THE FOLLOWING NAMED GENTLEMEN, WELL KNOWN TO YOU,
CARRY POLICIES IN THE
North-Western Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY:

Dr. W. A. Candler.
Dr. M. B. Wharton.
Rev. Sam. P. Jones.
Dr. Henry McDonald.
Dr. A. T. Spalding.
Rev. Clement A. Evans.
Prof. E. B. Magath.
Dr. J. T. Leftwich.
Dr. J. W. Lee.
Dr. G. A. Nunnally.
Dr. E. H. Barnett.
Mr. Ulla G. Hardeman.
*Dr. C. D. Campbell,

Rev. N. Keef Smith.
Rev. W. B. Bonnell.
Rev. T. C. Boykin.
Rev. C. C. Williams.
Rev. J. S. Bryan.
Dr. R. H. Harris.
Rev. A. C. Thomas.

*We paid the widow and children of the late Dr. C. D. Campbell, formerly of Athens, Ga., $3,000. This same provision for the wife and children should be made by every husband and father.

ASSETS, about .......... $56,500,000.
SURPLUS, .......... 9,500,000.


"As to the North-Western Mutual Life Insurance Company, I can commend it to you as a well-established, honest, strong company, in which you can insure your life with the greatest probability of making a safe investment. I have had for some time insurance in this company on my life for $1,000 and would at once double the amount if I was able to carry it; for I believe in the prudence and propriety of having life insurance. I do not hesitate to commend this company on account of its plan of insurance, and on account of its strong financial exhibit. It has grown steadily in Southern favor ever since it so easily weathered the panics that prostrated so many companies during the last twenty years, and because it does not discriminate against Southern risks."

Hon. ALFRED H. COLOQUIT, U. S. Senator.

"I have a $10,000 policy in the North-Western Mutual Life Insurance Company which I took out years ago (1876). The large dividends paid policy-holders in this company is evidence of the best management. I consider it a safe and honestly managed company, and warmly recommend it to all who desire to protect those dependent upon them from the uncertainties of life."

Rev. Dr. G. A. NUNNALLY, Memphis, Tenn.

"After many years of suspicious scrutiny into the management of life insurance companies, it is a real pleasure to me to be able to commend the North-Western Mutual as prompt in payments, liberal in dividends, reliable in promises, worthy of confidence. He has two policies in the North-Western."

Rev. Dr. M. B. WHARTON, formerly Editor-in-Chief of "Christian Index."

"I have been insured in several companies, but none has delighted me so well as the North-Western Mutual. After much investigation and considerable experience with its officers and agents, I regard it the best and safest in the land. My $5,000 policy is there to stay."

Rev. W. A. CANDLER, President of Emory College.

"I gladly say my connection with the North-Western Mutual Life Insurance Company has been in every way satisfactory. I have carried a policy with it for six years, and have found its dividends constant and liberal. I believe the North-Western can weather any financial storm which can arise in our country, and it is to me worth something in making a voyage to have confidence in my ship."

THE NORTH-WESTERN is old, strong, purely mutual, conservatively managed, receives higher rates of interest than its competitors, has an unusually low death rate, and does not discriminate against its Southern members, and in consequence

IT PAYS LARGER DIVIDENDS THAN ANY OTHER LIFE COMPANY.

It issues all desirable forms of policies. Write to the undersigned for rates, etc. Correspondence solicited.

Think of This!

Life insurance in the North-Western Mutual, offers the best and most profitable form of investment, while at the same time, it protects the family and provides for old age.

W. WOODS WHITE, Gen’l Agt.

Cor. Pryor St. and Auburn Ave. - ATLANTA, GEORGIA
GEORGE MUSE

CLOTHING CO.

38 WHITEHALL STREET,
Atlanta, Georgia.

We Carry at all times a Complete Line of
CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

George Muse Clothing Co.
The Students of Emory College.
EMORY has wanted an annual for several years, but never until now have our "means jumped with our desires." While the editors of THE ZODIAC own to a paternal affection for this child of their fancy, they recognize its imperfections. We would remind the reader, however, that this is our only child, and our experience with babies is small. The literary matter is in the main original, but in one or two cases we have clipped from our college paper, The Emory Phænix. This we were obliged to do since our literary editors, coming late to their work, fell behind the business department, and the printer grew clamorous for copy. Gratefully acknowledging such assistance as our friends have rendered, Emory hopefully submits THE ZODIAC to the charities of a generous public.
FAIR gentlemen, and gentle ladies all,
A timid waif susceptibility for your grace to-day;
Oh! let him in, tho' quaint his lipplings fall;
Chill not his fancies with your surly nay!
Small craft hath he (save what of craft is known
To one unskilled and far from public eye)
Who hears in college groves the grey dove's moan,
And in the tower the white owl's mellow cry.
And if the learned infant babble Greek,
Or mouthe his Quoqae's pat as any monk,
Vex not his mood with smiling. Shall he speak
Ungently who pierian founts hath drunk?
And if his humor nod, be mereliful;
He can't be classic if he be not dull!
ZODIAC.

LITERARY CORPS.
H. F. Harris, Ed. in Chief, K. A.
F. B. Shipp, Δ. T. Δ. Norman Miller, Φ. Δ. Θ.
Fred Massengale, ε. N. R. E. Lee, ε. A. E.
James Mann.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.
Locksley Wiggins
College Calendar for 1892-'93.

1892.

Sept. 21, Wednesday, Fall Term begins.
Oct. 29, Saturday, Anniversary Few Society.
Nov. 4, Friday, Fall Term Public Debate Phi Gamma So.
Dec. 9, Friday, Fall Term Public Debate Few Society.
Dec. 31, Saturday, Fall Term ends.

1893.

Jan. 2, Monday, Spring Term begins.
Feb. 22, Wednesday, Celebration of Washington's Birthday.
Mar. 9, Thursday, Anniversary Phi Gamma Society.
May 5, Friday, Spring Term Public Debate Phi Gam So.
12, Friday, Spring Term Public Debate Few Society.
June 9, Friday, Annual Meeting Board Trustees 10 A. M.
9, Friday, Commencement Exercises Sub-Freshman Department, 8 P. M.
10, Saturday, Freshman Exhibition, 8 P. M.
11, Sunday, Commencement Sermon, 11 A. M.
11, Sunday, Sermon to Candidates for the Ministry, 8 P. M.
12, Monday, Sophomore Exhibition, 10 A. M.
12, Monday, Champion Debate Few and Phi Gamma Societies, 8 P. M.
13, Tuesday, Junior Exhibition, 10 A. M.
14, Wednesday, Commencement Day.
Faculty and Officers.

Rev. W. A. Candler, D. D., President,
"Lovick Pierce" Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Biblical Literature.

Rev. Morgan Callaway, D. D., Vice President,
"Bishop Geo. F. Pierce" Professor of English Language and Literature.

John F. Bonnell, Ph. D.,
"Alfred H. Colquitt" Professor of Natural Science.

H. A. Scomp, Ph. D.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

Rev. John S. Moore, D. D.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

Rev. Julius Magath, A. M.,
Professor Modern Languages and Hebrew.

Mansfield T. Peed, A. M.,
Professor of Pure Mathematics and Astronomy.

H. H. Stone, A. M.,
"George W. W. Stone," Professor of Applied Mathematics.

R. M. McIntosh,
Professor of Vocal Music.

Rev. L. H. Harris, A. M.,
Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages.

Tomlinson Fort, A. B.,
Adjunct Professor of Mathematics.

Rev. H. S. Bradley, Jr., A. B.,
Adjunct Professor of Natural Science.

Rev. J. E. Dickey, A. B.,
Adjunct Professor of Mental and Moral Science.

Judge J. K. Hines,
Professor of Law.

Capers Dickson, Esq.,
Professor of Law.
Prof. H. H. Stone, Librarian.
Mr. U. G. Hardeman, Assistant Librarian.
Board of Trustees.

**HON. JAMES K. HINES, President, Atlanta, Ga.**

**REV. J. B. McGEHEE, D. D., Vice President, Talbotton, Ga.**

**MR. U. G. HARDEMAN, Secretary, Oxford, Ga.**

**PROF. H. H. STONE, Treasurer, Oxford, Ga.**

**REV. W. A. CANDLER, Financial Secretary, Oxford, Ga.**

**CLERICAL MEMBERS.**

**NORTH GEORGIA CONFERENCE.**

**REV. W. D. ANDERSON, D. D., LaGrange, Ga.**

**REV. HARWELL H. PARKS, Athens, Ga.**

**REV. CLEMENT A. EVANS, Atlanta, Ga.**

**REV. THOMAS F. PIERCE, Austell, Ga.**

**REV. W. F. GLENN, Atlanta, Ga.**

**REV. W. A. CANDLER, D. D., Oxford, Ga.**

**SOUTH GEORGIA CONFERENCE.**

**REV. JOHN W. BURKE, Macon, Ga.**

**REV. JOHN B. McGEHEE, D. D., Talbotton, Ga.**

**REV. ALEXANDER M. WYNN, Thomasville, Ga.**

**REV. WILLIAM C. LOVETT, Guyton, Ga.**

**REV. J. O. A. COOK, Brunswick, Ga.**

**REV. J. P. WARDLAW, Sycamore, Ga.**

**FLORIDA CONFERENCE.**

**REV. CHARLES A. FULWOOD, St. Augustine, Fla.**

**REV. F. PASCO, Jacksonville, Fla.**

**REV. A. A. ROBINSON, Manatee, Fla.**

**LAY MEMBERS.**

**SENATOR ALFRED H. COLQUITT, Atlanta, Ga.**

**MR. T. J. PEARCE, Columbus, Ga.**

**HON. JOHN J. JONES, Waynesboro, Ga.**

**HON. T. M. MERRIWETHER, Washington, Ga.**

**MR. GEORGE WINSHIP, Atlanta, Ga.**

**DR. JOHN T. T. DEJARNETTE, Eatonton, Ga.**

**COL. A. O. MACDONELL, Fernandina, Fla.**

**HON. HIRAM P. BELL, Cumming, Ga.**

**COL. LEWIS D. PALMER, Nashville, Tenn.**
Mr. R. P. Reppard, Savannah, Ga.
Hon. James M. Pace, Covington, Ga.
Hon. William A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga.
Dr. Robert Battey, Rome, Ga.
Mr. E. P. Chamberlin, Atlanta Ga.
Mr. W. P. Pattillo, Atlanta, Ga.
Mr. Charles G. Goodrich, Augusta, Ga.
Capt. J. P. Williams, Savannah, Ga.
Mr. Lemuel Johnson, Waycross, Ga.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Hon F. L. Little, Sparta, Ga., One Year.
Capt. R. E. Park, Macon, Ga., Two Years.
Hon. R. U. Hardeman, Oxford, Ga., Three Years.
Classes.
Senior Class.

