten or twenty
For more than that I wouldn't hint,
But now we're doing surgery,
And I need an instrument.

"And, too, my books are second-handed
I wanted to economize
But since I bought them on the credit
Make the check a larger size!

"Ten more added—that's just thirty,
Laundry bill comes out of that,
And while I'm writing, I remember—
Dad, I need another hat.

"I hate to spend so much, dear father,
And to save it, vainly strive,
But you see I surely need it
Kindly send me thirty-five.

"Thirty-five is all I'm needing
For necessities you see,
And this is all with one exception—
Five more pays my breakage fee.

"After all I'm needing forty
Just to settle all I owe
And if you think of incidentals
You may add a trifle more.

"Just before I close, dear father,
I will thank you in advance,
For a prompt reply to this one
And the one next week, perchance.

"I always like to write you often
Just to tell you what I've done,
And with this I'm only hoping,
You will answer quick. Your Son."

W. A. JOHNSON—'15.
The Beginning

1
Time was, when God was all alone,
Existing as a germ of thought;
Thought bore a germ of life, this done
By them was a mass conceived and wrought.

2
A seething, glowing mass that whirled
And threw off suns which turning fast,
Hurled many bodies, one this world,
With its life and thought was cast.

3
Thought, the infinite power that turns
The mighty Universe entire,
Guides a world, though its mass stil' burns,
While life there can not grow in fire.

4
So life lay dormant in this world,
Until the surface ceased its glowing;
The elements on it were then ruled
By life which started something growing.

5
A living thing by chance was brought,
With waves to wash and winds to fan,
Upon a lifeless germ of thought,
Then mass, and life, and thought made man.

F. R. Haselton.
I. And when they had drawn nigh unto the city and were come to the Atlanta Medical College, they went straightway unto Mr. Everhart.

II. Saying: We have come unto Thee, O Secretary, with checks for tuition.

III. And he answered them saying: Well done. Thou art now full fledged Freshmen.

IV. Go thou into the Carnegie Building and straightway gather unto thyself many bones.

V. All this was done and when they had paid for each box, $3.00, the bone-man commanded them, saying.

VI. Go thou into thy houses into the seclusion of thy rooms, and if any man say aught against you, answer them saying,

VII. Behold, the bone-man commanded us saying, Learn thee all the characteristics thereof—the ridges and facets and the names given unto them.

VIII. And when thou hast mastered each of them come unto the college.

IX. And they came next morning filled with much anxiety.

X. And Dr. Papez straightway sallied forth with much energy, which caused them all to be amazed.

XI. When they had gathered together in the room set apart for these Freshmen they were filled with great fear.

XII. For he spake unto them saying,

XIII. Whomsoever gathereth fruits from the paper of his neighbor is in danger of 'Hell Fire.'

XIV. "And he, who bringeth 'Jacks' into this house of much learning, when caught, shall incur much wrath in the bosom of the instructor.

XV. And he shall forthwith be cut down and cast away.

XVI. And no man dared to glance to the right or left lest he be persecuted by the wrath of the faculty.

XVII. And be branded as blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

W. A. JOHNSON—'15.
The New Atlanta Medical College from a Student's Viewpoint

It has been just about sixty years since the first medical college was established in Atlanta by that famous pioneer of medicine—Dr. John G. Westmoreland. The Atlanta Medical College, as the institution was called, was the first and foremost of its kind in the South for many years. It furnished the ranks of both the Blue and the Gray with physicians and surgeons—and although at times it was under severe financial stress, the college struggled through the horrors of the war and the darkness of the Reconstruction Days until in 1878, due to friction among the faculty, a number of the instructors drew out and formed the Southern Medical College.

Both colleges prospered and advanced greatly until in 1898, twenty years later, they were brought together and consolidated under the name of The Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons. This institution flourished and there was probably greater advancement during its regime than at any other time of its previous history. In 1905 some difficulty again arose among the members of the faculty, and a portion of them drew out and formed the Atlanta School of Medicine. This gave to Atlanta two of the most advanced, modern and progressive medical schools in the South.

Perhaps the greatest epoch in the medical history of the South was accomplished when in June, 1913, the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons consolidated with the Atlanta School of Medicine under the name of the Atlanta Medical College. Certainly there is no event that has ever occurred that means so much to the profession of the South.

For eight years these two schools, both descendants of the oldest medical college in Atlanta, had been rivals. Both had progressed, and in achieving the higher ideals of the profession, both had done much. In no city in the South could be found two such institutions for the teaching of medicine.

But finally realizing that in unity there is strength, the faculties of the two schools were brought together, differences were adjusted, and the two institutions were combined, and in so doing brought together in perfect harmony the medical talent of a city that is noted for its medical teachers and practitioners.

These men then set about organizing one of the ablest institutions of its kind
in the country. Already having in their midst many men who were proficient in teaching medicine, they proceeded to establish a standard for those men who are to be taught medicine. The first step was to raise the entrance requirements of the school, and now no man can register in the Atlanta Medical College who has not had the equivalent of a four-year high-school course, and at least one year in biology, physics, chemistry and one modern language other than English. This means in itself a great uplift of the medical profession. The days have passed when a man with practically no education could "read medicine" for two years and then get out and practice on a gullible and unsuspecting public. The public and the great medical faculty have been awakened to the fact that the doctor must be as Webster defines him: "One who is learned." It has become a crime to allow a man deficient in literary training to practice medicine.

As has been stated, in this uplift the new college is at the front with all of the leading colleges of the country. The faculty is willing to admit only those men who have adequate preliminary training, and those who are willing to put forth the best that is in them, and in turn the faculty is putting forth its best efforts to give a course that will graduate men who are more competent, more able, and better fitted to practice medicine than those of former years.

These men on the faculty have had much experience in the handling of medical colleges and they are now giving the gleanings and benefits of their experience to the matriculates of this school. They have arranged full and exhaustive courses covering every branch of modern medicine and surgery, and every branch is taught by men whose theoretical and practical knowledge has but few equals in the whole country. These men have at heart the best interests of the institution and the progression and advancement of the student, and are laboring to produce practitioners of medicine of which the profession can be justly proud. Nowhere in the South is there such talent, nowhere in the South are there such resources and such facilities for teaching the art of Aesculapius, and in no college in the United States is manifested the personal good-will of the preceptor for the student as it is manifested here.

