THE ZODIAC
VOLUME III
PUBLISHED BY
The Students of Emory College
OXFORD, GEORGIA.
1895.
DEDICATION.

TO
THE LADIES OF OXFORD

WHOSE KINDNESS AND GENTLENESS
CONTRIBUTE SO LARGELY
TO THE SUCCESS
OF
EMORY COLLEGE

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.
Prefatory.

After days of toil and nights of waiting and sleeping only during the intervals, the editors of the third volume, with fear and trembling, place the fruits of their labors in your hands. Like the youthful orator, we exclaim:

"View not with a critic's eye,
But pass all imperfections by."

We acknowledge our indebtedness to those kind friends who have aided us in their several ways, and take this opportunity of declaring our obligations to our allies. We feel strong in their strength, and relying greatly upon their strength we hope for success. We have dared to prepare a volume that would not cause the hot blush to mantle our pale cheeks when compared with our noble predecessors. Reader, can you wonder that we hesitate to consider when we realize the vastness of our work?

We have finished our task, done our best, and we trust to your good nature for the result. Look, then, with partial eye, that the excellencies may exceed the errors, and if the beam of the balance of judgment leans in our favor, we have not worked in vain. With tenderest regard to one and all,

We remain, yours faithfully,

The Editors.
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1894.
September 19, Wednesday Fall Term begins.
October 30, Monday Anniversary Few Society.
November 2, Friday Public Debate Phi Gamma Society.
December 7, Friday Public Debate Few Society.
December 31, Monday Fall Term ends.

Calendar

1894.

September 19, Wednesday                                    Fall Term begins.
October 30, Monday                                           Anniversary Few Society.
November 2, Friday                                            Public Debate Phi Gamma Society.
December 7, Friday                                           Public Debate Few Society.
December 31, Monday                                          Fall Term ends.
January 1, Tuesday .................................................. Spring Term begins.
February 22, Friday ................................................ Celebration of Washington's Birthday.
March 8, Friday ..................................................... Anniversary of Phi Gamma Society.
May 3, Friday ....................................................... Public Debate Phi Gamma Society.
May 10, Friday ..................................................... Public Debate Few Society.
June 7, Friday ....................................................... Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 10 a.m.
June 7, Friday ....................................................... Commencement Exercises Sub-Freshman Department, 8 p.m.
June 8, Saturday .................................................... Freshman Exhibition, 8 p.m.
June 9, Sunday ..................................................... Commencement Sermon, 11 a.m.
June 9, Sunday ..................................................... Sermon to Candidates for the Ministry, 8 p.m.
June 10, Monday ................................................... Sophomore Exhibition, 10 a.m.
June 10, Monday ................................................... Champion Debate Few and Phi Gamma Societies, 8 a.m.
June 11, Tuesday .................................................. Junior Exhibition, 9:30 a.m.
June 11, Tuesday .................................................. Meeting of Alumni Association, 4 p.m.
June 12, Wednesday ............................................. Senior Exhibition, 9:40 a.m. Commencement Day.
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CLASS OF '99

CLASS YELL — Hipla-Rah, Hipla-Roo,
We're the boys that never get through.

COLORS — Old Gold and Black.

CLASS OFFICERS.

WARREN C. MCCLURE .............. Dux.
FRANK S. PALMER ................ Historian.
THOS. B. ASHFORD ............... Dude.
HERMAN O. SMITH .............. Prophet.
WM. A. MCNEIL ................. Chorister.
E. B. SMITH ................ Chaplain.
E. L. LOUIS ................ Sec. and Treas.
Sub-Freshman Class-Roll.

I. B. Ashland
F. S. Belcher
C. W. Brantley
A. Bonds
H. Brown
E. I. Boswell
R. Bryan
E. L. Cain
R. Campbell
S. Carter
D. W. Cook
C. J. Crawford
J. B. Davenport
L. W. Dillard
E. E. Eakes
T. C. Evans
W. S. Gaines
I. M. Griffin
E. R. Lunn

Watkinsville, Georgia.
Starrsville, Georgia.
Dublin, Georgia.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Oxford, Georgia.
Oxford, Georgia.
New Smyrna, Florida.
Conyers, Georgia.
Stone Mountain, Georgia.
Florence, Georgia.
Covington, Georgia.
Scipley, Georgia.
Augusta, Georgia.
Emporia, Florida.
Culverton, Georgia.
La Grange, Georgia.
Cassville, Georgia.
Oxford, Georgia.
Oxford, Georgia.
J. O. P. Hays ........................................ Covington, Georgia.
L. D. Howell ......................................... Jacksonville, Florida.
W. H. Hoyl ............................................ Damson, Georgia.
A. W. Jordan .......................................... Gracewood, Georgia.
W. C. McClure ........................................ La Grange, Georgia.
L. B. Moate ........................................... Devereaux, Georgia.
W. D. McNeil .......................................... Waycross, Georgia.
F. S. Palmer .......................................... Nashville, Tennessee.
J. A. Phifer ............................................ Rochelle, Florida.
C. D. Ramsey ......................................... Pace, Georgia.
O. L. Ryals ............................................ Lumber City, Georgia.
L. Robins .............................................. Atlanta, Georgia.
W. R. Robins .......................................... Atlanta, Georgia.
M. M. Simmons ....................................... Oxford, Georgia.
C. L. Sistrunk ......................................... Phoenix, Florida.
W. O. Shuptrune ...................................... Eden, Georgia.
E. B. Smith ........................................... Smithsboro, Georgia.
L. Smith ................................................ Cedar Grove, Georgia.
J. A. Smith ........................................... White Plains, Georgia.
J. T. Speer ............................................ Newborn, Georgia.
P. R. Stovall .......................................... Madison, Georgia.
L. E. Tate ........................................ Tate, Georgia.
W. E. Tate ........................................ Tate, Georgia.
S. Tannahill ........................................ K. A. Augusta, Georgia.
J. B. Trenhohn .................................... Covington, Georgia.
P. W. Walton ....................................... Madison, Georgia.
W. E. Ware .......................................... S. N. Athens, Georgia.
D. Whitaker ......................................... Greshamville, Georgia.
A. M. White ........................................ Elberton, Georgia.
W. H. Walker ....................................... Monticello, Florida.
Class History.

Since the present Sub-Freshman class has enjoyed a very short existence, the historian feels it necessary to chronicle only a few events of the current year. Having at the outset an honorable staff of officers, the class, by its able management, has prospered greatly.

Emory College, having through our influence undergone many changes for the better, has made considerable strides up the hill of progress. Among many notable events, one worthy of notice is the suppression of the brutal and barbarous game of football, which, owing to its being boycotted by the Sub-Freshmen, has lost its respectability. On account of this not only is "Shorty" under lasting obligations to us, but many of the Universities have been constrained to emulate our example. What a pity the University of Georgia doesn't follow suit!

While it is a well recognized fact that the Sub-Freshman department prospered under the administration of Prof. Harris, it is also to be noted that the new instructor is meeting with equal success. The fact that those who excel in recitations and make a certain mark are exempted from final examinations, is another point worthy of special notice.
It is generally believed that the present Sub-Freshman class has more and better declaimers than any which has preceded it; and we look for fine representation at commencement.

As to numbers, we are stronger by ten than last year's class.

However strong may be our affection for "Goat" and "Runt," it is with the happiest anticipations that we look forward to our rise from "Subdom," even though we fall in the arms of "Eli."

In Sub we have

Robins and Jays,
Black and Blue,
Smiths without number,
The "Goat" and "Runt" too.

F. S. Palmer,
Historian.
Class Yell—Zip, Za, Boom, Rip, Ra, Ree, '98, '98, Emory.

Colors—Orange and Black.

CLASS OFFICERS.

C. G. Smith .......... Dux.
H. Whitehead .......... Historian.
P. H. Irvin .......... Poet.
F. R. Park ............ Chaplain.

R. J. Hill .......... Sec. and Treas.
F. H. Houser .......... Chorister.
L. Sparkman .......... Pugilist.
# Freshman Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Membership</th>
<th>City</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aiken, S. P</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zebulon, Ga.</td>
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<td>Athon, J. W</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aikenton, Ga.</td>
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<td>Atkins, J. A</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barnes, W. E</td>
<td></td>
<td>Quitman, Ga.</td>
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<td>Bowen, J. T</td>
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<td>Five Points, Ala.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bullard, D. B</td>
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<td>Callahan, O. L</td>
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<td>Whitesville, Ga.</td>
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<td>Candler, C. H</td>
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<td>Chatham, L O</td>
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<td>Arnold, Ga.</td>
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<td>Crusselle, A. B</td>
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<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Danner, A. S</td>
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<td>Tuskegee, Ala.</td>
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<td>Danner, M. S</td>
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<td>Tuskegee, Ala.</td>
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<td>Davis, A. L</td>
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<td>Dempsey, E. F</td>
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<td>Jackson, Ga.</td>
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<td>Deming, B.</td>
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<td>Dunn, N. C.</td>
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</table>
Ellison, J. E ........................................ Ellerslie, Ga.
Embry, H. M ....................................... Culloden, Ga.
Farmer, W. A ..................................... Covington, Ga.
Farris, D F ........................................ Sparta, Ga.
Gardner, E. E ..................................... Grangerville, Ga.
Gignilliat, R ...................................... Pineora, Ga.
Hearn, L. H ....................................... Eatonton, Ga.
Henderson, I. P ................................... Covington, Ga.
Hill, R. J .......................................... Greenville, Ga.
Houser, F. H ..................................... Perry, Ga.
Hurt, F. L .......................................... Blackshear, Ga.
Hurt, J. W ......................................... Atlanta, Ga.
Irvin, P. H ......................................... Washington, Ga.
Jackson, J. L ...................................... Corinth, Ga.
Johnson, W. F .................................... Savannah, Ga.
Key, J. S .......................................... Jackson, Tenn.
Lane, H. H ........................................ Franklin, Ga.
Ledbeter, C. R ..................................... Cedartown, Ga.
Little, A. J ........................................ Eatonton, Ga.
Martin, G. H ........................................ Columbus, Ga.
Morgan, V. V ........................................ Clyo, Ga.
Morris, R. H ........................................ Cuthbert, Ga.
Morrison, A. M. S ................................ Atlanta, Ga.
Murphy, C. A ........................................ Ellaville, Ga.
Murray, A. G ........................................ Newnan, Ga.
Neese, G. E ........................................ Royston, Ga.
Newman, J ............................................ Macon, Ga.
Norvell, B. M ........................................ Harlem, Ga.
Odom, A. H ........................................... Lyons, Ga.
Park, F. R ............................................ Cave Springs, Ga.
Poer, B. M ............................................ West Point, Ga.
Porter, C. W .......................................... Zoar, Ga.
Roberts, S ............................................ Atlanta, Ga.
Rogers, E. R .......................................... Covington, Ga.
Sanford, C. M ...................................... Tampa, Fla.
Simms, A. B .......................................... Covington, Ga.
Sledge, J. H .......................................... Atlanta, Ga.
Smith, H. S. .......................... φ ∆ Θ ................................. Appling, Ga.
Sparkman, L. ......................... κ Λ .................................. Tampa, Fla.
Speer, Z. ................................. Covington, Ga.
Speer, R. ................................. Covington, Ga.
Thomson, A. D. ...................... ≤ A E ................................. Atlanta, Ga.
Tinsley, T N .............................. χ φ ................................. Macon, Ga.
Waters, L. E. ......................... Zoar, Ga.
Whitehead, H. ...................... χ φ ................................. Macon, Ga.
The Freshmen class of '95 numbers among its members "boys" of all ages, varying from the venerable patriarch of thirty-five to the beardless youth of fourteen years.

The majority of our boys entered college last fall. Twenty-one of us, however, were convicted and sent up for hard labor from the lower regions of "Subdom." Most of our number who had the great pleasure of entering college last September, arrived in Oxford with proud expectations of gracing the Senior class. After standing our entrance examinations, however, we were ushered into the presence of "Shorty," and after a most encouraging lecture from that worthy, were informed that it would be to our advantage to go "Fresh." We, of course, fully agreed with him—and went.

To illustrate the great fertility of mind displayed by some of our boys, and the ready answers given when being examined for admission, I will give an example, which is but one of many similar "busts." A certain young gentleman, when asked to compare the word righteous, seemed very much offended that he should have been asked so simple a question, and responded indignantly, "righteous—righteouser—religious," of course.
The following from another verdant young hopeful is no less significant. Upon hearing of the "Stone Chair of Applied Mathematics," he immediately asked if the chair came from the quarries near Oxford.

However, overlooking these little imperfections, and viewing the class of '98 as a whole, it is one of the finest sets of boys in college, morally, intellectually and physically.

We number among our ranks some of the best athletes in college, and consequently hold our own in both base and football.

The past year has been an unusually successful one to all of us, and we now forget the hardships of by-gone days in consoling thoughts that ere long we will have risen to the exalted position of Sophomores, where Cicero and Chauvenet enter not, and where our ears will no longer ring with the taunting cry of F-r-e-s-h.

H. Whitehead,
Historian.
I am a helpful assistant. I do not hallucinate.
CLASS OF 97

Class Yell—Boom-la-rah! Boom-da-reven!
We are the boys of '97.
Colors—Scarlet and Black.

OFFICERS.

J. T. Irwin, Jr. .......... Dux.
H. S. Phillips .......... Historian.
J. E. Seals .......... Prophet.
D. S. Van-Horne ......... Dude.
R. E. Wright .......... Chaplain.
A. D. Kean .......... Sec. & Treas.
J. C. Freeman .......... Poet.
Lee Hardeman .......... Pugilist.
R. L. Campbell .......... Chorister.
Sophomore Class Roll.

Banks, E. M .................................................. Grantville, Ga.
Beauchamp, C. O. ........................................ Jackson, Ga.
Bloodworth, W. P. ......................................... Forsyth, Ga.
Booth, Hinton ............................................... Sylvania, Ga.
Bowden, P. A. ............................................... Forsyth, Ga.
Brown, Harold .............................................. Jonesboro, Ga.
Bruce, F. T .................................................. Atlanta, Ga.
Campbell, R. W. ........................................... Augusta, Ga.
Christian, J. G. ............................................ Atlanta, Ga.
Dallas, P. A .................................................. La Grange, Ga.
DeJarnette, J. B. ............................................ Eatonton, Ga.
Ellis, R. C. .................................................. Oak Grove, Ga.
Emery, W. B .................................................. Atlanta, Ga.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Everett, Gordon</td>
<td>AE</td>
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<td>Gress, J. H.</td>
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<td>Glenn, P. E.</td>
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<td>Kean, A. D.</td>
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<td>La Prade, W. H.</td>
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<td>Lee, I. L.</td>
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<td>Lowe, G. D.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name</td>
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<td>Morrison, H. K.</td>
<td>K A</td>
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<td>Morton, R. F.</td>
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<td>Phillips, H. S.</td>
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<td>Rambo, C. J.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Van Horn, D. S.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Monroe, Ga.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Editors of Zodiac.—We are full fledged Sophs. To us Sub-dom is in the forgotten past. Our brilliant achievements as F-r-a-s-h had not ceased to be envied and admired when we entered upon our new field of conquest.

So omniscient are we that we would be delighted—if the Juniors would permit us to go into the nice distinctions of Moral Philosophy—to show you why a man who plays football is an incorrigible brute, or an individual who permits Eli to see the tail of his pony can neither learn Latin nor go to heaven.

As a class we have our share of the world's wit and wisdom at our finger's ends. We turn thought into shape and utilize it. We solidify ideas or space them out at will.

It is thought a great feat in chemistry to turn gas into a solid column. We not only condense gas in solid columns, but make the merest moonshine palpable.

It is considered a wonderful achievement in science to look beyond the spheres into space, but some of our members are planning a trip to infinity.

In solid phalanx we conquered Trig. and marched victoriously on to the fortress of Analyt. We besieged it for several months. The majority stormed the breastworks, sabred the enemy and took possession of the citadel.
On a certain occasion—memorable as the night that Cephas, from the third story, saturated the air with a bucket of water—Shorty stood on his all-fours in his office window, and Fox, afraid that his lantern would be stolen, watched it very closely—Peed was heard to say: "Well now, that Sophomore class is the sickliest class in college."