CLASS YELL:
Boom a’la rah! Boom a’la ree!
Emory, Shorty! Ninety-three!

COLORS:
Orange and Lilac.

CLASS OFFICERS:
Dux—W. B. Lee.
Historian—T. D. Ellis.
Prophet—W. P. King.
F. Pasco, Chorister.
E. F. Jones, Treas.
R. E. Bradley, Chaplain.
### Class Roll '93

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Fraternity</th>
<th>City/Municipality</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Theodore Edgar Bockstrom</td>
<td>X. Y.</td>
<td>Water Valley, Miss.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Francis Bell</td>
<td>Φ. Δ. Θ.</td>
<td>Hawthorne, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph Herbert Bond</td>
<td></td>
<td>Lithonia, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Edward Bradley</td>
<td></td>
<td>Leon County, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Asbury Glenn Brewton</td>
<td>A. T. Ω.</td>
<td>Bullock County, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roland Edgar Brooks</td>
<td>Κ. A.</td>
<td>Milledgeville, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nathan Philemon Bryan</td>
<td>A. T. Ω.</td>
<td>Fort Mason, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Homer Bush</td>
<td>Κ. A.</td>
<td>Barnesville, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walter Terry Colquitt</td>
<td>Χ. Φ.</td>
<td>Edgewood, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joel Eli Couey</td>
<td></td>
<td>Kartah, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas David Ellis</td>
<td>A. T. Ω.</td>
<td>Oak Grove, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry Fletcher Harris</td>
<td>Κ. A.</td>
<td>Arp, Ga.</td>
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<td>Simon Amos Hearn</td>
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<td>Belleville, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Rush Jenkins</td>
<td>Φ. Δ. Θ.</td>
<td>Thomson, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emory Freeman Jones</td>
<td>A. T. Ω.</td>
<td>Herndon, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Peter King</td>
<td>Κ. A.</td>
<td>Red Hill, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James McGruder Layfield</td>
<td>A. T. Ω.</td>
<td>Harris County, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph Nisbet LeConte</td>
<td>Σ. Α. Ε.</td>
<td>Rome, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Butler Lee</td>
<td>Χ. Φ.</td>
<td>Covington, Ga.</td>
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<td>Robert Edward Lee</td>
<td>Σ. Α. Ε.</td>
<td>Corinth, Ga.</td>
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<td>Francis Asbury Wayne LeGette</td>
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<td>Webster, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Nowland McDonell</td>
<td>Χ. Φ.</td>
<td>Columbus, Ga.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Gamma</td>
<td>Alpha</td>
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<tr>
<td>Idus LaFayette McNair</td>
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<td>Francis MacCullough</td>
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<td>Thomas Malloy Meriwether</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norman Clarence Miller</td>
<td>Φ. Δ. Θ.</td>
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<td>Horace Nathaniel Munro</td>
<td>Α. Τ. Ω.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fred Loche Pasco</td>
<td>Κ. Α.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James Millon Richardson</td>
<td>Α. Τ. Ω.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Felix Bertram Shipp</td>
<td>Δ. Τ. Δ.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>L. J. Steele</td>
<td>Δ. Τ. Δ.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Leonidas Augustus Ware</td>
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<td>Lemuel Locksley Wiggins</td>
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<td>N. L. Wiggins</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. H. Yun</td>
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History of Class of '93.

For four long years the class of '93 has been walking the College campus and now, as our student life is drawing to a close, many sweet memories of the dear old institution and of the boys who have walked with us, crowd upon us and make us loath to leave her pleasant places.

Beginning Freshman year with a roll of seventy-seven, the class has had the distinction of being the largest which has ever passed through the College, having now upon her roll forty-two men, who will be graduated in June.

Death robbed us of three sterling fellows, while the relentless hand of "hard times" forced many of us from our ranks. We have not passed these days with long faces and dyspeptic grumblings. We have had our share in college sports; the ball-teams, tennis-clubs and glee-clubs, receiving some of their best talent from the Senior class. But the talent of the class does not stop with these. It reaches out to higher and nobler qualities. From the class of '93 boys will go to take their places in nearly every profession and industry known to our commonwealth. The pulpit, the bar, and school-room, each will receive additions.

The average age of the class is 22 years, 8 months and 15 days. The age of the oldest boy is 31 years, 11 months and 26 days, and that of the youngest is 18 years and 6 days. States
represented and number from each, are: Georgia, 32, Florida, 6, Mississippi 2, South Carolina, 1, and Corea, Asia, 1.

Grateful to our Professors who have labored so earnestly for us; grateful to our President for the love he has shown us and for his heroic labors in behalf of the poor, struggling boys of Georgia; and we, ourselves, willing to aid those who desire to drink from the same fountain with us, the class gave $2,050.00 to be known as "The Loan Fund of the Class of '93," which is to be loaned to worthy young men, who are struggling to educate themselves. A few more days and Chemistry and Calculus will trouble us no more, nor will we trouble them. It is true that our connection with them has been short and pleasant, but other fields are calling us and we must go. To linger longer would only make the greater rupture when we separate. We must leave them.

"The winds on the campus at midnight shall whisper,
And white stars shall glisten and tender moons glow
But hearts that have throbbed with a holy affection,
Are sundered as wide as the winds ever blow.

Then cheer all together, then cheer all together,
Old years vanish, but bright years come,
Then cheer all together, then cheer all together,
Cheer till the four walls hum, hum, hum."

T. D. Ellis, Class Historian.
Junior Class.

YELL:
Hip-la-rah! hip-la-ro!
Hurrah boys for '94.
Boom rah! boom rah!
Em'ry!!!

COLORS:
Pink, Blue and Black.

MOTTO:
Shoot Professors, Rush the Girls, and Pluck the Senior Song.

FLOWER:
Mareschal Neil.

CLASS OFFICERS.
Dux—D. Y. Thomas.
Historian—H. A. Wilkinson.
Poet—R. M. Thomson.
Chorister—J. E. McDonald.
Sec. and Treas.—R. C. Sharp.
Chaplain—W. H. Budd.
Pugilist—E. B. Freeman.
Dude—M. Williams.
Capt. Base and Foot Ball Team—F. T. Saussey.
Thomas G. Calloway. Ε. Δ. Θ. Lithonia, Ga.
Richard Cox Cleckler. Ε. A. E. Fairburn, Ga.
W. J. Connor. St. George’s, S. C.
Hermann C. Cook.
M. P. Deadwyler. Ε. N. Maysville, Ga.
J. K. Dykes. Φ. Δ. Θ. Marshallville, Ga.
Robert Laurie Ellis. Α. T. Ω. Greeneville, Ga.
E. B. Freeman. Φ. Δ. Θ. West Point, Ga.
John W. Greer. Φ. Δ. Θ. Brunswick, Ga.
Robert Franklin Hodnett. Δ. T. Δ. Senoia, Ga.
T. C. Kendall, Jr. Φ. Δ. Θ. Atlanta, Ga.
J. S. Lewis. Κ. A. Warrenton, Ga.
James Edward McDonald. Ε. N. La Ville, Ga.
B. H. Palmer. Ε. N. West Point, Ga.
L. B. Rumph. Ε. A. E. Marshallville, Ga.
Frederick Tupper Saussy. X. Φ. Savannah, Ga.
O. B. Smith. X. Φ. LaGrange, Ga.
Ralph M. Thomson. X. Φ. Cayce, Ky.
Benj. E. Whittington. Ε. N. Lumber City, Ga.
Marvin Williams.
Hark! hark! hark! a mighty roar!
The heavens are split
As the shadows flit
With hurrahs for '94.

Nothing can be more natural than the presumption of every student that his class possesses virtues not exhibited by others. This is as it should be, and you must not suppose for a moment that we are devoid of this characteristic. We possess it in an eminent degree, and base our claims on facts that need no substantiation.

It is true, that our class is not as large as some now in College, but the professors often intimate that its compressed strength represents a world of force. Since we evoluted from Subdom, into history, we have been original and inaugurate; followed no established custom, blacked no boots, done obesiance to no man save the siren like faculty, and upon the whole showed an amount of pluck and energy in the college work and sports that is without precedent.

Many applicants have striven to enter the fold, but we have made the strait and narrow path hard to travel and few there are
who have entered in. If you desire an instance of our determination, just step over to the telephone and hear what the Seniors have to say about the song. The Seniors tell us that they had four songs, but by some strange miscalculation we succeeded in obtaining six. O yes, we did “snatch” one from “Pussy a la dervobee,” and he mewed about it a little too; still, we could but feel ourselves tickled when the breezes wafted to our ears the lamentations of the misled Seniors.

They made a mighty noise about it, but we have left them alone now; we fear that Ephraim is joined to his idols. We sailed through Fresh with a complaisance and ease that caused the faculty some alarm, and as a result the Argus eyed animal fanned a terrible malice into the minds of “Oedipus” and “Ely.” Although we were happy to make a rise, we sniffed the battle from a far, and it is a fact that the dulcet cadence of “Ely’s” voice and the sonorous, mellifluous intonations of that of “Oedipus,” but ill accorded with the inward gripings of our hearts on the morning after our return. But the winds have blown over, boys have become more reconciled, and the professors apparently more considerate.

The natural course of events brought us around to “Cephas,” and although we are noted for our mathematical talent, the appearance of Mr. Mechanics caused many to be effected with fear and trembling. He kept us aghast with expectation most of the while, but the nervous temperament of some of the boys could not stand the strain; so many sighed faintly and reposed. However, we have abandoned the stream of Plains, Blocks and Levers which “Cephas” insisted on pouring down our throats and are now open to congratulations.

As has been before intimated, the talent of our class is somewhat varied, but for quite a while the boys have been endeavoring to adopt dress suits and crinoline, but the spirit of progress has recently been abashed by a dread of “Shorty’s” physiognomic and pulmonary indignation. But an especial feature is its linguistic ability. We are indebted to the Oxford W. T. C. U. for its complimentary notice of this ability; also, for its encouragement and kind inducements toward high oratorical attainments. We learn that “Pussy” had rather do the lingual act in his department, but, as some of the boys have not
been inclined to allow him this privilege exclusively there has been much harshness and agitation uselessly expended. The matter, however, reached a climax the other day when someone caught him cooing gently into the ear of his love something about "squelching" us if we do not curb our tendencies. We have no desire to be "squelched" and have consequently agreed to promenade when the scene appears. The boys are exceeding scientific at times, but upon the whole, walk the line around "Fox;" for he is very cunning, and it is said, becomes immensely magnetic occasionally, and when in this condition, draws all things into himself—once upon a time, one of the boys, so we are told.