In view of these facts it is no wonder that we as students are grateful, and as physicians we expect to be even more grateful, for the work that has been and is being done for us. It is almost impossible for us to express our gratification at the state of affairs that has made it possible for us to receive our training under such an able body of men as those who compose the faculty. We realize that some pride has been sacrificed in our behalf, but we feel that the sacrifice will not go unrewarded. Other sacrifices have been made, which will not be necessary to mention—but neither
will they be forgotten. Those men who are striving for the betterment of the profession, for the advancement of the college, and proficiency in graduates will ever stand out boldly as men who, having set their hands to the plow, have labored untiringly, unceasingly, and unselfishly to give to the South men who are better fitted for the practice of medicine; men whose ideas are more advanced and men who will ever strive to emulate the example of their preceptors. And it is to these men that our thanks are due. As students, we feel that, after so much has been done for us, we can show our appreciation in no better way than by whole-souled co-operation with our instructors; and as graduates and doctors of medicine, we can show our gratitude by consistent application to the work of our profession, by conducting our practice in an honorable and conscientious manner and by unswerving loyalty and deep devotion to our Alma Mater.

C. B. Gibson—'14.

Love Dreams

For years, I've dreamed, and dreamed, and dreamed,
Of girls so fair and true;
I've dreamed of girls with golden curls,
And eyes of fairy blue.

I've dreamed of girls of every kind,
With forms so soft and rare,
Who quickly came from out the flame,
And vanished into air.

In dreams I've won and held my love,
A thousand times or more;
In dreams I've pressed and then caressed
My sweetheart, o'er and o'er.

It's sweet to dream of girls and love,
Of sweethearts true and strong;
And let the voice of Fancy's choice,
Enchant us with its song.

M. F. Morris, Jr.—'16.
Aphorisms, Maxims, Flashlights, Etc.

Gleaned, Compiled and Subscribed by E. H. Greene

If it isn't fit to write, it isn't fit to say.

Marriage is the end or the beginning of happiness.

The man who can be driven to drink can be led to any other vice.

Even a wayfaring man could get this.

Many acquaintances should be cut before they ripen into friendship.

Money never makes a fool of anybody; it only gives him a chance to display his folly.

One has to put up with a lot of hissing from the goose that lays the golden egg.

It is easier to find fault with a husband than to find a husband without fault.

Blessed is the student who hath a long reach for his dictionary.

It is better to adopt and improve the good ideas of others than to depend upon originating poor ideas of your own.

In the language of Saint Paul, "No, not one."

If you lack faith in yourself, in your own ability to succeed, you will certainly show it, and other people will soon lack that same faith.

A gentleman always speaks well of woman and religion.
And many a misguided young man seems to think that stepping-stones are something to throw at birds.

Proposing by mail is as unsatisfactory as kissing a girl through a knothole in a board fence.

There are only three things in the animal kingdom that hiss: a goose, a snake, and a DAMN FOOL.

Remember, "A good book is a good friend."

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.

Old Solomon was most assuredly on the job when he scribbled this proverb: "Like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout so is a fair woman that is without discretion."

Some men never recognize an opportunity unless it is labeled.

Why does a woman imagine she can reform a man by singing to him?

Anybody can push a wheelbarrow!

Even a girl who isn't a flirt may not want some man to think she isn't.

The girl who is as pretty as a picture should never allow herself to get in an ugly frame of mind.

A woman has as much excitement getting her fortune told as a man does in making his.

William A. Flick, '17, handed me this excellent Japanese medical proverb: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, though it be given him, is a robber."

"Try, try again" is all right, but "Do it" is quicker and better.

Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.
A Medical Student's Alphabet

Anatomy's a subject which all of us dread
And which, strange as may seem, is learned off the dead.
As "Jimmy" will tell you, if it you retain,
You must learn it all "over and over again."

Bacteriology, as you know, deals largely with bugs,
Which we learn all about so's to kill them with drugs.

Chemistry, as taught by dear old fat Dad,
Is a deuce of a mess, but he knows, it "by gad."

Dissecting is fierce and the smell is so rotten,
Had we known in advance, we'd a kept raising cotton.

Embryology tells us of the beginning of all
Though it gives us our start, it may cause our fall.

Though such a young subject oh! pray do not spurn it,
For it's a de'il of a study, when you endeavor to learn it.

Fractures, as a study, are hard to beat,
But out in your practice, they're the devil to treat.

Gynecology's a subject we'll pass over lightly.
For fear of handling the subject too brightly.

Histology, in truth, with its tissues and 'scopes,
Comes near making Freshmen give up fond hopes.

I-ology, though—(did I hear you say "Kill it"?)
But the space was still there, and we just had to fill it.

"Jacking." in passing, I'll just simply mention,
For as usually done it don't crave attention.
Kale’s not a study, but it’s a problem, you bet,
To get enough of it to keep out of debt.

Lab. is inflicted, of most every kind,
It's a trial to your patience and a curse in your mind.

Materia-Medica, is taught, “as it were,”
By little Doc. Hastings, who speaks with a bur-r-r—
He may be sarcastic and snappish, it’s true,
But if you do your part he’ll help you “get through.”

Neurology’s a subject—Oh, is it hard to pass?
No; they seldom flunk more than half of the class,
With its tracts and its gyri and its blamed convolutions,
I most wished I’d joined the Mex. revolution.

Obstetrics, a subject of very much labor,
Concerns more than us, perhaps it’s your neighbor,
The first half you get it from “Stephen Barnett,”
“Oh! Have not I explained this? Well, I will do so yet,"
Doctor Davis is little, but you’ll know he is here,
Not so much by your eyesight as you will from your ear.

Pathology, sir, “you will please bear in mind,”
Is the realm where John Funke is boss you will find,
If “it’s the early bird that gets the worm,”
Then Funke by rights should be the whole firm.
Physiology, “by George,” is likely to “Stump” you,
And if you don’t study, “by George,” you’ll be flunked, too.

Quizzes,—“Great guns!” and likewise, “Oh, horrors!”
I’ll surely “get shot,” for I don’t know tomorrow’s.