Be that as it may, he also said in the class-room that of the numerous classes that had been under him, a member of ours was the first to give him a correct answer to a certain difficult mathematical question.

Notwithstanding our facility for business we are always ready for fun. We believe that life is too short to be all spent in toil—the toil of study at least. We throw aside the cares and troubles of the "bank-note world" and "take the good the gods provide us" merrily, yet not irrationally.

We have the largest class in college, the ugliest man, the best base-ball pitcher, and the greatest number of dudes.

On the diamond and in athletics our past victories will be eclipsed by still greater this season.

As it would be impossible to write a complete history of such a heterogeneous class and chronicle its many faults and virtues I declare, in the language of Prof. Peed, that I am responsible for what I have said, both personally and professionally.

Historian.

37
Colors—Orange and White.

Motto—"Blood and Revenge."

CLASS OFFICERS.

J. E. Hall ............................................. Dux.
J. C. McRae ............................................ Historian.
J. B. Thrasher ........................................ Prophet.
O. T. Dean .......................................... Chaplain.
I. C. Jenkins ....................................... Sec. and Treas.
O. P. Wilcox ........................................ Pugilist.
W. W. Driskell ..................................... Chorister.
Junior Class Roll.

Dennis Barton Barrett ........ Ξ A E ........ Dalton, Ga.
George Gabriel Boland ......... Columbus, Ga.
Tom Mallory Cheatham .......... Δ T Δ ........ Wadley, Ga.
Rogers Shumbal Crittenden ......... Shellman, Ga.
William Alonzo Covington .......... Δ T Δ ........ Walesca, Ga.
Thomas Fletcher Day .......... Κ A ........ Lumber City, Ga.
Olin Sandeford Dean .......... Φ Δ Θ ........ Waynesboro, Ga.
Claud Evans Dunlap ............ Covington, Ga.
Earnest George Hallman .......... Φ Δ Θ ........ Atlanta, Ga.
John Ellsworth Hall .......... Κ A ........ Griffin, Ga.
Mortimer Hays ..................... Covington, Ga.
William Newton Henderson ....... Fairburn, Ga.
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<tr>
<td>Isaac Cheney Jenkins</td>
<td>φ Δ Θ</td>
<td>Shiloh, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas Jackson Johnston</td>
<td>X φ</td>
<td>Franklin, N. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walter Talmage Johnson</td>
<td>≈ A E</td>
<td>Savannah, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilliard Jackson Jolley</td>
<td>Δ T Δ</td>
<td>Ford, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walter Manly Jones</td>
<td>K A</td>
<td>Dalton, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas Richard Jones</td>
<td>K A</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert Cowles Little</td>
<td>φ Δ Θ</td>
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<td>John Colen McRae</td>
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<td>Percy Florence Merritt</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Lipscomb</td>
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<tr>
<td>Patrick Henry Odom</td>
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<td>Appleton, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Haralson Pace</td>
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<tr>
<td>Willism Holt Park</td>
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<tr>
<td>James Harris Purks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas Goodwin Scott</td>
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<td>Ralph Nelville Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur Hayes</td>
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<td>John Bugg Thrasher</td>
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<td>Marvin L. Thrower</td>
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<tr>
<td>Osceola Pate Wilcox</td>
<td></td>
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History of Class '96.

History, in its true sense, is a compilation of facts or events in chronological order. Therefore, to write history one must be in possession of facts, which in the present instance are quite scarce. But, since history must be written, facts or no facts, let us together review the past of the days of '96, and learn what, in reality, have been their accomplishments.

Since college halls opened to us as Freshmen, we have been noted for our intelligence and gentlemanly conduct. In several departments all previous records have been broken. No class has ever made so good a record in the Greek department as we. An instructor in that department, who had been with the college for eighteen years, said that our work was superior to that of any class during his connection with the institution. In mathematics our work has not only been excellent, but we have covered more ground than any previous class, having begun in February the study of Calculus, which our predecessors never reached earlier than Senior year.

Thus every department might be mentioned, and in none would our progress suffer by comparison with that of other classes. Dr. Candler, our president, faithfully described the class when he said:

"Your class has more good students and fewer real poor ones, than any class I have known."
While we thus devote most of our energies to intellectual improvement, the physical man is not supposed to go wholly unimproved. The boys of '96 have always, since their entrance into college, been a prominent factor in every line of athletics, and many are the victories that have been snatched from our opponents.

In foot-ball, we claim especial distinction, having never yet been successfully opposed on the gridiron. Every class in college has, in its turn, met and gone down before our invincible line, thus leaving us the undisputed champions. Though victory has not always perched on our banner when playing base-ball, we have never been laggards, and now claim the modest distinction of sharing equally the championship with the present Sophomores. The season of '95 is just opening, and our team gives promise of being stronger this year than ever before.

And now it becomes my pleasure to record our latest victory. The class of '96 has enjoyed many conquests in the class-room, on the athletic field, and in various other ways, but this victory of peace is of far greater value, and a source of juster pride than any other. But to chronicle this triumph of peace and display of good sense which is destined to mark an epoch in the history of the college.

For years it has been the custom for the Junior class to obtain the Senior song if possible, before "Arbor Day," and sing it the night before. Many have been the escapades, the successes, the defeats,
the pains endured, the hours wasted, the clothes ruined and the lessons missed in this unprofitable reach for the song. But we, realizing that the days of hazing and other like methods of wasting time were over, unanimously agreed to discard this semi-barbaric custom. When we excel, it is our desire to excel in legitimate pursuits, and not in midnight expeditions. So we made no attempt to obtain the song; let the Seniors have a season of peace, though it seems that our very silence and unconcern often caused them great uneasiness. Having thus imperfectly recorded our past history, and feeling confident that there are men in the class whose history must be written with that of their country, I dismiss a subject which will be continued by some future historian.

J. C. McRae.
Class Yell—Boom-dah-rah! Boom-da-rive! Whoop 'er up, Emory! '95.

Colors—Black and Crimson.

Flower—White Rose.

Motto—“Take Time by the Forelock.”

CLASS OFFICERS.

J. C. Elder ........ Dux.
T. H. Thomson .. Historian.
Warren Wimpy .. Prophet.
W. E. Thompson .. Poet.

J. T. Robins ....... Chaplain.
J. C. McEachin .. Sec'y and Treas.
J. C. Wardlaw .. Chorister.
Fred Allen ...... Dude.

E. F. Fincher ......... Pugilist.
# Senior Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Allen, A. H.</td>
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<td>Columbus, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Allen, J. F.</td>
<td>A T Ω</td>
<td>Warrenton, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Banks, W. T.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Belcher, A. C.</td>
<td>Φ Δ Θ</td>
<td>Starrsville, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bowden, J. W.</td>
<td>Φ Δ Θ</td>
<td>Forsyth, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Catchings, F. P</td>
<td>Ξ N</td>
<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colson, J. T.</td>
<td>Φ Δ Θ</td>
<td>Brunswick, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cox, D. D.</td>
<td>Χ Φ</td>
<td>LaGrange, Ga.</td>
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<td>Crusselle, V. H</td>
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<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Freeman, L. O.</td>
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<td>Toomsboro, Ga.</td>
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49
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<td>West Point, Ga.</td>
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<td>ATΩ</td>
<td>Augusta, Ga.</td>
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<td>Seneca, S. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilder, Allen</td>
<td>Χ Φ</td>
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</table>
Senior Class History.

Anything like a complete history of so important a class in so short space is, of course, impossible, and to give a detailed account of the career of some of our more illustrious would be equally as impracticable. Many of the Class of '95 have already won a place in history, while others have been, and doubtless will ever be, "to fortune and to fame unknown." History more especially deals with past events and former people, and as an account of the Senior Class is supposed to contain present achievements, we are confronted with another and no less serious difficulty. We would not have the reader think, however, that ours is a class without a history. This is not the case, but its nature is such that we trust it has been written on the hearts of all with whom we have associated rather than in some detailed volume.

We have looked forward to this time with no little pleasure. The dreams of our younger days and the cherished hopes of our earlier lives have been that in some way and at some time we might be permitted to cloak ourselves in the dignity characteristic of this class and walk among our less fortunate brethren, bearing the lofty title of Seniors. The time has, at last, come. Never seemed years so dull and tedious as those now past, never to be recalled. The chapel aisle, how long it appeared as, gazing back from the first sections, we anxiously wondered if we should ever fill the seats then occupied by the Seniors! The Senior books, how large they were! The Mental Philosophy, the Calculus, the Rhetoric! 'Twas a joy to even carry them. Would we ever be able to understand these, and would we, too, be permitted to walk leisurely to chapel? It seems as it were a dream. Since they are gone, how rapidly the years seem to have passed!
But the end is fast approaching; books are soon to be laid aside and we are to part. Did the old place hold no charms for us; the walks not seem dear; the college bell in Seney's tower possess no sweet sounds; and the boys, our companions, not claim our love, we would be unloyal to our Almer Mater. We hate to leave, and yet why be sad? Does the future hold in store no pleasures? Yes, I seem to see the veil of the future drawn back and '95's boys leading the multitudes as in former days.

For the class of '95 we claim no unprecedented superiority. In the class-room, on the ball ground, in all athletics, let our record speak for itself. The talents of the boys of '95 are as diversified as numerous. Seven will leave Emory to study medicine, five to practice law, six to preach, four to teach; two to become journalists, one electrical engineer, while eleven are undecided.

"Out upon the heaving deep,
Storms may lash our tattered sail,
We shall ride the turgid waves,
Breast the fury of the gale.
Far, far from thy sheltering bar,—
True to thee forevermore,
Emory's love our guiding star,—
Fair star! Ninety-five will reach the shore."

Thos. H. Thomson,
Historian.
FRATERNITIES
Chi Phi.

FOUNDED 1824.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Alpha ........................................ University of Virginia.
Beta ........................................ Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Gamma ........................................ Emory College.
Delta ........................................ Rutgers College.
Epsilon ....................................... Hampden–Sidney College.
Zeta ........................................... Franklin and Marshall College.
Eta .............................................. University of Georgia.
Theta .......................................... Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
Iota ............................................ Ohio State University.
Kappa .......................................... Brown University.
Lambda ........................................ University of California.
Mu ............................................... Stevens Institute.
Nu ............................................... University of Texas.
Xi ............................................... Cornell University.
Omicron ...................................... Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University.
Pi ................................................................. Vanderbilt University.
Rho .............................................................. Lafayette College.
Sigma ........................................................... Wofford College.
Tau .............................................................. University of South Carolina.
Phi ............................................................... Amherst College.
Chi .............................................................. Ohio Wesleyan University.
Psi .............................................................. Lehigh University.
Omega .......................................................... Dickinson College.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Aleph .......................................................... New York.
Beth .............................................................. Louisville, Ky.
Daleth .......................................................... Atlanta.
He ................................................................. Philadelphia.
Van ............................................................... Washington.
Chi Phi.

GAMMA CHAPTER—ESTABLISHED 1869.

Colors—Scarlet and Blue.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.
J. E. Dickey, Hon. Capers Dickson.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO—NINETY-FIVE.

NINETY-SIX.
J. H. Pace, T. J. Johnston.

NINETY-SEVEN.
H. C. Shuptrine, J. H. Gress, W. B. Emery,
F. T. Buice, R. L. Hale, E. R. Bradfield,
J. L. Lee, W. S. Winn, R. J. Travis,
W. La Prade.

NINETY-EIGHT.
T. N. Tinsley, H. Whitehead, R. J. Hill,
E. G. Thomson, R. C. Thomson,

SELECTED COURSE.
W. E. Barnes, H. W. Joiner.
Kappa Alpha.

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<td>Rho</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Lambda</td>
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Kappa Alpha.

Epsilon Chapter. Established 1869.

Colors.—Crimson and Old Gold. Flowers.—Magnolia and Red Rose.

Fratres in Facultate.


Fratres in Collegio.

Class Ninety-Five.


Ninety-Six.


Ninety-Seven.


Ninety-Eight.


Ninety-Nine.

S. Tannahill.

65
Phi Delta Theta.

Founded 1848.  College Chapters.

Alpha Province.

Maine Alpha ........................................... Colby University.
New Hampshire Alpha ............................... Dartmouth College.
Vermont Alpha ....................................... University of Vermont.
Massachusetts Alpha ................................. Williams College.
Massachusetts Beta .................................. Amherst College.
Rhode Island Alpha ................................. Brown University.
New York Alpha ....................................... Cornell University.
New York Beta ......................................... Union University.
New York Delta ....................................... Columbia College.
New York Epsilon ...................................... Syracuse University.
Pennsylvania Alpha ................................. Lafayette College.
Pennsylvania Beta .................................... Gettysburg College.
Pennsylvania Delta ................................ Allegheny College.
Pennsylvania Epsilon ................................ Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Zeta ................................ University of Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania Eta .................................... The Lehigh University.
BETA PROVINCE.
Virginia Alpha ........................................ Roanoke College.
Virginia Beta ........................................ University of Virginia.
Virginia Gamma ..................................... Randolph-Macon College.
Virginia Delta ....................................... Richmond College.
Virginia Zeta ....................................... Washington and Lee University.
North Carolina Beta ................................ University of North Carolina.
Kentucky Alpha ..................................... Centre College.
Kentucky Delta ..................................... Central University.

GAMMA PROVINCE.
Georgia Alpha ...................................... University of Georgia.
Georgia Beta ........................................ Emory College.
Georgia Gamma .................................... Mercer University.
Tennessee Alpha .................................... Vanderbilt University.
Tennessee Beta ..................................... University of the South.
Alabama Alpha ..................................... University of Alabama.
Alabama Beta ...................................... Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Alabama Gamma ................................... Southern University.

DELTA PROVINCE.
Mississippi Alpha .................................. University of Mississippi.
Louisiana Alpha ................................... Tulane University of Louisiana.
Texas Beta .......................................... University of Texas.
Texas Gamma ...................................... Southwestern University.
Epsilon Province.

Ohio Alpha ......................................... Miami University.
Ohio Beta ........................................... Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio Gamma .......................................... Ohio University.
Ohio Delta ........................................... University of Wooster.
Ohio Epsilon ......................................... Buchtel College.
Ohio Zeta ........................................... Ohio State University.
Indiana Alpha ........................................ Indiana State University.
Indiana Beta .......................................... Wabash College.
Indiana Gamma ....................................... Butler University.
Indiana Delta ......................................... Franklin College.
Indiana Epsilon ...................................... Hanover College.
Indiana Zeta .......................................... DePauw University.
Purdue Branch ....................................... Purdue University.
Michigan Alpha ...................................... University of Michigan.
Michigan Beta ....................................... State College of Michigan.
Michigan Gamma .................................... Hillsdale College.

Zeta Province.

Illinois Alpha ....................................... Northwestern University.
Illinois Delta ........................................ Knox College.
Illinois Epsilon ..................................... Illinois Wesleyan University.
Illinois Zeta .......................................... Lombard University.
Illinois Eta University of Illinois.
Wisconsin Alpha University of Wisconsin.
Missouri Alpha University of Missouri.
Missouri Beta Westminster College.
Missouri Gamma Washington University.
Iowa Alpha Iowa Wesleyan University.
Iowa Beta State University of Iowa.
Minnesota Alpha University of Minnesota.
Kansas Alpha University of Kansas.
Nebraska Alpha University of Nebraska.
California Alpha University of California.
California Beta Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.
Boston, Mass D. N. Marble, 491 Boylston Street, Boston.
Pittsburg, Pa E. P. Couse, 315 Penn Avenue.
Washington, D. C. Dr. C. M. Shields, 310 E. Franklin Street.
Columbus, Ga. Herbert L. Mason.
Atlanta, Ga. Morris Brandon.
Nashville, Tenn. R. F. Jackson, 301 1/2 N. Cherry Street.
Montgomery, Ala ........................................... W. E. Holloway.
Selma, Ala ............................................... A. W. Nelson.
Cincinnati, O ...................................... Dr. J. Thompson, 113 W. Ninth Street.
Ackron, O ............................................... W. J. Emery.
Cleveland, O ...................................... C. L. Chalfant, 49 Cory Avenue.
Louisville, Ky ....................................... F. D. Swowe, box 440.
Franklin, Ind ........................................ T. C. Donnell.
Indianapolis, Ind .................................. H. U. Brown, care "Indianapolis News."
Chicago, Ill .................................. Leo Wampold, 3229 Michigan Avenue.
Calesburg, Ill ........................................ J. L. Hastings.
Kansas City, Mo .................................. S. M. McClannahan.
Denver, Col ....................................... G. F. Preble, U. S. Mint.
Salt Lake City, Utah ............................. W. S. Ferris, Box 484.
San Francisco, Cal ............................. C. E. Holmes, Pier 3, Stewart Street.
Los Angeles, Cal .................................... Leslie R. Hewitt.
Spokane, Wash ..................................... Will E. Willis.
Phi Delta Theta.