We often make botanical, zoological, and entomological excursions; sometimes scientific, and occasionally a bright boy makes a permanent excursion, but these are rare, hard to make, not very instructive, and require inducement. But the beauty of the class is its admiration of all kind of philosophy. For quite a while we have been very assiduously seeking a knowledge of moral obligation and consciousness, but search as we may in the gloomy annals of the past, or read as we can the revelations of the future, we have as yet attained nothing and are at last turning in disgust away from the pursuit of vanity—as the asphyxiating countenance of "Stilts" appears above the boards—and we long for cigars as the hart panteth after the waterbrook.

Historian.
Sophomore Class.

CLASS YELL:
Boom-da-rah! Boom-da-rive!
Whoop 'er up, Emory! Ninety-five'!

COLORS:
Black and Crimson.

FLOWER:
White Rose.

MOTTO:
"Take Time by the Forelock."

CLASS OFFICERS:
Dux—W. G. Johnson
Secretary and Treasurer—J. C. McEachin
Chaplain—N. B. Thompson
Poet—D. D. Cox
Prophet—M. C. Quillain
Chorister—J. C. Wardlaw
Historian—A. H. Thompson
Dude—S. C. Hoyle
Pugilist—E. F. Fincher
Sophomore Class Roll.

Allen, A. H. K. A. Columbus, Ga.
Banks, W. T. K. A. Enon, Ala.
Belcher, A. C. Φ. Δ. Θ. Starrsville, Ga.
Bowden, J. W. Φ. Δ. Θ. Forsyth, Ga.
Bridges, E. L. Σ. N. Grangerville, Ga.
Buckhalter, J. T. A. T Ω. Warrenton, Ga.
Catchings, T. P. Σ. N. Atlanta, Ga.
Clark, Anderson, Φ. Δ. Θ. Macon, Ga.
Cox, D. D. X. Φ. LaGrange, Ga.
Crusselle, V. H. Σ. N. Atlanta, Ga.
Curry, J. W., Rome, Ga.
Dart, C. M., Brunswick, Ga.
Elder, J. C. K. A. Barnesville, Ga.
Fincher, E. F. Φ. Δ. Θ. Atlanta, Ga.
Flanders, J. J. K. Α. Broxton, Ga.
Gleaton, J. S., Conyers, Ga.
Hayes, H. J., Tyler, Texas.
Hays, Mortimer, Covington, Ga.
Hiles, Gordon, Φ. Δ. Θ. Rome, Ga.
Hilton, A. P. Κ. Α. Savannah, Ga.
Hoyle, S. C. Σ. N. Columbus, Ga.
McEachin, J. C., Neilly, Ga.
Merry, H. H. Δ. Θ. Berzelia, Ga.
Milner, T. H. K. Α., Cartersville, Ga.
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Editors of '93 Zodiac:

Sirs—Your insolent note, signifying a willingness to reserve but a "small space" for a history of the brilliant accomplishments of our class, has recently reached me. Did you, in your infinite ignorance or profound audacity, suppose for one moment that such an infamous proposition would meet the approbation of my associates and myself? Be assured that your inexcusable, contemptible action does in no wise detract from the enviable reputation of my fellow-classmates. While you are incapable of comprehending what facts I may reveal concerning our college career, they would not be misunderstood by others,—facts I say, which, if left untold, may cause the human race to approach its grave in sorrow.

Perhaps, sirs, you supposed that which you termed a "reason-

Class History.
able opportunity” of blessing mankind, would be rejected, but ah! you were dreadfully mistaken! Your presumption has disappointed you. Preserve what I shall record until full development; probably then you will understand it. At least the remorse of conscience, which no doubt continually haunts you for not devoting the entire volume to our class, will have freed you. But enough, sirs! your “small space” is accepted, but as for the history, you shall not get it. One item of it alone would tax your limited capacity of retention. It is sufficient for you realize that our class still exists, fulfillment of duty being assumed. If you doubt, either go hear the multitudinous sounds of f-r-a-a-sh as they reverberate through the campus and calculate the unmeasurable quantities of unburnt “midnight oil,” or listen to the oft repeated stories of how “we have not taken time by the forelock,” the history of which alone would fill pages.

No apology is intended for our valorous deeds. The pennant bearing this inscription, “Sumus populi” in letters of black and crimson, waving its folds in the soft, sunny breeze, an evidence that we excel on the diamond, is not to be trampled in the dust, or concealed from the knowledge of others.

You are too well acquainted with the above mentioned facts, but, sirs, for the grievous injustice which you have ignorantly or maliciously perpetrated against humanity by denying them the blessed privilege of reading our history, you deserve the severest censure. Little reflection after much mental growth will enable you to discover the Charybdis of error into which you have so suddenly fallen. But, sirs, the history, in “small space,” which you were so eager to see, shall yet be revealed, and the achievements of the class of ’95 will eventually become, notwithstanding your vain efforts to prevent it, the country’s goodly heritage.

This act, unbecoming gentlemen of high character, which professedly you are, will be forgiven, provided you promise never again to limit the publication of matter so vitally important. Trusting that you will indulge in the needful reflection and act accordingly, I am

Generously yours,

Historian.
Freshman Class.

YELL:
Boom-de-rah-rah, boom-de-rix,
Eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

COLORS:
Orange and White.

CLASS OFFICERS:
Dux—I. C. Jenkins.
Historian—I. S. Davis.
Dude—J. B. Conally.
<table>
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If it is true, as some one has said, that history should be written only after a considerable lapse of time has intervened, so that justice may done actors, motives weighed, and forces judged by what they accomplish, then the history of the class of '96 should not be written just yet. Of course, if class history were biography this objection would not hold, for some of us "date back" considerably, and most of us before coming here had experiences most wonderful.

Then, in addition to the fact that all the "battles, seiges, fortunes" through which we have passed have only recently gone by, we are handicapped by the deficiency in the amount of material consequent to our comparatively short career as a class. While some of our members rose from the gloomy precincts of Sub-Freshdom, and consequently have been here long enough to "catch on," still most of us have been pretty busy since last September getting acclimatized. (Not a step in evolution.)
We had to learn what the verb "to bust" means, the hidden stores of meaning in that enigmatical expression "because, because, because."

As to our record with our studies—and that is what we are here for—we think that we will not be thought presumptuous when we claim our work has rarely been equaled and never excelled.

We "kill 'em" constantly.

Our class is the handsomest here this year, and in consequence of this and of the fact that we are so singularly free from an obnoxious quality called rowdyism, we are much sought after at all kinds of social gatherings. We have found the demands of Oxford society very burdensome. And so our excellencies extend—far beyond our ability or disposition to relate, for we are not as good in writing history as in making it.

And in this connection we promise the indulgent public what we have sometimes been compelled to promise our landlord, "to see you later," for we all expect "to rise," and all expect to go to congress sometime.

Historian.
Sub-Fresh Class.

YELL:
Boom-la-rah, boom-la-reben,
We are the boys of ninety-seven;
Boom-rah, boom-rah, Runt!

COLORS:
Scarlet and Black.

CLASS OFFICERS:
Dux—J. B. Lewis. Historian—E. T. Reid.
<table>
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Irwin, T.  §  A. E.  Washington, Ga.
Johnston, G. M.  Lithonia, Ga.
Lewis, J. B.  Χ. Φ.  Apex, Ga.
McClure, W. J.  K. A.  LaGrange, Ga.
McLean, W. A.  Jacksonville, Fla.
Mallory, W. A.  Ξ. N.  Forsyth, Ga.
Miller, D. A.  Ocala, Fla.
Moore, J. O.  Culverton, Ga.
Morton, R. F.  Athens, Ga.
Munden, C.  Ocala, Fla.
Perry, M.  Covington, Ga.
Reid, E. T.  Α. T. Ω.  Atlanta, Ga.
Riley, R. R.  Forsyth, Ga.
Rogers, R.  Covington, Ga.
Sayles, H. P.  Atlanta, Ga.
Shuptrine, H.  Savannah, Ga.
Simms, A. B.  Covington, Ga.
Smith, A. M.  Bradleys, Ga.
Smith, W. M.  Atlanta, Ga.
Stephenson, R. E.  Covington, Ga.
Sturtevant, W. R.  Savannah, Ga.
Thurman, W. M.  Turin, Ga.
Timmons, L. M.  Jonesboro, Ga.
Waits, W. F.  Flovilla, Ga.
Whittington, C.  Valdosta, Ga.
Wilcox, W. T.  Crisp, Ga.
Wright, R. E.  Phoenix, Ariz.
IN the year 1879 our Sub-Freshman class was started under the efficient supervision of Professor Harris. The vast amount of brain power and patience needed to bring some of the specimens sent into this department into a fit state for regular college duties cannot be estimated. To form a lean, lank, and uncouth country youth into a college student of respectable appearance is a task of no mean nature, and Prof. Harris, with his assistants, deserves great praise for their achievement. Many men now battling with the world were equipped with their first weapons in this department, and, as the saying goes, that in every acorn lies a hidden oak, so in every Sub-Fresh youth lies a hidden king of men, and as the giant oak towers far above its mates, so in after life may the coming man stand high above his fellows. During the fourteen years of this department's existence it has experienced many strange additions, and has let loose upon the world some queer specimens of humanity; from the haughty hotel clerk down to the poor and humble bank president its victims may be found, and amid every vocation of
life the Sub-Fresh representative exists. From 1879 until the present day this useful appendage has been a resort for brains, wit and talent. No one in college can down the beardless youth who revels in the initiatory lessons of Latin and Greek, and the traveler will have to go beyond the limits of this mundane sphere to find a quality of cheek superior to ours. We are tender in years but tough in experience, with no sense of modesty at the thought of our ignorance, and no sense of guilt for our sins. Leaving the past and somewhat obscure history of our class to itself, and letting the dead past bury its dead, we will dwell for a brief time on the class at present. No tongue can utter or pen depict the minute ingredients which compose our number. From the knee-panted youth to the bearded man we range in age, while in looks we stretch from the gorilla to the modern Apollo; in size our limit is parvus and maximus, and last but not least is our strength, which is chiefly shown at the table, and is of no mean order. Of course in such a motley throng are some strange natures and dispositions. The cigarette fiend and would-be tough abound, while the gentle, timid youth from the rural districts finds a place to hang his hat. It is useless for one man to endeavor to guide these festive youths without the aid of a crowbar or a stuffed club. We have the young man who drinks coca-cola and says damn; we have the young Philistine who delves in the mysteries of base ball and uses cologne on his socks, but, alas, we have not that quiet and placid youth who prefers Sunday school to a picnic. But I am wandering from the history of the class. When the present term opened with about thirty pupils everything appeared bright and the rose-tinted dreams of future glory filled every mind; but alas, these dreams were dispelled and the hard and uninteresting Greek lessons grated upon our delicate nerves. But we barely struggled through these ugly monsters, and now are sailing on the smooth seas of verbs and pronouns as spoken by the ancients. We have a regular organization and elect our officers every hundred years.
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.
Gamma Chapter of Chi Phi.