“Remedial Measures,” the hobby of Hull,
Of course have some value but mostly is Bull.
Surgery at first is every man’s choice,
But, alas! a surgeon needs more than a voice!

Therapeutics, too, with its drugs and prescriptions,
Is likely to make us all have “conniptions.”

Unmentioned subjects are still on my mind,
But I’ll work them in, if the meter I find.

Von Perke’s test, and hundreds of others,
Make a poor medic’s life a series of bothers,
Wasserman, Widal, Women and Wine,
And other great subjects are still on my mind.

X-ams, to be sure, come twice every year,
And the whole time they last I’m crazy with fear,
For whole weeks we get them in infinite number,
And all through those weeks, I’m quite short on slumber;
I’m most dead for sleep,
Profs. don’t give a damn,
If I want to get by, I’ve just got to cram.

Yeast, I remember, is used to see
If the specimen in hand from sugar is free.

Zeros, of course, are behind and ahead,
But in spite of it all I’m glad I’m not dead!

E. H. BRICE—’15.

“The Goal”

OUR years is a long time for anyone. It is a longer time for us, for just at our age one dollar is worth any four we may earn in later life, and in the face of this it is the hardest task to drive away the gloom that almost makes us succumb to the temptation to get back into the commercial world—to make money, and thereby reverse the present situation, “All going out and nothing coming in.”

But we are optimistic and cheer up. We have our “wagons hitched to a star”
and must drive on. This star represents the two letters, "M.D.," which mean that
we will be able to help our fellow man—a profession that draws us into the very
bottom of his soul.

When we have ridden through a bitter cold night to some modest hut and found
there a mother praying for her sick child and the father weeping silently over the
cradle in which lies the sunshine of his home; when we have kept an all-night vigil
over the pale and sunken face, helping it to fight the battle of life and death; when
we have watched tenderly the spark of life grow dim and dimmer 'mid the dark hours
of the morning, not wondering whether this little body will be lifeless ere another day
passes, but almost hoping against hope that we will be able to do something that will
bring the little soul again into the joys of health and, as another few hours of waiting
has passed, we find the warmth of life gradually but surely returning to this weakened
body, knowing that the awful crisis has passed; when we have seen the mother weep
with joy and have grasped the calloused hand of the father feeling the thanks and
gratitude expressed, we have reached a goal that is the highest—we have helped our
brother.

W. A. J.—'15.

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A Parody
(The Charge of the Light Brigade)

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
All to the room of Mid-term Exams,
Went the Soph. hundred.

"Three to a seat, the Soph Brigade!
Charge for the boards!" he said,
Into the room of Mid-term Exams
Went the Soph. hundred.

"Three to a seat the Soph. Brigade!"
Was there a student dismay'd?
Not tho' the Sophomores knew,
The Faculty had blundered.

Theirs not the request to deny,
Theirs not to question why
Theirs but to pass or die.
Into the room of the Mid-term Exams
Went the Soph. hundred.

Bachman to the right of them,
Papez to the left of them,
Funke in front of them
Quizz'd and thunder'd
In words that no one could spell
But boldly they wrote and well,
Into the end of bonehead careers,
Into the hell where few had no fears,
Went the Soph. hundred.

Flash'd all their pencils bare,
Flash'd as they paused in air,
Answering the questions there,
Astonishing a faculty, while all the school
wonder'd,
Bathed in the cigarette smoke,
Right thro' the exam they wrote
Bachmann, Papez and Funke,
Reel'd from the pencil-stroke,
Some Boys of the “Soph Brigade”

At seventy-six Washington, Apt. 2,
There’s a bunch of “fellows” will be M. D.’s sure.
For they study by day and study by night,
I feel like throwing their books out of sight.
Each is striving his best to outdo the other.
Matters not if he be a friend or a brother.

There is Buff and Cater, Anderson and Brown,
No better “fellers” can be found in town.
Hamilton, Hunter, Ellis, and McGee—
This bunch of boys, I wish you could see.
Always ready to join in the fun
After the day’s hard lessons are done.

The dignified Morgan and our Johns from the west.
Will call L. J. Page and say, “Boys, let’s take a rest.”
And we’ll drink to each boy’s happiness ever
And the ties that bind us may they never sever,
Though miles intervene
And some of us are ne’er seen
By the others when finals are ended.
        ’We’ll hang out our shingle
        With a purpose that’s single,
And the past with the present shall be blended.

Frances Craven Parks,
(Age, 11 years)
'Twas only last September,  
Many a poor boy came,  
To the A. M. C, surely to be  
In a new and different game.  
Their intentions were good,  
Their purposes, high,  
For that dreamed-of degree, the title M. D.  
Four years they intended to try.  

Some seventy-odd they were in number,  
But less the number became,  
For after some sniffs, and a sight of the "stiffs,"  
Several deserted the game.  
Though the home state of Georgia, as might be supposed,  
Was, of course, the best represented.  
Many came here from states, far and near,  
And, as yet, they are all quite contented.  

Materia Medica Lab. came on Monday,  
With Percolation and Maceration so dry,  
Such conglomerations of esoteric cogitations  
Should bring tears from a green glass eye.  
Liquors and Aquas, Misturae and Pulveres,  
And some others entirely as bad,  
Are much more profound than a "Movie" up town,  
Or a chemistry lecture from "Dad."  

The professor explained Misce et Fiat,  
And some others I dimly recall—  
Among them P. C. and Q. S. a d,  
While Pendergrass drank the alcohol.  
Quizzing began, but quickly did end,  
For the Freshmen's knowledge was small.  
Some said "Oh, well!" others, "That's hell!"  
While others said nothing at all.  

With what other substance is Leadwater prescribed?  
No one answered, even if he could;  
Next he asked Lee, "Do you know?" said he.  
Lee: "Sure! I think it is mud."
Anterior and Posterior, Medial and Lateral,
In “Boneology” that afternoon,
The articulations of the Tibia, Malleolus of the Fibula,
Alas! Were forgotten too soon.

The Old Nomenclature and New Terminology,
Carbohydrates, Proteins, and Glycosuria—
If you think for a minute, these words are the limit,
Then you’ve another thought due you.
For Medicine is hard we have to admit,
And with these we simply begin,
But Life is a game, and we feel just the same,
That through perseverance all may win.