Georgia Beta Chapter. Established 1871.

Colors—White and Blue. Flower—Carnation.

Fratres in Facultate.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Five.

Ninety-Six.

Ninety-Seven.

Ninety-Eight.

Members Pledged.
B. Branham, F. S. Palmer, Robert Campbell.
Sigma Nu Fraternity.

**FOUNDED 1869.**

**CHAPTER LIST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>COLLEGE</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
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**ALUMNI ORGANIZATION.**

Texas Alumni Association, Missouri Alumni Association, Atlanta Alumni Chapter, Louisiana Alumni Association, Georgia Alumni Association, Kansas City Alumni Chapter, Iowa Alumni Association, Indiana Alumni Association, Birmingham Alumni Chapter.
Sigma Nu.

XI Chapter. Established 1884.

Colors—White, Black and Old Gold. Flower—White Rose.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIUM—NINETY-FIVE.


NINETY-SIX.


NINETY-SEVEN.


NINETY-EIGHT.


NINETY-NINE.

W. H. Hoyle, N. E. Ware.
**Delta Tau Delta.**

**FOUNDED 1859.**

**GRAND DIVISION OF THE SOUTH.**

| Lambda | Vanderbilt University | Nashville, Tenn. |
| Pi | University of Mississippi | University, Miss. |
| Beta Delta | University of Georgia | Athens, Ga. |
| Beta Epsilon | Emory College | Oxford, Ga. |
| Beta Theta | University of the South | Sewanee, Tenn. |
| Beta Iota | University of Virginia | University of Va., Va. |
| Beta Xi | Tulane University | New Orleans, La. |

**GRAND DIVISION OF THE WEST.**

| Omega | University of Iowa | Iowa City, Iowa. |
| Xi | Simpson College | Indianola, Iowa. |
| Beta Lambda | Iowa State College | Ames, Iowa. |
| Beta Eta | University of Wisconsin | Madison, Wis. |
| Beta Kappa | University of Minnesota | Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Beta Pi | University of Colorado | Boulder, Col. |
| | Northwestern University | Evanston, Ill. |

**GRAND DIVISION OF THE EAST.**

<p>| Alpha | Allegheny College | Meadville, Pa. |
| Rho | Stevens Institute of Technology | Hoboken, N. J. |
| Sigma | Williams College | Williamstown, Mass. |
| Tau | Franklin and Marshall College | Lancaster, Pa. |
| Upsilon | Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute | Troy, N. Y. |
| Beta Gamma | Lehigh University | South Bethlehem, Pa. |
| Beta Mu | Tufts College | Somerville, Mass. |</p>
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**ALUMNI CHAPTERS.**

- New York Alumni Chapter
- Chicago Alumni Chapter
- Nashville Alumni Chapter
- Twin City Alumni Chapter
- Pittsburg Alumni Chapter
- Nebraska Alumni Chapter
- Cleveland Alumni Chapter
- Detroit Alumni Chapter
- Grand Rapids Alumni Chapter

<table>
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<td>Grand Rapids Alumni Chapter</td>
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</table>
Delta Tau Delta.

Beta Epsilon Chapter. Established 1882.

Colors—White, Purple and Gold. Flower—Pansy.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Five.

T. J. Shepard.

Ninety-Six.


Ninety-Seven.


Ninety-Eight.

O. L. Callahan. F. R. Park.
## Alpha Tau Omega

**Chapter Roll**

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Ohio Alpha Chi Wittenburg College
Ohio Beta Eta Wesleyan University Delaware.
Ohio Beta Mu Wooster University Wooster.
Ohio Beta Rho Marietta College Marietta.
Ohio Beta Omega State University Columbus.
Pennsylvania Alpha Iota Muhlenburg College Allentown.
Pennsylvania Alpha Rho Lehigh University So. Bethlehem.
Pennsylvania Alpha Upsilon Pennsylvania College Gettysburg.
Pennsylvania Beta Chi Haverford College Haverford.
Pennsylvania Tau University of Philadelphia Philadelphia.
South Carolina Alpha Theta South Carolina University Columbia.
South Carolina Beta Phi Wofford College Spartanburg.
South Carolina Beta Chi Charleston College Charleston.
Tennessee Alpha Tau S. W. Pres. University Clarksville.
Tennessee Beta Pi Vanderbilt University Nashville.
Tennessee Lambda Cumberland College Lebanon.
Tennessee Omega University of the South Sewanee.
Vermont Beta Zeta University of Vermont Burlington.
Virginia Beta Washington & Lee Universities Lexington.
Virginia Beta Sigma Hampden-Ssdeney College
Virginia Delta University of Virginia Charlettesville.
Virginia Epsilon Roanoke College Salem.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Alabama Alumni Association, Arkansas Alumni Association,
Chicago Alumni Association, Cleveland Alumni Association,
Alpha Tau Omega.

Alpha Theta Chapter. Established 1881.

Colors—Sky Blue and Old Gold. Flower—White Tea Rose.

Fratres in Facultate.
S. V. Gardiner.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-five.
M. C. Quillian, J. T. Burkhalter, C. C. Smith,

Ninety-six.

Ninety-seven.
R. C. Ellis, W. W. Jarrel, R. H. Hankerson, E. C. Quillian,

Ninety-eight.
J. T. Bowen, E. F. Dempsey.

Ninety-nine.
C. L. Sistrunk, J. A. Phifer, C. W. Brantley.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

FOUNDED 1856.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Massachusetts Beta Upsilon...Boston University...Boston, Mass.
Massachusetts Iota Tau...Massachusetts Institute of Technology...Boston, Mass.
Connecticut Alpha...Trinity College...Hartford, Conn.
Massachusetts Delta...Worcester Polytechnic Ins...Worcester, Mass.
Massachusetts Gamma...Harvard University...Cambridge, Mass.
New York Alpha...Cornell University...Ithaca, N. Y.
New York Mu...Columbia University...New York, N. Y.
Hy Sigma Phi...St. Stephens College...Annondal, N. Y.
Pennsylvania Omega...Allegheny College...Meadville, Penn.
Pennsylvania Delta...Pennsylvania College...Gettysburg, Penn.
Pennsylvania Sigma Phi...Dickinson College...Carlisle, Penn.
Pennsylvania Alpha Zeta...Pennsylvania State College...State College.
Pennsylvania Zeta...Bucknell University...Lewisburg, Penn.
Virginia Omicron...University of Virginia...Charlottesville.
Virginia Sigma...Washington and Lee University...Lexington, Va.
Virginia Pi...Emory and Henry College...Emory, Va.
North Carolina Chi...University of North Carolina...Chapel Hill, N. C.
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**ALUMNI CHAPTERS.**

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Georgia Epsilon Chapter. Established 1881.

Colors—Royal Purple and Old Gold. Flower—Violet.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Five.

W. D. Thomson.

Ninety-Six.


Ninety-Seven.


Ninety-Eight.


Ninety-Nine.

J. A. Smith, Reed Bryan.

97
The Fraternities.

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CLUBS
Young Mens’ Christian Association.

Meetings Every Friday Afternoon.

Officers:

Thos. J. Shepard ........................................... President.
Thos. H. Thomson ....................................... Vice-President.
T. J. Johnston ............................................ Treasurer.
O. S. Dean ................................................ Secretary.
Emory Dining Club.

MOTTO: IMMER ESSEN, NIE STUDIEREN.

Paul Bowden, President.
Walter B. Emery, Toast Master.
Gordon Everett, Sec'y and Treas.

J. F. Allen,
A. H. Allen,
J. Wightman Bowden,
W. E. Barnes,
W. T. Bivings,
W. A. Beadley,
Fred. T. Buice,
E. R. Bradfield,
T. F. Day,
F. H. Ficklin,
J. C. Freeman,
J. H. Gress,
J. E. Hall,
E. R. Hines,
R. L. Hale,
E. G. Hallman,
J. S. Key,
R. F. Morton,
W. Holt Park,
W. E. Quillian,
T. N. Tinsley.
Emory Dramatic Club.

Earnest G. Hallman, President,
J. J. Jolley, Vice-President,
W. W. Driskell, Secretary,
D. D. Cox, Critic.

MEMBERS.

E. R. Hines, E. G. Hallman, W. W. Driskell,
J. C. McRae, A. H. Wilder, W. J. Bryan,
D. D. Cox, F. H. Houser, J. J. Jolley,
T. C. Hoyle, P. A. Bowden, T. F. Day.
Shakespeare Club.

WALTER T. JOHNSON, President,
T. J. JOHNSTON, Vice-President,
W. J. BRYAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

W. T. Bivings,
W. J. Bryan,
T. M. Cheatham,
W. W. Driskell,
J. E. Hall,
E. G. Hallman,
E. R. Hines,
W. T. Johnson,
T. J. Johnston,
J. C. McRae,
F. M. Means,
Thomas G. Scott.
The Emory Current-Topic Club.

(BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CRITICS)
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICERS:

Prof. Tomlinson Fort ................. President.
A. H. Thompson ...................... Vice-President.
Ivy Lee .............................. Secretary.
T. J. Shepard ......................... Treasurer.

MEMBERS:

Prof. H. S. Bradley,                Prof. T. Fort,
J. W. Bowden,                       E. R. Hines,
Hinton Booth,                       E. G. Jones,
W. A. Covington,                    Ivy Lee,
D. D. Cox,                         T. J. Shepard,
J. T. Colson,                       A. H. Thompson,
Olin Dean,                         W. H. Park,
Warren Wimpy.

III
Non Fraternity Men.

OFFICERS:

Warren Wimpy............................................. President.
J. C. McEachin ............................................ Vice-President.
C. L. Smith................................................. Sec'y & Treas.

MEMBERS REPRESENTED IN CUT:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>J. C. McEachin,</th>
<th>J. M. Anderson,</th>
<th>J. T. Robins,</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. O. Smith,</td>
<td>C. L. Smith,</td>
<td>J. A. Atkins,</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. A. Edmondson,</td>
<td>L. D. Howell,</td>
<td>J. B. Thrasher,</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. W. Holland,</td>
<td>W. N. Henderson,</td>
<td>A. R. Jordan,</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. P. Wilcox,</td>
<td>T. B. Ashford,</td>
<td>G. M. Eakes,</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. G. Smith,</td>
<td>W. O. Boswell,</td>
<td>Jos. J. Carr,</td>
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Emory Phoenix.

Published by the Few and Phi Gamma Societies.

Established 1886.

Astra Castra Numen Lumen.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

Editor-in-Chief .................. W. E. Thompson .................. Seneca, S. C.
Exchange Editor .................. T. J. Shepard .................. Brunswick, Ga.
Freshman Football.

R. J. Hill ........................................... Captain.
A. D. Thomson .................................... Manager.

F. H. Ficklen ................................. Center.
F. H. Houser ................................. Right Guard.
W. Sheffield ................................. Left Guard.
Henry Whitehead ......................... Right Tackle
John Hurt ................................. Left Tackle.
Joe Atkins ................................. Right End.

Carl Murphy ................................. Left End.
A. D. Thomson ................................. Quarter Back.
R. J. Hill ................................. Right Half Back.
R. Ellison ................................. Left Half Back.
H. Ledbetter ................................. Full Back.

Substitutes: Bullard, Davis, Fariss.
College Baseball Club.

J. E. Hall ........................................... Captain.
Hall and Seals ........................................ Catchers.
Hankenson and Walker ................................. Pitchers.
Buice, McRae, Smith, Hill, Novell ................... Infield.
Morton, McMillan, Griffin, Elder, Walker ......... Outfield.
The Ariel Tennis Club.

Emory's Champions.

C. C. Smith, President.

J. F. Burkhalter,  J. L. Newton,
F. P. Catching,    J. M. Poer,
J. C. Elder,      C. C. Smith,
C. R. Gwyn,       W. D. Thompson,
E. G. Jones,      G. A. Wilder,
# Freshman Baseball Team

**Captain:**
- R. J. Hill

**Manager:**
- M. S. Danner

**Pitcher:**
- A. S. Danner

**Catcher:**
- W. O. Boswell

**First Base:**
- J. W. Athon

**Second Base:**
- J. Newman

**Short Stop:**
- R. J. Hill

**Third Base:**
- J. S. Key

**Left Field:**
- M. S. Danner

**Center Field:**
- A. D. Thomson

**Right Field:**
- T. N. Tinsley

**Substitutes:**
- Ficklen, Atkins, Ellison
Senior Football Team.

D. D. Cox, Manager.  W. T. Banks, Captain.

J. C. Elder  ....................... Left End.
C. C. Smith  ....................... Right End.
A. C. Belcher  ...................... Right Guard.
E. F. Fincher  ...................... Center Rush.
J. C. McEachin  ..................... Right Guard.
G. A. Wilder  ...................... Right Tackle.
W. D. Thompson  ................... Left Tackle.
J. T. Roberts  ..................... Quarter Back.
W. T. Banks  ....................... Left Half Back.
J. M. Poer  ......................... Right Half Back.
T. H. Milner  ...................... Full Back.
J. T. Burkhalter  .................. Substitute.
### Junior Football Team

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Players</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>J. C. McRae</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manager</td>
<td>O. P. Wilcox</td>
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<tr>
<td>Center</td>
<td>O. P. Wilcox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guards</td>
<td>W. A. Covington, E. R. Hines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tackles</td>
<td>J. B. Thrasher, W. T. Bivings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ends</td>
<td>W. M. Jones, J. C. McRae</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarter Back</td>
<td>T. R. Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full Back</td>
<td>J. E. Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Substitutes</td>
<td>M. L. Thrower, J. L. Newton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coacher</td>
<td>Mr. Roger Davis, of Covington</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bicycle Club.

T. P. Catching, President.  F. H. Ficklen, Vice-President.
M. L. Thrower, Sec. and Treas.

F. H. Ficklen,
A. B. Sims,
P. H. Irvin,
J. G. Christian,
A. D. Thomson,
F. P. Catching.

M. S. Danner,
M. L. Thrower,
P. W. Walton,
E. T. Boswell.
D. B. Barrett.
The M. L. J. & G. Tennis Club.

W. H. Park.......................... President.
R. L. Hale.......................... Sec. and Treas.

W. T. Johnson, High,
W. H. Park, Low,
E. G. Hallman, Jack

AND

W. B. Emery,  
J. Newman,  
F. N. Tinsley,  
W. Ambrose Bradley,  
R. L. Hale,  
E. G. Thomson,  
E. E. Hallman.

AND

Game

Paul A. Bowden,  
Tom Day,  
J. W. Hurt,  
W. T. Johnson.

W. S. Winn.

W. H. Park,  
Marvin Thrower.
The Sweet Singers of the Senior Class.

THE BASES.