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

IN URBE

W. T. Colquitt,              G. N. MacDonell,
W. B. Lee, Jr.,              E. A. Stephens.
F. T. Saussy,                R. M. Thompson,
O. B. Smith,                G. A. Tomlinson.
D. D. Cox,                  J. H. Pace,
H. D. Pace,                 A. J. Ritchie,
T. H. Thomson.              
J. B. Connally,             E. E. Lee.
J. H. Gress,                J. B. Lewis.
H. C. Shuptrine.
Kappa Alpha.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Beta—Sub Rosa.
Gamma—Univ. of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Delta—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Iota—Furman Univ., Greenville, S. C.
Lambda—Univ. of Virginia, Albemarle Co., Va.
Mu—Erskin College, Due West, S. C.
Nu—A. and M. College, Auburn, Ala.
Xi—Southwestern Univ., Georgetown, Tex.
Omicron—Univ. of Texas, Austin, Tex.
Pi—Univ. of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Rho—Univ. of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.
Sigma—Davidson College, North Carolina.
Epsilon—Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phi—Southern Univ., Greensboro, Ala.
Chi—Vanderbilt Univ., Nashville, Tenn.
Psi—Tulane Univ., New Orleans, La.
Omega—Centre College, Danville, Ky.
A Alpha—Univ. of South, Sewanee, Tenn.
A Beta—Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
A Epsilon S. W. P. Univ., Clarkesville, Tenn.
A Delta—William Jewel College, Liberty, Mo.
A Zeta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
A Eta—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
A Theta—Sub Rosa.
A Iota—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
A Kappa—Missouri State Univ., Columbia, Mo.
A Lambda—Johns Hopkins Univ., Baltimore, Md.

58
Epsilon Ch. of Kappa Alpha.

Resident Members.


R. E. Brooks, H. F. Harris, F. L. Pasco, Jr.


W. J. McClure, Jr., J. E. Seals.
Phi Delta Theta.

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 Epsilon—Syracuse University.
Pennsylvania Alpha—LaFayette College.
Pennsylvania Beta—Pennsylvania College.
Pennsylvania Delta—Allegheny College.
Pennsylvania Epsilon—Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Zeta—University of Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania Eta—Lehigh University.

BETA PROVINCE.

Virginia Alpha—Roanoke College.
Virginia Beta—University of Virginia.
Virginia Gamma—Randolph-Macon College.
Virginia Delta—Richmond.
Virginia Zeta—Washington and Lee University.
North Carolina Beta—University of North Carolina.
South Carolina Beta—South Carolina College.
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.
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 University.
Indiana Beta—Wabash College.
Indiana Gamma—Butler University.
Indiana Delta—Franklin College.
Indiana Epsilon—Hanover College.
Indiana Zeta—De Pauw 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.
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.

Columbus, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
Selma, Ala. Cincinnati, O.
Akron, O. Louisville, Ky.
Franklin, Ind. Indianapolis, Ind.
Chicago, Ill. Galesburg, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo. Minneapolis, Minn.
St. Paul, Minn. Salt Lake City, Utah.
San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal.

GENERAL COUNCIL.

President, Willam W. Quarles, Selma, Ala.
Secretary, Hugh Th. Miller, Irvington, Ind.
Treasurer, I. R. Hitt, Jr., Evanston, Ill.
Historian, D. N. Marble, Boston, Mass.
Phi Delta Theta

Eis Arnp Ovdeis Arnp.

COLORS:
White and Blue.

Founded at Miami University, O., 1848.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.
Morgan Callaway, D. D.                     H. S. Bradley, A. B.
Tomlinson Fort, A. B.                     R. M. McIntosh.

FRATRES IN PRAESENTE.
Joseph T. Bell,                             Charlie R. Jenkins,
Idus L. McNair,                            Norman C. Miller.

CLASS OF '93.
Thomas G. Callaway,
E. Benjamin Freeman,
Thomas R. Kendall, Jr.,
Marvin Williams.

CLASS OF '94.
Clifton A. Belcher,
Anderson Clark,
Gordon Hiles,
John M. Poer,
Allie W. Williams,
A. G. Shankle.

CLASS OF '95.
J. Robert Dykes,
John W. Greer,
H. A. Wilkinson,
J. Wightman Bowden,
Edward F. Fincher,
Willie H. Park,
J. Coachman Wardlaw,
Homer H. Merry.

CLASS OF '96.
Thomas J. Dykes,
R. Cowles Little,
Eugene C. Smith.

J. Cheney Jenkins,
Frank M. Means, Jr.,
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<td>Alliance, Ohio.</td>
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<td>Menlo Park, Cal.</td>
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<td>Delta Theta</td>
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<td>Galesburg, Ill.</td>
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## Xi Chapter Roll.

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<td>M. E. Bush</td>
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<td>Camilla, Ga.</td>
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<td>A. E. Massengale</td>
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<td>M. P. Deadwyler</td>
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<td>B. H. Palmer</td>
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<td>B. E. Whittington</td>
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<td>E. L. Bridges</td>
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<td>B. L. Bridges</td>
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<td>C. Rees</td>
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<td>H. C. Rees</td>
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<td>R. P. Taylor</td>
<td>1899</td>
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<td>L. W. Anderson</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. Whittington</td>
<td>1897</td>
<td>Valdosta, Ga.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Delta Tau Delta.

CHAPTERS.

GRAND DIVISION OF THE NORTH.

B.—Ohio University.
Δ.—University of Michigan.
E.—Albion College, Albion, Mich.
Z.—Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio.
H.—Bucktell College, Akron, Ohio.
Θ.—Bethany College, Bethany, Va.
I.—Michigan Agricultural College.
M.—Ohio Wesleyon University, Delaware, Ohio.
Φ.—Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana.
X.—Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.
Y.—University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.
B. A.—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
B. B.—De Pauw University, Green Castle, Ind.
B. Z.—Butler University, Irvington, Ind.

GRAND DIVISION OF THE SOUTH.

Λ.—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Π.—University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.
E. Δ.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
E. Θ.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
E. Λ.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
E. Ξ.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

GRAND DIVISION OF THE EAST.

A.—Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
N.—Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
P.—Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.
Y.—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
B. A.—Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
B. M.—Tuft's College, Summerville, Mass.
B. O.—Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.

GRAND DIVISION OF THE WEST.

O.—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
E.—Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.
Ω.—Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
B. Ω.—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
B. H.—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
B. K.—University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

New York Alumni Chapter—Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago Alumni Chapter—Chicago, Ill.
Nashville Alumni Chapter—Nashville, Tenn.
Twin City Alumni Chapter—Minneapolis, Minn.
Pittsburgh Alumni Chapter—Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nebraska Alumni Chapter—Lincoln, Neb.
Cleveland Alumni Chapter—Cleveland, Ohio.
Delta Tau Delta.

COLORS.
Purple, White and Gold.

FLOWER:
Pansy.

BETA EPSILON CHAPTER.
Established 1882.

'93.
R. E. Bailey,
A. G. Brewton,
L. J. Steele,
F. B. Shipp.

'94.
R. F. Hodnett,
D. Y. Thomas,
J. G. Sessoms,

'95.
T. J. Shepard.

'96.
J. L. Benton,
W. A. Covington,
A. S. Hutchinson,
S. A. Johnson,
H. J. Jolley.
Alpha Tau Omega.

Founded, 1865. Incorporated, 1878.


Fraternity Flower:
White Tea Rose.

Colors:
Sky Blue and Old Gold.

Yell:
Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hurrah!
Three Cheers for Alpha Tau!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Journal:
Alpha Tau Omega Palm.
Roll of Chapters.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

<table>
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<th>State</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ala.</td>
<td>Alpha Epsilon</td>
<td>A. and M. College, Auburn</td>
<td>1885</td>
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<td>Cala.</td>
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<td>1892</td>
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<td>Fla.</td>
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<td>University of Florida, Lake City</td>
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<td>Mercer University, Macon</td>
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<td>Tufts College, College Hill</td>
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S. C. Alpha Theta . S. C. University, Columbia, 1883
S. C. Beta Rho . . Wofford College, Spartanburg, 1890
S. C. Beta Chi . . Charleston College, Charleston, 1889
Tenn. Alpha Tau . S. W. Pres. University, Clarksville, 1882
Tenn. Beta Pi . . Vanderbilt University, Nashville, 1889
Tenn. Lambda . . Cumberland University, Lebanon, 1889
Tenn. Omega . . University of the South, Sewanee, 1877
Vt. Beta Zeta . . University of Vermont, Burlington, 1887
Va. Beta Sigma . . Hampden-Sidney College, 1890
Va. Delta . . . . University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1868
Va. Epsilon . . . Roanoke College, Salem, 1869

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Alabama Alumni Association.
Arkansas Alumni Association.
Chicago Alumni Association.
Cleveland Alumni Association.
D. C. Alumni Association.
N. Y. Alumni Association.
**Alpha Tau Omega.**

**GEORGIA ALPHA THETA CHAPTER.**

Established, 1881.