It is give and take, build and break,
And things never seem to go right,
But he will sure rise who honestly tries
To climb Life’s ladder with might.
Do more, my boys, than make a noise—
Put purpose into the game,
And make this your cry, “We will all win or die!”
And your lot will be fortune and fame.

Medicine’s a grand, noble calling,
Before you there’s Life’s race to run,
So just keep your eyes on the glorious prize,
Then receive your reward, “Well done.”
And now, farewell, dear Freshmen,
Nevermore your faces to see,
Yet I shed not a tear, for we come back next year,
Brave Sophomores to be.

Is It Just?

This “inner dog” feeling that once I had,
Is beginning somehow to make me mad.
To know that some hoob got it in the neck
Moves no longer these emotions of mine a speck
Until I know a little more complete
The thing that prompted such a feat.
My tears will flow no longer because
He gets a swat. Instead I pause
To ask: “Did he get what he deserved?”
“From the straight and narrow has he swerved?”

The simp who climbs upon a limb
And cuts it off between the trunk and him,
Should be handed over to an institution where
The walls are padded with a cheap horsehair.
Whenever we forget the little rules
That govern our universe—well, fools
Can only learn by experience
The price being proportionate as they’re dense.

We miss the target and are fools to grieve
Full half this life, I verily believe,
When about the nether ear, of whom we read
So many tender heart-disturbing screed.
It’s awful, sure, to get it where Lucile
Festoons her beads. And we can’t help but feel
Blue, because he used such little wit
In cutting off the limb on which he’d sit,
Still, if that is the best way to make him learn,
Why should my poor heart ache and burn?

W. A. J.—’15.

Why Is a Medical Student?

A n eminent medical lecturer in one of the most famous Southern medical colleges once remarked that the population of the certain city in which the college was located was composed of “white folks, niggers and medical students;” from which it will be seen that even those gentlemen who have been through and experienced the life of the medical students can not definitely class them with any race or clan on earth.

The bright young doctor who has been practicing for just a year, when he refers to his school days, contemptuously says, “When I was a medical student,” and implies by that phrase that any indiscretion he may have committed was because of the fact that he was a medical student; and if the old doctor is telling of some of the madcap
pranks of his younger days, he always says that it happened while he was a medical student.

There is no definite cause for the fact, but medical students, singly and collectively, possess a most unenviable reputation. When an innocent, unsophisticated, bucolic youth enters medical college he at once loses any past good name that he may have had and becomes a member of the unclassified clan of Medical Students. They are the Lost Tribes of Israel, and the wilderness through which they struggle is composed of laboratories, lecture-rooms, dissecting-halls and boarding-houses, and their delivering Moses is the diploma.

The police watch them, the boarding-house keepers rob them, and the faculty of the college condescends to tell them, directly or indirectly, that they are a set of fools, and the general public avoids them and distrusts them. There is no definite reason for being thus ostracized and harassed except that they are medical students.

If a crime is committed, or if a souse pulls off a rough house in a saloon or theater, or if a hold-up outrage is perpetrated, and the man committing these depredations is unfound and unidentified the reading public puts it aside with the wise conclusion, "Oh, well, it must have been a medical student."

A clean, high-minded youth walks into a boarding-house and asks for terms and is shown around and is about to select the most secluded room, when the landlady, who has begun to "smell a rat," inquires of him his vocation, and if he be uninitiated and reply that he is a medical student, immediately the price of board goes up about four dollars a day, or he is told that "WE keep a respectable house here and therefore do not take medical students," and he is then shown the exact location of the front door.

The medical student receives no special privileges nor favors, and he is looked upon as a necessary evil of society. To the public at large he is an inhuman animal, to the cultured he is a social outcast, and to the lower classes he is a gnome or an ogre of the most depraved order. He is thought to have no morals, no feelings, no hesitancy at any deed, and the only human habits that are recognized as belonging to him are those of eating and sleeping.

Now, in the name of all that is good and holy, or bad and devilish, why is it that the medical student is so designated? Why is he a social outcast? Why is he distrusted and avoided? Certainly he is no more depraved than any other college boy and in most instances not nearly so much. His pranks have not the same tinge of rank bovishness as have those of the literary college student. His escapades are more dignified and there is more reasoning behind them than there is behind the literary
college celebrations. He does not come through a principal street arrayed in a night-
shirt, as the fanaticized youths in certain literary colleges have been observed to do,
neither does he get excited over a football game or other such things and beat his com-
panions over the heads with his fist or any other object within reach. He does not hang
around the "near-beer joints" any more than other students. He does not get a
write-up in the yellow journals any oftener than they do. He is no more morally
deprecated than any other class of student. Yet these literary students are little tin
gods, compared to a medical student. Even these "Lits" have a holy horror of medi-
cal students, and if one of the latter makes known his presence among this bunch of
saintly beings he is immediately regarded with suspicion and as soon as possible the
"bunch" shakes him. Now, "for the love of Mike," why is this? If that conglomer-
eration of asininity which usually goes to make up a group of loafing literary students
avoids the medical student and distrusts him, there must be something materially
wrong, something sadly out of gear, with the mental, moral, physical and social make-
up of the poor fellow.

Those old sports who beam so condescendingly on us now and tell us about the
brachial plexus, and why we should use silk in our abdominal work, and why the vital
pendulum is so necessary, and how to feed babies, and how to treat mitral disease,
and how to do a ventral suspension, and how to examine for life insurance—those old
sports, I say, must have been some holy terrors to have given the name of "medical
student" the reputation and notoriety which it now bears, and yet those same old
sports are just as bad as any one else in relegating us into the wilderness of the No-
Class Clan.

Now, this article (if by some providence it may be so called) is a plea for the
moral and social recognition of the medical student as a unit and as a body. To such
an extent as the Maker was kind enough to bestow it upon us, we have received physi-
cal and mental recognition, but socially and morally we are de trop. We are embryonic
physicians (we hope), and in so being are committing no moral or social crime; so
why can't we be recognized morally and socially and be definitely classified just as
the embryonic states of every other fauna and flora in the world are classified? The
acorn before becoming a tree is not an outcast among the flora, nor is the egg despised
by the fauna before becoming a chicken; so why should the medical student before
becoming a physician be ostracized or cast into the pit of the morally unfit and the
socially scorned?