Warren Wimpy, Third base.
Sam Hoyle, Pitcher of the Tune.
Wardlaw and Shanks, Substitutes.
**Freshman Orchestra.**

“Swans sing before they die:
'T were no bad thing
Did certain persons die
Before they sing.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Role</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hurt</td>
<td>Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitehead</td>
<td>Leader</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, C. A.</td>
<td>Cornet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitehead, H.</td>
<td>First Violin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chatham, L. O.</td>
<td>Second “</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, C. L.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hurt, J. W.</td>
<td>Guitar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Key, J. S., Jr.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<td>Park, F. R.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bradley, W. A.</td>
<td>Mandolin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Candler, C. A.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<td>Murray, A. G.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morrison, A. M. S.</td>
<td>Banjo</td>
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<td>Tinsley, T. N.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomson, E. G.</td>
<td>Harp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Atkins, J. A.</td>
<td>“</td>
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<tr>
<td>Farmer, W. A.</td>
<td>Piano</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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## Emory Glee Club

**Leader.**
- F. T. Buice

**President.**
- J. E. Seals

**Business Manager.**
- P. A. Bowden

**Pianist.**
- R. Campbell

### First Tenor
- J. W. Bowden,
- F. T. Buice,
- J. E. Hall

### First Base
- A. G. Shankle,
- J. E. Seals

### Second Tenor
- W. T. Bivings,
- D. B. Barrett,
- E. R. Hines

### Second Base
- W. B. Emory,
- P. A. Bowden

### Alto
- H. Yandle,
- J. F. Allen,
- W. J. Bryan

### False Setto
- H. E. Shuptrine,
- P. Werline
History of Phi Gamma.

The 8th of March fifty-eight years ago a few noble minded young men, recognizing that it was not only necessary to enrich the mind by storing away treasures extracted from text books, general reading and other advantages afforded by the grand old institution, whose benefits they shared, resolved upon the establishment of a society wherein they might develop the art of "thinking on their feet," thus to fit themselves for the demands to be made upon them in after life and to be able to impart to others of their more unfortunate brothers something of the rich gleanings gathered from the fields of learning in which it had been their lot to labor.

Accordingly, after forming a constitution and by-laws, they formed what has since been known as Phi Gamma. Blessings on the old society! The old college has done good and her benign influence is felt around the world, but she would be incomplete without her debating societies, (and especially without Phi Gamma.) When established it was not compulsory, nor is it yet; nevertheless the student body, then as now, recognized its worth and soon it grew till within two years from its founding it was necessary, for the best advantage, to divide its membership. From then until the present, the Phi Gamma has had every reason to be proud of her sister. Few, who, though she boasts of her hall and library, yet she must now, as of old, acknowledge Phi Gamma's intellectual supremacy and yield her the championship on commencement occasion. Her hall, through the refitting of the library and papering throughout, is attractive and something of which to be proud. From her walls may be seen hanging large crayon pictures of some of her distinguished sons, as G. W. W. Stone, her first president, and a man whose purity of soul is fitly represented by the spotless marble shaft that marks his resting place. L. Q. C. Lamar, who has lately fallen on sleep and been gathered unto his Father, after years of a useful life spent in the interest of his country, which recognized his worth by extending to him the highest honors of the nation; and still another, our own beloved Bishop Haygood, whose far-reaching reputation rests not alone on his ability to publish from
the pulpit in child-like simplicity the teachings of his Master, but whose pen under the title of “Our Brother in Black,” though at first provoking censure from many, yet the reaction of which is now doing its “perfect work.” “The Man of Gallilee,” that beautiful story of the living Christ, which has so thrilled the hearts of the American people, until it has already passed beyond the sea and found its way into the German and French languages. From the contemplation of this latter we have only to turn our gaze but slightly to look upon him who is deeply enshrined in the heart of every Emory boy, our much beloved president, Dr. W. A. Candler, who ranks among the intellectual giants of Southern Methodism the value of whose work is known to Him who giveth strength to the great, noble heart, that goes out for the poor boys of our land who are struggling for an education.

These pictures have been presented from time to time to the Society and are appreciated in the highest measure. I am sure I will be pardoned if I make special mention of L. Q. C. Lamar’s, presented by his widow, to whom the Society wishes through this medium to extend their sincerest thanks.


Notwithstanding this long line of illustrious sons, who dare say the old Society has yet reached her zenith? There may yet go from her walls those that may equal the eloquence of Webster or Burk, and thus add new laurels to her already worthy crown.

E. F. Fincher,
Historian.
History of Few Society.

*Pro virtute et patria.*

In the golden August days of 1839 a company of young collegians, flushed with the glow of dawning manhood, recognizing the need of opening a wider field for literary culture and forensic discussion, bade mother Phi Gamma a fond adieu, and these brave boys in the olden time, led by the sterling Wallace, went forth to form plans and begin the record of Few's enviable history.

Fortune smiled upon their initial efforts, but ere the autumn breezes were lost in winter winds death's hand cast its shadow across their brightening pathway, and removed from their midst Maximillian Kendall, but the fiery eloquence of this brilliant leader relumed in Adams' glowing eulogy to point the way to learning and elocution. This, with the inaugural address of each president for the first half score years or more, is still preserved. Each is a gem in itself, bearing the impress of the whole-souled manhood that framed our By-Laws and Constitution, and blazing with an intelligent appreciation of that lofty sentiment, "PRO VIRTUTE ET PATRIA."

The fiercest debate on record occurred September 2, 1849, upon the justness of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The disputants continued in heated discussion till evening, and the question was finally decided in the negative, after official interference in behalf of peace. This tragic scene was faithfully recorded by that most voluminous and imaginative of Few's secretaries, James C. Longstreet, who combines Swift's salient wit with Marlowe's towering imagery.

In the early days badges of the Society were highly prized as a mark of honor and distinction. In 1851 a final change in form was desired, and as April flowers were being woven by fair hands into tokens of love and tenderness, a number of badge designs were submitted by the kind ladies of Oxford, whereupon a gallant secretary records the selection of that of "pretty Miss Kate Morrison." The gold badge then
worn had the shape of the enchanting lyre of Orpheus encircled by a wreath of magnolia leaves and engraved with significant mottoes ably devised by one of Few's honorary members, A. Means, D.D., M.D., L.L.D.

Of the trio composing the first graduating class in 1841, two, Adam C. Potter and Armistead R. Holcombe, were also pioneer Fews. In their footsteps more than four hundred of her fourteen hundred matriculates have followed. This long list of alumni include men eminent in the pulpit, at the bar, on the platform, in the missionary field, as well as Presidents of their Alma Mater, and other educators in the leading institutions of the land. No doubt under the shadow of these walls were born in their minds sentiment that gave impulse to more determined effort and revealed a possession of strength that crowned with success their latter years. Five of these occupy positions in the faculty of Emory: Rev. Lundy H. Harris, A.M., chair of Greek Language and Literature; Rev. H. S. Bradley, A.B., Adjunct Professor of Natural Science; Rev. J. E. Dickey, A.B., Adjunct Professor of Mental and Moral Science; Hon. James M. Pace and Capers Dickson, Professors of Law.

The present membership, almost as large as any within her history, has beautified the exterior of the building, fitted up another reading room, and made valuable additions to a library already containing more than three thousand volumes. During the past few years Few Society has prospered financially, and true to the goddess of harmony that reigns within her halls has added a handsome, finely toned piano to the excellence of her literary features.

In the light of her brilliant achievements we proudly survey her past, while musing on her infancy, rejoicing in her maturity, and lovingly lingering in the sunlight of her prosperity which sheds its splendor upon the towers of Emory.

M. C. QUILLIAN,

Historian.
An Historical Event.

And it came to pass that the Sub-Fresh spirit did take hold of divers and sundry ones in the land of Oxford.

And with exceeding boldness and impudence began they to cut recitations, causing much trouble and vexation of mind amongst them which day by day labored for the good of their minds.

And then rose up King Shorty, full of wrath and glorying in his strength, and mighty in resolve to bring these things to an end.

Many of them with the Sub-Fresh spirit caused he to be taken by force and led to his judgment seat that was situated in the palace of Seney Hall.

And when he charged them of the things that had come to his ears, and vehemently abused them and shook his finger in their faces, began they to make much matter of it and to fill the air with lamentations and weeping.

But King Shorty allowed himself not to be moved by compassion, and continued he to heap words full of vituperation upon their heads until they with one accord gave up the ghost.

And after these things, for the space of threescore days and more, peace reigned in King Shorty's realm.

And unto this day the vengeance wrought by the mighty King on that day liveth in the recollections of men.
When flocks of maids are passing by,
You scan them with a wistful eye;
But be it Katy, Fan or Floy,
Oh, you can wed but one, my boy.

You cannot wed but one, oh, no;
Choose then, and let the others go;
To wed them all you are inclined,
But one's enough, as you will find.

They are so neat, so blythe, so sweet,
You half-way love each one you meet;
But change your course and do not so,
For you can wed but one, you know.

If you could sip from every sweet,
Your bliss would still be incomplete;
Were you a Mormon with ten wives,
You'd want the Sultan's teeming hives.

A fickle lad will come to grief,
A bachelor's a withered leaf,
A married man must bear his load
And keep the middle of the road.

Then to life's lottery wheel advance,
And shut your eyes and take your chance,
For be it Kate or Fan or Floy,
You cannot wed but one, my boy.

W. T. D.
IN CONDOLENCE TO THE EDITORS OF THE RED AND BLACK.

This is ye death’s-head, smoothe and colde,
As emptye as can be!
Thus not unlike ye living-heads—
Ye Athens Facultye!

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King Shorty's Dream; or, Trilby's Revenge.

A MODERN DRAMA, BY SIR EDWARD STILTS.

Dramatis Personæ:

Trilby .............................. King Shorty.
Little Billy ........................ First Senior.

Du Maurier ........................ Gentlemen of the Faculty.
Three Clean Englishmen .......... Second Senior.

Father Confessor .......................... Eli.

Time, Midnight.

Scene I.—(King's bedchamber; King Shorty snoring.)

Enter Du Maurier and Trilby bearing reed whistle and a pair of No. 9 "list" shoes.

Du Maurier.—Behold thine enemy, fair Trilby! Cast thy spell and weave it thrice. Breathe a dream of Art into his pious brain—

'Till friends shall gaze
In sore amaze
To hear the King
Like Trilby sing—
Sing, sing, like Trilby sing!

Trilby.—Hist! hist! most noble friend, he snores sweetly. [Goes on her knees and sounds each snore on her tuning reed.] Fetch hither the cloak, my lord, and adorn him for his part. Go to! a greater change shall now be wrought than when wayward Puck did upon Bottom's shoulders fix an ass's nowl.

(Du Maurier takes a cast of King Shorty's foot, and proceeds to draw over him an old military cloak.)

Trilby.—[Waving tuning reed under the King's nose]—
In this charmed brain
    A spell I'll weave,
'Till thou art fain
    Thy couch to leave,
And leap upon the mimic stage
And sing with so divine a rage
    That men shall wag their beards and say:
        "Can this be Trilby's roundelay?"

(Thunder in the distance. Voices of Three Clean Englishmen without. Music. Little Billy sings)—

In the midnight, 'neath the starlight,
    Love, I wait for thee;
Art thou dreaming of the seeming
    Truth, that thou lovest me?
Or art tracing, 'mid interlacing
    Thought and fantasy,
The ancient lie that love doth die
    In its ecstacy?

In the midnight 'neath the starlight,
    Love, I yearn for thee.
Come, sweet maiden, from the Aidenn
[Exit Trilby.]

SCENE II.—(Morning Chapel. Gentlemen of the Faculty stand aghast, with the King in the midst clad in an old military cloak and a pair of "list" slippers, right foot on music stool, singing)—

    "Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile," etc.

FIRST GENTLEMAN OF FACULTY.—How now, fair gentlemen. What madness hath seized our King?
SECOND GENTLEMAN OF FACULTY.—I know not the riddle of it, but the author of it is a woman. Seest not that twin-gray smile in his eyes as he watches our Father Confessor Eli? 'Tis a woman's trick and a woman's 'witching.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—It doth so appear. And, indeed, it hath been said he doth not always please the fair ones. He hath a truthful sting in the tail o' his tongue that hath wounded some forward shes.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I could swear by my wife's thimble 'tis a female vengeance.

(Enter student body. The King continues to sing.)

FIRST SENIOR.—Ha! hath our Royal Master been seized with madness?

SECOND SENIOR.—Hence, thou sodden-pated clown! Sayest yon Monster is our Royal Master? 'Tis me cook's wash-pot draped in Trilby's cloak and shoes! Stand! thou shalt eat thy foul slander at the point of me keen blade. Draw, villian, and 'fend thyself! [Exeunt Seniors, fighting. Curtain falls.]

THUNDER. TIME. HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT.

SCENE III.—(A mountainous cave. Three Clean Englishmen smoking pipes. Enter Du Maurier and Trilby.)

THREE CLEAN ENGLISHMEN.—Well met, fair Trilby. Hast made a vengeance fit to even thy wo? se TRILBY.—Yea, forsooth, he thinks he's Trilby and sings Ben Bolt with damnable iteration. 'Twould have made a statue grin to see how in the College Chapel this morn he chanted you his tra-la-la's as musical as any frog, the while flinging bewitching glances now at the frightened "Pussy" and now and then at the ceiling, while all the boys wondered.

DU MAURIER.—'Tis a sweet vengeance.

THREE CLEAN ENGLISHMEN.—'Tis worthy vengeance.

OMNES.—'Tis a most worthy sweet vengeance.

(Enter "Peebo," wagging his tail.)

TRILBY.—Hence, then hairy beast, to thy Master's chamber! Limp thrice round his enchanted couch and so dissolve my spell.

(Exit "Peebo" yelping. More thunder. Curtain falls)
The College Boy's Way.

If he should dress finely,
And smile quite divinely,
Making love to the ladies so gay;
Part his hair in the middle,
And sit ever idle—
Don't think strange, tis only his way.

Should oft' he at midnight
Assemble by starlight,
And paint the town red before day;
Do not boil with anger,
Nor threaten him danger,—
'Tis only the college boy's way.

If in recitation
Some simple equation,
Makes zeroes around him to play;
Do not be astounded
If he is dumbfounded,—
'Tis only the college boy's way.

If in abject pity,
Though strong and quite gritty,
His heart melts in sorrow away;
At Bonnell's latest joke,
Do not at him fun poke,—
'Tis only the college boy's way.

If he by hard thinking,
From wisdom while drinking,
Should have an idea, pardon pray!
He in truth didn't mean it,
Ne'er would he have seen it,
For, alas! He's not built that way!

If he joyous hearted
In silence departed,
To creditors leaving no pay;
Do not "swindler" brand him,
You don't understand him,—
'Tis only the college boy's way.
Tommie to His Girl.

My Dearest Susie:

I never had much idee what college life was till I come here. I thought all the college chaps at Emory was preparin' to preach, but it ain't so. Some of 'em is as mean as all fire. When I got here, three or four of 'em tolled me off, sayin' to me they wanted me to jine their fraternity. I didn't know what fraternities was, but thought I'd get in everything I could at first, and then may'be I could get some of them honors that they talk so much about here.

Them fellers got me in the woods, and blindfolded me, and then tied me acrost a log. It all 'peared strange what they was doing, but I didn't say nothing. After they said a lot of foolish words in some outlandish language, they begun to strap me and shoot pistols over my head, and holler "murder" and "fire." I was scared most to death and thought your little Tommie was goin' to be killed, but I kept quiet. Then all was still, and then somebody untied me and told me to git. It was nigh midnight when I got to my boardin' house. I ain't never been able to find out who them fellers was, but I'm sure goin' to lick 'em when I ketch up with 'em.

I know you'd go back on me if you seed some of the good lookin' fellows up here. Mr. Covington is the charmingest man I ever laid eyes on, and such a voice as he's got; sounds like old man Smith's dinner horn. He's a mighty powerful orator. Some folks here say he beats Demosthenes, whoever that is. I never heard Demosthenes, but he ought to get first honor if he can beat Mr. Covington.

Mr. Van Horn and Mr. Sam Hoyle is other fine looking men. Mr. Hoyle reminds me of what I heard a Sophomore say about a Mr. Apollo, that he was "as fair as a woman, and gracefuller'n a stag." Somebody
says Mr. Van Horn is goin' to the Atlanta show this fall to let people see him, but I don't know whether that's true or not.

There is dudes a-plenty here, but they don't give much trouble. Mr. Barrett and Mr. John Hunt and Mr. Brantley and Mr. Gress is the leadin' dudes. I always thought dudes was dangerous people, but these here is the innocenetest mortals I ever seed. They ain't selfish, neither, and don't stick to their books all the time, but they go all about talkin' to the girls and boys even when other folks is studyin'.