**IN COLLEGIO.**

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<th>Year</th>
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<td>T. D. Ellis, J. M. Richardson, E. T. Jones</td>
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<td>Sam A. Fortson, L. T. H. Reed</td>
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Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Mass. B. U., Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Conn. A., Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.
Conn. Γ., Harvard University.
N. Y. A., Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.
Penn. Ω., Allegheny College, Meadville, Penn.
Penn. Δ., Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Penn.
Penn. Ξ. Φ., Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn.
Va. O., University of Virginia.
Va. Π., Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va.
N. C. Ξ., University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
N. C. Θ., Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
S. C. Δ., South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.
S. C. Φ., Furman University, Greenville, S. C.
S. C. Γ., Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
S. C. M., Erskine College, Due West, S. C.
Ga. Β., University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Ga. Υ., Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Ga. Φ., Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Ohio Δ., Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.
Ohio Ξ., Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio.
Ohio Ε., University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ohio Θ., Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Indiana A., Franklin College, Franklin, Ind.
Ky. K., Central University, Richmond, Ky.
Ky. I., Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.
Tenn. Z., Southwestern Presbyterian U, Clarksville, Tenn.
Tenn. A., Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Tenn. N., Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Tenn. K., University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Tenn. O., University of the South, Suwanee, Tenn.
Tenn. H., Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn.
 Ala. M., University of Alabama, University, Ala.
 Ala. I., Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
 Iowa Z., Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.
 Missouri A., University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
 Missouisi B., Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
 Texas P., University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
 Col. X., University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.
 Col. Z., University of Denver, University Park, Col.
 California A., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
COLORS:
Royal Purple and Old Gold.

Founded at University of Alabama, March 9th, 1856.

CHAPTER ROLL OF GA. EPSILON.

CLASS OF '93.

Robert E. Lee .............. Corinth, Ga.
J. Nisbet LeConte ........... Adairsville, Ga.

CLASS OF '94.

L. B. Rumph ............. Marshallville, Ga.

CLASS OF '95.

W. D. Thomson .......... Atlanta, Ga.

CLASS OF '96.

T. S. Hawes ............ Bainbridge, Ga.
J. C. McRae .......... Walden, Ga.
E. R. Hines ............. Milledgeville, Ga.

CLASS OF '97.

HISTORY OF THE PHI GAMMA LITERARY
SOCIETY.

The society was organized on the eighth of March, 1837, by a band of faithful young men, who were desirous of cultivating the art of oratory, either ambitious to become political leaders, or anxious to fill the pulpits of the land with dignity and power. After having framed a model constitution and a complete set of by-laws, and having adopted the motto, "Scientia et religio libertatis custodes," they began the task of learning to debate.

Although membership in the Society was not made compulsory by the college authorities, the old-time boys were quite willing to spend their leisure hours discussing the important issues of the day. They speedily increased in numbers, and it was soon ascertained that one society would not meet the demands of Emory College; so that, two years after her organization, Phi Gamma decided to divide her membership and form a new Society. Phi Gamma's first president, G. W. W. Stone, and another young man "chose sides;" and, when the membership was thus divided, they "cast lots" as to which part should form the old, and which the new.

Mr. Stone's side won, and they clung to the old name of Phi Gamma, while the other division went away calling themselves Fews. In this way Phi Gamma became the mother of Few—a daughter of whom she is very proud. Few has sometimes dared to call herself a rival society, but is generally respectful and obedient; and, although she furnishes to her members a finer hall, yet, because of the high regard for truth which she has inherited, she acknowledges the great intellectual superiority of her mother, for year after year success crowns their efforts, and Phi Gamma's sons leave college with the
“lion's share” of the honors. [Let it be remembered that the author of this history is a Phi Gamma.—Editors Zodiac.]

As I have intimated, the object of the Society is to train men in oratory, and, at the same time, to furnish them with the best reading matter in the world. We have a library composed of several thousand volumes of the choicest books in English literature. Four hours every week are devoted to declamations and debate.

Here students have an opportunity to apply the knowledge gained from text books. In these discussions and from the books contained in the library, some of the greatest and noblest men of America have caught inspiration, and have gone forth from college to wield a good influence, and, at the same time, to achieve greatness.

On the Phi Gamma roll we find the names of many of our most prominent educators, ministers, and statesmen. Two bishops of the Methodist church are among the members of her alumni. It was one of her sons who contributed so largely to the endowment of the college; another, after having served as a senator for several terms, was appointed Secretary of the Interior, and, afterwards, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Phi Gamma has four alumni in the faculty: Rev. W. A. Candler, D. D., president and professor of Mental and Moral Science; Prof. J. F. Bonnell, Ph. D., who has won distinction as a scientist, fills the chair of Natural Philosophy; H. H. Stone, A. M., dignifies the chair of Applied Mathematics, and Tomlinson Fort, A. B., is adjunct professor of mathematics.

Of the distinguished alumni space will permit me to mention but a few, and many who are quite as worthy I am compelled to omit. To some of them I have already referred. Every one knows by heart the history of L. Q. C. Lamar. We rejoice that his name stands among the early members of our roll. Bishop Haygood, D. D., L L. D., ranks with Lamar, for he is not only one of the greatest preachers in the South, but he is the author of some books that have circulated around the English speaking world. Bishop Key is also one of the most prominent of Southern divines.

The first president, G. W. W. Stone, D. D., who was for forty years professor of mathematics; Cosby Smith, D. D.; O. L.


This is but a small number of eminent men who have gone forth from Phi Gamma's walls. For fifty-eight years she has been training them for the duties of life, having never laid aside her task but once, and then the hall was converted into a hospital for sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, many of whom now sleep upon the campus.

C. R. Jenkins, Historian.
FEW SOCIETY.

On the edge of town, under the shadows of the neighboring wood, stands an old, half dilapidated, frame building. To the college boy of to-day passing it in his walks through the shades of dear old Oxford, it means nothing save an humble negro meeting house. But to the boy of ante-bellum days, visiting after a half century his Alma Mater, it means a stirring of memories long asleep, recollections of past friendships and associations of long ago. For it was in this old house, once the College Day-Chapel, that Few Society held her earliest meetings, and in this building she past her early childhood. In 1839 the old society becoming too large, it was agreed to divide and form a new one which was named in honor of the first president of our Few Society.

For about eight years they met, now in the old Day-Chapel; now in the old school house, long since torn down. Then growing stronger they determined to build them a hall worthy of the noble name it should bear, and precious in our sight should it be. For Few's own sons stirred the mortar that sealed her bricks together; and carried on their own boyish shoulders the bricks that piled high her stately walls; and reared the columns which support her proud and lofty head.

Among many, to whom we of to-day are so much indebted, I might mention C. C. Richards, R. G. Harper and C. O. Davies, building committee; J. S. Stewart, W. S. Hill, J. F. Mixon and O. P. Anthony, who hauled on a July Saturday the bricks for the four pillars, J. E. Palmer and many others, whose names I have not. All loyal Fews, and should this sketch chance to cross their vision, they will be reminded of the time when they in the days ago were boys at Emory, and will send a "God-speed" to us of these latter days.

For three years they toiled—building as they were able. At last, the day of triumph came. She threw open her doors
to culture and improvement—Georgia taste and elegance hung about her walls; Georgia chivalry and aristocracy graced her assemblies. But a sad day came; deep gloom hung for years around her. Where once youthful ardor and fiery eloquence were wont to play, were now heard the groans of the wounded and dying. For Few, ever loyal, had sent her boys to the war and gathered in their vacant places the wounded Union and Confederate soldiers.

At last the long dream was over. But, the gallant knights whom Few sent out came not back again. Some rest on the fields of Antietom, some at Manassas; some on the death-crowed heights of Gettysburg; some on the bloody field of Chancellorsville. Mother’s tears and sister’s sobs have made sacred, ere now, your unknown graves; but let me in the name of old Few add one more tribute of love and gratitude. When after the war the College again struggled to its feet there were only two Fews in the body of students. Chas. Lane, and a few months later, Capers Dickson. And had it not been for the ardor and fidelity of these two men, all the former labor would have been for naught. They met every train inspected, and if worthy, solicited every man, till soon the hall was full again, nevermore to be forsaken.

Since then she has had a history, brilliant and full of honor. She has sent out men who fill conference bodies, professorships and Presidents’ chairs in the most prominent colleges of our land; and one who has filled a high and sacred place in China’s history—the great southern missionary, Young J. Allen; ministers, lawyers, congressmen, senators, who have filled high positions in church and state.

She who has taken in college forty-one first honors, and in every particular has during a long life of fifty-four years held high her reputation; is prospering as never before. Her brightest future looms now before her, promising a long career of usefulness and fame. 

C. C. Jarrell, Historian.
Clubs.
Yellow River Boating Club.

Commodore—G. A. B. Tomlinson,

MEMBERS:

F. T. Saussy, B. H. Palmer,
S. R. De Jarnette, J. E. McDonald,
J. S. Lewis, J. R. Dykes.
Bicycle Club.

Emory Glee Club.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Guitars</td>
<td>M. P. Hall, J. N. LeConte, R. E. Brooks, R. A. Eakes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flutes</td>
<td>U. G. Hardeman, R. E. Lee.</td>
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<td>Cello</td>
<td>N. L. Wiggins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Tenors</td>
<td>F. A. Swain, R. E. Brooks, J. E. Hall.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>First Bass</td>
<td>W. T. Colquitt, J. N. LeConte, R. E. Lee.</td>
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Fratres in Convivio.

Eating Club.

Gordon Hiles, President.
T. E. Backstrom, Vice President.
T. S. Hawes, Secretary.
J. D. Boyd, Treasurer.
E. A. Stephens, Toast Master.

Members.

Dart, C. M., Backstrom, T. E.,
Hawes, T. S., Colquitt, W. T.,
Hill, T. W., Connally, J. B.,
Hiles, G., Cox, D. D.,
Allen, J. F., Boyd, J. D.,
Burkhalter, J. T., Stephens, E. A.
COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM.

Captain, R. E. Brooks.
Weaver, J. D., first base. Brooks, R. E., second base.
Hill, M. P., left field. Hall, J. E., center field.

Saussy, F. T., right field.
Thrower, M. L., substitutes.
Boyd, J. D., substitutes.
Champion Tennis Club.
TENNIS.

EMORY'S CHAMPIONS.

U. G. Hardeman,
M. P. Hall,
T. E. Backstrom,
W. T. Colquitt,
R. E. Brooks,
J. E. Hall,
R. E. Lee,
J. D. Boyd, Jr.
Crescent Tennis Club.

S. R. DeJarnette, E. C. Smith,
A. W. Williams, A. Clark,
W. T. Banks, J. B. Conally,
T. H. Milner F. T. Saussy.
EMORY PHŒNIX.

"Astra Castra, Numen Lumen."

Editor-in-Chief,
H. F. HARRIS.

Exchange Editor,
F. B. SHIPP.

Local Editor,
H. BUSH.

Business Manager,
T. D. ELLIS.
Ugly Men’s League.

C. R. Jenkins, President.
H. W. Munroe, Secretary.
H. F. Harris,
J. H. Bond,
T. M. Meriwether.
Sub-Fresh Orchestra.

Shuptrine, Leader.
Buice, Captain.