To you who are high up I say, have some compassion for the misunderstood medici-

nal student; to you who are going up, remember that you, too, once belonged to the
No-Class Clan; and to you who are yet to rise I say nothing, for as yet your words and deeds are immaterial; and to the laity I say, be more broad-minded. If you do these things and in that way give us your support, we who are medical students will remove the blemish from that name, retrieve the good reputation that has been lost, command the respect which is our due, and receive the social and moral recognition which should be ours.  

C. B. Gibson—'14.

Laughing Sue

I've found the girl of girls for me;  
She's fairest of the fair;  
Her skin is softer than the rose,  
And wavy black her hair.

Like lonely stars, that thru the clouds  
So brightly shine at night,  
Enchanting and alluring,  
Her eyes are soft and bright.

Her lips are sweeter than the flow'r,  
That's drenched with morning dew;  
Too dear for lowly mortal's touch,  
The lips of Laughing Sue.

My love, my life, my all,  
I'll love another never;  
Oh, give your heart to me alone,  
My sweetheart, now and ever.  

M. F. Morris, Jr.

Seniors Royally Entertained

At some time in our lives, each one of us has wished that he might have a chance to pick for himself a fair lady from a lot of them. Many times we have seen just one or two or even a few gathered together, but it was only when Cox College, that female college in College Park, invited the
Senior class to a reception in their honor, that we really enjoyed having the pleasure of meeting and knowing and being entertained by the students of a girls' college.

A place that is sacred, protected and guarded; yet they invited and entertained the Senior class of the Atlanta Medical College.

It was a night ne'er to be forgotten; as in twos and threes and fours we entered the door we, each and every one, were ushered down the line and introduced to every girl and each one had for each of us a beautiful smile and a friendly hand.

Having met them every one we were called to the auditorium there to hear the music and song that was stored up in the school. After that, refreshments were served and the guests began to hunt their mates, to then find a cozy corner or a "comfy" sofa and have a little chat.

The only unpleasant thing at all was when the lights grew dim and low—that was the signal for us to go.

To show how much we appreciated that night, there are some who now are regular attendants at Cox every chance they get.

R. C. CURTIS.

Keep A'Plugging

When Bachman lectures dry, and long,
When Hastings busts you good and strong,
When the stiff, with rotten smell,
Make your life a very hell,
When Funke grills you half an hour,
And smiles and smirks as you writhe in his power,
Just because they "caught you out,"
Don't break loose, and give a shout,
"Tain't no use, I'm going to quit";
Show the world you've got some grit.
Keep a'plugging.

Or if you're "ailin," down and out,
Feel like "going up the spout,"
Remember, please, there's plenty more
Feeling just about as sore.
When you feel you've a right to complain,
Just think of the men who wear ball and chain;
Consider the guy who's tolin' bricks,
Compare his lot with your swell fix.
Keep a'plugging.
Perhaps you do feel somewhat bum,
When your check has failed to come.
What if you are plumb busted, broke,
And everything you've got's "in soak"?
Think of the hundreds almost dead,
For want of even a crust of bread.
Don't sit around and bemoan your luck,
But give that line a center buck—
    Keep a'plugging.

Of course your lot is hard enough,
To study and grind is pretty tough,
But "goatin'" don't help you to pass that exam,
If you want to get by, you've got to "cram."
Just shuck off your coat and get to work;
This world's no place for those who shirk.
Don't act the baby—be a man,
Show 'em all that you really can.
    Keep a'plugging.

E. H. Bruce—'15.
Retrospection
Retrospection

As I sat in the flickering firelight,
On a drear December eve,
My memories drifted far away.
O'er my first three years I'm about to leave.

I thought of those fearful Freshman days,
Of dread examinations full,
Of listening to Bachman "chew the rag,"
And to Lorne Hastings "shoot the bull."

After two whole hours every day,
Of cutting on a rotten stiff,
On journeying to a picture show,
See folks around me turn and sniff.

They'd stick it out a while perhaps,
But finding it getting worse and worse,
They'd beat it up the aisle and out
And, sniffing still, at once disperse.

No matter what I'd try to do,
That awful smell would stick to me,
And everywhere I'd go, it seemed,
People would sniff, then turn and flee.

On getting to be a Sophomore,
My lot was not a mite improved,
For still, no matter where I went,
The people sniffed a while—then moved.

And added to dissecting trials,
Full many more I had to bear,
For getting Bachman's lectures down
Made me rave and claw my hair.

I guess I heard a thousand times,
"Now, gentlemen, I must repeat,"
Till often I so nervous got,
That hardly could I keep my seat.
In every blooming subject he
Would discourse on nerve mechanisms
Till I could hardly keep from going
Into nervous paroxysms.

On testing hours in his lab,
To get summation of effects,
To keep from having a case of "jimmies,"
I'd have to go straight to The Rex.

When vainly trying hours and hours,
To get a decent myogram,
So disgusted I would get
That everything I'd want to damn.

Evermore will I remember,
The time I felt so sore and raw,
When the frogs had all died coming,
But he talked on Pfuger's law.

Another day I well remember,
For that day's work, too, was hard,
That day we did the curare stunt,
Invented by dear Paul Bernard.

Another to see how swift vibrations,
It took to bring on tetanus,
They'd all been bad, but this one now,
Would even make a preacher cuss.

Of pithing frogs and taking tracings
I surely more than got my fill,
And if I had to do it over,
Here's one at least t'would surely kill.

But Junior year is not so bad,
Though even it is not a cinch,
And cause of early morning hours,
Barnett and Funke I want to lynch.

I'm worried a little with odors again,
Not stiffs this time—iodoform
I get it down in "dressings clinic,"
And where I go, I raise a storm.
With all our troubles and worries at school,
    Still we are a happy, care-free lot,
For it's not our creed to worry
    Or to "pine for what is not."

When the days drag slowly by,
    And our money's 'bout all gone,
We give that watch a last fond look,
    Then take it down to "Nat's" to pawn.

But Junior year I'll soon be leaving,
    So I guess I must begin,
To cut out all my foolish ways,
    For I will be a Senior then.