One of my professors is Prof. Fort. He is a smart man, and I like him lots. But the bad fellers here has give him a name I don't like; they call him "Runt." They also make fun of him when he rides a bicycle. He does shore look funny, though, on a bicycle; his sharp-p'nted coat flies to the breeze like the clothes on a scare-crow, and he pants like pa's horses arter they had been pullin' a heavy load.

Our president is the biggest man in America or any other State. He jist rules these boys like they was babies. When they cuts up any devilment he calls 'em up and sentences 'em like a jedge sentences prisoners. When a fellar is told to leave college, he explains it to the rest of us by sayin' that his father has sent for him. But we always know better. We know Dr. Candler has been interviewin' him. The Seniors say Dr. Candler is a little dogmatic. I don't know what that is, and they don't teach dictionary in sub-fresh, but I reckon the Seniors is right. They know lots more than anybody else, and nobody thinks about disputin' with 'em. But Dr. Candler is mighty good to me. He hasn't talked to me but once, the other day when he told me to study harder or pa'd be throwin' away money on me. It was good advice, and I'm goin' to do as he says.

When I write again I'll tell you of my boardin' house. Yours,

Tommie.
THE FRESHMAN.
Extracts from a Student’s Diary.

SEPT. 20, ’91.—I arrived in the “bustling” town of Oxford to-day. Thought it was somewhat, but it’s not. Applied for Soph. and hit Sub. Dr. Moore sampled my cotton; he is an awful man. Wrote paw I was coming back home. I got the blues.

SEPT. 23.—Received a letter from paw. Said if I come back home he’d tan my hide. Guess I’ll stay. Met Shorty to-day. He is a great man.

SEPT. 25.—Bought a second-hand Jack to Cæsar to-day, and paid 50 cents for it; the fellow said he was gentle and would carry two. Told paw I wanted the money for missionary purposes. He wrote that he was glad I was going to be good and sent me $1.50 for the Sunday-school. Went uptown and paid Howell 75 cents for cigarettes.

JUNE 10, ’92.—Made a rise in Cæsar and sold my Pony for 70 cents. I am Fresh now. Good bye, Runt.

NOV. 12, ’92.—Short Prof. Peed in Geometry, the boys cheered and he said: “Wal, now, no rowdies allowed in here.” He always says that. The peculiarity that marks him as a man of destiny is the striking perpendicularity of his unique corporosity. He has auburn side-whiskers; they rise and remain standing.

MARCH 15, ’93.—Got to stand Latin over. Eli must have seen my pony’s tail. No wonder. My pony has cantered through his room at a 2:40 gait, head up and tail over the dash-board. ’Fraid there ain’t no hope, for I have crossed his dead-line.

DEC. 25, ’93.—Moral Philosophy is hard. A rise is doubtful and my diploma keeps getting further off. A rise is more to be desired than gold, yea, much fine gold. He that maketh a rise is mightier than he that taketh a city. A rise is sweeter than honey in the honey-comb.

JAN. 3, ’94.—I met five Champion Debate candidates to-day and every one tipped their hats and shook hands with me. There are some polite people in the world, after all.

JAN. 5, ’94.—Since the Champion Debate election only one of those former candidates have spoken to me. The candidate is a curious compound of human selfishness and ambition and other bad ingredients. I keep my eye on the office-seeker in the future.
Memory's Picture.

(A Love Lyric.)

In the vaults of memory's store-house,
'Mong the archives of my mind,
There's a fairer image treasured
Than the artist ever lined.

There no jewelled frame surrounds it,
With no silken cord 'tis hung,
There's no tale about it woven,
'Tis no theme by poets sung.

Purest thoughts of love enshrine it,
Golden cords of fancy bind
To my very inmost being
This sweet seraph of the mind.

'Tis a count'nance wondrous fashioned,
'Tis a maiden's face divine,
With the radiance of the morning
In the golden autumn-time.

Her brown eyes with sunlight ripple,
And her dimpled cheeks aglow
Circle lips that slightly parting
Show the pearly depths below.

Sacredly I guard this picture
Where my purest thoughts enfold
All the memories to me dearest;
In the chamber of the soul.

Whose the image that I treasure?
Whose the countenance divine?
Need I hesitate to tell thee,
Sweetheart, dearest, that 'tis thine?
Reflections of a Senior.

I came to Oxford to enter the Junior class, but at the earnest solicitation of friends and on account of certain pressure brought to bear on me by those who knew best, I decided to honor the Sophomores with my presence. My eyes were lifted to the summit of college distinction I had no vision for the world below. Like the strong-winged eagle, I expected to soar far above every other species of bird. My only limit was the sky, from which lofty eminence I thought to gaze down with proud disdain at my fellows struggling for those small honors which I had contemptuously passed by. It is well for man to place his goal even in the ethereal regions. In his efforts to reach it, scenes will pass before his eyes—circumstances will rise—to which he would be a perfect stranger did he not come face to face with them. Even if he fall from so dizzy a height as he might by good fortune reach, the event were more profitable to him than to remain in that atmosphere of comparative obscurity within which his indifference to the highest attainments inevitably prescribes him. The principles of such philosophy as this may not find many adherents, but they were certainly mine during the first months of my college career.

If I had to repeat the experience, I should try to be more tolerant of sub-freshmen than I have been. A freshman never had a great hold upon my affections. I submitted to his presence
simply because now and then could be found good points in him as you may occasionally find a pretty face among the prize beauties of the world. But as for the "sub," I could not endure him. He was loathsome in my sight. He produced a well-developed attack of St. Vitus' dance upon me every time I came in contact with him. Often have I gone around two or three buildings—made circuitous journeys on the campus—to escape him. While I was a Sophomore he succeeded in getting in my way several times, but just as quickly as possible I either lifted him out or myself beat a hasty retreat. During my Junior course, the intolerable pest presumed to speak to me on three or four occasions, and it was only through the intervention of mutual friends that I did not lay him eternally low. The casual reader may wonder at my antipathy for the sub-freshman. It is easily explained. In the first place, he knows nothing. That in itself is sufficient to consign him below the line of human sympathy. But his crowning fault is presumption. Everybody knows that the "sub's" sphere of activity in college is polishing the Seniors' shoes, running errands and applauding the Seniors and Juniors when they speak at the debating societies. Under no circumstances are they granted the privilege of associating with the boys above Sophomore. Yet, during my fall term as a Senior, one of them so far forgot himself as to place himself by my side and attempt to walk with me to the postoffice.

A Junior friend tells me of an incident even more provocative—that a "sub" came to him this year and impertinently asked what the "ultimate ground of moral obligation" is. These and many other incidents—which cling to my memory like barnacles to a ship's keel—have grounded in me a dislike for the "sub" which long absence only can obliterate.

A plunge into the stream of college politics is as profitable from an economic standpoint as a water bath is from a hygienic. The latter opens the pores of the skin and allows the blood to flow more freely; the former opens your eyes to the credulity of human nature generally, and the insincerity of college students particularly. These thoughts are not written from a pessimistic or misanthropic spirit, but merely to acquaint the uninitiated with a fact that he may some day realize for himself. I am, moreover, no disgruntled office-seeker. If I have secured half a dozen posi-
tions of honor at the hands of the boys, I honestly admit that I have got five more than my share. I am glad to have had the opportunity of experiencing for a brief period the sensations of a politician. Once some of my kind-hearted but deluded friends put my name before a literary society for a position as debater in one of the inter-society contests. I knew I could not speak; had never appeared on the floor more than once or twice. An effort of that kind always cost me a disagreeable shaking of the knees, and a huskiness of the throat that made my voice sound like a rasp-file. Besides, I could not make a point—knew no more about oratorical flights of eloquence than I did about the nebula hypothesis. Still I allowed myself to be nominated because there were other candidates in the race, poor fellows! had not much more sense than I, and could speak not much better. The votes were cast, and much to my astonishment and greatly discreditable to the judgment of some of my constituents, I was elected.

This success gave me a taste for college politics. I rolled up my sleeves, dived in with energy, and was soon worthy of rank with such professionals as Mr. D. B. Hill. Of course I was very soon afterwards a candidate for another position. I had, as I thought, a big majority pledged to me. Ambition revealed to me the glittering heights of one of the choicest of honors within the gift of my society. I felt proud in my strength—elated over the manner in which I had conducted my campaign. Election day came. I sauntered up to the debating hall, confident and tranquil. The ballots had all been cast and were being counted. Five, ten, fifteen votes were passed over and not one for me. I soon knew my fate. Of ninety ballots that were deposited, I got only about ten, less than half the number received by the lowest man in the race. That experience made me sour on all things political. Ever afterwards, if I was a candidate, I distrusted the pledges of friends and foes alike, believing no one until by the casting of his vote I had assurance of his sincerity.

Among my reflections there should, perhaps, accord-
ing to the eternal fitness of things, appear an element of love. I should, no doubt, be able to relate some experience in which my heart and the heart of a tender Oxford belle or old maid had been the foremost participants. But, it pains me to say, I have little to tell. Cupid has been cruel to me in Oxford. The little wizard has been unskillful in the manipulation of the heart-strings. He has plucked only one at a time, thus producing either no music at all or some very discordant sounds. He has often had me raving about certain of the Oxford fair ones, and at the same time rendered them indifferent of my condition. I recall one sad experience. I was a Junior, and met one of the fairest in this college town. I became fascinated, consumed with adoration, etc. I knew she had loved often and been loved by a few generations of Emory boys. I knew if aunt Susie Anthony's theories were in practice, she would have been many times a voter. Yet I cared not for these things. She was the idol of my heart—my valentine—my future hope and joy, as the "Duchess" would say. I had never intimated to her the state of my emotions. But one day she heard of it. She had always treated me with ordinary kindness, yet rather condescendingly. The first time she met me, after the report of my love had reached her ears, she gave me a look that will haunt me through the long windings and turnings of eternity. It was a gaze of supreme scorn, exhibiting anger and injured pride. The marrow in my bones was congealed, my heart-pump ceased work, and a cold, blinding mist filled my eyes. I recovered. After that, my first experience, the reader cannot wonder that the course of my college life is barely rippled with incidents of love.
Covington 10 years hence: “Now, ‘Covey,’ take care of the baby. I’ll be back early, for I only have three political speeches to make.”
THE SOPHOMORE.
Oft when a blooming college blade,
(Heigh-ho! those times were jolly)
With high parade we'd serenade
And vent our noise and folly.
Then tin did tintinnabulate,
And tom-toms beat far up the street,
And dumb-bulls roared and dogs encored,
And oh, the burghers, how irate!
With stately step we pranced along,
Our bosoms proudly swelling,
But ceased ere long our witching song
When near the Doctor's dwelling;
We were a doughty band, but yet
No tom-toms beat there on that street,
No dumb bulls roared and sang and soared
By fitful flash of cigarette.

But with Charybdis lost to view,
And Scylla, too, oh horrors!
The wild bazoo began to coo
And tin horns sobbed their sorrows;
And tin pans beat with discord sweet,
And kettles rang kerlappety-bang,
And dumb-bulls roared and dogs encored,
And oh, the music was complete!
The moon curled up his pointed chin,
The cocks did crow and flutter,
While stricken tin with soothing din
Its compliments did utter;
And wicked villagers blasphemed,
Ah me, ah me, ungratefully!
For tin horns sobbed and tom-toms throbbed
Their every tone for them alone:
May they repent and be redeemed.

I've patted when fair Patti sang,
In fancy heard Svengali,
Felt pang on pang when bag-pipes rang
Blown with the breath of barley;
But never will such sweet delights
Be mine, be mine as when in line,
With loud bassoon we charmed the moon
On these wild college nights.

W. T. D.
The Romance of a Freshman.

He was a Freshman. Before his coming the Oxford maiden had been painted to him in glowing water colors of rosy cheeks, soft white hands and visions of peep of tiny tips of slippers. He had been told that simple white, in which she was accustomed to attire herself, became soft and crepe like, and her delicate personality shed a tender glow. How the firelight was reflected back from her eyes as it would from bits of precious porcelain, and how the music of her voice and laugh added charm to the hour. All this and more he had been told, but his father reckoned not of the twenty years since he had won his dip. and ceased to struggle for a rise. His father was not mistaken when he supposed the Oxford maiden immortal, but he neglected to recollect that she could not successfully bid a proud defiance to the corroding and the gnawing tooth of time.

It was under such phantom delusions as these that this Freshman made his debut into this college town. The first week passed with his obtaining but a glance of one of these fairy visions of loveliness, and he resolved so remain no longer in doubt. At night he secretes himself near her home and patiently awaits developments. Night soon drew her sable curtain aside and fastened it with a safety pin. The moon shines the same mellow light it is wont to shine on such occasions and the tiny stars come out and twinkle with the same invariable number of twinks per second as is definitely specified in Astronomy. His mind occupies itself most with the thought what will his fairy resemble; no definite conclusion does he reach, except that she will be unlike all others he has seen. Certainly the influences of this wide world do not pervade the classical seclusion of this peaceful valley. No, she would not use the slang nor deign to touch her dainty fingers to the keys to render such music in which the common world delights; hers will be divine music from the school of Wagner. A door of the parlor opens. The aesthetic vision stands revealed, but alas! the accursed lace curtain throws a curious halo of shadow about her form and he believes his efforts to be in vain. But no, she moves towards the piano and he quickens his ears to hear the heavenly music. The aesthetic begins. A look of sorrow and dejection spreads itself across that Freshman’s countenance as out through the window there floats the discordant notes of “Bird in a Cage.”

And he went away.
THE JUNIOR.
Some Proverbs.

1. My son, the fear of Shorty is the beginning of wisdom; and they that recite uprightly are his delight.

2. An "8.5" is a heaviness to the soul; but a good repast maketh the bones fat.

3. The Senior is wiser in his own conceit than seven Juniors that can render a reason.

4. Confidence in a Tacitus Jack in the time of Eli's examination is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint.

5. A wise Junior perceiveth the buttered side of his bread, and longeth hysterically at Fox's jokes; but the simple look sad, and are suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.

6. When Peleg explaineth the vernier the people rejoiceth; but when the same desireth written recitations the people mourn.

7. I, the Junior, was in school at Oxford. And I gave my heart to seek and to search out all the things that are done in calculus. This sore travail hath Peed given to the Junior, to be exercised therewith. Now beforetime I had communed with myself, saying: "Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Oxford. Yes, my heart hath great experience in surveying and mechanics." But I have seen all the things which are dear in Peed's room; and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

8. That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and my "busts" cannot be numbered. This, also, I perceived to be vexation of spirit. Ad infinitum.
Fables.

FABLE I.

A poor, despised Sub-Freshman, upon seeing a swelling Senior pass, accosted him as follows: "O, thou most happy one! (te felicium) that divideth thy time between sporting a 65c. cane and writing poetry to the girls; (puellis) while I sweat over the lessons of 'Runt.'" Whereupon the Senior, assuming a tired look (vultum), replied: "Go to! Make your troubles known to a policeman! Wotest thou not that I must be about singing the Senior song?" But on the next day (proximo die), when the S. F. was perigrinating through the campus, casually looking in the window of Senior Hall, he saw the Senior glued fast to the ceiling of Johnny Fox's chemical laboratory.

Moral: Pride goeth before a certain sort of rise.

FABLE II.

A college Jack, seeing an Oxford bed bug reclining upon the lean prorotions of a boarding house bed, said (inquit): "Thou vile and loathsome beast! how assumeth thou the degree of impudence to manifest thy bloody lineaments in the light of day (ceelo)? Get the back to the night, fit mantle of thy dark and dismal deeds!" To whom the B. B. responded, with exquisite sang froid: "Thou blind leader of the blind, 'possession is nine-tenths of law;' I was here, an honored inhabitant of the town, long before thy polluted presence contaminated the native air; and no such creature as thou can move me—I came to stay," (veni).

Hoc fobula socii bed bugs to be a necessary evil.
OSCULATORY INSPIRATION.

Without waiting,
Not abating,
All my being permeating,
Quickly thrills a new sensation—
Strangest feeling since creation
Racks my brain with bliss.