1. Whittington ------------ Guitar.
2. Buice, F. T ----------- Guitar.
5. Fortson, S. A -------- Auto Harp.
7. Shuptrine, H---------- Violin.
8. Bishop, T. L --------- Triangle.
10. Seals, John --------- Harp.
11. Munden ------------ Flute
Class Base Ball Teams.

'93 BASE BALL TEAM.
Layfield, J. M., Captain.
Layfield, J. M., pitcher.
Massengale, A. E., first base.
Backstrom, T. E., third base.
Lee, R. E., left field.
Bryan, N. P., catcher.
Bailey, R. E., second base.
Brooks, R. E., short-stop.
Bond, J. H., centre field.
Steel, L. J., right field.

'94 BASE BALL TEAM.
Captain, Fred Saussy.
Lewis, J. H., catcher.
Lewis, J. S., pitcher.
Dykes, J. R., first base.
Wiggins, S. P., third base.
Connor, W. J., left field.
Moore, J. W., right field.
Parks, J. D., second base.
Saussy, F. T., short-stop.
MacDonald, J. E., center field.
Sharp, DeJarnette, substitutes.

'95 BASE BALL TEAM.
Captain—A. H. Thompson.
Smith, C. C., pitcher.
Thrower, catcher.
Fincher, E. F., first base.
Milner, T. H., second base.
Pierce, A. M., third base.
Thompson, A. H., short stop.
Hoyle, S. C., left field.
Burkhalter, J. W., center field.
Wimpey, Warren, right field.

'96 BASE BALL TEAM.
Captain—M. P. Hall.
Morris, F., pitcher.
Hall, M. P., catcher.
Weaver, J. D., first base.
Hall, J. E., second base.
McConnell, W. H., third base.
Means, F. M., Jr., short stop.
Davis, L. S., left field.
Conally, J. B., center field.
Boyd, J. D., right field.

'97 BASE BALL TEAM.
Seals, J. E., Captain.
McClure, W. J., pitcher.
Seals, J. E., catcher.
Buice, F. T., first base.
Aiken, G. Q., second base.
Morton, B. F., third base.
Griffin, A. P., short stop.
Munden, C. O., left field.
McKinnon, R. G., centre field.
Irvin, T., right field.
LITERARY.
A ROMANCE.

Chap. I.

It was sunrise. All nature seemed joyful, and the lark soared up to meet the coming Phœbus, kindly taking a few mites and cockroaches along with him merely as an accommodation. The genial bullfrog thundered out boom-de-ay in a way to gladden the hearts of a dead-broke Salvation Army, and all went merry as an Oxford breakfast bell. Ever and anon the philanthropical mosquito from the rural districts bled the sweating Juniors even as the Emory book-seller is wont to bleed them. The gentle sough of the summer breeze drifted melodiously among the gnat-covered oak leaves, and all was as silent as the woolly Sub-Freshman. Nought was heard save the gentle purring of the antediluvian Waterbury as it sped madly on in its desperate effort to catch up with the Seney Hall clock.

II.

Suddenly a vision of beauty, such as the world has seldom seen, burst upon the landscape. With her straw-colored tresses perfuming the atmosphere with the odor of decrepit bear's grease, her ruddy cheeks glowing with health and Covington "tangle-leg," she was indeed a thing of beauty. She was simply but tastefully dressed in a neat-fitting robe of cotton bagging trimmed with "blanc mange," cut a la Shakerag and biased with some exquisite old "esprit du corps." Tripping gaily along and tripping out light-hearted snatches from Beethoven, Mozart and other great musicians, she was a study for a 10-cent museum. Just as the last words of Mozart's masterpiece, "The Man in the Moon," rolled from her ruby lips, she tripped too gaily and the earth rose up and smote her. There, in the midst of a vast wilderness, her cerebrum and cerebellum completely ramified, her medulla oblongata jamming the life out of her left lung, lay Mojeska de Mantmorecy de Brown. There she lay, her hazel and well-developed cheek flashing back the lurid light of the noon-day sun and casting her large, warranted-to-wash freckles into strong relief.
III.

I will now ask the reader who owns a pneumatic tired bicycle to transport himself across the space of 36 hours that intervenes between this and the last chapter. The beautiful Luna being pretty full, was wabbling adown the sky, singing in silvery tones, "I won't go home till mo-or-nin'." The bloody Oxford bed-bug was starting on his direful and gory errand when our fair heroine awoke from her trance. There, bending over her, was a young man of sylph-like form, whose face was laid out in regular plots of small-pox pits with now and then a single hirsute appendage springing up to relieve the monotony. It flew all over Mojeska in a minute that she was madly, wildly, irresistibly in love. And with what? A beef-steak face, a worn alapaca coat and a pair of patent leathers that had no ultimate ground of moral obligation, in other words, no sole.

Raising her airy figure in his strong arms, he swung her into the saddle and quickly followed. His full-blood steer darted away like a thing of life. On and on, away, away, at a pace that soon distanced all pursuers. Turning in the saddle Clarence de Tournville de Jones put the following question: "Dark-eyed houri of the mountains, canst thou, darest thou leave home, kindred and potato-pies to dwell with an outcast, a hated but chivalric sheep-stealer? But my sentiments flow from a full heart and a dime novel; perchance thou canst not comprehend them." "Ah, my lover," and she looked full into his languorous lying eyes, "Little dost thou know me. Tell me, I prithee, why I have attended the La Grange Female College for three months if I have never read romances? Yes, all, all, I will give all to nestle near thee."

So saying, she threw one fair arm about his neck and imprinting a cannon-cracker kiss on his shrinking lips, sealed the compact.
A DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hogan, an old planter and his wife of Heard county.

Oglethorpe Lafayette Washington Lee Jackson Jefferson Hogan, whom they call Robert Toombs Hogan for short, has just graduated and returned home to spend his vacation.

Maranda and Henrietta, two old colored "mammys" who had nursed Robert and, as is always the case, loved him very tenderly.

Scene I.

Beautiful July Morning. Maranda and Henrietta are at the spring near their huts down on the farm making soap for "Marse William and Mistis."

Maranda—"Did you hear, Sister Henretter, case I clean furgit to tell you fo' dis, dat Robert am come home from der collig, whar he bin larnin? Bless your soul, Sister Henretter, you wouldn't know who dat boy wuz. He wear hat high as dat ar soap jar, and jes' slick an' shinin' ez Marse Willum's new kerridge what Ephum drives. dem black pair hosses to ever Sunday, an' he got gret long coat jes' lak Marse Willum's weddin' coat whut he married Mistis in; an' his collar, hit come clean up round his years. He had on cavat long ez singletree on Marse Willum's old harrow whut Ephum got down on de Buckin' branch, an' look jes' lak de button on de barn do'. I sutny never did think dat Sunday in thrashin' wheat time, when he wuz born, dat he would make sich a nice, putty man. He don't pear lak he use to. Mistis sez he spresses hisself in sich high larnt words her an' Marse Willum cyarn 'prehend him. He's dun furgit how to plow, an' he sez he cyarn extinguish 'twixt de hamestring an' de backband, an' he ax Mistis whut her forked gyardin hoe wuz made fur. He tol' Mistis he dun made peace wid de yearth.
Henretter.—Umper—er, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd!

Maranda.—Dey’s all settin’ back da in dat poach towerds de ash-hopper, an’ Robert he wuz talkin all de time, an’ tellin’ sumphin ’bout de “axe he tote an’ de high poles he cut” (Asymptotes of the Hyperbola) up da whar he bin larnt, but Marse Willum didn’t look lak he’s payin much ’tention, kaise he wuz lookin’ jes’ lak he did dat Sadday in slavey time when he whupped Ephum an’ Tom an’ dem niggers. Den Robert he looked down dat bluff towerds de fish pond, an’ sed dat ‘mind him uv reclined plane, an’ ’casionally he sed sumphin ’bout chemistree, an’ sed he could make soap good ez any store-buayed soap, an’ wouldn’t need any lye ner ashes nuther. Mistis sez she gwine saunt him down here ter-morrow to larn us how to make soap dat way.

**Scene II.**

Robert arrives, and Maranda, who hasn’t seen him before, embraces him and soils his new tie.

Maranda.—Boy, I nussed you minny day, and caired you bout in dese arms.

Robert.—My purport here is to convey to your mental faculties—the Intellect, Sensibility and the Will—the modus operandi of saponification. *Quid sequitur?* we shall proceed a la Avogadro’s law of inverse proportions to transmute potassium oleate palmetate and stereate into a deliquescent siticate, technically denominated \((\text{Ca}_3 \text{K}_2 \text{C}_0_2 \text{Si}_0_3)\). Then rendered graphical by the superencumbency of hydraulic hydrostatics. Preeter, or in the parlance of the German, *noch dazu*, transport therein a few molecules and atoms of the stalagmites and stalactites of Sodium Chloride, beautiful specimens of which are imbedded in carboniferous and peaty deposits.

Maranda.—Gord!

Robert (deciding they would be interested in metaphysics).—You know contra the tenets of rationalistic transcendentalists, irreverent illusions to the force, not ourselves which makes for righteousness involves an egregious error of Dugald Stewart, opposing the post prandial sophistications of Hume, who denies the credibility as well as the possibility of miracles.

Maranda.—I thought July Stuoard (Dugald Stewart) left home (Hume) yistidy.
Robert (looking at the sun).—I observe that Phoebus with his four milk-white steeds is approaching the autumnal equinox and Tellus is now at perihelion. Luna having passed quadrature is on her way to her octants, before she comes to the syzygy, but don’t forget that there will be oscillations due to its longitudinal and latitudinal as well as diurnal librations, and that Luna is the subjective cause of the cotidal lines. I couldn’t say whether Jupiter has five moons or not, but they say Saturn has rings and that Neptune is so far off it has never been seen.

Maranda (to Henrietta)—He’s sut’ny high lar’nt.

Robert (hearing Marandds comment receives new inspiration and determines they shall not go uninstructed in Political Economy).—I believe in bimetallism, free and unlimited coinage of silver, high tariff, reciprocity, civil service reform, Missouri compromise, and don’t forget that a bad currency always drives out a good currency, but I do not believe that in public elections the votes of faction should predominate over internal suggestions or the bias of jurisprudence.

Maranda (aside to Henrietta).—Lawd he’s too larn’t for dese here people round here caise I hear’n um say he’s bin alround up bout ’Lanta and Skago, whar dey make scooter Baker (Studebaker) waggins lak Marse Willum’s.