E. H. Brice—'15.
If you want to make doctors you must work and keep eternally at it; no theatres, no entertainments, no sports, nothing but WORK—that's all.

Stewart R. Roberts, M. D.
The Ravings of an Idealist

I.
Lying wrapt in slumber upon my couch last night,
In dreams thou cam'est again to me,
I saw thy wondrous beauty, soft and fair,
Thy smile of understanding sympathy.

II.
Yea, sympathy, and more than this I need
When forced to live alone, apart from thee,
I labor and watch and hope, but all in vain,
For only in dreams dost thou come to me.

III.
Thy soft brown eyes, through which thy matchless soul doth shine,
Thy guileless expression and face so sweet,
Illumine my pathway, and serve me well,
As a beacon light to mine erring feet.

IV.
Oh, Girl of my Dreams, art thou waiting somewhere for me
Out in life's restless, shifting, seething throng?
Much longer shall we be forced to linger thus apart,
Oh! Girl of my Dreams, How long? How long?

V.
Shall I be doomed to tread this empty void alone,
Without thee, sweet companion by my side,
To cheer me, solace, comfort, love me
And be a heart-true wife whatever betide?

VI.
Oh, far and near have I now searched for thee,
And many times have almost thought thee found,
But each time finding it, not thou indeed,
Still in my fruitless quest of thee, I'm bound.

VII.
My ideal, thou, being so far above the girls I've found,
To even me doth sometimes almost seem,
Not a living breathing girl at all,
But only a fantasy—a dream.

—E. H. Brice. '15.
Witticisms
A Junior Prepares for Examination

OM was a boy of regular habits and lived the life of a medical student. He ate twice daily, and in addition to his nights of incomplete sleep, being very susceptible to the call of his name, he would gain three or four hours during the recitations of each day.

It was 11:30, the night before the beginning of the final exams, and after our efforts at study, Clinton and I were in the act of retiring when, to our great surprise, we saw Tom slip from his chair to his knees. For a moment Clinton and I remained motionless on the edges of our beds, as Tom turned his face upwards, one eye fastened upon the wall, where hung the picture of Tom’s girl, whom he had deemed the sweetest in the world. Tom must have felt very weak, for he placed his hands on the study table and began in a trembling voice.

He explained at length to the Lord how competent he was of passing his exams and how fearless he was of them, but only asked for His aid in order that he could receive honors over his fellow classmates. After some ten minutes of most serious prayer, Tom began to show signs of fatigue, his voice dropping almost to a whisper. He ended in asking the Lord to bestow His choicest blessings upon each professor and member of the faculty of our great institute. Tom then arose and retired, seemingly in highly elevated spirits.

Since then we have been thinking that Tom has strayed from a great calling indeed—the ministry.

A. R. Haisfield.

Daffydils

If the faculty gave the Freshmen a banquet, would Iodine?
If we were to receive another mid-term exam, would Chemis-Try?
If a pig could study medicine, would a Ham Bone?
If the Freshmen were to “flunk” on exams, would the “sophs” Humerus?
If you mashed your nose, would your Eyeball (bawl)?
If a Freshman were to change his boarding-house and send for a dray wagon would AlcoHol?
If Dr. E. Everhart and Mr. Lawrence Everhart are brothers is Dr. El-kin?
I am the guy that put try in chemistry.

M. B. C.—'17.
"The Quack"

He'd scratch his head till he were dead,
And still he wouldn't know,
The difference 'twixt a tumor
And a corn upon the toe.
But for their ills he gives his pills,
For many deaths he'll answer,
Trying to cure the typhoid
When the patient has a cancer.

I'll tell you true what I would do
If I could be his master,
I'd strip this quack and on his back
I'd place the warmest plaster.
And on the spot I'd raise a knot
And lance it with a hatchet,
Get some twine and step behind
And do my best to patch it.

Then I'd take this cussed fake
And make the fool repent
By rubbing in my patient's skin
The hottest liniment;
And wash his feet with nothing sweet
Then paint his face with bile.
I'd start this toad upon a road
To live in red-hot style.

—W. A. JOHNSON, '15.

Ad. of Quack Doctor taken from an old book of 1740

Advice given gratis from ten until four,
Teeth also extracted (for nothing if poor).
Prescriptions prepared with care and ability
And patients attended with skill and civility.
Tonics, narcotics and antispasmodics
Antispasmodics, sarcotics, emetics,
With cures for blue devils by a clever pathologist,
Dispensed with great care by a young anthropologist.
The Nervous System

The nervous system rises in the medulla oblongata and from thence flows rapidly in a general southerly direction into the mountains and valleys of the organisms, winding gracefully around those parts of the skeleton where it can cause the most trouble, and branching out into the highways and byways where, as the Irishman once observed, "the hand of man has never trod."

The nervous system makes its own flora and fauna as it goes along and hums merrily to itself as it performs its daily duty, sometimes sitting up late at night to complete its labors. Nothing indeed pleases a nervous system more than to keep busy. Therefore, here in America no self-respecting nervous system sits with its hands folded and looks off dreamily over the distant landscape, dotted with sanatoriums and advertisements; but every nervous system worthy of its name is up with the lark—or before—planning the duties of the day, practicing throwing to first base, and in fact warming up for its coming battle.

There was a time when nervous systems were content to loll around and do nothing; indeed, they were so unambitious as scarcely to be known. Now they support whole families of celebrated bacteriologists and pathologists and have furnished an additional topic of conversation—one of the greatest benefits any one can confer on mankind. Every country, indeed, is now known as being civilized in accordance with the number and extent of its available nervous systems.

Every nervous system when young should be watched over carefully, until it is strong enough to toddle by itself; it should then be taken to the city, where it can grow up in congenial surroundings and become properly educated.

The best diet for a nervous system is the proper combination of noise, alcohol, suffragettes, sex plays, melodrama, football, and divorce scandals. Apply in increasing doses until desired results are obtained.

L. G. Houser—'14.

Some Puzzlers

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
Or a key for a lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy?  
Because there are pupils there?  
In the crown of his head, what gems are set?  
Who travels the bridge of his nose?  
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth  
The nails on the ends of his toes?  