Nothing doubting,
Beyond shouting,
When our country's flag is flouting,
Flies this feeling through my being—
Truly faith requires not seeing
When assured by this.

Now we're parting,
Tears are starting;
Eyes look down with tender darting,
Like the mute pleadings of a fawn—
But pain for me is quickly gone,
In another kiss.

THE EMORY TRAGEDY.

If to the J you add the A
And place the C before the K
You'll have the J-A-C-K in full array
To take you safely through:
But if by the E and X you place,
Making A and M come next in space,
E-X-A-M is then before your face,
So boy and jack must bid adieu.

But if 'gainst the E and L you send
Placing an I on the opposite end
'Tis E-L-I with whom you must contend
And Latin is by your side,
Then comes B just afore the U,
Look close! S and T will soon pursue
And you will B-U-S-T as others do
When they their ponies ride.

Now billet doux will follow suit
And Shorty you must see,
For he that sows must reap the fruit,
And a "cussing" it will be.
Correspondents Answered.

To Gleaton—Your laugh is harsh and grating. Smooth it down with sand-paper and a cross-cut file.

To Covington—Yes, we think that the doors of the Legislature are open, that the U. S. Senate yearns for you, that Dame Fortune awaits you with a 7-8 chaplet of laurel leaves; but we fear logical deductions or cold, hard reasoning is not your strong point.

To X.—Yes, all great men admire some particular historical character. Dr. Candler divides his respect between Carlyle, Bacon, Shakespeare and Cleveland, but he seems to think Daniel Martin the peer of them all.

To Y.—It would be hard to foretell the result if Dr. Candler, Sam Jones, Mrs. Felton, Dr. Hawthorne and Bishop Nelson all lived in Oxford. If there were a daily newspaper in the town at such a time we would predict war.

The coat-of-arms of each is the same. It was taken from a South Carolina flag used in the Revolution. A large rattlesnake coiled and about to strike, while underneath is written, "Don't tread on me."

To Nath Thompson.—No, Covington's long, lean and hungry look, is not a reflection on your boarding house. He is a veteran of the late war and has not yet recovered from the effect of living on short rations.
The Devil Finds the Greatest Punishment.

The Devil and his private secretary had finished his morning mail. The Devil is the only public character that keeps up with his correspondence. His mood was to pleasantry inclined. His eternal exposition was drawing crowds of earthly tourists, who agreed that the pyrotechnic display surpassed their most lurid anticipations.

He had closed his roller-top desk and was about to take a stroll through his Midway Plaisance and poke fun at his visitors with a three-pronged pitchfork, when the telephone rang.

"Hello!"
"Hello."
"Whose's there?"
"This is an intercollegiate football game. Third down, five yards to gain."

The devil "rang off" and turned to Johnnie, the office boy, "Get ready for company. A full back has just made a dash for the goal and broke his neck. He'll make a touch-down in the next world"—and the devil chuckled—he always laughs at his own jokes.

Johnnie disappeared in the anteroom and returned with the demi-god of the gridiron. He was a man of brawn. His matted hair hung down over his eyes and knots of muscle stuck out from under his sweater like knobs on a door.

"I say, old sport, are you the chief devil or only adjunct professor? Oh, I'm too tough to burn, better let me float unless you are going to give me the marble heart. Think I'll look over the grounds."

The devil was puzzled. Here was the toughest character that had ever entered his domain. He took great pride in his first prize blue ribbon exhibit of sinners and from Solomon down to the man who wrote the Calculus he had meted out to them all punishments that had balanced their crimes. But the college
student was no ordinary sinner. His heart was as hard as his hide. His Majesty took kown the Unabridged Dictionary of Crime and Its Punishments; consulted the Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sin, but no torture was severe enough.

Finally the devil remembered he had once loved and for that had been kicked out of the back gate of Heaven, falling until he passed the limits of gravity. He thought of his queen of hearts—and how for so long he had overlooked the most acute torment of man.

Bidding the student to follow he took passage to earth.

* * * * * * * *

In a shaded nook, carpeted with grass, and near a seaside resort, sat a summer maiden in a hammock. At her side knelt the wicked student and the Devil overlooked all, screened by shrubbery. Her hair was more golden, her eyes more starry and her face more fair than ever graced a siren. Her lips were the seat of smiles, the gateway of soft words and the capital of Love. He pleaded for the kiss her cheeks seemed to invite. But her blushes were such pledges as fair blossoms on an unfruitful tree. His pleading was vain for her heart was steeled against his prayer.

And the Devil smiled for he knew the student had suffered the greatest torment—in the refusal of a kiss he had found his hell.

The Idiot.
Found in a Horace Interlinear.

FIRST PAGE.

Mr. — — — — . Junior.

Emory College,

Oxford,

1525 Militia District,

Newton County,

Fifth Congressional District,

Southern States,

United States,

North America,

Western Hemisphere,

Earth,

Siderial System,

Space.

SECOND PAGE.

O, mystic lines, what import deep,
What murderous thoughts within ye sleep.
O, Jack, what priceless boons ye bring!
Above all do we crown thee king.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
A Jack to Horace here is found;
In vain will Eli scratch and snort,
My Jack to Horace now is bought.

* * * * * * *

At my desk I dreamed,
And by ten I seemed
To each and all surprise;
My castles took a fall
When on me Eli called
And alas! I didn’t make a rise.*

*The latter from an unpublished poem by Warren Wimpy.
The Sea Shell.

'Tis only a tiny sea shell
Washed by the tide ashore;
But could it speak, its language tell,
Of those who 'neath the billows dwell,
How many a one would jewels sell
To hear from them once more.

A message is it from the dead,
Who sank beneath the waves;
And this is why affection's bred
Whene'er we view in beauty spread
The symbols on the beach we tread—
For it the heart e'er craves.

O'er it the billows oft have sung
Their dismal, plaintive song;
But knowing that the ocean's tongue,
Though sweet when not by tempests stung,
Could not sing soft as it had sung,
To us it came in song.

And now neglected does it lay
Upon the sea-kissed sand;
While we to whom it came to say
That God had beckoned them His way,
To care for them by night and day,
Catch not its music grand.
Our Senior Survey.

DEDICATED TO THE PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

Our misfortunes began when we were born, they culminated in our Senior Survey. We had a taste for this work Soph. year—an unpleasant taste that lingered in our mouths. The good student that labors to the twelfth hour, remembered all about the vernier and levelling bubbles, but that which the majority knew was little, while what we were ignorant of was immense.

The Professor explained all we failed to remember and more besides. The vernier is a little instrument, measuring to the thousandth of an inch, but out of it come the vexations of life. We had waded through Mechanics, avoided the dangerous shoals of Analyt and put the Calculus behind us; we could tread a mathematical maze without dizziness of head, but the Professor thought the vernier was beyond our mental grasp. He explained that vernier and rehashed it until we could stand on our head in a whirlwind of dust and read the rod to the hundredth of an inch set up a mile on the other side of a hill. But we listened to his explanations with patience, because we knew there was an end to all things—especially Jests.

Then the Professor toyed with and talked about the rods. There is the New York rod, and the Boston rod, and the Philadelphia rod, and a sort of impromptu Oxford rod. They are all self-acting, double action and reversible, belong to the same family and are brothers.

Next the instruments. There is the "Y" Level, the Baby Transit, the Papa Transit and the Theodolite. All save the last are first cousins, but that Theodolite is the product of some mechanical prank of the devil. It has a construction and a law unto itself.

When the leaves began to bud and the thermometer began to climb we started on our campus survey. Inanimate things are always degenerate—if not, why did that Theodolite fall to our squad? The Fates are always unkind—if not, why did John Buck and I have to handle that instrument?

Did you ever try to level that instrument? Try it. Not in the seclusion of the recitation room, but
THE SENIOR SURVEY AS IT IS.
out on a perpendicular hillside, with diamond and pearl drops of perspiration on your brow, and a jay-bird sitting on the limb of a tree criticising your work. The Theodolite is fearfully and wonderfully made. It don't look dangerous, but it practices deception. John Buck turned the screws on one side and I looked after those on the other. We fixed our eyes on the two levelling tubes and began. Those bubbles were antipodes. They just wouldn't strike any happy medium, and they had a will of their own. When that bubble down in the southwest corner of the right hand tube, decided it was going to step up to the northeast, there wasn't any use in objecting; didn't make any difference which way you turned the screws, when that bubble decided it was going to move it moved. John Buck is a philosopher, and he'd say, "Hold on, lest her went"—and she usually went. And, added to it all, that jay-bird sat up in the tree and laughed and laughed. That was a very wise remark Quintilian made when he said, "To swear, except when necessary, is unbecoming to an honorable man."

We trusted to luck, genius and general knowledge to run a straight line with a crooked instrument. Signalling ahead to the rodmen to set up the rod, we took a peep through the Theodolite—I saw darkness. John Buck is an optician, and he said the reason was due to the stoppage of rays of light by the metal cap over the end of the telescope. The next time I could see nothing but the blue dome of heaven. John Buck is a practical man, and found the telescope was aimed too high. And here the jay-bird got in a few notes of sarcasm.

But the end was not yet. That Theodolite was yet to get in its marvellous transformation act. About two hundred feet ahead stood the rodman, rod perpendicular and target set. We looked through the telescope and that rodman became a magician. He seemed only five feet away and was realistically up side down; the most remarkable acrobatic feat I ever saw. The end of the rod rested on the atmosphere, while the rodman rested on it. John Buck is a genius, and he said that the Theodolite produced an "inverted image."

The jay bird smiled and we knocked off for dinner.

The Theodolite should be retired from service and pensioned. It sets the Seniors a bad example. First, it teaches them to be inaccurate; second, it is not level-headed; third, when we look through such a telescope it contracts our vision and makes us narrow minded; fourth, it distorts things out of their true proportions; fifth, it is conducive to profanity.
The Demi-God.

I wish that I were a demi-god of old,
   Ever young, ever young, on my bed,
Bed of asphodels unfading, there to hold
   Blushing Hebe 'till I drained her chalice red;
Or to float upon my thunder-head at ease,
   Looking down, looking down, seeing all,
Chasing frightened ships across the bending seas,
   Laughing loudly as I let my thunders fall.

Would time be prized? Time does no god annoy.
   Hebe's lip, velvet lip, meeting mine,
Might an era be in thrilling me with joy;
   While to drain her proffered goblet of its wine,
Cycle might on cycle take of mortal time.
   Gods haste not, gods waste not; quick or slow
Matters not; they move majestic, move sublime,
   Age-long sometimes, sometimes thought-quick, who can know?

I'd dwell in yonder constellation vast,
   Labor done, laurel won, ever blest,
Monsters slain and life, the nightmare, safely past,
   Club beside me, skin of lion on my breast.
Never there of dwelling would I weary grow,
   Flesh that mews, sinews, thews—all outgrown,
Thro' my veins would ichor's quickening currents flow,
   Earth-life faded, faded, all its harpies flown.

I'd plunge into the substance of the sun
   Scathlessly, and I'd will, will to know,
Flitting where the moons in mellow mazes run,
   Thought-quick leaping, darting to the utmost glow.
Lowing heifers would they give me pleasure then?
   Altar-smoke, sacrifice, incense-steam!
Should I nod an eon, wake and ask for men,
   Answer would be: "Faded; must have been a dream,"
A Play Without a Plot.

Dramatis Personæ.

Warren, King of Emoria.
Lord Mansfield of Pedibus,
Count Julius Von Magath,
John Moore, Earl of Covington,
William, King of Athenæ.
Count Barrow,
Prince Bocock,
Count Herty,
Lady Teresa, Friend of Lord Mansfield.

ACT I.—Scene 1.

Scene: Palace of the King at Oxford.

King Warren (in deep thought)—How shall it end?
Methinks before mine misty, dimming eyes
I see the issue that shall sadly come
Of this dire conflict almost at its time.
Had not with reason seeming good put forth
Lord Mansfield, Count Magath, and other such
Of this great realm—so great on history’s page—
The benefits, advantages to come
From clash of arms with William’s forces bold,
I never to this bodeful strife my mind
Had turned in such agreeing mood.

But Hark!

Who comes to please or trouble me this time?
Enter Lord Mansfield.

LORD MANSFIELD—Wa-al now, most noble King, how thinkest thou
We shall with William's brawny youth succeed?

WARREN—In meditation deep have I my thoughts
Held closely to this question fraught with doubt.
I fear our strength, our valor and our skill,
May be o'er matched by William's giants bold.

LORD M. — Have courage great; strong must the forces be
That base defeat can bring to Emory's men.

WARREN—With what emotions, good my Lord, dost thou
The coming strife anticipate?

LORD M. — I feel much as the lion fierce when lying crouched
To spring upon its prey, so ignorant
Of danger lurking near. My spirit glows
To meet King William's puerile, heartless youth;
To grapple with the strongest, to headlong
Precipitate proud Barrow, Charbonnier
And all that cowardly train.

WARREN—Thy boldness makes my fearful heart grow bold.
Thy exhortation will most helpfully
Cheer fainting, battling sons of this fair land.

LORD M. — Experience have I in incidents
Of danger full. One night—in that lone spot
Much famed as Rivers' Hill—foul, bloody fiends
Did hide themselves to attack me walking home.
Gigantic, frightful stones cast they at me.
Some struck with force severe my head array;
Some struck my arms, my head—my body whole.
A mortal issue would the attack have made
If I my mettle had not boldly shown.
The mob I faced, and threatening, venging, dared
A villain show himself. No one came forth,
And I victorious safely traveled on.

Warren—Brave Mansfield! Surely William's host may fear
With thee alone to come in close combat.

Scene 2.

(Woods near Oxford. Lord Mansfield and Lady Teresa riding.)

Lady Teresa—I know thy courage victory will bring
To great King Warren's banner proud.

Lord M.—Ah, now—how should my thanks to thee be 'spressed?
Thou quite o'ercomest me. I would—

Lady T.—(The girth to her saddle having become unfastened)
Oh, aid me quick, most noble Lord!

Lord M.—(Leaps from his horse and runs to her assistance).
Wa-al now, this accident unhappily falls.
But woman's needs my care always command. (Adjusts the strap.)
Bravo! I have the thing arranged.

Lady T.—Most noble sir, I thank thee heartily.
Let's homeward ride, for soon the night will come,
So to thy horse with cautious haste proceed.

Lord M.—(Returns to his horse and makes ineffectual efforts to mount.)
Of such a difficulty as this seems
I hardly thought. My steed perhaps hath grown
In height somewhat. But no! That cannot be,
The time hath been too short.

LADY T.—(Smiling.) My presence may perhaps the trouble cause.
I'll ride along; come quickly after me.

LORD M.—(Leads his horse to stump).
Ah now, I have it well. To mount my steed
Shall be the work of meager space of time.
   (Mounts and overtakes Lady Teresa.)
This fiery beast was fiercely disinclined
To be restrained. My skill in management
Was hardly equal to his violence.
   — Curtain to Dude's March. —

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ACT II. ONE SCENE.

SCENE: Football field, on which the forces of King Warren and King William are lined up. King Warren and King William, centre rush;
Lord Mansfield and Prince Bocock, right guards; Sir John
Moore and Count Herty, half backs; Count Magath and
Count Barrow, tackles, et al.

King Warren (to William)—Now show thy power.
Oh, dog's forefoot with proud boasts!
My valient men with courage fight.
   [The hosts mingle in severe strife].

Count Magath (who is pressed on the ground)—Hold oop! Phwat makes
it dat der whole crowd meinself mashes? Oop, I shay! Very vell,
den. I vill lie here some more already.
LORD MANSFIELD—(Stands apart from the struggling mass).
Hard fate this time my anxious arm holds back.
But yet shall Herty, Barrow and the rest
The weight of fearless spirit feel.

[Again the forces line up. In the scrimmage King
Warren’s men are rudely handled.]

SIR JOHN MOORE—(Rises with torn raiment and dusty face).
Ah, my dear sir; that was most foul.
My vengeance sure must come to them who thus
A stool, a mop, a sweep, have made of me.
I'll tell you, sir, such conduct needs must stop.