Scene III.

Mr. Hogan’s House on fire. Everything in a stampede. While Robert stops all to listen to his explanation of the chemistry of flame, and the philosophy of pouring water on fire to extinguish it. While he is delaying them, the fire gains headway and the house is burned down. Mr. Hogan indignantly orders the water to be dashed upon Robert for delaying at such a crisis. He is perfectly disgusted with his son’s knowledge and sends for President Candler to unlearn him his college knowledge, whereupon President Candler, who had warned the boy so often against being a little dainty rose-merry man, proceeds to Mr. Hogan’s home, and with a hame-string and back-band plaited together flogs him, and very easily revives his memory on all things forgotten, and leaves him not afraid to lay his hands on whatever comes to hand—leaves him a sore but wise and useful boy.
Hear the fluter with his flute—
   Silver flute!
Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened
   by its toot!
How it demi-semi-quavers
   On the maddened air of night!
And defies all endeavor
   To escape the sound or sight
Of the flute, flute, flute,
With its tootle, tootle, toot—
With reiterated tootings of exasperating toots,
The long protracted tootlings of agonizing toots,
Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
Flute, flute, flute,
And the wheezings and the spittings of its toots.
Should he get that other flute—
   Golden flute.
Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence institoot!
How his eyes to heaven he'll raise,
   As he plays,
   All the days!
How he'll stop us on our ways
   With his praise!
And the people, oh, the people,
That don't live up in the steeple,
But inhabit Christian parlors
Where he plays, plays, plays—
In the cruelest of ways,
And thinks we ought to listen,
   And expects us to be mute,
Who would rather have the earache
   Than the music of his flute,
Of his flute, flute, flute,
And the tootings of its toot—
Of the toots where with he tooteleth
   the agonizing toot
Of the flute, flewt, fluit, floot,
Phlute, phlewt, phleuoght,
And the tootle, tootle tooting of its toot.
ONLY A TRESS.

Only a tress of woman’s hair,
The lover fondly said;
Only a tress of my darling’s hair
As it came from her beautiful head.

Only a tress of woman’s hair,
The maiden coyly said,
As she laid it off on a chair
And quickly jumped in bed.

Only a tress of woman’s hair,
The boarder musingly said,
As he eyed the butter with startled glare
And picked up his duds and fled.

A JUNIOR’S ODE TO LATIN PROSE.

Hurrah! Hurrah! let all men know
From tropic’s heat to Greenland’s snow,
From setting sun to where it rose,
That we are through with Latin Prose.

Let all the world stand by and see
The Junior’s day of jubilee.
Who cares for aught or how it goes
Since we are through with Latin Prose?

Let future ages stop and tell,
The day on which we rang the knell,
And let the boy repeat who knows
That we are through with Latin Prose.

Come, boys, let’s board the finest hack,
And leave the poor, slim, puny “Jack,”
To take a rest in sweet repose,
As we are through with Latin Prose.

We’ll sing an everlasting song,
That all the boys who come along
May know the day on which we rose
From long-eared “Jacks” and Latin Prose.
The Cherry Tree Again.

There was once a little boy and he cut a little tree,
And the tree that he cut did fall, fall, fall.
There was once a jolly sport that smoked a jolly pipe,
Away up high Seney Hall, Hall, Hall.

Then the good little boy he told his dear papa,
Who blessed and caressed him, true, true, true.
Said the sly young sport, "I will go the Georgie act,
And Shorty will bless me too, too, too."

So he tried the Georgie act, this brash young sport—
"I did it, Dr. Candler, with my pipe, pipe, pipe."
And what did Shorty do with this brash young sport?
'Well, we hadn't better put it in type, type, type.
Ye May Song.

Now the summer has begun,
And in splendor shines the sun,
Icy winter has departed from our doors;
Now the fat man seems to feel
Drops of perspiration reel
From each of his ten thousand million pores.

Now the Freshman's joy is great,
As he views his coming state,
And he thinks of what the future has in store,
When from Levy he'll depart,
Though 'twill break his bleeding heart,
And in Horace find an ointment for the sore.

Now the Soph neglects ye Greek,
And has just begun to speak,
All the forest is resounding with his yell,
While his piercing voice is heard
Till it frightens every bird,
And the student seeks a club with purpose fell.

Now the Junior has begun
To indulge his love of fun,
Yet he greets ye passing stranger with a frown.
Now he dons a beaver hat
And a flaming red cravat
While his business calls are frequent out of town.

Now the Senior puts on style,
Yet he wears a genial smile
As sweet visions rise unbidden in his mind;
For he sees the trickling rill
Near the cot beside the hill—
And the orange blossoms soon will be entwined.
But each student now is glad,
Not a single one is sad,
For commencement sweetly echoes through the air.
Then with cooling lemonade
In the tall tree's pleasant shade
He'll disport himself in company with the fair.
Here's to "Our Faculty." "Long may you wave."
FABLES.

FABLE FIRST.

A Fraternity Goat (caper), standing on Seney Hall, one
night reviled (vituperavit) a Barb, who was passing by. To
whom (eui) the Barb: “You enjoy (frueris) immunity from pun-
ishment because of the inaccessible height on which you stand.”

“Then,” cried the Goat, “I will descend!”—but Him, having
descended, the Barb smote with a stone (lapide) and well-nigh
slew. To whom the Goat, groaning (gmeus): “Release me, I
pray; for truly, I perceive that the world (orbis terrarum) is
larger than to me, a Recluse, it seemed.”

This Fable teaches that Travel enlarges the Mind.

FABLE SECOND.

A College Jack (collegii asinus), having been ridden far into
the night by a Sophomore, said, “I will no further go.” “How
then,” cried (exclamavit) the Sophomore, “shall I appear before
Eli? Proceed! Proceed!”—and he belabored (icebat) the Jack
with a cudgel until the Jack was compelled to proceed. But the
next day (proximo die), when the Sophomore appeared before
Eli, reading, Eli arose and said (dixit), “I perceive (perspio)
the tail (caudam) of a Jack,” and fell upon (incidit) the Sopho-
more with wounding words (verbis). So the Sophomore, his
home having been reached, reproached the Jack with bitterness
(graviter), saying, “Ungrateful Beast (ingrate belua), thou
threwest me to-day (hodie)! “Liar,” retorted the Ass, “I sim-
ply took vengeance upon mine oppressor!”

Moral:—He who abuseth (abutitur) the Ass shall be kicked
of the Ass.

FABLE THIRD.

A bunch of Freshmen, suspended on a vine, summoned an
old Fox passing by to come and eat them (ut veniret et ederet).
"No, indeed," replied the Fox, pulling a Cluster of Seniors from his pocket and beginning to devour them, "you are too Green; much (multo) do I prefer even a rotten Grape.

MORAL.—De gustibus non disputandum est.

FABLE FOURTH.

(Esop modernized and otherwise improved)

One of Prof. Moore's class-room jokes recently applied to the editor of the Zodiac for a place in its columns.

"My venerable friend," said the editor, "I hate to hurt your feelings, but don't you think you'd be out of place among the thoughtless young jests that — — "

"Sir," interrupted the venerable joke, trembling with indignation, "you are right. If I'm to figure in this new generation of jokes, you are undoubtedly right; it would not be fit. But, sir, the question I want answered is, cannot I have a column all to myself? Does not my age, not to urge other considerations, authorize me in preferring and you in granting that request? Answer me that, sir!" demanded the joke, his cracked voice growing shrill with anger.

"Sir," answered the editor, edging toward the door, "I have known you from the time I was a callow Freshman until now. So has the entire college. You are one of the institutions of Emory. As such I revere you. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for a drink of coca-cola. But your request is impossible. The Zodiac is a humorous paper!" And here a vacancy in the room created a presumption violent as the tooth-ache that the editor had disappeared.

This fable teaches one not to look for a moral in everything.
The College Widow.

She's a darling, she's a daisy, she's enough to drive you crazy,
She's the shyest, spryest, flyest thing on ice!
Where's the man could awe or stop her? She would flirt with her grandpopper!
And she thinks that Shakespeare's plays are “awful nice.”

Oh, her airs and arts and antics! Oh, her flaunts and fumes and frantics!
Oh, her fionsces and her furbelows and frills!
Oh, her passion for peach-sherbert, oyster, omelette, and turbot!
While the figures congregate upon your bills!

You who've been there will remember (all in mellow moon'd September,
With the Heavens above you hushed and passion pale),
How you raved about the whenceness and the super-boundless thenceness
Of a love you vowed should last when earth had failed.

 Ah 'twas bitter to discover every Freshman was her lover!
With a mirror-practiced wrath you left your dove.
Wildly, madly then a quarter did you sink in soda water!
Reckless, gave away your club possessed a stove!

Winters whiten, autumns yellow; maiden charms mature andmellow;
And she climbs a demi-quaver on the bar.
Tangled Sophie rolls and threshees lion-like, amid her meshes,
And the Freshie he's not in it, tra la la!

Winter, autumn, spring or summer, there's a joy for every comer,
Every season hath his own pecular sweet
Farewell, April air and shower, summer comes with many aflower!
Farewell, Soph, the lordly Junior's at her feet!

Whoa, my Muse! So-ho! go steady! Olympian gents will please get ready,
I shall need you in my figures, understand!
I have reached that dazzling wonder, proudest thing the azure under,
Heaven's last effert on behalf of fallen man —

Potent, grave and reverend Senior, floats beside the fair Lavinia:
Like the moon 'mid lesser lights he sails around:
While she vows in twilights lonely, she will love him, love him only—
Afterwards she flaunteth every badge in town.

Now the Senior too hath left her, ruthlessly hath time bereft her,
And she loves you as a “brother” or a “friend.”
Yes, she loves you as a brother, she is older than her mother,
And the Museum Dept. will get her in the end.
To Meaux, alias Bob Lee.

He is regarded as one of the beaux,
This dashing young fellow named Meaux.
At others he turns up his neaux,
Prides himself on the fit of his cleaux,
On his pumps and his fine silk heaux.
"Wild oats" he quite lavishly seaux,
And it's straws show which way the wind bleaux,
He is fond of dime novels—cheap sheaux.
If the name of this dude is not Meaux,
Then I will give you the right to suppeaux,
This is all that this scribbler kneaux.
So I sign myself—yours truly, Reaux.

Bush goes to Paris and becomes a noted painter.
A gentleman from the rural districts, off as to college parlance, warns Dr. Moore that a Sophomore has boasted on the street his intention to "shoot" him.
THE COLLEGE MAN.