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?  
Who plays on the drums of his ears?  
And who can tell the cut and the style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?  
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?  
And if so, what did it do?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder-blade?  
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?
Fancy Diseases

“Oh, my! What diseases we have these days,” said Mrs. Billings, as she returned from a street door conversation with Dr. Sams. “The Doctor just told me that old Mrs. Watts has got two buckles on her lungs! Poor old soul! He also said that Mrs. Jones was dying with cold roses (chlorosis); it is dreadful to think of, I declare. And what do you reckon! Little Tim Wiggins ruined himself by ‘tinkering’ with his jocular vein. My! My! Just think of the so many numerous diseases. On one side we hear of people dying of the brown creatures, humor of the rotted artery; they tell us about taking out the tonsors and being choked to death on account of getting something in the sarcofagus; here we hear of neurology of the head; there, of an embargo; and the doctor even had the nerve to tell me that my elementary canal was out of order, and that my fairnix was inflamed. I believe it is all foolishness any way. Well, I must get to washing the dishes. We haven’t got but one time to die no way.”

W. W. Griffith.

Dissecting Room News

WANTED—A nigger finger to replace a left hind foot of a rabbit.

Dr. J. A. McAllister was around yesterday afternoon to see one of his ex-patients on table No. 5. In addition it is reported that he made his mark in the graveyard during the past vacation. Congratulations.

Dr. Clarence Tillman has been calling among his Freshman friends in the dissecting-room. In view of the coming State Board, Dr. Zack Cowan demonstrated, for his especial benefit, the muscles of the Great Toe.

“NOTICE.”

The Famous Iio-Tibial Band will play tonight at the Great Saphenous Opening of the Way-May Dry-goods Company. Time, 8 P. M., Place, Scarpa’s Triangle.

A Prophecy—Dr. Lucius Patterson on a moonlight night in June, 1914, to a blushing young maiden: “Honey, dear, won’t you let me show you the oscillatory action of my levatorlabiisuperiorisalaequenasi?”
Unhygienic

Investigate, some future date, the man who will expectorate,
    In every crack and crevice in the floor.
Abominate, annihilate the "bugs" you have to tolerate
    Just because no hygiene he knows.

Meditate upon the weight of all the brains within his pate
    And see how little lies beneath his hair.
Calculate and estimate the sense he must accumulate
    Before he knows enough to even care.

Deliberate upon the fate of one who won't eliminate.
    Each little bug he met at P. & S.
Don't hesitate, when you debate, he'll never see the "Golden Gate."
    He needs a lot of cussin', don't you guess?

* * * *

There was a young man named Polly,
    A survival of the fittest, by golly,
Who used to quiz on the surgery biz,
    And kept right on being Polly—by golly.

* * * *

Tomorrow

You walk into the quiz o'erflowing with medical lore.
    And you seem to exude knowledge from out of every pore,
And you get up on the frontmost seat and hope he'll call on you,
    Feeling that this will be one day you "can shoot him through and through."

Then he quizzes you on something which you never heard before,
    And you look with envious eyes upon the guy outside the door,
You swear by all that's holy, that you'll bone all of tonight,
    So that on tomorrow's quizzes you can answer something right.

J. R. Bolling—'15.
On the Job
Foolish Answers

Dr. Thrash—“Doctor, name the three prophylactic measures against smallpox.”
L. L. Whitley—“Segregation, sanctification, and secretion.”

Dr. Hull—“Mr. Corbett, how is a nutrient enema given?”
Corbett—“By rectum, Doctor.”

Dr. Jones (quizzing in pathology laboratory)—“Mr. Newman, what is a sporadic disease?”
Newman—“Why, that’s a disease caused by swallowing spores.”

Dr. Bachman—“Will you please tell me, what is the function of the larynx?”
Student—“Doctor, it has none that I know of except swallowing food.”

One Freshman (quizzing another one on anatomy)—“What are the names of the first seven ribs?”
Second Freshman—“I’ve forgotten now, but I did know them before exams.”

Dr. Barnett—“Mr. Ussery, describe the embryology in the early stage.”
Ussery—“The embryology of the fetus, Doctor?”

Dr. Funke—“Mr. Rogers, how is a cavity formed in tuberculosis?”
Rogers—“It is cat out.”
Dr. Funke—“Well, can it be absorbed?”
Rogers—“Not handy.”

Davison—“Hill, who is that big fat doctor over yonder?”
Hill—“Why, man, don’t you know who that is? He’s one of our columni.”

Moore—“What is veratrum viride used for?”
Davison—“Abort pneumonia.”
Hill—“What kind of pneumonia is a bought pneumonia?”
Dr. Funke—"Mr. Waas, what is the process called by which a leukocyte passes through the walls of the capillaries?"

Waas (sotto voce)—"Watch me make a ten"; (then loudly and confidently) "Phagocytosis, Doctor."

* * * *

Dr. Funke (quizzing Sophs. in bacteriology)—"What do you know about the bacillus which right frequently causes pneumonia, especially in Europe?"

W——, who didn't know anything about it, and consequently "busted," later complained that "Dr. Funke in his lectures did not lay much distress on that bacillus."

* * * *

A short conversation during an examination:
A.—"How did you answer the third question?"
B.—"I just made a stab at it."
A. (writing on his paper) —"I just made a stab at it."

* * * *

SOME CHARACTERISTIC REMARKS OF DR. HINES IN MEDICAL CLINIC.

To Davison—"You talk too much."
To Horton—"You are excused, Doctor—yes, you, with the brilliant laugh."
To Binion—"Come down, Doctor—yes, you are the one—the anemic blonde."
To Everybody Who Said Anything to Him—"Yes, Doctor."

* * * *

Pendergrass (about forty minutes late to chemistry lecture)—"Doctor, will you please mark Pendergrass present. I was practically on time.

* * * *

Dr. Hastings (in Materia Medica Lab.)—"Milford, differentiate between Aquas and Liquors."

Milford—"Ackwaters are solutions of solvent substances, and Likewaters are solutions of unsolvent substances."

* * * *

Dr. Hastings—"Who can tell me with what other substance leadwater is most frequently prescribed?"

Lee (quite confident and smiling from ear to ear)—"With mud, mixed well and plastered on."
"When a nation abounds in doctors, it gets thin of people."