COUNT MAGATH—(Shakes his finger at Bocock.) You did me dirt, mein
Herr. You caught mein coat, und helt me, und pummelled me in
Mein face until it vas plack und plue. Prepare to meet thine toom
next time.

[King Warren and King William stand glaring at each other for some time.
Then the signal is given, and the hosts rush madly together again].

KING WILLIAM—Fight bravely, my noble men.

KING WARREN—“Lay on Macduff!” Ye know how 'tis to win.
Emoria’s banner never falls.

COUNT MAGATH (from below)—Vat der tevil ist der matter mit you? I
haf right away already turned you loose. Very vell, den. I vill
punch your mug again.

[There is much fierceness until the voices of Mansfield and
Barrow are heard above all the din].
COUNT BARROW—Lord Mansfield, thy time hath come.
Long wished I this occasion, when thy throat my hands might grasp.

LORD M. (meekly)—No way hath thought, or tongue, or limb of mine
Thine injury attempted.

COUNT B.—Thou seekest now to thy base cowardice
Deceptive, 'mendatory speech to add.
But it cannot avail. Long have I marked
Thee for my choicest victim of this day.

LORD M.—Most noble Count, thy valor and thy skill—
Thy eminence in all that greatness brings,
I have not failed to own. Just three days since
To my great lord, the King, thy virtues great
I praised, and readily confessed that thou
Wast formidable in my eyes.

COUNT B.—No more of this.
Thy carcass shall the vultures gladly pick
Ere morrow's sun shall rise.

[Lord Mansfield eludes Count Barrow, quickly escapes from the crowd,
and, with Count Barrow in pursuit, runs across the field. The contestants
cease fighting, in order to observe the race. Just as Lord Mansfield finds
safety up a tree, the curtain falls].
THE LOVER.

The lover's a Philosopher  
Who in the quiet, shady nooks  
Gives lessons not contained in books,  
In formal tenets teaches her.

The lover is a Poet, too,  
Who mounts love's stairway to the stars  
'Mid floods of light from golden bars,  
And sees the beauty of the view.

A Lawyer grave the lover is,  
Because upon his bended knees  
He enters in his briefs and pleas  
To gain his case—his fee a kiss.

Within life's calculating school,  
Because he trusts in woman's eyes  
And dreams he dwells in paradise,  
The lover is a glaring Fool.

—The Cynic.

OSCUILATORY.

We stood beside the water's brink  
And watched the wavelets as they played;  
I asked of what they made her think,  
"I do not know," she softly said.

I said they made me think of love  
And how that lovers' vows were paid;  
I asked if I her own might prove,  
"I do not know," she coyly said.

Then gazing at the lashing crest,  
While clear drops kissed the dimpled wave,  
Just once I—well, you know the rest,—  
Somehow I trust the proof she gave.
Lamentations.

1. And it came to pass in the third year of the reign of King Shorty, the Great, that this haughty monarch looked out over his subjects; and lo! their faces shined, and flesh was upon their bones, and they rejoiced and were exceeding glad, for their yokes were easy and their burdens light.

2. Then the king smote himself, and rent his garments, and cried aloud, Was such ever seen before in the dominion of so great a king?

3. And it came to pass that he called together all the governors of his provinces, and made known unto them his grievances.

4. Moreover, he saith unto them, Whosoever will make great burdens, such that the bones of these my subjects shall wax bare, that they will go sorrowing all the days of their lives: the same shall be placed over the treasury, and his name shall be called great.

5. Then rose up one, Mansfield T. Peedus, "the Shuhite," a man small of statue, saying that he would call them "rowdies," and look sternly over his glasses upon them, and frown muchly. And it came to pass that the king answered him not a word.

6. Then arose one, Oedipus, "the Big," and said that he would tread upon that with his feet. But Shorty answered and said unto him, Thou wouldst grind them into the motherless dust of nothing. Hold thou thy peace.

7. Then Eli, a mighty man of valour, and one greatly to be feared, said unto him, I will smite all their asses and beasts of burden with a plague, so that all the people will have to walk and bear their burdens, and their troubles shall be like unto those of the Egyptians which befell them in the midst of the Red sea. But the wise king saw that all this would be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

8. Then arose Pussy, a most faithful follower of the king, and swears mighty oaths unto him that he would maintain order in his room, and would force the subjects to remain wakeful while he lectured unto them.
9. But the king waxed wroth that he was thus mocked, and cried aloud, O thou hypocrite, speak not of the impossible. It were easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such things to come to pass. Hold thou thy peace, or thou shalt be cast into prison for speaking blasphemy.

10. And there was a certain Fox, cunning in all the defices of the foxes. But all his wits were at an end, and he opened not his mouth.

11. And there was one called Wheel, and he spoke not a word, for he was a wise man.

12. Then cried the king, Have I not one among all my subjects who can do that which I desire? Seek ye such a man, and if you find him not, ye shall all be slain, even from the first unto the last.

13. Then came unto him one from the upper story, one who held the bottle to the mouths of the babes, even the "Subs." And his name was Cephas. And this Cephas cried aloud, saying,

14. O King, live forever, hearken unto the words of thy servant and he shall show thee the desires of thy heart.

15. Grant that thy servant may take a certain book, even Peck's Mechanics, a book with strange questions and unknown figures, which neither thy servant nor any other man understandeth, and he will command thy servants to solve the mysteries of this book, and they shall be forced to write from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof. There shall be nothing like unto the way they shall have to write.

16. And thy servant shall lecture them on the "vernier," and they shall sorrow exceedingly and shall not be comforted.

17. And behold, the king was pleased so that his face was like unto the face of the sun, and he commanded that a new robe be put upon this man, and put his own ring upon his finger, and placed him over the treasury, and commanded him to do that even as he had said.

18. And from that day a continual wail went up from the people of that kingdom, and continues even unto this day.

19. And it reached the ears of the king upon his throne, and was sweet unto him like the songs of birds in the night time, mingled with honey.
LOVE'S HARVEST.

We followed the fair reapers in the field,
She was a blithesome blonde whose laughing eyes
In every glance their passion deep revealed,
Like daylight dreams of summer sunlit skies.

And when she stooped the garnered sheaf to bind,
And glanced at me with shy and winsome grace,
Within its folds she ruthlessly confined
My heart, the abject slave of her sweet face.
The sheaf was in the shock and, hand in hand,
Walking in waist-high grain and ling'ring now,
I bound a fairer sheaf in closer band
And kissed the crimson blushes from her brow.

Another cradle now we follow fair
Within whose folds a tender rosebud plays,
Dimpled his cheeks and silken soft his hair,
And still she sings the reapers' roundelays.
The Senior Song.

Sound the trumpet shout of joy,
Cast before the winds your cares,
Let the clarion notes be heard
Down the aisles of coming years,—
Over ocean, isle and sea,
Ring thro' all the gladsome days,
Shout the joys of ninety-five,
Ye boys, shout your Alma Mater's praise.

FIRST CHORUS.

Sing, then, O Comrades, sing loud and free,
Let your heart thrill with the sweet symphony;
Fashion a laurel wreath, bind it with gold sheath,
Twine it with love round the brow of our queen.

Soon the anchor we will weigh,—
Drift upon life's stormy sea,
Ere we pass beyond thy bar,
Let us pledge a cup to thee.
Ever live thy memory
In our hearts, dear Emory,
Queen of old ninety-five,
To thee ever faithful we will be.—First Chorus.

Out upon the heaving deep,
Storms may lash our tattered sail,
We shall ride the turgid waves,
Breast the fury of the gale,
Far, far from thy sheltering bar,—
True to thee forevermore,
Emory's love our guiding star,—
Fair star! Ninety-five will reach the shore.

SECOND CHORUS.

Farewell, dear Emory, bright, beauteous queen,
Star-gemmed thy crown and shining its sheen,
Hearts thrill with gladness, hands clasp in sadness—
Sweet be the memories of old Ninety-Five!
THE "WHEEL" OF FORTUNE.
EMORY'S OTHER WHEEL.
Amusements.

At Commencement Hall, Oxford, Ga., June 12, 1895, a realistic tragedy, "The Parting," will be presented, in which thirty-six (36) Seniors will appear in low-neck and short sleeves.

A dramatic feature will be the remarkable exhibition of the capacity of human lachrymal glands. Thirty-six times the brilliant wonder of the American stage, Dr. Short, will let flow from his eyes copious streams of briny tears.

The Emory Phœnix, a high dramatic as well as literary authority, says of "The Parting": "It is an intensely fascinating play. The tender affection shown to exist between these 36 Seniors and Dr. Short, and the tragic separation, kept the audience at a high tension of excitement. The enthusiasm was unbounded when Dr. Short performed the lachrymal feats."

This will be followed by a side-splitting farce entitled, "After Many Years." The charming humor of this great production lies in the delivery of diplomas to Bob Edmondson, Nath Thompson, Grogan Shankle and Coachman Wardlaw, the kings of the funny stage.

Between the acts the inimitable Bob Edmondson will give one of his rollicking drinking songs.

Mr. I. C. Jenkins, known the world over as a writer of Southern negro dialect, will also give a reading from his great collection.

Usual prices. Seats at Emory Press office.
Evolution.

The College-man is a unique production of Nature. Whether he belongs to the Animal or Vegetable kingdom is a matter upon which Scientists do not agree. He is one of the most perfect of all the illustrations which Nature furnishes to support Mr. Darwin's theory of Evolution. The materialists belonging to this school of thought find little difficulty in tracing the origin of man back to the graceful Chimpanzee, swinging by means of a sinuous tail among the boughs of some tropical wood. But from what particular vegetable themonkey sprung is not known.

A careful study of the growth, formation, and development of the College-man will throw light on this mooted question. Viewed in the beginning of the Freshman stage, he presents an unfinished appearance, as if Nature, in a state of uncertainty between a poke-berry stalk and a man, left him to choose his own fate. And with a pardonable affection for his native element he preserved the vegetable aspect.

At this time he evidences a personal consciousness only with regard to his feet; assuming always a "pigeon-toed" attitude when in a state of repose. His countenance suggests forcibly the idea of green pastures; and in the blue depths of his eyes still linger shades of early prayer-meeting associations. He is alarmingly unworldly, taking no heed as to what he shall wear, nor how he shall wear it; which doubtless accounts for the untimely disagreement between the bottom of his vest and his waistband. His trousers shrink easily, and his coat has a tendency to shrivel so much as to leave an unwarranted length of arm at the end of the sleeve. He is exceedingly omnivorous, and like the ravens, it is a matter of indifference as to the wherewith he shall be fed—so long as he is fed. He has but one vanity, which is a harmless penchant for crevats. He possesses these in abundance. Their radiance varies in hue from orange to vermillion, from royal purple to daintiest shades of...
blue. He is the most practical of all philosophers, being no philosopher at all, but accepting all the mysteries a fraudulent world is minded to impose, without question and without surprise. He has never been guilty of introspection. Dyspepsia and melancholy are things unknown to him. In short the Freshman may be said to resemble mother Nature more than he does his ancient ancestor, the Chimpanzee.

If he attains prominence in the season’s "nine" and makes a "rise" he may be said to have finished the Freshman stage of existence with eclat, even.

Mr. Arnold of Rugby declares the only excuse for being a boy is that one day the boy may be a man. This may also be observed with reference to the Freshman. Every Freshman is an implied process of evolution which results in the perfection of his specie—the Senior. The period of time between these two stages is occupied with changes so subtle the casual observer fails to note them.

The first token a change of consciousness from his pedal extremities is made noticeable by the more uniform and intellectual hue of his crevats. They become a melancholy grey, or a prosaic brown, and, in extreme cases, they are of a clerical whiteness. His eyes are no longer holes made to disclose the nakedness of his soul; but are discreetly veiled orbs with a fund of lies and smiles in the corners to be used upon occasion. The soft dewiness of early milk on his chin has given place to a formidable array of bristles, which indicate a ferocity quite foreign to the nature of their owner. He has assumed meanwhile a jocular confidential, expansive air to the world in general. It is no longer mysterious. He has sounded its heights and its depths, he has acquired some vices, or some virtues, according to nature and circumstances. He has been "in love" and he has "proposed." There is no more to learn, save a few theories in his text books. What he has not really experienced, he has dreamed. He has been to Rome. He has felt the glory of the Greeks at Salamis.

He has looked into the eyes of Horace’s beautiful Lidya. He has dreamed on the Bridge of Sighs at Vence. He has stood on the Alps with Byron, and with Napoleon on the Pyramids of Egypt. He has
apostrophized the moon and the stars and the white hands of his love. In a word, he is on familiar terms with the whole of God's Creation. By this time he is become more familiar with the animal kingdom. And, indeed, during moments of ecstacy he is not ashamed to make tenative efforts to scramble out of that even, into the higher intellectual and spiritual world.

This latter may described as the intermediate, or Sophomoric state, which is swallowed up by the evolution into the profound Senior.

It is only when we come to study this last phase of the College-man that we sufficiently appreciate the necessity for the primary existences. As well attempt to understand Calculus without knowledge of Geometry, as to fathom the Senior without previous information concerning him as a Freshman and a Sophomore. He is a youthful Sphinx, without wrinkles, and, as some ill-disposed persons think, without a riddle. Certainly his dignity and his silence are his most noticeable characteristics. There is an implied cynicism to take the place of the Sophomore's confidence. The Sophomore had opinions, but the Senior has policy. The Sophomore believed in the world’s good will and his own ability. The Senior doubts all, even himself and holds that discretion is the better part of valor. He has become a philosopher in theory, and is too wise to practice wisdom in a court of fools. He does not permit himself to expound in the presence of a Freshman, but upon rare occasions he has been known to relent so far as to deliver some oracular utterance in the presence of a Sophomore, concerning a "Universal Soul" or the philosophy of "Inate Ideas." By this time evolution has gone so far that he can neither be called a vegetable, or an animal. He is simply a Being. It may therefore be concluded that this third and last state of the College-man, develops him quite beyond any mundane classification of the Scientists.
WHEN CHAPEL WAS HELD AT 6 A. M.

[From an old print.]
**Selections from the College Library.**

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Zeta Chied.

It was in the chill September,
   And the night was damp and dark;
And that time I'll e'er remember
   When the boys met for a "lark."

On the campus toward midnight,
   Gay and eager for the fray,
While their victim, minus foresight,
   Walked in silence on his way.

Came he with a guard so tender,
   Who to him spoke kind and sweet;
Telling him the boys would render
   Friendship to his joy complete.

Like a hayseed was he drinking
   Everything his "friend" did say;
Nor was he—so happy—thinking
   He might "cuss" before 'twas day.

Then with eager haste they led him
   To that place we know so well;
And with taffy often fed him
   Ere their mission they should tell.

Then before the one in power,
   Swore he that he ne'er would tell
E'en a word of that glad hour,
   Whatsoe'er in life befell.

Next the goat was brought before him,
   And he rode, and rode again;
And so often did he floor him
   That the morrow caused but pain.

But, alas! another sorrow
   Than the one by "Billy" told,
Wrought its work upon the morrow,
   When he found he had been "sold."

Oh, what fearful words were uttered,
   How in anger did he cry;
What bad thoughts were often muttered,
   'Cause he had joined Zeta Chi.
Campus Echoes.

A. T. O.
Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hurrah!
Three cheers for Alpha Tau.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

K. A.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Kappa Alpha
Elsilon Chapter.
Rahl Rah! Rah!

'98.
Zip, Za, Boom;
Rip, Ra, Ree;
'98, '98, Emory.

S. A. E.
Phi Alpha Alicozee,
Phi Alpha Alizcazon,
Sigma Alph, Sigma Alph,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

'99.
Hipla Rah, Hipla Roo;
We're the boys that never get through.

CHI PHI.
Hipla rah! Hipla ri;
C-h-i, P-h-i,
Chi Phi.

"Farewell, dear Emory, bright, beauteous queen,
Star-gemmed thy crown and shining its sheen;
Hearts thrill with gladness, hands clasp in sadness,
Sweet be the mem'ries of old Ninety-Five."
'95.
Boom-da-rah! Boom-da-rive!
Whoop'er up, Emory! '95!

DELTA TAU DELTA.
Hurrah-ray-rah!
Hurrah rah!
Hurrah-ray-rah!
Delta Tau!