A carven meerschaum umber-stained,
A gown with roses and cupids gay,
An old silk doublet slashed, and veined
With rich tobacco, a fine, free way
Of tilting his wide sombrero-brim—
The man of the colleges, you know him.

Oxford regaleth on English roast,
And luscious old Leipsic bursts with sack;
But the college man, sir, is the same old toast
The big world over, around and back—
Airy and insolent, rakish and rare
Divil-me-carish and debonair.

The fine old lassie of seven-by-ten,
Or little Miss Wesleyan chic and saft,
All are one to your college men
When blindly plying the lover's craft:—
"Kind sir, what may your income be?"
"My face is my fortune, sweet maid," quo' he!

Commencement dawns and the world stands still
That day of glory and boom-de-ay;
The drums go mad, and the fifes are shrill
As Wagner's tenor at the oper-ay!
And the college man is dyked to die
In a billowy shirt and a white plug tie.

Presto! and the howling blade's turned saint
And spouts of virtue and civic faith!
Whence come these fancies fine and quaint?
And all that man of the college saith?
'Tis plain that all the great of the land
Have plagiarized from the college man.
The Surveyor's Dilemma.

No. 1

No. 2

The Surveyor's Dilemma.
No. 3

No. 4

Happy Thought.
SCRAPS FROM ALL PARTS.

Friends: I come not here to talk. You know too well the story of—

The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled,
The flames that lit the battle wreck Shone—
O'er fair women and brave men, A thousand hearts beat happily; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to those that spake again, And all went merry as—
Those loud contending waves That shook Cecropia's pillared state When—
Little Hal, the Captain's son; With dying hand above his head Shook the fragment of his blade And shouted—
My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee—
I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers, And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers, My thoughts ran along where—
In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind, But watch-worn and weary—
Old Ironsides at anchor lay In the harbor of Mahon, A dead calm rested on the bay And the waves to sleep had gone When—
At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee in suppliance bent
To—
—be or not to be; that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows
of outrageous fortune; or to—
Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike—
The man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my woe;
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad,
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear
I am—
Going far away, Norah, darling,
And in leaving such an angel far behind,
It will break my heart in two, which I fondly gave to you,
And—
I chatter, chatter as I go
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But—
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Like the swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.
PROVERBS.

The wise horseman will tie his Jack on the campus; but the fool will gallop into the presence of Eli.

A holiday is as wine to the spirit of man; but an exam is bitter to the belly.

The mouth of a candidate is full of lies; but the wink of a voter who can understand?

The dish of hash is but a shallow vessel; yet doth it hold a grisly mystery.

Insult not the wayfaring man, for though a fool he may be Class Pugilist.

Laughter is the recreation of the wise, but it is the employment of Whop Harris.

Shun the wiles of the iota subscript, for it will make even a diphthong improper.

Be merciful unto thy Jack, for he hath delivered thy soul from Scomp.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a wise friend will not ask, "Did you shoot him for ten?"


The editor hath bowels of mercy, yet he scorneth the college chestnut.

A whip for a horse, a halter for an ass, and a rod for the back of a Subby.

Look well to the Sub. He is not without wisdom, but the repute of wisdom belongeth to the Senior.
Lines to a Sport.

The grindstone rose on dewy wing
   And hummed a minuet;
The rain-drop put its stockings on,
   That its feet might not get wet.
The bright-eyed quadrilateral looked
   As black as the driven snow;
The swift snail raced with the lightning flash,
   And complained that the flash was slow.
The elephant’s cooing evoked a smile
   From the driver of a hearse;
The yells of the animalculæ
   Jarred all the universe.

Bob Browning’s poems were understood,
   The uncatchable was caught,
D. H. Hill refused the President’s chair,
   And a sportie had a thought!

An Old Melody.

I was singing a sad, sweet song,
   And the passionate words so low
Flooded my soul with the music
   Of a rhythmic ebb and flow,
And well shall I ever remember
   That night of the long ago.

For a regal, beautiful woman
   Was standing near to me,
Her bright eyes trembled with misty tears,
   And her bosom heaved like the sea;
She listened and heard the old refrain,
   “I would lay me down and dee.”

The world may change, but the human heart
   Still beats as in years before,
I whisper my passion, I hold her close;
She is mine forever more,
And Annie Laurie is loved to-day
   As she was in the days of yore.
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Bourne of the Buster.

Down round town from dark to dawnin',
High-low caper and bust next mornin'!
Bust away, bust away, bust away down South in Oxford!
Stars in the day-time, beautiful wheelin',
Farewell earth, I'm bound for the ceilin'!
Bust away, bust away, bust away down South in Oxford.
THE GIRL I MET BUT ONCE.

She's a lady fair
With chestnut hair,
And eyes of blue
With heart as true.

Her form is tall
And graceful all.
Mouth finely cut
Lips closely shut.

She has a will
That good or ill
Can dauntless meet
And scorn retreat.

Each feature shows
What by the nose
Is plainly put
In lines well cut.

Both soul and mind
Are strong and kind,
And broad and deep,
Yes, gentle, sweet.

As cooing dove
She's full of love
As snowdrift white
And pure as light.

Her laughing "bangs"
Each lightly hangs
With sportive air
That knows no care.

Her brow they brush
With gentle touch
And seems to say:
"You are jealous, hey."

Her marble brow—
Well now, well now—
Oh yes! 'twas that
Great big red hat.

Hid all its grace
And kept its place
Indoors and out
Here, there, about.

Where e'er she sat
Or stood, that hat
Held high its head
Of cardinal red.

Her smiles are sweet,
And such a treat
The attentive beau
Would never forego.

Her ways are winning,
She is good on chinning;
Will talk one hoarse—
Deny it of course.

She can play and sing
Just any thing
From "Dixie" land
To "Tucker Dan."

I'll not deny
That when her eye
On me she casts
My heart beats fast.

Oh, what a girl!
I know the world
Just now and then
Gives such to men.

She, though a pearl
And not my girl,
Is not forlorn
To love unknown.

From such a prize
As on it flies,
No subtle art
Turns Cupid's dart.

Some true man's soul
I know such gold,
With mellow light,
Has conquered quite.

Hark! the marriage bells
The story tells
Of joys that swell
In hearts that well.

No iron tongues
Nor brazen lungs
Have e'er yet sung
To happier son.

No happier day
Ever led away
A worthier bride
To bridegroom's side.

*
A NOCTURNE.

We strayed till late, the pale moon's silvery light
O'er smiling nature fell with softened ray;

The noisy crickets heralded the night
And rest replaced the noise and toil of day.

With careless step and slow we wandered on,
Till at her father's mansion we arrived;
Then loitering, sadly loth to part so soon,
We lingered at the threshold for awhile.

And there we talked o'er subjects seeming old,
To some, yet ever new to love—to us,
Who but a little while had learned to love,
Nor thought of time's swift flight nor supper cold.

Then conversation ceased, then came a still,
Too sacred for cold words to rudely come,
And in the absence of my thought and will,
I stooped and kissed her on her chewing gum.

Ye gods! what followed, dark oblivion shrouds,
And memory fails. There came a sound as dread
As detonation from the charged clouds,
As cannon crash or sound of hurtling lead.

Stunned, startled, shocked, I turned in fright around,
And turning saw a sight that mortal man
Might ever dread to see. It made no sound,
But smote me sore with loaded walking cane.

Her father! yea, 'twas he! I know it now.
He didn't fail to squash my Sunday hat.
Forgetting love, pride, valor—all but how
I might escape and mighty quick at that.

All I remember is the watch-dog's sigh,
As he just did miss the bosom of my pants,
And how I thanked a "cop" who, passing by,
Pulled from my leg a piece of picket fence.

Whene'er I see the moon's cold face above,
And hear the faithful watch-dog's mournful cry,
I vow again to keep my dreams from love,
My pants from papa's boots and palings high.
THE FRESH STOOD ON SENEY HALL STEPS.

The Fresh stood on Seney Hall steps—
Whence all but him had fled;
He felt so bad he cringed and cried
And wished that he were dead.

He called aloud, "Stay fellows, stay,
Come and help me along
Last night my "Jack" he ran away,
And now my sums are wrong."

The clock ticked on, he would not go,
But upright stood his hair,
And into Peedie's room he went
With resolute despair.

There came a crash, a thunder sound,
That Fresh, Oh! where was he?
Ask of the man who stole his "Jack"
That night just after tea.
The Emory Panacea.
Mephistophelean Ethics.

Ye Georgia University Sport—Come, your majesty, and go with me.

Devil—Do you think I have no regard for my morals?
Positive—Woo.

Comparative—Wed.

Superlative—Most Wedded.
Making a Rise.
Lamar.

Though lieth now in elemental dust,
Inurned, the frame exacting nature lent
To bear the stress of battle's bloody gust,
And be at length in civic service bent,
Yet did its deathless tenant nourished long
On ever-glowing patriotic fire,
On justice mild that sought to right the wrong,
On faith that taught its pinions to aspire,
Escape the crushing fingers of decay,
The waiting honors and the loud applause,
The tears of friends that would its journey stay,
The doubtful justice of our human laws,
And, dropping off the robe unsmirched, from earthly bars
Did seek a higher court beyond the steady stars.

—William T. Dumas.
View of a Section of the Mineralogical Museum.
Doc. Candler. — "Monarch of all he surveys."

The Enemy. — "We were too fresh. We humbly and sincerely beg pardon."
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COVINGTON, GA., January 11th, 1893.

The following Schedule will be run on the Covington & Oxford Street Railroad until further notice:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Leave Pitts' House</th>
<th>Leave Depot</th>
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<td>5 40 a. m.</td>
<td>6 10 a. m.</td>
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<td>7 45 a. m.</td>
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<td>3 30 p. m.</td>
<td>4 00 p. m.</td>
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<td>5 00 p. m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7 40 p. m.</td>
<td>8 15 p. m.</td>
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**SUNDAY SCHEDULE.**

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<th>Leave Pitts' House</th>
<th>Leave Depot</th>
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<tr>
<td>10 15 a. m.</td>
<td>10 40 a. m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7 15 p. m.</td>
<td>7 45 p. m.</td>
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In addition to the above the car will meet all regular passenger trains on Sunday, besides carrying the people along its line home after church, morning and night, and will also bring and return the citizens of Midway and others who desire to attend service held in town during the week, day or night. Orders for special car may be left with the Sec'y.

I. W. BROWN, President.
J. G. LESTER, Sec'y and Treas.