*A* * * *

"A doctor is one of a class of men who live upon the misfortunes of their fellow creatures."

*A* * * *

THE WAY HE WOULD TREAT IT.

On our mid-term examination on fractures and dislocations this question was asked—"Give the treatment for a fractured collar bone?"

Barfield wrote—"I'd put a good plaster of Paris bandage around the middle portion of the patient's neck."

---

Extracts from Scientific Lectures

Dr. Boynton—"Gentlemen, the first thing to do when you are called out to a patient is to look at him. It reminds me of my first call. I came there, looked at the patient, and he looked at me, and—he fainted."

*A* * * *

Dr. Bachman—"This, gentlemen (pointing to a glass rod), is made of glass and glass is capable of breaking, so I would not advise you to drop it, for you will break it—and it costs 60 cents."

*A* * * *

Dr. Papez—"Capillaries? Oh, yes, they divide, redivide, subdivide and resubdivide into millions and millions and millions."

*A* * * *

Dr. Boland—"In treating a fracture of the hip, especially in a pretty girl, for God's sake, do not tickle her, because she will laugh."

*A* * * *

"God heals and the doctor takes the fee."

*A* * * *

"Never take a wife till thou hast a home, and a fire to put her in."

*A* * * *

"Good sense is a thing all need, few have, and none think they want."

*A* * * *

"Beware of the young doctor and the old barber."
Ten Commandments for the Graduating Class

I. If you are called to see a real black negro who has suddenly turned pale, look out.

II. If you are treating a seamstress who has a thready pulse, give a very bad prognosis.

III. If a beautiful girl comes to you with heart trouble, don't administer sympathy. It's too close kin to love.

IV. If three patients with hydrocephalus visit your office the same day for treatment, don't get the big head. Your patients have that.

V. If you go out to see a man and smell whiskey on his breath, be careful, don't diagnose the case "wry-neck."

VI. If you are called in consultation with another doctor who says his patient is crazy, don't disagree with him. YOU may be the fool.

VII. If you ride ten miles to see a baby who gets well before you arrive, don't kick. Its mother may need your services next year.

VIII. If you practice in the country you are going to have to pull teeth. Be sure to get the right tooth.

IX. If a young girl comes to you with chlorosis, don't get scared "green." She's green enough.

X. If your next patient is the victim of a runaway horse, don't say that he has "galloping consumption."

W. A. J. — '15.
Jokes

When, about four months ago, it was reported around the college that Dr. Block was the proud possessor of a fine new baby boy, one of the men in the Junior class wrote on the blackboard:

"Daddy Block has a new boy." Whereupon another wit got up and wrote just under the above inscription: "Yes, and 'he's a chip off the old Block'."

* * * *

HOW HE COULD TELL

A Georgia "cracker" tells this story on his own people: He says a Northern man who had settled in Georgia was visited by a friend who asked him how he liked the place and the people.

"Oh, all right," replied the man.

"Now tell me," asked the friend, "what is a 'Georgia cracker'? How can you tell him from another person?"

"Well," replied the Northern settler, "you see out in that field a black object?"

"Yes," said the friend.

"Now," said the man, "that may be either a 'Georgia cracker' or a stump. Watch it for half an hour, and if it moves, why, it's a stump."

* * * *

POOR VALUE

They lingered for fully a half hour over their "good-bye." But at last John got up from the sofa with an air of determination. This time he really meant to go. Molly, however, had other ideas on the subject and sought to restrain him.

"So soon, John?" she sighed.

"Yes, darling, I'm afraid I must go." Then seeing protest hovering on her lips, he repeated, "Must go—really must! Though, you know, I'd give ten years of my life to be with you another hour."

Her eyes were full of questioning.

So John, as he stooped down to implant a farewell kiss, tenderly added:

"But tomorrow I will stay for quite a long time. You see, there's a meeting of our lodge tonight, and I shall be fined a quarter if I'm late."
WHY HE KNEW

A Christian Scientist found a small boy sitting under an apple-tree doubled up with pain.

"I ate some green apples," moaned the boy, "and oh, how I do ache."

"You don't ache," answered the C. S.; "you only think so."

"That's all right," said the boy; "you may think so, but I've got inside information."—London Opinion.

A physician found one of his patients sitting in the bath and swallowing a dose of medicine. "What are you doing there, instead of being in bed?" inquired the astonished practitioner. The patient quickly responded: "Well, you told me to take the medicine in water; and that's what I'm doing."—Youth's World.
Things that People have Laughed About

"Now," said the nervous old lady to the druggist, "are you sure you have that medicine mixed right?"

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't go so far as to say that; but I've got it mixed the way the doctor ordered it."

* * * *

A FRIENDLY REQUEST

He was subject to fainting spells, and before starting out he wrote this note, which he pinned to his shirt: "To the Doctor: If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital do not operate. My appendix has been removed twice already."

* * * *

WHAT IT PROVED

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no lies."

* * * *

WHERE THEY WERE ALIKE

A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for three days and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said: "O'Brien, the walk is covered with dirt and gravel, and in my estimation it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, Doc, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."

* * * *

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke, employed as a missionary to his fellow Smokes.

A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him what he did for a living.
“Umph!” said Big Smoke, “me preach.”
“That so? What do you get for preaching?”
“Me get ten dollars a year.”
“Well,” said the white man, “that’s damn poor pay.”
“Umph!” said Big Smoke, “me damn poor preacher.”

A woman was discussing the English language with Rudyard Kipling.

“Don’t you think it strange, Mr. Kipling,” said the woman, with superior wisdom, “that sugar is the only word in the English language where an ‘s’ and a ‘u’ come together and are pronounced ‘sh’?”

Mr. Kipling’s eyes twinkled as he answered, “sure.”

A TOAST AND A ROAST

Here’s to the boys who honestly pass,
And to those who honestly fail,
But down with the boys who just squeeze through,
By hanging to “Old Jack’s” tail.

E. H. B.— ‘15.
THE END
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- **Department of Physiology**—Geo. Bachmann (with other salaried associates).
- **Department of Anatomy**—J. W. Papez (with salaried associates).
- **Department of Pathology**—John Funke (with salaried associates).
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