PHI DELTA THETA.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Phi Kei-a!
Phi Delta Theta.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ξ N.
Hoo! Rah! Rah!
Hoo! Rah! Roo!
Xi Chapter Ξ N.

'97.
Boom-la-rah! Boom-da-reven,
We are the boys of '97.

219
C. C. C. is guaranteed to cure all the ills from which college men suffer. Best results when taken in strong, straight doses.
TESTIMONIALS.

For several months I failed to sleep; had that tired feeling. Rainy days were so depressing that often I was compelled to remain in bed until mid-day. Two doses of C. C. C. effected a speedy cure.

TOM DAY.

I recommend C. C. C. to all those troubled with the newspaper correspondent habit. Journalism was my ambition. The Atlanta Looking Glass published my articles and asked no questions. I soon became a slave to the habit, but in C. C. C. I found relief.

Mr. ——— ———

Gratitude compels me to write. I had long been subject to mild attacks of indisposition. The complaint always came on after breakfast when the weather was bad. My friends despaired of my safety, but one dose of C. C. C. effected a permanent remedy.

WARREN WIMPY.
The Calculus.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.
Her Moods.

I called her "friend"—her face with anger gloomed,
   And darkling threats glowed on her countenance;
Her hazel eyes with deepening vengeance loomed,
   And flashed to fire with every sullen glance.

I called her "sister," and a contemptuous smile
   Curled on her lip, filling me with chagrin;
Reddening to crimson were her cheeks the while,
   And ruddier grew the dimple on her chin.

I called her "sweetheart," praising her thousand charms,
   And tenderly caressed her dainty form;
The shadow passed—she melted in my arms,
   And, oh, the calm that followed on the storm!
Scraps.

The Faculty:
And the teachers, O, the teachers,
Those most necessary creatures
In the schools,
Still are grinding, grinding, grinding,
Still are finding, finding, finding,
Out the fools.

A Diploma:
"It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
Good angels have not writ there."

Commencement Girl:
"She came—we saw—were conquered."

Calculus:
"Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to the light."

Examinations:
"O, Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them."

H₂S:
"The rankest compound of villianous smell that ever offended nostril."

Girls:
"They are the only heavenly bodies whose orbits are yet uncertain."

The Professors:
"And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten."

Foot Ball Player:
"He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair."
Glee Club: Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion is kept.”

The "Cov.' Girl: “He gives his love, his life, his hopes,
She gives her smiles—a few.”

The Laboratory: “I counted two and twenty stenches,
All well defined and several stinks.”

The Senior: “At each step I feel my advanced head knock out a star in heaven.’

Speaking for Places: “To hear him you’d believe
An ass was practicing recitation.”

The Freshman “I am so fresh the new blades of grass
Turn green with envy as I pass.”

Sub-Freshman: “Essence of babe, calf, goat and kid,
Of whom many would be gladly rid.”

The Jack: “In this thou gavest a mighty benefit to mortals.’

The B. S.: “And as thou drawest, swear horribly.”

The Sophomore: “Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the day.”
**Quotations.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quotation</th>
<th>Source</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;In thee all things have their rise and being. Thou art the sole cause of all.&quot;</td>
<td>Dr. Candler</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Nature abhors a vacuum.&quot;</td>
<td>Sparkman</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time I poured along the town a flood of rhyme.&quot;</td>
<td>Thompson, W. E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;When do I mean to marry? Well, 'Tis idle to dispute with fate.&quot;</td>
<td>Prof. Fort</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;And for ways that are dark, This heathen Chinee is peculiar.&quot;</td>
<td>Tsoong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;It's such a very serious thing To be a funny man.&quot;</td>
<td>Prof. Bonnell</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;God made him, and therefore, let him pass for a man.&quot;</td>
<td>Park, &quot;Billy&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I could furnish a bushel of reasons For choosing a conjugal mate.&quot;</td>
<td>Shepard</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;For the sake of tobacco, I Would do anything but die.&quot;</td>
<td>Cox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;You beat your pate and fancy wit will come; Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.&quot;</td>
<td>Jenkins</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ELLIS:  "When I beheld this, I sighed and said within myself:  
Surely mortal man is a broomstick."

CANTRELL:  "Why did she love him?  Curious fool, be still!  
Is human love the growth of human will?"

U. G. HARDEMAN:  "Never any marvelous story told but himself could tell a stranger."

COVINGTON:  "Greater men than I have lived, but I do not believe it."

BUICE:  "And let two dogs beneath his window fight,  
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight."

KEAN:  "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity  
Finer than the staple of his argument."

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

BRYAN:  "But if it be a sin to covert honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive."

"NATH" THOMPSON:  "The world hath not his like:  
There be worse and there be better,  
But there's no other just like him."

THOMPSON, A. H.:  "He could on either side dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute."

GLEATON:  "He is wit's peddler and retails his wares at wakes and wassails."
Edmondson:  “I am not now in fortune’s power;  
He that is down can fall no lower.”

Prof. Stone:  “Then he will explain—good gods!  
How he will explain.”

Hoyle, S. C.:  “It would talk,  
Lord! How it talked.”

Bivings:  “He’s a pleasing elf enough,  
But lazy as the devil.”

Prof. Bradley:  “He holds the eel of science by the tail.”

Van Horn:  “This is an age of oddities let loose.”

Honiker:  “He answered nought (in class), staring wide  
With stony eyes and heartless hollow hue,  
Astonished stood.”

A. D. Thomson:  “He shines eccentric like a comet’s blaze.”
The Ten Commandments of King Shorty the Great.

1. Ye students, hard of heart and prone to rebellion, shall pay homage to me, your rightful sovereign, for I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute, and these commandments give I unto thee, my stiff necked subjects.

2. Thou, nor any that is within my gates, shall throw snow into my chapel and desecrate it, for I will not hold him guiltless that throweth snow therein, and punishment will be visited upon the desecrator with violence unspeakable.

3. No professor, nor any of my subjects shall appropriate any of the majestic jokes which seemeth good unto him to deliver from his throne from day to day as he uttereth speech.

4. Listen unto my Dickey with exceeding patience and joy; he will teach thee in the ways of wisdom and truth, for he is waxing strong in knowledge, following in my footsteps as cometh a faithful subject, and will in the end succeed me to my throne.

5. Laugh without ceasing at Professor Bonnell's jokes. By not doing so you will heap coals of fire upon his head.

6. When the clouds gather, the storm bursts and the rain beats, thou shalt not contemplate cutting college, but swim through surging waters and report unto me or else I will call thee to account and rebuke thee for thy dissimulation.

7. Thou shalt not smoke the pernicious cigarette within my college, for it is a grievance unto my sight, and the offender will incur my withering wrath.

8. When I give thee 6.5 come not unto me to change thy mark, for thou endangerereth the rise that is good unto thee, for I am as immutable as the eternal hills.

9. When I call thee to account for their wrong doings, dissimulate not, for I am acquainted with thy evil ways, and woe to thee if thou giveth me false reports of thy deeds.

10. One other commandment give I unto thee: Learn my lessons, no sickness of whatever degree will excuse thee, and a failure to shoot me properly will cost thee thy diploma.
The Folly of Striking.

The asses which bear the burdens of Plato, and those which travel the rugged roads of Livy agreed to strike for higher wages. No sooner settled than performed, and they hurried away to the plains to await the coming of their masters in search for them, with greater offers. But the Juniors not so much as noticed the action of the foolish beasts, but dispatched at once to Arthur Hines, headquarters for long-eared animals; and the vacant places were immediately filled.

But the unwise asses found no food to satisfy their hunger, and being faint, were forced to seek employment. But alas! They applied at the temple of Eli, whereupon that famous sage fell upon them and slew every one, even from the first to the last; and stored up their jaw-bones to slay Juniors.

Moral: Do that which thy hand findeth to do, or some other will do it for thee; then thy end shall be even worse than thy beginning.
The Ungrateful Ass.

The ground being covered with snow, and the weather being very cold, a certain ass plead with his master not to tie him on the campus, but to ride him straight into the warm clime of Eli. The Sophomore had compassion upon him, and soon had him safely stabled under his desk. But alas! While his master was writhing under the plagues of Eli, the ungrateful brute wagged his tail; and Eli seeing it drove the Sophomore from his presence in great tribulations, for the bottom had fallen out of his tub.

Moral: Tie your beast upon the campus, lest the wrath of Eli fall upon you.
The characteristic mind of to-day, scientific in its tendencies, is deprived of half its enjoyment in contemplating phenomena on current customs, if the origin be obscure. The geologist turns page after page of the earthy book seeking for some account of its original state. The antiquarian, with determined energy, ascertains the birthdays of manuscripts and pieces of sculpture. The philologist spends months tracing the original meaning of a single word. All join in satisfying the desire for the origin.

Although my subject does not suffer from lack of interest, yet an inquiry into its history may intensify appreciation. In 1873 the commencement visitors were entertained by the first champion debate. Interest had been lagging in the debating societies. A stimulant was needed. The introduction of this custom proved to be the remedy. Few and Phi Gamma flourished and became able co-workers of the faculty.

From the beginning the debaters have numbered six; but for several years these were preceded by a salutatorian. This latter office was coveted more than any other in college. The ambitious Freshman saw in happy visions the day when, as a senior, he should attain this the greatest of honors. These revelries are not granted, however, to the "verdant youths" of to-day. This feature was soon dispensed with in respect to the most favorite maxim of the electric age, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

No limit was imposed then upon the time of the speeches. However, in a few years, there was elected a young man, short of stature, but not of cerebrum nor tongue. It was a warm June day. The speech had continued for thirty minutes. The audience longed for the conclusion. With haggard countenances they watched the untiring energy of the young man. Hard, long and eloquently he plead for the decision. After an hour's siege the trustees left the chapel with a determination written upon their faces, which forboded evil legislations. Twenty minutes was the limit then established. Last year it was lowered to fifteen minutes.
To-day the arduous and spirited young speaker with his voluninous voice, but interesting and humorous lectures on Mental Philosophy delights the Seniors, who might have been better prepared for their role. The Seniors should express their gratitude to the trustees of the former day, who were not so parsimonious as to restrain the eloquence of young orators who were thus enabled to form habits of ready speaking on thoughts suggested by the lessons of their pupils in a later day.

Again, the subject of that memorable debate was "Woman Suffrage." Is it surprising that he, now our beloved President, should be so eloquent upon that question?

There have been twenty champion debates, they having been suspended in 1876 and 1877. Varied have been the questions, varied have been the decisions. Old Mother Phi Gamma has gained ten victories over her industrious offering, who wears nine jewels in its crown. There is one decision obscured in mystery.

To be a Champion Debater is to receive by vote of the societies from among nearly three hundred students a very high honor in college circles. Professor Dickey has the distinction of having been the only Sophomore who was ever elected for the occasion. There is always a number of candidates for this office.

Men have served on this debate and afterward ranked high among our Southern orators. May the custom be continued with its inspiration to oratory! May there arise here silver tongues who will elevate our people to greater heights of civilization.
The Champion Debates.

1873.

Resolved, That the government should adopt a system of compulsory education.

PHI GAMMA — AFFIR.
J. W. Frederick.
E. M. Whiting.
F. H. Richardson.

FEW — NEG.
C. E. Dowman.
O. L. Smith.
W. N. Sheats.

Phi Gamma won.

1874.

Resolved, That the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors be prohibited by law.

PHI GAMMA — AFFIR.
J. W. Lee.
W. M. Crow.
W. C. Lovett.

FEW — NEG.
A. F. Barnett.
W. W. Lewis.
N. T. Burks.

Phi Gamma won.
1875.

Resolved, That the right of suffrage be restricted to man.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.

W. A. Candler.
D. I. Abbott.
G. W. Mathews.

FEW—NEG.

A. S. Hough.
S. A. Wright.
W. B. Fambrough.

Phi Gamma won.

1878.

Resolved, That the Chinese should be allowed the right of citizenship in the United States.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.

M. S. Smith.
W. J. Harris.
D. A. Walker.

FEW—AFFIR.

R. I. Monroe.
L. Z. Rosser.
J. F. Rogers.

Phi Gamma won.

1879.

Resolved, That every man in the United States is entitled to vote.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.

W. C. Wright.
A. G. Wardlaw.
H. R. De Jarnette.

FEW—NEG.

M. W. Munroe.
W. T. Hoyt.
W. T. Turnbull.

Few won.
1880.

Resolved, That a monarchy is a better form of government than a republic.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
J. G. Lee.
E. T. Williams.
J. R. Smith.

FEW—NEG.
H. D. Howren.
J. S. Candler.
L. B. Evans.

Phi Gamma won.

1881.

Resolved, That the United States should establish a universal, free, compulsory system of education.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.
J. L. Pierce.
O. G. Mingledroff.
P. H. Lovett.

FEW—AFFIR.
Morgan Callaway.
J. B. Wright.
W. P. Woolley.

Few won.

1882.

Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of ten years, and that he be ineligible for reelection.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.
W. P. Hill.
L. D. Lowe.
W. S. McLarin.

FEW—AFFIR.
W. W. Griffin.
H. C. Carney.
T. Lang.
1883.

Resolved, That a common school education should be a qualification for voting in the United States.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
R. E. L. Falsom.
W. P. Hill.
T. B. Harwell.

FEW—NEG.
E. C. Merry.
G. B. Glover.
B. S. Willingham.

Few won.

1884.

Resolved, That co-education furnishes the best means and conditions for the training and culture of both sexes.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
W. T. Stone.
E. C. Mobley.
H. M. Smith.

FEW—NEG.
W. M. Grogan.
J. A. Quillian.
F. A. Quillian.

Few won.

1885.

Resolved, That we hold to our present jury system.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.
W. S. Branham.
W. M. McIntosh.
E. C. Mobley.

FEW—AFFIR.
J. Hollingsworth.
E. P. McCroan.
J. H. McGehee.

Phi Gamma won.
1886.

Resolved, That a commission be established by law to adjust the differences between labor and capital in the United States.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.  FEW—AFFIR.
J. S. Baxter.  J. B. Stewart.
L. B. Robeson.  R. L. Avery.

Few won.

1887.

Resolved, That it is to the best interests of the United States that we have a high protective tariff.

PHI GAMMA.  FEW.
D. P. Lawrence.  M. A. Morgan.
J. R. Lin.  S. L. Moore.

Few won.

1888.

Resolved, That the Internal Revenue laws should be repealed.

PHI GAMMA—NEG.  FEW—AFFIR.
W. R. Branham.  F. G. Corker.
J. H. Ardis.  J. L. Key.

Phi Gamma won.
1889.

Resolved, That the bill known as the Blair Bill should be passed by the Congress of the United States.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.

L. L. Rawson.
R. F. Eakes.
N. F. Culpepper.

FEW—NEG.

J. P. McRae.
J. E. Dickey.
R. A. Ridgeway.

Few won.

1890.

Resolved, That the Western and Atlantic railway should be sold.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.

O. L. Kelley.
T. Fort.
C. R. Williams.

FEW—NEG.

E. M. Landrum.
J. E. Dickey.
H. S. Bradley.

Few won.

1891.

Resolved, That Congress should pass a bill providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.

J. S. Jenkins.
H. J. Pearce.
J. A. Sharp.

FEW—NEG.

J. M. Kimbrough.
W. L. Wright.
R. B. Daniel.

Few won.

240
1892.

Resolved, That Georgia should have a system of compulsory education.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
C. R. Thompson.
J. A. Sharp.
J. S. Sherman.

Phi Gamma won.

1893.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted to literary and theological students.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
F. B. Shipp.
L. L. Wiggins.
N. P. Bryan.

Phi Gamma won.

1894.

Resolved, That colonization is the best solution of the negro problem.

PHI GAMMA—AFFIR.
S. P. Wiggins.
J. T. Norris.
J. W. Moore.

Phi Gamma won.
Resolved, That the tendency of the time is to the overthrow of the government.

PHI GAMMA.

Warren Wimpy.
W. A. Covington.
W. J. Bryan.

FEW.

T. H. Thomson.
J. T. Colson.
T. J. Shepard.

Phi Gamma or Few—Which?
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